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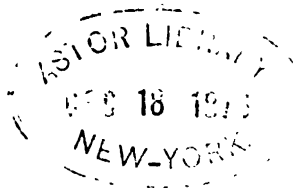
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BENTLEY'S
MISCELLANY.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Marchioness of Brinvilliers, the Poisoner of the Seventeenth Century, by Albert Smith,	1, 105, 209, 317, 423, 533
The Close of the Old Year, 1844,	21
The Fête of Peterhoff, } by Mrs. Romer,	22
St. Silvester's Night, }	577
The Sick Man's Request,	33
The Boys of Kilkenny,	34
Ballyragget, } by the Irish Whiskey-Drinker,	229
How to serve out Cupid, }	338
A Garland of May Flowers,	616
Queen Pomaré, an Imaginary Poem,	42
The Gaol Chaplain; or, A Dark Page from Life's Volume :—	
"Drink!"	45
The Knavish Treasurer of a Popular Charity,	52
"Advice Gratis,"	56
A Righteous Treasurer,	191
"No Will! Hurrah!"	197, 309
The Legatee,	310
Juvenile Delinquents,	312
"The Newspaper Man:" and the Right Hon. George Canning,	413
Party and the Press,	417
Mr (now Lord) Jeffrey and Printer Willison,	418
The Substitute,	473
The Moral Peer,	475
Game Preservers,	479
A Ghost Story,	565
The Plaint of Sappho,	58
The Post-bag; or, Eccentric Correspondents, } by R. B. Peake,	59, 138
Anecdotal Gatherings,	225
The Opium Smoker,	65
The Men of Old,	69
Sleep on! sleep on!	181
Hope on!	276
The Breeze upon the Ocean,	155
'Tis long since we have met, old friend!	167
The Labourer's Song,	378
The Hearts of Old,	304
Droop not, my heart!	308
The Death of Sombreuil, Governor of the Inva- lides,	423
Scorn not the Poor Man's Love!	564
The Falling Star	585
Ballad,	615
Song: a Proud Land is England	636
Tobacco,	492
Mynheer Van Clumseetrunk; or, The Benefits of Smoking,	156
Confession of De Loude Chiselham, } by Charles Whitehead,	70
Mr. Yellowly's Doings, }	490
Literary Retrospect of the Departed Great, by a Middle-aged Man,	83, 182, 289, 361, 557
The Fortunes of the Scattergood Family, by Albert Smith,	89, 201
Monody on the Death of Thomas Campbell, by William Beattie, M.D.	95
Notes of a Loiterer in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington,	99
by H. Cooke,	99
The Carlists at Bayonne,	125
A Spanish Sutler,	127

	PAGE
Sappho and Phæon,	129
Sketches of Spanish Warfare—Malibran the Aide-de-Camp,	134
Crockford and Crockford's,	142, 251
Sketches of Legendary Cities—Bath, }	168
Monmouth, }	265
Ross, Tintern Abbey, Chepstow, } by Miss Costello,	349
Hereford	605
Invocation to Erinna,	239
A Memoir of the celebrated Dwarf Joseph Boruwlski,	240
by Catherine Hutton,	249
Song of a Sea-nymph,	249
The Retreat to Corunna—Anecdotes of the Peninsular War,	277
edited by Henry Curling,	285
A Discourse of Matrimony, by Jeremiah Singleton,	305
The Polkaphobia—a little News of Mr. Ledbury,	316
Horæ Academica, by Littlego	337
The Siege of Hensburgh, by Dr. Ryan,	357, 632
Glimpses and Mysteries, } by Alfred Crowquill,	529
Outlines of Mysteries, }	379
Memoir of the Rev. Sidney Smith,	395
The Wet Blanket, } by Paul Prendergast	626
The Altered Man }	401
The Halifax Murder, by an Infantry Officer,	421
A Glance at the Drama,	443
Lines on the Decease of Laman Blanchard,	443
The Song of the Witches round the Walnut-tree of Beneventum,	445
Harrowgate, by Henry Curling, Esq.	450
Love's Vows, by W. B. Flower,	451
The Lost Mantle, by the Author of "Henri Quatre,"	460
"Sweet Mary Malone,"	461
A Writ of Error, by George Raymond,	483, 586
Early Years of a Veteran of the Army of Westphalia, between 1805	489
and 1814,	504
The Consumptive,	506
"Think you such things are?" by Janet W. Wilkinson,	514
Outpourings by D. Canter,	522
Dandyism and George Brummell,	549
Discovery of the Oregon by Drake and Vancouver,	553
The Masquerade, by G. D.	594
The Plum Pudding,	604
Ennobled Actresses, by Mrs. Matthews,	615
The Damned Souls, by W. G. J. Barker,	636
Ballad. They say thou art not beautiful,	
Song. A Proud Land is England!	

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Physician and Mountebank,	1
The Boat-mill on the River,	8
Gaudin St. Croix upbraiding the Marchioness Brinvilliers,	122
The Students enlightening Maitre Picard,	112
Louise claiming Sanctuary,	217
Mr. Ledbury's Polka Party,	305
Bras d'Acier and Lachaussee outwitted,	320
The Wet Blanket,	399
The Duel,	441
Le Premier Pas,	434
The Good and Evil Angels	523
The Somnambulist.	577





The Executioner and his Work.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

THE MARCHIONESS OF BRINVILLIERS.

THE POISONER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

A ROMANCE OF OLD PARIS.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

CHAPTER I.

The Mountebank of the Carrefour du Châtelet.

ONE hundred and eighty years ago, on a sunny spring evening in the year of grace, 1665, the space of ground which extended from the front of the Grand Châtelet in Paris to the rude wooden barrier which then formed the only safeguard between the public road and the river, at the northern foot of the Pont au Change, was crowded with a joyous and attentive mass of people, who had collected from their evening promenade to this spot, and now surrounded the temporary platform of an itinerant charlatan, erected in front of the ancient fortress.

Let us rest awhile on the steps of the Pont au Change, to become acquainted with the localities; for little of its ancient appearance now remains. The present resident at Paris, however well versed he might be in the topography of that city, might search in vain for even the vestiges of any part of the principal building, which rose, at the date above spoken of, on the banks of the River Seine. The Pont au Change still exists, but not as it then appeared. The visitor may call to mind this picturesque structure, with its seven arches crossing to the Marché aux Fleurs from the corner of the Quai de la Mégisserie. In 1660 it was covered with houses, in common with most of the other bridges that spanned the Seine, with the exception of the Pont Neuf. These were now partly in ruins, from the ravages of time, and frequent conflagrations. Lower down the river might be seen the vestiges of the Pont Marchand—a wooden bridge, which had been burnt down nearly forty years before, some of whose charred and blackened timbers still obstructed the free course of the river. It had stood on the site of the Pont aux Meuniers—also a wooden bridge—to which six or seven boat-mills were attached; and these, in consequence of the flooding of the Seine, dragged the whole structure away in the winter of 1596.

The Grand Châtelet stood at the foot of the Pont au Change; its ground is now occupied by a square, and an elegant fountain. The origin of the Châtelet has been lost in antiquity. It had once been a strong fortress; and its massive round-towers still betokened its strength. Next it was a prison, where the still increasing city rendered its position of little value in guarding the gates; and afterwards it became the Court of Jurisdiction pertaining to the Provost of Paris. Part of its structure was now in ruins; wild foliage grew along the summits of its outer walls, and small buildings had been

run up between the buttresses, occupied by retailers of wine and small merchandise. It was a great place of resort at all times ; for a dark and noisome passage, which ran through it, was the only thoroughfare from the Pont au Change to the Rue St. Denis, and this was constantly crowded with foot-passengers.

The afternoon sunlight fell upon the many turrets and spires, and quivered on the vanes and casements of the fine old buildings that then surrounded the carrefour. Across the river the minarets of the Palais de Justice rose in sharp outline against the blue sky, glowing in the ruddy tint ; together with the campanile at the corner of the quay, and the blackened towers of Notre Dame, further in the Ile de la Cité, round which flocks of birds were wheeling in the clear spring air, who had their dwellings amidst the corbels, spouts, and belfries of the cathedral. There was not an old grey gable or corroded spire which, steeped in the rays of the setting sun, did not blush into light and warmth. And the mild season had drawn all the inhabitants of the houses who were not abroad to their windows, whence they gazed upon the gay crowd below, through pleasant trellises of climbing vegetation, which crept along the pieces of *twiæ* latticing the casements. Humble things, indeed, the plants were, — hops, common beans, wild convulvuli, and the like, spreading from a rude *cruche* of mould upon the sill ; but the beams of the sun came through them cheerfully ; and their shadows danced and trembled on the rude tiled floor as sportively as on the costly inlaid *parquets* of the richer quarters of the city.

The Carrefour du Châtelet was at this period, with the Pont Neuf, the principal resort of the people of Paris, then, as now, ever addicted to the promenade and out-of-door lounging. A singularly varied panorama did the open place present to any one standing at the cross which was reared in the centre, and gazing around him. He might have seen a duel taking place between two young gallants on the foot-path, in open contest. Swords were then as quickly drawn forth as tempers ; no appointments were made for the seclusion of the *fauxbourgs* beyond the walls which occupied the site of the present *boulevardes* ; and these quarrels often ended fatally, though merely fought for the possession of some courtesan who, in common with others, blazed forth in her sumptuous trappings on the bridges during the afternoon. But the guards never interfered, and the passengers looked on unconcernedly until the struggle was, one way or the other, decided.

The beggars were as numerous then as now, perhaps more so ; for the various *Cours des Miracles*, the "Rookeries" of Paris, if we may be allowed the expression, which abounded all over the city, offered them a ready colony and retreat. Here were counterfeiters of every disease to which humanity is liable, dragging themselves along the rude footpath ; there, beggars of more active habits, who swarmed, cap in hand, by the side of the splendid carriages which passed along the quays, to and from the Louvre. The thieves, too, everywhere plied their vocation ; and the absurd custom of carrying the purse suspended at the girdle, favoured their delinquencies ; whence certain of them acquired the title of *coupe-bourse*, as in England the pick-pockets were formerly termed cut-purses.

Crowds of soldiers, vendors of street merchandise, and charlatans of every description filled the Carrefour. Looking to the tableau

offered by the public resorts of Paris at the present time, the Champs Elysées for instance, (in 1665, consisting only of fields, literally in cultivation) it is curious to observe how little the principal features of the assembly have altered from the accounts left as by accurate and careful delineators of former manners.

But, besides all these, the mere idlers, of both sexes, were numerous and remarkable; an ever changing throng of gay habits, glittering accoutrements, and attractive figures and faces. The licence of the age, unbounded in its extent, permitted appointments of every kind to be made without notice. Every kind of dissipation was openly practised, and therefore the world winked at it, as under such circumstances it always does, even if the place of an illicit assignation or conference (and in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth they were seldom otherwise) were a Church, as indeed was most frequently the case. The generally licentious taste extended to the dress and conversation; hence, from the crowds of gallants who thronged the Carrefour, salutations and remarks of strange freedom were constantly addressed to the handsome women who, in the prodigality of their display of dazzling busts and shoulders, invited the satire or compliments; nay, to such a pitch was that *negligé* attire carried, that some might be seen walking abroad in loose damask robes merely confined at the waste by a cord of twisted silk.

The platform round which the laughing crowd had assembled was formed on a light cart, that had its wheels covered with some coarse drapery. There were two occupants of this stage. One of them was a man who might have numbered some forty years; but his thin furrowed cheeks and sunken eye would have added another score to his age, in the opinion of a casual observer. He was dressed entirely in faded black serge, made after the fashion of the time, with full arms, and trunks fastened just above the knee. Some bands of vandyked lace were fastened round his wrists; and he wore a collar of the same material, whilst his doublet was looped together but a little way down his waist. A skull-cap of black velvet completed his attire.

Yet few who looked at him took much notice of his dress: the features of this man absorbed all attention. His face exactly resembled that of a condor, his cap adding to the likeness by being worn somewhat forward; from beneath which his long black hair fell perfectly straight down the back of his neck. His brows were scowling: his eyes deep-set and jet-black: but they were bloodshot, and surrounded by the crimson ridges of the lids. His cheeks were pallid as those of a corpse; and his general figure, naturally tall, was increased in appearance of height by his attenuated limbs. He took little notice of the crowd, but remained sitting at a small table on the carriage, upon which there was a small show of chemical glasses and preparations: leaving nearly all the business of his commerce to his assistant.

This was a merry fellow, plump, and well-favoured, in the prime of life. He was habited in a party-fashioned costume of black and white, his opposite arms and legs being of different colours; and his doublet quartered in the same style. Round his waist he carried a pointed girdle, to which small hawk-bells were attached; and he wore the red hood of the *moyen-age* period, fitting closely to his

neck and head, and hanging down at the top, to the extremity of which a larger bell was fastened. His face had such a comic expression, that he only had to wink at the crowd to command their laughter. And when to this he added his jests, he threw them into paroxysms of merriment.

"*Ohé! ohé!* my masters!" he cried, "the first physician of the universe, and many other places, has come again to confer his blessings on you. He has philtres for those who have not had enough of love, and potions for those who have had too much. He can attach to you a new mistress when she gets coy, or get rid of an old one when she gets troublesome. And if you have two at once, here is an elixir that will kill their jealousies.

"Send some to Louis!" cried one of the bystanders.

A roar of laughter followed the speech, and the crowd looked round to see the speaker. But, although bold enough to utter the recommendation, he had not the courage to support it. However, the cue had been given to the crowd, and the applause and laugh of approbation continued.

"Give it to La Vallière!" exclaimed another of the citizens.

"Or Madame de Montespan," cried a third.

"Or, rather, to her husband!" was ejaculated in a woman's voice.

"Respect his parents," exclaimed a bourgeois, with mock solemnity, who was standing at the foot of the bridge, and pointing to a group of three figures in bronze relief, which adorned a triangular group of houses close to where he was stationed. They were those of Louis XIII., Anne of Austria, and the present King when a child.

"Simon Guillain, the sculptor, was a false workman!" shouted the bystander who had first spoken. "Where is the fourth of the family?"

The mountebank, who had been endeavouring to talk through the noise, found himself completely outclamoured by the uproar that now arose. He gave up making himself heard, and remained silent whilst the crowd launched their sallies, or bandied their satirical jibes from one to the other.

"Where is the fourth?" continued the speaker.

"Ask Dame Perronette, who nursed him!" was the reply from the other side of the carrefour.

"Ask Saint-Mars who locked on his iron mask."

"Who will knock and ask at Mazarin's coffin!" shouted another, with a strength of lungs that insured a hearing. "He ought to know best."

The name of Anne of Austria was on the lips of many; but, with all the licence of the time, they dared not give utterance to it. And, besides, as the last speaker finished, a yell broke forth that drowned every other sound; and shewed by its force, which partook almost of ferocity, in what manner the memory of the Cardinal was yet held. The instant comparative silence was obtained, a fellow sung, from a popular satire upon the late prime minister,

"He trick'd the vengeance of the Fronde,—
All in the world, and those beyond.

A bas! à bas le Cardinal!

He trick'd the headsman by his death—
The devil, by his latest breath!

Who for his perjured soul did call,
 But found that he had none at all,
A bas ! à bas le Cardinal !"

The throng chorused the last words with great emphasis ; and then in a few minutes were once more tranquil. The charged cloud had got rid of its thunder, and the storm abated.

The physician, who was upon the platform, took little notice of the clamour. At its commencement, he glared round upon the assembly for a few seconds, and then once more bent his eyes upon the table before him. His assistant continued, as soon as he could make himself audible,

"*Ohé !* masters ! a philtre for your eyes that will make them work upon others at a distance. Here is one that will infect the spirit of the other with sickness at heart ; here is a second that will instil love also by the glance of the eye that is washed with it."

They were little phials containing a small quantity of coloured fluid. The price was small, and they were eagerly purchased by the multitude. But for every one of the second, they purchased a dozen of the first.

"Art thou sure of its operation ?" asked a looker-on.

"Glances of love and malice shoot subtly," replied the fool ; "and my master can draw subtle spirits from simple things that shall work upon each other at some distance. But your own spirits, with the aid of this philtre, are more subtle than they."

"A proof ! a proof !" cried a young man at the extremity of the carrefour.

"The philtre is not for such as you," cried the mountebank. "You have youth, and a well-favoured aspect ; you have a strong arm, a gay coat, and a trusty rapier. What would man require more ?"

The crowd turned to look at the object of the clown's speech. At the end of the carrefour, two young men were gazing, arm-in-arm, upon the assemblage. Both were of the same age ; their existence might have reached to some seven or eight-and-twenty years, and they were attired in the gay military costume of the period ; with rich satin under-sleeves, and bright knots or epaulettes upon the right shoulder.

One of them, to whom the mountebank had more particularly addressed himself, was of a fair complexion, and wore his own light hair in long flowing curls upon his shoulders. His face was well formed, and singularly intelligent and expressive ; his forehead high and expansive, and his eyes deep set beneath the arch of the orbit, ever bearing the appearance of fixed regard upon whatever object they were cast. Still to the close observer there was a faint line running from the edge of the nostril to the outer angle of the lip, which coupled with his retreating eye, gave him an expression of satire and mistrust. But so varied was the general expression of his face, that it was next to impossible to divine his thoughts for two minutes together.

The other was dark—his face had less indication of intellect than his companion's, although in general contour equally good-looking. Yet did the features bear a somewhat jaded expression, and the colour on his cheek was rather fevered than healthy. His eyes, too, were sunk, but more from active causes than natural formation ;

and he gazed on the objects that surrounded him with the listless air of an idler. His mind was evidently but little occupied with anything he then saw. His attire was somewhat richer than his friend's, betokening a superior rank in the army.

"A proof! a proof!" cried the gayer of the two, repeating his words.

"Where will you have it then?" asked the mountebank, looking about the square. "Ha! there is as fair a maiden as ever a king's officer might follow, sitting at the cross. Shall she be in love with you?"

Again the attention of the crowd was directed by the glance of the mountebank, towards a rude iron cross that was set up in the carrefour.

At its foot was a young girl, half sitting, half reclining upon the stone-work which formed its base. She was attired in the costume of the working order of Paris. Her hair, different from that of the higher class of females, who wore it in light bunches of ringlets at the side of the head, was in plain bands, over which a white handkerchief, edged with lace, was carelessly thrown, falling in lappets on each side. Her eyes and hair were alike dark as night, but her beautiful face was deadly pale, until she found the gaze of the mob had been called towards her. And then the red blood rushed to her neck and cheeks, as she hastily rose from her seat, and was about to leave the square.

"A pretty wench enough," cried the cavalier with the black hair, as he raised himself upon the step of a house to see her. She was still hidden from his companion.

"I doubt not," answered the other carelessly; "but I do not care to look. No," he cried loudly to the mountebank, "I have no love to spare her in return, and that might break her heart."

The girl started at his voice, and looked towards the spot from whence it proceeded. But she was unable to see him, for the intervening people.

"A beryl!" cried the fool, showing a small crystal of a reddish tint to the crowd. "A beryl to tell your fortune then. Who will read the vision in it? a young maiden, pure and without guile, can alone do it; are there none in our good city of Paris?"

None stepped forward. The fair-haired cavalier laughed aloud as he cried out:

"You seem to have told what is past, better than you can predict what is to come. Ho! sirs, what say you to this slur upon the fair fame of your daughters and sisters—will none of them venture?"

A murmur was arising from the crowd, when the physician, who had been glancing angrily at the two young officers, suddenly rose up, and shouted with a foreign accent,

"If you will have your destinies unfolded, there needs no beryl to picture them. Let me look at your hands, and I will tell you all."

"A match!" cried the young soldier. "Now good people let us pass, and see what this solemn-visaged doctor knows about us."

The two officers advanced towards the platform. As they approached it, the crowd fell back, and then immediately closed after them with eager curiosity. The friends stood now directly beside the waggon.

"Your hands!" said the physician.

They were immediately extended to him.

"You are in the king's service," continued he.

"Our dresses would tell you that," said the darker of the two.

"But they would not tell me that you are married," answered the physician. "You have two children—a fair wife—and no friend."

"'Tis a lie!" exclaimed the cavalier with the light hair.

"It is true," replied the necromancer coldly, directing the gaze of his piercing eye full upon him.

"But our destiny, our destiny," said the dark officer with impatience.

"You would care but little to know," returned the other, "if all should turn out as I here read it. I have said your wife is fair—a score and a half of years have robbed her but of little of her beauty; and I have said you have *no friend*. Now read your own fate."

"Come away," said the fair cavalier, trying to drag his friend by the arm from the platform. "We will hear no more—he is an impostor."

As the soldier spoke, a hectic patch of colour rose on the pale cheek of the physician, and his eye lighted up with a wild brightness. He raised his arm in an attitude of denunciation, and cried, with a loud but hollow voice:

"You are wrong, young man; and you shall smart for thus hearing one to whom occult nature is as his alphabet. We have met before—and we shall meet again."

"Pshaw! I know you not," replied the other heedlessly.

"But I know *you*," continued the physician. "Do you remember an inn at Milan—do you recollect a small room that opened upon the grape-covered balcony of the Croce Bianca? Can you call that to mind, Gaudin de Sainte-Croix?"

As the officer heard his name pronounced, he turned round; and stared with mingled surprise and alarm at the physician. The latter beckoned him to return to the platform, and he eagerly obeyed. The crowd collected round them closer than ever, hustling one another in their anxiety to push nearer to the platform, for affairs appeared to be assuming a turn rather more than ordinary. And so intent were they upon the principal personages of the scene, that they paid no attention to the girl who had been sitting at the cross, and who, upon hearing the name, started from her resting-place, and rushed to the outside of the throng that now closely surrounded the waggon. But the crowd was too dense for her to penetrate; and she passed along from one portion to the other, vainly endeavouring to force her way through it. Some persons roughly thrust her back; others bade her desist from pressing against them; and not a few launched out into some questionable hints, as to the object of her anxiety to get closer to the two officers.

Meanwhile, Sainte-Croix, as we may now call him, had again reached the edge of the platform. The physician bent down and whispered a word or two in his ear, which, with all his efforts to retain his self-possession before the mob, evidently startled him. He looked with a scrutinizing attention, as if his whole perception were concentrated in that one gaze, at the face of the other, and then with an almost imperceptible nod of recognition, caught his companion by the arm, and dragged him forcibly through the crowd.

As the two cavaliers departed, the interest of the bystanders

ceased, and they fell back from the platform, except the girl, who glided quickly between them, towards where the officers had been standing. But they were gone; and, after a vain search amidst the crowd on the carrefour, she retired back to where she had been sitting, and covering her face with her hands, was once more unheeded and alone.

CHAPTER II.

The Boat-mill on the River.

AT last the sun went down, and twilight fell upon the towers and pointed roofs the old *châtelet*. The loiterers gradually disappeared from the place and bridge. The rough *voitures de place*, which clattered incessantly over a pavement so rude and uneven that it became a wonder how they were enabled to progress at all, one by one withdrew from the thoroughfares, carrying a great portion of the general noise with them, not more proceeding from the hoarse voices of the drivers than from the ceaseless cracking of their long whips, which was thus always going on. The cries of those who sold things in the streets was also hushed, as well as the tolling and chiming of the innumerable bells in the steeples of the churches, which until dusk never knew rest, but tried to outclang each other as noisily as the supporters of the different sects, whose hour of meeting they announced. One or two lanterns were already glimmering from the windows of private houses: for by this means only were the streets of Paris preserved from utter darkness throughout the night: and the full moon began to rise slowly behind the turrets of Notre Dame.

There was little security, then, in the most public places, and few cared to be about after dusk, except in the immediate company of the horse or foot patrol, save those who only stalked abroad with the night, so that it was not long before the carrefour was nearly deserted. Two persons alone remained there. One was the assistant to the physician, who had left him in charge of the platform; and he was now occupied in harnessing two miserable mules to the waggon, in which the platform and the apparatus had been stowed away. The other was the girl whom we have before spoken of, and who had remained at the cross in almost the same attitude—one of deep sorrow and despondency.

The fool had nearly finished his labours, and was preparing to leave the square, when the young female quitted her resting-place, and advanced towards him with a timid and faltering step. Believing her to be some wretched wanderer of the carrefour, proceeding to her home before the curfew sounded, he took but little notice of her; and was about to seize the mules by the bridle and lead them onwards, when she placed her hand upon his arm, and implored him to stop.

"Now, good mistress—your business," said the the assistant; "for I have little time to spare. A sharp appetite hurries labour more than a sharp overseer; and my stomach keeps time better than the bell of Notre Dame."

"I wished to purchase something," returned the girl.

"Ah! you are too late—we have nought left but holy pebbles to



THE BOATMEN.



keep steeds from the night-mare, and philtres for the court dames to retain their butterfly lovers. Good-night, *ma belle*. Hir-r-r-r! Jacquot! hir-r-r-r!"

The last expression was addressed to his mules, as they rattled the old bells upon their head-pieces, and moved forwards. Again the girl seized the upraised hand of the mountebank, as he was about to use the whip, and begged him to desist.

"I am sure you have what I want," she said hurriedly. "I will pay you for it—all that I have left from my wages is yours. Is not your master the doctor St. Antonio?"

"Well—and suppose he is?"

"They talk strangely of his art about Paris, as being able to play with life and death as he chooses. They say that he can enchant medicines; and with a little quicksilver so prepared destroy a whole family—nay, an army."

"Were you to believe an hundredth part of the lies they tell daily about Paris, your credulity would find time for nothing else," returned the other. "What should one so young and fair as you want with poison, beyond keeping the rats from your *mansarde*?—for to that end alone does my master prepare it, and even then in small quantities."

"I wanted it for myself," replied the girl. "I have nothing left in this world to care about. I wish to die."

Her head drooped, and her voice faltered as she spoke these words, so that they were almost inaudible; more so than the deep and weary sigh that followed them.

"Die—sweetheart!" cried the mountebank cheerfully, as he turned towards her, and raised her chin with his hand. "Die!—St. Benoit, who rules my *fête* day, prevent it! You must not die this half-century. Besides, although the doctors can't yet find poisons in the stomach, like witches nails and pins, yet the stones can whisper, in Paris, all they hear. And what should we get—I and my master—for thus serving you?"

"All that I possess in the world," answered the girl.

"Aye—that would come first, without doubt; and, next, a short shrift, a long cord, and a dry faggot, on the Place de Grève. No, no, sweetheart: if you brought as much gold as my mules could drag home, we could not do it."

"Then you will not let me have it?"

"Why, you silly pigeon, I have told you so. With that pretty face and those dark eyes, be sure you have much yet in store to live for. Or if you must die, don't make any one your murderer. The Seine is wide and deep enough for all; and, besides, will cost you nothing."

He spoke these words less in a spirit of levity than the wish to cheer the poor applicant by his good-humoured tones. But the girl clasped her hands together, and looked round with a shudder towards the quays.

"The river!" she exclaimed. "I have gazed upon it often, but my heart failed me. I shrunk from the cold, black water as it tore and struggled through those dark arches: I could not bear to think that its foul polluted current would be my only winding-sheet. I would sooner die in my little room; and then in the morning the sun would fall upon me as it does now, but it would not awaken

me to another day of weeping,—the same sun that shines in Languedoc, only there it is brighter.”

“Are you from Languedoc, then?” inquired the man.

“I was born near Béziers,” she replied sadly.

“Mass! why that is my own country. What is your name?”

“Louise Gauthier.”

“I don’t remember to have heard it. I ought to have known, though, that you were from the south by your accent. And what brought you to Paris?”

“There has been much misery and persecution amongst us,” answered the girl; “for we are Protestant; almost all our homes have been broken up, for that reason, and so,”—and she hesitated—“and so I came up to seek work.”

“Was there no other reason?” asked the man. “I think there must have been.”

“I went to the Gobelins,” continued Louise, avoiding the question, “and got employment. I heard that others had gained money there.”

“And rank, too,” said the fool. “My master had a customer this afternoon—an officer in the King’s army, who is better known as the Marquess of Brinvilliers than by his proper name of Antoine Gobelin. The water of the Bièvre has rather enriched his blood; he has besides a fair income, and a fairer wife. And are you there still?”

“I am not. I was discharged from the *atelier* this morning for resisting the importunities of the superintendent Lachaussée, and I am now alone—alone!”

She hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

“And why not return to Languedoc, my poor girl?” said the mountebank, in a kind voice, which associated but oddly with his quaint dress. “They would scarcely care to persecute such a gentle thing as yourself—Protestant though you be.”

“No, no, I cannot leave Paris. There is another object that keeps me here; or rather it did—for all hope is gone. There is now nothing left for me but death. I could have remained unheeded in the country; but in this great city the solitude is fearful: those who are alone, alone can tell how terrible it is.”

Although the duty of the charlatan was to impose upon the public in every fashion that they were likely to bite at most readily, yet there was a kind heart under his motley attire. He threw his whip over the backs of the two mules, and taking the weeping girl kindly by the hands, said to her:

“Come, come, countrywoman: I shall not leave you to your loneliness this night at least. If aught were to happen to you, I should feel that I myself had brought your body on the Grève. My wife and myself live in a strange abode, but there is room for you; and you shall go with me.”

The girl looked at him with an expression of mistrust which his calling might well have occasioned; and murmured out a few faint words of refusal.

“Bah!” exclaimed the other. “You are from Languedoc, like myself, and therefore we are neighbours. I would wager that we have sat under the same trees, within a short half-league of Béziers.”

And he commenced humming the *refrain* of a ballad in the old Provençal dialect. It was evidently well known to Louise. She shook her head, and pressed her hand before her eyes as if to shut out some sad image that her ideas had conjured up.

"You have heard that before?" asked the man.

"Very often—I know it well."

"You heard it from a man, then, I will be sworn; and perhaps a faithless one. He wrote well, long, long ago, who said, that those who were gifted with music and singing, loved our Languedocian romances, and travelled about the earth that they might betray women. My *marotte* to an old sword-belt that the tune sang itself in your ears all the way to Paris. Was it not so?"

The girl returned no answer, but remained silent, with her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Well, well—we will not press for a reply. But you shall come with me this night, *ma bonne*, for I will not leave you so. Only let me take you to where our mules' lodging is situated, and then I will bring you back to my own."

He scarcely waited for her acquiescence, but lifting her gently in his arms, placed her on the waggon. And then he gave his signal to the mules, and they moved along the *carrefour*, over which the darkness was now stealing.

They passed along the quays and the Port au Foin, now dimly lighted by the few uncertain and straggling lanterns before alluded to, until the mules turned of their own accord into a court of the Rue St. Antoine. A peasant in wooden shoes clumped forward to receive them, with whom the charlatan exchanged a few words previously to conducting his companion back again, nearly along the same route by which they had arrived at the stables.

"You may call me Benoit," he said, as he perceived that the girl was sometimes at a loss how to address him. "Benoit Mousel. Do not stand upon adding '*maître*' to it. We are compatriots, as I have told you, and therefore friends. The quays are dark at night, but the river is darker still. You made a good choice of two evils in keeping out of it."

They walked on, barely lighted through the obscurity, until they came to the foot of the Pont Notre Dame—the most ancient of those still existing at Paris. It is now, as formerly, on the line of thoroughfare running from the Rue St. Jacques, in the Quartier Latin to the Rue St. Martin. The modern visitor may perhaps recall it to mind by a square tower built against its western side, flanked by two small houses raised upon piles, beneath which are some wheels, by whose working some thirty of the fountains in the streets of Paris are supplied with water. This mechanism was not constructed until a few years after the date of our story. Before that, the Pont Notre Dame, in common with the other bridges we have mentioned, was covered with houses, which remained in excellent condition, to the number of sixty-eight or seventy, up to the commencement of the last century. They were then destroyed; and now the parapets are covered with boxes of old books ranged in graduated prices; whilst shoe-blacks, lucifer-merchants, and beautifiers of lap-dogs occupy the kerb of the pavement.

Benoit descended some rude steps leading from the quay to the river, guiding Louise carefully by the hand; and dragging a boat

towards them, which was lying there in readiness, embarked with his trembling companion, as if to cross the river. But he stopped half way, close to the pier of the bridge, and then the girl saw that they had touched a long low range of what appeared to be houses, which looked as if they floated on the water. And, in effect, they did so; their continuous vibration and the rushing of the river between certain divisions in their substructure, showing that they were boat-mills.

Where are you taking me?" asked Louise timidly.

"To our house," replied Benoit. "You have nothing to fear. I told you it was an odd dwelling. Now mind how you place your foot on the timber. So: gallantly done."

He assisted her from the boat, which was rocking on the dark stream of the river as it rushed through the arches, on to a few frail steps of wood which hung down from one of the buildings to the water. Then making it fast to one of the piles, he passed with her along a small gallery of boards, and, pushing a door open, entered the floating house.

They were in a small apartment, forming one of a long range which had apparently been built in an enormous lighter; and in one of these the large shaft of a mill-wheel could be seen turning heavily round, as it shook the building, whilst the whole mass oscillated with the peculiar vibration of a floating structure. At a small table in the middle of this chamber, a buxom-looking female, in a half-rustic, half-city attire, was busily at work with her needle, at a rude table. There was little other furniture in this ark. A small stove, some seats, and a few hanging shelves, on which were placed some bottles of coloured fluids, retorts, and little earthenware utensils, used in chemical analysis, completed the list of all that was movable in the room. But the circumstance that struck Louise most upon entering, was the sharp, pungent atmosphere which filled the floating apartment—so noxious that it produced a violent fit of coughing as soon as she inhaled it. Nor was her conductor much less affected.

"Paff!" he exclaimed, as soon as he could speak; "our master is at his work again, brewing devil's drinks and fly-powder. Never mind, *ma pauvette*: you will be used to it directly."

The woman had risen from her seat when they entered, and was now casting a suspicious glance at Louise, and an inquiring one at her husband alternately.

"Oh! you have nothing to be jealous of, Bathilde," he continued, addressing his better half. "Here is a country-woman from Béziers, without a friend, and dying for love, for aught I know to the contrary. We must give her a lodging for to-night at least."

"Do not let me intrude," said Louise, turning to the female. "I fear that I am already doing so. Let me be taken on shore again, and I will not put you to inconvenience."

"Not a word of that again, or I shall swear that you are no Languedocian. A pretty journey you would have, admitting you went to your lodgings, from here to the rue Mouffetard—for I suppose you live near the Gobelins. There are dangerous vagabonds at night in the Faubourg Saint Marcel; and they say the young clerks of Cluny study more graceless things in the streets, than learned ones at their college. A woman, young and comely like yourself,

was found in the Bièvre the other morning. I saw them carrying the body to the Val de Grace, myself."

While Benoit was thus talking, his wife had been doing the humble honours of their floating establishment towards their new guest. She had placed her own seat near the fire for Louise; for the evening was chilly, the more so on the river; and next proceeded to lay their frugal supper on the table, consisting of dried apples, a long log of bread, and a measure of wine.

"You will not incommode us, *petite*," said Bathilde. "You can sleep with me, and Benoit will make his bed amongst the sacks, where he dozes when he has to keep up the doctor's fires all night long."

Bathilde was not two years older than Louise; yet she felt that, being married, she had the position of a matron, and so she patronized her. But it was done with an innocent and good heart.

"Aye, I could sleep anywhere near the old mill-wheel," said Benoit. "Its clicking sends me off like a cradle. The only time I never close my eyes, is at the Toussaint; and that is because I've stopped it. Look at it there! plodding on just as if it were a living thing."

The charlatan's assistant looked affectionately at the beam which was working at the end of the chamber; and then wishing to vent the loving fullness of his heart upon something more sensible of it, he pinched his wife's round chin, and kissed her rosy face with a smack that echoed again.

"Hush!" cried Bathilde; "you will disturb the doctor." And she pointed to a door leading from the apartment.

"Is there any one else here, then?" asked Louise.

"Only my master," replied Benoit. "He came to lodge here when he first arrived in Paris, because he did not want to be disturbed, as he said. Well, he has his wish. His rent pays ours, and I get a trifle for playing his fool. Mass! think of this attire in Languedoc!"

They proceeded with their supper. Benoit fell to it as though he had fasted for a week, but Louise tasted nothing, in spite of all the persuasions of her honest entertainers. She sipped some wine which they insisted on her taking; and then remained sad and pale, in the deepest despondency.

Her gloom appeared to affect the others. The charlatan looked but sadly for his calling; and every now and then, Bathilde turned her large bright eyes from Benoit to Louise, and then back again to Benoit, as if more fully to comprehend the unwonted introduction of her young guest. And sometimes she would assume a little grimace, meant for jealousy, until her husband reassured her with a pantomimical kiss blown across the table.

At last Benoit and his helpmate thought it would be kinder to leave her to her sorrow; and they began, as was their custom, to talk about the events of the day. The interruption of the two young cavaliers was of course mentioned, and was exciting the earnest attention of Louise, when the conversation was broken by the door opening suddenly, at the end of the apartment; and the physician of the Carrefour du Châtelet, passed hastily out, and approached the table.

"Hist! Benoit!" he exclaimed, in a low and somewhat flurried

tone; "some one has gained the mills besides ourselves. Who is that girl?" he said sharply, as his eye fell upon Louise.

"A poor countrywoman whom I have given a lodging to for the night. She works at the Gobelins."

The physician moved towards Louise, and clutching her arm with some force, glared at her with terrible earnestness, as he continued,

"You know how this has come about. Who is it?—answer on your sacred soul."

The terrified girl, for a minute, could scarcely reply, until the others repeated his question, when she exclaimed,

"I do not understand you, monsieur. I have no one in Paris with whom I can exchange a word—none, but these good people."

"I do not see how any one could have got to the mill," said Benoit. "I brought over the boat myself from the quay."

"And you have not moved from this room?"

"Never, since I disembarked with this maiden."

"It is strange," said the physician. "I had put out my lamp, the better to watch the colour of a lambent violet flame that played about the crucible. The lights from the bridge fell upon the window, and I distinctly saw the shadow of a human being, if human it were, pass across the curtain on the outside. Hark! there is a noise above!"

There could be now no doubt: the shuffling of feet was plainly audible on the roof of the floating house; but of feet evidently moved with caution.

"I will go and see," cried Benoit, taking down the lamp, which was suspended from one of the beams. "If they are intruders, I can soon warn them off."

"No, no!" cried the chemist eagerly: "do not leave the room; barricade the door; no one must enter."

"We have nothing to barricade it with," replied Benoit, getting frightened himself at the anxiety of his master. "Oh dear! oh dear! we shall be burnt for witches on the Grève. I see it all."

"Pshaw! imbecile," cried the other. "Here, you have the table, these chairs. Bring sacks, grain, anything!"

The women had risen from their seats, and retreated into a corner of the apartment near the stove. The physician seized the table, and, implicitly followed by Benoit, was moving towards the door, when there was a violent knocking without, and a command to open it immediately.

"It is by the king's order," said Benoit: "we cannot resist."

He reached the door, and unfastened it before the physician could pull him back, although he attempted to do so. It flew open, and a party of the *Guet Royal* entered the room, headed by the chief of the marching watch of Paris.

"Antonio Exili," said the captain, pointing his sword towards the physician, "commonly known as the Doctor St. Antonio, arrest you in the king's name!"

"Exili!" ejaculated Benoit, gazing half aghast at his master.

CHAPTER III.

The Arrest of the Physician.

THE name pronounced was that of an Italian, terrible throughout all Europe; at the mention of whom even crowned heads quailed, and whose black deeds, although far more than matters of surmise, had yet been transacted with such consummate skill and caution as to baffle the keenest inquiries, both of the police and of the profession. Exili, who had been obliged to fly from Rome, as one of the fearful secret poisoners of the epoch, was instructed in his hellish art, it has been presumed, by a Sicilian woman named Spara. She had been the confidante and associate of the infamous Tofana, from whom she acquired the secret at Palermo, where the dreaded preparation which bore her name was sold, with little disguise, in small glass phials, ornamented with some holy image.

Six years previous to the commencement of our romance, a number of suspicious deaths in Rome caused unusual vigilance to be exercised by the police of that city, little wanting at all times in detective instinct; and the result was, the detection of a secret society (of which Spara was at the head, ostensibly as a fortune-teller), to whose members the various deaths were attributed; inasmuch, amongst other suspicious circumstances, as Spara had frequently, in her capacity of sybil, predicted their occurrence. Betrayed through the jealousy of one of the party, all in the society were arrested, and put to the torture; a few were executed, and others escaped. Amongst these last Exili eluded the punishment no less due to him than to the rest, and flying from Italy, came into France, and finally established himself at Paris, under an assumed name; but his real condition was tolerably well understood by the police, although his depth and care never gave them tangible ground for an arrest. He practised as a simple physician. In this portion of his career little occurred to throw suspicion on his calling; but, driven at length by poverty to sink his dignity in a less precarious method of gaining a livelihood, he had appeared as the mere charlatan, and it was now hinted, that whilst he sold the simplest drugs to the people, poisons of the most subtle and violent nature could be obtained through his agency. Where they came from no one was aware, but their source was attributed, like many other uncertain ones, to the devil. These suspicions were, however, principally confined to the police; the mass looked upon him as an itinerant physician of more than ordinary talents.

Those, indeed, to whom he had administered potions had been known to die; but his skill in pharmacy enabled him to produce his effects as mere aggravated symptoms of the disease he was ostensibly endeavouring to cure. And chemical science, in those days, was so far behind its modern state, that no delicate tests of the presence of poisons—even of those offering the strongest precipitates—were known. At the present time, our poisons have increased to tenfold violence and numbers: yet in no instance, scarcely, could an atom be now administered, without its presence, decomposed or entire, being laid bare on the test-glass of the inquirer.

“Exili,” again gasped Benoit, as he drew nearer his wife and Louise; in an agony of fear, also, that the part he bore in the pub-

lic displays of the medicines would involve him in the punishment.

"I must have your authority, sir, before I can be arrested," replied Exili, as we may now call him, with singular and suddenly assumed calmness. "And you must also prove that I am the man of whom you are in search."

"I can satisfy you on both points," cried a voice from amidst the guard.

The soldiers fell back on either side of the doorway, and Gaudin de Sainte-Croix, the young officer who had held parley with him on the Carrefour du Châtelet, entered the room.

"I know you to be the same Antonio Exili," he continued: "you confessed it to me yourself but this afternoon. And here," he added, as he held a paper towards him, "is the *lettre de cachet* for your arrest."

The girl who had started at the first sound of Sainte-Croix's voice, now leant anxiously forward as he entered the room; and when she saw him, a sudden and violent cry of surprise burst from her lips. She checked herself, however, whilst he was speaking, but as soon as he had finished, she rushed up to him, and grasping his arm, cried, "Gaudin!"

"Louise!—you here!" exclaimed Sainte-Croix. "I thought you were in Languedoc," he added, dropping his voice, whilst his brow contracted into an angry frown. He was evidently ill-prepared for the rencontre, and but little pleased at it.

The Italian took advantage of the temporary diversion afforded by the interview. With the nerve and muscular strength of a young man, he vaulted over the table against which he had been standing, and rushed into his own apartment, closing the door, which was of massy wood, against his pursuers. But this only caused the delay of an instant. Finding that their partizans made not the least effect upon the thick panels, the officer in command ordered them to take a large beam that was lying on the floor—apparently a portion of some old mill-machinery, and use it as a battering ram. It was lifted by six or eight of the guard, and hurled with all their united strength against the door. For the first two or three blows it resisted their efforts, but at last gave way with a loud crash, and the laboratory of the physician lay open before them.

"*En avant!*" cried the captain of the watch; "and take him, dead or alive. Follow me."

The officer entered the room, but had scarcely gone two steps, when he uttered a loud and spasmodic scream, and fell on the floor. A guard, who was following him, reeled back against his fellows, with the same cry, but fainter; and immediately afterwards a dense and acrid vapour rolled in heavy coloured fumes, into the outer chamber. Its effects were directly perceptible upon the rest, who fell back seized with violent and painful contractions of the wind-pipe; and the man, who had kept close upon their commander, was now also struck down by the deadly vapour, which a violent draught of cold air spread around them. But they had time to perceive that a window at the end of the small laboratory was open, and that Exili had passed through it, and escaped to the river.

"It is poison! it is poison!" cried Benoit lustily, apparently most anxious to give every information in his power respecting his

late tenant, and turning fool's evidence in his eagerness to clear his own character. "He has broken the bottle it was in. I know it well. He killed some dogs with it, before the Pâques, as if they had been shot. Keep back, on your lives!"

During this short and hurried scene, Louise had not once quitted her hold of Sainte-Croix, but, in extreme agitation, the result of mingled terror and surprise, still clung to him.

"Beware! beware!" continued Benoit; "I know it well, I tell you. He has water that burns like red irons; and he pours it on money, which leaves it blue. It will kill you! He has broken the bottle that held it."

And he continued reiterating these phrases with almost frantic volubility, until one of the guard, at the risk of his life, pulled to the shattered door, as well as he was able.

"Gaudin!" cried Louise as she fell at his feet, still clinging to his arm and his rich sword-belt. "Gaudin; only one word—tell me that you have not forgotten me—that you still love me."

"Yes, yes, Louise; I still love you," he replied, in a careless and impatient tone. "But this is not the place for scenes like these; you might, in delicacy, have spared me this annoying persecution."

"Persecution, Gaudin! I have given up all for you; I have abandoned everything, even the hope of salvation for my own soul; I have wandered, day after day, through the heartless streets of Paris, or worked at the Gobelins until my spirits have been crushed to the earth, and all my strength gone, by the struggle to support myself; and all in the hope of seeing you again. Tell me—do you still care for me, or am I a clog upon your life in this gay city?"

"Not now, Louise; not now," returned Sainte-Croix, "another time. This is ill-judged; it is unkind. I tell you that I still love you. There, now let me go, and do not thus lower me before these people."

"And when shall I see you again?"

"At any time—to-morrow—whenever you please—at any place," continued Sainte-Croix, endeavouring to disembarass himself from her grasp. "There, see! I am wanted by the guard."

"Gaudin! only one kind word, spoken as you once used to do: to tell me where I may see you: to shew me that you do not hate me."

"Pshaw! Louise, this is childish at such a moment. Leave go my arm, if you would escape an injury. You see I am wanted you are mad thus to annoy me."

"Heaven knows I have had enough to make me so," returned the girl, struggling with the hands of the other as he tried to free himself from her grasp. "But, Gaudin! I beg it on my knees, one, only one, kind word. Ah!"

She screamed with pain, as Sainte-Croix, in desperation, seized her wrists, and twisting them fiercely round, forced her to loose her hold. And then casting her from him, with no light power, she fell senseless on the floor at the feet of Bathilde, who had remained completely paralyzed since the commencement of the hurried scene.

"He will escape by the river," cried the second in command of the night watch. "We must follow him."

Pressing onward with the rest, Sainte-Croix passed from the chamber and stood on the edge of the floating tenements. The boat in which Benoit had arrived was still lying where it had been left fastened by a cord. He directly ordered two of the men into it, and entering by himself, divided the cord that held it with his sword, and then put forth upon the river. The others gained the roof of the mill, and they were there joined by some members of the *garde bourgeois*, who had descended, and were still coming down by a rope-ladder, depending from the window of one of the old gabled houses upon the Pont Notre Dame. This was evidently the manner in which they had gained access to the mill, when their feet had first been heard overhead by Exili.

In the meanwhile, the object of their pursuit had escaped by the window, as has been seen, and dropped into the hollow of one of the lighters that floated the entire structure, with the intention of passing underneath the mill-floor to the spot at which another small boat, used by himself alone, was fastened. But it was here quite dark, and the passage was one of extreme caution, being amongst the timbers of the woodwork upholding the mill, between some of which the large black wheels were turning, as the deep and angry water foamed and roared below them, lashing the slippery beams or leaping wildly over the narrow ledges of the lighters.

Supplied with torches by the *garde bourgeois*, the others pervaded every portion of the mill, and at last came upon the track of their object, his lace collar having caught some projecting wood-work in his flight. One or two of them leapt boldly down into the lighters, and the others clung round the structure above, upon frightfully insecure foot-room. They were now under the apartment, and entirely amidst the timbers of the works. The light of their torches revealed to them Exili passing onward, at the peril of his life, to gain the boat; but close before them.

A cry of recognition broke from two or three of the guard, and the Italian, as a last chance, caught hold of a beam which overhung the wheels, contriving, at an imminent risk, to pass himself across the channel of the current by swinging one hand before the other. Those who had regarded his general appearance, would scarcely have given him credit for so much power.

He gained the other side. One of the guard immediately attempted to follow him, and seized the beam; but he had not crossed half way before his strength failed him, his armour proving too heavy, together with his body, for his arms to sustain; and he fell upon the wheel as it turned, entangling his legs in the float-boards. He was borne beneath the current, and immediately afterwards re-appeared on the wheel, throwing his arms wildly about for help. Scarcely had a cry escaped his lips, when he again passed beneath the surface; the water disentangled him, and bore him down the stream for an instant, until he sank, and was seen no more.

Meanwhile Exili was endeavouring to unfasten his boat, and the *garde bourgeois*, passing round the other side of the mill, had arrived close to where he was stationed, cutting off his retreat in that direction. There was now no chance but the river; and without a moment's hesitation, he plunged into the boiling current, trusting to the darkness for his escape. At the same moment a bourgeois threw off his upper garments, and letting himself down the outer side of

the lighter into the river, where the stream was somewhat less powerful, called for a torch, which he contrived to keep above the water in his left hand, striking out vigorously with his right.

It was a singular chase. Both were evidently practised swimmers, and more than once Exili eluded his pursuer by diving below the surface and allowing him to pass beyond the mark. Several times, as they approached, he made a clutch at the torch, or tried to throw back a palm-full of water at its light, knowing if he could but reach any of the houses on the site of the present Quai Desaix, he should be sheltered in some of the secret refuges of the Cité. And once, indeed, he turned at bay in deep water, locking on to the guard in a manner which would soon have proved fatal to both, when the boat containing Sainte-Croix shot across the river, and came up to where they were struggling. His capture was the work of half a minute, and he was dragged into the boat.

"So, *mon enfant*," said Gaudin, as the dripping object of all this turmoil was placed, breathless and dripping, in the stern, "you thought we stood in somewhat different positions, I will be bound, this afternoon."

Then addressing himself to the men who were rowing, he added, "The Port au Foin is the nearest landing-place for the Rue St. Antoine. And then to the Bastille!"

The stream was violent below the bridge; for the mill-boats obstructed the free course of the river, and the Seine was still swollen and turbid from the spring floods. But the rowers plied their oars manfully, and, directed by one of the guard, who kept at the head of the boat with the torch, were not long in arriving at the landing-place indicated by Sainte-Croix, which was exactly on the site of the present Pont Louis Philippe, conducting from the Place de la Grève to the back of Notre Dame.

Exili remained perfectly silent, but was trembling violently—more, however, from his late immersion than from fear. His countenance was pale and immovable, as seen by the glare of the torch; and he compressed his under lip with his teeth until he nearly bit it through. Neither did Sainte-Croix exchange another word with any of his party; but, shrouded in his cloak, remained perfectly silent until the boat touched the rude steps of the Pont au Foin.

A covered vehicle, opening behind, and somewhat like a modern deer-cart, was waiting on the quay, with some armed attendants. The arrival of the prisoner was evidently expected. By the direction of Sainte-Croix he was carefully searched by the guard, and everything being taken from him, he was placed in the vehicle, whither his captor also followed him. The doors were then closed, and the men with torches placing themselves at the sides and in front of the vehicle, the cortège moved on.

It was a rough journey, then, to make from the Seine to the Bastille; and it would have been made in perfect darkness but for the lights and cressets of the watch. For the night was advancing; the lanterns in the windows had burnt out, or been extinguished; and the tall glooming houses, which rose on either side of the Rue Geoffry Lanier, by which thoroughfare they left the river side, threw the road into still deeper obscurity, their only lights being observable in the windows high up, where some industrious artisan was late at work. A rude smoky lamp hung from the interior of the vehicle,

and, by its gleam, Sainte-Croix was watching his prisoner in silence. At length Exili spoke—

“You have been playing a deep game; and this time Fortune favours you. But you took her as the discarded mistress of many others; and she will in turn jilt you.”

“Say rather we have both struggled for her, and you lost her by your own incautious proceedings,” replied Sainte-Croix. “We were both at the brink of a gulf, on a frail precipice, where the fall of one was necessary to the safety of the other. You are now my victim; to-morrow I might have been yours.”

“And whence comes the *lettre-de-cachet*?”

“From those who have the power to give it. Had you been more guarded in your speech on the *carrefour* to-day, you might have again practised on the credulity of the dupes that surrounded you.”

“For what term is my imprisonment?”

“During the pleasure of the Minister of Police; and that may depend upon mine. Our secrets are too terrible for both to be free at once. You should not have let me know that you thought me in your power.”

“Has every notion of honour departed from you?” asked Exili.

“Honour!” replied Sainte-Croix, with a short contemptuous laugh; “honour! and between such as we have become. How could you expect honour to influence me, when we have so long despised it—when it is but a bubble name with the petty gamesters of the world—the watchword of cowardice fearing detection?”

There was a halt in the progress of the carriage as it now arrived at the outer gate of the Bastille. Then came the challenge and the answer; the creaking of the chains that let down the huge draw-bridge upon the edge of the outer court; and the hollow rumbling of the wheels over its timber. It stopped at the inner portal; and when the doors were opened, the governor waited at the carriage to receive the new prisoner.

But few words were exchanged. The signature of the *lettre-de-cachet* once recognised was all that was required, and Exili was ordered to descend. He turned to Sainte-Croix as he was about to enter the gate, and with a withering expression of revenge and baffled anger, exclaimed,

“You have the game in your own hands at present. Before the year is out my turn will have arrived. Remember!”

THE CLOSE OF THE OLD YEAR, 1844.

Old and waning year,
 Thou art in thy bier,
 Hast'ning to thy bourne ;
 Hark ! thy knell is ringing ;
 Hark ! thy dirge is singing ;
 Shall we joy or mourn ?

To the sons of earth
 Little joy or mirth
 Was thy boon, Old Year !
 For the gayest smile
 Shone but to beguile,
 Follow'd by a tear.

Thou didst crown the bride,
 In her beauty's pride,
 With a mourning wreath ;
 Thou didst whelm the brave
 In the dark, cold wave—
 Chilling wave of death !

From the mother's breast,
 Fondly hush'd to rest,
 Blossom sweet and fair !
 Thou didst take the babe,
 Laid 'st it in the grave,
 Dark and lonely there !

Thine 'twas to destroy
 Many a heart-shrined joy
 In thy course, Old Year !
 Cares and sorrows thronging,
 Vain and hopeless longing
 Mark'd thy progress here !

Sadd'ning thoughts are these :
 E'en the leafless trees
 Seem'd too fast to fade ;
 Since in spring-tide hour,
 Gladd'ning dale and bower
 With their leafy shade.

Moral sad we hear
 From the closing year,
 As he passeth by ;
 Hope is but a beam ;
 Life is but a dream,
 Evermore we sigh.

Who would covet life,
 Scene of endless strife
 From the hour of birth !
 Happy he whose years,
 Mark'd by grief and tears,
 Soonest close on earth !

ANSWER OF THE OLD YEAR.

Mortal ! why repine ?
 'Twas a Power divine
 Bade the passing cloud
 Dim thine hour of gladness,
 Folding all in sadness
 With its mournful shroud.

Had I power to save
 From the yawning grave,
 When 'twas Heaven's decree ?
 Trials meant to prove
 Patience, truth, and love,
 Mercy sent to thee !

I have scatter'd flowers
 O'er the fleeting hours
 In their ceaseless flow ;

Joy with sorrow blending,
 Mirth and gladness sending
 To each heart below.

Hope, with rainbow hue,
 Casts its glory, too,
 O'er the darkest hour ;
 And the wearied breast
 Found a peaceful rest
 In Religion's power.

To the boundless sea
 Of eternity,
 'Ere I wing my flight ;
 Breathe a kind farewell ;
 Softly ring my knell ;
 Part we friends to-night.

H. B. K.

THE FÊTE OF PETERHOFF.

BY MRS. ROMER.

PERHAPS no spectacle so striking can be offered to the observation of a stranger in Russia as the fête which is annually given by the Emperor at the palace of Peterhoff, in honour of the birthday of his consort, the Empress Alexandra. It differs totally from all other court-festivals, inasmuch as it includes individuals of all classes and nations of the vast Russian empire. A line of demarcation, however, has been laid down, calculated to prevent any inconvenient contact of the populace with the higher classes; for, while the people are admitted promiscuously to the gardens, the interior of the palace is reserved for the court and the invited guests of the imperial family. Although the entertainment professes to be a masked ball, no masks are worn, nor is there actually any dancing. The only approach to a masquerade consists in every gentleman admitted to the interior of the palace being obliged to carry a black domino on his arm, as the symbol of his being an invited guest.

While on a visit to Russia some few years ago, I considered myself fortunate in having reached St. Petersburg just in time to attend the fête of Peterhoff, for which the English chargé-d'affaires had most obligingly provided tickets of admission for myself and my party. The palace of Peterhoff, once the favourite residence of the unfortunate Emperor Peter, is seated on the shores of the Gulf of Finland, about twenty-four miles from St. Petersburg, and, from its gardens and water-works, has obtained the designation of "the Versailles of the North." It is approached from St. Petersburg most expeditiously by sea, and accordingly, at seven in the evening, we embarked in one of Baird's English steamers, and landed at Peterhoff at ten o'clock.

We reached the state-rooms of the palace just in time to witness the most interesting part of the fête. The apartments were already filled with a brilliant crowd, representing the various nations reunited under the dominion of the Czar, all wearing their national costume. There were Georgians, remarkable for their dark, expressive faces, and their long-cut oriental eyes, dressed in *kaftans* of scarlet cloth, and caps lined with sable; and one of their sovereign princesses was clad in flowing white robes, with a high transparent white cap, from which depended a long white veil, that nearly enveloped her person. There were two Calmuck chiefs and one Calmuck lady, whose countenances were of that peculiar stamp which one sees delineated upon China tea-pots, their Tartar vestments resembling in form those of the natives of the Celestial Empire. Officers of the Emperor's Circassian guard, in chain-armor and steel-chain morions, armed with yataghans and bows and arrows, were conspicuous. Then there were Persians, with their high black lambskin caps, and their long robes of costly cachmire and brocaded silk; Armenians, Turks, Tartars, Hungarians, Greeks, and, of course, every description of Russian costume and uniform. The *coup d'œil* produced by this brilliant multitude assembled in those gilded saloons, amidst a blaze of light such as I never before witnessed, is not to be described. A military band, stationed in each room, performed in turn some wild and plaintive Russian melodies, until at once the

various bands blended into one triumphant martial strain; and the folding-doors at the upper end of the state-suite being at the same moment thrown open, the imperial family, followed by the court, the ministers of state, and the foreign ambassadors, made their appearance, and traversed the suite of rooms to the measure of a stately Polonaise. The Emperor led the way, giving his hand to the Princess Frederick of Orange (the Empress's sister), and then followed the Empress, led by her eldest son; afterwards came the young Grand Duchesses, paired with Prince Frederick of Orange, the Duke of Nassau, and the Duke of Oldenburg; and the Princes of the Empire, the ministers, and ambassadors with their suites, each conducting a lady, closed the glittering *cortège*.

As the Emperor advanced, the crowd respectfully fell back, leaving ample space for the brilliant procession to pass. He wore the scarlet uniform of the Empress's regiment of *Gardes Chevaliers*, in honour of her Majesty, as did his son the Czarowitsch, and his nephew the Duke of Oldenburg. The Emperor Nicholas was then in his fortieth year, and in the very zenith of his unrivalled beauty. He united to the noblest stature a symmetry of form, and a graceful bearing, which are seldom the characteristics of very tall men. His countenance, bright and intellectual, bore no traces of human passion or human weakness, in its calm and severe beauty; and his whole person presented the most perfect type of royalty. Without a shade of haughtiness on his brow, he looked as one born to command.

The Empress, although not inheriting all the beauty of her mother, the celebrated Queen of Prussia, possessed a pleasing and interesting countenance, with a graceful figure. She appeared, however, less youthful than her imperial consort. The Czarowitsch figured most appropriately by the side of his fair mother as her *chevalier d'honneur*; the young Grand Duchesses followed, attractively and becomingly attired in spotless white.*

At every *tour* of the rooms the Emperor changed partners, so that in turns he gave his hand to each lady included in the Polonaise, still maintaining, however, the leading place, and still followed by the Empress. In this manner they passed the place we occupied so often, as to give us an opportunity of examining them in the minutest manner; and it was during one of those evolutions that my attention was attracted towards a lady who, until she had thus become the partner of his Majesty, had, like the rest of the crowd, passed unobserved by me. Her appearance was nevertheless so remarkable, and her beauty so peculiar and striking, that I felt convinced she must be a stranger,

* The lovely family of the Emperor Nicholas, consisting of four sons and three daughters, were brought up from the cradle by English nurses and governesses, under the superintendance of an old Scotchwoman, who was under-nurse to the present Emperor in his infancy. This individual held the rank of a *general officer*, (for everything in Russia is measured by a military scale,) and had been decorated with the order of St. Andrew, ennobled, and enriched. This woman, nevertheless, came a bare-legged servant-girl to Russia, some five-and-fifty years ago, with a Scotch trader's family, who turned her adrift in St. Petersburg. A lucky chance procured her the situation of under-nursery-maid in the Emperor Paul's family, when she was placed about the person of the present Emperor, to teach him to *speak English*! His attachment for her was so great, that when he married he placed her at the head of his nursery establishment, where she has honourably gone through all the military gradations of rank to her present one of *general*. I suppose she will die a field-marshal!

probably the wife of one of the foreign ministers. She was tall, and beautifully formed, with a most lovely countenance, oriental in its cast, serious and dignified, but full of sweetness. Her complexion was of that clear paleness which shows to such advantage by candle-light, her hair of the hue and lustre of jet; and her large dark eyes fringed with those long, thick, black lashes, which are scarcely ever seen among Europeans, and are almost peculiar to the Georgian women. She was attired with exquisite, but costly simplicity, in a dress of India muslin, and the only ornament worn by her was a wreath of ivy leaves, composed of emeralds, encircling her braided hair. In the midst of the feathers, and diamonds, and satins, and flowers of the Parisian toilettes that fluttered around, she looked like a muse that had descended for a moment into the midst of the gay scene to fling the charm of poetry over it; and, while every other face wore conventional smiles, or flushed triumphant whenever the sovereign's eye glanced on them, hers alone preserved its calm and cold equanimity, even in the supreme moment which had caused some to blush, and some to tremble, and others to look inexpressibly grand, and *all* to appear ill at ease whenever it fell to their turn—I mean when, hand in hand with her imperial master, she for a brief space took precedence of all that was noblest in the empire, and became with that august personage “the cynosure of admiring eyes.” She looked as though her mind could neither be dazzled nor captivated by such scenes; and there was a pensive abstraction in her countenance, which led me to fancy that her heart was not in them, and that her thoughts even then had wandered far away.

I eagerly, but fruitlessly, inquired the name of the beautiful stranger, and soon afterwards I lost sight of her; for, as soon as the Polonaise was over, the imperial family went to supper in an apartment, from which all but their immediate party were excluded; and we took that opportunity of descending to the gardens, where a scene of magic splendour burst upon our view. Amidst columns, pyramids, and walls of fire, the innumerable fountains of those terraced gardens throwing their waters high into the air, and catching the reflection of the surrounding blaze, produced the effect of showers of topazes falling in all directions; while their murmuring sounds mingled with the strains of music that issued from the open windows of the palace, and the Babel-like hum of the multitude gathered together in that scene of enchantment. A light stronger and brighter than that of day shed a sort of supernatural lustre upon the variety of European and Asiatic costumes and uniforms that circulated among alleys walled in with what appeared to be sheets of flame; and I should have fancied myself transported to fairy-land, had it not been for the odour of tallow emitted from the myriad lamps, which reminded me, unpleasantly enough, that I was in the country of which that unsavoury material forms the staple commodity. Nor had the creature-comforts of the people been neglected. In the gardens tents were pitched, where tea (the never-failing beverage throughout Russia), and a variety of more substantial refreshments, were plentifully distributed.

When the court had supped, a cavalcade of thirty open carriages, called *lignes*, drew up to the grand entrance of the palace, and the imperial family with their suites, and the foreign ambassadors, got into them, and were driven round the park and gardens to see the illumina-

tions, and to show themselves to those who had not been admitted to the palace. This was the last act of the entertainment ; and, as soon as it was over, we betook ourselves again to the steamer, which we found even more crowded than it had been in our passage to Peterhoff. But, although the wind was propitious for a return, and the sea smooth, we moved on but slowly. There was no steam to impel us onward ; for the Scotch economy of the proprietor had ordained that the fires should be allowed to go out. The time did not, however, appear long to me. Among the passengers was General Y——, with whom we had previously been acquainted, and who, being an excellent *raconteur*, amused us with anecdotes of many of the personages whom we had seen that night. Of course I did not omit to question him about the lady whose countenance and mien had made such an impression on me. I minutely described her person and attire, and concluded by expressing my conviction that she could not be a Russian.

“ You mean the Countess A——,” said the old General ; “ she is, nevertheless, a Russian, the daughter of a Cossack general, and the widow of a Muscovite noble, with whom I was once well acquainted, and she has never to my knowledge quitted Russia for a day. The history of her marriage is quite a romance, and when you have heard it, you will be able to account for the peculiar expression of her countenance, and to connect its pensive character with the events which have conferred on her so painful a celebrity.

“ About fifteen years ago, the young Count A——, at that time a lieutenant in a regiment of the Emperor’s guard in garrison at St. Petersburg, and the representative of one of the noblest families in Moscow, having in the flush of youth manifested symptoms of insubordination, was sent by way of corrective to the Caucasus, to do duty there for two years. The nature of this service is most severe, the country being barbarous in the extreme, and destitute of all resource ; and to young A——, the spoiled child of a doating mother, brought up in almost Asiatic luxury, and but lately the *beau garçon* of the aristocratic circles of St. Petersburg, it appeared little less dreadful than an exile to Siberia itself. As a mark of favour in the midst of his disgrace, he had been received as an inmate in the house of the commandant of the Russian lines, an old general of Cossacks from the Donsky country, whose head-quarters were established at Wladi Caucasus ; and from him and his family Count A—— received that patriarchal hospitality which characterizes the primitive Sclavonian races ; and the frank and simple cordiality with which it was offered compensated in some degree for the absence of those elegances which he had hitherto been accustomed to regard as indispensable. The old General was a rough, unsophisticated soldier ; he had passed all his life among his wild Cossacks, and had often been heard to boast that he had never but once appeared at court, and that was after returning from the taking of Paris by the Allied Armies in 1814.

“ Contrary to the custom of St. Petersburg, where Russian is the language least heard even in Russian houses, and scarcely anything but French, German, English, and Italian, are spoken by the foreign servants of which our great establishments are composed, no member of General P——’s family could understand any other language than their own ; Count A——, who had grown quite disused to Russian in the Babel-like confusion of tongues that prevails in St. Petersburg, felt as though he had been transported to some foreign land, when familiar

French no longer served as the medium of communication with those around him. His other anti-national tastes were equally thwarted, for the housekeeping of the General was, like the language of the household, purely Russian; plenty presided as his board, but in the coarse form which has long since been banished from the elegant tables of the capital.

“General P—— was a widower. He had married a native of the other side of the Caucasus, who died in the prime of life; and his family consisted of four sons, all serving in the Cossack regiment which he had formerly commanded, and an only daughter, who, at the time Count A—— became domesticated under his roof, was scarcely fifteen years of age, quite an unformed girl, but already the living image of her Georgian mother. Although advancing towards womanhood, the young Elizabeth was still looked upon in her family as a child, and treated by her father and brothers more as their plaything than their companion. Her education had been much neglected, and she was deficient in even the common acquirements of French and music; she had been suffered to grow up in the savage region where she had first seen the light, like a wild flower, untended and uncared for; but, like many a wild flower which surpasses in beauty and sweetness the garden’s pride, her native charm asserted itself despite the absence of all cultivation; and the first time Count A—— saw her perform the characteristic dances of her country to the wild music of a Cossack chorus, he thought he had never beheld in the courtly circles of St. Petersburg anything so captivating as that untutored, child-like girl.

“As a resource against *ennui*, A—— devoted his leisure hours to the improvement of Elizabeth’s education; he taught her French, German, and music; and such was her aptitude in learning, that in little more than a year the fair pupil knew as much as her youthful master did. The danger of such an intimate association between a guileless and beautiful girl and a handsome dissipated young man, would have been evident to any parent possessed of more worldly wisdom than General P——; but with a blindness which sprang from his own honest and loyal nature, the old father continued to leave them constantly together, and isolated from all other society, long after A—— had discovered that the unformed girl had ripened into a fascinating woman, and that his manner to Elizabeth had changed from the playful authority of the self-constituted preceptor, to the tender deference of the aspiring lover; while the sportive familiarity of Elizabeth had softened into a blushing reserve, which would have aroused the apprehensions of a keener observer than her father as to the state of her heart, and the fact of a warmer sentiment than friendship existing between her and the Count. Had her brothers been at home, the secret of the lovers would have been soon discovered; but they were in the Ukraine with their regiment, and there was no judicious friend near Elizabeth to warn her against the imprudence of encouraging a passion for one whose elevated rank and great worldly possessions would prove a certain barrier to his union with the portionless daughter of a soldier of fortune. So that, with nothing to counteract her lover’s influence over her mind, and no check upon that holy confidence of a young and pure heart, which too often, alas! leads to the ruin of the innocence from whence it springs, Elizabeth walked blindly towards the precipice to which A—— was gradually conducting her, nor dreamed of harm until too late to guard against it.

Time wore on, and the two years allotted for Count A——'s retirement having expired, he prepared to quit Wladi Caucasus for Moscow, where he had obtained permission to visit his mother before resuming his military duties at St. Petersburg. The despair of Elizabeth at this separation would have betrayed her secret, had not A—— soothed her anguish by persuading her that his sole motive for proceeding to Moscow was to obtain his mother's consent to their marriage, and that the moment he had obtained her concurrence, he would return to the Caucasus, and formally demand her hand of the General. Nor was this a deliberate deception on his part; he quitted her with the firm intention of soon claiming her as his bride, and he loved her sufficiently to desire that event as ardently as she did herself. But unfortunately he was of a character easily to be led away by those around him, and his best intentions too often yielded to the influence of new impressions; so that when once removed from the sphere of Elizabeth's fascination, and within reach of his mother's dominion, he suffered worldly considerations to supplant the honourable feelings with which he had quitted Wladi Caucasus, and plunged into the dissipations of Moscow with an ardour to which his two years' banishment gave an additional zest. He had indeed lost no time in seeking the explanation with the Countess, which was to lead to the fulfilment of his engagement with Elizabeth, but his wishes had met with the most uncompromising opposition on her part, coupled however, with an indulgence in all other respects, calculated to give her the greatest ascendancy over him. From day to day some new enjoyment was devised for him by her, and as each day glided by, the recollection of the patriarchal dwelling which but so lately had bounded all his hopes and wishes, and the lovely image of the expectant and too-confiding being who had placed her honour and happiness in his hands, grew fainter and less frequent; while the charms of a certain young Princess Olga D—— (a beauty and a heiress, whom his mother had long fixed upon as the future wife of her son) usurped the gentler memories of the old Cossack's home.

“Meanwhile Elizabeth trustingly awaited the fulfilment of her lover's promises, but months rolled on, and no tidings of him came. A perceptible change had taken place in the young girl's appearance; her spirits had become languid and broken, and her health was evidently failing, although no complaint ever passed her lips. The General alarmed by these indications of early decay, and tracing their commencement to the period of A——'s departure, was aroused too late to a suspicion that the heart was the seat of her malady, and closely questioned her on the subject. For a length of time Elizabeth evaded all his endeavours to draw the truth from her, but at last, all reasonable hope that her lover intended to act honourably towards her having fled, and feeling that further concealment would soon be impossible, she cast herself in an agony of despair at her father's feet, and revealed to him that Count A——, had seduced her under a promise of marriage, and that she would soon become a mother.

Although in the first burst of indignant feeling, General P—— breathed only vengeance against the destroyer of his child, and would have spurned as unworthy to enter into his family, the man who had basely requited the rites of hospitality, by bringing misery and dishonour to the roof that had sheltered him, yet family considerations induced him to adopt more prudential measures, and he therefore wrote

to Count A—— sternly requiring him to make instant reparation for the evil he had occasioned, by fulfilling his engagement with Elizabeth. No answer was returned to this letter, and the General, doubly outraged by this contemptuous silence, then wrote to his four sons requiring them all immediately to repair to Wladi Caucasus upon business which would admit of no delay.

“They came; and their father having divulged to them the history of their sister’s wrongs, ended by saying, ‘My sons, my first impulse upon ascertaining the extent of Count A——’s heartless villany was to fly at once to Moscow and force him to give me the satisfaction of shedding his blood; but the thought that my poor stricken child has no efficient protector but her old father, has deterred me from that natural course, for should I fall in a meeting with her seducer, she would be left alone in the world with her shame. I must not abandon her in this extremity; and, therefore, into your hands do I commit the task of avenging her honour.’ Then leading them to the chamber of Elizabeth, he approached the couch upon which she lay stretched, reduced by sorrow and suffering to the shadow of her former self, and pointing to her worn and woe-begone countenance, adjured them in a tremulous whisper, to spare her by refraining from all reproach.

“The four young men stepped quickly forward, and, surrounding the bed, they removed their sister’s hands from her face, which she had hastily sought to conceal at their approach, and as they each in turn imprinted a kiss upon her flushing cheek, the three eldest exclaimed,

“‘Courage, Elizabeth *Mikailovna*,’ (Elizabeth, daughter of Michael,) ‘you shall be avenged!’

“But Ivan, the youngest, and the one she best loved, whispered as he tenderly kissed the tears from her eyes, ‘Elizabeth *Dushinka*’ (my soul,) ‘weep no more; you shall be consoled!’

“And Elizabeth, casting herself upon his breast, murmured, ‘Oh, Ivan, my brother, let no harm befall *him*!’”

“When the brothers withdrew from their sister’s presence it was settled that one of them should forthwith proceed to Moscow to bring Count A—— to account for his delinquency, and an amicable dispute arose between them as to which of the four should be chosen for that mission, the eldest warmly asserting his right of seniority to represent the family, and the others as warmly combating that argument. Their father ended the dispute by deciding that they should draw lots for precedence, and that should he to whom the first number fall perish in his encounter with A——, he should be replaced by the next in succession, and so on until the Count had paid the forfeit of his life for his baseness.

“It fell to Ivan’s lot, to vindicate the family honour, and within an hour after that point had been settled, he was in a kibitka on the road to Moscow, accompanied only by a servant of the General’s, and intending to travel night and day without a pause. During this rapid journey he had ample time to revolve in his own mind the surest method of effecting a meeting with Count A—— without any person but himself and his adversary being privy to the affair: for, aware of the extreme rigour with which duelling is punished by the Russian laws, he felt assured that were the family of A—— to obtain any suspicion of the motive that brought him to Moscow, they would not scruple to prevent the meeting, and by their interest cause the challenger to be sent from the place under arrest. It was, therefore, incumbent upon

him to take his measures with the utmost precaution ; and he was still divided between the expediency of writing to Count A—— upon his arrival, or at once seeking an interview with him, without any previous announcement, when the gorgeous domes and cupolas of Moscow, clustering in the air, burst upon his view in their dazzling variety of green, vermilion, and ultra-marine, covered with golden stars.

“ Chance, which had decided that Ivan P—— should become the avenger of his sister's honour, again came to his aid, and settled at his very entrance into the city the question that had agitated him throughout the journey. He had never seen Count A——, but the letters of Elizabeth during the earliest period of his sojourn at Wladi Caucasus had been filled with descriptions of her young and noble preceptor, and among other particulars, she had specified a personal peculiarity which, although it might appear to common minds as a *defect*, assumed to her romantic and enthusiastic imagination a character superior to that of mere physical beauty—something heroic, that served to distinguish him from the herd of well-looking and well-dressed military flutterers. In the single campaign he had made against the revolted Circassians, A—— had received a sabre-cut on the head which had well-nigh proved fatal. With great difficulty he had recovered from the effects of that wound, and without any personal disfigurement ; but still, it had left an indelible mark ; for, although the scar itself was concealed by his clustering chesnut locks, the hair upon the injured spot had turned completely white. The strange contrast formed by this broad line of silver amidst the golden brown curls that covered his handsome head was the first thing that caught the attention of a stranger on seeing Count A——, and the young man showed a sort of excusable coquetry in rendering it as evident as possible by wearing his hair very long ; for he looked upon that bleached lock as a brevet of bravery, and a far more honourable decoration than even the military crosses that hung upon his breast.

“ This mark, then, served to precipitate the meeting with A——, which Ivan P—— had journeyed from the Caucasus to effect. The young Cossack had already traversed a considerable part of Moscow, when, on approaching the Holy Gate, his kibitka was obliged to draw up at one side for a few moments before entering, in order to leave free egress to a throng of carriages which were passing out of it. No man, be his rank what it may, ever passes through the Holy Gate of Moscow without uncovering his head—an act of faith and reverence addressed by all good Russians, from the Emperor downwards, to the miraculous image of the Virgin which occupies a niche over the archway. As the carriages defiled, and Ivan's driver prepared to pursue his way, an elegant-looking cavalier, mounted upon a splendid English horse, cantered up to the gate, and there reining in his steed, he took off his hat, and passed beneath at a slow pace. Ivan's attention had been immediately attracted by the extreme beauty of the horse, and the graceful figure of its rider ; but the moment the latter uncovered his head, the young Cossack's admiration was converted into a sentiment of almost savage joy, as he remarked above the left temple of the horseman, a long lock of snow-white hair, amidst the profusion of sunny curls that clustered round his forehead.

Ivan felt not a doubt in his mind that he beheld the seducer of Elizabeth ; and throwing himself out of his kibitka, he conquered his feelings sufficiently to approach the cavalier with apparent calmness,

and to accost him with the politeness due from one stranger to another.

“ ‘ You are Count Constantine A——, I believe ? ’ he asked.

“ ‘ I am, ’ was the answer.

“ ‘ And I am Ivan Mickailovitch P——, lieutenant in the P—— regiment of Cossacks ! ’ pursued the youth, in a less collected tone.

“ ‘ Well, sir ! ’ said the Count with *hauteur*.

“ ‘ Did you, or did you not, receive a letter from General P——, in whose house you passed two years at Wladi Caucasus, touching a family affair which I need not here specify ? ’

“ ‘ Sir, ’ said the Count, with increased haughtiness, ‘ I do not recognize your right to ask me that question. ’

“ ‘ You will recognize it, when I tell you that I am the brother of Elizabeth P——, and am, moreover, aware of your conduct towards her. Will you marry my sister ? ’

“ ‘ I cannot—family considerations forbid such a connexion. ’

“ ‘ Then, sir, ’ returned Ivan, sinking his voice almost to a whisper, that the purport of his words might not be overheard by any accidental passer-by, ‘ you must fight with me, and that instantaneously. ’

“ ‘ Willingly, ’ replied the Count, ‘ but I must first return home for my arms. ’

“ ‘ That is unnecessary. I have pistols and swords in my kibitka—I leave you the choice of your weapons, but I will not lose sight of you until the errand for which I have journeyed from the Caucasus, has been fulfilled. If you attempt to quit this spot without me, I shall believe that you intend to shield yourself from my just vengeance by informing the police of my intentions. ’

“ ‘ Sir ! ’ exclaimed A——, indignantly, (for his courage had never before been questioned,) ‘ if you knew me better, you would not dare to insult me by such a supposition. I desire nothing more than to give you the satisfaction you require of me ; but we must settle the preliminaries in a more retired spot than this. Will you trust to my honour, and follow me ? ’

“ Ivan signified his willingness to do so, and jumping into his kibitka, directed the driver to follow whithersoever Count A—— should lead. After twenty minutes’ drive through the city, they passed the gates, and proceeded on the St. Petersburg road, in the direction of Petrowsky, but before arriving at the race-course, A—— turned from the high road, and conducted his antagonist towards a plantation of birch-trees at some distance, where they both alighted. Ivan, taking his weapons from the kibitka, ordered the driver to remain with the carriage on the skirts of the wood ; while A——, knotting the bridle on his horse’s neck, turned its head in the direction of Moscow, and gave it a stroke of his whip, which sent the gallant animal off at full speed.

“ ‘ What are you doing ? ’ exclaimed Ivan.

“ ‘ Sending a messenger home to announce my death, ’ coldly replied the Count ; ‘ for I presume that our duel will be fatal to one of us, at least. ’

“ ‘ Of course. The choice of our weapons rests with you, ’ said Ivan.

“ ‘ Let it be pistols then—we will both fire together. ’

“ ‘ At ten paces ? ’ exclaimed the young Cossack.

“ ‘ At three, if you so wish it, ’ replied A——.

“ They both entered the wood ; Ivan’s servant followed, carrying the pistols ; and when they had selected a suitable spot, and measured their ground, he proceeded to load the pistols, and to prevent the possibility of foul play being suspected, placed them on the ground, and turned his back upon the young men, while each appropriated one to himself. The two combatants took aim together with a deliberate coolness and precision which seemed to ensure the most disastrous results, and when the servant gave the appointed signal, by throwing his hat upon the ground, both fired so exactly at the same instant, that the two reports were confounded together. Ivan immediately fell pierced through the heart, and without uttering a word expired. Count A—— remained standing for a moment, so that the servant for that brief space believed that he had escaped unhurt ; but suddenly clapping his hand to his breast, a torrent of blood issued from his lips, and he sank to the earth in a state of apparent lifelessness.

“ There was to be a dinner-party at the Countess A——’s on that day, and the Princess Olga D—— (who was looked upon as a future member of the family) had arrived long before any of the other guests, and was complacently contemplating her charming person in a long pier-glass in the drawing-room, while the Countess, with something of maternal solicitude, was placing some rare exotic blossoms in the young beauty’s fair hair, when the tramp of a horse’s feet entering rapidly into the court of the palace was heard.

“ ‘That is Constantine, I am sure !’ exclaimed the Princess joyfully, ‘ for I know the sound of Rainbow’s feet. I knew he would be home early to-day !’ And she eagerly approached one of the windows, prepared to dispense from thence her sweetest smile of welcome to the young horseman as he dismounted. The Countess followed, but an exclamation of terror burst from the lips of both ladies as they beheld Rainbow, riderless, dash into the court, and make a full stop at the door that led from thence to the stables.

“ ‘ My son is killed !’ shrieked the Countess.

“ I happened to be at that time in Moscow, and was one of the Countess A——’s guests on that day. My carriage drove into the entrance court at the identical moment I have described, and I learned from the ladies themselves the cause of their alarm. While endeavouring to persuade them that their terrors had been premature, and that it was very possible that the animal might have escaped from some place where his rider had dismounted, a party of soldiers entered the palace, bearing upon a mattress the body of A——, covered with blood, and to all appearance dead.

“ To describe the scene that followed would be impossible. When the surgeons arrived, they ascertained that the Count still lived, and that the ball had traversed part of the lungs, and lodged near the spine ; there was a slight *chance* that he might be saved ; but it was so slight that the medical men would not dwell upon it as a *hope*. A—— himself, when he revived from his swoon, felt that he was a lost man, and desired that he might be left alone with his mother to communicate his last wishes to her. They were shut up together for half an hour, and during that agonizing interim the Countess was made acquainted with all that had happened, and for the first time became aware of the real nature of her son’s affair with Elizabeth P——, and of the sacred claims she had upon him. Her conduct was admirable upon that occasion. Having ascertained from the surgeons that *imme-*

diate dissolution was not to be apprehended, she despatched a courier to Wladi Caucasus, with a letter to General P——, stating with the utmost feeling and delicacy all that had occurred, and entreating, with as much earnestness as she had formerly evinced in forbidding the marriage, that he would without delay bring his daughter to Moscow, in order that Count A—— might make tardy reparation for the injury he had inflicted by making Elizabeth his wife before he died—an act of justice which would give their child a legitimate claim to his name and fortune.

“The melancholy summons was answered by the General in person, accompanied by his sorrowing daughter. They found A—— alive and conscious, but sinking so rapidly, that had the travellers been delayed but one day longer on the road, they would have been too late to give efficacy to the wishes of the Countess. Every arrangement had previously been made by her order to enable the marriage ceremony to be solemnized immediately on their reaching Moscow; they arrived at night, and were at once conducted to the chapel of the A—— Palace, whither the dying bridegroom was at the same time conveyed, stretched upon the couch from which he never more was to rise. Not a word of recognition was suffered to pass between him and Elizabeth, lest the emotions inseparable from any demonstration of tenderness should, by precipitating his last moments, defeat the purpose for which they had been brought together. What a trial for a young girl not seventeen years old! what a complication of sorrow to assail a young and tender heart at once! Her brother killed by the hand of her lover; her lover dying by that of her brother! and, for what purpose was she there?—to wed the murderer of Ivan! his bleeding shade appeared to rise up before her, and forbid the profanation.

“The ceremony began and ended amidst the stifled sobs of the witnesses assembled; Elizabeth alone remained tearless; her feelings were wrought up to that painful degree of intensity which precludes the relief afforded by weeping. When the vows had been mutually pronounced, the rings exchanged, and the bride’s last protestations made before the screen of the sanctuary, A——, stretching his arms towards her, exclaimed, ‘Elizabeth, my wife,—my only love—pardon, oh pardon me, ere it be too late!’”

“Elizabeth rushed into his embrace, and as she met the pressure of his icy lips tears for the first time relieved her bursting heart, and a few words, faint and almost inaudible on his part, broken by convulsive sobs on hers, were exchanged between them. A deep silence ensued; and when the Countess, terrified by the stillness that prevailed, stepped forward to separate them, the eternal separation had taken place—Constantine was a breathless corpse—Elizabeth, to all appearance lifeless as himself, hung over him in a deep swoon.

“Little more remains for me to add to my recital. Three months afterwards the Countess Elizabeth A—— gave birth to a son; and then, for the first time since her misfortunes, life appeared once more desirable to her. To describe the affection felt for her by her mother-in-law would be impossible; the Countess A—— appeared to have transferred all the tenderness she had entertained for her son to his youthful widow and her infant boy. Elizabeth was publicly adopted by her, and has ever since continued to reside under her roof,—surrounded by the splendours and luxuries of life, yet indifferent to the vanities and pleasures of the world. Her beauty and fortune have

caused her to be sought in marriage by some of the most powerful nobles in Moscow; but she has remained faithful to the memory of her first and only love, and has never been known to smile upon man since that fatal hour which made her at once a wife and a widow. This is the Countess Elizabeth's first appearance at court, and it will probably be her last. She came to St. Petersburg solely to place her son, Count Constantine A——, in the Emperor's *corps des cadets*, and to thank his Imperial Majesty for the promise of a commission for him in the identical regiment of the guard in which his father had formerly served."

Thus ended General Y——'s narrative. Some few years afterwards I met him in Italy, one evening at the opera at Genoa; and I then learned from him that the Countess A—— was no more. She had died of a pulmonary complaint, contracted in a winter journey from the Donsky country, whither she had gone to visit her father; and, by a singular coincidence, her death occurred on the anniversary of her mournful marriage and widowhood, and in the chapel of the A—— palace. She had caused herself to be carried there, to attend for the last time the funeral service which was annually solemnized in memory of her husband, and expired at the moment the choristers were chanting the splendid Russian anthem, "Ghospodi Pomilui," ("Lord have mercy upon us!) leaving behind her the memory of a saint.

THE SICK MAN'S REQUEST.

Oh! give me light; I cannot bear the melancholy gloom,
The darkness that o'ercloudeth now my once so cheerful room;
If I am dear to you, loved friends, withdraw, I pray, that blind,
To rob me of the light of heaven, oh! this is most unkind.

And give me flowers, though wither'd, for dearer far to me
Are they than all the merchandise which freighted argosie
Bears o'er the bosom of the deep—they are the fountains true
Whence draughts of pure philosophy in my young life I drew

Oh! give me air, for, stifled thus, I cannot draw my breath;
This room, so close and comfortless, appears the gate of death;
Open the window, dearest one, (oh! heed me when I speak,)
And let the cheering breeze come in to fan my pallid cheek.

Oh! had you borne what I have borne, you would my prayer reverse;
And had you felt what I have felt, you would my wishes hear;
For night or day in placid sleep I cannot long remain,
For every nerve throughout my frame is quivering with pain.

The music of the sabbath-bells is floating on the breeze,
Which even now in autumn-time kisses the leafless trees;
And little children in the street are keeping holiday,
But I must stay abed and weep, when every heart is gay.

How many nations 'fore the Throne of God their knees are bending;
To Heaven how many white-robed priests their orisons are sending,
Whilst countless voices mingle with the solemn organ's tone,—
But I must stay abed and pray, unheeded and alone.

Then grant me—grant me these for which thus earnestly I've pray'd,
A gleam of light—a breath of air—a wild-flower from the grave;
Then leave me for awhile, that I to God may humbly pray,
To be my aid and comforter until my dying day;
And give me grace to bear my lot, or be it good or ill,
And bow without one keen regret to His most holy will.

W. B. F.

D

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

BY THE IRISH WHISKEY-DRINKER.

The boys of Kilkenny are stout roving blades,
And dearly they love their own sweet pretty maids ;
They kiss them, and court them ; and spend their money free ;
Oh ! of all towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.—*Old Song.*

I KNOW not what may be their present condition and character ; but when I knew them, something more than a dozen years ago, they were in prime force and very proper order, and as remarkably pleasant a set of gentlemen as you could drop down amongst from a balloon or a mail coach in all Christendom. Some exceedingly pretty faces of the gentler sex, I remember also to have gazed upon with delight in that renowned locality, with soft melting eyes of blue or grey, as the case might be,

With cheeks like the roses, and lips like the same :
Or a dish of fresh strawberries smothered in crayme ;

—as the same good old song has it, on which I have drawn above— with winning looks and smiles that would bother an anchorite, and some of the nicest little twinkling feet and neatly turned ankles in the world.

Heigho ! I wish I were as young now as I was then ; and as wise then as I am now ; but wishing won't bring back the precious hours, nor a pound of sorrow pay for an ounce of debt. Amongst the cloud-covered passages of my life, however, I have no reason to reckon the week which I spent at Kilkenny. It was, in truth, one of the happiest, as it was not the least eventful of my devious career.

I do not, in the same spirit that my Uncle Toby used to date the events of his time from the year when Dendermond was taken by the Allies, mark the chief incidents of my life from the passing of the Reform Bill. A great many of my English friends are accustomed to do this ; but as far as my poor country is concerned, I have my own notions about that great affair, and many other great affairs which have left her where she was the day I was born, not as old Harry Grattan once most poetically described her—"rising from her bed in the ocean and getting nearer to the sun ;" but pulling somebody I won't mention by the tail, or, if you like another metaphor better, stuck like Christian in the Slough of Despond, without his hopes of getting out of it.

It was the year of the Reform Bill, however,—I forget the exact month, but it was in the summer time,

When the lily leaf, and cowslip sweet,
Both bud and spring with merry cheer,

and so forth according to Robin Hood's ballad, that I formed a rather unimportant unit in a small *corps d'armée*—in other words, a bunch of agitators despatched from Dublin under the command of "the Head Pacificator." Our orders were to join the banner of Galmoy on the plains of Ossory, where the friends of the gallant Colonel Butler were preparing to contest, in his behalf, the representation of the county of Kilkenny with one of the Ponsonbys. The latter

gentleman's Christian name I forget, if indeed I knew it even then. It might be "Norval" or Marcus Antonius; but I fancy it was not.

Both the candidates for the honour of representing the local interests of Kilkenny county in particular, and the general interests of the nation at large, were liberals; and yet there was a slight shade of difference between the liberalism of each.

Party spirit was very exalted in Ireland at the time I speak of—I should like to know when it was not—and between no two parties did it run so high as the two segments of the liberal circle, right into the centre of which it was my destiny to jump, at an age when, under more peaceful and happier auspices, I should have been attending to the circle of the sciences, which, according to Mr. O'Rafferty's version of the

"Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus,"

"Gives us the polish, and purvints us from making *bastes* of ourselves."

"Och murder, murder! how many of yez is come down on top of us at all, at all?" ejaculated one Lanty Dooly, an individual of bustling and important exterior, in the service of the worthy and renowned attorney-at-law, the colonel's commander of all the forces, at whose house our *coriège* pulled up, not without much olympic dust and circumstance. And, as the astonished major-domo surveyed, with a look bordering on despair, the appearance of the down mail, crowded inside and out with hungry and thirsty "arrivals," he added "*Cead mille failtha*, my darlings; but, holy St. Biddy of the Black Abbey! where are we to squeeze the mob of yez, barring it's to sleep three in a bed?"

Notwithstanding Lanty's alarm, we were stowed away very snugly and comfortably. The seniors, taking precedence, were lodged under the roof-tree of our host. The juniors were distributed amongst equally pleasant quarters in the immediate neighbourhood. I had the felicity of being billeted upon the widow over the way, as kind and as patriotic a member of her sex as ever loved a bit of innocent flirtation or swallowed the sugar of blarney.

We all fed at the table of our friend, or those of us who chose might do so. Such feeding! The spreads given by Patricius were Homeric feasts in their way, including the councils of war, which were holden after the claret had circled the board some half dozen rounds, and the general opinion began to diverge from Bourdeaux to Bushmills,* or the wish was expressed to exchange Lafitte for Johnny Power.†

In addition to this hospitality-in-chief, to which we did ample justice, many of our political friends through the town kept open houses, and tables spread therein night and day for our accommodation, to which all were welcome who came in from the county with a vote, or even the "inane munus" of a good wish for the colonel.

In such campaigns as the Kilkenny election, the young gentlemen were generally mustered at night from quadrille and waltz or some of the various witcheries of "my lady's bower," as the Duke's officers were summoned from the ball at Brussels,—with this difference

* A famous distillery.

† A veteran producer of the staple, made a baronet by the late Whig administration.

that there was less noise and confusion in our case, and no surprise whatever. Every night whilst in Kilkenny, we expected the Head Pacificator, or his chief aide-de-camp, Lord Kilmallock, about the witching hour, with the summons for the garrison to turn out, and we were as faithfully alive to it as soldiers to the beat of drum or sound of the trumpet.

It is not altogether unworthy of remark that we invariably sallied forth on these moral foraging excursions sufficiently provided with what, before Father Mathew lit upon the western horizon, used to be called the chief sinews of war, in the shape of a stone jar of "the native," with citron and saccharine to match, and a case of John Jason's* most approved marking iron† in case of accident.

It was a merry night, and a merry morning which followed it—the night and the morning immediately preceding the close of the election; and they were not the least important of the contest.

"There was a sound of riotry by night;
And Ormond's capital had gathered then
Her darlings and her *divilry*," &c. &c.;

when half a dozen of the light company, of which I was the outside man, got the order for the road whilst leading our fair partners through the intricacies of a country dance at Mrs. L——'s ball. A barouche and four was waiting for us at the door in the moonlight. The route was the Long Wood of Dunmore. The sign given to us by Kilmallock was "Ballyragget for ever!" the countersign "Butler-a-boo!"

Smoking our weeds and discoursing pleasantly, we travelled without any incident worthy of record for some miles along a very fine road—our light-limbed, well-hung accelerator rolling along as gloriously as an emperor's chariot over the Appian Way. At length we struck into a green lane, the wild hedge-row scent of which might challenge the roses of Eden, and anon into another, and another, the foliage getting thicker, and the path more narrow by degrees. Now we glided along so softly that a wanderer of the night meeting us might take us for a dilly of resurrectionists on an excursion to the neighbouring churchyard. Now we spun over hillocks at a bounce, with a great commotion of the spirits within our stone decanter, which Mr. Dooly, who would go out to see the "diversion," guarded in the front box. Again we were precipitated into some hollow of the grass-covered road, with such force as to make us feel just alarm for the safety of the carriage-springs and our own bones together. As our course of adventure began to run less smooth every moment, our maintop-man Lanty would address to the leading position various increpations such as "Hallo! Shoneen Clanchy, why don't you shoot aisy over the stones, you divil's-limb of a post-boy?"

"Bekaise I can't, d'y'e see, Mистер Dooly."

"And why can't you, Mистер Clanchy?"

* John Jason Rigby, the Joe Manton of Ireland; also the celebrated foreman of the jury on the late state trials in that country.

† Those deadly weapons, called duelling-pistols, without a case of which, in times luckily gone by, an Irish gentleman did not consider his house respectably furnished, or his portmanteau properly packed. The use of them has been much done away with by that which has quietly superseded a great many odd notions and old customs—the use of steam.

“Bekaise the fire’s not out of Croppy yet,” said the *chasseur-d-cheval*, in allusion to the animal he rode, an infuriated old grey with his ears shaved to the roots, and a rat-tail which stood up nearly at right angles with his back-bone.

“And what good’s in you, you bosthoun, that you don’t belt the fire out of the coushuming ould garrawn?” inquired the highly indignant “look-out” on the box, as matters began to get worse, and the carriage began to bump most fearfully.

“Belt him! Is it belt him, you said? the divil a boy in the barony daar tell him there was an inch of whipcord within a mile of him barring myself. [bump, bump.] That’s the way to do it, Croppy, good horse! [bump, bump, bump.] Arrah the jewel you were— [bump] that’s the way to leap the ditch, clean over, and a leg to spare. [bump, bump.] ’Pon my conscience, Misther Dooly, you could read the news on his back—whoop! hurroo! we’ll be soon up with the hounds, won’t we, Croppy?”

Bump again and again more furiously than ever went the carriage, and “Murder! murder!” exclaimed Mr. Dooly, in front, without any effect on grey Croppy and his rider; the fire of the one so far from being “belted” out of him, being rather increased by the devilment of the other, and both together, as regarded sympathies and adhesiveness, bearing more the appearance of the centaur than that of two distinct existences.

“*Hanam’ an diaoul!* Mr. Steel, you’ll be left with your small tay-party in the ditch, if we go along at this rate,” said our friend on the box mournfully, seeing that all his appeals to the mad postilion were in vain. In another instant we darted through a jungle or copsewood; the branches, as we rushed along, rattling fearfully and tearing our faces *sans cérémonie*. No serious accident happened, however, and we pierced our way, like the household brigade through the old guard at Waterloo.

At length we came to a dead lock and a halt in the softest, but by no means the pleasantest part of the country, and down we had to get, and trudge it ankle deep for a few minutes through a boreen cut up by cart wheels and trampled by bullock tracks in all directions, until we arrived at a farmer’s bawn, consisting of a good-sized homestead with grey walls and a thatched roof, one or two smaller dwellings similarly constructed, besides sheds, barns, stables, and pigsties attached.

Having quickly surmounted the rude gate of wood, which could not be said to guard the entrance, we commenced beating the *réveille* on the door of the principal dwelling, one of our party blowing a blast the while loud enough not only to awaken the tenants of the tomb, but to split the tomb-stones, on one of Mr. Peter Purcell’s*

* A man respected by all parties in Ireland for his genuine patriotism and philanthropy. He enjoyed the Irish Post Office contract for many years, until a Scotchman undertook to coach Rowland Hill’s accumulations a farthing a mile cheaper, and his offer was accepted by the government. This circumstance went nearer to light up the flames of civil war than Paddy M’Kew, or the Clontarf proclamation. Mr. Hartley is another of the practical patriots of Ireland who do her real service, by the investment of large capital and the employment of thousands of her needy population. I am glad to perceive that a number of his friends of all parties in England, as well as in Ireland, are about to present him with a tribute of their esteem in the shape of a bust, by Mc Dowall, and a magnificent service of plate to gourd round it on his sideboard.

mail-coach bugles, or it might have been one of Mr. James Hartley's borrowed for the occasion. Mr. Clanchy at the same time was in another, but not distant direction, vociferating in great fury and cracking his whip like the postilion of Longejumeau "to quash the dogs," as he epigrammatically explained himself; and sure enough we had need of this especial service, for we might otherwise have afforded half a meal to a canine pack that stood howling and barking at our approach, so furiously and in such numbers that one of our party repeated with little Bill in the Vicar of Wakefield,

"Here many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree."

"And who are ye that come in the dead of the blessed night, with your fugling, and slashing, and shouting, and your blasts of war to destroy the payce and comfort of a Christian man's dwelling?" said a strong, sonorous voice from a small open casement in the upper end of the chief building. At the same time, a bright iron tube was seen peeping out of the same aperture, and that short, sharp click, indicative of full-cock, was heard, which, notwithstanding what Byron says to the contrary, is not always agreeable, even when

"The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice."

"My dear Mr. Ruark," said our Prince of the Peace, in a voice of blandishment that might have rivalled Godoy; "we come neither to hurt nor harm you or yours. We only wish to have a little friendly conversation with you about the fate of the nation and the Kilkenny election which is to decide it before the glorious sun descends in the western waves to-morrow afternoon." This touch of native eloquence was not without its salutary effect upon the patriarch, who evidently began to look with less alarm upon the party, his grey hair and finely-marked countenance being plainly discernible in the moonlight. Kilmallock here interposed, and requested him to behave like a fine ould Irish gentleman, one of the oulden time, and that was, to come down and stir up the fire in the hearth, and put a fire under the pump for the punch, as all the Ruarks did afore him, when the stranger rapped at their door! The voice was the voice of Jacob, but the hand was the hand of Esau. Kilmallock grasping a bit of timber as big as the club of Hercules or Fin M'Cool's alpeen,* and enveloped in a great bearskin pelisse, with his broad brimmed hat stuck upon three hairs, and drawn up to his full length of six feet two at least, in his wellingtons, looked anything but a guarantee for the peace of Europe at the moment, although his accents might have served to proclaim the age of milk and honey once more upon the earth. The lord's appeal, therefore, did not prove an "open sesame" on the instant. Not until various other heads, male and female, of the family, had been popped in and out of the window, whilst old Tony Ruark held a five-minutes' council of war, and he, his children, and grand-children were perfectly satisfied that we were not the advanced guard of Rock's brigade, or the secret tribunal of the Peep o' Day Boys, or a deputation of the White Feet, or a select

* *Alpeen*, a shileagh of great length and thickness, with a crook on one end, made use of at faction-fights and hurling-matches.

committee of the Caravats or Shanavests, or any other set of agrarian legislators, did we hear the old door grate on its hinges, and the grateful sounds of "Come in—come all, and welcome, with a blessing; though your mothers had as many more of yes!" The old man, with a politeness that would have done honour to a courtier, under the circumstances, bowed us each and all to the hearth, where the hand-maidens of his family were heaping an enormous turf pyre and slinging a large iron kettle to a chain pendant from the chimney,—preparations which, even at the late hour of our entrance, looked very like beginning to spend the evening.

We very soon made ourselves at home, and in an incredibly short space of time after the friendly blaze had flared up as if by magic to cheer us (there's nothing for expedition like turf), glasses, tea-cups, and wooden noggins, filled from a smoking jorum, were handed round to all ages, sexes, and conditions, including the farmer, his wife, their three sons, with their wives, and some dozen children, with their aunts, the three Miss Ruarks, blooming, bouncing beauties, ready for promotion, and an old piper who had asked and obtained a night's lodging "for God's sake," some hours before our arrival. A looker-on from the lower end of the room might have taken us for the real original "Happy Family:" or Maclise might have deemed the group not unworthy of his pencil just at the moment it gave reality to the beautiful sentiment of the fine old Rhine song:

Send it gaily round, for love our goblet filleth;
And joy sits on the brim, and joy sits on the brim:
Is there among us all whose heart misfortune chilleth,
Ah, bid it foam for him! Ah, bid it foam for him!

Our leader, "the immortal Tom," was then in the prime of life and vigour, about forty-three years of age, and might have been here likened to Ajax, as to his superior height and broader shoulders, compared with his followers, had not the Earl of Kilmallock been present, who as far as his humeral dimensions were concerned, could have squared the circle with Daniel Lambert himself. Sir Robert Peel once said "Fight the battle in the registration courts;" if he knew Tom Steel, he would have said, "Fight it on the canvass." His manner and tone of voice was blandishment itself, when he insinuated to some patriotic matron or virgin that it was her duty to put her husband or lover in the right way of thinking. Like Spring Rice, another "City of the Violated Treaty" man, he used to take the youngest child in his arms, and, despite of olfactory prohibitions, kiss the dear dirty little blessed darling in presence of its enchanted mother. I really can't tell the extent of Tom's osculations on the particular occasion I now allude to, but I fancy he kissed some other lips besides the youngest of the famiy cherries.

Tom's canvass on this occasion, however, had as much effect as if he had harangued Slieve-na-mon to bow down his proud summit to "the Liberator," or the Rock of Cashel to go a mile or two out to sea. Our mission was utterly fruitless. Old Ruark had been and was still under obligations to the Ponsonbys. He had pledged his word to the agent to plump for their man, between whom and the Colonel, he remarked, "there was no difference in politics after all, barring their ages and the colour of their hair." His sons were

determined to follow their father. One of our Kilkenny friends whilst acknowledging, as we all did, the necessity of the old man's case, ventured to observe, that surely his sons who had votes might act independently.

"Had you ever a gossoon of your own?" inquired Ruark.

"Not that I'm aware of," was the response; and having put the same question round to us all, he received an answer in the negative.

"And none of yez was ever married?"

Omnes—"None."

"I was just after thinking so," said the old man, drily, "or you wouldn't be for telling the boys to layve their ould father alone on the road, wherever it led to."

There was no getting over this; so we endeavoured, without abruptness, to change the conversation, modulating as musicians do from one key regularly into another. In this instance we fell happily into the subject of married and single. The singular fact already confessed that not even one of the six visitors had ever had hymen's pine torch shaken in his face, gave room for a hundred innocent jokes at our expense, on the part of the ladies. In due rotation, did they make us show cause why we had not done the state that service, which, in the opinion of more than one ancient philosopher, is one of the greatest; in other words, why we had not settled down quietly in life, and reared large families? To which home thrust we answered as best we might, one saying he was crossed in love; another, that his first love had died, and that "to live with others was less sweet than to remember" her; another, that his "good lady" began to rule him before her time, and on the eve of marriage insisted on a deed from him with the marriage articles which would bind him to an ungentlemanly limitation of liquors; to forswear the use of tobacco, whether slave-grown or the produce of free-labour, for ever; to sell his hunters, cut the turf, and hang up his buckskins at the altar of Minerva; another, that he never thought of it, "upon his honour;" a fifth, that he meditated a change in his melancholy condition on the first auspicious opportunity, which he fancied was not a hundred years away from the present moment, nor a hundred miles distant from a pair of impudent little blue eyes that were quizzing him into a state of delirium tremens. Tom Steele, with Queen Elizabeth, declared he was married to his country.

"And for why didn't you marry, Mr. Barney Delany?" said the youngest grandchild, a little rosy-cheeked cherub of about four years old, to the old piper of the barony, who was at that moment sitting in a *boss** in the chimney-corner.

"Bekaise nobody would have me, *alanna machree*; and, av coorse I would have nobody."

"That same was manners, Mr. Delany, for to wait to be invited; but I always thought the gentlemin axed first," said one of the young ladies.

"Faith and may be so, Miss Jenny, ashore, as far as the talk goes, and the blarney, and the rest of it;" answered the piper, and

* *Boss*, an easy chair of capacious dimensions, made of straw; not exactly of the Woburn pattern, although in shape of body not unlike it. The Irish seat has got no legs, but sits as every respectable tub ought; or more classically, although perhaps tritely speaking, "*Procumbit lumi Bos!*"

he added, "but sure the ladies can talk without spaking; and they manage to spake first for all that, d'ye see?"

Being asked to explain such an apparent paradox, the wandering minstrel, who we afterwards were informed had been in his younger days not remarkable for fixed principles, took a large gulp of his punch, and declared, with all the air of a better born *roué*, that "love before marriage was the height of divarsion, that love after marriage went very well on the pipes for them that could pay the piper; but with most poor people that he knew, it was all '*Drive on the cart.*'"

"And what's that?" was the anxious query which proceeded from many quarters of the room.

The Tityrus of Kilkenny then took up his instrument, to tell us all about it, which he did in the following verses, not exactly after Virgil or Theocritus.

DRIVE ON THE CART.

Come all ye roving bachelors, that wish to get good wives,
 Be sure ye be right wary afore you change your lives;
 For the women are as various as the fishes in the *say*,
 And ten times more precasyrious than the spring or winter's day.
 When you think you have them on, 'tis then, kind sir, your work's begun;
 For, not content with one young man, they kiss and coort with all they can.
 Then all ye roving bachelors, that wish to get good wives,
 Be sure you be right wary afore ye change your lives,
 Sing fol-de-rol fo-le-ro, sing fol-de-rol-de-ree!
 Ri-fol-lol lol-le-ro, ri fol-de-rol! d'ye see!

DRIVE ON THE CART!

[With a monstrously disagreeable accompaniment of the chanter,
 or bass cleff of the instrument.]

There was a victim in a cart a-going for to be hanged;
 But a rebrief, d'ye see, from his Majesty, tould the crowd and cart to stand
 And said the man must marry, or else that he should die—
 "Oh, why should I corrupt my life," the victim did reply.
 "There's people here of every sort, and why should I debar their sport?
 The bargain's bad on every part, but the wife's the worst—DRIVE ON THE

CART!"

Then all ye roving bachelors, who wish to get good wives,
 Be sure you be right wary afore ye change your lives.

Sing fol-de-rol, &c.

DRIVE ON THE CART!

Which we all joined in, not excepting the merry-hearted girls, who enjoyed the joke the more as it was, this time, against themselves.

Sallying forth with the kind adieux of our hospitable entertainers, we proceeded to beat up till morning the quarters of various other voters, in various parts of the county, with various success, till as the pale and interesting Lady Cynthia began to sink towards the Connaught side of the country, we arrived at Ballyragget, where the chief innkeeper of that far-famed village and his household were roused up from their slumbers by something louder and less agreeable than

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn."

The incidents of the eventful day which now broke forth upon the world, and the pranks of the political roysterers,* in those parts, I may tell in another chapter.

* Danaumque dolos.

QUEEN POMARÈ.

AN IMAGINARY POEM.

REFT of her realms, defrauded of her throne,
 Her subjects murder'd, helpless, and alone,
 Queen Pomarè, protected by her flight,
 Breathless, ascended to the craggy height
 Which overlooks Matavai's* circling bay,
 Where, treacherous in repose, the squadron lay,—
 That hostile squadron, which awhile before
 Had drench'd her country's pleasant fields with gore.
 Graceful she stood, yet, with a haughty look,
 That could misfortune's utmost terrors brook ;
 And as the clouds unveil'd her airy form
 She seem'd a guiding spirit of the storm.
 In deep anxiety she turn'd around,
 And on a sudden saw the fatal ground
 Where war its fiercest ravages had made,
 Mark'd by the mangled corpses of the dead.
 There fell her king and husband ; still his hand
 Grasped the long spear, to save his sinking land ;
 Still frown'd the gather'd features of his face,
 Though lock'd in stiffness and death's last embrace.
 Beside him, useless, lay his bow and shield,
 Broad as his manly breast, that scorn'd to yield,
 Whilst, circling round him, clamorous birds of prey
 Shadowed with flitting wings the rocky way.
 At that sad sight her heart with sorrow rent,
 Pour'd to the winds and waves this last lament.

Our isle was the fairest that ever was seen ;
 Our hills were so lofty, our valleys so green ;
 Our streams that gush'd out in the shade of the trees,
 Whilst our cocoa-nuts rock'd in the swell of the breeze.
 Tahiti ! Tahiti ! I never shall see
 An island so beauteous, so lovely as thee !

Our daughters were chaste, and each chieftain was brave,
 And as free as the sea-bird that floats on the wave ;
 'Neath his high arching plume, flash'd his dark rolling eye,
 As keen as the arrow he shot through the sky.
 Tahiti ! Tahiti ! I never shall see
 An island so beauteous, so lovely as thee !

'Twas sweet in the woods at the break of the morn,
 When the dewdrop still spangled the plantain and thorn,
 To hear their loud shouts, whilst from dingle and dell
 Clear echo repeated each blast of their shell.
 Tahiti ! Tahiti ! I never shall see
 An island so beauteous, so lovely as thee !

'Twas sweeter at eve, in the close of the day,
 When the west's purple light was fast fading away,
 To see the young lovers so graceful advance,
 Whilst the aged sat round to encourage the dance.
 Tahiti ! Tahiti ! I never shall see
 An island so beauteous, so lovely as thee !

With what pride I beheld the long, stately canoe
 Launch forth full of warriors, courageous and true ;

* The great western bay of Otaheite.—*Vide* Captain Cook's Voyages.

Whilst the King brandish'd high his pattoo* and his spear,
And the gales seem'd to whisper success in his ear.

Tahiti! Tahiti! I never shall see
An island so beautiful, so lovely as thee!

On one sultry noon, as we stood on the hill,
When all sounds were hush'd, and tired Nature was still,
We saw a white vapour pass over the bay,
Then sink in the distance, and vanish away.

Tahiti! I ne'er thought that vapour would be
A source of misfortune and sorrow to thee!

We deem'd it deception, or else but a storm
In its rack, which had gain'd a fantastical form;
But it soon rose again, when whate'er it might be,
It surpris'd us in beauty, in size, and degree.

Tahiti! I ne'er thought that beauty would be
A source of misfortune and sorrow to thee!

We fear'd to approach it, and shouted aloud,
And we thought it a giant bird dropp'd from a cloud,
Or our forefathers' spirits to earth come again,
Nor guess'd, like ourselves, they were warriors and men.

Tahiti! I ne'er thought those spirits would be
A source of misfortune and sorrow to thee!

It slowly moved onwards, when, oh! what a sight
Struck us all with amazement, with awe, and delight;
It look'd like an island of tall, stately trees,
Which was torn from the forest, and sail'd on the seas.

Tahiti! I ne'er thought that island would be
A source of misfortune and sorrow to thee!

At length it was still, and a beautiful canoe
Came off to our shore; and as nearer it drew,
To our hills as a refuge we instantly fled,
And abandon'd our huts and plantations with dread.

Tahiti! I ne'er thought that landing would be
A source of misfortune and sorrow to thee!

But we soon at their signals of friendship return'd,
When each chieftain, and warrior, and young maiden burn'd
For the gifts which amongst them the stranger men shared,
Whose sight and whose presence no longer they fear'd.

Tahiti! I ne'er thought that those gifts would be
A source of misfortune and sorrow to thee!

We row'd to their ship, and we curiously gazed
On that mountain of wonders, and, wildly amazed,
We saw their great chiefs in their war-dress array'd,
And we heard the sweet sounds which to please us they play'd.

Tahiti! I ne'er thought those sweet sounds would be
A source of misfortune and sorrow to thee!

They gave us strange liquors, which joyous and mad
First made us—then left us forgetful and sad.
They call'd themselves Christians, and brothers, and friends;
But their friendship they proved was to serve their own ends.

Tahiti! I now felt their friendship might be
A source of misfortune and sorrow to thee!

We went to the beach, and we plainly descried
They were quitting our coast on the surf of the tide,
And their tall, taper vessel, so gracefully bent,
Seem'd as if on the cloud's snowy bosom it leant.

Then I hoped, O Tahiti! their friendship would be
No longer a source of suspicion to thee!

* *Pattoo*—the name of a war-club at Otaheite.—*Vide* Captain Cook's Voyages.

Ah ! how short was that hope, for they still were in sight,
 When we found to our horror, distress and affright,
 They detain'd some young men and young women as slaves,
 To convey them away o'er the far distant waves.
 Tahiti ! their friendship proved death to thy fame,
 To thy nation, thy language, thy country, and name !

Then loud were the groans, quick and piercing the cries,
 Whilst affection's warm tears trickled down from our eyes ;
 Our youth shook their spears with resentment and rage,
 And the blood rush'd anew to the cold brow of age.
 Tahiti ! their friendship proved death to thy fame,
 To thy nation, thy language, thy country, and name !

For they now are return'd to our island again,
 And our king, and our people, and children have slain,
 And have planted their spears with tyrannous hand,
 And they claim to be chiefs of this ill-fated land.

O fields of my fathers, that once were my king's,
 Your sight and remembrance no happiness brings,
 But regret and despair to this desolate heart,
 Ah ! soon from your shades and existence to part !

There are none left my bones with my husband's to lay
 Side by side on the turf in the silent Morai.*
 There are none left, when life from this body is fled,
 To mourn for their Queen in the garb for the dead.

O thou Sun, that shin'st over us, darken thy rays
 From these spoilers, that come o'er the seas' trackless ways ;
 In pity, O Moon, hide thy face in a cloud,
 Nor shed thy pure light o'er the cruel and proud.

O ye stars, that to earth shoot from heaven's high bow,
 Strike their masts, and their sails, and their vaunting prows low ;
 Close o'er them, ye waves, in Eternity's sleep ;
 And receive them, ye rocks, in the caves of the deep.

Thus, as she spoke, a thick and sudden cloud
 Burst from each vessel, pealing long and loud ;
 With vivid flash, th' incessant cannon's roar
 Shook the wide bay, and thunder'd round the shore.
 She paused awhile, and, as in madness, smiled,
 As if these sights and sounds her heart beguiled.
 She shriek'd, and threw her trembling arms on high,
 As to implore some unknown Deity ;
 Then, with convulsive grasp, she closely press'd
 Her bursting heart within her heaving breast ;
 Then, with a searching look, that would devour,
 She bade adieu to every tree and flower,
 And, pointing forwards to the deep recess
 That skirts the gorge of the lone wilderness,
 She rush'd impetuous, and no more was seen ;
 Save round the path where waved bananas green,
 She reappear'd in momentary light,
 And into darkness vanish'd from the sight.

W. B.

* Morai— the name of their burying-place at Otaheite.— *Vide* Captain Cook's Voyages.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN;
OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"DRINK!"

IT were better for a man to be subject to any vice than to drunkenness; for all other vanities and sins are recovered, but a drunkard will never shake off the delight of beastliness; for the longer it possesseth a man the more he will delight in it, and the elder he groweth, the more he shall be subject to it; for it dulleth the spirits, and destroyeth the body as ivy doth the old tree, or as the worm that engendereth in the kernel of the nut.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

"A LOWER figure this time, Governor!" said the Matron, handing in, as she spoke, a rosy, middle-aged woman, dressed in the costume usually adopted by the sisters of the sect styled "The Plymouth Brotherhood." She curtsied as she made her appearance in the Board Room; then applied her handkerchief to her eyes, and appeared wholly overpowered by the severity of her misfortunes. "We get more moderate, I observe, as we grow older," continued the female official; "only eight and forty squares on this occasion! The last commitment was for smashing fifty-four!"

Mr. Croak's virtuous sensibilities were in immediate exercise.

"What a distressing, what a humiliating, what an alarming position for you, Nurse Larum, — a person of education, and, outwardly, of high religious professions! What can induce you to give way to such a disgusting habit as intemperance?"

"Ah!" cried the culprit, with a lengthened groan, "I'm like many more! 'I see the best: and yet the worst pursue!'"

"And a Plymouth Sister!" reiterated Mr. Croak. "What will the Brethren say to you?"

"I left the Brethren," cried Nurse Larum exultingly, "months ago. There was nothing sustaining in their principles: they were too abstemious. I'm now joined to the Primitive Methodists."

"You're joined to the bottle: that's your real meaning."

Mrs. Larum looked at the Governor reproachfully, drew a deep sigh, and then remarked with dignity, "I am in the body, Mr. Croak, and I have my infirmities."

"And very remarkable ones they are; that when you are in your cups nothing will serve you but smashing panes of glass right and left, especially those belonging to the workhouse."

"A delusion!" observed the Nurse, in a deprecating tone. "A delusion! violent, but soon over."

"Of frequent recurrence, however," persisted the Gaoler. "This is the seventh time you have been committed here. Woman, for shame! Learn to do better."

"I ought," cried the "Primitive." "I lack not information. I have all the late Sister Pawson's notes, thoughts, and explanations: a precious body of divinity! Piles upon piles of it; only written in short-hand, and in a kind of short-hand so cramped that no living soul can make aught out of it."

"Nor of you," said Mr. Croak, interrupting her. "Amend, I say! Remember, this is your seventh appearance within these walls."

"It may be; I wont be so unpolite, Mr. Croak, as to dispute your calculations. *It may be!* but I never trouble you long. Mrs. Heyrick will release me. She has never failed me yet in any of my difficulties, nor will she now."

"Matron, away with her!" cried the Governor; thus abruptly terminating the interview. "Mrs. Heyrick," he added aside, "is a wealthy and benevolent woman, but abominably deceived in that hypocritical gin-consumer yonder."

But who was the party thus described, benevolent, and yet deceived? The past must supply the answer.

Through the little village of Meadwaters in Somerset, on a stormy day in the spring of 1800, passed in quick succession strong detachments of the 40th, 42nd, and 57th regiments, *en route* for Bristol, to embark for foreign service. The villagers eyed the strangers, some with curiosity, some with compassion, some with an eager and almost irrepressible desire to join their ranks, but none with the beating heart and eager gaze of the aged vicar, Mr. Rudkin. All his sons had been soldiers; all had distinguished themselves; and all had fallen. The old man scanned rank after rank as it passed him till tears dimmed his vision. The noble bearing, the manly step, the sparkling eye, the gallant achievements of those who were gone, memory brought rapidly before him: and then the idea, ever present to the memory, and often embodied in words, again recurred:—

"Ah! if I could but feel sure about them as to the future! And why not? They were true to their country, true to their King, true to their colours; why may I not hope they were pardoned and accepted, as being *true to their God?* But still—" A long and passionate burst of tears closed the ejaculation.

The day wore on, as life does, chequered with alternate storm and sunshine; at sunset all was quiet at the Parsonage, and its primitive occupants were seated at their evening meal, when the landlady of "The Buzzard" made her appearance, and in hurried accents informed the vicar that a soldier's wife was dying at her house; that a child which was with her, lay, "seemingly in a fit;" that no doctor could be found; and that the Pastor's presence and aid were "humbly sought and truly needed."

"I'll accompany you, my dear," said Mrs. Rudkin, her woman's heart roused, with all its sympathies, the moment mention was made of the suffering child: "I may be of use either to mother or infant. Lead the way, Mrs. Mammatt; neither the vicar nor myself can walk quite as briskly as we did some five and thirty years ago."

"True, madam; but you feel as warmly."

"Tut, tut, landlady! Who would not feel for a dying woman with a senseless babe beside her? One meets at times with imposition, but—Vicar! Vicar! on with your great-coat! Now your wrapper!"

Here came very visible signs of resistance.

"Nay—you quit not your chimney corner this bitter night without it; so—so—another knot—good! Now, landlady, we are at your service!"

On a truckle-bed, in a miserable room at "The Buzzard," lay a young and decidedly handsome woman; pale from loss of blood, dis-

orderly in her attire, and conscious only at intervals of what was passing around her. She was a corporal's wife. Such was her statement, and a true one;—and had fallen from the top of the baggage-waggon, which was conveying to their destination herself and some other women, whose husbands were privates in the 42nd regiment. The injuries she had sustained by her fall had rendered her incapable of proceeding farther. Her right arm was one mass of bruises, and on one side of her head there was an ugly wound, which for an hour had bled profusely. Altogether she was a ghastly spectacle; and general as well as active was the compassion she excited. Her child next claimed attention. It was a poor, wizened, livid, unhealthy-looking starveling, of an age difficult to guess, but apparently under two years. The gossips around pronounced it to be in a fit; and though its eyes were wide open, it looked unnaturally heavy, lethargic, and stupified. Mrs. Rudkin took it upon her knee, chafed its little hands rapidly, but kindly, and for a moment scrutinized it keenly. Ere long she had drawn her conclusions.

"You call this a fit, do you?"

"A very heavy one," returned the landlady. "But I'm wrong; it's not one, but many; for the babe has been in fits, coming and going, for the last two hours."

"It's no fit," remarked the lady with deliberation, and after a pause; "the child is drunk! desperately drunk! dead drunk!"

The astonishment of the listeners at this solution of the difficulty almost vanquished the habitual reverence in which they held Mrs. Rudkin's opinions.

The vicar was the first to recover himself. "Martha!" exclaimed he, somewhat chidingly, "you are too rapid in your conclusions: reconsider your assertion: an infant of these tender years to be drunk—"

"As any tipling Irishman at wake or fair," added the lady, finishing the sentence: "and I appeal to you, doctor," turning to the surgeon, who now tumbled up into the bedroom, spurred, booted, considerably touched in the wind, and splashed up to the ears; "whether my conclusion is incorrect?"

The medical authority, thus appealed to, took a lengthened survey of each patient; drew what information he could gather from the bystanders; probed with care the wound in the mother's head; and noted deliberately the fluttering pulse and laboured breathing of her babe. Addressing Mrs. Rudkin, he at length exclaimed abruptly,

"You are right, madam, in your conjecture; the child is drunk! Its stomach is loaded with *neat spirit* at this moment. The mother has also been drinking; and fell from the baggage-waggon, doubtless, under the influence of liquor. The wound in her head has been anything but pernicious, since the blood she has thus lost has warded off serious consequences. In fact, it is a case of intemperance altogether, and a more disgusting one I never witnessed."

The old vicar shook his head sadly, and sighed.

"Doctor!" cried his energetic partner; "we will divide the spoil! You shall undertake the *older* transgressor—the worst case of the two in every sense of the word—I will manage the younger. It's a sad verdict to pass on any woman to say that she is unfit to be trusted with her own infant, but such is the case here. The child shall go with me to the parsonage."

"No better arrangement can be devised," was the doctor's comment; and with this understanding the party separated.

The little patient did credit to the decided treatment of her doctress. The heavy, lethargic expression of the countenance disappeared; brightness returned to the eye, and laughter to the lip; but, strange to say, the little girl never seemed to miss her mother; never mourned her absence; never made the slightest inquiry respecting her. The recovery of that worthy was tedious. The "ugly wound" in her head required "coaxing;" while her system, inflamed by determined and habitual intoxication, required "lowering." To the necessity of this latter course Mrs. Corporal Dangerfield—so the sick woman styled herself—was a truly reluctant convert. Her conduct in other points was extraordinary. She asked once, and that coldly, after her child, but never expressed the slightest wish to see her. Her main care seemed to be the preservation of her "*marriage lines*," which she kept under her pillow, and which proved her to be the lawful wife of one "Corporal John Dangerfield, of his Majesty's forty-second foot;" and her chief anxiety to trace the course of the regiment, and ultimately to regain it at home or abroad. Second to these sources of disquietude, was a ceaseless search after a certain key which, she averred, she had dropped while at "The Buzzard, which belonged to a small private canteen, and, wanting which, she was a lost woman!"

Altogether she was "a truly unaccountable female;" a description which her host repeated with considerable bitterness when, on the ninth evening after her arrival, Mrs. Corporal Dangerfield walked out, and walked off, without ever going through the previous preliminary of calling for her bill.

The worthy couple at the parsonage were somewhat startled at the announcement of the military lady's departure; but the vicar's equanimity soon returned, and his benevolent spirit vented itself in the following dialogue.

"Gone, is she?" said he; "well, I'm truly glad that the village is rid of her! She was a wicked woman."

"Oh! ah! that's all very well!" cried his lady; "but what is *now* to be done, Mr. Rudkin? Where are we to find a home for this unfortunate little girl?"

"Home, my dear! She has one."

"Where?"

"Here!"

"Now Vicar—now Mr. Rudkin—consider well what you're about. Shelter little Ruth *now*, and you must shelter her for life; you never can turn her off hereafter."

"I have no such intention," said the vicar quietly.

"Nor shall she be brought up as an adopted child. She is a corporal's daughter, and may hereafter have to earn her own bread: may be claimed by father, or by mother, or by both. To train her up as a fine lady—"

"Would be cruel, indeed," interrupted the vicar. "Nothing further from my mind, Martha! Bring her up as humbly as you please; but save her from the contamination of a drunken mother's example."

Life ebbs away with rapid and even current to those who float calmly on its surface, with eyes fixed on the bright eternity beyond it; whose bosoms throb with no feverish desires; whose hearts treasure up no malevolent impulses; who have forgotten all wrongs, and forgiven

all enemies; whom conscience affrights with no spectres of the guilty past; but whose daily occupations are more or less hallowed by benevolent aims, and whose language breathes kindness and good-will to all.

Such was the aspect of existence to the aged inmates of the parsonage; and both were startled, one Christmas Eve, by arriving suddenly at the conclusion, that that would be the sixth winter during which Ruth had shared its shelter.

The features of the little girl were, as ever, unprepossessing. Her general appearance, in fact, told much and distinctly against her. Whether from the quantity of ardent spirits with which her system had been drugged in early childhood, or from ill usage, or from insufficient food, her figure was stunted and shrunken, and her face anxious and prematurely aged. But for these, a rich requital had the Great Spirit bestowed in mind and disposition. The former was truthful, pure, and noble in the extreme: the latter, no disappointment had power to ruffle.

The chilling blasts of December blew roughly on the Christmas Eve already adverted to, and assailed with many a fitful gust the walls of the old vicarage, within which a happy group was seated around a glowing hearth. Moan and howl as the wind would, its violence damped not the mirth of the merry party within. The "Yule Clog" had been burnt; and the well-spiced bowl of rich milk had been quaffed; and the Christmas carol had been sung; and the warm winter clothing for the poor had been duly ticketed and arranged previous to distribution on Holy Innocent's Eve; when a tall, gaunt female figure rushed up the garden-walk, knocked loudly at the little portal, and, before it was possible the summons could be answered, ran hastily from the door to the parlour window, and planting herself before it, shrieked in those tones, hoarse and thick, which a predilection for gin invariably brings on.

"I am come for my child; give me my child; I want my child; if I tear the house down, I'll have my child."

Mrs. Rudkin turned pale; full well she recognised the voice; "It's that dreadful woman, the corporal's wife," whispered she to her husband. "See her—speak to her—bribe her—do anything but yield Ruth."

The old clergyman obeyed his lady's bidding, but, on this occasion, even her tact was at fault.

"I'll not come in!" shouted the wilful and maddened-by-drink, insolent woman; "I want none of your cursed sermons, not I! Don't prattle and preach to me! I'm a widow, and I want my child. I'm forlorn and I'm destitute, and I want my child. We will beg through the world together, old hypocrite!" and she menaced Mr. Rudkin with her fist; "will ye, *daur* ye say the word that ye'll not let me see my own bairn?"

"Who is this?" cried Ruth, creeping with childish curiosity to the door, and marvelling at the unusual tumult.

"Your mother!" roared the soldier's widow, seizing her; "your own flesh and blood; your starving, desolate, desperate mother; come with me and beg for me."

"No—no—no!" cried Ruth, completely terrified, and striving to disengage herself from the fury's grasp.

"What! you disown me?—your own mother who bore ye—who

brought ye into this weary world! Serpent, as ye are, I'll teach ye better!" and before her arm could be arrested it fell with brutal violence on the head of the unresisting victim.

"Seize that woman!" cried the old vicar, now thoroughly roused: "seize her, Thomas, and we will place her in custody!"

"Is it *me* that you'll seize?" cried she turning with a kindling eye towards the aged ecclesiastic: "first rob me of my child, and then take away my liberty, eh? Stand clear!—stand clear! I say, which shall I send first to h— amongst ye?"

She stooped as she spoke, and lifting a large fragment of a heavy coping-stone, flung it by a vast effort into the centre of the hall. There it encountered a little, ancient, fragile, worm-eaten cabinet, which it effectually demolished. Further injury there was none—*within*; but *without*! all, strange to say, was silence *there*. The effort had been too great. Excitement, and vindictive feeling, and intemperance had o'ermastered nature; a vessel had given way; blood gushed freely from the mouth and nostrils, and in a few seconds the drunken woman had passed into the presence of her God.

Many years rolled away without shaking the impression which the events of that fearful Christmas-eve left on the mind of Ruth Dangerfield. Her mother's career and habits, the circumstances under which she *first* entered Meadwaters, and quitted it; her language, appearance, and violence on the evening of her death; the frame of mind in which the final change found her—these were points which recurred at times with agony to the orphan's memory. One lasting and governing effect they wrought—such a horror of intemperance, and such habits of self-restraint, that her after-existence seemed one perpetual exemplification of the ravages of the one, and the advantages of the other.

She lived to womanhood with her venerable protectors—lived to repay them by her changeless fidelity for much of their bypast kindness; lived to feel that much of their earthly comfort was insured by her prudence and forethought. Mrs. Rudkin, the quick, the shrewd, the clever, the penetrating, became, towards the close of life, perfectly imbecile; and during the last waning months of her existence the only being she apparently cared for, or was able to recognize, was her plain-featured but devoted attendant.

"Ruth!" said she, the week before she died, looking up suddenly, and speaking, after a long silence; "your mother was a very queer woman. I've an idea that I once saw her fight. Who was it with? Mr. Binks? yes, Mr. Binks it was; the fat churchwarden; and she knocked him over; and he cried out 'Murder'!"

"No, ma'am, no; you're quite mistaken," replied Ruth earnestly, cut to the quick at the turn the conversation had taken.

"I'm *never* mistaken!" persisted the old lady angrily. "I recollect everything and everybody. She was a very queer woman; and she wore a cap trimmed, very oddly, with red and yellow ribands. Only think—how very strange to have red and yellow ribbands on the same cap! Where was it that she said she would send us all to if we didn't please her? It was to a very strange place, I know."

Ruth's distress could no longer be concealed; she sobbed audibly.

"That's a good girl!" continued the old lady. "It's very proper you should weep for her. Everybody should weep for their own mother. When did she die? She was a worthy woman, I dare

say. But she shouldn't have worn a cap trimmed with red and yellow ribands for all that."

"It is late, ma'am," said her distressed attendant, now fully resolved upon a change of topic, "and I must see you to your room forthwith."

"You know best, Ruth," returned her mistress meekly. "Ah, well! that was a happy evening for *me* that brought you to Meadwaters: *you have 'been unto me as a daughter.'*"

It was the last intelligible sentence she was heard to utter.

Mr. Rudkin survived her about a twelvemonth. One morning, when he found, or fancied, himself stronger than usual, he beckoned his faithful nurse to his side, and said cheerily—

"Ruth, I have left you poor, but not penniless. There is a small annuity secured to you by my will. But remember well what I now say: you will not always fill a subordinate station. You are truthful, temperate, trustworthy, and grateful. When did God desert those who cherished such qualities? Never! never! He is a Friend that faileth not, a Father who never forsaketh his children. There is a psalm that says as much; I could repeat it once; but now — now — I wonder that my memory fails me so strangely! *it should not.* Say the psalm over to me, Ruth; it has many calm, pleasant, and comforting words."

He listened as she spoke, smiled when she finished, and then, with an air of gentle reproof, observed—

"You don't read so loud as you used to do; you should speak out. Don't smother your voice, Ruth; it is always a pleasant voice to me, and has been for many, very many years. My blessing, Ruth, go with you, tarry where you may."

He fell, a few moments afterwards, into a gentle slumber, which at midday became the sleep of death.

No will could be found. That such a document had been formally drawn up and duly executed, there was ample proof; but no search, however minute and persevering, could discover its resting-place. A distant relative, as heir at law, claimed, and successfully, the little all that Mr. Rudkin left behind him. He was a bill-discounter; and resolutely negatived the many representations made to him on Ruth's behalf.

"What had *he* to do with *her*?" was his line of argument. "He had never seen her before in his life! What claim had *she* upon *him*? People told him she was destitute; he didn't believe it. She had laid up ample store for herself, he was confident, during the many years she had lived with this old couple. If he was wrong, the greater fool she. She should have foreseen a rainy day, and have feathered her nest accordingly; but, be it as it would, not one stiver should she get from him. He wanted all, every sixpence, that the old man's effects would realize; he wanted to throw it into his business."

O rare muckworm! glorious type of thy class! When had the sworn slave of Mammon, when had he ever, or under any circumstances, sympathy, consideration, or compassion, for those around him?

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE KNAVISH TREASURER OF A POPULAR CHARITY.

As thistles wear the softest down,
 To hide their prickles till they 're grown,
 And then declare themselves, and tear
 Whatever ventures to come near ;
 So a smooth knave does greater feats
 Than one that idly rails and threats,
 And all the mischief that he meant
 Does, like the rattle-snake, prevent.—BUTLER.

MERCIFULLY it is ordered by the beneficent Ruler of the universe that no heart, however stung by unmerited wrong, or crushed by unexpected oppression, shall be barred from the indulgence of hope. The Great Arbitrer of events is no capricious tyrant ; He holds out the bitter potion of despair to none — not even to the most forlorn and feeble of his creatures. Continually, when one field of honourable exertion is wrought out, or must be abandoned, his goodness delights to open unexpectedly to the humble and the hopeful another, and a brighter, and a fairer.

That Ruth was bitterly disappointed, mourned over the disappearance of the will, and felt most keenly the ungenerous treatment which the grasping kinsman of her late master meted out to her, was undeniable. Some small legacy, some faint approach towards independence, she had fully anticipated from the old Vicar's kindness and language. That hope had become visionary. Protection from that quarter had terminated. Who would now assist her ? Where had she now a friend ? Where ? Her own conduct had been silently securing one, —one who had watched her narrowly, —one who abhorred professions, but was prepared to come to her rescue in the hour of extremity.

Dr. Watkinson, Mr. Rudkin's medical attendant, had noted, with cordial approval, the devoted attachment with which Ruth had nursed her aged protectors ; and had felt commensurate chagrin at the manner in which her cares had been repaid. The moment he ascertained that she had nothing to hope for from the heir-at-law, he called upon the disappointed and desolate woman, and kindly inquired, "What were her future plans."

"None," was Ruth's reply,—"none beyond obtaining some respectable situation with as little delay as possible ; but where this is to be met with, and through whose friendly recommendation, are matters of painful uncertainty."

"Then I will terminate it by announcing my errand. In the infirmary at — there is at present a vacancy for a nurse. We wish— I am now speaking of my medical brethren as well as of myself— to secure the services of a person in whom we can place thorough confidence ; whose habits we know to be temperate ; and whose previously ascertained principles assure us that we may rely on all her statements. She must be able to bear confinement, and practise considerable self-denial ; must carry out our orders kindly and firmly ; endure much waywardness from the patients, and constant scrutiny from the matron. Such is the situation ; now, would you like to hear any further details respecting it ?"

"Unquestionably," was Ruth's ready reply.

"The remuneration attached to the office is liberal, and is augmented after five years' service. Nor is this all; the party, after the lapse of years, becomes entitled to a small retiring pension. I don't describe the post as agreeable; but it seems to me one from your habits, experience, and education, that you are suited to fill; and I fancy that I have sufficient influence with the committee to obtain it. It is true your age is against you; but that disadvantage each recurring day will diminish. In fact, you look several years older than you are; and the gravity and quietude of your manners keep up the delusion. Now say—for the morning wears, and I have some distance to ride,—whether, if I can procure you this appointment, you will accept it, and enter at once upon its duties?"

"Most thankfully!" returned Ruth.

"Then further discussion is needless; and now," added he, as he rose, and took his leave, with a cheerful smile, "make the most of your holidays; for they are on the point of closing!"

Dr. Watkinson had not over-estimated his influence when he intimated to Ruth his persuasion that he could procure for her the vacant appointment. His recommendation was received by the House Committee with the attention which his years, experience, and services deserved; and his gratified *protégée* received a speedy summons to the city of —, to preside as nurse in "The Casualty Ward" of its celebrated infirmary.

Here, as elsewhere, the peculiar features of her character arrested attention, and insured respect. The patients liked her because she was "never out of temper;" was never "too busy" to shift an uneasy pillow, or moisten the parched lips; never "snubbed" them; never ordered them — as is the case with certain finished specimens of humanity — "*to lie still, and be quiet!*" when they were racked with torture; never told them, she "*knew better: there was nothing at all the matter with them!*" when every nerve was quivering with agony. Oh! how the progress towards recovery may be speeded or retarded by a nurse! With the surgeons she found favour, because she attended strictly to their instructions,—neither slurred them over nor exceeded them. The matron applauded her, because she was habitually temperate; was never found "cloudy," or "dozy," or "confused," or "unaccountably stupid," as was the case at intervals with all the other nurses under her control. And the waspish house-surgeon lavishly commended her because her "hearing was remarkably quick," and she "never gave him the trouble to repeat his directions."

Altogether Nurse Dangerfield was a popular person.

For two years she had maintained her giddy position, when one September morning a strange report became rife within the hospital that the house committee had resolved on Nurse Dangerfield's immediate dismissal, as "a censorious and impracticable woman."

And Nurse Dangerfield admitted the report to be well-founded! There seemed on her part no mystification about the matter. She calmly avowed that she retained her present post simply till her successor could be appointed. But why and wherefore?

Among the various functionaries connected with the hospital was the treasurer—a Mr. Peter Pennethorne. He was a very exact man; preached economy on all occasions; and was frightfully eloquent on the theme of a frugal expenditure of public money. Mrs. Coucher, the matron, abhorred the very sight of him; and certainly the

manner in which he overhauled her grocer's bill, and descanted on the many ounces of tea consumed at her table, was not calculated to conciliate the affections of that very tenacious personage. Mrs. Coucher averred—and certainly she ought on such a point to be deemed “an established authority,” that “weak tea did not agree with her!”

Mr. Pennethorne did not believe it; and for ten long years had been trying to persuade her to the contrary.

To this distracted lady's wrongs were added those of Mr. Quench, the tall, gaunt, cadaverous-looking dispenser in the surgery. Mr. Quench, who had the complexion of a confirmed invalid, and, unhappily, the appetite of a railway labourer, always declared that his post was one surrounded with difficulties and disagreeables,—so much so, that he could not possibly get through his duties without “a regular *nooning*” at eleven o'clock. This snack consisted of a captain's biscuit, a glass of tolerably strong ale, and a “mossel” of prime Gloucester, double Cottenham, or Stilton,—the dispenser was not “particular to a shade!” With these “*noonings*” Mr. Pennethorne waged an unholy war. The very mention of them made him irascible. He described the wretched Mr. Quench as “the most expensive public servant” he had ever met with. He descanted on the “packets of biscuits” and “pounds of cheese” consumed by the voracious dispenser with a vehemence and severity that made Mrs. Coucher “nervous,” and Mr. Quench “savage.” The latter, after one of these inflictions, was heard to declare that his habits were peaceful, his views peaceful, his profession peaceful; but that the “*Old Adam* was strong within him;” and that, if he “ever did commit murder, it would be on the person of Peter Pennethorne!”

But while by the subordinates the treasurer was regarded with a hate far exceeding “players' hatred,” he was in high odour with the *magnates*—the patron, vice-patrons, and president. His health was duly toasted at each succeeding anniversary. The most laudatory epithets were applied to his name. He was pronounced to be a most watchful and jealous guardian of the revenue of the hospital. The administration of its finances was declared to be “perfect;” and the credit of such a position—rare in public charities—was ascribed mainly to the untiring assiduity of its indefatigable treasurer. It was related of him that on one occasion he sat up three nights in succession, to detect an error of fourpence farthing in some complicated “bill delivered!” He was pronounced a “Joseph Hume in private life;” the most accurate of accountants, and the most incorruptible steward a public charity was ever blessed with!

To all which compliments, when repeated at the hospital, Mrs. Coucher replied with a groan; and that audacious varlet, Mr. Quench,—the “most expensive of public servants,”—with the impertinent monosyllable “Fudge!”

But the Pennethorne star was in the ascendant; and the treasurer's step was more solemn, and his air of lofty virtue more imposing than ever.

Among other objects which claimed his care were two alms-boxes, placed within the building, near the main door, and broken open annually on Michaelmas day by the treasurer's own hands. It happened on one eventful Michaelmas that Nurse Dangerfield had occasion to search for lint in a closet, the window of which commanded a thorough view of the board-room where Mr. Pennethorne was then sit-

ting. He was alone, but busily employed; and some undefinable impulse induced the nurse to watch him.

How she could venture to intrude on the privacy of such a virtuous being as Peter Pennethorne perplexed many. But, daring as was the deed, she achieved it!

The treasurer leisurely unscrewed each box; and then minutely scrutinized its produce as he spread the coin upon the table. Ruth's keen gaze detected a great many pence and half-pence, a few shillings, and—what attracted her eye by its colour,—a bright, new sovereign. *This* she saw the lauded functionary pounce upon, examine closely, hold up to the light, as if desirous to ascertain whether it was counterfeit, and then deliberately consign to the custody of his pocket.

"A strange proceeding!" thought Nurse Dangerfield; "marvellous in a steward of a public charity! I must report this affair to my superior."

The face of Mrs. Coucher when listening to Ruth's communication would have formed a study for Wilkie. Astonishment— incredulity—alarm,—abhorrence, all were pictured in the matron's perplexed and furrowed visage. At length she gasped forth,

"The end of the world is at hand—it must be—since matters have come to this pass!"

"Possibly!" returned Ruth; "but, in the meantime we must *act*. Now, will you accompany me while I go down *at once* to the board-room; tell the treasurer what I have seen, and hear his explanation?"

The matron paused.

"Child," said she anxiously, "are you *sure*: are you *positive* as to the fact? May you not have been deceived?"

"I could not."

"It is a tremendous charge to make: ruin to him if it be true: ruin to you if it be false."

"I am sensible of that."

"He is crafty, rich, and has many friends."

"Granted."

"Besides," continued her aged adviser earnestly, "your story is unsupported. You have no witness. It is on a *single* testimony that this strange accusation rests."

"No more."

"Then, would not the wisest course be silence?"

"No!" exclaimed Ruth, "my line of conduct is plain. I have to unmask a hypocrite. I will spare no effort to do so, and abide the consequences."

"Then forward!" said her agitated companion; "and God defend the right!"

The treasurer was seated in state at the table, with his ledger, cash-book, and banker's account before him when his visitors entered. He looked up at each sharply and angrily, as if surprised at their appearance, and demanding the reason of their intrusion. The elder woman trembled; Ruth looked deadly pale, but her voice was steady when she said,

"I was at that closet window, sir," and she pointed to it, "a few minutes since; and I saw you open those alms-boxes."

"Well?"

"I observed you spread their contents upon the table."

"Well?" This second ejaculation was uttered in a somewhat testy tone.

"Will you informe mc—for I am curious to know—what may be their amount?"

"The question is one you have no right to ask—none whatever; but, nevertheless, for once I will answer it—seventeen shillings and ninenpence."

"No more?"

"I have named the precise sum."

"That is singular; because I am persuaded I saw a *sovereign* shaken out of one of the boxes."

"I should have been but too happy," returned the treasurer, without the slightest change of voice or manner, "to have observed it, and to have carried it to the credit of the hospital; but I had no such opportunity. There was no gold coin of any kind in either alms-box."

Ruth met the treasurer's inquiring gaze with steady eye, and replied:—"I am positive there was! I saw—I say it deliberately—a sovereign among the coin."

"Woman! be careful what you assert. I tell you, you are in error. No sovereign has lain upon this table *to-day*; in my presence, at least, or to my knowledge."

"There has," returned Ruth undauntedly. "I affirm that you drew it from the heap; examined it; held it up to the light; satisfied yourself that it was genuine; and then—placed it in your pocket."

"And have you taken the trouble," said Mr. Pennethorne sarcastically, "to come down from 'The Casualty Ward' to repeat to me this day-dream—this foolery—this flippant folly—this malignant falsehood? Retract your statement instantly; and apologize for its baseness."

"I adhere to it," replied his accuser, "because its foundation is *truth*; and I require that the committee may be summoned, if possible, this week, that I may lay the circumstances before them."

"The committee shall be summoned, and to-morrow," returned he fiercely, "but for a different purpose—to decide on your instant and ignominious dismissal."

"Be the result what it may, I shall meet it with composure, since—"

"Not a word, *menial!*—not another word!" said the treasurer furiously. "Leave me: I choose to be alone!"

"Now, then, how do we stand?" said Mrs. Coucher mournfully, as they ascended the stairs.

"Well, in the sight of HIM who loathes hypocrisy and fraud," was Ruth's brave reply.

CHAPTER L.

"ADVICE GRATIS."

"Fool! you are dropping the Brentford ticket at Hammersmith Gate!"

ELLEN MIDDLETON.

THE committee met; and looked, as all committees do when there is any delicious matter of a truly personal nature involved in their deliberations, overpoweringly solemn and important. Mr. Pennethorne conducted, as the legal phrase runs, his own case. It was "well got up;" and he coloured it most adroitly. Nurse Dangerfield's character was skilfully blackened; and his own disinterested-

ness, devotion to the Hospital's interests, and past labours in its cause, brought out in glowing relief. Poor Ruth was pronounced a dangerous character, and her removal a matter of pressing necessity. "There can be," said the loudest, coarsest, and most fluent speaker of the party, "but one opinion upon the point. This pestilent woman's dismissal is unavoidable, and must be summary."

"Hear! hear!" was the response; and a strongly condemnatory resolution was inserted in "The Minute Book." Thanks were voted to the chairman; the customary disclaimer of any "right to such an unmerited compliment" was duly emphasized, and the meeting was on the point of closing, when it occurred to some brain less muddy than those around it "Whether it would not be as well, before they separated, to announce the decision they had arrived at, to the party whom it most deeply affected?"

"Quite superfluous!" ejaculated the Treasurer; "a culpable waste of time!"

But the idea, once suggested, was caught up by another individual. It was observed, slowly and hesitatingly by the speaker, as though he had not made up his mind to the obvious justice of such a course—

"Would it not be proper to hear Nurse Dangerfield's defence before we decide on her dismissal?"

"By no means," said Mr. Pennethorne quickly; "that would be an improper concession, an act of unmerited condescension—objectionable—highly so!"

But the committee thought otherwise, and the anxious woman was sent for. She repeated her accusation; and such, O Truth! is thy mighty influence! not without effect.

More than one committee-man felt gravelled by the calmness and clearness of her statement; and as for "the Minute Secretary," a decided partizan of Pennethorne's, he screwed up his lips when she finished, and in his heart wished his ally "well out of it." She withdrew; the door closed on her, and an ominous pause ensued.

"She's a horribly ugly woman," at length ejaculated the chairman; "but she expresses herself clearly and cleverly."

"All liars do," was the response.

"I can, with difficulty, persuade myself that Nurse Dangerfield belongs to that class," insinuated a little man at the bottom of the table, in a timid tone.

"To what other?" inquired the Treasurer with vehemence: "To what other? Do I hear aright? Can a doubt be entertained by any reasonable being as to the flagrant falsehood of that woman's statements?"

"An adjournment! an adjournment!" demanded various voices; and in defiance of the Treasurer's earnest opposition, was eventually carried. Before it expired—and its duration was brief, for eight-and-forty hours was its whole extent—Ruth was waylaid by a soft-voiced, slow-speaking gentleman, who begged to claim her attention for a few moments. He professed himself free from bias towards accuser or accused. He disclaimed all knowledge of Mr. Pennethorne, all previous acquaintance with his sentiments on this truly painful subject, and all prejudice in his favour. He begged to be understood as acting from private impulse, and solely from a sense of public duty. He then suggested to Ruth, that as the accusation was beset with difficulties, she should admit at the next meeting that it was possible she might

have been mistaken; that her eye-sight *occasionally* deceived her, and might have done so in that instance. If she would say as much as this, the soft-voiced gentleman, who "acted from private impulse," and from "no previous concert with any party whatever," would pledge himself that she should retain her situation, and that the inquiry should die a natural death.

"No!" said Ruth firmly, "I will make no admission of *any* kind. The investigation shall go on. It ought to do so. If I have spoken the truth, the Treasurer is dishonest, and deserves exposure. If I have uttered falsehoods, no resolution which the committee can form can be too harsh for me. But—no compromise!"

"It is often politic," said, with a sigh, the soft-voiced gentleman.

"And rarely honest," was Ruth's stern rejoinder. She turned upon her steps and left him.

The committee met next day in full force. No further adjournment; it was agreed on all hands.

THE PLAINT OF SAPPHO.

If she could sleep, she says, she should do well.

Faithful Shepherdess.

SHE sat upon Himert's shore,
Upon a glowing height;
The thyme that grew beneath her feet
Was bath'd in living light;
Was never seen in western clime
So beautiful a sight!

She look'd upon a beauteous land,
A witching land, I ween;
Below, the happy swains and girls
Were tripping o'er the green;
Their laughter was as clear and loud,
As care had never been.

To that fair cheek and snowy arm,
E'en Venus' self might bow;
Her laughing locks of sunny hair
Flow o'er her marble brow;
She lifts her hazel eye and smiles—
She is a goddess now!

But evanescent is that smile;
She sighs adown the breeze;
She lowly stoops,
And humbly droops
Her head upon her knees,
And thrilling sobs upheave her breast;
Sure she is ill at ease.

She breathes her plaint in bitter words,
With many a bitter groan;
A sea-nymph heard it in her cave,
That melancholy moan;
She travell'd on a dolphin's back,
And told it me alone.

"Ah! Phaon, whither hast thou fled
Across the ocean brine?
The happy heart of other days
Can never more be mine;
Rhodopis has Charaxus' love,—
Why should her mistress pine?

"I ever spoke but of thy name,
I would not be denied;
And when they said thy lance was
good,

I wept with joy and pride;
But when they spoke of broken vows
I thought I should have died.

"My violet locks and honey'd smile
You once could fondly praise;
You used to think no other maid
Could trill such pleasant lays,
Or strike the harp with such a hand
To witch the woodland fays.

"There was a lily grew within
My plane-tree shaded bower,
And when my head was on your breast,
As oft at moonlit hour,
You ever said that I was like
That gentle lily flower.

"The scorching sun has scath'd my
plant,
The genial dews have fled,
And wither'd stem and drooping flower
Show it is sore bested;
Yes! I am like that lily now,
That hangs its broken head!"

Her plaint was echoed overhead,
And echoed underground;
The dryads heard it in their glades,
And murmur'd it around,
And every leaf on every tree
Took up the dreary sound.

A sea-nymph heard it in her cave,
That melancholy moan,
She travell'd on a dolphin's back,
And told it me alone.

C. H. L.

THE POST-BAG ; OR, ECCENTRIC CORRESPONDENTS.

BY R. B. PEAKE.

The following letter is full of sisterly feeling—we are afraid though, that the gentleman to whom it is addressed, was a bit of a scamp. When the lady first commenced, it is evident she could not *stop*: and if the parents were rich, the daughter has no *capital*.

To John Wale, privet soger in the 59th Reg^t of foot Mullingear Barrakes—
with speed.

March 11th 1832.

DEAR BROTHER we have taken this oppertunity of righting these few lines to you oping to find you in good health as leaves us all at present thank god for it and we have heard from your sister elizabeth and we got a letter from her a fortnight after you whent from home and her letter was a three weeks a comming over and she is at brighton yet and has gotten a nother baby and it is a girl and we have never heard from joseph yet and thomas keanshell is dead and thomas matthews has gotten married to bess steels and samuel is a going to mark stubbings's the 19th of march and my father and mother is very willing to buy you of from sodgering if you will promise to be stedly you must promise without fail not to list for a solger a gain and you must send us word a gain how to send the money and we durst not trust it to you and you must get your sergent to right your letter for robert Matthews said that your mother would be forsed to take it to either Mr. Wood or other ways to Mr. foulghatorbe to right a letter to your captain to send the money and your sister elizabeth wanted you to go over to brighton but you war gone back a gain and she wanted you to seend a letter to her and you must direct wen you seend direct for 14 blucher place rusell square brighton sussex and you must promise not to go again for if you come to get of and goes again it will make my father and mother go of on their heads and go crased if you do go a gain and betty and ann and atkinson's best respects to you hoping you are in good health as it leaves them all at present thank god for it amen and you never sent Mr. thompson a newspaper and your farther is left of cutting turnips for the sheep a fortnight since and he is a lambing the hews so no more of this from us all at the present time through our lord jesus christ be with us all for evermore amen.

A document drawn up (*after dinner*) in the hand-writing of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

We do hereby most solemnly engage that we will *diligently* and *punctually* attend to the affairs of the Theatre in every department, and assiduously apply ourselves to the business of it until every embarrassment shall be removed and every debt and demand upon it discharged. And we pledge ourselves to the performance of this promise by every consideration that can bind men of common sense and common honesty.

Mr. Peake to keep this paper.

Witness J. AICKIN.

October 26, 1798.

R. B. SHERIDAN.
JNO. GRUBB.

Dear fellows, they all meant it at the time—this must have been written after the circulation of a few glasses of port. Mr. Grubb was subsequently, for some years in a state of outlawry for the debts of the theatre.

To those persons who are desirous of acquiring a fine flow of clear, nervous language, we recommend a perusal of the following letter, addressed to "S. J. Arnold, Esq., Proprietor, English Opera House;" it accompanied a Drama presented for performance, *equally well written!*

13th May, 1828.

SIR.—In submitting the accompanied, permit me to hope that you may consider it worthy of your acceptance the Terms I would suggest Reciprocal under auspicious Patronage meet Remuneration through Publication Be assured that the Expence of its Production would be Trivial. The Scenery being available among the General Stock of a Theatre. Would feel obliged by an Immediate Answer, Together If you have room for an Officiate Copy-est and Messenger. And as opportunity afforded or occasion required Dress for Gigantic or Auxiliary characters. To Mr. O. Smith I beg leave to refer whom I have reason to apprehend will Renew those favoured Opinions of the Merit He Express'd of its Repletion as an Original production on his favour'd perusal previous to the construction of the Allegory. Since which you are the first Thespian Proficient to whom it has been submitted and I have no occasion to doubt that if you do not avail yourself of this offer, You will not permit Extenuation. As I cannot calculate on your convenient Leisure a Line addressed to me commanding my presence to a favour'd Interview more fully to explain would be punctually attended to by Sir Your most obedient Humble Servant

1, Southampton Place, Holborn.

In General Utility should Dutifully contribute to aid the Stage Manager Ideally or on Revivals from Memos of upwards of 500 Pieces as produced at the Amphitheatre Cobourg, Royalty and Drury Lane these 13 years past.

N. B. The Entity Depicted as an Original Semblance, is not founded on Fiction but as a character challenging Nautical Professors (Liverpoolers) connected with the Slave Trade More Over Drawn from an actual Occurrence In the West Indies when I was there. The cause of production together with the name and commander I can Detail particulars of.

The next is an amusing specimen of English, from the celebrated Madame Mara to Dr. Arnold (without date, or place of residence).

DR. DOCTOR; I am rader ashamt to send you the inclosed so dirty but I suppose it has been since two days in the greassy Pocket of one of the Porters who wanted to impose upon my. After having returned it several times under some nonsensical Pretext, he this morning told me, that he knew a person who would delivered Save if I would not regard 3 shillings for his trouble, I thank him and Said I believed I should find somebody who would do it for less. If I was not so very ill and weake I would write it over again but I hope you will excuse me;

God beware every body of falling ill in a Hotel, tavern, Inn, or Coffee House. Your sincerely

S. B. MARR.

Monday.

Some body told me that the Billington was arrived in Town.

A Note from our fair correspondent, who has already been introduced (Mrs. Lewry).

MAM Lewry Duty & sayes he wants some stakes & roods & few bushes be fore he can finish the heag I am a fraid master is hill as he as not been down

Lewry Duty & was in hops he should have seen is master before this I am truely sorry to hear Mrs. M . . . is sufferen so much I hop you are well Mam I are sorrey to say the poor hold cat came hom with one of hor thies torn of & was oblige to kill hor Mam I am your humble servant

M. A. LEWRY.

The next on our list, is an inquiry after a beloved relative: it is couched in very pathetic terms, but *the eyes are perfectly opened*, on a reference to the last few lines of this letter. The address is

to the honourable Secretary at War, War Office, white hall London, England.

Drum March 4th 1816.

MY LORD A Disconsolate Brother humbly presenteth his petition to your and in full hope and confidence in your clemency that you will assist to Extricate him out of his Troubles and Sorrow' he endureth for being Insensible of the knowledge of whether his Dear Brother is Living or No—but My Lord I am happy to be convinsd that you are that Noble man that Can Enlighten my understanding so as to ans^r this my complaint hoping that in your Gracious ans^r to this you will let me know whether he is Living or Not My Brothers name is George Dawson born in the paris^h. of Imbabres county of Monaghan, and in the year of our Lord 1786 he first enlisted in the 24th Reg^t of foot 1st Battⁿ and was Promoted Serg^t the last Intelligence Rec^d from him was from the Cape of Good Hope 2nd June 1810 and heard not from him since Now My Lord I consider If he was extant or in Being he would wrote to me some time since that period of Time which Leaves me the more uneasy at Present and if he is Dead I am the Nerest Client to him to look after his Affairs So I hope that you will be so condescending To write to me as It will fit your Honour with an account of him and for so Doing your Petton^r will for every pray for your future felicity

LANCELOT DAWSON.

Pray direct to Lancelot Dawson, Drum, near Coole-hill next post town county cavan—Ireland.

Important to the Dramatic world!

To Mr. Bartley.

Oct. 7, 1830.

SIR—You'll excuse the liberty I have taken of addressing you these few lines to know if you are in want of a good comic split Dance wich consists of three Persons or if you are in want of any supernumerarys I have some Brothers that will suft you but if you are in want of such A thing as a comic Dance we will agree to Dance

it for any Limited time you will wish for to see how it takes and will come for a very low salary—I am sir your obedient servant

J. FRAZER.

17, Shepherd Square, May Fair.

The writer of the following letter was born DEAF AND DUMB.

Jan^y 19, 1830.

HONOURED SIR.—I inform you that I wrote a letter to the Duke of Gloucester about I want to be a light Porter, and you wrote something to me and I read it for I am much obliged for you would have me as a business, but forget to know what you wrote to me the name of a place but not light porter when you burnt the paper about writing as I wish you to send me your writing about, what the name of a place again. My Mother is much obliged to you for having me as the business. I hope I had better to see the Duke first when he comes to London from Bagshot next month about to be a light Porter for he will have me as one or not you will take me as the business. I shall have your honour of telling you what time I will begin to work in the morning and what time I will leave off and what wages I will get a year as the Business I shall always be good, industrious, honest, sober, careful and attentive to my business for you will like me with you in your establishment, for I do things to your house or to the hospital I am good natured and active. Pray and believe me to be your most obedient humble servant.

W. JONAS CLARKE.

I lodge at Mr. Debesar, 29, St. Martin Street, Leicester Square.

I am sorry to say my writing and pen are very bad—give my best respect and kind to you—you will be so kind to send me a letter.

Lines on the accidental Death of James White, a private belonging to the Scotch Greys.

You tender parents that have children
dear,

Unto these trigick lines

Pray drop a melting tear

My days where ended with most excruciateing pain

Yet not like

Those staars that fall,

Never to Rise again ;

But let us hope I shall arise

Triumphant from the dust

To Meet my Redeemer

At the Resurrection of the Just

In the Morn, like the green thorn, in
may

My blooming youth did flower

But in the eve I where cut down

And in a single hour.

As Death where Ranging in our Street,

He could not pass me by

But he shot his Dart

Into my heart

And wounded me most suddenly

Oh ! where, where, was my tender pa-
rents dear

That they should be denied the mourn-
ful privileg

Their dear child to behold

To clasp him in the agonies of death
and catch his departing soul.

It is appointed for us all to die

For to die we all must

We therefore

Saw him decently committed unto the
dust.

(Written by J. H.)

From Thomas Harris, Esq., to Dr. Arnold.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I find Dibdin is so very an étourdi that it would be entirely wrong to throw away another thought about him.

And I beg of you to finish the Music with all possible expedition
Yours heartily

T. HARRIS

Dibdin's letter to me mentions nothing of the Music.

C. Dibdin to Dr. Arnold.

Calais, Oct. 13th, 1776.

MY DEAR SIR,—Though you laid an embargo on my pen I cannot help just telling you that I received the money safe, and that I have written a letter to Harris, also to Foote, but most of all lest some accident should have retarded the Delivery of the Musick to tell you that I sent the remainder of it by the coach that I gave you advice of it and that you should have received it on last Wednesday; get this matter compromised for me concerning Condel. If you can also see Foote, who I have an Idea will come to some terms. This done, and the Seraglio once out you will have some respite from my affairs. I fear as it is you have been obliged to employ a deputy to teach your scholars. I have written to Harris that either immediately or against next season I'll make the Deserteur into three acts—it is an admirable piece here, Adieu and if you would have me sleep in peace tell me how to thank you for your attention to me.
Yrs most sincerely and affectionately

C. DIBDIN.

To Dr. Arnold, Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital.

From John Huckel, (a character,) many years stage-door keeper of the late English Opera House. This epistle is addressed to Charles Mathews, Esq.

April 27, 1831, Brydges Street, Covent Garden.

KIND SIR,—I know not in what manner to express my sensation adequate to my feeling, but by the falling tear of gratitude for your most kind and sympathetic assistance which I hope to repay by work and thankfulness to so kind a benefactor in any kind of order you may wish me to execute. I waited on Mr. Arnold on Friday last with a fowling piece I had under my care intimating to him by the servant at the same time if he had anything for me to do—but his reply was not anything at present—under these circumstances I remain stationary like the Vessel BeCALMED with her lower and head sails all a back—and so I am like to remain till the company opens your Theatre in July next—my most worthy and kind Friend Mr. P. has promised me what Boots he has for me to make with recommendations and further informs me it may be twelve month before anything is likely to be done at the new E. O. House, if that is the case and the ashes of the Phenix remains so long in embryo—it may be the work of time before the Bird of fire can flutter over its Meridian Altitude of a baseless Fabric—but I hope this will not be the case for Mr. Arnold's sake whose Bread I have eaten—but if the chain of gravity by fate is snapt and the cable stranded that binds me to that gentleman after the close of the Adelphi Season, and he no further Employment for me with this Presumption of a Naval gunner whose Shot Locker you have so generously supplied Induces me to ask a further boon to be supported by your commission—to Risk a close Engagement with the commander of the Thomas

Thompson if taken on board his Vessel I should be happy to serve in any station he might think me capable of fulfilling—if it is only the Steward's yeoman of the Polly Pacquet you will I trust find a just acc^t of all the stores placed under my care with a running character of thirty-five years with your devoted servant

JNO. HUCKEL.

A true copy of the address of a recruiting serjeant (a smart fellow, and his own composition) : he has also a very appropriate name.

STOP AND READ THE NEWS !

NOW MY BOYS FOR THE ROAD TO GLORY !

Fortune and Honour, High Bounty, and an Independent Pension in Old Age.

THE GLORIOUS AND HEROIC 59TH REGIMENT OF FOOT

Commanded by Lieut. General Ross, has now the honor of offering you the large and handsome Bounty of

SIXTEEN GUINEAS.

In this Regiment every man is a Gentleman, and every Soldier a Hero. Every dashing, daring, and aspiring young man, who scorns fear, despises danger, and sets the Enemy at defiance, and is willing to step forward in defence of his King and Country and protect his Friends and relations from the Tyranny and oppression of the common enemy of Europe, let them cheerfully repair to Serjeant BRAY'S Quarters at the Saracen's Head Inn, Burton-upon-Trent, where they shall receive the above Bounty, enter into present pay and good Quarters, and have the honour to belong to a Regiment where the officers make it their continual study to render the life of a soldier comfortable and happy, and where promotion by Merit is the reward of good behaviour.

AROUSE YE ! SONS OF BRITAIN ! — AROUSE ! and be no longer deaf to the calls of your country, particularly when you daily witness the return of veteran soldiers from the wars with large pensions settled on them, which enables them to spend the rest of their days with their Friends and Relations comfortable and happy ; sit quaffing their Pipes, drinking strong Beer, and with heartfelt pleasure repeating the past Glorious and Immortal Battles which they have fought under the Banners of the Best of Kings !

Huzza ! huzza ! Old England for ever !

GOD SAVE THE KING !

The following little elegant literary *morceau* is from the pen of Mr. Reuben Martin, the prizefighter.

Mr. Whoulot i send you this to in form you when the fit is to teak Ples at noth fleet to Mils this sid of greavshend to moro the fus of apral
Yours,
REUBEN MARTIN.

Mr. Wholeat the tax Master in Chansere Lean
the counour of curstor st.

THE OPIUM SMOKER.

"THAT which is round," said Yenfoo, an eminent philosopher, two thousand years ago, "cannot be squared; the black-haired race, children of Heaven-descended Ham, can never change: that which is *is*, and so will remain to the remotest ages!" How the course of nature was interrupted, and the revered Yenfoo proven a false prophet, will shortly be seen.

A most respectable man was old Hing, and very much looked up to in the village of Fragrant Streams, at the foot of the Weiling mountain, where he owned innumerable *mow*, or acres, of fruitful land laid out in fields of wheat, and maize, and sugar-cane. For a man well to do in the world, old Hing was not uxorious: indeed he had only five wives, and a slave girl, who upon attaining the mature age of thirteen, was to be preferred to the honourable station of *sixth*. His "string of pearls" was small—that is to say, he had but two sons; two pretty little daughters, or "golden lilies," being counted as mere incumbrances.

It would have been strange, indeed, if this worthy man had not been prosperous; his ancestors having not only consulted the oracles respecting the site of his house, but having actually laid the first stone under the influence of the Star of Justice. Luxuriant clumps of the graceful bamboo, and venerable leichee and cotton-trees shaded the house from the morning sun, while the ground sloped gradually upwards from the front door to the fields, offering not the slightest obstruction to the influx of wealth. Equally scrupulous had they been in the internal arrangements, adhering strictly and rigidly to ancient custom. Over the door was inscribed in letters of gold, on a vermilion ground, "Peace and happiness to all who go out or come in." On the right of the door was a recess in the wall where sticks of burning incense were offered to the gods night and morning. On the walls of the reception-hall were suspended numerous charms, the Koo-tung-king, or old brass mirror, for repelling demons, occupying a conspicuous place. At each bed-head was hung a dagger of coins, celebrated for its efficacy in keeping out ghosts; and the good old custom of nailing the peach charm to the door, on the first day of the year, was never neglected in this virtuous family.

Old Hing being the elder of the village, and having frequently to settle disputes among his neighbours, when his decision was never disputed, had imbibed a certain relish for power; and as he was wont of an evening to recline under the shade of a leichee and inhale the fragrant weed, while he contemplated the rich acres around him, he had constant opportunities of learning from the villagers the great respect in which he was held. The conviction of his greatness resolved him to make his eldest son the candidate for official appointments, that he might through him perpetuate the honour of his name. As a preparatory step, the youth was sent to study under a distinguished professor, to qualify him for graduating at the next public examination. Hingpoo, for so was the first scion of Hing's named, had been absent from his family for three years, during which time he had made rapid progress in his studies, when he returned on a visit to his paternal roof. Here, caressed by his relations and honoured

by the neighbours, he relaxed nothing of his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge; indeed, the youth was ambitious and aspired to become a great man. With a volume of the sage Confucius, or an essay of Mencius, he would wander into the fields to study. The subtle doctrine of Buddhism and the discoveries of the astronomer Chang were alike familiar to him; and whether he mused on the theory of transmigration, or digested the more palpable truths that the earth is *square*, and that China is its centre, surrounded by a few small islands, whose inhabitants are uncivilized barbarians, the conviction was always present that he was destined to be a child of fame. How it was that this early promise of greatness was never realized, is inexplicable; it is to be feared, however, that Hingpoo was neglectful of the rites of religion, and that, by omitting to sacrifice to Kweising, the spirit of the north star, and patron of learning, he had forfeited the protection of that deity, without which no scholar can ever hope to prosper.

Under the shade of a cotton-tree, fanned by the cool south breeze, Hingpoo delighted to recline, and enjoy undisturbed the sweets of literature. The grass was smooth and soft, and hundreds of large red flowers, with long stems, waved their heads in solemn dignity, seeming to sympathise in his abstraction. Now the student was of a choleric temperament; and on one eventful and never-to-be-forgotten day, having vainly tried to solve a rather abstruse question in metaphysics, regardless of decorum and the Confucian principles of philosophy, he vented his disappointment and vexation by plucking up by the roots a number of the harmless flowers. No sooner had he perpetrated the act, than he became conscious and ashamed of his folly. Moralizing on the necessity of self-command, he was listlessly contemplating the havoc he had made, when he observed a milky humour gushing from the wounded stems, emitting a peculiar and pleasing odour. Hingpoo did not know that *he had discovered OPIUM*.

Curiosity prompted him to taste, and a portion of the juice soon passed his eager lips. He tasted once again, and slept, and dreamed such dreams as made him sorry to awake. O gods and demons! why did he wake?

Day after day Hingpoo returned to the spot, and plucked the flowers and sipped their juice, so that in a very short time but few remained. He then collected the dried stalks, and carried them home and stored them in his chamber, sedulously guarding the secret of his discovery from the knowledge of his family. Now it happened that his thrifty mother, one day superintending the *cuisine*, required some dried sticks to feed the fire, and recollecting that she had seen some, as she thought, in Hingpoo's chamber, forthwith despatched the younger son, Hinglee, to bring them, and the treasured poppy-stalks were heaped upon the fire.

As luck would have it, Hingpoo entered the kitchen at the moment, and beheld in a transport of horror his brother in the act of blowing the ignited stalks into a flame.

"Kwei-tsze, son of the devil!" shouted he, and smote the child; "may your mother be violated! You've burned my poppies!"

Eccentric as this style of objugation may appear to European readers, it is by no means uncommon in China; indeed, it is used by *man, woman, and child*, on every occasion, whether to express grief, joy, astonishment, or rage. But to resume. Thick columns

of smoke arose from the burning stalks, and Hingpoo's rage was arrested; his brother dried his tears, and fell asleep; mamma became suddenly voluble, laughing and singing, to the great astonishment of the slaves, who could by no means comprehend the reason of this glaring infringement of decorum; and Hingpoo began to write odes upon the wall with a piece of charcoal. "Hei-yah!" muttered the cook, "this is truly astonishing!" The cook himself became excited, and cursed his mother, and the other slaves were noisy. In fact, confusion reigned in the culinary department of old Hing's establishment. A most tempting dish, the especial object of the lady's visit to the kitchen, nothing less, in fact, than tender frogs stewed in oil, and garnished with sliced lotus and chestnuts, was actually spoilt!—the wheat-cakes were burned, and dirty chopsticks placed before old Hing!

The astonishment and wonder created by these incidents (which were attributed by Nurse Posey to the visit of a malignant demon, who was known to lurk in the Weiling mountain) was succeeded by grief and consternation, when Hingpoo insisted upon having all the poppies on the estate brought home. What could he want with them? (The student said nothing about the discovery he had made.) Old Hing plucked out a handful of his beard, and fasted an entire day, and consulted with Chang, the schoolmaster, but could make nothing of his son's alarming conduct. Nurse Posey shook her venerable head: she knew what she knew. Had her advice been followed, and the San-keö-foo, or triangular spell, tied round his neck, the spirit of madness could not have seized upon him. In vain did they argue with him: neither his father's counsel nor his mother's tears had the slightest effect upon him. Equally futile were *his* assurances that he was of sane mind; and when, exasperated at their opposition to desires so moderate, he seized the trembling steward by the tail, exclaiming, "Son of the devil, bring me the poppies!" a general rush was made from the apartment, and messengers despatched for Gaou, the Buddhist priest, so famous for his skill in magic, and the efficacious potency of his spells.

Upon the arrival of this holy man, Hingpoo was induced to submit to an examination, which he absolutely refused to do until he saw how much he grieved his parents by his obstinacy. The priest, having pronounced in mystic language a very powerful anathema, proceeded to examine the eyes and hands of the supposed madman. He then inscribed the seven magical characters on a plate of zinc, and produced the sacred tortoise, which he consulted in mysterious silence. Having prostrated himself three times, his forehead each time touching the plate of zinc, and repeated another spell, he declared to the awe-stricken parents and bystanders that he was perfectly satisfied of the nature of Hingpoo's ailment. "Huentau, the god who rides upon a tiger, has been offended, and has permitted a malignant spirit to enchant the youth."

This belief was deeply impressed upon the minds of all, when the student exclaimed, "May you die in a jail for a false priest and a liar!"

The venerable divine, meekly pocketing the insult as the stingless shaft of insanity, then commanded that a picture of the offended deity should be suspended on a wall facing the south, and an offering of sandal-wood incense and lacquered pig be placed, with proper

solemnities, before it. Having seen all this done, the room was cleared, and everybody left, it being impious to watch a god while he is eating. The priest retired with old Hing to smoke a pipe and drink a cup of tea, while he awaited the issue of his spells and the offering. The poor old man was garrulous and communicative on the subject of his son's misfortune; and the priest, being naturally of a charitable and sympathising nature, encouraged him in the kindest manner to proceed. With what exemplary patience and meekness did the divine gradually inform himself of the history of the case! Hingpoo would not be satisfied without poppies. Ah! 'twas indeed lamentable; but hope for the best. After some time the priest returned to the room where the offering had been made, and declared himself highly satisfied with the result. "The god is appeased," said he; "the youth will suffer no more. Let him have the poppies!"

With what joy did the now happy parents embrace Hingpoo, who, upon seeing loads of poppies brought in, became instantly calm and collected. The learned and holy priest was liberally recompensed, and his fame spread for miles and miles around.

We shall not detain the reader with a prolix account of how Hingpoo for some time smoked the dried poppy-stems, till, finding the supply insufficient, he was induced to seek a more economical method of gratifying his taste. Suffice it to say that, after much thought and experiment, he discovered that, by making an incision in the stem of the living plant, and collecting the exuding juice, he might obtain an unlimited supply of its heavenly principle, which, by exposure to the sun, became inspissated, and of much more potent virtue than the simple stalk. Equally bootless would it be to tell how the slave Ying, suddenly surprising Hingpoo in the act of smoking "dried poppy juice," beheld with awe and astonishment its effects; how he repeated to the cook what he had seen, expatiating on the beaming eye, lustrous and dilated, and the extraordinary happy trance in which he found his master. It will be enough to state, that the wonderful discovery having transpired, spread with the rapidity of lightning through the village of Fragrant Streams, where nothing was soon thought of but opium-smoking.

Hingpoo's feelings on the subject are thus stated, in a letter to his revered preceptor, Dr. Wangleeking, of Heavenly Wisdom Street, Nanking:—

"To the very learned Dr. Wangleeking, eminent man, may he live a thousand years!—From his stupid younger brother and pupil, Hingpoo, of the village of Fragrant Streams, at the foot of the Weiling mountain, who, prostrating himself nine times, humbly presents this at the board of his honour.

"Three moons have passed, Oh eminent man!—the peach-tree has blossomed and is bare,—since the radiant lustre of your countenance lighted on the face of your pupil! Like the sightless beggar have I groped my way without a guide: as a tender vine deprived of its support have I drooped and withered. Since we parted I have been as a ship without a rudder, as an uprooted lotus floating on the wave!

"Confucius aphorised, 'There's wisdom in a stone, a tree is good, and every flower hath virtue.' The god-like sage spoke truth, most

learned and revered preceptor. The poppy yields such food as few men wot of. Its juice is heaven, and the smoke divine.

“Ye gods and demons! what delightful dreams I’ve dreamed! A man of earth, I do forget the earth, to roam in realms celestial. What joys unknown are centred in the poppy,—the rich man’s doctor and the beggar’s friend! Woes are forgotten, sickness hides its head, fools become wise, and wise men rival gods, who taste the poppy’s juice! Smoke, most revered preceptor, smoke, and taste of heaven’s joys.

“For the lightning glance of Dr. Wangleeking, eminent man, from his younger brother, Hingpoo.

“3rd Moon, 10th day.”

A sample of the opium accompanied this epistle, and, on the professor’s recommendation, became popular in Nanking, whence it soon spread over the empire. Thus it was that the pernicious but enchanting luxury, or vice, of opium-smoking took root in China.

The produce of the country soon became insufficient to meet the increasing demand for opium, which was accordingly imported from foreign countries to such an extent, that the consequent efflux of bullion alarmed the government, and gave rise to the most rigorous prohibitions. The obstinate and futile endeavours of the “Son of Heaven” to enforce these prohibitions, and the unyielding pertinacity with which the nation has clung to the luxury, have plunged one of the finest countries in the world into a disastrous war, severed a portion of the empire, and humbled to the dust the proudest monarch of earth.

The annals of the world present no similar example of the growth of a habit, which flourished, was fostered and prized, as the difficulties and danger of its indulgence increased. From the statesman who framed the prohibitions, down to the peasant who was ruthlessly sacrificed for their infringement, all tasted the Lethæan joys of the pipe, all sought the dreaming world of opium,—the scholar to sharpen his wit, the sensualist to drown ennui, the starving peasant to forget realities!

The philosopher Yenfoo for once was wrong!

THE MEN OF OLD.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

LET us sing of the Past, though Time be o’ercast
 With the shadow that ages wear;
 Still, the mirth that is known, when compared with our own,
 Should teach us to fly from care!
 Our fathers were gay as the sunniest day,
 As chroniclers oft have told;
 And many a feat and merry conceit
 Are sung of the men of old!

In palace or cot ’twas the same, I wot,
 Content was the favour’d guest,
 While love with its smile would the heart beguile,
 And win it away to rest!
 And firm was the clasp of a friendly grasp,
 For manly they were and bold;
 And scorn’d the ill deed of a worldling’s creed,
 The true-hearted men of old!

CONFESSIONS OF DE LOUDE CHISELHAM.

WHEN I left the protection of the marshal of the Queen's Bench, I thought it would be only prudent to change my name. My reason for so doing may be told in few words. Having been attended, under a well-regulated convoy, to Portugal Street, that I might claim that freedom and exemption from impertinent and vexatious annoyance, which the laws of my country have granted to gentlemen of no visible assets, the judicial whitewasher was pleased to indulge in several unpleasant and ill-judged remarks (strictures, I may call them) upon the schedule I had laboriously prepared for his inspection. He inveighed against my *balance* sheet (whimsically so called, the credit side of the account being *nil*), and had the hardihood to affirm that sundry of my dealings with the tradesmen therein set forth, wore very much the aspect of swindling transactions; a grave charge, which several of the vict— (absurd! I was absolutely about to write victims), which several of the creditors were present in the court to substantiate by oral testimony.

A heartless cabal thus in league against me, I was fain to submit. Words, however glowing with eloquent resentment, had been wasted on them, and I was taken back to an eight months' further sojourn in my prison-house; my good name turned into a blister, my fair fame converted into a blot, my prospects dissolving views, and myself—but I am not great in the morose or moody branches of literature; suffice it, I will yet "pay off" my persecutors, albeit not with silver or with gold. Their malignant calumnies have changed my name, my nature, and my features. Let them look to it. No longer Francis Loosefish, the name of De Loude Chiselham shall yet figure, round-texed, in their ledgers, and stand there a monstrous curse, parent of curses huger than itself.

I will not expatiate on the dreary penance I underwent, during which the earth accomplished two thirds of its revolution round the sun. Not once, though conversant enough with medallic matters, had I an opportunity of adding my humble tribute to the meed of praise accorded to the ingenious Mr. Wyon's new impression of our beloved Sovereign's intellectual contour. My monetary system was not merely deranged, it was insane. Added to this, my inward man, rather let me say, my inward wolf, got as little of the flesh of sheep, as the external one retained of sheep's clothing; not so much wool lingered on my vestments as the passing wether leaves upon the bramble, and the provident bird pounces upon for nidification.

Whither to go, when I made my parting bow to the courteous marshal, I knew not.

"The world was all before me where to choose
My place of rest—"

but I knew, unless silver were visible on the moment of application, I should meet the emphatic flatness of a Fergusonian denial. As I stood in the New Cut, indulging anything but abstract philosophical speculations, whom should I see, in the far distance, each moment approaching more nearly to me, but my old friend Grimey!

Let not the polite reader shudder, when I gently insinuate the fact

that Grimey was a master chimney-sweeper, and a much-valued (he had to pay me six shillings a-week) chum in the Queen's Bench.

I watched him as he approached. He was dressed, not in involuntary professional sable, but in the sober garb of a private citizen. His expressive face, it seemed, had recently undergone soap and water, and while one brickdust hand carried a cudgel, the other, a trifle darker, had two of its fingers inserted in his waistcoat pocket; his massive brow bespoke deep thought; his finely-chiselled nose, refinement of taste, his firmly-compressed mouth indicated a capability of destroying the symmetry of a leg of mutton, and of confounding trimmings, and his one eye not only had "speculation" in it, but "put," "all-fours," "blind hockey," and "thimble-rig," with presumptions of occasional burglary, and casual manslaughter. I welcomed him, as he drew nigh, with a cordial grasp of the hand.

"Well, I'm blest if it ain't the Captain, after all!" ejaculated Grimey, surveying me with uncomfortable intentness.

"Shiver my timbers! Sir Cloudealy Shovel! this is indeed an unexpected pleasure," I replied, hitching up my trowsers after the approved stage-nautical fashion.

I must here explain. Grimey's salutation of me as "Captain" was the consequence of a belief on his part that I was in truth a naval personage, a belief he had adopted while a tenant, in common with myself, of the stronghold I had just left,—a belief I had encouraged, since out of it sprang tankards which else would not forthcome, Grimey having conceived an affection for the wooden walls and their occupants, derived from their dramatic representations. For my own part, I knew little more of oceanic affairs than snatches of Dibdin's songs had from time to time afforded, and a partial remembrance of the "brigs" of the selfsame histrionic tars who had heretofore delighted my dusky acquaintance. To be greeted as Admiral Sir Cloudealy Shovel had formerly delighted Grimey even unto ecstasy, and my present cue was gently to stir up the best feelings of his nature. The punning allusion to his profession, which had suggested the *sobriquet*, was lost upon him.

"What cheer, brother?" I resumed. "Box the compass, ha! In what latitude, eh?"

"Why, amongst the middlins, Captain," returned my friend, handing me a dingy card, which he drew out of a strange leathern receptacle, that did duty as a pocket-book. "See, I'm what they calls a mechanical chimney-sweeper now. Those blowed machines ain't o' no good in a chimley—not a mossel o' good. Is it likely? Chimleys as are made for boys to go up 'em; and as it's natural they should go up 'em. They talks of the humanity o' them there articles—gammon! What harm, I should like some'un just in the most perlitest manner as he can do it, to whisper in my ear—what harm did climbing a chimley ever do a boy yet?—a chap as knowed his work, and warn't afeard of it? What mischief did ever a kid o' mine come to? I was a boy once, and ha' seen human natur' out of a chimley-pot many a time. What am I the worse for it?"

As I knew not Grimey in his boyish days, I was unable to decide how far his bow-legs had been modified by professional agency, or, whether his absent eye had taken its departure in the way of business. Accordingly, I could only respond, "What, indeed!" accompanying the ejaculation with vague references to the extreme peril of going

aloft, and sitting at the mast-head, and emphatically shivering my timbers twice or thrice.

"Well, and how does the world use you?" inquired my friend, with a minute scrutiny of my *tout ensemble* I could have dispensed with; "it's rayther low-water mark with you, I'm thinking, captain."

"You're not wide of the mark either, Sir Cloudesly," I returned—"on a lee shore, brother. Not a shot in the locker, and expect to be sent to Davy's. What odds? Blow high, blow low, there's a cherub that sits up aloft to take care of the life of poor Jack." I now hinted Charrington and Barclay; explaining, that I was not wedded to Charrington, nor had I an unconquerable bias towards Barclay.

Grimey, at the present juncture, was either singularly obtuse, or so involved in the labyrinth of reverie as to be unable to bestow the amount of attention to my hint which it merited.

"What's to become of them there kids as I've given the sack to," he murmured with much earnestness, "I'm blest if I know. They'll come to no good, take my word for it—lazying about, doing o' nothing. Why, what d'ye think I see the other day? One on 'em a-drawing a truck—a-drawing a truck! blest if he warn't. Why, the very Act o' Parliament won't allow the very dogs to be forced into drawing o' trucks no longer. And these here people talks o' their humanity—blowed if it isn't enough to make a man—" here he underwent a sentimental shiver;—"blest if it don't make a man feel alloverish to think of it. I can't stow that gammon, no how."

"And your black kids are no longer on your hands?" I asked.

"Only two I ain't sacked," he replied, "and they don't do no climbing."

"Well, you mustn't let your feelings run to leeward," said I; "if you do, you'll split upon the Eddystone to avoid the Goodwins. Luff, boy, luff. Haul in your mainyard. Stand a pot."

"Well, I don't mind if I do," replied Grimey; applying to his pocket for the necessary coin, which he counted over with much particularity of care, and presently leading the way—not to a regular public-house, a place of refreshment I greatly prefer, but to a shop licensed for the sale of beer.

My design upon Grimey, over and above present liquids, was to extract from him some loose silver—say to the amount of five shillings. That this was a most difficult operation, I was acutely sensible; but the desperation of emptiness, both of person and of pocket, thrust aside objections which appear immovable to the ordinary experimenter, with his comforts about him. With this view, after we had severally drunk to our respective "lucks," I opened all my stores of naval anecdote upon my companion, and drew largely (and had my draughts honoured) upon the magic firm of fiction—a bank in which Betty Martin is a sleeping partner. I "yarned" of Baffin's Bay, and of ports in Bohemia—told of storms in the Pacific, and naval engagements between the hardy Briton and the skinny "Mounseer" in the South Sea. I discoursed of measureless whales seen by the lurid glare of Vesuvius, and of monsters of the deep which human eye had not seen, and the mind of man (until now) had not conceived. I wound up with a splendid description of a flock of flying-fish in the tropics, gilded with dazzling brightness by a vertical sun, while mirror-bearing mermaids sang strange melodies, dressing their redundant hair with pearly combs.

In a word, the entertainment I provided for him was fairly worth a crown, considered as an amount of highly interesting and exciting narrative, which he, in turn, was entitled to disseminate over the cheerful glass, and, if he pleased, to circulate as the gatherings of his own experience. To say the truth, this to hear did Grimey seriously incline; but when, descending from my altitudes, I shook off the weather-beaten chronicler, and in the familiar voice and phrase of our tight little island, requested the loan of five shillings till I could steer to the Navy Pay Office, and see how the land lay there among the lubbers, Grimey gently shook his head, and smiled as gently, scratching his cheek with the end of his pipe as he did so with much apparent indifference, the whole importing that, although the request was natural, and founded in reason, yet that it was quite beside the present purpose—discursive—irrelevant—allowable, perhaps, as an expressed desire, considered in the abstract, but not seriously to be encouraged on the one hand, or gratified on the other.

“Come, captain,” said he, after emptying the quart-pot, “give us one more of your outlandish stories—and I’m off.”

“Well but, smite my topsails, Grimey; as to what I asked just now,—won’t you throw out a rope to a sinking craft—won’t you shove off a life-boat when a gallant tar—”

“I’ll tell you what I’ll do,” replied Grimey; “if you’ll only wait here a short half hour, I’ll come back—now, honour!—and stand another pot. Stow that chaff about the five shillings—it’s no go. I’m going to a raffle for a sucking pig, as I’ve put my name and a bob down to; and as soon as I’ve seen who gets him, I’ll come away and join you here.”

I let him depart without further remonstrance. The prospect of a supply from that quarter looked dismal enough; but when I have an object before me, I cling to it with extraordinary tenacity. I began, therefore, to sort in my mind such mollifying materials as I had, or fancied I had, at command. I “looked out for squalls” more tempestuously tremendous than I had as yet touched upon; I sailed through fresh seas to new climes, and brought treasures therefrom; above all, I concocted and arranged stories of Tom Bowling, Bill Oakum, and Mat Marlinespike, in which the generosity of the British tar towards a brother Jack hoisting signals of distress, was made nobly conspicuous; and anecdotes of an opposite character,—that is to say, of mean-souled land-lubbers, who, basely niggard of their cash when Will Watch or Ben Brace required it at their hands, had their knobs scuttled for ’em by Davy Jones, in his own proper person.

While I thus sat ruminating on the empty quart-measure, I was addressed by a young man at the further end of the room, of whom, although conscious of his presence, I had not hitherto made a particular observation. When I say that the stranger was clad no better than myself, I believe I am not swayed by that partiality which disposes us to rate our own gear higher than it deserves. The lankness of his visage was as conspicuous as the meagreness of my own; from which I inferred that he did not diurnally ring his bell at a stated hour that dinner might be put upon table. I gazed upon him with compassion; for I am of a tender and humane disposition. As I upon him, so, doubtless, did he gaze upon me, for he sighed before he spoke.

“Excuse me,” he remarked,—“but ain’t you a professional?”

“I am not. Never was.”

"Oh! I thought I had seen you in the Horseferry Road."

I had imagined the unknown mistook me for a Thespian from the contiguous theatre — a flattering supposition his last words dispelled. I was unaware of the existence of any temple devoted to the drama recently, or at any time, erected and extant in the Horseferry Road. I made known to him my lack of information on that head.

The stranger appeared slightly confused; but at length brought out,

"Excuse me; but I thought I saw you there a few days ago in," (he named a street I have forgotten,) "singing the new song about Prince Albert."

Heavens! De Loude Chiselham a mouth-melodist in the Horseferry Road, roaring hideous rubbish about his Royal Highness! To what base uses may we come, Horatio! but, to what base uses may we be falsely assigned! It is well for me, as it was for him, that I am of a most amiably placid nature, else had I — but I am calm.

"Ha! ha! you are mistaken," said I, "that is not my calling, or, rather, bawling."

"So much the better. It is mine. Never were such times. There's nothing doing out o' doors, whatever may be done on the other side of the knocker, not in my line alone, but in every line. A new song's of no use — none whatever. You may bawl till you burst: you won't get twopence-ha'penny a day; and an average song is seventy-three times between St. Giles's pound and Whitechapel Church. As for the roadsters—a post is not worth renting now-a-days."

"How's that?" said I. "I thought the knights of the besom—"

"Thought!" he interrupted, with some contempt; "why, it's all along of the wooden pavement. They've to cut away so quick over the road, they've no time to pay the man at the post. Then, as to the couples, with large clean families, why it doesn't pay getting up their linen. Do you know the conjuror?"

"The conjuror!"

"The man who does sleight-of-hand tricks, and catches plates, and a brass ball in a cup on his forehead. Well, he told me out of his own mouth that he doesn't make it answer; and if *he* can't, who can? The times have made him nervous, and the ball knocked one of his teeth out, and he breaks more crockery than a bull in a china shop."

I found, after further conversation with the vocalist, that he attributed the decline of taste for our national street-song to the recent Income Tax; and he entertained an obstinate but cloudily expressed notion, that it was in some degree referable to the New Tariff. At length, he arose, and approaching me, leaned on the table, and inquired with much interest, "Do you play the fiddle?"

"Why,—yes, I do," I returned.

"Pretty well?"

"So, so."

"If I had a pardner," said he earnestly, "we might do the trick between us. The public are all for instrumental—what d'ye call them?"

"Accompaniments?"

"The word. If I had a pardner to play and pick up, we should both do."

"Pick up the money, you mean, I suppose?" I remarked. "Why, I think you might do that, and pick up breath for the next song at the same time."

"I'm short-sighted, bless you," he returned; "and when I move the second-floors, and they throw out a copper, the little boys get it one way, while I'm on the look-out for it another. Come, join us, will you? That's a good fellow."

I declined, for the present, executing a deed of partnership, saying I would think about it, and report my determination next week. He pressed immediate decision, and proffered instant community of profits; but I was inflexible. Upon this, he sighed heavily, and retired from the room; and I heard him directly afterwards invoking his "Gentle mother dear," with an ultra-filial earnestness which was frightfully pathetic.

The recently-retired vocalist had struck a chord within me which vibrated pleasantly. In spite of the gloomy tints with which he had coloured the landscape, I thought I discerned a fiddle once raised to my left shoulder a means of life which, vagabond though it were, was not without its attractions. Yes, the path he had chalked, or rather, resined out for me, I would, if all else failed, assuredly tread. I had two strings to my bow, likewise I had a voice. What it was I knew not, save that it could be made most audible. When I came to reflect in how many ways the human voice is made an agent in the advancement of pecuniary interests—from a costermonger to a *cantatrice*—I felt there was no doubt that mine also had, or would have, its value in the mighty mart of London.

While I was yet studying this important matter, Grimey entered the room, and coming towards me, gave vent to a burst of the most enormous merriment, which not a little startled me, making me for the moment believe that I had disclosed my projects in soliloquy, and that this was a cachinnatory abstract of his more serious opinions touching the possibility of them.

"There!" cried Grimey, when he recovered the power of speech; "what d'ye think of him? Isn't he a nunsich?" Upon this, he presented for my inspection, from beneath the lapel of his coat, the mild countenance of a pig which had, to appearance, recently rendered up the final squeak. "*Isn't* he a nunsich?" he repeated.

I called upon him to smite my crazy hull from stem to stern, if his prize wasn't a trifle more prepossessing to the sight than a shoal of sharks in the Baltic, and bade him transfer it to the table, that I might see it in its entirety.

He did so, filling his pipe and paying for a second tankard, which now came in, gazing amiably the while upon the interesting swine-ling, behind which, on the bench by my side, he presently conveyed himself.

Alas! what are human hopes! My tough yarns (designed as magnetic tractors of five shillings from his pocket) were now as entirely lost upon him, as disquisitions upon acoustics delivered to a deaf man's ear. His whole soul was absorbed in a wrapt contemplation of his pig. His eye promenaded it from tail to snout—his fore-finger tested its ribs—his balancing hand decided its weight—his mouth was full of its praise. He gave me suddenly a delighted nudge.

"I'll tell you how I got him," said he. "Sparks, the broker, mind ye, had left word that no one, on no account, was to throw for him. Well, we waited for him half an hour, and as he didn't come, and as I'd thrown the highest, I collared him nolums bolums. Warn't I right?"

"Avast there!" said I. "Clear the decks from mizen to main hatchway. By the deep nine! if a privateer—"

"Hish!" cried Grimey abruptly, in considerable alarm.

We were seated with our backs to the window. On the outside was a tumult of individuals congregated on the instant.

"He uses this house," cried a childish, but audible treble, "and I'll lay a farthing cake he's in here, and the pig along with him."

"It's mine, fairly won; and no knife and fork's stuck into him but mine, I'll take care of that," returned a voice of extraordinary volume.

"Sparks, by the holy poker!" exclaimed Grimey, turning as pale as the pig, which he seized upon by the nape and threw into my arms. "Just shove him behind the curtain. They sha'n't have him, Captain."

Necromantic as was the velocity with which I performed this feat, I was barely in time to accomplish it ere the rabble rout burst into the room.

"Now, master Grimey," demanded the powerful and imperative Sparks, "where's this 'ere pig as you've boned?"

"Not here," returned Grimey,—then aside to me, "his tail's sticking out, Captain; good luck to you, sit upon it.—I've took it home, and left it with my missis."

"Your missis," observed an adherent of Sparks, "says you hav'n't been a-nigh her all the blessed day. Sparks has throwed forty-three and won him. So fork him over. Your missis ain't seen him, she says."

"She warn't a-goin' to tell *you* so," remarked an acute partisan of Grimey; "she warn't a-goin' to give him up without a general order. Who can blame her?"

A most vulgar brawl now ensued; during which the ownership of the delicate viand was vested in Grimey and Sparks respectively by their vociferous advocates; the claims of each being enforced by those appalling verbal weapons which the descendants of the blue-eyed Saxon are so well-skilled to wield. At length, it was agreed that by the landlord of the house in which the raffle had taken place should the point be decided, and thither they proceeded to adjourn, Grimey exhorting me in a whisper to deliver up my precious charge to none but himself. He would return, he assured me, "in a jiffey."

He would return! Ha! ha! hah! Why I should have been thus tickled, I know not, since I remember perfectly, no sooner had the low-lived squabblers departed, than I found my mind deeply wounded by Grimey's want of common humanity in the case of the five-shillings. The reflection was a painful one, and gave place to a consideration of the recent dispute. To have directed the equitable ownership of the pig might have puzzled a casuist. The cause should have been tried here—in the very room. Grimey had changed the *venue*. With regard to the pig itself, Grimey had set up an *alibi*. Then, as to Sparks—I will trouble the reader no further. In a word, (not to weary him by recounting a process of ratiocination which could only be interesting to the metaphysician or the psychologist,) I drew forth from beneath the curtain the anti-Judaical juvenile, and hoisting it under my arm, made for the door, and in the words of my favourite Byron—

Bore it with me, as the rushing wind
Bears the cloud onward—

"in a jiffey" almost beyond comprehension or belief.

I stopped not till I found myself on Blackfriars' bridge. Here I paused; and placing my pig on the parapet, revolved his destination. Partial as I am to that particular dish, with its accompanying condiments, to reserve it to my own gratification was out of the question. I hied with him, therefore, to Newgate market.

It was a Saturday night, when vendible articles stand a fair chance of attracting customers. There was an emporium for the sale of swine's flesh at the corner of the passage through which I entered, but to avoid odious comparisons with like, even if inferior tempters, was manifestly judicious. I pierced into the heart of the market.

"I say, old chap," said I to a butcher, who was going through his 'buy, buy, buy, buy,' with desperate vigour and constancy, "we won this pig at a raffle; I wish you'd sell it for me?"

"It's not in my line, mate," quoth he.

"It 'ud range well between that chuck-steak and that scrag of mutton," I remarked.

"Well, hand him here," cried the obliging consignee. "Mind, if I sell him, I'm to have sixpence and a glass of gin. Five and six is about his pitch."

"It's struck. Five and six—good. Not less than a crown, if you love me." And I superintended, or rather, facilitated the pig's arrangement on the stall. "Are pigs run upon to-night?" I inquired.

"I shall basket him, I dare say," replied he of the cleaver. "Now be off for half an hour.—Buy, buy, buy, buy."

The hour that succeeded was fraught with agonizing suspense. At first, I walked round the market, and was witness to sundry contracts of bargain and sale, with well-feigned indifference. I visited the pig-salesman's window, and with laudable satisfaction perceived that the number of his young charges from time to time diminished—agreeable evidence that sucklings were eagerly sought after, and found a ready sale—were basketed. Still, mine own—the pig, remained stationary, couchant with tough chuck-steak and insipid scrag; the wicker-work tarried that was to convey him thence. How might this be? I brushed up the butcher's energies by reminding him, that amongst the other items of his recommendatory vocal catalogue, *pig*, with an emphasis, should be included. He smiled, and amended the culpable omission. Still, there he was, fixed, motionless as a sphinx or a griffin at a park gate.

"Would, my fine fellow," I muttered, addressing the unconscious subject of my thoughts, as I walked to and fro, casting a cursory glance upon him, as though I knew him not, until every feature of his face was impressed upon my soul with the indelible marking-ink of memory, "would, my fine fellow, that snout of thine were turned to another point of the compass. And yet, if 'Wisdom crieth aloud in the market-place,' and is not heeded, how should thy silent merit be acknowledged? Sorry consolation!"

It was growing late. The fitful oil-fed lamps cast their red glare on books where joints had been, on stalls where steaks had vanished. As trade slackened, butchers became courteous and communicative across the way, and danced the double-shuffle between the customers.

"Hang the unpopular beast!" said I. "I'll sell him to my consignee for half-a-crown. I was a fool to enter him in the same lists with beef or mutton. It has been a learned pig in its day, or, being dead, it could not be so neglected. Ha! one hope remains!—"

Behold! a woman and her daughter! The daughter, fair to see, and fond, as I conjecture, of luxurious living; the mother, comely, round, and still more prone to riotous indulgence. She led the way with the matronly dignity of a veteran marketer, and halted before the shop. Now or never! Put forth thy best attractions, my sole resource. Would the lamp were trimmed, or cast a ruddier ray athwart thee!

At first, the matron spoke of a fillet of veal; then, with more *gusto*, of a haunch of mutton, at length, her hand pervading her chinking pocket, definitively of sirloin. At that moment the daughter (I blessed her as I stood close behind, drawn thither by uncontrollable anxiety) had her eye upon the pig, and was pleased to speak of it in terms of commendation. "What a nice pig!" was her remark.

"Yes, a tummy little fellow," replied the mother. The more important of the two, the purse-bearer, was fascinated. It threatened to be a brief paroxysm of rapture. "No," she said slowly; and, with a heart sinking almost as low, I heard her clutched silver descend the cavernous depths of her pocket—"No; we won't have him to-night."

"Do," said I, thrusting my head between the bonnets.

"Well, I'm sure!" cried the two ladies simultaneously, making themselves acquainted with my profile.

"Think of it with veal forcemeat!" I pursued.

"Stuff! young man," said the mother.

"Stuffing, Madam; I don't know whether you like it with currant-sauce?"

"Well, I do, young man."

"The crackling, Madam! oh! the brown—the—the—"

The mother smiled blandly in my face. "Scrumpy!" said she; expressive, but, until now, unknown dissyllable! I repeated it with delight.

"Here, Mister Butcher," she said, "what d'ye ask for this 'ere pig?"

"Six shillings, mum," said the butcher, huddling the pig into the basket, smiling at me and taking the money all in a moment. The pig-fraught pair were gone. I danced with ecstasy, and carrying off the butcher to a contiguous gin-shop, handed the promised glass, myself had one, settled the commission, received five-and-twopence, and, all feelings of envious rivalry dismissed, hurried to the pig-salesman's, and bought a pound of pork sausages for my supper—a mode of testifying my gratitude to my swinish preserver, at once delicate and satisfactory.

It was fitting that economy should preside over the remainder of my coin. Accordingly, I spent the whole of the following day in a small coffee-house, restricting my natural cravings to three cups of the wholesome beverage there dispensed, two penny loaves, and four small but elegant pats of butter, impressed with a botanical specimen, whose proper classification might have puzzled Lindley or Linnæus. During the period of my sojourn in that snug retirement, I acquired the new method of blasting rocks out of "The Mechanic's Magazine," absorbed a supply of pathos out of a French tale in "The Mirror," and vamped my well-nigh worn-out ethics out of Mr. Owen's "New Moral World." After these pleasurable exertions of the intellect, the affections, and the morals, I felt myself equal to anything, and calling for pens, ink, and paper, indited, in a hand curiously unlike

the usual products of my pen, a letter to my uncle O'Grindley, to which I took the pardonable liberty of appending the name of my recent friend Cutluckie Mizzle, a gentleman who had been lately sent for improvement upon his travels to Norfolk Island or Port Arthur — it matters not which, save to the exile himself.

Grindley had been many times (I cannot deny it) most kind to me, but during the last ten months he had enacted the rocky flint in a manner that might have made

“Fell Charybdis murmur soft applause.”

My distress had afflicted him not. His eyes were, like the hat which overshadowed them, waterproof. The man who had not been, like the pig of yesterday, dairy-fed with the milk of human kindness, now felt himself, like the pig of to-day, “done brown.” In answer to my plaintive appeals he had said, that I had “taught him a lesson he should never forget.” How, then, shall the painstaking pedagogue go unrewarded? He had told me that I had “put him on his guard for the time to come.” Shall the serviceable shield, the buckler bear all the buffets, and be cast aside when the fray is over? He had averred that I had at last “opened his eyes.” Must the moral oculist, after couching the mental visual organ, depart without his fee, without a sight of money?

It behoved me to paint a picture after Rembrandt, just sufficient light to show the darkness; I therefore, raising the pen of Mizzle, expatiated most movingly on my illness, my sufferings, my remorse—my death. I caused Mizzle, while he deplored the failings of my head, to bear affecting testimony to the rare goodness of my heart, to my humanity, my sweetness of nature, my gratitude towards my uncle. “Grindley! Grindley!” hovered on my lips; “My deeply-wronged uncle — best of men!” faltered on my tongue. The Muse went off in a fainting-fit, and the doctor wept unrestrained. The people of the house would have let me live rent-free, could I have extended my life, and meant to put on new mourning for me. In conclusion, I (Mizzle) put it to him, whether I ought to be buried at parochial cost (an ill-conditioned overseer, and the chances of abstraction were not forgotten), or rather, whether, at a few pounds' expense — (here followed the estimate of Abel Glum, an undertaker) — I should not descend into the silent grave like the imprudent, but only too sensitive kinsman of the far-famed, for his judicious benevolence, O Grindley.

I protest, I was so sensibly affected by my own letter, that, could the earth have teemed with my tears, each drop would not have produced a crocodile, but rather, a lama; that South American sheep which, travellers tell us, cries at a moment's notice, and without provocation.

Having written the name of “Cutluckie Mizzle” on a piece of paper, I requested the keeper of the coffee-house to be good enough to take in a letter which would be forwarded to his address in a day or two, and on the morrow put my letter into the post; and making the best of my way to Primrose Hill, gave myself a lesson, on the top of it, in the art of street-stentorism. Thence I descended to the Seven Dials, and at last discovered a most bygone fiddle hanging at a door-post; such an instrument as, in its palmy days, doubtless relaxed the rigidity of the wisdom of our ancestors. This relic of the past would

surely come within the scope of my finance. I asked its price. Two and six. Monstrous extortion! The man, however, would not bait a copper.

I had it down from its peg, and took the bow in my hand, designing to ascertain its merits by performing what, in happier days, I had been wont to call my Sinfonia in X; an intricate conglomeration of excruciating discords, in which the rasping of files, the braying of jackasses, the shuddering horror of saws, inquisitorial tortures, and the singing of Mr. —, were equally blended. But first my thumb was busy with it. It gave forth alarming symptoms of atrophy—a kind of *anno Domini* sound—the voice of Old Parr set to music for the Ancient Concerts.

“Hollo!” said I; “Mr. Lazarus; this instrument of yours has been furnished with strings at the internal expense of a cat o’ moun-tain.”

“D’ye think so?” he replied, with the accent of a Hebrew; “it’s a rare good one.”

Enough. “Sufferance is the badge of all their tribe.” “Not a farthing less than half-a-crown?” I inquired over the bow of the violin.

“No—so help me —”

I struck up my sinfonia, my eye upon my auditor. He reeled under it, writhed, and besought forbearance; but the obstinacy proverbial as a quality belonging to his nation, withheld a fall of the price. In a short time, however, I “whipped the offending Adam out of him,” and whipping out two shillings, bore away my prize in triumph.

A short-lived triumph. The vocalist of the beer-shop was right. Never were such times for peripatetic musical professors. I know not how it may have been when Music, heavenly maid, was young; but now she’s grown old, and has to tramp the streets for a maintenance, she had much better go to a Gilbert Union and, forgetting her skill, be contented with “skilly.” Though I danced as well as played and sung—though to the poetry of sound I wedded the poetry of motion, I discovered I could get very little more money for them than for the poetry in print. One night, I compared notes with my quondam acquaintance of the New Cut. He had been exalting “The brave old oak” at one end of a street, while I had been calling upon the woodman to “spare that tree” at the other. When I say that we concluded our discourse with half-a-pint of beer, and that its payment exhausted our treasures respectively, I expect to be believed.

Meanwhile, no letter, enclosing a remittance, from my uncle. Inhuman, unnatural old rascal! No doubt, he was glad to learn that his nephew had been quietly inurned. This terrible instance of callousness in one whom I had been prone to respect, shocked me beyond expression. I was fain to go on fretting my inside to fiddle-strings, which were of no use to my fiddle, and fretting the strings of my fiddle, which were of no use to my inside.

The badness of the popular taste! Not only that, but its caprice—its waywardness. Prospect Place would be sentimental one week, and demand “The Soldier’s tear,” and on the next, wax facetious, and require “The Sailor’s hornpipe.” Then, I know nothing more trying to human equanimity, than to perform before nursery-maids, who can’t feel in their pockets, because they’re jiggling the babies, unless

it be to instil sweet sounds into a semicircle of open-mouthed boys, who look upon a minstrel as a gratuitous teacher of our most popular melodies, and in a short time make that cheap, nay—worthless, in the popular ear, which was originally designed as a luxury to be paid for.

Only one piece of good fortune did I light upon during my professional career. One night, I started into the Regent's Park, resolved, if possible, to extract from a close-fisted aristocracy what a liberal and enlightened public had all day long declined to bestow—namely, a few halfpence. There was a gay and festive scene in progress in the drawing-room of one of the houses. The French windows were open—the muslin blinds transparent. The heads of ladies and gentlemen bobbed up and down in the mazy dance. (By the bye, if ladies and gentlemen had ever taken a pedestrian's-eye view of such proceedings, they would never again bob up and down, or do so with closed shutters.)

The gate being open, I stepped into the fore-court, and, the dance ended, plied my resin, and screwed up Old Growler,—for so I called my instrument, myself being, when vocally engaged, *Young Growler*. A plaintive melody was the result, such as must have somewhat astonished the various insects that still lingered on the dewy flowers, or on their leaves. During its course one of the windows became darkened with human faces, which were again withdrawn, and a burst of female laughter, shrill and shocking, ensued.

Heavens! could it be? What! honest poverty striving to obtain a hard subsistence by one of the most humanizing of enlightened pursuits! Horrible depravity in high life! I could have wept.

"Hang me," said I, "if I don't give 'em my *Sinfonia in X*, or the sentimental song I set last week to a sore-throat accompaniment, or *Jump Jim Crow* amongst the shrubs."

While I was deciding which of the three should be my first piece of vengeance, two young ladies appeared in the balcony. My wrath was appeased. I saluted them, taking off my hat as well as the brim would let me.

"'Tis he—'tis he, Caroline?" said one.

"Who is it?" said the other.

"Fitzhoax—Lord Fitzhoax. He was in Belgrave Square last week with a barrel-organ, and sold a barrowful of hearth-stones in Pimlico for a wager.—Ah! my lord, we know you."

Not, I need not say, a member of the British peerage, or a scion of a noble stock, I had no more accurate knowledge of the modes of phrase of the great, than is to be gathered from public and police report, and from fashionable novels. However, such knowledge as I had, I brought to bear on the instant.

"'Pon honour ladies," said I, "*pardonnez moi*, you're mistaken—at fault, by heavens! May I never wrench off knockers, pitch into a policeman, or dance at Almack's, if—"

"Poor man! we were mistaken," said the first lady with much seriousness. "There, take that. Go away." So saying, a heavy purse alighted on my aged instrument, making it thrill again.

"La! how could you, Caroline?" remonstrated the second lady.

"He's invited;" cried Caroline, "and will return it when he comes up."

"*Merci, merci!* Madame," I exclaimed, bagging my spoil, and look-

ing sharp out for the other lady's purse. "'Pon honour, you're mistaken. *N'importe. Au revoir.*"

At that instant, a gentleman with exceedingly long legs came out. "What 's the matter?"

"Lord Fitzhoax."

Long-legs took a survey of me. "He Fitzhoax! He's an impostor."

"I've thrown my purse to him, I declare."

Longlegs vanished in a twinkling.

"*N'importe. Au revoir,*" said I, vanishing likewise. I was too quick for Eustace, long as were his shanks. My calculation is, that when the street-door opened, I was in the tap-room of the Farthing Pie-house.

Now must I close my confessions for the present. The contents of the lady's purse, four sovereigns at one end, fifteen-and-sixpence at the other, disappeared with great rapidity. Woodvilles and brandy-and-water, taken constantly, impair the income. I was very glad I didn't feed the fire with my fiddle, as I had thought to have done. I was soon as badly off as ever.

Conceive me, good reader, one night in Fetter-lane—penniless, but with a most excellent appetite—playing and singing to no purpose, and not in the most agreeable temper, about, sorely against my will, to have recourse to my *dernier ressort*—dancing. My foot was already in the air—my bow was on the fiddle when—God bless me!—a figure in a brown great-coat, his spread hands upon his protruded knees—his hat rising from his head, though there was no bristling hair underneath to push it off his round face, white as a bladder of lard—Grindley!

How I brought my feet into the first position, I know not. How Grindley got his eyes into their sockets again still remains inexplicable.

"What! not dead, Frank! Why, Mr. Mizzle wrote me—not buried by the parish! Oh! oh! oh!" Here Grindley wept abundantly.

"A trance, my dear uncle—but, kindest of men, I have sinned, but I am now paying the penalty."

Grindley screwed up his poor old face, and shook his head, as one who has swallowed a draught which likes him not. "Put away that—that—" he said, pointing to the fiddle.

Down into the cellar of the White Horse flew the instrument, the bow following, to make the concern complete.

I embraced him. He was as soft as ever—outside and in.

"I only got Mr. Mizzle's letter yesterday," said he; "been away from home. Come and have some new clothes."

I did so,—and had some supper with him, and went down with him into the country, promising reformation; and here I am in Hampshire, trying it. It won't do. It won't answer. It's no go. Grindley, my boy, once more draw upon your exchequer, and I'm off.

LITERARY RETROSPECT OF THE DEPARTED GREAT.

BY A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

My earliest recollections are of Coleridge, taking me upon his knee, and telling me, with a plaintive voice, and with an emphasis that I can never forget, the story of Mary of Buttermere, then a recent subject of popular discourse. His pallid face, his long black hair, suffered, with the characteristic affectation of Coleridge's younger days, to fall about his neck,—the appealing tones of his voice—the earnest gaze which he fastened upon my puzzled countenance, and the simple eloquence with which he told the story, are still present with me. Tears ran down his cheeks—for his were feelings that could be conjured up instantaneously. I must not omit to say, that this little scene was enacted before a large circle of admiring and sympathetic young women,—my elder sisters amongst the most approving,—and whilst philosophers and literati looked on.

The poet visited the house at which I was staying, in the capacity of travelling companion to one of the most amiable and accomplished of men, a son of the great Wedgwood: an invalid, of a mind equal in delicacy to his drooping and sensitive frame. He was on his road to Naples, where he died of consumption, enjoying on his death-bed, the reflection that he had been the first to discern the talents of Davy, whom he had encountered culling plants from the rocks near Penzance, and whom he introduced to Dr. Beddoes. He might also consider that he had, by his liberality, smoothed the rugged path of Coleridge's mid-way career; for the poet was at that time in great necessity.

The next occasion on which I beheld Coleridge was, when lecturing to a fashionable audience at the Royal Institution. He came unprepared to lecture. The subject was a literary one, and the poet had either forgotten to write, or left what he had written at home. His locks were now trimmed, and a conscious importance gleamed in his eloquent eyes, as he turned them towards the fair and noble heads which bent down to receive his apology. Every whisper—and there were some hundreds of ladies present—was hushed, and the poet began. I remember there was a stateliness in his language, and the measured tones did not fall so pleasantly upon my ear, as the half-whispered accents in which "Mary of Buttermere" was described to my childish understanding. "He must acknowledge," he said, "his error—the lecture was *not*; but the assembly before him must recollect, that the Muses would not have been old maids, except for want of a dowry." The witticism was received with as much applause as a refined audience could decorously manifest, and the harangue proceeded. I began to think, as Coleridge went on, that the lecture had been left at home on purpose; he was so eloquent—there was such a combination of wit and poetry in his similes—such fancy, such a finish in his illustrations: yet, as we walked home after the lecture, I remember that we could not call to mind any real instruction, distinct impres-

sion, or new fact imparted to us by the great theorist. It was all fancy, flourish, sentiment, that we had heard.

Sir James Hall, the father of the now noted Captain Basil Hall, was the next object of my early reminiscences. He was a very peculiar being—shrewd, reflective, and scientific. He came to visit us, in order to watch the chemical processes in a manufactory near to us. This was his object: his recreation was tormenting and frightening us poor children, by making faces behind our chairs, then touching us to call our attention; swinging us so high that our little feet touched the tree tops, and we screamed with terror; springing upon us from behind a holly-bush, or pushing us down upon half-broken ice, then rescuing us with a rude kindness. His mornings were given to deep scientific pursuits, grave thoughts, elaborate researches; his evenings—how like all Scotsmen—to jigs, and practical jokes: yet he was simple and gentle as the children whom he loved, and who loved him; and we heard of his departure, protracted week after week, with sorrow.

Sir James was succeeded in our circle of friends by the far-famed Leslie, that prince of philosophic coxcombs; who, with round shining face, and sleek hair, descended from his travelling-carriage to step, smirking and ogling, into our well-filled drawing-room. Fat, coarse, and vain, the great precursor of Davy elicited nothing but suppressed laughter from the fair circle of merry girls whom he strove to fascinate. He was profound—far more profound, we were told, than our friend Sir James Hall: but he was a self-worshipper, the idol of an Edinburgh coterie, whose praises rang in his ears as he descended to our southern sphere. A strange compound of love and chemistry, it was well for Leslie that he lived not in these degenerate days, when his splendid attainments would not have rescued his absurdities from periodical ridicule, his person from caricaturists, nor his society from being pronounced an infiction.

Years passed away; and when, by matured perceptions and improved intellect, I was enabled to appreciate such a privilege. I had the happiness of knowing Mackintosh.

Our dawning acquaintance was heightened into a something less close than friendship, more intimate than ordinary acquaintance, by an illness with which I was afflicted. It resembled, at first, the fatal disease of which a favourite daughter had recently died, and the sensitive feelings of the most amiable of men were touched by the detail of symptoms which recalled the anguish which he had endured. He called almost daily to inquire after my health, and supplied me with books, admirably chosen for the diversion of an invalid, whose weakened mind could not grasp what was abstruse, yet whose nerves might not sustain the impression of exciting fiction. Amongst other books, he thus introduced me to Scott's "Lives of the Novelists," that charming little work, which Mackintosh warmly applauded; and no one could more delicately and critically enter into those masterly estimates of the merits of each novelist, with which Scott has enriched this work. "I love fiction so much," said Sir James to me one day, "that there is a sort of rivalry between me and C——s G——t which can get hold first of the last new novel."

During my recovery from the illness referred to, I used to sit at a window, and watch the slow steps of Sir James as he paced to and

from the walks of a garden near. Drooping as his figure now was—for he was approaching his sixtieth year—there was yet something noble in that tall, athletic form, reared among the hills of Invernesshire, but recently shaken in its strength by the enfeebling latitudes of India. Calm, but pensive, was the expression of Sir James's countenance at that period. All fiery passions were in him suppressed by the truest philosophy, the most perfect and practical benevolence. But disappointment, perhaps, that his resplendent talents had long spent their force in remote and thankless exertions, the indifference of some political and early friends, the unmerited estrangement of others; the conviction that his own opinions, carefully weighed, and slowly brought to maturity, were far too moderate for the rising faction, far too liberal for that whose sun was setting, must have brought painful and anxious thoughts to the heart of one too disinterested to grieve for his own privations, but naturally desirous of employing those powers, of which he could not but be conscious.

Such reflections may have accounted for the sadness, not to call it gloom, which was always dispelled from the countenance of Mackintosh when a friend, or even acquaintance approached; for he really loved society, nay, somewhat depended on it; not shutting up his thoughts and feelings from the few, and disburdening them solely on the public, but imparting freely, easily, not voluminously and ponderously, the workings of his stored reflective mind. His prodigious memory was so chastised by judgment, as never to overpower. He needed not the foil of ordinary minds to set off his mental superiority. Among the select of France and England, by the side of Hallam and Sismondi, he surpassed all other minds in the extent of his knowledge and freshness of ideas. With Cuvier and Herschel, the accomplished philosopher, great in science almost as in literature, shone forth—in conversational tact, and in that quiet repartee, which, uttered by his lips, was pointed, but never caustic, he could cope with Jeffrey.

I saw him in his decline, but a few weeks before he was gathered to the tomb. It was after the slight, but fatal accident that brought into play lurking mischief in the Constitution, had occurred, that I took a last farewell of the historian and philosopher, whose works a more thinking age is beginning fully to comprehend and to value. His face was then blanched almost to an unearthly hue; and the first conviction that I felt on looking at my revered friend was, that his shattered frame could sustain no fresh attack of disease. Alas! the axe was then laid to the root of the tree. I knew it not; but though he scarcely partook of any food, save the sparest and lightest, I trusted that he was convalescent. Never did I see him more cheerful. An early friend of his family, a Scottish lady of condition, upwards of eighty, sat at his hospitable board, and recalled to him the days of Adam Smith, whom Sir James Mackintosh just remembered, and spoke of the childhood of Harry Brougham, Frank Horner, and James Mackintosh, as if they were but young men still, and she—already stepping into the grave, in her prime:—a happy illusion, with which let none seek to interfere.

In Hampstead churchyard, his grave only marked by a plain stone, no inscription save that of his name and age, lie the remains of this truly great, and truly good man. They repose by the side of the—

daughter whose death has been referred to; and near to a yew-tree, against which, as the clergyman who read the Funeral Service over that daughter informed me, Sir James Mackintosh leaned, during the solemn rites, in an agony of grief; often have I stood by it since, and recalled those lines of Cowper (that poet whose genius, and whose misfortunes ever met with deep sympathy from Mackintosh):—

“ Could one wish bring thee, would I wish thee here ?
I dare not trust my heart,—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might :
But, no ; what we here call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and *thou* so much,
That I should ill requite thee to restrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.”

Who now remembers the man about whom all England was at one time talking, Blanco White? What a treasure he would be to some parties, could he arise from his grave, and lay bare again the secrets of the Brotherhood to which he belonged. I never liked him: young and unused as I was in the world, and before my initiation even into an university world, I always distrusted that meek, smooth face—that bland manner, caustic, nevertheless, on some points. He was then a red-hot, fiery, zealous Protestant—the character is *not* Christian, assert it who may. It may be useful to a party, it may be sincere—I believe it; but the man who brings the bitterness of party spirit to bear upon the holiest, the mildest, the purest of themes, may be a polemic, but he cannot be a practical Christian.

Many people doubted Blanco White's sincerity; I did not—for the time. He was a man, to judge by his writings, more than from any personal knowledge of him, who took up any one side of a question with an earnestness that had much of the Jesuit in it; for it was varnished over with the most exquisite air of moderation. He died an Unitarian—most people were surprised—I was not. I am never surprised at the violent going from the South Pole to the North, their consistency is alone a matter of wonder.

To return to Blanco White. I never could look at him, without recalling the former monk to my mind's eye, and fancy him singing motets and requiems with his brethren. It was a monk-like face—long, very long, white, smooth: there was an air of subdued determination, if one may use such a word—he looked like a man who had lived by rule, as if the passions had been subjected to discipline.—Ah! I could not help shaping out the tonsure on his head, and figuring to myself a cowl on his shoulders, or fancying him in a long, black, serge robe.

I wonder whether any one ever enjoyed the singular fortune that I had, of seeing Mrs. Olivia Serres in respectable society—of hearing that queen-like looking creature talk naturally, and sanely; and of having the especial honour of being introduced to her two daughters, Britannia and Cordelia.

Mrs. Serres was not then either the Princess Olivia or the Princess of Poland, but the undoubted wife of Mr. Serres, landscape painter by appointment to the royal family. She was very handsome—at least, I thought her so; rouged, tall, fat, audacious. There was a mystery made by the family at whose house we met her,

touching her birth—they believed in it, good creatures—an aged bookseller and his deaf wife; the most trusting, because the most honest and benevolent people in the world.

I remember Mrs. Serres telling us the story of her uncle, Dr. Wilmot's house, near Coventry, being broken into; and her interesting, by her courage and beauty, one of the robbers, and his sparing her some favourite trinket, and her afterwards appearing against him at the Warwick assizes, where—and I can quite believe it—she excited the admiration of every one by her unparalleled replies during a severe cross-examination. She told the story well. She had patient, and admiring listeners; and I remember—I was not twelve—being somewhat awed by the names her daughters had: I felt honoured by catching Britannia at blind-man's buff, and could hardly believe that it was really Cordelia who laughed so loud at hunt the slipper. I suppose royalty was in her head when these names were bestowed. At that time, however, Mrs. Serres depended a good deal upon the lavish bounty of a half-witted gentleman, who believed firmly in her claims, and worshipped her beauty. Some years afterwards, I heard of her greeting the late Duke of York out of her window, as "Cousin Frederick." This was quite consistent with her effrontery in private life.

Coeval with my acquaintance with him, and between the period of boyhood and of college, was my more matured friendship with Charles Mills. Charles Mills! I think I hear those of my grandchildren who may, at some future time, pick up this retrospect, among old bills, or old letters, ask, "Who *was* Charles Mills?" I answer, "Many a worse man, many a writer with one-third of his knowledge, has lived, and does live, whilst *he* is chiefly to be found in a dusty back room, (that is, his remains,) at Messrs. Longmans', Paternoster Row.

He was one of that race, my child, or children who may scan what this hand now writes, (having done, thank Heaven! for the present with these papers from Lincoln's Inn)—of a race quite gone by—clean expunged from society—a laborious gentleman writer. A man of independent circumstances, not rich, who chose, from the love of letters, and the desire of fame, to dedicate himself to the fabrication of long historical works, the very subjects of which would drive our present authors to despair. History of Mohammedanism—History of the Crusades—History of Chivalry—admirable, neglected works, written in a too ambitious style, with the ghost of Gibbon always in the writer's view, presiding over his library table, but excellent, nevertheless,—and, my daughters, or grand-daughters, or great-grand-daughters, they were *pure!* The subjects were delicately handled; for their writer had an infinite sense of what was seemly, and was a Christian writer.

He was, indeed, a sort of knight-errant in his notions of ladies, of whom he knew little enough, though he loved their society. I well remember the deference of his manner to them—how seldom he ventured to raise his fine, dark, beaming eyes to gaze on any young beauty. Yet, he was, though when I knew him inclining to the old bachelor, by no means unsusceptible. But he lived in an ideal world. He lived with Gray, Pope, Addison. His intimate associates were Warton, and Thomson; the companions of his lighter hours, Lady Mary Wortley, and Swift, or perhaps, Mrs. Centlivre, or Mrs.

Oldfield,—no scandal! I mean to say, he spoke in their language, he almost thought their thoughts. He was remarkably conversant with dramatic literature, and I doubt not, was one of those who understood every point of a good actor, from John Kemble down to Blanchard. His quotations, in society, were infinite—his manner gentle, but not devoid of pedantry. Pedantry! What an antiquated characteristic! Like the stage-coaches, it will soon be a mark of age to remember that such a failing was ever known. With it, there has passed away the race of close readers—the habit of accuracy—the love and the knowledge of the old writers.

I was on the top of a Cambridge coach when I passed, one day, the lodgings where my poor friend Mills lived. I saw him at the window, his face looked pale, I thought—he was standing, too, unemployed. A faint smile passed across his face as he saw me. I called to the guard, and jumped off, carrying my carpet bag with me. Absolutely the dear fellow came down to the door to meet me. I never saw a frame more shattered. He had been ill, broken a blood-vessel, he told me, in his weak accents (he stuttered a little), but was doing remarkably well now. Alas! He had wintered in Pisa years before for that same melancholy symptom. I never saw him more. He took me into his room, up-stairs, well lined with well-preserved books, neat as a don's rooms, with a good fire, a disused desk, an easy chair, and prints of one or two favourite authors over the chimney-piece. I recollect, lad as I was, envying all this comfort. Poor Mills! it was an easy cheerful decline, I heard; he was never well enough to admit, after that, such harum scarum fellows as myself. I do not believe he was more than thirty-six years old when he died.

I had left college, when fate introduced me to Miss Landon. How could my mother, fate's instrument, let me run such a risk? I can recollect her when she lived in Sloane street with her grandmother; indeed, I remember her before that time. I recall her exactly: short, not slight, with a most blooming, glowing complexion, beautiful teeth, expression; everything but features—that is, the features were insignificant—they were not unpleasing. She could not have been above eighteen, but she had a fashion of wearing a fanciful little cap on the top of her head, and that suited her exactly. It was an eccentric appearance that she made. She dressed then upon an idea—a sweeter voice I never heard; I mean in speaking. I do not believe that she sang, or that she had any knowledge of music. She had an inborn courtesy of manner, that flattered you, whether she wished it or not: a warm, excitable nature. We met, one evening—but stay—I must sit and think of her awhile. She is too precious a remembrance to be merely made notes of. I should like here to record all that I knew of her, felt for her, heard of her. I must sit down to do it more at my leisure.

THE FORTUNES OF THE SCATTERGOOD FAMILY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XLII.

An unexpected party visits Mr. Rosset's arena.

THE unflinching nerve and muscular strength shewn by Vincent in rescuing Brandon from the clutches of the tigress was not without its effect on Mr. Rosset. He immediately perceived that he would be a very valuable addition to his *corps olympique*; and the next morning, when he accompanied Mr. Fogg to the theatre, the manager began to test his capability.

A curious sight was the circus in the morning. All the dens had been removed into an inner tent, around which their caravans were stationed; the tan and sawdust had been raked very smooth, and a young man in a light, thin jacket and trowsers, with buff slippers, was rehearsing an equestrian act upon two horses, upon which he leapt over a thin gate of laths, the top bars of which were so contrived that they opened to the horses' legs, and closed up again immediately. There was no music, and the scene altogether had such a slow appearance, that no one would have recognized in the performer of the morning the spangled "Tartarean hunter of the wilderness," who went round the circle, flashing like a meteor in the evening.

In the centre of the ring, Mr. Rosset was instructing a small pony in what the Terpsichorean advertisements call "dancing and deportment;" but the small horse did not appear to evince any great disposition for the usages of polite society. He had strapped up the hoofs of its fore feet to the upper part of the leg; and was now making the animal crawl upon its knees after him, with its nose grubbing in the sawdust all round the circle, by dint of whip, halter, and threatening persuasion. But when, at night, the pony rang a bell for some oats on a gilt plate, and sat at a table-cloth fringed with tinsel, people imagined that he was a most happy animal to be thus attended to. They did not see him during the morning's tuition.

Mr. Fogg was sitting in the orchestra, as far away from the tent where the animals were as he could well be, now and then putting in a few remarks upon such things that struck his imagination vividly.

"I should like to do a drama," said he "upon Gulliver's Travels."

"It's been done," returned Mr. Rosset.

"The difficulty now is to find what has not been done," observed Mr. Fogg.

"I never have," replied the manager proudly; "at least by authors. I pay for all my pieces by the night; and then if they don't run, it's the fault of the writers—if they do, it benefits both."

"Then if a play is unlucky, it is a dead loss to the author," remarked Mr. Fogg mildly.

"Of course it is," returned the other; "but what's his loss com-

pared to mine in getting it up? He can only lose two or three quires of paper."

"But his ideas—the wear and tear of brain," continued Fogg.

"Oh, that's all nothing; you don't pay anything, you know, for ideas and brains: they come natural."

Mr. Fogg perceived that the value of mental labour was not understood by the circus manager. He therefore returned to his original position.

"I still think you might do something with Gulliver's Travels. Not with the little people and the great ones, but the horses with the strange names that nobody knows how to pronounce any more than if they were Welsh,—much less to spell."

"Well, do it—do it," said Mr. Rosset; "only it's difficult to manage a lot of horses by themselves upon the stage. This cursed pony can't be left alone by himself yet; as he is, he tries to fire off the wine-bottle, and drink out of the pistol. Stupid brute! one would think some horses were entirely idiotic."

And, by way of correction for the future, he gave the pony a pretty smart cut with his whip.

"Couldn't something new be contrived?" said Mr. Fogg; "people have seen ponies at supper so often. I've read of a horse that danced the tight rope,"

"Ah—I know," answered Rosset; "in what's his name's book—Strutt's Times and Passports—I've been told of it, and don't believe a word. My horses are very nearly as much Christians as I am; but they couldn't do that. Heyday! eleven o'clock. Now, William, call the ladies and gents for the entry."

Several of the company now made their appearance upon the summons of the call boy, including Mrs. F. Rosset who was introduced to Vincent. She was a fine-looking woman, with a hand that felt like horn, and a voice which sounded as if, having talked amongst sawdust and horse-hair so long, it had imbibed a large quantity of both. She had been an actress from her birth, but only lately an equestrian. As is often the case, there was the stage in every one of her gestures and attitudes; and her speeches were all made up of conventional dramatic sentences. And when Vincent expressed the gratification he experienced from the introduction, she said, "You do me proud." The other *écuyères* were also handsome girls, even in their common toilets, but they were not remarkable for grammatical correctness or fluency of expression when they spoke. However, in their instance, physical, rather than intellectual superiority was looked for, and provided they could stick tight to their saddle, and say "Come up!" or "Hold hard," this was all that was required of them.

Vincent was mounted on a horse that had formed one of the pair upon which the gentleman in the light dress, who turned out to be Mr. F. Rosset—the "Energetic whirlwind,"—had been doing the "Tally-ho of Thermopylæ," or something of the kind. As he patted the back of the animal, a cloud of white powder flew about, covering his dress, which at first he took for some remarkable physiological phenomenon, connected with the idiosyncrasy of circus horses.

"Hi!" cried Mr. Rosset, as he saw it. "Hi, Simmons! why isn't that mare cleaned!"

"I hadn't time, sir," replied the groom.

"Never mind, Mr. Scatterbrains, Thingumtight, What-is-it? It's only chalk."

"Oh!—I don't care," replied Vincent; "only I don't see what you chalk your horses for."

"Always do, sir, in daring acts of equitation upon bare-backed steeds; that's why we always use white horses for it. They couldn't keep their footing without, nohow; leastwise the generality. My Fred could hang on by his eyelashes, if it was wanted."

The *corps* now commenced the rehearsal of the "*Wild Cotillon of Queen Elizabeth and the Tartar Horde of Pekin*," and then Mr. Rosset became a person wonderful to gaze upon, as he took his place on the elevated orchestra, by the big drum, upon which he thumped, from time to time, with the handle of his stick, whenever he wanted to procure silence. For his energy and emphasis were alike wonderful. Indeed, as he remarked to Mr. Fogg, "unless a man had cast-iron lungs, and could swear hard enough to split an oak plank and turn the sky yellow, he need not be a master of a circus."

In the written programme of the performance which Mr. F. Rosset read from time to time to guide the manœuvres of the company, there was a direction to the "Horde" that, having encamped, they were to implore the protection of their guardian spirit. Nobody appeared precisely to know what this meant, until Mr. Rosset, senior, thus interpreted it:

"Halloo! you sirs—look here, and be d—d to you. Suppose that candle-hoop's the guardian spirit; very well. Now you get off your horses, and make 'em lie down, and then look at the candle-hoop, as much as to say, "Don't shirk us, there's a jolly good chap. That's it—very good. Now again.—Will—you—hold—your—tongues?"

This last speech was given with an obligato bang on the drum between every word, which had the effect of silencing the talkers.

"Now then," continued Mr. Rosset, "encamp, and go to sleep, with the horses for your pillows.—Mr. Scatterwood, put your head between the mare's hind-heels.—You needn't be afraid—she's very quiet, and its more effective.—Now, ladies—*ladies!*!"

Another solo on the drum.

"Do pray attend. You keep guard by the watch-fires."

Mrs. F. Rosset was bold enough to inquire where the watch-fires were supposed to be.

"Bless me! anywhere—there! that's a watch-fire," replied Mr. Rosset, taking off his hat and throwing it into the arena. "Now then, ladies, keep watch over that hat, whilst your lovers are asleep."

"That does not strike me as being very gallant," observed Mr. Fogg.

"Hush!" returned Rosset; "you don't understand it. Love, you know—woman's devotion—touching—affects the shilling audience. That's a good tableau—isn't it? Only lights, and music, and dresses will make such a difference, you know."

Mr. Fogg certainly thought so too; the adjuncts would make a very great difference. And then he continued:

"Why don't you get up a local scene, and call it Lady Godiva?"

"Ah! um!" replied Mr. Rosset, hesitating; "not bad, but you

see the difficulty would be about Godiva herself. I don't think I could find anybody to play it."

"To the eye of the poet and artist—"

"Yes, I know—very proper," interrupted Mr. Rosset; "but our audience are not all poets and artists; they've got eyes like other people. No—it wouldn't do."

Some more scenes were gone through, including the performance of a heavy, thick-set man, known as "the Bounding Ball of the arena," and then the troop separated for dinner, to meet again at six.

Mr. Rosset's bills had answered in attracting an audience, for by the hour of commencement, every seat was filled. Mrs. F. Rosset sat in the tilted cart at the principal entrance, until the very last minute, half in her arena dress, over which a cloak was thrown, and wearing a fine bonnet and feathers, in style similar to those which used to be patronized by the ladies who presided, under umbrellas, over the *al-fresco* gaming tables at the races, at which everybody always threw numbers next door to the great prize. And when the time arrived for her to join the others, Mr. Rosset took her place to look after the currency. But beyond this, he did not appear in any public capacity.

Vincent thought his old manner of life was beginning again, as he put on a species of Chinese dress, together with some of the other riders, in an apartment between a tent, a stable, and a dressing-room. And a gloom fell upon his spirits, for the moment, as he reflected on his position, dragged down lower and lower from his proper station, without any apparent means of extricating himself. But in the midst of these dark thoughts, he was called upon to mount, and appear before the audience, in the "grand entry;" and then his attention was too much occupied with riding in endless figures of eights amongst the others, to think of anything else.

The amusements went on. Gentlemen in flesh tights jumped over strips of cloth, coming down on the horse again; whilst, at the end of the ride, the music played most furiously to impress the audience with an idea that the steed was going as fast as the large cymbal or the drum. Ladies also sped round, bearing three or four yards of pink gauze, which floated behind them like a scarf, and threw themselves into seductive attitudes, looking gracefully at chimerical objects; and the clown indulged in jokes, honoured by age, but which, notwithstanding, produced the same laughs as they did fifty years ago: for it is a blessed privilege of jokes, and tends much to soothe their advanced age, that the older they get, the better and warmer is their reception; and a really venerable *bon-mot* need never fear that a flaming young jest will stand higher in popularity, or be greeted with a more cheering welcome. So, when Mr. Merriman picked up a straw that was lying on the sawdust, for fear it should throw him down, and afterwards said he was going to play one of "Straw's waltzes" upon it, there was great laughter; there was more when he spoke of his idle man John, whom he always gave a pint of yeast to for supper, to make him rise in the morning; but when he said that he had ceased to be a spinster, and married a wife with a wooden leg, who used to help him plant beans by walking over the field before him to dibble the hole, there was such a roar of merriment that it almost became painful to see how the contemplation of a human infirmity could produce so much laughter. Everybody, the young folks especially, loved Mr. Merri-

man, and their moral sense of right and wrong was entirely lost sight of where he was concerned. If the boys had met him by day, they would have cheered him in the thoroughfare, but they never came across his path — at least, that they were aware. They little knew that the pale and melancholy man, with thin lips and attenuated frame, whom they often met, was their idol of the evening's entertainments.

Business proved good, and Mr. Rosset pitched his tent at Coventry for many evenings. Vincent became good friends with every member of the company, from the elephant downwards; and Brandon especially took such a liking to him, and proceeded to instruct him in so many of the mysteries of brute-taming, that there is no doubt he would have been a "jungle monarch" himself in a short time. But a change in his destinies was on the eve of taking place. There was a full house one evening; and Vincent had just been assisting at a grand performance of the whole troop, in which they had successively to jump along a spring board, and over a horse's back, except Mr. Merriman, who usually evaded the performance by an ignoble method of proceeding, such as stopping short when he came to the leap, or stooping down and running between the horse's legs. The performance was at its height, when Mrs. Rosset sent to the proprietor of the circus in great alarm, to say, that a carriage had just drawn up to the entrance, and that she was sure there was no room left upon the two-shilling benches.

Mr. Rosset, who was habited upon that particular occasion, to do honour to the mayor and corporation, whose bespeak it was, in a dress which affected a neat compromise between the costumes of a jockey and a dragoon, directly bustled out to the door, determined to convert the orchestra waggon into an extempore private box, if there was occasion. He found the information correct; there was a carriage-and-four at the entrance, with the horses steaming, as if neither whip nor spur had been spared on the journey, and a gentleman already on the ground, standing on the step.

"Have you any one named Scattergood in your company?" asked the gentleman hurriedly.

"I have," replied Mr. Rosset; "do you wish tickets for his benefit, because he is in the ring just now?"

"No, no," said the gentleman, "I must see him."

And to the great bewilderment of Mr. Rosset, he rushed past the pay place, and into the theatre, where he directly recognized Vincent. To jump over the barrier of the arena, and drag his newly-found acquaintance from the ring, was the work of a few seconds, which proceeding checked some applause the audience were beginning to indulge in; for they conceived at first this interruption was part of the performance, in which the stranger was to throw off an infinity of coats and waistcoats, and, lastly, appear in a pink shape-dress, as Fame, blowing a long wooden post-horn, and riding very fast, to the delight of the beholders. But what good-hearted Mr. Fogg would have called a better "situation" even than this, took place, when Vincent was brought to the carriage; for then, in spite of his curious tights and spangled dress, a young lady actually leant forward, and throwing her arms round his neck, kissed him, as he presented himself, more astonished than anybody, at the door. And another lady, much older, burst into tears as she also pressed forward to receive him, and addressed a few words to him in a well-

known voice, that went to his very heart: it was indeed his mother and Clara, who had thus so unexpectedly once more met him.

And the gentleman who had so curiously interrupted the performance was Mr. Herbert. He now hurriedly introduced himself to Vincent, for the hearts of the others were too full to think of anything else. And, to the destruction of Mr. Rosset's hopes, that another carriage party was about to occupy the best seats, Vincent was made to rush back to the dressing tent, and hurriedly change his attire, so that, in two minutes, in his ordinary clothes, he was again in the carriage, bowling along towards one of the best hotels in Coventry, leaving Mr. Rosset and his company perfectly aghast at this wonderful whirl of events.

There had been a great many curious assemblages in the room of that hotel: there had been run-away couples, funeral parties, and coroners' inquests; coffins had rested there upon trestles during the dreary journey of those who had died in distant parts of England, to the old churchyard in which was their family-vault, and the same trestles had supported the tables of convivial dinners, when the room rang with merriment and harmony. The air of that room had clung to the body, and filtered through the winding-sheet of the dead; it had reeked with the vapours of wine and feasting; youth, lights, and revelry—age, darkness, and sorrow, had alike been its occupants; but it never contained a party so deeply interested in each other, who had met under such strange circumstances, who had so much to tell, as those who were now assembled in it.

And when the first burst of greeting was over, Vincent heard from Clara what had happened; for his mother was too agitated at meeting him, after such a long and strange absence, to enter fully into particulars. Herbert made up some imaginary appointment in the city, which took him away for awhile, and then Clara began to tell everything; not more, however, than Herbert would have found he already knew, had he stayed. And if Clara had possessed fifty tongues, she would not have thought they spoke fast enough for all the good news she had to convey; for during her stay at Brabants—and it was only for one night and half a day—she had so interested Mr. Grantham in his favour, and cleared Vincent's character, putting his disposition in its true light, that that gentleman had almost consented to receive him, and repented of his harsh treatment, through all his pride. And Amy had sent so many messages, and even a little note, with her father's knowledge too; and old uncle Gregory had astonished them all, and upset Lisbeth's propriety of demeanour, and paralyzed Mrs. Chicksand, by coming one day to call upon Mr. Scattergood, full of all his old notions, which, however, they let him uphold to the full of his bent. And then he opened his mind to them, and told them that his antipodean page, whom he had hired of the mountebanks, had turned out badly, and associated with thieves, who had attacked his house one night, since which he had decided upon not living alone any more. So that, if they could contrive to take a house, where he might have his own apartments fitted up in his own manner, he would come and live with them; for he had no other relatives in the world, and looked upon all nurses and housekeepers as harpies and vampires.

All this was cheering news; and Clara's eyes never sparkled so brightly, nor did her face ever look so lovely, as whilst she poured her budget forth to Vincent. Had Herbert been there, he would have

loved her more than ever. He came back in a little time; and then Vincent soon understood in what position they were about to stand towards each other. And when the mother had somewhat recovered the shock of their meeting, which, after their long separation, had been to her a very trying one, she joined in the conversation as well.

How happy they were! The quarters from the old church appeared to be chiming the minutes, so quickly did the time fly on; and when at last the bell tolled midnight, and its information was corroborated by the occupants of the other towers, there was one general expression of surprise that it was so late. It was a mistake—all the clocks were evidently wrong—it could not be more than ten. They wished Vincent to stay in the hotel that night; but he preferred going back to the little inn where he had lodged since his arrival at Coventry, promising to come again very early in the morning.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS CAMPBELL,*

AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

BY WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

WRITTEN AT BOULOGNE, SHORTLY AFTER THE POET'S DECEASE, ON THE FIFTEENTH OF JUNE LAST.

HARK!—'Tis the death-knell, from Bononia's† shore,	To chant the requiem o'er a brother's dust!
Startles the ear, and thrills in every core!	His kindred shade demands the kindred tear—
Peal'd from these cliffs, the echoes of our own	The Poet's homage o'er a Poet's bier!
Catch, and prolong the melancholy tone,	While I— who saw the vital flame expire,
As fast and far the mournful tidings spread—	And heard the last tones of that broken lyre—
"The light is quench'd — the 'BARD OF HOPE' is dead!"	Closed the dim eye, and propp'd the drooping head—
CAMPBELL is dead! and Freedom on her wall	And caught the spirit's farewell as it fled—
Shrieks—as she shriek'd at Kosciusko's fall!‡	With your high notes my lowly tribute blend,
And warrior exiles, as the dirge they hear,	And mourn at once the Poet and the Friend!
Heave the deep sigh, and drop the bitter tear.	Twice twenty summers of unclouded fame
Friends of the POET!—ye, to whom belong	Had shed their lustre on our Poet's name;
The prophet's fire — the mystic powers of song—	And found him ever arm'd, and in the van,
On you devolves the sad and sacred trust	To guard the rights and dignity of Man,

* Having watched at the Poet's bedside — during the last ten days of his life — the writer has described in the following Monody several circumstances attending the closing scene, with as much fidelity as he could; and the poem — if it deserves the name — was written partly in the death-chamber, and altogether in the house, of the lamented Poet. This fact may account for various allusions in the text, which to the general reader would otherwise appear obscure or overwrought. But it is to the Biographer that this affecting period — the last few months of the Poet's life — will present a series of particulars which, if recorded, can hardly fail to awaken a deep and lasting interest in a reflecting mind.

† *Bononia Gallia* — the *Gessoriacum* of Antiquity, or *Boulogne-sur-Mer* of the present day — "*Gessoriacum quod nunc Bononia.*"

‡ "And Freedom shrieked," &c. — *Pleasures of Hope.*

On Freedom's altar sacrificing wealth,
To Science consecrating life and health,
In age retaining all the fire of youth—
The love of liberty, the thirst for truth—
He spent his days—improved them as
they pass'd,
And still reserved the brightest for the
last!

'Twas here—where Godfrey's sullen
rampart* frowns
O'er wave-worn cliffs, and cultivated
downs;

Where the cool breeze a bracing fresh-
ness throws—
Where shade and solitude invite repose;
And whispering elms, in soothing ca-
dence wave

O'er Churchill's† death-bed, and Le
Sage's‡ grave—

'Twas here our Poet—on the stranger's
soil,

Retired to pause from intellectual toil;
Resign'd the well-fought field, with hon-
ours rife,

To trim with frugal hand the lamp of
life;

To solve the mystic "writing on the
wall"—

Adjust his mantle ere he let it fall; †
Weigh life's great question—commune
with his heart.

Then, hail the welcome signal, and de-
part.

And here—though health decay'd—
his taste still warm

Conferr'd on all it touch'd a classic
charm;

Dispell'd the gloom, and peopled every
shade

With forms and visions brilliantly por-
tray'd.

Thoughts well directed—reason well
applied—

Philosophy with cheering Faith allied—
Inspired a fresh and healthful tone of
mind

That braced the spirit, as the body
pined;

While Freedom strew'd her laurels at
his feet,

And Song and Science dignified retreat.
But soon life's current darken'd as it
flow'd;

Gladness forsook the Poet's new abode;
His hearth grew sad, and swiftly pass'd
away

The cheerful evening of his well-spent
day!

The book—the lyre—the loved Achaian
strain,

That charm'd the fancy, could not lull
the pain,

That now, in fatal ambush, hour by
hour

Bore witness to the fever's wasting
power.—

Yet pain, depression, anguish never
wrung

Complaint, regret, or murmur from his
tongue:

Or if—amidst his pain, a tear, a sigh
Rose on his lip, or trembled in his eye,—

'Twas when sweet memories o'er his
spirit came,

And his lips moved to some beloved
name,

Which, while the soul was yearning to
depart—

Still kept its mansion sacred in his
heart!—

But, else unmoved, he watch'd the close
of life—

Braced on his armour for the final strife;
Resolved in death to fall beneath his
shield,

Conqueror—not captive—to resign the
field.

The hour arrived: the star of HOPE
arose

To light her Poet to his last repose!
Life ebb'd apace: the Seraph, stooping
down

Illumed his couch, and show'd the fu-
ture crown.

"Welcome!" she whisper'd— "wel-
come be the hour

That clothes my votary with celestial
power!

Enough hast thou achieved of earthly
fame

To gild the Patriot's and the Poet's
name;

Thou hast not pander'd to a vicious age,
Nor left thy sins recorded in thy page;

But, kindred with the source from which
it came,

Thy Song hath minister'd to virtue's
flame.

And now—that longer life were length-
en'd pain—

In brighter realms revive the hallow'd
strain;

That heaven-born genius to thy keeping
given,

Pure and unsullied, render back to hea-
ven!"

* *Godfrey* (of Bouillon), whom history represents as having been born in the *Citadel of Boulogne*—not *Bouillon* in Lorraine.

† *Churchill*—the English *Juvenal*—died at Boulogne, in 1764, and *Le Sage*—the author of *Gil Blas*, in 1747: "Ici est mort l'Auteur de *Gil Blas*, 1747," is engraved on a stone over the door of his house.

‡ "Adjust his mantle," &c.—*Shaksp. Jul. Cæs.*

So said — the radiant herald waved
her torch,
And, beckoning onward, show'd the dismal porch—

Death's dreary vale, thro' which the
fleeting soul,
Flies to its fount—like streamers to the
pole.

As o'er yon headlands,* where the sun
has set,
Beams of reflected glory linger yet ;
So now—to gild the last and closing
scene—

Fresh on the Poet's cheek and brow serene,

The setting sun of life's eventful day
Has left a soft and sanctifying ray!

CAMPBELL is dead!—dissolved the
spirit's bond—

The bourne is past—and all is light
beyond!

Dead—yet not silent!—still to memory
dear,

His latest accents linger on my ear ;
His words—his looks—like spirits from
the urn—

With awful force and tenderness return ;

While here I watch, beside the breathless
clay,

The lines, and fleeting hues of life decay.

All—all is changed!—the Master-
lyre unstrung,

Quench'd the bright eye, and mute th'
inspiring tongue,

That erst with generous glow, and god-
like art,

Subdued—exalted—sway'd the stubborn
heart ;

Abash'd the proud—dispell'd the exile's
fears,

And even from despots wrung reluctant
tears—

In British hearts infused a Spartan
zeal,

That stirr'd our spirits like a trumpet-
peal.

Speak thou, SARMATIA! When the
Spoiler's hand

With blood and rapine fill'd thy smiling
land—

When Beauty wept, and brave men
bled in vain,

And reeking Slaughter stalk'd one very
plain—

Whose voice uprose?—as with a mighty
charm,

To shield the weak and foil the despot's
arm ?

Whose voice first taught our sympathies
to flow

In streams of healing through a land
of woe ?

'Twas his! 'twas Campbell's soul-in-
spiring chord,

That nerved the heart, and edged the
Patriot's sword—

That changed—nor falter'd—nor relax'd
the song.

Till, roused to vindicate thy Nation's
wrong,

Britannia, seconding her Poet's art,
Received thy band of heroes to her
heart ;

And o'er the wreck of Freedom's gory
field

Threw the broad shade of her protect-
ing shield!

He loved thee, POLAND! with un-
changing love ;

Shared in the sorrows he could not re-
move!

Revered thy virtues, and bewail'd thy
woes ;

And—could his life have purchased thy
repose—

Proud of the sacrifice, he would have
bled,

And mingled ashes with thy mighty dead!

Oh, ye! who in the sad or social hour
Have seen and felt the Minstrel's va-
ried power—

Say how his soul rejoiced with you to
share

The noon of sunshine, or the night of
care!

His heart—to tenderest sympathies
awake—

His mind—transparent as the summer
lake—

Lent all his actions energy and grace,
And stamp'd their manly feelings in
the face—

Feelings—no sordid aim could compro-
mise—

That fear'd no foe, and needed no dis-
guise.

To you—his cherish'd friends and
old compeers—

The frank companions of his brightest
years!

Whose friendship strengthen'd as ac-
quaintance grew—

Warm'd—glow'd, as fate the narrow-
ing circle drew ;—

To you—amournful messenger—I bear
The Minstrel's blessing, and the Pa-
triot's prayer!

“Be firm!” he said ; “Freedom shall
yet strike home ;

Worth shall be crown'd— the brave
shall cease to roam!

* *Headlands*.—Those alluded to are the English cliffs, as far as Beachy Head ; the sunset over which, as seen from the ramparts of Boulogne, is often very beautiful, and was strikingly so at the time mentioned.

The exile shall regain his father's
 hearth,
 And Saturn recommence his reign on
 earth !
 Thrice happy days ! tho' but to gild
 my urn—
 Fulfil the prophecy—return ! return !”

Britons ! when next in Freedom's
 wonted Hall
 Assembled Patriots hold high festival ;
 When, face to face, Sarmatia's sons ye
 meet—
 Miss the loved voice, and mark the
 vacant seat !
 When thro' the soul conflicting passions
 throng,
 Your Poet will be present in his song !
 His spirit will be there !—a shadowy
 guest—
 Unseen—unheard—but felt in every
 breast !
 He will be there, the minstrel-chair to
 claim,
 And fan the sparks of Freedom into
 flame.—

I knew him well !—how sad to say I
knew !
 That word alone brings all my loss to
 view—
 I knew his virtues—ardently and
 long
 Admired the Poet for his moral song ;
 But soon—when closer intercourse
 began,
 I found the Poet's rival in the *Man*—
 The man, who blended in the min-
 strel's art
 The brightest genius with the warmest
 heart,
 And thus bereaved—in this her two-
 fold grief—
 Where shall the mourning spirit find
 relief ?
 She turns instinctive to his page, and
 hears
 The voice of Hope, triumphant in her
 tears !
 “ Weep not for him,” she cries, “ who
 leaves behind
 The fruits and flowers of an immortal
 mind.
 Weep not for him—the Minstrel hath a
 part—
 A living home in every kindred heart !
 Fraught with high powers, his lay in
 every clime
 Still warms the soul, and prompts the
 thought sublime.

His songs, that haunt us in our grief
 and joy,
 Time shall not chill, nor death itself
 destroy !
 But, long as love can melt, or Hope
 inspire
 One heart imbued with Nature's hal-
 low'd fire—
 So long the lay—to virtuous feeling
 true—
 Shall breathe, and burn, with fervour
 ever new.”
 Sweet Bard of Hope !—Shrined with
 the glorious dead,
 A nation's love shall guard thy hallow'd
 bed ;
 While patriots, as their Poet's name
 they scan,
 Shall pause, and proudly say—“ Here
 lies the Man
 Whose upright purpose force nor fraud
 could bend ;
 Who, serving Freedom, served her to
 the end ;
 Gave to her sacred cause all man could
 give,
 Nor ceased to love her, till he ceased to
 live !”

My task is done ; nor care I now to
 weigh
 What praise or censure may await my
 lay :
 The mournful theme had better poets
 sung*—
 This voice had slept—this harp re-
 main'd unstrung ;
 Deep, but not loud—as warriors mourn
 their Chief—
 My heart had grieved, but not confess'd
 its grief.
 But now—when kindred Genius stands
 aloof,
 And Friendship calls my loyalty to
 proof ;
 Shall I—tho' least of England's min-
 strels here—
 Awake no requiem at her Poet's bier ?—
 Renounce the sacred and the saddest
 part ?
 No ! Silence *now* were treason to the
 heart !
 Grief must have voice—the wounded
 spirit vent—
 The debt be paid—before my day is
 spent !
 And if at Friendship's call—the num-
 bers flow
 In seemly warmth—'tis sorrow gives
 the glow.

W. B.

* No poetical tribute to the memory of Campbell had yet appeared, so far as the writer was then aware.

NOTES OF A LOITERER IN PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND WASHINGTON.

BY HENRY COOKE.

Magnificent Steamers on the Hudson.—Departure for Philadelphia.—An American Steamer.— Public Hair-brush and Comb.— An American Railroad.— Philadelphia the Queen of the West. — Its magnificent public Buildings. — Its pretty Environs.—Journey by the Chesapeake Canal to Baltimore.—The Washington Monument.—The Southern Gentlemen considered superior to any in the Union. —Baltimore by Railroad to Washington.—The Americans very sensitive to English Censure.—Higher Classes generally favourably disposed towards the English. —Washington a deserted-looking City.—Its splendid Capitol.—Relics of General Washington.—The Voluntary System.—Servants at Hotels all Slaves.— Negro Funeral.—Negro Exquisite.—National Prejudice against Coloured People.

THERE are few things that strike a stranger more, on his first arrival in this country, than the immense size of the steamboats, especially those plying on the Hudson. The two largest in the States, and perhaps in the world, are "The Empire" and "The Knickerbocker." They are splendidly fitted up, and altogether of a totally different appearance to anything of the kind we have in the old country, drawing very little water, and being much sharper at the bows. The wheelroom is in the fore part, the communication with the rudder being by iron chains, running along the ceiling of the deck. The gentleman's cabin in "The Knickerbocker" is three hundred and fifteen feet in length, running the entire length of the boat; the berths on either side are tastefully curtained with crimson damask in festoons; above this is the ladies' cabin, and a beautiful promenade deck; above that, again, the hurricane deck, with its two immense chimneys; while underneath all this is the main deck for freight, in which are also the engines, furnaces, engineers, and boilers.

It was four o'clock on a lovely morning in May when I left New York for Philadelphia, the distance being nearly one hundred miles, and the fare throughout twelve shillings and sixpence.

The journey is performed partly by land and partly by water, the relative distances being as follows:—New York, by steamer to Amboy, twenty-three miles; Amboy, by rail to Bordentown, forty-five miles; thence, by steamer, to Philadelphia, twenty-five miles.

The steamer from New York to Amboy, though not so large, was much after the fashion of those I have attempted to describe; and, like most other steamers in this extraordinary country, contained a sort of public-house, yecept "The Bar," a washroom, a barber's shop, a clerk's office, a baggage-room, a circulating library, and though last, not least, a hair-brush, tooth-brush, and comb, for general use.

The abominable habit of using these latter articles in common I had heard of, but did not believe. It is, however, the case; and, though I gladly admit I never saw a public toothbrush in requisition, I have repeatedly seen fifty people in succession use the comb and hair-brush.

We were seven hours performing the journey to Philadelphia, and passed through scenery of a very diversified character. That along the coast from New York to Amboy pleased me most. The prettiest villas imaginable were interspersed about the wooded heights; and, being

uniformly built of wood, and painted white, not only contrasted beautifully with the rich green country around, but gave to the whole an air of newness and freshness difficult to describe.

At Amboy we took railroad forty-five miles, to Burlington, on the banks of the Delaware, passing through a country richly wooded, though of a primitive aspect,—the land, from its sandy and unproductive nature, being almost wholly uncultivated, save here and there a solitary, yet beggarly patch of corn, miles and miles apart. There was a silent solitude, as well as a monotony about the whole, that made one wish the journey over. The isolated, dirty-looking stations are few and far between, and all the notice a poor devil has to get out of the way is, a huge board here and there stuck up, with the admonitory words, "Look out for the locomotive," painted in large characters on it; but even this seemed superfluous.

The railway cars are not unlike our omnibuses, though four or five times as large, the seats being cross-wise instead of lengthways, with sufficient space up the centre to enable passengers to get to their places. The arrangements respecting baggage in this country are admirable. The different packages are all ticketed, and corresponding duplicates given to the owners; on producing which at the end of the journey their luggage is handed over to them.

On the arrival of the train at Burlington, the baggage-car was shipped on board the packet, and in less than five minutes we were steaming up the muddy Delaware to Philadelphia, the Queen of the West, where we found a swarm of porters awaiting our arrival; but as it is injudicious for people in a strange land to betray their ignorance of localities, I watched in silence the movements of a very gentleman-like person on board, whose appointments denoted him to be an old traveller, listened to which hotel he ordered his luggage, and then, quietly following in his footsteps, found myself snugly housed, without any trouble, at one of the best inns in the place.

I passed a few days very agreeably at Philadelphia, a much handsomer city than New York, and not a great deal smaller, its population being some two hundred and fifty thousand souls. Chesnut Street is the Broadway of Philadelphia, and a noble street it is, with fine trees in long rows on each side of it as far as the eye can reach, contrasting beautifully with the pale, chaste marble frontings and porticos of the houses, the very plates and door-handles of which shine like silver. I was also much pleased with Washington Square, and a covered market, nearly a mile in length, running up the centre of High Street. The Penn monument is also interesting, as marking the precise spot where William Penn, the founder of the colony of Pennsylvania, made his famous treaty with the Indians,—the only treaty, it is said, that never was broken.

In all my travels I have not seen a more beautiful city than this, or one that for its size contains so many splendid public buildings. They are all of white marble, and are copied from the ancient temples of the Greeks. The Banks, the United States Mint, and the Exchange, all in the Grecian style, are remarkable for their beautifully chaste and light appearance; but Girard College, some distance from the city, is certainly the most superb modern pile I have seen in any country; nor can I at this moment recollect anything in either London or Paris at all to be compared to it. It takes its name from the founder, Stephen Girard, the richest man in the States, who by will

left two millions of dollars to build this college, for the education of destitute orphans, besides an immense fund for its endowment, the yearly interest of which is said to amount to nearly fifty thousand pounds sterling.

In the cool of the evening I strolled to Fairmount Water Works, by far the prettiest assemblage of rock, wood, and water I have seen in this country. The Schuylkill is here dammed up, and forced by large steam-engines into a reservoir on the top of the Mount, whence it is conveyed by leaden pipes into the city. Not far from this pretty spot stands the Solitary Prison, conducted on the silent system, the severest punishment being solitary confinement, without labour, in a dark cell—a punishment too severe for man to inflict upon his fellow creature. I had the pleasure of an introduction to Dr. Bethune, an eminent divine of Philadelphia, who told me this system would be abandoned, as they found they could not bury a man in such hopeless solitude for six months without his becoming a confirmed lunatic.

I had a very extensive view of the country around Philadelphia from the roof of Girard's College. It is somewhat flat, certainly, but then it is so beautifully diversified with fine timber, principally chestnuts, which at the time of my visit were in full blossom, and the enclosed pastures of grass and clover looked so rich, green, and full, that I was quite enchanted with the prospect. Through such a country as this I wended my way on a balmy morning in June to the Cemetery of Laurel Hill, some four miles from the city, and a spot more lovely was never selected for the repose of the dead. It is situated on the banks of the romantic Schuylkill, amidst beautifully wooded dingles and knolls, the tombs being all of pure white marble, interspersed here and there amidst the trees, in the prettiest manner possible, and the inscriptions on many of them couched in the most affectionate terms that the kindness of the human heart could dictate.

A man may travel very comfortably through the United States, including every expense, for about three dollars and a half a-day, or five pounds a-week; and this, in fact, is the average of what it cost me for a trip of some seven thousand miles.

The distance from Philadelphia to Baltimore, the capital of Maryland, is one hundred miles, and for the fare throughout I paid something less than seven shillings, and as I travelled all night, this of course included my bed, such as it was. We left Philadelphia in a very small packet, at three in the afternoon; and, after pursuing our course for many miles up the flat and uninteresting Delaware, entered the Delaware and Chesapeake canal, which is about sixteen miles in length, and connects the two bays of that name. We were the whole night "in thunder, lightning, and in rain," working our way through this canal; and as the helmsman, owing to the intense darkness, had to guess at it, the monotony of the passage was certainly a good deal varied by occasional thumpings and bumpings against the locks and banks, so that we no sooner fell into the arms of Somnus, than we were rudely jolted out of them again.

We now crossed the noble bay of Chesapeake, the average breadth of which is from fifteen to twenty miles, and, entering the mouth of the Potapsco, arrived at Baltimore at eight in the morning. I passed the remainder of the day strolling about the city,—a very handsome one, with a population of a hundred thousand inhabitants. The principal

street, which is two miles in length, struck me as being equal to Broadway in New York. The cathedral, the only one in the States, is in fact merely a handsome church, which would attract but little attention in the old country. There are two monuments here. One is to commemorate the expulsion of the British troops from the city in the late war of 1814, and the other is a splendid marble column, a hundred and sixty feet high, erected by this state to the memory of the noble Washington, with this inscription on it, "The State of Maryland to Washington;" and I must do the Americans the justice to say, that they most fondly cherish the memory of that truly great man.

The country around Baltimore is undulating, with a pretty mixture of wood and water, and a sprinkling of gentlemen's seats,—for most of the higher class of Baltimoreans have their country-seats, it seems, as well as their houses in town. Some of these private residences, both here and at Philadelphia, struck me as having a very aristocratic air with them; and their owners, it must be confessed, have got a way of laughing in their sleeve whenever you talk to them about equality, equalization of property, freedom, independence, and such stuff as that. They are certainly better looking and altogether more gentlemanlike in their style and general appearance than the same class at New York, and I was repeatedly told the further south I went, the more I should find this to be the case; and such indeed was the fact, for whenever I met with an agreeable, intelligent, high-minded, generous gentleman-like man, I always found he was a native of the south.

From Baltimore, I proceeded by railroad through a prettily wooded country to Washington, the seat of government, about forty miles from Baltimore, and paid ten shillings and sixpence for my fare in the first-class carriage,—for they have this year for the first time established second class carriages, much to the annoyance of the democrats, who are highly incensed at such an aristocratic distinction—a distinction that is said to be fast gaining ground in this land of equality.

In travelling in the States, a man unprepared for the peculiarities of the people, is apt at first to take offence at the eager curiosity at all times manifested to ascertain his name, his object in locomotion, what he is trading in, where he calculates he is going, and what location he fixed in last; and if he is an old traveller, and of a cheerful disposition, he will be as much amused at their absurdly ignorant notions respecting England, as at their vain-glorious boastings about liberty, freedom, equality, and independence,—blessings much talked of, it is true, but which appeared to me rather to exist in their own excited imaginations, than in the actual state of things.

Though the higher classes of society in this country are, I believe, in general very favourably disposed towards England, I do not think the great body of the people are at all so; for, besides being extremely jealous of us, they smart under the severe but just remarks made upon their personal peculiarities by English authors.

I remained three days at Washington; and a miserable, half-finished, deadly-lively city it is as ever I sojourned at, with a population of about twenty thousand inhabitants. The streets, some of which contain only three or four isolated houses, all radiate from the Capitol; and, magnificent as the original design undoubtedly was, it seems for some reason or other to have been utterly abandoned. It is only the public buildings, indeed, that render the place at all attractive to strangers; and the noble Capitol, which is said to have cost five hun-

dred thousand pounds, would certainly reflect credit upon any country. The Senate Chamber is in one wing, and the House of Representatives in the other, both semicircular rooms of vast proportions, with a raised canopied throne for the President in the centre, and an arm-chair, writing-desk, and spittoon for each member. In the centre of the building is the marble rotunda, ninety-six feet in diameter, and as many high; and, despite the many spittoons, I observed that the marble floor was very much discoloured with tobacco-juice. On the floor of this noble room is a colossal statue of Washington; and the walls are ornamented with sculpture and paintings upon historical subjects. The Indian princess, Pocohontas, saving the life of Captain Smith; her marriage with Rolfe, 1606; the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620; Penn's famous treaty with the Indians in 1682, the signing of the Declaration of Independence, 4th of July, 1776; Surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga, 1777; Surrender of Lord Cornwallis at York Town, Virginia, 1781; and Washington resigning his commission to Congress in Annapolis, 23rd of December, 1783.

The different States each have their own Senate and House of Representatives; and Congress legislates for the country only as regards the welfare of the whole. They each return two members to Congress, who are both paid during the sitting, at the rate of eight dollars a-day, besides being reimbursed their travelling-expenses; and the pay alone, I have been told, makes many ambitious to get into parliament, who in reality care but little about the welfare of their country.

As Congress was not sitting during my stay at Washington, I had no opportunity of hearing Webster, Clay, and other distinguished members of the upper house. The only qualification requisite for a member of either house is, that he should be an inhabitant of the State he represents; and that the great test of respectability, that of property, is altogether dispensed with.

With respect to the members of the lower house, I have always understood that they are more remarkable for their vulgarity and rancorous abuse of each other than for any talent they display.

I remember having a long chat with a gentleman from the south upon this subject, and was perfectly astonished at the contemptuous way in which he spoke of the Government of his own country; and I told him that his sentiments were such that I, as an Englishman, should scarcely have ventured to have given utterance to. He said the whole was one system of corruption from beginning to end; that universal suffrage would be the ruin of the country; that they were altogether in the hands of the mob, that no qualification in property being requisite for even the members themselves, such a set of low adventurers got into Congress, that high-minded, honourable men of intelligence and station were glad to steer clear of it, rather than submit to the insolence and dictation of a mob. This quite coincides with what De Tocqueville says, "At the present day the most affluent classes of society are so entirely removed from the direction of political affairs in the United States, that wealth, far from conferring a right to the exercise of power, is rather an obstacle than a means of attaining to it."

Washington's letter to Chief Justice Jay, 10th March, 1787, shows his opinion of the new government at that early period. "Among men of reflection few will be found, I believe, who are not beginning to think that our system is better in *theory* than in *practice*; and that, notwithstanding the *boasted virtue* of America, it is more than proba-

ble we shall exhibit the *last melancholy proof* that mankind are incompetent to their own government without *the means of coercion in the sovereign.*"

The other public buildings in Washington are, the President's house, the Treasury, and the Patent Office,—the latter being a kind of museum, in which I saw many interesting relics of Washington:—a carved table of the General's; a part of his camp-equipage, consisting of an antique carved brass kettle, coffee-pot, and urn; a part of his coffin; a branch of the locust-tree covering his tomb; his commission in 1773; his military dress—blue coat, with large brass buttons, the cuffs and fronts turned up with yellow; waistcoat, very long, of light yellow cloth, and trousers of the same; two antique chairs; and the original Declaration of Independence; all sealed up in a large glass-case. I also saw here a good portrait of the General.

The next day being Sunday, I attended a small Episcopalian chapel. There was no clerk; the congregation making the responses; the clergyman alternately talking to and praying with his flock.

There is a great observance of the Sabbath in this country, though religion is on what is termed "The Voluntary System." There is no alliance between Church and State, as with us; all creeds are tolerated, and each man is permitted to go to heaven in his own way. The clergy are more evenly paid than with us; few of them, I understand, receiving less than two hundred pounds a year. The system, is said to work extremely well, and might, perhaps, be advantageously introduced into England, where the working clergy are so ill paid.

The Episcopalian is the most fashionable religion in the Union, and they have a bishop in each state; but I understand the Baptists and Presbyterians are by far the more numerous sects.

The servants at the hotels here are all slaves; and in all my travels I never saw chambermaids so black before. They are standing colours, too; but it is supposed by many that the race of blacks are gradually changing to a lighter hue.

While at Washington I saw a negro funeral, very numerously attended, but by people of colour only; the handsome hearse being followed by at least twenty cabs, besides one hundred foot mourners walking arm-in-arm, all dressed in a manner befitting the occasion.

There are free blacks, as well as slaves; and I have seen negro dandies, and negro ladies walking about, dressed in the extreme of fashion, with an occasional toss of the head and swagger, that would create an immense sensation in Regent Street.

The violent national prejudice existing in this country against coloured people is positively astonishing. They are regarded altogether as an inferior race, no matter whether they are men of education, or not—free citizens of the States, or slaves. They are made to sit aloof even in places of worship; and no white man will sit at the same table with them, or travel in their company, every railway throughout this land of equality having a separate car for coloured people.





Illustration of a scene from the play 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona'.

THE MARCHIONESS OF BRINVILLIERS,
THE POISONER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
A ROMANCE OF OLD PARIS.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

[WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. LEECH.]

CHAPTER IV.

The Students of 1665.

NIGHT came on, dark, cold, tempestuous. The fleeting beauty of the spring evening had long departed; the moon became totally invisible through the thick clouds that had been soaring onwards in gloomy masses from the south; and the outlines of the houses were no longer to be traced against the sky. All was merged in one deep impenetrable obscurity. There were symptoms of a turbulent night. The wind whistled keenly over the river and the dreary flats adjoining; and big drops of rain fell audibly upon the paved court and drawbridge of the Bastille.

The heavy gates slowly folded upon each other with a dreary wailing sound, which spoke the hopeless desolation of all that they enclosed. And when the strained and creaking chains of the drawbridge had once more lowered the platform, Sainte-Croix entered the vehicle by which he had arrived, and, giving some directions to the guard, left the precincts of the prison.

As the carriage lumbered down the Rue St. Antoine, a smile of triumph gleamed across the features of its occupant, mingled with the expression of satire and mistrust which characterized every important reflection that he gave way to. A dangerous enemy had been, as he conceived, rendered powerless. There was but one person in the world of whom he stood in awe; and that one was now, on the dark authority of a *lettre de cachet*, in the inmost dungeon of the Bastille. The career of adventures that he had planned to arrive at the pinnacle of his ambitious hopes—and Gaudin de Sainte-Croix was an adventurer in every sense of the word—now seemed laid open before him without a cloud or hindrance. The tempestuous night threw no gloomy forebodings upon his soul. The tumult of his passions responded wildly to that of the elements, or appeared to find an echo in the gusts of the angry wind, as it swept, loud and howling, along the thoroughfares.

The carriage, by his orders, passed the Pont Marie, and, crossing the Ile St. Louis, stopped before a house, still existing, in the Rue des Bernardins, where his lodging was situated. The street leads off from the quay on the left bank of the Seine, opposite the back of Notre Dame; but, at the date of our story, was nearly on the outskirts of the city. Here he discharged the equipage with the guard; and, entering the house for a few minutes, returned enveloped in a large military cloak, and carrying a lighted cresset on the end of a halberd.

He pressed hurriedly forward towards the southern extremity of the city, passing beside the abbey of Sainte Geneviève, where the Pantheon now stands. Beyond this, on the line of streets which at

present bear the name of the "Rues des Fosses," the ancient walls of Paris had, until within a year or two of this period, existed; but the improvements of Louis the Fourteenth, commenced at the opposite extremity of the city, had razed the fortifications to the ground. Those to the north, levelled and planted with trees, now form the Boulevards; the southern line had, as yet, merely been thrown into ruins; and the only egress from the town was still confined to the point where the gates had stood, kept tolerably clear for the convenience of travellers, and more especially those dwelling in the increasing faubourgs. Even these ways were scarcely practicable. The water, for want of drains, collected into perfect lakes, and the deep ruts were left unfilled, so that the thoroughfare, hazardous by day, became doubly so at night; in fact, it was a matter of some enterprise to leave or enter the city at its southern outlet.

The rain continued to fall; and the cresset that Gaudin carried, flickering in the night winds, oftentimes caused him to start and put himself on his guard, at the fitful shadows it threw on the dismantled walls and towers that bordered the way. At last a violent gust completely extinguished it, and he would have been left in a most unpleasant predicament, being totally unable to proceed or retrace his steps in the perfect obscurity, had not a party of the marching watch opportunely arrived. Not caring to be recognised, Sainte-Croix slouched his hat over his face, and giving the countersign to the Chevalier du Guet, requested a light for his cresset. The officer asked him a few questions as to what he had seen; and stated that they were taking their rounds in consequence of the increasing *brigandages* committed by the scholars dwelling in the Quartier Latin, as well as the inhabitants of the Faubourgs St. Jacques and St. Marcel, between whom an ancient rivalry in vagabondizing and robbery had long existed. And, indeed, as we shall see, many high in position in Paris were at this period accustomed to "take the road"—some from a reckless spirit of adventure; others with the desire of making up their income squandered at the gaming-table, or in the lavish festivals which the taste of the age called forth.

He passed the contrescarpe, and had reached the long straggling street of the faubourg, when two men rushed from between the pillars which supported the rude houses, and ordered him to stop. Gaudin was immediately on his defence. He hastily threw off his cloak, and drew his sword, parrying the thrust that one of the assailants aimed at him, but still grasping his cresset in his left hand, which the other strove to seize. They were both masked; and pressed him somewhat hardly, as the foremost, in a voice he thought he recognised, demanded his purse and mantle.

"*Aux voleurs!*" shouted Sainte-Croix, not knowing how many of the party might be in ambush. There was no reply, except the echo to his own voice. But, as he spoke, his chief assailant told the other, who had wrested the light away, to desist; and drawing back, pulled off his mask and revealed the features of the Marquis of Brinvilliers—the companion of Sainte-Croix that afternoon on the Carrefour du Châtelet.

"Gaudin's voice, a livre to a sou!" exclaimed the Marquis.

"Antoine!" cried his friend as they recognized each other. "It is lucky I cried out, although no help came. It takes a sharper eye and a quicker arm than mine to parry two blades at once."

The two officers looked at each other for a minute, and then broke into a burst of laughter; whilst the third party took off his hat and humbly sued for forgiveness.

"And Lachauscée, too!" continued Sainte-Croix, as he perceived it was one of his dependants. "The chance is singular enough. I was even now on my way to the Gobelins to find you, rascal."

"Then we are not on the same errand?" asked the Marquis.

"If you are out as a *coup-bourse*, certainly not. What devil prompted you to this venture? A woman?" asked Sainte-Croix.

"No devil half so bad," replied Brinvilliers; "but the fat Abbé de Cluny. He goes frequently to the Gobelins after dark; it is not to order tapestry only for his hotel. Since the holy sisterhood of Port-Royal have moved to the Rue de la Bourbe, he seeks bright eyes elsewhere."

"I see your game," answered Gaudin; "you are deeper in debt than in love. But it is no use waiting longer. This is not the night for a man to rest by choice in the streets; and my cry appears at last to have had an effect upon the drowsy faubourgs."

As he spoke, he directed the attention of Brinvilliers to one of the upper windows of a house whence a sleepy *bourgeois* had at last protruded his head, enveloped in an enormous convolution of hosiery. He projected a lighted candle before him, as he challenged the persons below; but, ere the question reached them, it was extinguished by the rain, and all was again dark and silent.

Sainte-Croix directed Lachauscée to pile together the embers in the cresset, which the brief struggle had somewhat disarranged; and then, as the night-wind blew them once more into a flame, he took the arm of the Marquis, and, preceded by the over-looker of the Gobelins, passed down the Rue Mouffetard.

They stopped at an old and blackened house, supported like the others upon rough pillars of masonry, which afforded a rude covered walk under the projecting stories; and signalized from the rest by a lantern projecting over the doorway. Such fixed lights were then very rare in Paris; and this was why the present was raised to the dignity of an especial sign: and the words "*à la lanterne*" rudely painted on its transparent side betokened a house of public entertainment. Within the range of its light the motto "*Urbis securitas et nitor*" was scrawled along the front of the casement.

"I shall give up my plan for to-night," said Brinvilliers as they reached the door. "The weather has possibly kept the Abbé in the neighbourhood of the Gobelins. You can shelter here: there are some *mauvais garçons* still at table; I will be bound, that even Brasd'Acier himself would shrink from grappling with."

Thus speaking, he knocked sharply at the door with the handle of his sword, which he had kept unsheathed since his rencontre with Sainte-Croix. A murmur of voices, which had been audible upon their arriving, was instantly hushed, and, after a pause of a few seconds, a challenge was given from within. Brinvilliers answered it: the door was opened, and Sainte-Croix entered the cabaret, followed by Lachauscée.

"You are coming too, Antoine?" asked Gaudin of his companion, as the latter remained on the sill.

"Not this evening," replied the Marquis. "You wished to see Lachauscée, and this is the nearest spot where you could find shel-

ter without scrambling on through the holes and quagmires to the Gobelins."

"But I know nobody here."

"Possibly they may know you, and my introduction is sufficient. I have other affairs which must be seen to this evening, since my first plan has failed. You will be with us to-morrow?"

"Without fail," replied Gaudin.

Brinvilliers commended his companion to the care of the host, and took his leave; whilst Sainte-Croix and Lachaussée were conducted into an inner apartment in the rear of the house.

It was a low room, with the ceiling supported by heavy blackened beams. The plaster of the walls was, in places, broken down; in others covered with rude charcoal drawings and mottoes. A long table was placed in the centre of the apartment; and over this was suspended a lamp which threw a lurid glare upon the party around it.

This was composed of a dozen young men whom Sainte-Croix directly recognized to be scholars of the different colleges. They were dressed in every style of fashion according to their tastes—one would not have seen appearances more varied in the Paris students of the present day. Some still kept to the fashions of the preceding reigns—the closely clipped hair, pointed beard and ring of moustache surrounding the mouth. Others had a semi-clerical habit, and others again assimilated to the dress of the epoch; albeit the majority wore their own hair. But in one thing they appeared all to agree. Large wine-cups were placed before each, and flagons passed quickly from one to the other round the table.

They stared at Sainte-Croix as he entered with his attendant, and were silent. One of them, however, recognized him, and telling the others that he was a friend, made a place for him at his side, whilst Lachaussée took his seat at the chimney corner on a rude settle.

"Your name, my worthy seigneur?" exclaimed one of the party at the head of the table; "we have no strangers here. Philippe Glazer, tell your friend to answer."

"My name is Gaudin de Sainte-Croix. I am a captain in his Majesty's Normandy regiment. What is yours?"

The collected manner in which the new-comer answered the question evidently made an impression on the chairman. He was a good-looking young man, with long, dark hair, and black eyes, clad in a torn mantle evidently put on for the nonce, with an old cap adorned with shells upon his head; and holding a knotty staff, fashioned like a crutch, for a sceptre. He made a slight obeisance, and replied,

"Well—you are frank with me; I will be the same. I have two names, and answer to both equally. In this society of Gens de la Courte Epée,* I am called 'Le Grand Coësre'; at the Hôtel Dieu they know me better as Camille Theria, of Liège, in the United Netherlands."

At a sign from the speaker, one of the party took a bowl from before him, and pushed it along the table towards Sainte-Croix. There were a few pieces of small money in it, and Gaudin directly

* "Ces grades se composent ordinairement d'écoliers. On les nommait 'gens de la courte épée' à cause des ciseaux qu'ils portaient pour couper les bourses."—*Dulaure*.

perceiving their drift threw in some more. A sound of acclamation passed round the table, and he immediately perceived that he had risen to the highest pitch in their estimation.

"He is one of us!" cried Theria. "*Allons! Glazer—the song—the song.*"

The student addressed directly commenced; the others singing the chorus, and beating time with their cups.

Glazer's Song.

I.

Ruby bubbling from the flask,
Send the grape's bright blood around;
Throw off steady life's cold mask,
Every earthly care confound.
Here no rules are known,

Buvons!

Here no schools we own,

Trinquons!

Let wild glee and revelry
Sober thought dethrone.

Plan! Plan! Plan!

Rataplan!

II.

Would you Beauty's kindness prove?
Drink! faint heart ne'er gain'd a
prize.

Hath a mistress duped your love?

Drink! and fairer forms will rise.

Clasp'd may be the zone,

Buvons!

Even to the throne.

Trinquons!

But full well the students know
Beauty is their own.

Plan! Plan! Plan!

Rataplan!

III.

Soaring thoughts our minds entrance,
Now we seem to spurn the ground.
See,—the lights begin to dance,
Whirling madly round and round.
Still the goblet drain,

Buvons!

Till each blazing vein

Trinquons!

Sends fresh blood in sparkling flood
To the reeling brain.

Plan! Plan! Plan!

Rataplan!

"Your voice ought to make your fortune, Philippe," said Sainte-Croix, who appeared to know the student intimately.

"*Pardieu!* it does me little service. Theria, there, who cannot sing a note, keeps all the *galanteries* to himself. Ho! Maître Camille! here I pledge your last conquest." And he raised his cup as he added, "Marie-Marguerite de Brinvilliers!"

Sainte-Croix started at the name; his eyes, flashing with anger, passed rapidly from one to the other of the two students.

"*Chut!*" cried another of the students, a man of small stature, who was dressed in the court costume of the period, but shabbily, and with every point exaggerated. "*Chut!* Monsieur perchance knows la belle Marquise, and will not bide to hear her name lipped amongst us?"

The student had noticed the rapid change and expression of Sainte-Croix's countenance.

"No, no—you are mistaken," said Gaudin. "I am slightly acquainted with the lady. I served with her husband."

"Jean Blacquart," said Glazer, with much solemnity, to the scholar who had last spoken, "if you interrupt the conversation again, I shall let out your Gascon blood with the cook's spit, and then drop you into the Bièvre. Remember it runs underneath the window."

The Gascon—for so he was—was immediately silent.

"The Captain Gaudin cannot know less of La Brinvilliers than I do," continued Theria, "save by report, as a charitable and spirited lady. I met her at mass a fortnight since, at the Jacobins in the Rue

St. Honoré, and escorted her from a tumult that rose in the church. I might have improved on my acquaintance, had that senseless Blacquart permitted me."

The scholars looked towards Blacquart, and simultaneously broke into the same kind of noise they would have made in chasing an animal from the room. The Gascon was evidently the butt of the society.

"Explain!" cried several to Theria. "What was the tumult owing to?"

"A woman, of course," answered Camille. "You know La Duménil?"

"Proceed, proceed," exclaimed the others. The name was apparently well known amongst the scholars.

"Well—her *laquais* stumbled against the chair on which Madame de la Beaume was kneeling, and got a box on the ears from the latter for his stupidity, that rang all through the church. La Duménil took part with her servant, and soundly abused the other, to which La Beaume replied as heartily, and the service was stopped."

"The quarrel must have been amusing," observed Glazer.

"*Ventrebleu!* the women in the *halles* and markets would have turned pale at their salutations. At last La Duménil threw a missal at her opponent's head, which well-nigh brought her to the ground. The people collected about them, and Madame de Brinvilliers was nearly crushed by the crowd, when I rescued her and led her to the porch."

"And what said she, Camille?" inquired Glazer.

"She was thanking me earnestly, and might have expressed something more, when that no-witted Blacquart spoilt everything by calling me back again. In his Gascon chivalry to defend La Beaume, he had drawn his sword against Duménil."

"I think that was somewhat courageous though," returned Glazer with mock approbation. "Did you really do this, Jean?"

"On my faith I did," answered the Gascon, brightening up; "and would do it again. I should like to see the woman in Paris that I am afraid of."

A roar of applause greeted Blacquart's heroism, and the attention of the party was immediately turned towards the Gascon, to the great relief of Sainte-Croix, who during the anecdote had been ill at ease. He could have added, that he had himself escorted the Marchioness from the Jacobins when Theria was recalled.

"I propose," cried Camille, "that, for his bravery, Jean Blacquart be invested with the ancient order of Montfaucon."

"Agreed," cried the others, rising and surrounding the Gascon, whose countenance betrayed a mixed expression of self-conceit and apprehension.

"Ho, messire!" exclaimed Theria to Lachaussée, who had remained all the time sitting near the fire; "we appoint you master of the Halter. Take it, and tie it round that beam."

He threw a cord to Sainte-Croix's attendant as he spoke, who fastened it to the point indicated, with its running noose hanging down.

"What are you going to do?" demanded Blacquart, getting somewhat terrified.

"To hang you," replied Camille: "but only for a little time.

Glazer and myself will mind your pulse carefully; and, when you are nearly dead, you may depend upon it that we shall cut you down."

"But—I say—Theria—Philippe!" cried Jean in an agony of fright. He had witnessed so many of their wild pranks, that he did not know what they were about to do.

"Père Camus," cried the master of the Gens de la Courte Epée to one of the party bearing a costume of the church—a broken-down and dissipated abbé. "Père Camus, chant a mass for the departing courage of Jean Blacquart."

"Au secours!" shrieked the Gascon; "au feu! aux voleurs! au —"

His further cries for help were cut short by one of the scholars thrusting a baked apple into his mouth, and immediately tying his scarf over it. The miserable little Gascon was directly seized and hoisted on to the table, in spite of his violent struggles; whilst the abbé commenced a profane chant, intended as a parody upon some religious service.

Where their frolic might have ended, cannot be defined. The consequences of the orgies in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, in every position of life, were little cared for; and the unhappy Jean might have been strangled by accident with very little compunction, had not a violent knocking at the door alarmed the revellers, and caused them to desist for the minute from their lawless proceedings. A silence ensued, unbroken except by the efforts of the Gascon to release himself, in the course of which he kicked the flagons and goblets about in all directions.

"Open to the Garde Bourgeois!" cried a voice outside.

There was no resisting the command. The host unbarred the door, and a little pursy man, who looked like a perambulating triumphal car of apoplexy, entered the cabaret.

"Master Poncelet," he said to the host, as he shook his head; until his face was a deep crimson; "this is against the law, and I must look to it, as answerable for the morality of the faubourgs. We cannot allow this brawling four hours after curfew—we cannot allow it."

"If you had come two minutes later," said Blacquart, as he forced himself from his tormentors, "you would have seen me a —"

Under what guise the Garde Bourgeois would have seen Jean Blacquart, was never made known to him. A back-handed blow from Theria overturned the Gascon into the corner of the room, from whence he did not care to arise, not knowing what reception might next await him.

"Maître Picard," said the host with respect, addressing the patrol; "these are learned clerks—scholars of Mazarin, and of Cluny; with some from the Hôtel Dieu. They seek the faubourgs for quiet and study."

"I cannot help it, Master Poncelet," replied the Bourgeois; "the morality of St. Marcel requires the utmost vigilance of its superintendents. Messieurs, you must respect my authority, and put out all the lights directly."

"Call in your guard to do it," said Philippe Glazer; "we are not lackeys."

"My guard is now going round the Rue du Puits qui Parle,"

replied the Bourgeois, "wherein is much evil congregated. I am here. Our good king Louis is The State. I am The Guard."

"Thank you—thank you, Maître Picard," said Theria. "I respect you, although you made me a cap last year of a villanous fabric, and told me that it was the best cloth of Louvain; you forgot I breathed my first gasp of air in Brabant. And you are sure that the guard cannot put out our lights?"

"I have told you they are not near us," said the Bourgeois, offended at being obliged to repeat the intelligence.

"Excellent!" observed Theria. "Philippe, close the door, and let Maître Picard take us all into custody."

Glazer immediately obeyed the command of their chairman, whilst the others huddled round the luckless little Bourgeois, who began to feel remarkably uncomfortable.

"Respite the Gascon, and hang Maître Picard in his stead, by his heels," said Theria.

"I give you all warning!" cried Picard; "I give you all warning! I am a quartenier, and can punish you all. Keep your hands away!" Sainte-Croix, at the first appearance of the Bourgeois, had thrown his cloak over his shoulders, not wishing to be recognised in his military dress; and had retreated with Lachaussée into a corner of the room, whither Maître Picard followed him with an appealing glance, noting that his appearance was somewhat more respectable than that of the scholars.

"I tell you, you do this at your peril," screamed Picard. "The police show no mercy to the vagabonds and *mauvais garçons* who maltreat an enlightened bourgeois."

"We thank you for the hint," said Theria. "Ho! *mes enfans*; in consideration of Maître Picard's enlightenment we incline to mercy and utility. Let us hang him before the door, and save our host's candles. La Reinie never thought of so grand an illumination as an enlightened bourgeois."

"Agreed!" cried the scholars. "*A la lanterne! à la lanterne!*"

CHAPTER V.

Sainte-Croix and his creature.

THE cry had not the terrible meaning which it carried a century afterwards, but it was sufficiently mischievous to offer but little relief to Maître Picard. In an instant he was borne off his legs, and hoisted on the shoulders of the scholars; whilst Philippe Glazer thrust a link into the fire, and, when it was kindled, preceded the procession to the door. Some of his companions dragged out a table and a chair, in spite of the rain, into the street; and, forming a kind of scaffold, they rapidly took down the lantern, and perched Maître Picard, link in hand, upon its iron support, directly removing every means of escape from beneath him.

The poor little Bourgeois was in a lamentable position. The iron-work of the lamp was anything but trustworthy; and, albeit a man of small stature, he was heavily inclined. With one hand he grasped his unenviable seat, and with the other he sustained the link, not daring to put it out, for fear of some new infliction that his tormentors might invent.

"*Salut!* Maître Picard," cried Theria, doffing his bonnet. "Who



The Students enlightening 'Mistère' Square

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arrested Jean Sauval, at the Sorbonne, for taking the cloak from Bussi-Rabuten on the Pont Neuf?"

"*Filou!*" cried the Bourgeois.

"Who pointed out to the watch, where François de Chanvalon, the archbishop, went, instead of to Notre Dame? *Salut, Bourgeois!*" cried Philippe Glazer, with another pretended obeisance.

And then the scholars joined their hands, and performed a wild dance around him.

"Stay awhile, stay awhile!" exclaimed Maître Picard. "Now you shall see what I can do. Here comes the Guet Royal. *Aux voleurs! aux voleurs!!*"

The little man was right. From his elevated position he had seen the guard with their lights turning round the corner of the Rue Mouffetard, and he now hailed them with all the force of his lungs, kicking his legs in nervous anxiety until one of his shoes fell off upon Glazer's head, who directly returned it, flinging it at the little man with a force that almost upset him from his treacherous position.

The scholars instantly took the alarm, (for some of the mounted guard were riding down the street,) and fled in all directions, along the narrow and dark outlets of the Faubourg St. Marcel. Lachaussée, who, with Sainte-Croix, had been a spectator of the scene, seized the officer by the arm, and drew him into the house.

"It will not do for you to be found here, monsieur," he said; "follow me—we can get off by the Bièvre."

He closed the door after them, and telling the host not to admit the guard, but let them break in if they chose, passed through the room lately occupied by the scholars, and, throwing open the window, stepped out upon the bank of the Bièvre—a small stream running from the south, which flows into the Seine a little above the present Pont d'Austerlitz by the Jardin des Plantes. It was now swollen with the rains, and was rushing angrily by the narrow path, along which Lachaussée led the way, having once more closed the window.

They crept along, clinging like bats to the walls of the houses that bordered the stream, at the risk of falling into it every minute, until Lachaussée stopped at a small gate, to which he applied a pass-key. It opened, and Sainte-Croix found himself in an outer after-court of the Gobelins. This they crossed, and were immediately wards in one of the apartments apportioned to the superintendents.

Lachaussée raked together some embers on the hearth, which he soon blew into a flame, and then lighted a lamp; whilst Sainte-Croix once more threw off his cloak, and took his place on one of the settles.

"So," he exclaimed, "we are once more housed. Your night's adventure is so far to be considered fortunate, as I might have looked for you long enough here, it seems."

"The purse of the Marquis wanted replenishing," replied Lachaussée in an easy tone. "You did not let me know you were coming, or I might have stayed at home."

"I am chilled and wearied," said Sainte-Croix; "have you no wine?"

"Better than ever paid duty in the city," said Lachaussée, producing a bottle from a closet. "They watch the town, but forget the river."

"That is right good Burgundy," observed Sainte-Croix, as he tasted it.

"The best that the vineyards of Auxerre can produce. One needs it in such a dismal outskirts, Heaven knows!"

"Your position might be worse."

"It might be much better," returned Lachauscée carelessly. "I am glad you have come. I spoke to the Marquis about entering his service, for I am somewhat weary of the faubourgs; and he referred me to you. You do not want a character, I presume, or a reference?"

He gave out these words full of meaning, and looked earnestly at Sainte-Croix as he uttered them.

"You will remain here during my pleasure," replied the other, refilling his glass.

"And suppose it wearies me?"

"I shall tell you a story to amuse you and beguile the time," Gaudin answered. "But possibly you know it: it relates to an event that occurred some three years back at Milan."

Lachauscée was pouring out some wine for himself. He placed the cup down on the table, and regarded Sainte-Croix with a look of mingled fear and mistrust. Gaudin cast his eye round, and, perceiving that the attention of the other was arrested, continued:

"There were two soldiers staying at the Croce Bianca: one was an officer in the French service, the other a renegade who turned his back upon the Fronde, with the Prince de Condé; went with him into Spain to take up arms against his own country, and then, when the chances turned, deserted again and joined the French army. He must have been a double knave. What think you?"

Lachauscée gave no answer. He moved his lips in reply, but no sound escaped them.

"The resources of these two were nearly exhausted," resumed Sainte-Croix; "for they led a gallant life, when a French nobleman, rich and young, arrived at Milan. He was courted, fêted, in all circles; and he became introduced to the officer and his companion. They marked him for their prey; and one night, at the gaming-table, carried off a large sum of money, offering the noble his revenge on the following evening at the Croce Bianca. He embraced the chance, and came alone: fortune once more patronized him, and he gained back, not merely what he had lost, but every sou the others possessed in the world.

"There was a grand festival that evening given by one of the Borromeo family, and the officer departed to it, leaving the renegade and the nobleman still playing. In the middle of the fête, a mask approached the officer and slipped a letter into his hand, immediately quitting the assembly."

Sainte-Croix took a small pouncet-box from his breast, and opened it. He then unfolded a scrap of paper, and continued:

"It read as follows: 'Exili's potion has done its work. I have started with everything to the frontier. Do not return to the Croce Bianca until after day-break.' The officer followed the advice; and, when he went back to the inn, the noble had been found dead in the room; with an empty phial of the terrible 'Manna of St. Nicholas de Barri,'* clutched in his hand. He was presumed to have committed

* The "Manna of Saint Nicholas de Barri" was the name under which the *Aqua Tofana* was vended almost publicly.

suicide, and the crime was, in twenty-four hours, hidden by the grave. The officer soon afterwards left Milan, and joined the other in Paris. His name was Gaudin de Sainte-Croix; the renegade, and real murderer, was called Lachaussée."

"What is the use of thus recalling all that has long past?" said Lachaussée, who, during Gaudin's story, had recovered his composure. "The same blow that strikes one, must hurl the other as well to damnation. Exili, who is known to be in Paris, could crush us both."

"Exili has been this night conveyed to the Bastille by a *lettre de cachet*," replied Sainte-Croix; "and this small piece of writing is enough to send you to join him. You were grumbling at your position: a subterranean cell in St. Antoine is less pleasant than this room at the Gobelins."

"I am as much at your disposal as at your mercy," returned Lachaussée, swallowing down a large draught of wine. "What next do you require of me?"

"No very unpleasant task," said Sainte-Croix. "It regards a woman, young, and fair enough, in all conscience. She has been working here, it seems, until a very short period since. Have you the name of Louise Gauthier amongst the artists of your *ateliers*?"

"Surely," replied Lachaussée, "a haughty minx enough. She left a day or two back, displeased with my attention; at least, she said so. I know not where she is gone."

A spasm crossed the features of Sainte-Croix during this speech of the superintendent, as he eyed him with an expression of contempt, amounting to disgust: but this passed, and he continued:—

"I can tell you: she is staying at the boat-mill below the Pont Notre Dame. You must go to-morrow and ascertain if she is still there. In the event of finding her, contrive so that she may be under your control; place her in some situation where she can never see me, or follow me, again. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," returned Lachaussée; "though mine would not be the advice she would the soonest follow."

And then he added, as he regarded Sainte-Croix with a piercing look:—

"You have sent Exili to the Bastille. He might have aided us."

"No more!" cried Sainte-Croix, as he perceived the meaning of the other. "No more! I must be freed from her annoyance. Other prospects are opening to me, which her presence would cloud and destroy—but remember, you will be held answerable for the slightest injury that may affect her. If you want money, you have only to apply to me for it; but, by Heaven! if every sou of what you draw is not appropriated to her sole use, your life shall answer for it. Am I understood?"

"You may count upon me," answered Lachaussée. "She shall never trouble you more. I believe the girl is entirely destitute. Perhaps she may look upon me with more favour when she finds how utterly dependent she will be upon my liberality."

"I shall not return to the Rue des Bernardins to-night," said Sainte-Croix. "You must accommodate me here, and to-morrow we will leave together on our separate missions."

There was a small apartment opening from the chamber wherein this conversation had taken place, to which Lachaussée conducted

his companion. In the corner was a truckle-bed, without furniture. Gaudin threw his cloak upon it; and ordering the other to bring in the embers from the fire-place, and place them upon the hearth, closed the door as the task was finished, and prepared to retire to rest. He merely took off his upper garments, and then lay carelessly down upon the rude couch, placing his sword and pistols within his grasp, upon a chair by the side. He heard the steps of Lachaussee retiring, and then all was still as the grave. The cold air of the room rushed up the chimney, and fanned the *braise* into a light flame, which threw the mouldings of the room in flitting and grotesque shadows upon the walls and ceiling. As slumber came upon him, these assumed regular forms in his fevered imagination. He fancied Exili and Lachaussee appeared, and were dragging him down into a gulph, when Louise Gauthier stretched out her arm, and they could not pass her; and then another female, almost equally young and beautiful, with a countenance that was ever before him, sleeping and waking, in the rich apparel of a grand lady, drew him away from the rest, and told him to escape with her. He attempted to fly, but his feet were riveted to the ground, and the others were already in pursuit. They came nearer and nearer, and were about to lay hands on him once more, when in his agony he awoke, and, starting up on the bed, glared wildly about the room. By the light of the declining embers he perceived some one moving in the chamber, and, in the alarmed voice of a person suddenly aroused from a frightful dream, he challenged the intruder.

"It is I, Lachaussee," cried the superintendent, for it was he. "I—I came to see what you wanted. You have been moaning bitterly in your sleep; I knew not what might happen to you."

"It was nothing," returned Gaudin. "I have drunk deeply this evening, and my sleep is fevered and troubled. Get you to-bed yourself, and do not enter this room again, except I summon you."

Lachaussee departed without a word; and, as soon as he was gone, Sainte-Croix moved the bed from the wall, and placed its foot against the door: he then once more lay down, but not for sleep. Every night-noise caused him to start up and listen anxiously for some minutes, in the apprehension that the treachery of Lachaussee might once more bring him to the room.

Daylight came slowly through the window, and the sound of the early artisans assembling in the court-yards for their work was heard below, when he at last sank into a deep and unbroken morning slumber.

CHAPTER VI.

Maitre Glazer, the apothecary, and his man, Panurge, discourse with the people on poisons.—The visit of the Marchioness.

THERE was plenty to occupy the gossips the morning after the events of the preceding chapters, in the good city of Paris. The capture of Exili, with all the additions and exaggerations that word of mouth could promulgate, formed the only topic of conversation; nothing else was canvassed by the little knots of idlers who collected at the corners of the Pont Neuf and on the quays.

There were few newspapers then to spread their simultaneous intelligence over the city. The first important journal, established

under the auspices of Colbert, as yet appealed to a very limited number of the citizens beyond the scientific, and those interested in manufacturing and commercial improvements. There was a weekly paper, to be sure, from which the eager populace might have gained some news, had the occurrences come within the range of its time of publication; and the subject would have been dilated upon with especial care, for its originator was a physician. Le Docteur Renaudot had found, as the medical men of the present day are aware, that a knowledge of the current events of the time was thought as much of in a physician, by his patients, as a knowledge of his profession; and so he cultivated its acquisition to his great profit. But when a healthy season came, and he had less to do and talk about, it struck him that some advantage might accrue from distributing his news generally, in a printed form. He did so; the plan succeeded; and to this circumstance is the origin of the French press to be traced.

But all news connected with assaults and offences found a loquacious Mercury in every member of the Garde Bourgeois. Not one who had assisted, on the antecedent evening, at the capture of Exili omitted to take all the credit to himself, as he babbled to a crowd of gasping auditors from his shop-window. Maître Picard, who had arrived, boiling over with indignation, at the office of the Prévôt in the Châtelet, found even his complaint against the scholars overlooked, in the more important excitement. The exposition of the horrible means, so long suspected, by which the Italian gained his living, and the strange death of the Chevalier du Guet by the poisoned atmosphere of the chamber, absorbed all other attention.

And well indeed it might. The frightful effects of the "Acquetta di Napoli," to which rumour had assigned the power of causing death at any determinate period, after weeks, months, or even years of atrophy and wasting agony,—this terrible fluid, tasteless, inodorous, colourless,—so facile in its administration, and so impossible to be detected, had been for half a century the dread of southern Europe. Once administered, there was no hope for the sufferer, except in a few antidotes, the secret of which appeared to rest with the poisoners alone. A certain indescribable change crept on; a nameless feeling of indisposition, as the powers of life gradually sank beneath the influence of its venom, but one that offered no clue whereby the most perceptive physician could ascertain the seat of evil, or the principal organ affected. Then came anxiety and weariness; the spirits broke down, hope departed, and a constant gnawing pain, that appeared to run in liquid torment through all the arteries of the body, passing even by the capillaries, to bring fresh pain and poisoned vital fluid to the heart, left the helpless victim without ease or slumber; and, as time advanced in misery and anguish that evaded every remedy, so did the poison fasten itself deeper and deadlier on the system, until the last stage of its effects arrived, and life departed in a manner too horrible to describe.

Respecting this fearful scourge little technical information that is left can be relied upon. It appears to have been a preparation of arsenic; and, if this be true, the ignorance of the age might have allowed the deadly metal to pass undetected by analysis: but, as we have before stated, toxicology is now more certain in its researches after hidden poison, and in this deadly drug especially.

The merest trace of it, in whatever form it may be administered, even to the eye of the vulgar affording no more attributes than pure water for analysis, can be reduced to its mineral state. The grave itself refuses to conceal the crime; and the poison has the remarkable property of embalming the body, as it were, and by its antiseptic virtue giving back the vital organs to the light of day, should exhumation be required, in such a state as to place all matter of detecting its presence beyond the slightest doubt, even in the quantity of the most minute atom.

It was about the shop of Maître Glazer, the apothecary, in the Place Maubert, at the river boundary of the Quartier Latin, that the principal collection of gossippers clustered all day long. He had acquired some renown in Paris for compounding and vending antidotes to the dreaded poisons; and it was reported, that his unhappy assistant, Panurge, as he was nicknamed by the acquaintances of the apothecary,—albeit his real name was Martin,—was the subject of all his experiments. Panurge was a tall, spare creature, whose skeleton appeared to be composed of nothing but large joints, and chiefly resembled his predecessor of the same name in being a wonderful coward, as well as boaster; and herein he closely assimilated in his nature to the Gascon scholar, Blacquart. And when the latter sometimes accompanied his master's son, Philippe Glazer, to the house, these two would outlie one another in a marvellous manner, until they had well-nigh quarrelled and fought, but for very cowardice.

On the evening subsequent to the events of the last chapter, Maître Glazer was holding forth to a crowd of anxious auditors, even until after dark; whilst his man was busied in distilling some water of rare merit in all diseases. His shop had never held a larger meeting. It was known by the sign "*Au Basilisk*;" and had the "effigies" of that fabulous serpent painted over the door, done from the book of Ambrose Paré, which formed his entire medical library.

"Look you, Maître Glazer," said a bystander; "though Exili be taken, we are none of us yet sure of our lives. For are there not devil's drinks of Italy that will kill at any certain and definite time?"

"Theophrastus thus answers that question," replied Glazer, giving his authority first, that his statement might have more weight. "Of poisons some more speedily perform their parts, others more slowly; yet you may find no such as will kill in set limits of time. And when one hath lingered long, then hath he been fed little by little, and so tenderly nursed, as it were, into his grave."

"I have felt ill long," said a portly bourgeois. "Pray heaven I am not fed with poison in such manner! How may I avoid it?"

"By ceasing to eat, Michel," replied Maître Glazer. "Yet there are other methods of killing, which no man may combat but with antidotes on their effects being known. Pope Clement, the seventh of that name, and uncle to the mother of one of our kings, was poisoned by the fume of a medicated torch carried before him, and died thereof; and Mathiolus tells us, that there were two mountebanks in the market-place of Sienna, the one of which, but smelling to a poisoned gillyflower given him by the other, presently fell down dead."

"And a certain man not long ago," said Panurge, "when he had put his nose and smelled a little unto a pomander which was secretly

poisoned, did presently swell so that he almost filled the room, and would have died, but I gave him an antidote. Then he shrunk rapidly, and went on his way healed."

There was an expression of disbelief amongst the crowd, and a young artisan laughed aloud derisively; at which Panurge inquired bravely "Who it was?"

But when the artisan said it was himself, the ire of Panurge relaxed; and he said, if it had been any one else, he should have taken up the affront warmly. And then, on a reproving sign from Maître Glazer, he continued his work.

The evening soon warned the last of the talkers home, after Maître Glazer had held forth for some time longer on his favourite theme. When the latest idler had departed, Panurge closed the shop, and they retired into the small apartment behind for supper.

The shop was at the corner of the *porte-cochère* leading to the court-yard, and one window looked upon the passage, so that everybody who passed to the other apartments of the house could be seen. The meal was soon arranged by the *concierge* of the establishment—for Maître Glazer was a widower—and he sat down with his assistant to enjoy it.

"Has my boy come back?" asked the apothecary, as they took their places.

"I have not seen him," replied Panurge. "His neighbour Theria, the Brabantian, is at home though, for there is a light in his window high up."

"They are great friends of Philippe's," said Maître Glazer; "both Theria and his wife—a modest, well-favoured body."

"Mère Jobert says it is not his wife," replied the assistant; "but merely a grisette of the city. Oh, the corrupt state of Paris!"

"She is outwardly well-behaved, and of mild manners," returned the apothecary; "and we wish to know no further. There is more vice at court than in that *mansarde*, which is approved of by the world."

"Theria does not like her to see much of me," said Panurge, conceitedly smoothing three or four hairs that straggled about his chin, where his beard ought to have been.

"Why not—for fear you should frighten her?"

"Frighten her! by the mass, it is far otherwise," answered the assistant. "There are not many gallants in Paris who have been so favoured as myself, or can show such a leg."

He stretched out the bony limb, and was gazing at it in admiration, when the attention of the apothecary was drawn off from some sharp reply he was about to make to Panurge's vanity, by a hurried tap at the door—a side one leading into the court. The rhapsodies of Panurge were stopped short, and he rose to let in the supposed patient—for there was small chance of its being any one else at that hour.

As he opened the door, a female entered hurriedly, and threw off a common cloak—one such as those worn in winter by the sisters of the hospitals. She was a young and handsome woman, in reality about thirty years of age, but her countenance bore an expression of girlish simplicity and freshness which rather belonged to nineteen. Her eyes were blue and lustrous; her hair, dark chestnut, arranged in curls, according to the fashion of the period, on each side of her

white expansive forehead; and her parted lips, as she breathed rapidly from hurry or agitation, disclosed a row of teeth singularly perfect and beautiful. One might have looked long amidst the fair dames of Paris, to have found features similarly soft and confiding in their aspect; the nose, which was *retroussé*, alone giving an expression—but a very slight one—of coquetry. Her figure was under the middling size, delicate and perfect in its contour; and, but for the mantle which she had worn over her other handsome apparel, a spectator would have wondered at seeing one so gentle in the streets of Paris by herself after dark, and during one of the most licentious epochs of French history. As Maître Glazer recognised his visitor, he rose and saluted her respectfully, with a reverence due to her rank; for it was Marie-Marguerite d'Aubrai, Marchioness of Brinvilliers.

"I am paying you a late visit to-night, Maître Glazer," she said laughingly; "it is lucky your assistant is here, or we might furnish scandal for our good city of Paris."

"Your reputation would be safe with so old a man as myself, madame," replied the apothecary; "even with your most bitter enemy. Is M. the Marquis well?"

"Quite well, Maître Glazer, I thank you. As to my enemy, I hope I cannot reckon even one."

"Report is never idle now, madame; but you have little to dread; few have your enviable name."

The Marchioness fixed her bright eyes on Glazer, as she bowed in reply to the old man's speech, allowing a smile of great sweetness to play over her fair face.

"Is your son Philippe at home?" she continued. "I wished to inquire after some of our charges at the Hôtel Dieu."

"I was asking but just now. There is a light with his friend Theria."

"I will go over to his *étage*, and see," replied the lady. "We are old friends, you know; he will not mind my intrusion."

She gathered the cloak once more around her, and then, with another silvery laugh, nodded kindly to Glazer and Panurge, and tripped across the court, leaving the apothecary and his assistant to finish their meal.

"An excellent lady," said Glazer, as she left; "good and charitable. Would we had many more in Paris like her! And she has hard work, too, at the hospitals at present, as Philippe tells me; some evil demon seems to breathe a lingering sickness into her patients' frames the minute she takes them under her devoted care."

Panurge spoke but little, contenting himself with gradually clearing everything digestible that was upon the table; and at last the heavy curfew betokened to Maître Glazer that his usual hour of retiring for the night had arrived. The old man, preceded by his assistant with a lamp, made a careful survey of his establishment, putting out the remnant of fire in his laboratory; and Panurge prepared his couch, which was a species of berth under the counter. From their occupation they were both startled by a second knocking at the door, hurried and violent; and, on challenging the new-comer, a voice without inquired, "if Philippe had come in?"

"My son seems in request to-night," said Glazer. "That should be the Chevalier de Sainte-Croix's voice."

"You are right, Maître," cried Gaudin without, for it was he. "Do not disturb yourself. Shall I find your son in his apartment?"

"I cannot say, monsieur. Madame de Brinvilliers asked the same question but a few minutes since."

"She is here, then?" asked Sainte-Croix with an eagerness that betokened the Marchioness was chiefly concerned in his visit.

"She crossed the court just now, and has scarcely had time to return."

"Enough, Maître Glazer," replied Sainte-Croix. "I am sorry to have disturbed you. Good night!"

Without waiting for a return of the salutation, Gaudin left the door, and hurried along the archway, towards the staircase, evidently impelled by no ordinary excitement. He had called that evening upon Madame de Brinvilliers, at her hotel in the Rue des Cordeliers, to seek an interview with her upon the subject of her acquaintance made with Theria at the Jacobins, which since last evening had been rankling in his heart. For some of the busy tongues of Paris had long whispered of a *liaison* that passed the bounds of friendship, between Gaudin and the Marchioness; nor were the reports unfounded. Sainte-Croix was madly, deeply devoted to her; but jealous, at the same time, to a point which rendered every word or look that she bestowed upon another a source of raging torture to his mind. He found the Marchioness had left word with her *femme-de-chambre* that she had gone to see Philippe Glazer respecting her hospital patients, whom she was accustomed to serve as a *sainte fille*; and, knowing that Theria occupied the same flat with the young student, his suspicions were immediately aroused. She had, beyond doubt, made an appointment with him.

With his brain on fire, he left the hotel; and rapidly threading the dark and wretched streets that led to the Place Maubert, rather by instinct than the slightest attention to the localities, he reached the *porte cochère* by the side of Glazer's shop. Here he gained the information just alluded to, and immediately proceeded to the floor on which the rooms of the scholars were placed, flying up the stairs three and four at a time, until he came to the landing. There was no light in Glazer's chamber; he listened, and all was quiet; he was evidently not within. But from Theria's he thought he heard the murmur of voices proceeding, mingled now and then with light laughter which he recognised; whose sound made his blood boil again. He seized the handle of the *sonnette*, and pulled it violently. In less than half a minute, during which time he was chafing up and down the landing like an infuriated animal, the summons was answered. A small window in the wall was opened, and a female face appeared at it—that of a young and tolerably good-looking woman, apparently belonging to the class of *grisettes*.

"Is Camille within?" asked Sainte-Croix, with an assumption of intimacy with Theria.

An answer was given in the negative.

"The Marchioness of Brinvilliers is here, I believe?" continued Gaudin. And, without waiting for a reply, he added, "Will you tell her she is wanted on most pressing business?"

The woman retired, and closed the window. Immediately afterwards, he heard footsteps approaching; the outer door opened, and Madame de Brinvilliers appeared.

A stifled scream of fear and surprise, yet sufficiently intense to show her emotion at the presence of Gaudin, broke from her lips as she recognized him. But, directly, she recovered her impassibility of features—that wonderful calmness and innocent expression which afterwards was so severely put to the proof without being shaken; and asked, with apparent unconcern,

“Well, monsieur, what do you want with me?”

“Marie!” exclaimed Gaudin; “let me ask your business *here*, at this hour, unattended; and in the apartment of a scholar of the Hôtel Dieu?”

“You are mad, Sainte-Croix,” said the Marchioness; “am I to be accountable to you for all my actions? M. Theria is not here, and I came to see his wife on my own affairs.”

“Liar!” cried Gaudin, as he quivered with jealous rage, seizing the arm of the Marchioness with a clutch of iron. “Theria is within, and you came to meet him only. You know that woman is not his wife: though many there be less constant. You would wean his love from her, and make him cast her upon the world, that you might be installed as his paramour. You see, I know all—in another moment she also shall be acquainted with everything.”

Sainte-Croix had spoken much of this upon mere chance, but it proved to be correct. In an instant the accustomed firmness of the Marchioness deserted her, and she fell upon her knees at his feet, on the cold damp floor of the landing.

“In the name of mercy, leave this house, Gaudin!” she exclaimed hurriedly. “I have been very, very wrong. I confess I ought to have been more candid. But leave this house—on my bended knees I implore it. I will explain everything.”

“I shall not stir, Marie,” replied Sainte-Croix; and through all his excitement a sarcastic smile played upon his lip as he saw the trembling woman at his feet. “The tumult of this interview will reach your new favourite’s ears; possibly the police of to-morrow will exhibit strange prisoners.”

In an agony of terror the Marchioness clung to Sainte-Croix, and again besought him to depart. But Gaudin saw, as she quailed before his determined aspect, that he had gained a temporary triumph over her haughty disposition; and he enjoyed her distress in proportion as it increased.

“Gaudin!” she cried; “pray, pray quit this place. I will do all that you may in future wish, so that you will but go away. I will be your abject slave; you shall spurn me, trample on me, crush me, if you choose; only leave the house.”

“I am waiting for an interview with M. Theria,” Sainte-Croix replied coldly.

“You will not depart!” exclaimed the Marchioness, suddenly altering her tone, and springing up from her position of supplication. “Then but one resource is left.”

“Where are you about to go?” asked Sainte-Croix, as she advanced towards the top of the flight of stairs.

“Hinder me not,” returned Marie. “To the river!”

The Seine flowed but a few steps from the corner of the Place

Maubert, and Sainte-Croix doubted not but that, in her desperation of fear and excitement, she would not hesitate to precipitate herself into it from the quay—at that time unguarded by wall or barrier of any kind. He seized her wrist as she was about to descend, and exclaimed hurriedly :

“Wherever you go, Marie—I go too; even to perdition!”

They flew down the winding stairs, scarcely knowing how they progressed, Sainte-Croix still keeping hold of his companion. In an instant they were at the bottom of the flight, and Gaudin's hand was glowing like a live coal from the rapid friction of the balusters, as they descended; but, frenzied and insensible to the pain, he saw or thought of nothing, except the pale and terrified creature in his grasp. As they reached the end of their headlong and impetuous course, Marie could no longer bear up against the whirl of tumultuous passions that agitated her. The struggle had been too intense; her nerves gave way, and she sank, apparently lifeless, on the ground.

The interview between Sainte-Croix and Madame de Brinvilliers, hurried as it had been, was too violent for the sound of their altercation not to reach Theria's chambers; and the frenzied pair had scarcely reached the bottom of the stairs, when the student was following them, accompanied by the terrified grisette, who was bearing a light. He found Gaudin endeavouring to raise the fainting Marchioness. She had struck her face, in falling, against a projecting portion of the staircase, and was bleeding therefrom; a circumstance which, in the hurry of the instant, Theria attributed to Sainte-Croix. A few hot and hurried words passed on either side, and the next instant their swords were drawn and crossed.

Sainte-Croix, it need scarcely be observed, was a practised swordsman. But he nearly found his match in Camille Theria. The students were, at that time, most expert in fencing; and Gaudin was somewhat hardly driven by the assaults of his antagonist, who, with more enthusiasm than science, pressed on him, following thrust after thrust so rapidly, that Sainte-Croix was compelled to act on the defensive alone for some seconds. At length the cool calculation of the soldier, unnerved as he had been by the events of the last few minutes, prevailed over the impetuous assaults of his adversary. He allowed Theria to spend his energy in a series of heated attacks, which he put aside with practised skill; until, watching his moment, he made a lunge and thrust his rapier completely through the fleshy part of the sword-arm of the student, whose weapon fell to the ground.

“I have it!” cried Camille, as he reeled back against the pillar of the staircase; and stretching out his left hand he caught hold of the hilt of Gaudin's sword, preventing him from drawing it back again, until, with singular nerve, he allowed the bright blade to be retracted through his quivering muscle.

“A peace, monsieur; I have it!” he continued, smiling as he watched the trickling dark stream that followed its withdrawal. “But you have not crippled me beyond to-night. Glazer will tell you that the veins will soon close. Had it been a leaping artery, the case would have been different. Clemence, tie my arm round with your handkerchief.”

The grisette, who had been frightened to death during the con-

test, was now supporting the still senseless Marchioness. Gaudin knelt down and relieved her of her charge, and she immediately bound up Theria's wound as he had requested, and then, at his command, went back to the chambers up stairs; she evidently lived in complete submission to what he chose to order.

"So!" said Camille, "that is past. We have met again in an odd fashion, Captain de Sainte-Croix."

As he was speaking, Marie opened her eyes and looked around. But, the instant she saw the two rivals, she shuddered convulsively, and again relapsed into insensibility.

"She is a clever actress," continued Camille, smiling; "they will tell you so at Versailles."

"We have each been duped," answered Gaudin, somewhat struck at the cool manner in which Theria appeared to take everything; "she has been playing a deep double game with us."

"She will play one no longer as far as I am concerned. You are welcome to all her affections; and I shall rank you as one of my best friends for your visit this evening."

"Let me ask one thing," said Gaudin. "For her sake this rencontre must be kept between ourselves."

"You have my honour that it shall," answered Theria, "if you think such an article good security."

But, whatever might have been their intentions, they were not permitted to preserve the secrecy. For Glazer's man, Panurge, hearing the struggle in the court, had thought it by far the best plan to call in the guard instead of going himself to see what it was; and opening the window of the shop, looking on to the street, had bawled so lustily that a detachment of the Guet Royal was soon summoned, and by his directions now entered the court-yard, upon the assurance that a woman was being murdered.

They advanced at once to the foot of the staircase, where Theria, Gaudin, and Marie were stationed; their bright cressets shedding a vivid light over every part of the interior. Some young men, who had come up with the guard, as they were returning from their orgies, pressed forward with curiosity to ascertain the cause of the tumult.

But from one of them a fearful cry of surprise was heard as he recognized the persons before him. Sainte-Croix raised his eyes, and found that he was standing face to face with Antoine, Marquis de Brinvilliers!

THE CARLISTS AT BAYONNE.

I HAPPENED to find myself at Bayonne for a few days after the termination of the war in the Basque Provinces by the treaty of Bergara, when those of the Pretender's partizans who had not adhered to the treaty were taking refuge in France. Crowds of them were daily arriving, some few having resources of their own, but the majority, both of officers and men, entirely dependent on the French government for food and shelter. For some time the usually quiet streets of Bayonne presented a bustling and lively scene, thronged as they were with Spaniards in every variety of costume. Most of the refugees had no plain clothes, and, not having money to buy them, they continued to wear their uniforms. It was a perfect carnival: the promenades were filled from morning till night with hundreds of officers of all arms and grades, hussars, lancers, dragoons, infantry, artillery; and many others in the nondescript but picturesque garb of the various guerilla corps and free companions, partaking in appearance, and probably in fact, more of the bandit than the soldier. The private soldiers had barracks provided for them outside the town; those who had brought horses with them being quartered about a mile off, in an enclosure adjoining the castle of Marac. These latter were numerous; and for some time a train of twelve or fourteen hundred horses and mules passed through Bayonne every afternoon, on their way to water, mounted by the men who had the care of them, escorted by a few French infantry soldiers. A strange set of tatterdemalions the riders were, consisting of natives of every province of Spain, some Portuguese Miguelites, a few Italians, Poles, and deserters from the English Legion. In spite of their unprosperous circumstances, they did not seem very much cast down, but used to joke and laugh with each other as they rode through the streets, and sing their *Ré que te*, and other soldiers' ditties; carrying on pretty much as if they had been on one of their hurried disorderly marches through their own mountains.

I saw several of the Carlist leaders and persons of note at Bayonne; although most of the superior officers, having some means, only remained there a day or two, and hastened to get into the interior, away from the herd of fugitives. The Arceaux du Port Neuf, a covered walk near the river, lined with shops, and lighted at night, was the best place to see them, for there happened to be a good deal of rain at that time; and, as a Spaniard cannot do without his *paseo*, or afternoon lounge, they used to congregate there in great numbers. Villareal, who for a long period commanded the Pretender's armies, I saw more than once,—a soldierly-looking man of middle age, dressed in plain dark clothes, and wearing no decoration, although most of the Carlists used to display at their button-holes bunches of ribbon of every colour of the rainbow. Don Carlos made liberal use of this mode of recompensing his adherents. It cost him nothing, and for a time gratified them; although, at last,

decorations became so common in his camp, that the difficulty was to find a man who had not got any.

The famous Gomez was several weeks at Bayonne. He had a remarkably fine Andalusian stallion with him, one of those which he had brought away from Cordova on his celebrated expedition to the South. The Cura Merino, that veteran champion of absolutism, had also two or three very fine horses. He was stopping at the Hôtel St. Etienne, and used to walk about in a suit of rusty black, with a shabby old hat, and an enormous pair of jingling spurs. He was much worn and weatherbeaten, but erect and wiry, and looked as if he had still half a dozen campaigns in him. Inaction, however, has been more fatal to him than campaigning would probably have been, and he has since died at the residence that had been assigned to him by the French authorities. When at Bayonne, he was as savage as a baited bull at the unfortunate issue of the war. A Spaniard whom I knew there, and who had served with Merino against the French in the Peninsular war, but had been opposed to him in 1823, and again in the Carlist struggle, went up to the Cura one day, as he was coming out of his hôtel, and saluted him in a friendly manner.

"*Buenos dias, Don Geronimo,*" said he.

Old Merino remembered him immediately, although he had probably not seen him for nearly twenty years. He looked at him for a moment from under his shaggy grey eyebrows, as though he would willingly have knifed him; and then, with the somewhat uncourteous and unpriestly ejaculation of "*Vaya V. a los infernos!*" turned his back upon his former comrade, and walked away.

There was another nice specimen of the priesthood there in the shape of Don Juan Echevarria, who had been the confessor of Don Carlos, and who, when he saw that the war was at an end, established himself on the frontier, at Vera, with a few companies of the Fifth Navarrese battalion, and robbed and ill-treated all the defenceless fugitives (especially the women) who passed that way. The atrocities of this brigand and his followers were beyond conception, and excited so much indignation amongst the French, within half a mile of whose territory they were perpetrated, that when Echevarria and his worthy colleague, Basilio Garcia, at last crossed the frontier, they were put into prison at Bayonne. But nothing could be done to them; for, although their crimes were notorious, they had been committed a few hundred yards south of the French boundary line. They were consequently released, and soon afterwards left the town; where, indeed, they could not have remained in safety, owing to the number of Spaniards there who had suffered in person or property at their hands, and had sworn vengeance whenever the opportunity should offer. Garcia is since dead. Of Echevarria I have never heard anything; but it will be a grievous cheating of the hangman if he should end otherwise than by a rope.

A SPANISH SUTLER.

THERE was a famous *cantiniera*, or *vivandière*, attached for a long time to Espartero's army. She was rather a little woman, very active and hardy, with a quick flashing eye, and a complexion like an Arab's. She went by the name of the Morena, and would not allow herself to be sent to any particular corps, as all the other sutlers were, but wandered about the division, sometimes marching with one regiment, sometimes with another. She had been through the whole war, and could rattle off the list of every action that had occurred, as glibly as a sailor boxes his compass. Her dress was a pair of loose trousers and a short blouse or frock; on the left breast of which she displayed three crosses of Isabel Segunda, the order usually given to private soldiers, and which she had received for saving the lives of wounded men, at the imminent peril of her own. She had a fine strong donkey, which carried her stock in trade, and sometimes herself.

The poor Morena was not destined to get through the war without carrying away scars more honourable than ornamental. The division to which she belonged set out one morning on its march, and was just clear of the town in which it had passed the night, when La Morena, who was in the rear of the column, was assailed by a score of horsemen, who suddenly appeared from behind a bank close to the road. One of the savages made a blow at her with his sword, which cut her ear off; the whole of them flourished their sabres above her head, and then, with a frightful yell, spurred their horses in the direction of some neighbouring hills, amongst which the Carlists had a small fort. This occurred so near the Christino troops, that a staff-officer, who related the incident to me, and who chanced to be in rear of the column, heard the shout given by the men, and, almost before he could look round, the Morena came up, covered with blood, her ear hanging down upon her shoulder.

"*Los Facciosos!* The Carlists!" cried she.

The officer thought she had been getting into a quarrel in the town, or with some of the soldiers.

"Nonsense!" replied he. "The Carlists! how can there be any Carlists here?"

"*Si, Señor, si,*" persisted the Morena, who was in a violent state of fury and excitement. "They were Carlists; they wore *boinas*. There they go! See yonder!"

And sure enough, on looking in the direction in which she pointed, the officer saw some twenty Carlists scouring away towards the hills, and already at a considerable distance. These fellows had come down before the troops began their march, and had had the daring to remain hidden behind a low bush-covered bank while the whole division, eighteen battalions and several squadrons, artillery, and baggage, had passed within twenty yards of them. The bank afforded so trifling a concealment, that they must have crouched over their horses' necks to avoid having their heads seen.

Whatever diminution the loss of an ear may have made in the charms of the Morena, it did not apparently diminish the number of

her admirers; and after, as before her mutilation, she was a constant bone of contention amongst the soldiers. I was leaning one starlight night over the wooden balcony of my quarters in a small town in Castile, when I saw two figures coming down the street whom on nearer approach I recognised to be the Morena and one of the *batidores*, or pioneers, of the hussars of Luchana. The latter was a magnificent-looking fellow with a beard reaching half way down to his waist, and I recollected having heard that he was a great favourite of the Morena's. The couple had arrived within a few yards of my billet, when, at the angle of a street, they encountered a soldier of the guides, a regiment of light infantry, composed of picked men, and decidedly the finest corps of foot-soldiers in the Spanish army since the breaking-up of the royal guards. Whether the fickle Morena had given encouragement to the guide, or what the cause of quarrel was, I cannot say, but after a few sentences exchanged in a low angry tone by the two men, the foot-soldier stepped back a pace or two, and the hussar laid his hand on his sabre. The guide was standing exactly in a faint ray of light that came from a lamp in a neighbouring window, and I observed something glittering in his hand. He uttered a few words, either a taunt or a question; to which his adversary replied by a fierce oath, stepping smartly forward as if bent upon cutting down the unlucky guide. I was just about to call out to warn them that they were observed, and if possible prevent the bloodshed which appeared likely to ensue, when I saw the guide swing his right hand once or twice by his side, pretty much in the manner of a man who is about to throw a quoit or a skittle-ball. Something gleamed in the air; and the hussar, who had been advancing with uplifted sabre, clapped his hand to his breast, and, with a loud imprecation, staggered to the wall of a house, against which he leant for support. The guide had thrown his knife at him, and inflicted a tolerably severe, although not a dangerous wound. Many Spaniards, especially those of the south, and Spanish Americans, are very expert in this way of using the knife. They lay it flat in the palm of the hand, and by a union of strength and knack will drive it through a door of moderate thickness. I have heard it said that a man skilled in the use of the knife is a match for any opponent, however armed (firearms of course excepted); and, from some instances I have seen, I am not far from being of the same opinion. If not confident in his skill in throwing the *cuchillo*, the knife-player twists his cloak or jacket round his left arm, parries his adversary's first blow, and then, rushing in, makes fatal use of his own formidable weapon.

The next morning the batidor was on the doctor's list, unable to appear on parade. An inquiry was instituted, and it was elicited that the Morena was in some way or other at the bottom of the affair. She had already been the cause of several quarrels and fights among the soldiery; and, this affair being considered a sort of climax to her transgressions, she was sent away from the division. I afterwards heard she had joined the army of the left, with which she probably saw the war out.

SAPPHO AND PHAON.

A LEGEND OF LOVE AND LESSOS.

THERE 's an isle in the beautiful Grecian sea,
 An island as fair as fair may be,
 Where the myrtle and woodbine together entwine,
 And the gay cactus glows in the clasp of the vine,
 And the sweet honeysuckle casts odours around,
 And fresh flowers ever spring from the gay spangled ground,
 And the murmurous lute is heard all day long,
 And the glee, and the gladness of harp and song,
 And feasting, and fun, and larks, and laughter,
 And no sermons or soda at all the day after,
 For there wasn't a headache in Lesbos' wine,
 (For that was the name of this island divine.)

Alas! that in London

You 're sure to get undone ;

If you get on the spree any night by mistake,
 You wake in the morn with a dreadful headache ;
 And you 're not in your bed—oh ! where can you be ?
 " In the station-house, brought there by Thirty-one B."

But to go out to dine,

And drink *Lesbian* wine,

Would ne'er make a man pay a five-shilling fine,
 Or purchase the freedom, so cruel and inhuman,
 Of beating, and bruising, and wounding a woman !

" An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,"

Such are the words of Sacred Truth ;

But in England the law has the scale cut and dry,

Two pound ten for a tooth, and five pounds for an eye.

But, bless me ! you 'll say that my brain 's in a maze,

For all I 've been writing is *en parenthèse* ;

However, I think that I 've made out my case

That Lesbos was really a heavenly place.

Of the East, my Lord Byron, an old friend of mine,

Says, " All but the spirit of man is divine ;"

And Lesbos, I fear, no exception at all,

In heart-rending stories may lead off the ball,

And ladies and ladies' maids weep and sigh may, on

Hearing this sad tale of Sappho and Phaon.

Scamandronymus (there 's a rum name !) was her father,

Had credit in Lesbos—respectable rather ;

Though not worth a *plum*, he gave good Sunday dinners,

And was bowed to on 'Change both by saints and by sinners ;

One of those whom we meet both in swarms and in hives,

Who never did evil or good in their lives.

One Sunday he had a small party to dine,

And was just asking Alderman Gibskos to wine,

And praising the Scarus, a thirty-two pounder,

When he fell on the carpet as flat as a flounder.

The guests, every one,

And his daughter and son,

To chafe his hands and his feet begun ;

But 'twas all in vain,

For it seemed very plain

He 'd never drink wine, or eat Scarus again.

So the guests put their cloaks on, and went back to town,

Like the fish, they were all done uncommonly brown ;

And, says Alderman Gibskos, " Why, hang the old sinner !

He might just as well have died *after* the dinner."

Now we 've put the old governor out of the way,

Of Sappho the daughter we 'll say out our say.

There were horrible stories about her of old,
 That she was a maiden both ugly and bold ;
 Ovid calls her "a little brunette," but, oh bother !
 Did you *ever* hear poets speak well of each other ?
 And Maximus Tyrius, a sad lying varlet,
 Says her sins and her tresses were both dyed in scarlet.
 Galen, too, in his treatise young sawbones to teach meant,
 Quotes lines, which imply the same horrid impeachment.
 But since Diccon the Third, in these chivalrous days,
 Has found ingenuity *his* form to praise ;
 To leave the fair Sappho without a defence,
 Would be *lèse majesté*—ay, with malice prepense.

Alcæus sings of her raven hair,
 Her lovely smile, and her face so fair ;
 Plato and Plutarch, good men and true,
 Athenæus, Themistius, and Julian too,
 And Anna Commena along with them,
 Who twined the bays round her anadem,
 Hail her as "καλλή," the beautiful fair,
 With the lovely smile and the raven hair.
 No ! Ovid told lies—go, quickly look
 Into Gronovius' ponderous book ;*
 There you'll see Sappho, the true Sappho there,
 With the lovely face and the raven hair.
 She was a fair and a beautiful thing,
 With a smile ever gay, and an eye ever light,
 The centre of Lesbos' beautiful ring,
 All that was joyous, and brilliant, and bright :
 Poetry breathed from her cherry mouth,
 Aphrodite's bloom in her cheek was found ;
 And her words, like the breath of the balmy South,
 Honeyed the air with their gentle sound.†
 Like the bee she hovered from flower to flower,
 She dreamt not of sorrow, she thought not of care ;
 To have danced the Polka with her half an hour,
 Would have been bliss too great to bear.
 In fact, Miss Fairbrother, Cerito, and Fleury,
 Are nothing at all to this Lesbian Hour.
 And hers were the gifts of the gentle lyre,
 And the passionate strain of young desire ;
 And all night long to list to her song
 The Lesbian maids and youths would throng,
 And drink in the sounds so soft and clear,
 They seemed too sweet for mortal ear ;—
 In the light of the moonbeams you might have dream'd
 An angel was there—so fair she seem'd !
 And she sang of Love, and his mighty power,
 How he enters the palace, and lowly bower ;
 And the subtle flame that burns the brain,
 Of Love she sang still again and again ;
 And a short-hand writer took down her rhymes,
 To be published next day in the Lesbian Times.
 I'm sure it's enough to give one the vapours,
 To think that they didn't then file their papers ;
 For of Sappho's songs there remain but few,
 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true,
 In short nothing else but a regular do.

There was one Captain Phaon, a youth spruce and tight,
 Who attended these *sub dio* concerts each night,
 A sad, roué, thoughtless, gay, handsome young man,
 Who through every doit of his fortune had ran,

* "The Treasury," from which Wolf borrowed his effigy of the poetess.

† "α Ζεῦ Βασιλεῦ, τοῦ φθίγματος τευθενίου
 οἷσι καταμιλίσσασι τὴν λέχημην ἔλην."—ARISTOPH. *Aves*. 223.

And lived on his credit, and vain expectations
 From an uncle, and other old crusty relations.
 He was known to be vicious, and dreadfully idle,
 But somehow the women all made him their idol,
 And of light and of gladness there seem'd cast a ray on
 Their boudoirs, when enter'd "that dear Captain Phaon."
 So the moth flutters round the taper bright,
 Till he burns his wings in the treacherous light,
 And finds that he's diddled, and done for, quite.

Now, I think I said before, Sappho's father had a store of money in the Lesbian bank,
 Which, when his life was done, was left to his son and daughter to keep up their rank,
 So Phaon 'gan devise how to make the tin his prize, by making fair Sappho his wife,
 "And won't I cut a dash, when I finger the cash! what a four-in-hand I'll have, on my life!"
 So he wrote a billet-doux, and some verses added too, (but *they* only made Sappho laugh,)
 But still her thoughts ran on the handsome young man, for she loved him too well by half.

So, in the evening calm and cool,
 To hear the rippling tide,
 Young Sappho walked along the beach,
 And Phaon walked beside,
 The late Mr. Praed,
 In a poem he made,

Says, "There's nothing like young love *at last*"—
 I suppose he meant, when young days are past.
 But surely he's wrong,—when the hair turns grey,
 Love on his pinions flies quickly away.
 No! no! 'tis in youth, when rejoicingly
 The blood through the veins rushes ruddy and free,
 And the heart in its gladness seems ready to burst—
 No! there's nothing like young love *at first*!
 And so thought Sappho, as she stray'd
 With Phaon whispering in her ear;
 Love on! love on! alas, poor maid!
 Thy love is only too sincere.
 Love on! love on! love while you may,
 Short, short, is sunny Summer's stay;
 And soon comes Winter cold and keen,
 And frost and snow, where flowers have been.

Now these walks by the sea very soon got about,
 And in a short time the whole matter came out.
 Oh! wasn't there scandal, and brandies and waters!
 'Twas a treat for the mothers, 'twas death to the daughters!
 The very next Times that appear'd bore upon its
 Front thirty-six elegies, thirty-six sonnets,
 Thirty-six threnes, despairing and stupid,
 And one Galliambic to "conquering Cupid;"
 And trochaics and strophes, with epodes behind,
 So many came in from girls out of their mind,
 They'd have gone the whole length of the course called the Ditch In.
 But the editor's cook used them up in the kitchen.
 Well, a day was fixed for their bridal sweet,
 And all was ready in order meet,
 The priest was appointed, the dress was made,
 Trimm'd with pale orange-flowers, soon to fade,
 And Phaon gave *such* a jovial party,
 To eleven young routés, roaring and hearty,
 Till at five in the morning to bed they were carried,
 All vowing, like Phaon, to go and get married;—
 And all things went like a real marriage bell,
 When oh! what a dreadful misfortune befel!

Her brother Charaxus, a "young man of spirit,"
 (Which generally means a young man of no merit,)
 Resolved to see life, had been some years abroad,
 And no one exactly knew which was his road.
 He went the grand tour of the isles, I suppose;
 Though what that was *then*, I'm sure nobody knows.
 I'm afraid he went on in a but-so-so way,
 And was fond of the ladies the world calls gay.
 In the course of his wanderings to Egypt he came,
 And soon there his heart was fill'd full of love's flame;
 For *there* lived the beautiful Rhodopis, and she
 Looked slyly and leered on Charaxus, and he
 Looked slyly and leered on Rhodopis, and so
 His money was very soon fast on the go.
 This Greek Mrs. Milwood soon got every stiver,
 And he thought about drowning himself in the river;
 And well, too, he might—for, besides his own cash,
 He had spent every rap of his sister's, slap-dash.
 He was forced to confess, so he wrote her a letter,
 Then took to the sea line for worse or for better;
 And with losses and griefs being fierce grown and irate,
 In a very short time came out strong as a pirate.

And Sappho sat within her bower,
 The night before the day,
 When she was to the youth she loved
 Her hand to give away.
 "My little foot page! my little foot page!
 Why dost thou look so pale?
 But thou art young, and tender of age,
 I fear thy strength doth fail."
 "Oh, no! sweet dame, I'm still the same,
 That ever I was of yore;
 But a Syrian's hand, from Egypt's land,
 This letter has brought ashore,
 And I'm sure, from the drunken-like look of the fist,
 That it comes from my lord, whom you so long have miss'd."
 "Oh! give it me here, and there's a sweet dear."
 She cut the strings in haste,
 Then fainted away, without stop or stay—
 'Twas a mercy she wasn't tight-laced;
 But Grecian ladies wore no stays,
 I wish 'twas the same in the present days!
 The page, as all gentle domestics should,
 (Honest faith is but for the coarse and rude,
 Picked up the letter, and read it all through,
 Then whistled, and mutter'd "My eye! here 's a do!"
 Then went into the house, and summon'd her maid,
 And told her with *sal volatile* to aid
 Her mistress, who lay very ill in the garden,
 And *also*, that now she warn't worth one brass farden.
 I gladly pass her misery by,
 "I cannot whine, or pule, or cry,"
 One thing remain'd to place her stay on,
 And that was, "that dear Captain Phaon."

Captain Phaon sat at the mess that night,
 In a synthesis new of spotless white,
 Claiped with a fibula, made of red gold,
 As costly a jewel as e'er was sold,
 All got on tick on account of his marriage,
 As well as a Bigae, and open carriage;
 And his comrades look'd on with rage and spite,
 And swallow'd their cholera as well as they might.
 They drank him once, and they drank him twice,
 And they filled up their goblets, and drank to him thrice—

"Here 's to the girl with the largest of dowers,
 And here 's to 'handsome Phaon of ours!"
 And Phaon fill'd up, and drank full free,
 Who so merry, so merry as he!
 When the little foot page rushed into the room,
 With a step full of haste, and a heart full of gloom,
 "Hail! Captain Phaon! now give me five guineas,
 And I'll tell you where all my mistress' tin is."
 He got the five guineas, and told his tale—
 Says Phaon, "Oh! bring me cigars and strong ale!
 Oh! I'm going to faint—yes! I am!—what a bore!"
 I won't repeat one of the oaths he swore,
 But he went far beyond those valiant commanders,
 Who afterwards swore with the armies in Flanders;
 And then he got drunk from grief and sadness,
 And his comrades did ditto from joy and gladness.
 Next morning sweet Sappho was up betimes,
 And she heard the sound of the soft silver chimes,
 "Perish, base dross! away, away!
 This is my own, my own wedding-day!"
 But the little foot page brought in a note—
 "From Phaon! from Phaon!—'tis long since he wrote!"
 She kiss'd it at least a hundred times
 To the sound of the soft sweet silver chimes.
 Says the page, "Ma'am, mustn't I shut the windy?"
 "Be quiet!"—she read it—and fancy the shindy!!!
 "Dear Sappho,

"I sorrow, I sorrow to hear
 Of your losses, my darling, my duck, and my dear;
 Would that I had the money to make it all straight!
 But then, dear, I haven't—how cruel our fate!
 Of course, I won't ask you to wed, and eat air,
 So I beg you'll return my love letters and hair;
 Your hair, which you gave me in gold and carbuncles,
 I'm sorry to say, is just now at my uncle's;
 I've sharpened my razor, and made up my mind.
 (Don't take on too much, love, when you're left behind,)
 Oh! how heavy the woes, that have fallen this day on
 The head of your wretched, affectionate,
 "Phaon!"

The faithless man soon forgot his vows,
 And that day three weeks took for his spouse
 Polydora the widow, fat and wealthy,
 But neither in mind nor in body healthy;
 And lampoons and squibs appear'd in the Times,
 At least three hundred and sixty-five times.

There's an island called Leucas, ('tis now Santa Maura),
 A long way from Lesbos, and over its shore a
 Rock beetles five hundred feet o'er the sea,
 Dismal, and dreadful, and frightful to see;
 Where the howling wind never ceases to rave,
 Or the deep sullen boom of the breaking wave.
 But magic its virtues, and wondrous its spell,
 To those who had loved, and loved too well;
 They had only to leap from the top of the rock,
 And if they 'scaped death on the spot from the shock,
 And recover'd from all their bruising and breakings,
 They were sure to get right in a couple of shakings,
 Its virtues are gone now—that don't matter much,
 For Love is ne'er seen in the world now, as such;
 Folks only love money, and diamonds, and dowers,
 In fact, love exactly like "Phaon of ours."

But Sappho had loved, and loved too well,
 She had drunk in the sound of the crystal bell,*

* See Hoffman's tale, "Der goldne Topf."

And the dark blue eyes they gleamed on her still
 From the elder bush—poor fool ! weep thy fill !
 Thou hast lean'd on a reed, thou hast worshipp'd a cloud ;
 So haste, haste away, from the low base crowd,
 And come to the King of the mighty sea,
 He alone can give aidance to such as thee.
 And Sappho stands on Leucate's brow,
 Little reck's she of false Phaon now,
 She took her harp, and a measure free
 Struck on its chords, a Greek Gramachree ;
 And crown'd with flowers, with her wild bright eye,
 She look'd on the waves rejoicingly.
 And all the Leucatiens stood below,
 Deck'd in their best to see the show,
 Old man, and youth, and maiden fair,
 And children in arms, they all were there,
 All with their eyes on the rock above,
 To see the strange lady leap out of her love,—
 She leap'd, and fell in the ocean's rack,
 But, like Schiller's diver, she never came back !

MORAL.

Oh ! young ladies, beware ! young ladies, beware
 Of Husars and Dragoons with light brown hair !
 They 're all deceivers, proper and tall ;
 Handsome and elegant, wicked men all,
 Don't sing the songs of that wicked Tom Moore,
 Or you 'll bitterly rue it some day, I'm sure.
 As to writing yourselves, if a daughter of mine
 Were ever to pen even one single line,
 I'd get a certificate from Dr. Headlam,
 And have the minx straightway confined in some Bedlam.
 And, reverend signors, all look out,
 And drive the dragoons to the right about ;
 And, if they *will* visit, why—(Julia, don't frown !)
 As Alderman Cute says, "*they must be put down.*"

C. H. L.

SKETCHES OF SPANISH WARFARE.

MALIBRAN, THE AIDE-DE-CAMP.

On a bright spring morning of the year 1835, a detachment, consisting of some two hundred foot-soldiers, with three mounted officers at their head, was marching at a rapid pace along a narrow country lane in the neighbourhood of Hernani. The irregular uniform of these men—some of whom were clothed in loose grey coats, others in jackets of sheepskin, or of dark cloth or velvetene thickly studded with small metal buttons—and still more the flat scarlet cap which they all wore, indicated them to be of the corps of Chapelgorris, or Redcaps, a body of volunteers that had been raised early in the war to defend the cause of the Spanish Queen in the province of Guipuzcoa. Under cover of the night they had issued forth from their cantonments upon one of the skirmishing, foraging expeditions in which these irregular troops particularly delighted ; and now that the sun had risen, they found themselves well advanced into the country occupied by the Carlists. To men less admirably adapted for guerilla warfare, their position would have been a dangerous one ; but their extreme activity, and intimate acquaintance with that intricate and mountainous coun-

try, enabled them to venture fearlessly and with little risk to some distance within the Carlist lines.

Emerging from the lane they had been following, the little band crossed a couple of fields, and gained the summit of a ridge of land, whence they looked down into a valley, broken by water-courses, and varied by apple orchards and clumps of forest-trees. The first glance from their elevated position warned them that they were in presence of an enemy. At the distance of about a mile, two or three companies of Carlists were under arms, and, on the first appearance of the Queen's troops, a cloud of skirmishers detached themselves, and advanced at a long swinging trot to meet them. The Chapelgorris were not slow to follow their example; and presently, from behind trees and bushes, puffs of white smoke might be seen rising, followed by the sharp report of the long muskets used in this Indian kind of warfare. Thorough guerillas in their way of fighting, neither party thought of advancing *en masse*, or charging with the bayonet; such a course would have been quite contrary to their habits, and would, moreover, have shortened too much the pleasure of the skirmish. To these hardy mountaineers, accustomed from childhood to the use of arms, a fight of this kind appeared in the light of a shooting-party, the excitement and amusement of which was heightened by the risk (not very great, by the way,) that attended it. Of the three horsemen who headed the Chapelgorris, one had remained with the main body, another accompanied the skirmishers, and the third, dismounting, and taking a musket from a soldier who attended him, had hastened forward to take his share in the fighting that was going on. The skirmish had lasted nearly half an hour, with trifling damage on either side, when four or five mounted men were observed to join the Carlists; and one of them, spurring into a gallop the powerful black horse which he rode, pushed forward between the lines of skirmishers, drew his sabre, and waved it over his head in sign of defiance. He was immediately made the target for a dozen bullets; but the manner in which he kept cantering up and down between the two parties, rendered him a difficult mark to hit, and he remained unhurt, flourishing his sword, and hurling imprecations and abuse at the Christinos.

"*Hijos de p——, cobardes!*—dastards and poltroons that you are! Will none of you try a sabre-cut with Martin of Eybar?"

"Here is a chance for you, Malibrán," said one of the Chapelgorri officers, riding up to his dismounted comrade, who was standing beside an old moss-grown tree, and loading his musket, yet smoking from its last discharge. "It is the famous Martin, who has just formed a *partida* for the service of the Pretender. Will you ride out and meet him? If not, I must, for the honour of the corps."

The person thus addressed was a young man of one or two and twenty, of slender figure, with a pale, expressive countenance and dark fiery eyes. He was a native of the island of Cuba, and nephew by marriage of the celebrated Madame Malibrán García. Finding himself in Spain when the civil war broke out, he was seized with a fit of military enthusiasm, and had joined the battalion of Chapelgorris as a volunteer, accompanying them in all their skirmishes and expeditions. He had, moreover, engaged, for the space of one year, to maintain a captain of the corps out of his own resources; thus, in a manner, buying the commission, which was promised to him at the end of his twelvemonth's military noviciate. Under these circum-

stances, he, of course, lost no opportunity of distinguishing himself; and that which now offered was too tempting a one to be let slip. Hurrying to his horse, he sprang into the saddle, and galloped forward to meet the Carlist, amidst a cheer from the Chapelgorris, by whom his dashing courage caused him to be idolized. At the same moment, and as if by mutual consent, the fire of the skirmishers was suspended.

There was a striking contrast between the two champions who now approached each other. Malibran was slight, active, and supple, without much appearance of strength, and mounted on an Andalusian horse, whose fine legs, high crest, and exquisitely formed head, bore witness to the excellence of his breed. The Carlist, on the contrary, full six feet high, square-built, and broad-shouldered, his strongly-marked features rendered the more martial and imposing by a thick, black moustache, bestrode a horse more remarkable for bone than blood, and apparently fully up to the weight of his ponderous cavalier. From his saddle was hung a *trabujo*, or short blunderbus, capable of carrying a dozen or fifteen *postas*, as the small bullets, or rather slugs, with which that description of gun is loaded, are called. He showed no disposition, however, to make use of this formidable weapon; but, with a fierce shout and a scornful laugh, charged down upon Malibran as though he anticipated an easy bargain of an antagonist so inferior to himself in weight and strength. If such were his idea, it was a most erroneous one. Malibran was an excellent swordsman; and that quality, added to his agility, his presence of mind, and the good training of his horse, made him fully a match for his confident adversary. Evading the first shock, he began to wheel and turn about the Carlist with a rapidity that utterly confused the latter, whose comparatively clumsy steed was unable to follow the quick movements and changes of position of Malibran's charger. The combat was of short duration. Profiting by a moment when a fiercely dealt but ineffective blow had thrown the Carlist slightly off his balance, Malibran, by a vigorous thrust, passed his keen sabre nearly through the body of his foe, who, with a deep groan, fell heavily to the ground. There was a shout of triumph from the Christinos—an answering one of fury from the Carlists, who let fly a hasty but harmless volley at the conqueror. Malibran caught the now riderless horse of his opponent by the bridle, and, setting spurs to his own, galloped back to his friends. The skirmish recommenced with greater fury than before; but the Carlists received reinforcements, and the Chapelgorris were compelled to retreat, fighting as they went. Without any material loss they regained their own lines.

Several weeks had elapsed since this incident; and Malibran, now a commissioned officer, had been appointed to the staff of General Cordova, then commanding in chief in the north of Spain. The division was on its march to Vittoria, and the young aide-de-camp was indulging in certain pleasing speculations as to the manner in which he was likely to be received in that city by a person in whom he felt a strong interest. On a previous occasion, when quartered there, he had made the acquaintance of an exceedingly beautiful girl, who was residing with the family in whose house he had been billeted. His stay had been but short, but yet long enough for him to fall violently in love with this young lady, who, on her part, by no means discouraged his attentions. The disturbed state of the country rendering communi-

cations difficult, Malibran had heard little of or from her during his absence; but he made sure of still finding her at Vittoria, her own home being in the heart of the Carlist country, whither she was not likely to return while things continued in their then unsettled state.

On arriving at Vittoria, Malibran went himself to the *boletero*, and requested a billet on the same house in which he had been formerly lodged. It was given to him, and he proceeded to take up his quarters. His servant brought up his arms and baggage, and placed them in the apartment allotted to his master; which Malibran himself soon afterwards entered, accompanied by the lady of the house and the young person with whom he was in love. The latter had her girlish curiosity attracted by the arms and accoutrements scattered about the room, amongst which was the *trabujo* that had formerly belonged to Martin of Eybar. It was a remarkably small and light weapon of its kind, richly carved and ornamented, and proceeding from the famous manufactory of fire-arms at Eybar, in Guipuzcoa. Malibran, with a pardonable vanity, was in the habit of carrying it on his saddle, as a sort of trophy of his victory over the gigantic *faccioso*. The young girl took it up, and closely examined its decorations, and the fantastical figures and arabesques with which it was inlaid. At last,

“Where did you get this *trabujo*?” she asked.

“From a Carlist whom I killed,” replied Malibran carelessly, not suspecting the question to be motivated by any stronger feeling than mere curiosity.

His mistress fell to the ground in a dead faint. The former owner of the gun had been her brother.

At an action which occurred in the spring of 1836, at the foot of the heights of Arlaban, Malibran was charging at the head of a squadron of light cavalry, when they got into a heavy cross fire, and he was hit on the side of the head by a bullet from some Carlist infantry, which the dragoons had passed in the eagerness of the charge. Malibran was going along at the very top of his horse's speed, waving his sabre, and cheering on the men, when the shot struck him. An officer, who was riding beside him, heard the ball strike against his skull, making a noise which he afterwards described as resembling the sharp tap of a stick on a table, or some other hard substance. Another gallant young aide-de-camp, a son of General Oraa, was shot dead, nearly at the same place and moment. Malibran was not killed; he was taken into Vittoria, and carefully attended to, and for some time it appeared highly probable he would recover. He was well enough to write to a friend, telling him not to be uneasy on his account, for that he should soon be in the saddle again. Three days afterwards he was in his coffin.

He was a general favourite, and his funeral was attended by a long train of staff and other officers, including those of the squadron in charging with which he lost his life. Universal regret was felt and expressed at this untimely termination to a career which had had so brilliant a commencement.

THE POST-BAG ; OR, ECCENTRIC CORRESPONDENTS.

BY R. B. PEAKE.

THE following is a curiosity ; the first part of it was written by the father of the celebrated Thomas Holcroft : it was addressed to a Mr. William Freeman, who wrote the remainder of the letter, which is superscribed — “ Mr. Thos. Holcroft, No. 46, Upper Marylebone Street, London. (*Bristol post-mark.*)

Deare Sir i want words suficent to express my gratude to you and Mrs. Holcroft for all your Goodeness and kindness to mee in taking so mutch care for me espesheley as I can meke no returne but my ardent prayers to God for you and alle youre Good famley Mrs. Holcrofts kindness to mee wass so mutch i would Do every think in my power to serve her as i thinke shee the most Deservine of all women Deeare sir i entend in 5 Days to Go to Cheshire to see my father in lowe as it will amuse mee i have let whole of my Garden so it will be no hindrence Deeare Sir Do not re fuse this reQuest for if you Do i never shall bee happy so God bless and keepe you in the knoledge and love of God and of his son iesus Christe is the sincere prayer of youre loveing father thomas Holcroft.

On the next page Mr. Freeman commences.

Bath, 28 Febr. 1783.

DR. SIR,

You will find pleasure in the perusal of the preceding page. You will find a dawn of revival and of Hope—the disposal of the garden will produce something stated while the tenure holds without the anxiety and fatigue of disposing of the crops. The two Tenants pay £20 per annum between them. Yr Father proposes paying something annually of my Debt. I wish him to make himself perfectly easy on that head but his mind is hurt by the thought of not making his way good to his Friends.

Rent, Taxes, &c. of his Garden may be about £7 per ann^m. His visit to Cheshire arises from a desire to see his native country and a notion of living cheaper there than at Bath or London, and I perceive a quiet retired life will yield him much more enjoyment than any situation which called him to more intercourse with the world. I shall do what is needful with regard to advances, though I find a great tenderness in your good Father's mind with regard to a son whose kindness overwhelms him. I hope your prospect of going to Paris will be realized and turn out to your advantage and the profit of the lovers of useful literature ; I wish you every desirable success and that the promising blossom you carry with you may expand in its beauties and become fruitful. I am with true regard

Your humble servt

W. FREEMAN.

As Holcroft was a person whose character, from a party feeling, was much vituperated in his day, the above letters are herein printed to show that he was a good son : and the astonishing manner in which he made his way in the world from so humble an origin, and from a father, who at one period added intemperance to ignorance, prove the abundant talent and industry of Thomas Holcroft junior.

We will now give a taste of our quality, in a higher grade; and present a copy of an official document, curious on account of the autographs which are attached to it. It is on parchment, with highly embellished penmanship, engrossed in various characters.

AU NOM
DU PEUPLE FRANÇAIS.
BONAPARTE PREMIER CONSUL
A SA MAJESTE BRITANNIQUE.

J'AI reçu la Lettre par laquelle *Votre Majesté* m' informe qu'elle a jugé à propos de rappeler auprès d'Elle le sieur François Jacques Jackson son Ministre Plenipotentiaire auprès de la République Française. La conduite sage et prudente qu'il a tenue pendant la course de la mission qu'il vient de remplir ici, lui a mérité la plus entière approbation de ma part, et c'est avec plaisir que je lui en rends le témoignage. Je ne doute pas après son retour auprès de *Votre Majesté* il ne soit empressé de vous transmettre tous ce que je lui ai laissé connaître de mes sentimens personnels et de ma disposition bien sincère à concourir sans cesse au maintien de l'union et de la bonne intelligence si heureusement retablie entre les deux Nations, ainsi que de vous donner de nouvelles assurances des ceux que je forme pour la prospérité de *Votre Majesté*.

Donné à Paris, au Palais du Gouvernement, le quinze floréal, au dix de la République Française. Cinq Mai mil huit cent deux.

Le Ministre de Relations Exterieures,
ch M. au TALLEYRAND.

BONAPARTE.
Par le Premier Consul,
Le Secrétaire d'Etat,
EUGENE MARET.

The following perfectly original application for a situation was addressed to the proprietor of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

KIND SIR,
I'm young, but of deportment
grave,
Which, as abettor to my great design,
Doth give me age: and my design 's to
reach
Fame's highest pinnacle, in comic guise:
And wrinkled brow. In jovial age,
whose brain 's
With smooth conceits of glowing hu-
mour fill'd
To savour morals with becoming smiles.
I've practised, too, with application
stern,
And often-times have mingled tears
with smiles,
When tongue and hands have stamp'd
my efforts good.
To thee I write, in eager hope to find
Encouragement, to cultivate my art:
Beneath thy fost'ring management, to
raise
In noble Athens' Temple a fair
name;
Which to attain, would such achieve-
ment be,

As honour wou'd with brilliant halo
gild,
Whose light, extending to that courtly
town,
Where dearthly talent rears her witless
head,
Obtaining Croesus' riches unoppos'd,
Might urge them borrow from Athen-
ian store.
To thee I cry! A poor itinerant!
Unfriended and unknown! Be thou
to me
A kind Mæcenas! Pluck me from the
shade,
Where sullen Winter chills my great
desires,
To where the rip'ning sun of favour
shines;
And if my bud of talent e'er should
blow,
Why, then my purest sense of grati-
tude
Shall bear in mind the husbandman,
whose hand
Was stretch'd, to shield the blossom in
the storm!

Yours obediently,

John E— J—.

To William Murray, Esq.

The next epistle is written by a most respectable old Irishman, who had spent the greater part of his days in France: he had lived there so long, that his mode of expression is completely French—his letter is thus addressed,

to richard peake esquire
the treasurer of the Royal treasure of Drury lane theatre
London Angletterra.

Bethune 12th of february 1820.

SIR.—I Received the letter which you have honoured me with the 13th of the last december, and j beg your pardon for my Backward answer, a hurry of cares and occupations and the excessive sharpness of the winter have diverted me to write you speedily. be pleased to accept my thanks for the goodness that you had to inform me of the decease of my dear cousin ann fouler the William Brown's wife who died consumed by a long illness, such sad event has Bitterly affected my heart, and the great distress of the poor widower grieves me very much. But alas! j am utterly unable to give any money for the expense of his wife's funeral, or to relieve him in the least manner. upon my honour, j declare you, Sir, that my yearly income exceeds not *eleven hundred french livres* and even amounts hardly to this small sum of which an half only proceeds from the universal legacy that my most dear cousin late Madam Ann Fouler the Relict of the captain owen ô Sullivan made me by his last will.— With so exigious means j must pay the rent of the little house that j hire, and the wages of my maid servant, feed her, and provide to my livelihood, clothes, and other necessaries, j never can spare a penny. further-more the dearth of all things has forced me to Borrow nearly *four hundred french livres*. judge, Sir, after the true account of my circumstances, if it is in my power to comply with your request in favour of William Brown whom you protect. his wife indulged herself to an illusion forgetting what j had often said to her concerning the state of my fortune, or Believing not my word tho' certainly it deserves a firm belief. J conjure God Almighty to Be pay his blessings and be a comforter to the poor William Brown and his family. in the year following that in which my creator will take me off from this world, my universal legatee, on probity of whom j am grounded to depend undoubtedly, shall send you, Sir, with your leave, a pretty gift of money, to be put by you, an half into the hands of William Brown, and the other half delivered to his children together, or his grand-children in the case of the death of their fathers, or mothers, and the all to these children and grandchildren, if the said William Brown is not then alive. J beseech you to salute kindly in my name the honest and infortunate William Brown, his daughter eleanor, and his sons, and j have the honour to be with respect and gratitude Sir, your most humble and obedient servant

GEORGE MAGANIS of Klinconnel
formerly canon of the Royal and collegiate
church of Bethune.

P. S. J live, Sir, under the weight of sixty-fifteen years about of age; But, God be thank'd, my constitution is good, and j enjoy a perfect health.

The following letter is from an Itinerant Professor, offering his powers of entertainment. It is addressed to

CAPTAIN H 59th Regt. of Foot.

Eniaskillen, 12th of Decr. 1831.

Sir, I take the liberty of writing those few lines to you to your honour to let you know there is a boy here that has the segacious Dog of knowledge which will Do any thing unles speak, and also will tell any gentleman's complexion in company also will tell any gentleman's colour of hair, and a far better trick than any of those he will tell the gentleman that's most after the ladies.

Gentleman the boy himself will do many other things noomerous to mention. Any gentleman in company may come forward and hold this letter wile the performance is going on, anything that is in the letter he may come and recal on it and it must be Done hopping the gentlemen will a lows us to perform to them after the cloth is taken off.

PHELIM GALLAGHER.

By the following epistle, we discover that a high dignitary of the church can be anxious to see himself in print, and to be well reported.

Bromley House, Kent, Nov. 22, 1795.

SIR,—I am very ready to give my support to a paper so well suited to the times as yours. You will therefore be pleased to send it to me every day. As I am not yet fix'd in London for the Winter, you will send it by the general post to this place till further orders. As for the Numbers that have been already published, you may send them in one parcel to my London House, the Deanery at West'. I have not seen in any of the public prints any good account of my speech in the house of Lords, in reply to the Earl of Lauderdale on the 3rd reading of the Treason Bill. If I should think to furnish you with a copy of it, (which I can do, for tho' it was unpremeditated, I committed it to writing the same night as soon as I returned from the house,) can you give it a place in the Tomahawk in the course of this week? I beg the favour of your answer by return of post. I am, Sir, your obed^t serv^t

ROCHESTER.

A *bonâ fide* application for an engagement, addressed to Mr. Bunn, Drury Lane Theatre.

SIR,—Having for the last 9 years practised Mr. Macready's style of speaking I have at last got him to such perfection that I feel confident I can take any of his characters. To the theatrical world I am (as yet) perfectly unknown. If you think this worthy of your Notice oblige with an answer directly however brief it may be as it will determine me from making other applications I can also play in Warde's Vandenhoff's Anderson's Phelp's Diddear's or in fact in any man's style but more particularly in Macready's Address to

EDMUND DAVIS

13 Lower Road Islington

5 feet 3 Inches high very thin I have practised Mackbeth and Othello principally

N. B. No lack of loudness in my speech.

CROCKFORD AND CROCKFORD'S.

"One who did build his faith so nice
Upon the argument of dice,
And end all controversy's pace
By th' infallibility of *deuce ace*."

Few men have held a more notorious position in the world, that is to say, in Fashion's world, the world of the metropolis, than the individual whose name forms the subject of our present biographical memoir. Mr. Crockford was (to make free with the comprehensive phraseology of a leading journalist) "a great fact," the personification of a ruling passion, or propensity, pervading, in greater or less degree, all classes of society. He was "learned in the turf, and practised in the dice," the Cræsus of the great community of gamblers, the Rothschild of the betting-ring; and it is questionable whether his distinguished prototype of London's eastern hemisphere possessed greater influence in the money market than Crockford had, and exercised, in the immediate region of the sporting world, in which he may be said to have "lived, moved, and had his being." He was a perfect illustration of the proverb, "He plays well that wins;" in him the predicate was fully and practically demonstrated: his gains were enormous, for they were the beneficial results of events, occurring with almost mathematical precision and undeviating accuracy through a lengthened period of time, and governed by the most wealthy and powerful influences. His coffers were an ocean, into which were continually flowing the tributary streams of minor and less experienced capitalists. The tide of success was with him from a very early period of life's voyage, until its termination. The fickleness of Fortune, so descanted on by poets and moralists of all ages, was known to him only by proverbial report; for he basked in the sunny locality of her smiles, and felt the substantial influence of her favours, with little variation, up to the period of his life's dissolution. The death of this extraordinary man (for such he must be considered, regard being had to his original low position in society, and the accidental circumstances that occasioned, and gave impetus to, his long, uninterrupted, and successful career; his immense accumulation of wealth, and the modes by which such wealth was amassed,) created, as may be conceived, an unusual sensation in the sporting circles, and the public have still a desire to learn something more of his life than has yet been presented to them through the medium of the daily and weekly press. The present sketch may be relied on as coming from an authentic source; it will be found to embrace the leading characteristics of the man, and to point, with faithful narration, to the most remarkable of those eventful speculations in which he was engaged, and the fortunate results of which elevated him to place and standing amongst the most opulent of the day.

Mr. Crockford was born in the year 1775: his father was a fishmonger, in a very humble way of business in the immediate neighbourhood of the Strand, and died while his son William (the subject of our Memoir) was a mere youth; his widow continuing the business.

On the decease of his father, the boy William was necessarily forced into the more active scenes of business: he attended the fish-markets, and in due time became acquainted with the arcana of trade, in its principle of wholesale purchase and retail traffic: a knowledge which, being practically well applied, preserved the patronage of friends, increased custom and business, and secured comfortable support to his widowed mother. Years brought with them the usual intimacies and associations; acquaintances were formed within his own immediate sphere, and amongst such were persons of sporting habit and character, frequenters of the betting houses and the gaming-table. To such places he was in due time introduced, and thus early imbibed the propensity for play and venture which characterized his whole subsequent career. The fascinations and excitement of the hazard-table worked their powerful influence on his mind, and soon brought him within the sphere of operation as a principal actor. His means were limited, but to the extent thereof he would frequently speculate. His tone of play increased with the opportunities occurring to indulge therein; and it is a known fact, that, under the potent charm and fluctuating events of the game, he has, on more than one occasion, not only endangered, but absolutely lost the whole of the capital set apart for the morrow's market,—an occurrence that may well be believed to have taken place under severe mortification occasioned by loss, and hope, however fruitless it may have been, of recovery; but, be the fact as it may, the misfortune never affected the stability of his mother's credit in business. It must be remarked of Mr. Crockford, that, even in the period of his novitiate, unlike most youthful gamblers, he was no rash or intemperate player, and, at the period alluded to, seemed to possess an intuitive knowledge of all the subtle and advantageous points of the game; and, what was still more remarkable in a young hand, he exhibited generally a steady and determined patience to wait the advent of particular events, in preference to the less certain and less beneficial mode of indiscriminate speculation. Night after night was he to be seen, regular as the hour, at the place of rendezvous, *setting the castor, taking on the nick, the doublets, and the imperial plan*, and receiving deposits to return large amounts (but considerably short of the real calculated odds) on all the remote and complicated chances of the dice;—matters of simple account, which, strange to say, the majority of players, even at the present day, are wholly unacquainted with, or too indolent to think of, and by reason of which ignorance a fine field of advantage and profit is open to the more knowing and vigilant, of which number was Crockford, and apt as thought to avail himself of any and every opportunity of benefit. For some years he steadily pursued fortune in a small way, under such careful and systematic course of play; but in progress of time, as means increased, he extended his sphere of action and entered more deeply into the spirit of speculation. He became a proficient at cards, and was more particularly skilled in the games of whist, piquet, and cribbage; he frequented the better kind of sporting-houses in the neighbourhood of St. James's Market, where the latter game, more especially, was much played, and for large sums, by opulent tradesmen and others. With one person of this class, a wealthy butcher, a most inveterate lover of the game, and having repute for a skilful know-

ledge of it, Mr. Crockford would contend for days and nights in succession; and from this opponent, and his party, who invariably backed him, Mr. Crockford ultimately won a very considerable sum, which gave spirit and impetus to future venture. The foolish and improvident butcher is said to have been subsequently taken in hand, and *slaughtered*, after the most refined and improved fashion, by the late notorious Lord B——, who *skinned* him of every shilling. He died in a state of the most abject poverty, and under all the torment of bitter reminiscences of his past imprudence.

About this period Mr. Crockford entered also into the speculations of the Turf. He was no "bastard to the time," but "smacked of observation," and had attentively noted the practice, and acquainted himself with the system of betting adopted by men who had the repute of experience in such matters, and who appeared to be in thriving condition; and having first matured his understanding, and quietly tested his own capability in the matter, he resolved to try the practical good of the lessons he had learned. The leading men of the fraternity of *Legs* were doing good and profitable business in the ring by the system of book-making, or betting round, as it is termed, against every horse in the race,—a system at that time unknown, or at least unpractised, by gentlemen betters, and confined exclusively to the class of professional adventurers alluded to, and of which fraternity Crockford, thus qualified, soon became a prominent and influential member. The state of the turf and betting-ring was, in reference to its general character, much more healthy, and free from knavish and fraudulent practices, at that time than at the present; greater confidence existed, engagement was more strictly observed, and higher and more refined notions of honour prevailed; trainers, jockeys, bankrupts, and defaulters, linen-drapers, broken-down gaming-house keepers, oyster venders, discharged valets, flash flunkies, *et hoc genus omne*, were not then, as now, admitted to immediate fellowship and association with the patrons and magnates of the turf. The unassuming gentleman and well-intentioned man were not then, as now, compelled to give place to every ignorant and insolent braggart who, with a betting-book, a fair proportion of brass and stentorian lungs (his sole stock-in-trade), could strut his way twice a-week to Tattersall's, and there unblushingly offer his bets in thousands; nor were the transactions of the race-course characterised by such wholesale frauds and palpable robberies as have recently been brought to light, through the extreme vigilance and unceasing perseverance of Lord G. Bentinck, whose successful endeavours have been proudly and most deservedly rewarded by the highest and most substantial marks of public approval. Great facilities were, nevertheless, afforded to the 'Leg' fraternity, or professionals, by reason that the system was engrossed by the few, and encouraged by the many. The time was opportune for calculating heads, and Crockford failed not to step in at the harvest.

The immediate scene and locality of Crockford's nocturnal adventures was at a small house in Oxenden Street, at which there was an English hazard-table, (the French game was then unknown,) around which, about midnight, nightly congregated, from all quarters of the town, a crowd of speculative persons, of all ages, from the unbearded stripling to the hoary-headed *roué*, and of varied condition,

from the seedy swell to the pink of fashion. The house opened its doors to all classes, without restriction; and at times the table presented a most motley group, all intent upon the one great object of gain, but pursuing it by very opposite courses of speculation. At this Saturnalian board was to be seen, with unerring regularity, the cool, calculating, imperturbable fishmonger, steadily following one procrastinated but certain profitable system, his mind wholly uninfluenced by fanciful probability or imaginative result; here, too, he would ingeniously turn to account another subtle move in his experienced system, by putting down a large note of one or two hundred pounds value, to answer the small and comparatively insignificant stake of his opponent, who, in the event of his winning, was necessarily obliged to keep account from time to time of the transactions between the parties. Out of such system of account-keeping (so numerous and variable are the events and proportional bets of the game of hazard) young players would frequently run into erroneous calculations as to the balance due on the termination of the hand; and as the inaptitude of the accountant as frequently told against himself as against his adversary, it followed, that, when such was the case, he paid the full penalty of this miscalculation; while, on the other hand, if he exceeded in demand what was really and absolutely due to him, he was very speedily called, by his wily opponent, to the correction of his account. This mystifying mode of playing on score was a great game with Crockford, and there seldom passed a night in the course of which he did not realise considerable sums from this source of certainty. Young adventurers were captivated by the display of a note of large amount, and, while hope had eye to its ultimate possession, prudent attention to matter of immediate interest and correct account was wholly lost sight of.

As time moved on, gaming-houses multiplied; many establishments of superior kind and attractive character sprung up in Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and their immediate vicinity. Rouge-et-noir was the all-absorbing and fashionable game of the day; and such was the mania for an acquaintance with it, so numerous were the players, and so successful the results to the bankers, or proprietors of the tables, that suddenly emerging, as it were, from obscurity, they adopted a style of splendour and extravagance wholly irreconcilable with their former means and position, and beyond all capability even of moderate fortune; mansions, mistresses, and equipages were common to them all, such a mine of wealth had been sprung by the introduction of rouge-et-noir.

Amongst the establishments which had thus recently started into existence, was one in King Street, St. James's; with the proprietors of this house the ever-observant Crockford, attracted by the large profits which he had daily witnessed to result to the bankers from the sources of the game, (for, be it remembered, that Crockford was not the man to act on pecuniary speculation, or any other or better experience than his own,) sought to become a partner, and, by great perseverance, he succeeded in his object. The advantages arising from the immense play that was carried on at this, the most public and best-frequented house of its kind, yielded to the proprietors, in the short space of a few years, a very ample fortune. The number of visitors, the

large sums risked (the stakes varying in amount from five shillings to one hundred pounds), and the almost invariable equalization of money, depending on each event between the colours, gave to the bankers the certain continually accruing profit of one and a quarter per cent. (not a per-centage per annum, be it understood, but that rate per cent. per minute, or time occupied by each deciding *coup*!); an advantage which the capital of the Bank of England could not successfully oppose, nor the mathematical skill of a Newton or Demoivre defeat; and one by which the proprietors realised an enormous amount of gain beyond the large and extravagant outlay and expenses of their establishment. In these gains Mr. Crockford largely participated, and from such source arose his first position of moderate independence.

Connected with the history of this establishment, some very remarkable anecdotes are extant—melancholy enough in relation, but not perhaps uninteresting nor out of place as connected with the subject of this memoir. One in particular will strongly illustrate to what mad and wicked extremes the blind avarice and over-grasping disposition of men will sometimes lead them. The transaction here related, though conceived in absolute folly, and attended in its practice by danger of the worst consequences, actually took place, and created at the time a most violent feeling of indignation against the firm. Amongst the frequenters and principal patrons of the house, were many persons of large means and desperate spirit for play. One of the most formidable of the class was the celebrated Colonel A—, of whom it is notorious, that, having lost one fortune at the gaming-table, he went out to India, realised a second, and returned to England in all the enjoyment of wealth, but with his mind unfreed from its original fatal propensity. This gentleman was a constant visitor, and played for very large amounts. The colonel had been for some days and nights (for play went on at the house diurnally and nocturnally with few hours of intermission only) playing with unusual success, and as he was a bold and somewhat experienced adventurer, and not given to merciful consideration of the bank's resources under any favourable opportunity of their transfer and conversion to his own funds, the result was that he took Fortune in her mood, and won a very considerable sum; and the continuation of luck appearing to threaten further heavy loss, the proprietors became alarmed, particularly the more active and ostensible partner, who was a man of most avaricious mould, and whose narrow soul sunk within him at the sad reverses of the bank. Impatient for the recovery of this but small lost portion of his previous immense gains, he concocted a scheme of the most palpable and bare-faced fraud for their recovery; and calculating on the colonel's attendance about the usual hour of commencing the evening's play, he caused to be planted or mixed the six packs of cards (the number used in the game) in arrangement for the first deal, so that there should happen in the course of such deal *eleven events of trente et un après*!—results that would speedily have relieved the colonel and whole company of assembled players of their capital, however large the amount, as on the occurrence of each *trente et un après* (the pull or advantage of the banker) the bank derives a clear profit of one-half of the whole money staked on the two colours. The infamous plot did not, however, succeed against the particular in-

dividual whom it had been intended to victimize; for happily, on the evening in question, the gallant colonel did not attend at his accustomed hour, and some few persons had assembled round the table anxious for the commencement of play. The cards (already mixed *secundum artem* for the purpose, and thrown with apparent negligence on the table) were dexterously taken up and submitted to the *pretended* further process of shuffling by one of the proprietors, and then put up in the usual form to be dealt: every possible delay was, however, resorted to in order to give time for the arrival of the colonel; but the visitors having increased in number and become clamorous and peremptory for the commencement of the game, the dealer was at length reluctantly compelled to give out the professional invite of "Make your game, gentlemen!" and to follow it up with the like technical announcement of "The game is made!" after which he proceeded to the operation of dealing or laying out the cards decisive of the event. The occurrence of two events of *trente et un après* in succession is very rare, and calculated on an average to happen only once in about fifty-five deals; still, however, such appearances will present themselves on the cards, and do not create any very great surprise, or suspicion of foul play; but the sequel of nine more similar events in consecutive arrangement of three and four together was so infamous an attempt, that the whole company (with the exception of two or three confederates at the table) became most indignantly outrageous. In the midst of the storm the colonel made his appearance, and on being informed of the cause of the uproar, smiled most significantly, calmly restored his note-case, which he was in the act of taking from his pocket, to its place of security, and, without word or comment, quitted the house. The sufferers by this infamous trick were loud and vehement in their outcry and denunciations. Some more prompt and determined in spirit were for immediate vengeance upon the culprit, and for the demolition of the table, glasses, and lamps; while others more soberly threatened legal proceedings. All insisted on the return of the money of which they had been so shamefully plundered,—a demand which, under dread of such fearful consequences, was speedily complied with. Play was put a stop to for the night, and it was afterwards attempted to pass the matter off as a trick practised forsooth by some one or other of the players, in spite or revenge, and with a view to bring discredit on the house; for it was argued, that no person having interest in the bank or connection with the firm could hope to succeed in such an attempt at fraud.

It was at this house that Major D——, of the Life-Guards, and son of the eminent banker of that name, lost a very large sum of money, and under the necessity occasioned by such loss, and the vain and fruitless hope of recovery, committed forgery of a document empowering him to sell out certain stock belonging to another member of his family: which stock being subsequently claimed of, and recovered by action at law against the Bank, led to the discovery of the act, and the major was thereon committed for trial to Newgate; but through the devoted attachment and firm conduct of his servant, and the stratagem of friends, aided no doubt by the all-powerful auxiliary of gold, freely and judiciously applied, he escaped the disgrace of the awful and ignominious sentence which,

at that day, must have attached to his conviction. The plan by which his escape was effected was by change of apparel with his servant, who was occasionally permitted to see his master in prison. Thus disguised, and his features carefully hidden from the too scrutinous observance of the turnkeys, whose vision might have been partially obscured by frequent application of the "golden ointment," the major passed from his place of captivity, leaving his faithful servant and invaluable friend as his substitute. This noble-hearted and determined creature was subsequently tried for his conduct, found guilty of misdemeanour, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. The major, thus freed from incarceration, was for some weeks concealed in the private house of H——, one of the proprietors of the gaming-house, and he ultimately fled the country, without detection. It is said—and there is no reason to doubt the fact—that no money was spared by Crockford and his partners to save the unfortunate gentleman from the disgraceful fate that threatened him, and that a large sum was expended to such successful end, and to aid him in his flight from England. Such conduct, though praiseworthy in itself, would necessarily be prompted by policy, and due regard for self-interest. The parties could, under the circumstances, well afford to be generous, or to assume the virtue if they had it not. To lack energy and spare expense in so extreme and peremptory a case, would have been to subject themselves to the most serious consequences; for, had the unhappy man been tried, the cause that led to the criminal act must have transpired, and thereout would undoubtedly have arisen a most determined and vigorous prosecution of the firm, followed by a most severe sentence of fine and imprisonment on each and every individual member of it.

Connected with the same fatal locality, a similar instance of error and misfortune, arising from the like direful cause, but attended with less fortunate result, is still fresh in the recollection of the writer of this memoir. It was the case of Mr. R—, a noble, generous, and high-minded young gentleman, of first-rate city connexions, and of highly respectable family, whose excessive love of play, and constant indulgence therein, completely exhausted his resources, and hurried him, in the frenzy of feeling, to the rash act of improperly using another's name to support his commercial credit, the consequence of which was criminal prosecution and exile.

Mais revenons à nos moutons. The death of O—— gave to Mr. Crockford an influential position as a betting man, and the more recent decease of old J—— C—— (who, though wanting Crockford's natural talent, and ready head-piece for quick and accurate calculation of the probabilities attaching to double, treble, cross, and complicated events, was, nevertheless, one of the most safe and successful betters in the professional ring), elevated him to the first rank amongst his fraternity at Tattersall's and on the course. He became also the owner of houses, and the proprietor of a splendid mansion and grounds at Newmarket, where he trained his stud, and for a time entered with great spirit into all the amusements and speculations of the sport; but, as it turned out, with a success by no means commensurate with the outlay and expenditure. He was the owner of (amongst many others of distinguished breed) the celebrated horse Sultan, the sire of Bay Middleton, winner of the

Derby stake at Epsom in the year 1836, now the property of Lord G. Bentinck, and whose stock is so highly valued at the present day. Experience is said to be a commodity on which a man may expend a portion of his capital with the hope of profitable return, which is presumed to signify that the moiety of a man's means, laid out in experience, may, and will, in some instances perhaps, by aid of the knowledge so dearly purchased, prevent him from being plundered of the other half. So thought Mr. Crockford, in all probability, in regard to his racing stud; for, discovering that with all his knowledge, tact, and judgment in most matters of speculation, he was no match for the cognoscenti of Newmarket, and that however clear-headed he might be, and awake to most moves on the board, he could not successfully cope with or defeat the profound schemes of trainers, jockeys, and their clique, whose plots and mysteries required more vigilance and skill to unravel than he had leisure from his London avocations to bestow, he wisely determined to dispose of his racing stud, and confine his future operations to betting and banking—a resolution which he forthwith carried into effect.

At Tattersall's Mr. Crockford still held preference over his compeers, known, as he then was, for a man of large means, and bearing, as he did, a good repute for promptitude and punctuality in fulfilment and discharge of his engagements. At "The Tun Tavern" in Jermyn Street, a celebrated sporting-house, kept by Jerry Waters, one of the fraternity of betting-men, and a partner also in a rouge et noir house in Pall Mall, Crockford was a regular attendant until a late hour each night; after which he resorted to one or other of the hazard-tables (for these also had increased in number) presenting the richest prospect of his expectations. The Tun Tavern was greatly patronized and generally well-attended, but particularly so in the racing-season; and during the few weeks immediately preceding the Newmarket, Epsom, Doncaster, and other great meetings, the place was crowded by the most notorious Legs or betting-men in London, and by respectable amateurs of racing, anxious to learn the sporting opinions of the day, and to make their bets, or hedge to those already made, on the "great coming event." This house was in fact the grand Evening Sporting Exchange, where, under the influence of the good dinners and excellent wines for which it was famed, betting was carried on with extraordinary spirit, and amongst a certain few, more distinguished for money than manners, in a tone of vulgar satire, termed chaffing, unintelligible but to men of their own low standard. A merry and somewhat satirical description and account of "The Tun, and its Visitors," appeared, about the time alluded to, in a little rhyming pamphlet called "Leggiana." The opening lines were descriptive of "The House," and the general character of the Legs frequenting it; it will be gathered from the following brief but comprehensive extract:

" Not arms, but *legs*, I sing, who nightly meet
 Within the region of St. James's Street;
 Where Jerry Waters and his hopeful son
 Afford accommodation at 'The Tun';
 And where some favour'd few take up their quarters,
 Charm'd by the smiles of Jerry's pretty daughters;
 Where, too, the choicest wines, and best of dinners,
 Are served up to these calculating sinners;

Who, wide awake that 'good wine needs no bush,'
 Will not be gammoned with adulterous *lush*,
 And think the world and all that 's in it jest,
 Unless they have a *little bit of best*."

The satire then proceeds to the object of the assembled Legs, and to the pretty accurate description of the leading members of the fraternity usually present. Mr. Crockford stands first in this descriptive portraiture, and is sketched as follows:

" Seated within the box, to window nearest,
 See *Crocky*, richest, cunningest, and queerest,
 Of all the motley group that here assemble
 To sport their blunt, chaff, blackguard, and dissemble;
 Who live (as slang has termed it) on the mace,
 Tho' *Crocky's* heavy pull is now, *deuce ace*.
 His wine or grog, as may be, placed before him,
 And looking stupid as his mother bore him;
 For *Crock*, tho' skilful in his betting duty,
 Is not, 'twill be allowed, the greatest beauty;
 Nor does his *mug* (we mean no disrespect)
 Exhibit outward sign of intellect;
 In other words, old *Crocky's* chubby face
 Bespeaks not inward store of mental grace;
 Besides, each night he 's drunk as any lord,
 And clips his mother English every word.
 His head, howe'er, tho' thick to chance beholders,
 Is screw'd right well upon his brawny shoulders;
 He 's quick as thought, and ripe at calculation,
 Malgrè the drink's most potent visitation,
 His pencil, list, and betting-book on table,
 His wits at work as hard as they are able,
 His odds matured, at scarce a moment's pains,
 Out pops the offspring of his ready brains,
 In some enormous, captivating wager,
 'Gainst one horse winning *Derby*, *Oaks*, and *Leger*.
 The bait is tak'n by some astonished wight,
 Who chuckles, thinking it a glorious bite,
 Nor takes the pains the figures o'er to run,
 And see by calculation that *he's done*;
 While *Crocky* books it *cash for certain won*.
 And why, forsooth, is *Crocky* to be blamed
 More than those legs who 're *honourable* named,
 Whose inclination is plain sense to jockey,
 But who lack brains to *work the pull* like *Crocky*?
 Who, by the way, gives vast accommodation,
 Nor bothers any one by litigation.
 And, if a bet you 'd have, you 've nought to do,
 But give it *Crock*, and, with it, *sovereigns two*;
 You 'll quickly, if you win it, touch the treasure,
 For *Crock* (unlike some legs) dubs up with pleasure."

Similar quaint, but correct, description is given of G—, B—, F—, D—, H—, W—, C— R—, R—, (better known as "Short-odds R—,") Tim O'M—, and others, who, at this time, had found their way into the betting ring, but to speak of whom further would be from the object and purpose of this biography.

At this period, notwithstanding the above formidable list of adventurers, Mr. Crockford may be said to have been without competitor in the magnitude of his turf speculations; his reputed wealth and prompt mode of business bringing to his market all the sporting characters of the day to take the odds against their respective fancied and fa-

avourite horses. Strange as it may appear, there was a kind of fashionable variety in every sporting novice to open an account with the "Great Gun of the Ring;" of him

"None their ignorance would own,
Arguing themselves unknown."

and such weakness Crockford was ever ready to indulge on good and profitable consideration, and under the favourable terms of the market. But the great man was soon to meet with a rival in his sphere of action, by the introduction of no less a personage than John Gully, who, suddenly emerging from a somewhat obscure position in life, commenced the betting business, and very speedily gained a *locus standi*, or position of good credit in the ring. The unassuming demeanour of Mr. Gully, compared with the arrogance and assumption of others, and his quiet and correct mode of betting, gained for him many private friends, and a growing preference was distinguishable amongst influential parties for transactions of business with him: it was soon discovered also that weighty matters of commission were entrusted to him, and his bets being of magnitude, and their settlement, on all occasions, prompt and satisfactory, it was naturally and correctly inferred that his friends and clients were of the first order and most opulent class. Mr. Crockford was not the most even-tempered of mankind; success had spoiled him in a degree, and taught him to consider as a right that which was, in fact, but the result and effect of fortuitous circumstances, aided no doubt, in some degree, by ingenuity, energy, and perseverance on his part: he could ill brook this sudden invasion of his position—this unlooked-for participation in a preference so long and exclusively enjoyed by himself, and, being somewhat irritable in mind and rude in speech, he very unceremoniously and injudiciously (because unjustly) vented his ill-feeling by reflections on the character of Mr. Gully wholly at variance with the unimpeachable conduct which had secured to that gentleman general esteem, which subsequently elevated him to a more intrinsic position in society, and which still gives him place amongst the most correct, honourable, and liberal of the betting-ring. The bile of Mr. Crockford was for some time permitted to work without antidote, or even notice, by Mr. Gully; but repetition of insult obliged him at length to retaliate, and a smart altercation took place between the parties in the rooms at Doncaster, to the no small amusement of a crowded audience, and to the wholesome check of Mr. Crockford's self-sufficiency. It is said that at some subsequent period Mr. Crockford's retraction of the offensive language led to a reconciliation—a fair presumption, as the parties were on terms of intimacy, if not of amity, at the time of Mr. Crockford's decease.

It has been already stated that Mr. Crockford parted with his racing stud, but he still continued possession of his mansion and grounds at Newmarket, where he domiciled during the meeting-weeks; and at a distance of about two miles from the town he had a most extensive establishment for the propagation and breeding of pigs: his stock was immense, and of the most choice and approved kind. Whether this fanciful speculation turned out a source of profit or loss to its projector is not known: to speak, however, of the "great piggery" in deserving terms, demands the assertion that it was the most perfect thing conceptionable; but too extravagant in outlay, and too expensive in ma-

nagement, it is thought, to have afforded any reasonable prospect of benefit to the owner, unless he could have commanded an exclusive market for the sale of pork at eighteen pence or two shillings per pound.

Mr. Crockford's gaming-house speculations, notwithstanding the fact that such establishments had increased to an amazing extent, continued to prosper, albeit many other adventurers had stepped in to share in the abundant harvest they bestowed; he had now become a partner in two or three different houses, from each of which he was drawing a very handsome income. It is true that there were now some drawbacks on the immense returns: some few ruined and desperate men had taken the decisive course of legal proceeding for the recovery of their losses; others had adopted proceedings by indictment of the houses and their proprietors, and these hostile measures created great legal expense in their defence, and required large sums in their settlement. Crockford was not free from such casualties and liabilities; he was indicted on several occasions and by different persons for his share in the nuisance of the public gaming-house in King Street; but his policy always led him to a settlement of the matter with the prosecutor, in preference to the risk of imprisonment and the treadmill. On one occasion, however, and since the opening of the club in St. James's Street, an indictment was preferred, and a true bill found against him and others for keeping the before-mentioned house in King Street; and it was not without much difficulty, and delay creative of direful alarm, that the matter could be arranged so as to prevent the parties being brought to trial. The prosecutor was a person known by the name and title of Baron D'A——, who formerly held a commission in the German Legion. This gentleman had been desperate, and of course unfortunate in his speculation, at *rouge et noir*; and at last lost not only his pay, but the proceeds of the sale of his commission. Thus reduced, he became equally desperate in determination, and occasionally made demands and levied contributions from the parties who had won of him; but compliance with such demands becoming less frequent and less willing, and assistance, when granted, usually accompanied by ungracious and unpalatable observations, he resorted to the process of indictment, and made Mr. Crockford one of his objects of attack. On the true bill being found, Mr. Crockford put in the necessary bail; between the period of which and the day appointed for trial, communication was opened with the baron with a view to amicable settlement, and non-appearance of the prosecutor on the day of trial: but, in the negotiation, Mr. Crockford's party relied too much on the poverty and distress of the baron, believing that the griping hand of necessity would oblige him to accept any offered sum to relieve his wants. Under such belief, an inconsiderable amount was tendered, but refused. The baron had, fortunately for him, met with a shrewd adviser, who persuaded him to hold out against any overtures short of a handsome consideration; and he did so, notwithstanding the fact that a considerable advance had been made on the original sum offered to him. The eve of trial approached, and the alarm of Crockford was great. At length came the great and eventful day of his appearance at Clerkenwell Sessions. What was to be done? Incarceration and hard labour stared him in the face, and with them all the evil consequences connected with his absence from his newly-established club. In this dilemma he sought the advice and active services of Guy, his principal acting man in St. James's Street, a sort of

Mephistophiles, or demon protecting spirit, from whose knowledge of everybody, and whose acquaintance with all the arcana of indictment and arrangement, Crockford hoped still to be rescued from impending evil. This man accompanied Crockford to the scene of trial, and, discovering the baron in the precinct of the court, contrived to get into friendly conversation with him; a scheme which led to some judicious but jesuitical hints on the impolicy of his longer holding out against the liberal offer which he (Guy) had now the authority to make from Mr. Crockford. Fortunately for Crockford, the indictment was low down in the list of the day's business, and this gave opportunity to Guy to proceed more leisurely in his designs; he prevailed on the baron to accompany him to a tavern in the neighbourhood, and there, under the influence of copious draughts of wine, an arrangement was ultimately effected. The proposal once entertained by the baron was not left to the chance of change, nor was the baron permitted to consult with his adviser in the matter; time was precious, the cause was approaching its hearing, and at this crisis Guy called a coach, took from his pocket a tempting sum, hurried the baron into the vehicle, gave him the money, and never left him until he had seen him on board a vessel bound for a foreign country. By this active and decisive proceeding Crockford escaped the consequences which must have attended his trial. The indictment was called on; the prosecutor was not to be found, and has never since been heard of in London, to the great mortification of his attorney and expectants under the indictment; the labour of the former, and the hopes of the latter, being the unsubstantial benefit of the proceeding. The cunning and perseverance of Guy thus effected the safety of Mr. Crockford, whose fears, however, were so excited by the delayed arrangement and the near approach to trial, that he did not recover his wonted energies for weeks.

The seasons 1820-21 formed an important epoch in the career and circumstances of Mr. Crockford, and, although marked by fearful vicissitudes, were nevertheless pregnant with Fortune's most abundant favours. At this period he took a higher flight; in addition to his interests in other establishments of play, he became a partner in various gaming establishments. The French game about this time had been recently introduced fresh from the hotbed of the *salons* at Paris; and its novelty and interest gave great excitement to play in this country. A large capital or bank of some thousands was nightly provided, and put down by Crockford and his party; and against this bank any member of the club was at liberty to play, the bank answering all bets, under a calculated benefit to itself of about one and a quarter per cent. Amongst the members of the club addicted to play were many noblemen and gentlemen of large fortune, and bold and determined spirit, who were pretty constant in their patronage of the game. The play was of the most spirited kind, and the balance of the first short season of a few months gave to the proprietors and bankers a very large benefit. Monsieur P——, the opulent French contractor, contributed, by his own individual loss, a sum exceeding twenty thousand pounds! and large amounts dropped into the same vortex of profit from like abundant and prolific sources.

The opening of the ensuing season was not so propitious in its promise and prospect of ultimate success. Various and indecisive for many weeks were the nocturnal results of play, and, as the season advanced, the speculative atmosphere darkened; the chances of the dice

took a strong and decided turn against the bank ; night after night its capital of thousands disappeared under the bold and successful operations of the players ; fresh supplies were continually forthcoming, but to share a like fate ; and this reverse, continuing, as it did, for weeks, with little variation, so crippled the resources of Crockford and his party, that it was with difficulty, and under continual sacrifice of property, they could find means to meet such rapid demands, and to furnish the required nightly capital. Crockford and his party were yet, however, too strong in the faith of the game to abandon hope : they knew that a continually occurring per-centage on large sums staked through the night on events, each of which might on an average be decided in a few minutes, would ultimately swallow all capital opposed to it ; and that, in spite of all the unlooked-for and uncalculated hapless results that had hitherto attended their speculations, a certain benefit must accrue, if capital could be found to test the operation, and give opportunity to wait the event ; they therefore determined on every possible sacrifice ; property was sold, loans had recourse to, and every possible means made available for the one grand object of the bank. A crisis was unquestionably approaching ; a speedy change of fortune must come on, or an inevitable stop to play, and consequent irretrievable ruin to every individual member of the firm. The continued success of the players became a public theme of wonder, and, by exciting cupidity, brought with it increase of play. Many of the less enterprising were induced to woo Fortune in so favourable a mood.

" They took to play who never play'd before ;
And those who always play'd, still play'd the more."

In this state of things, and under every effort of the proprietors, the bank was continued, but with further severe loss. The last night of forlorn hopes arrived ; a bank of five thousand pounds was the ultimate amount that could be raised, and down it went, under a feeling of desperation. The hour of play was at hand ; the bankers were one and all at their posts, anxious for, but now almost hopeless of, any favourable change. The dice were at length in operation, and, ere one hour had elapsed from the commencement of the game, nearly three thousand of the five thousand pounds put down had found their way from the box of the bank to the bowls of the players. Despair sat on the visages of the bankers ; Crockford's philosophy took flight, and he looked as if sentence of death had been passed on him without benefit of clergy. All hope had left him, nor could he by any effort screw his courage to the sticking point of witnessing the last finishing coup to his fortune and expectations. In a state of nervous agitation bordering on frenzy, he abruptly quitted the house, and had he been found on the morrow drowned in the conveniently adjacent basin of the Green Park, or suspended from a neighbouring lamp-post, it would scarcely have astonished those who witnessed his hurried and extraordinary exit from the club. The wind-up of the night's proceedings was left to the more stois nerves and sober management of T—, A—, and their colleagues and *employés*.

Strange and sudden are the freaks of Fortune, of whom it is truly said,

" *Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.*"

Scarcely had Crockford escaped from the scene of his torture, misery swelling at his heart and madness on his brow, when a change came o'er the spirit of the game, elucidating, in its arrival, the incontrovertible fact and principle, that, however strange and unaccountable may be the advent or procrastination of calculated events within a given time, yet the chances of the dice will equalize, in their just proportions, through all apparent irregularities. Within two hours of the time of Crockford's departure, the bank had not only recovered the night's loss, but had considerably increased its capital; and at the close of the play at a very late hour, a clear winning balance was struck, of above twenty thousand pounds. This piece of unexpected fortune, so opportune in its arrival, was early communicated to Crockford, who was discovered in his bed in so restless and miserable a state of mind, that he could scarcely be made to believe the truth of the report or the reality of the event. From this time, the change of luck was most decided in its character, and constant in its course; the bank's resources nightly increased, and ultimately the players, with few exceptions, were beaten to a stand-still both in money and credit. The bankers were again in high spirits, and the season terminated with a clear balance of gain to the proprietors, in money and securities for money, exceeding *two hundred thousand pounds!!!* Lord T—— alone lost a fortune; Lords F——, G——, and others also contributed largely to the amount, as did Messrs. B——, R——, a foreign Ambassador, Mr. B—— H——, and others. The latter gentleman, who had but recently come into the inheritance of a fortune of seven hundred thousand pounds funded property, lost large sums of money at this club; and so marked and decided were the operations of the dice against him, that he suspected foul design in the make of them, and, with a view to ascertain the fact, actually took a pair from off the table, and carried them away with him. He subsequently caused the same to be cut open and examined, and, after they had undergone such process, they were publicly exhibited in the shop of a tradesman in St. James's. The affair was much talked of, but it never was established that any false or undue influence had been detected by the test to which they had been submitted.

THE BREEZE UPON THE OCEAN.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

THERE are sounds of sweetest measure
For the landsman, if ye will;
There is music, that with pleasure
Can the coldest bosom thrill!
But there's nought with life or motion,
Or that one could hold more dear,
Than the breeze upon the ocean
To the seaman's list'ning ear!

O'er the waves, now gently swelling,
Steals the murmur of the wind;
'Tis the voice of loved ones dwelling
In a region far behind.

And the sailor, that felt sadden'd
As his thoughts were turn'd to home,
Now looks forth, with spirits gladden'd,
As the gales in whispers come!

And the heart no danger fearing
When the tempest raged around,
And the soul of dauntless bearing
Hath quicken'd at the sound!
And tears, warm tears, are falling
O'er the seaman's manly face,
As the breeze is sweet recalling
Some old familiar place!

MYNHEER VAN CLUMSEETRUNK;

OR, THE BENEFITS OF SMOKING.

TOWARDS the sunset of a lovely May day, many years since, a stranger was strolling along the road that then led from Alexandria to Leesburgh in Virginia. As he ascended the Shooter's-hill, he paused from time to time, partly to take breath, and partly to enjoy the prospects which were opening gradually before him. Having at length gained the summit, he stood motionless to gaze at leisure on one of the fairest scenes that nature and art have ever painted. Immediately at his feet lay a verdant valley, with here and there a clump of trees, under whose shadows groups of cattle were lying lazily, while others browsed upon the herbage or gambolled in the sun. Beyond this, arose the houses and spires of Alexandria, and the tapering topmasts of the shipping. Then came the waters of the Potomac, here expanding to a lake, upon whose placid bosom floated vessels of all sizes, from the frail canoe that had bounded over the rapids of the Shenandoah to the deeply laden barque that had dashed proudly through the foaming waters of the Gulf-stream. The heights of Maryland, lost in the blue sky above, and coloured below by the blossoms of the kalmia, the azalea, and rhododendron, formed a frame worthy of the landscape they enclosed.

As, lost in reverie, the stranger contemplated this scene, his eye was suddenly caught by an object of some peculiarity. This was neither more nor less than a little, compact, snug-looking cloud of dense smoke that hovered above a small house on the western outskirts of the town. He was struck, not so much by the quantity of smoke, as by the form which that smoke had assumed, and by its colour, and the quiet, composed manner in which it remained nestled in the sky. Expanded on the top, it seemed to be supported by a long, thin column, and presented, in shape, the appearance of a tiny water-spout, or of a tall, solitary pine or palmetto; and so gloriously coloured was it, that he could hardly persuade himself that it was not a cloud tinged by the rays of the setting sun. As he continued to gaze upon it, it seemed gradually to increase in volume; and, on looking earnestly, he thought he could discern something singular in the column that supported and fed it. It did not seem to rise like smoke from a chimney or a flue in one continuous, gentle stream, but was driven upwards by momentary impulses. It was wholly unlike anything he had ever seen, and he said to himself at least a dozen times—"What the d—l can it be?"

"Hey there, my lad!" shouted he to a boy who just then came running by. "Hey there!"

The boy halted for an instant, and then coming up to the stranger, said, in a cool, independent sort of way, "Well, sir?"

"Can you tell me the cause of that smoke which I see yonder?" asked the stranger, pointing with his cane to the bright cloud on which his eyes seemed fixed more intently than ever.

The boy surveyed the querist from head to foot minutely, and then said, "You ain't of these parts, I guess."

"No," answered the stranger, with eyes still fixed upon the cloud.

"I opined as much," said the urchin. "I knowed it when you axed about that ere smoke."

"Why so?"

"Because, if you lived any ways hereabout, you 'd a know'd 'twas old Dunderdickens Van Clumseetrunk a smokin'."

"Oh!" thought the stranger, "this is one of the smoke-houses for which this country is so famed. In it perhaps are cured the delicious hams of Virginia. Perhaps that rare tongue that I ate so heartily of this morning emanated thence.—What name did you call the house by, my boy?"

"The house ain't got no name that I knows on. Dunderdickens Van Clumseetrunk is a man's name."

"Oh! a man's name," said the stranger musingly. "True. A Dutch name by the sound. Well—a—what does he smoke?"

"I don't know. It's either leaf, or Maryland, or niggerhead."

"Ah!" said the stranger eagerly, "I see—I see. 'Tis some establishment for drying tobacco previous to shipping it."

"It ain't nothin' of the sort," said the urchin drily.

"What the d—l is it then?"

"Why, what a feul you must be! I told you already 'twas old Clumseetrunk a smokin'."

"Smoking what?" asked the stranger, with an elevation of voice and an irritability of manner that somewhat startled the lad.

"Why, smoking his pipe, to be sure."

Rapidly raising his cane, the stranger aimed a blow at the little urchin who seemed to be mocking him, which, had it reached its destination, would have caused the boy to be silent for some days at least; but the lad evaded the stick by turning quickly on his heel, and then curveting carelessly down the hill, he sang what seemed to be a snatch of a song,

"His pipe is as big as a brandy-bowl,
With a stem full two yards long.

Go see for yourself!
Go see for yourself!"

The stranger's first impulse was to follow the boy, and to force from him a reasonable account of the smoke; but a rapid calculation of chances made him give up this idea, and, returning on his steps, he determined to proceed to the house and see for himself.

Guided, like the Israelites, by the smoke, he threaded his way through the lanes and alleys of the town, until, having reached its western outskirts, he found himself in front of a small but well-built dingy, brick house, with a neat little garden in front, enclosed by snow-white palings. The smoke, however, did not rise from this garden, neither did it seem to issue from the house, but from the midst of a group of lofty trees that stood behind and overhung this isolated dwelling. For some time the stranger moved about in the vain hope of finding some hole in the high wall through which to gratify his curiosity; but the brick-work was sound, and the little white gate was firmly locked. Irritated by these obstacles, he made a desperate spring, seized the top of the wall, and slowly raised his head above the uppermost bricks. A momentary glance,

however, was all that was allowed him. Startled by the bark of a dog, he was about to leap off, when the bricks gave way, and the stranger rolled heavily to the ground. Rising hastily to his feet, he brushed the dust from his clothes and made the best of his way back to his inn. Wonder had succeeded to curiosity; for that glance had assured him that the smoke actually proceeded from the pipe of a white-headed old man, who, seated under the branches of a magnificent catalpa, was sending clouds of smoke to revel among its clustering blossoms.

"Now that we have finished business, Mr. Broadfутten," said the stranger, as he filled his glass and lighted his cigar, "you will perhaps oblige me with the story you promised me. The old man and his pipe, I must confess, have interested me deeply."

Balancing himself upon the hinder legs of his chair, his feet on the fender, the young American dashed the ashes from his pipe, and thus commenced:

"Three years ago my father died, leaving me at the age of nineteen sole heir to the money he had accumulated, and to the business by which he had amassed it. He was a Hollander by birth, and had known Mynheer Clumseetrunk from childhood. They had emigrated to the States at the same time and in the same vessel; and had agreed for their mutual benefit to settle, the one in Boston, the other in this city. As they had left good mercantile correspondents behind them, they soon succeeded in becoming moneyed merchants.

"It happened strangely enough that these friends were both captivated by Yankee lasses, married much about the same time, and that much about the same time their wives brought into the world, the one a son, the other a daughter. No sooner were they informed of these events than they agreed that, if these young people lived to a marriageable age, they should come together, and thus cement still more closely the union between the Broadfутtens and the Clumseetrunks.

"Of this arrangement I knew nothing till after my father's death. I was in New York when this took place, and, on hurrying home, I found a letter, the last he ever wrote, in which he conjured me to marry the only daughter of his friend and correspondent. As soon as my mind was a little tranquillized, I turned my attention to his letter, but somehow I could not relish its contents. Parents who act in this way are miserable judges of human nature. If they wish their children to love each other, they should throw them together, and tell them they shan't marry. They'll fall in love purely from opposition. But young people, especially if they have any romance in their composition, do not like to have sweethearts picked out for them, and then be told to shut their eyes and open their mouths, and see what God will send them. They'll thank a father for an estate, a house, or a horse; but for a husband or a wife—no—young people must choose these things for themselves.

"Thoughts of this nature were not the only ones that caused my father's letter to be extremely unpalatable to me. A little Boston lassie had caught my eye, and at that time I imagined myself to be desperately in love. Before a twelvemonth had elapsed, however, Activity Pumpkinson had engaged herself to another, and I had received a letter from Mynheer Clumseetrunk, informing me of the

contract, and stating that when I was of age, or deemed myself old enough for marriage, his daughter should be at my service. To reply to this was a matter of some difficulty, but I set my wits to work and answered in the same business-like way—that I had no intention of marrying at present; thought it best for men to marry after they had sown their wild oats, and obtained some knowledge of themselves, with some other stuff of the same nature. Howbeit, the old gentleman did not seem to take the hint; on the contrary, he wrote me word that my conduct was very prudent, that my letter had raised me in his esteem, and that his daughter could wait my time.

“Now it so happened,” continued the American, as he put down his pipe, stuck his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and leaned himself yet further back on the hind-legs of his chair, “that business called me about a twelvemonth since to this place. It was my intention to have remained here but a short time; and as my person was wholly unknown to Mynheer, and as I did not wish to have the subject of the contract renewed, I determined not to call on the old man. My business, however, instead of occupying me two days, did not detain me more than two hours; so, having nothing better to do, I strolled about the city, and at length found myself on its western outskirts. While gazing on the landscape, my attention was suddenly arrested by a column of dense smoke which seemed to emerge from a cluster of trees behind a small house. The strange appearance which this smoke assumed raised my curiosity, and I pried about in every direction to ascertain whence it proceeded. It was some time, however, before I could do so. I attempted several times to perform the feat which caused you your fall, but could not succeed. At length I boldly opened the gate and entered. I was advancing with great caution, with my eyes intently fixed upon the rising column, when a sudden turn of the path brought me face to face with a young woman of great beauty. She started on seeing me, and I apologised for my intrusion by saying, that the strange column of smoke had excited my curiosity and tempted me to enter.

“‘I thought,’ said she with a smile, ‘that woman only was impelled by curiosity. But you are not the only man whom this cloud has attracted. If you will follow me, I will show you its source.’

“‘Nay, miss,’ replied I, ‘a word of explanation will suffice.’

“‘I fear not,’ answered she, with another smile—a smile that banished Activity Pumpkinson for ever. ‘I fear you’ll not believe without seeing. So tread gently, and follow me in silence.’ And she put her finger playfully to her lips, and moved on.

“Without a word, I followed her until she stood within a few yards of the catalpa, under which you saw Mynheer smoking to-day. Surprised as I was at the volumes of smoke which the old gentleman emitted, I was still more astonished when I saw that his pipe was the facsimile of one which my father had left behind him. In a moment, however, I comprehended it all. My father, who, from his residence in a crowded city, had never been able to smoke his pipe, had often pointed it out to me as it hung over the chimney-piece, with the remark, that there was but one other like it in the world, and that one was in the possession of his friend. This, therefore, could be no other than my correspondent; and as I turned my

eyes to his fair daughter, I swore internally that I would piously obey my father's last commands. As we strolled back to the gate, I made matters sure by inquiring her name, taking care at the same time not to reveal my own; and, having thanked her for her civilities, I took my way musingly back to the inn. In an hour my plans were formed—'If,' thought I, 'I introduce myself to her under my real name, her romantic feelings may prevent her from falling in love with me. I will win her in disguise.'

"It is needless to tell you how I was introduced to her by a mutual friend, to whom I revealed my plans. How, to the great annoyance of the old man, I found means to court her under the shadow of his own pipe; how he wrote to me about myself, and urged me to come forward and put aside this insolent rival; how he confined Martha to his house, and his sight; how I revealed to her that I was the man, not only of her heart, but of her father's also; and how, to carry on the joke, I persuaded her to elope on her father's birthnight, and marry me:—these things, which are too stale to interest, I pass over, but I cannot help narrating some of the most important incidents of that night.

"Mynheer Clumseetrunk had invited two merchants to celebrate the day with him; the one a countryman of his own, the other a Yankee fur trader, with whom he had some transactions. They suited him well; they paid punctually, drank deeply, and smoked from sunrise till bedtime.

"At one o'clock the trio sat down to dinner, and ate and drank till four; at four they ceased eating, but carried on the drinking in connexion with smoking till nine; about which time they became somewhat talkative. After a noisy discussion about the qualities of various tobaccos, caused by the Yankee's assertion that of all tobaccos that which he smoked was the best, he looked cautiously around the room, and then said in a whisper,

"'As there ain't no woman present, I don't mind tellin' you how I come by this tobacco.'

"'Fill up your glass, and go on, den,' said Mynheer Hendrickson.

"'Some eighteen or nineteen year ago, I was up in the western parts of Viginny, down about Harper's ferry, a speckillatin' in furs which the Injins had brought from somewhere about the settin' sun. It so happened, that I was the only trader there, and I got the furs a prodigious bargain. I reckon there was nigh upon a waggin load of 'em; prime furs they were too; and they didn't cost me, in peach brandy, pyowder and balls, beads, and red flannin, more than the fiftieth part of what they was actively worth. This made me feel uncommon proud and comfortable; so, arter I had seen them all stowed away in a long flat-bottomed boat, ready for startin' the next mornin', I gin a bang-up-treat at the entertainment to the Whites and the Injins, and an ugly-lookin' nigger or two, that seemed as if they'd like a drop but didn't dare ax for it. How-somedever I soon got tired of hearin' the Injins howl, so thinks I I'll jist take a good look at this ferry, for I had heerd it spoken of as one of the out-and-outest places in all natur'. And sure enough I never did see sich rocks, and precipices, and ragged trees, and ugly-looking stones, that seemed to be holdin' on to nothin' at all, in all my born days. 'This never was made so at first,' says I. 'It's too up and down like, too square-built, too naked and broke-up, for

Natur's work. Them great mountains that stand starin' at each other with a couple of rivers runnin' atween, were once, I'll swar, as close together as a bear's hide to his carcass. But what on airth could have seperated them in that ere way? It's a reglar break-up, anyhow; nothin' but an airthquake, or the dellooge, or some other sich everlastin' water power, could a done it.' Arter ramblin' about for an hour or so, I found out that I had lost my way, and, jist as if that illnatur'd critter Bad-luck was afeerd — and well he may — to walk by himself, and must always have a brother or two with him, it began to rain in great big drops. I looked up, but darn me if I could tell which was the rocks and which the sky, they was so outrageously black and close together. 'I guess,' says I, 'it will come down, and no mistake;' so I stuck myself under a thumpin' big rock, that seemed put there by special purpose. And down it did come, sure enough! — none of your quiet half-a-sleep Dutch storms, Mynheers. I reckon the old worldwind and thunder's a'most tired out now; but sheets of lightnin' that made the river look like burnin' gold, and peals of thunder that ran, and rattled, and crashed among the towerin' rocks, as if they wanted to hurl the proud things down. In the midst of all this hurly-burly, ay, jist in the midst of hail, and rain, and thunder, and lightnin', and wind, I seed an old man, a quiet, good-natur'd sort of crittur, walkin' up to me. I never seed sich an old-lookin' chap afore nor since. His hair and beard were long and white; but his skin was as brown, and dry, and wrinkled as a scorched sheep's-skin. 'A reglar worn-out Injin,' thinks I. Howsomedever, he seemed strong enough too, for he had a canoe on his left shoulder, and a curious carved paddle in his right hand. Stepping up quite close to me, he said,

"'White man, I must pass the Shenandoah.'

"'I ain't in your way, stranger,' said I, as I drewed myself up agin the rock, for somehow the crittur's eye did tarrify me.

"'It is thy duty to paddle me across,' says he.

"'If there warn't sich a tarnation squall, stranger,' said I, quite saft and pleasant like, 'I'd do what you ax in a minnit, but the river's onpassable. The wind sweeps across it with a howl and a screech, and the stream is bilin' worse than ever with the rain, that comes down from the mountain's side.'

"'The old crittur drewed himself up, and put on the ugliest look ever I did see. 'Art thou afraid?' says he. 'It must be so. The white man has trampled on his red brother, and dares not meet upon yon tide the messengers of the Great Spirit.'

"'If you means that for me, old red-skin,' says I, for his chaff had raised my dander, 'the cap don't fit. I have traded with men of your colour, I'll allow; but I always gin them what they axed, and a glass of the best peach brandy to boot.'

"'Does the white man want gold?' says he; and he took from a grass pouch some bits of the rale stuff, genuine native gold.

"'No,' says I; 'I don't want your gold, though it does look uncommon good. I couldn't sleep if I took money from an old man like you, for sich a job as this. I don't want pay, and I ain't afeerd; so shove on your boat, I'll follow you.'

"'Without a word he chuckted the birch canoe into the river, and leapt on it like a squirrel. 'He'll upset it,' thinks I, but the craft never even so much as trembled. 'Jump in,' says he, 'and push

off. I jumped in; he threw me the paddle, and away we went. Darn me, but 'twas tarnal cruel work; before then and since I've paddled many a canoe on a deeper and a broader sheet of water, against a heavier breeze, but never did I strive so hard to pull a boat along. It seemed to me as if the boat, and the paddle, and the water, and the old man were made of lead. Howsomedever, I did manage to git across; and soon as ever the canoe touched the shore, the old crittur jumped on the rocks, and turnin' sharp round, he says, 'Brother,' says he, 'unpaid thou hast done me a good deed; 'tis well for thee. The cursed gold I bear about me had sunk thee in yon boiling tide, as it has done many of thy race before now.'

"'May I make bold to ax what's your name, whar you come from, whar you 're goin', and what's the natur' of your speckillations?'

"'Where am I going?' says he slowly. 'Going to see how the white man prospers. Years—years—long years ago—and the poor old crittur groaned awful—I welcomed the white man to these shores. I was the first Indian that bade the white man welcome. And now,' said he in a whispser, so shrill that it made my hair stand on end, 'they have driven me from the Spirit land, to watch the progress of the Whites. From spring to winter, for a thousand years, must I rove amongst them. I must hear their axes in our forests, their rifles in our hunting-grounds; must see our streams troubled by their canoes, our skies polluted by their smoke; must hear the curses of the homeless red men, as they sink beneath the fire, water, or the sword. 'Tis too much, too much!' And the old crittur covered his face with his hands.

"'I reckon, any how,' said I, 'you 've seen considerable improvement?'

"'I've seen bread sold where once 'twas given; have heard the bloodhound baying on the red man's track; have seen slavery where all was freedom; have—'

"'At that minnit a flash of lightnin' lit up the whole airth and sky. The old man started. 'White man,' said he, 'go back; thou lovest the sacred weed; on yonder shore thou 'lt find a horn; 'tis full, full of tobacco, such as this land produced before the white foot cursed it. From that horn our fathers drew the pipe of peace. Take it! For this deed thou shalt never find it empty; but, whenever the restless smoke rises from thy pipe to wander in the trackless air, think of one more restless still, and let there be peace betwixt thee and thy red brethren.'

"'Well?' said Mynheer Clumseetrunk, as Morgan paused.

"'There ain't much more,' said Morgan. 'I paddled myself back; and sure enough I found a horn, a curlous-lookin' old horn, all cut and carved like, chock-full of tobacco, and, though I've smoked since then hundreds upon hundreds of pounds, the horn is always full of the reg'lar Injin weed.'

"'Very goot! very goot! Misder Morgan; but I deny dat a better leaf of weed grows anywhere dan de tobacco dat comes out of dis pouch. Did you ever see one like it?'

"Thus saying, Hendrickson threw the pouch on the table.

"'Well, 'tis an everlastin' curious-looking varmint, sure enough,' said the Yankee, as he held it in both hands at the greatest possible distance from his body. 'It's not onlike a young knapsack; I

reckon it's some crittur's skin. 'Tain't alligator; it's not rough enough for that: and it ain't wolf, nor buffalo, nor prairie-dog, nor seal neither; it's too hard for them: and it's shiny, and black and knotty, and feels all the world like the roughest sandpaper! Lord! but it has got a nasty feelin'!' And he put it down with the air of a man throwing a reptile from him.

" 'The copper knobs look like eyes of fire,' said Clumseetrunk, as he held the tobacco-case to view. 'They *are* eyes, wolf's eyes! Ugh! I couldn't smoke if I had eyes like those looking at me.'

" 'Dey did trouble me at first,' said Mynheer Hendrickson, 'but I am used to dem now; do sometimes, when de night gits late, and de fire has gone down in de chimbley, and de candle is very bad light, I've seen dem seven knobs all lookin' at me, until the skin creep along my bones, and I was afeer'd to stir a peg.'

" 'I s'pose there's no harm in axin' how you come by it?' inquired the Yankee.

" 'Why, you see,' replied Hendrickson, 'dat one afternoon, as Hudson, and Klemson, and I was riding down de Shooter's-hill, we saw a man seated on de bank by de road-side. We was all dree smoking, and he called out, 'Goot afternoon, gentlemen!—will you be kind enough to give me a light?' De chap was so polite dat we all dree pulled up, and held him our pipes. He took his own from his pocket, and drawing out his pouch, he took a little roll of tobacco from it, filled his pipe, lighthed it, and commenced puffing away.'

" 'Fine horses, those, gentlemen,' said he, 'uncommon fine horses. They pull well, I dare say.'

" 'My horse,' said I, 'was born of—'

" 'My horse,' interrupted Hudson, 'was got by—'

" 'My horse,' bawled Klemson, 'is one of Thunder-and-lightning's colts, out of—'

" 'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed the stranger. 'I never knew a man yet that didn't think his horse was the best in the world. If he didn't, he tried to make others think so. I'll bet anything you've each of you told fifty lies about horses in your time—eh?'

" 'De fellow wasn't so far out; so we looked at each other and said nuttin'.'

" 'Now, gentlemen,' continued he, 'I love a good lie. There's nothing warms my heart like one. Look at this pouch—'tis a good one. I'll give it to the one of you three that tells the best lie about his horse.'

" 'Do you see dis hill?' asked Hudson, pointing to the steepest part of Shooter's-hill. 'It ain't a month since my horse pulled ten hogsheds of tobacco up it, and never sweated neider.'

" 'Good,' chuckled the stranger. 'Twas work for ten horses.'

" 'Do you see dat hill yonder?' asked Klemson, as he pointed to de heights of Maryland. 'It ain't a fortnight since my nag drew forty barrels of spike-nails up it, and he was dry as my hand when he reached the top.'

" 'Good,' chuckled the man again. 'Twas work for twenty horses.'

" 'It ain't more dan a week,' said I, 'since dis horse of mine drew five tons of lead up a hill so steep, Mynheer stranger, dat it radder leant over this way.'

“Haw—haw—haw! ’Twas work for me—for the devil, I mean. Good—good, Mynheer Hendrickson. The pouch is yours. There ’s but one roll of tobacco in it, but when that ’s gone, you ’ll always find another there.”

“I took de pouch, and Hudson and Klemson came near to look at it. When we raised our eyes up, de chap was gone.”

“Hendrickson here picked up the pouch, opened it, and sure enough, in one corner of it was a roll of tobacco—and stranger still, ’twas just enough for Hendrickson’s own pipe.

“You have a rare horn, Mynheer Morgan, and you have a rarer pouch, Mynheer Hendrickson; but my pipe, smoke what tobacco you will, has always the same flavour, and that flavour the best. Besides, it ’s none of your little namby-pamby things that hold only an ounce or so. It holds a pound, my boys, a pound of the lightest and the driest. And look what clouds it yields! They come through no narrow confined channels as if only by compulsion, but they seem to gush through the stem as if they had life and will.’ And Clumseetrunk held up his pipe admiringly to view.

“There ’s letters upon it,’ said Squire Morgan. “’Twas done in the bakin’, I guess.”

“I ’ll tell you all about it,’ said Mynheer Clumseetrunk. ‘Martha, some more Hollands—Martha—’

“We ’ll have the story first,’ said Morgan.

“’Tis now many years since this pipe was given me. I was then a young man. Broadfутten—you know him, Hendrickson—he was in the same house with myself, and we were always sent about together to collect bills. It was on the seventeenth of January—I remember the day well—that Mynheer Van der Crouts called us to him. ‘I ’m sorry, my lads,’ said he, ‘to send you out on such a day, but I am obliged to do it—old Van der Noot is gone into the country, and I must get money from him to-day. Collect those bills, and ask Mynheer to sign this order.’ Broadfутten and I looked out of the window. It was not snowing,—we wished it had been,—but a moist sleet, driven by a fierce, blustering northeaster, was falling rapidly. ‘You won’t get wet,’ said he with a grim smile, ‘for it freezes as fast as it falls.’ ’Twas useless to say a word; so, having wrapped ourselves up well, filled our pipes, and taken a supply of tobacco, out we sallied. Such intensely cold weather I have never experienced before or since. The sleet fell in torrents, and the wind blew in our faces until it seemed to me that I had no face left. The only comfort which we had, we derived from an occasional drop of hollands, and from our pipes, which, however, we had some difficulty in keeping lighted. I suppose it was bordering on three o’clock—we had dined at Van der Noot’s, and were making for Amsterdam, from which place we were about four miles distant, when all at once our pipes went out together. To go on without smoking was impossible; so, taking out our steel and flint, we commenced striking a light. But this was no easy matter. The tinder was so damp that the sparks would as soon have set the sleet on fire. Click, click, click, click! The tinder wouldn’t catch. We turned it over. Click, click, click, click! I never saw the flint emit so many brilliant sparks, but still the tinder seemed determined not to ignite.

“D—n the thing!’ said Broadfутten in a rage. ‘I’d give my soul for a light.’

“‘And I’d go to the d—l for a pipe that would hold a quart of tobacco, and never need lighting but once,’ said I.

“‘Click, click, click, click! sounded on our ears. ’Twas like the echo of our own flint and steel; and yet some minutes had elapsed since we had attempted to get a light. Broadfутten looked at me, and I at him.’

“‘Click, click, click, click! Ha! that’s right. That’s a bonny blaze, my lads, isn’t it?’

“‘Startled by the voice, we turned to whence it proceeded, and lo! by the side of a huge rock, a little man was lighting a fire. He was a strange-looking man, and strangely enough dressed; but what surprised me most was the apparatus by which he was surrounded. I had walked that road many times before, but I had never noticed a rock or stone of any kind; but now against a huge black rock was a regularly built furnace, with a vast pile of wood lying by it. In a moment, too, the old man had kindled a fire that would have roasted an ox.

“‘Here’s a fire for you, my lads,’ said he with a chuckle. ‘You can light your pipes and warm your hands at the same time.’

“‘As we tremblingly drew near to the fire, the old man fixed his eyes earnestly on our pipes. At length, taking hold of mine, he said, ‘Pish! do you call this thing a pipe? Pheugh! I’ll make you one you may be proud of.’ Thus saying, he dashed the pipe against the furnace. He did the same, without a word from us, to Broadfутten’s. The fact is, we were so much amazed at all that had passed, that, had he attempted to rob us, we could not have resisted.

“‘Scrape up some of that clay,’ said he. ‘Go to work both of you. Take it there,’ and he pointed to a spot that the fire had softened.

“‘Stooping down, we scraped up with our knives a reasonable quantity of a fine yellow clay, and, kneading it up into a kind of dough, we handed him the balls.

“‘So Mynheer Crumpipen could not pay you to-day? That’s a bad business. He’ll never pay you at all,’ said the old man, as he worked away at the mud. ‘I taught his wife to play at cards.’

“‘We were too much astonished to make any remark.

“‘Van der Noot paid you the whole of his bill. He’ll do. I like to see a man like him prosper; it hardens his heart,’ continued he, still working away at the mud.

“‘One would think you had been with us all day,’ said I, at length mustering courage to speak.

“‘Perhaps I have,’ replied he, shutting one eye, and looking meaningly out of the other. ‘I don’t like that Schumfeld. He’s a good man. Money only makes him better. I think I must make him a bankrupt.’

“‘How so?’ asked I. ‘He has too much capital to be easily shaken.’

“‘I’ll set him speculating.’

“‘What’s that?’

“‘A system of money-making, losing, and swindling that I intend introducing among merchants. This quiet, jog-trot kind of business don’t suit me. Here, take hold of this.’

“‘As he said this, he pinched the clay so that I might get hold of it. As soon as I had seized it, he said, ‘Draw it out for the stem of

the pipe; and, as I moved away, he put the clay to his mouth and commenced blowing vigorously.

" 'Is that big enough to suit you? It will hold half a pound.'

" 'Let it hold a pound,' said I; for intimacy had lessened my feelings of awe.

" 'Be it so,'—and he blew again.

" 'There!' said he, as he took up his walking-cane—a black cane no bigger than a rush—and pushed it through the stem. 'There's a pipe for you. Let's make another.' In the same way he proceeded until he had made four. Picking them up one by one, he wrote with the sharp end of a stick what you see written, and placed them in the furnace.

" 'But we can't wait until they are burnt,' said Broadfутten.

" 'Can't you?' replied he with a frown. 'Fire like mine, my lad, will soon burn a pipe, or anything else.'

" 'Look,' said he; and he threw open the furnace-door. A hot withering flame shot forth; and then we saw the pipes white with heat, all except the letters, which seemed to writhe like fiery serpents.

" 'I'll take them out now,' said he; and putting his fingers into the midst of the embers, he drew the pipes out one by one. 'Pheugh!' exclaimed he as he drew out the last, and switched his hand up and down, like one that has burnt his fingers. 'Pheugh! this is hot work.'

" 'Can you read the words, my lads?' asked he.

" 'A wish will break me.'

" 'Right,' said he. 'Tis the same on all. They'll break one after another, but always upon some happy occasion. There are two for each of you. Fill them with any sort of tobacco, they'll change its flavour; will keep full for a twelvemonth, and only need lighting once a year. Clumseetrunk, you'll break three. Broadfутten, you'll have the good fortune to break but one. Watch them till they are cold—and go on.' In a moment, old man, rocks, fire—all was gone, and we remained standing in the middle of the road, with the pipes hissing in the rain. At length we summoned courage to take them up, found them filled and lighted, and smoked away merrily till we reached home. The old man's words were true. When Broadfутten's son was born, one of his pipes broke. He did not live to break the other. When my daughter was born, one of mine broke. The other will break when my daughter marries old Broadfутten's son.'

"At this moment," said young Broadfутten, "we entered the room. Martha, running up to her father, exclaimed, 'Father, give me your blessing—I'm married!'

" 'Married!' exclaimed Clumseetrunk, as the pipe leapt from his hands, and dashed, with a hissing noise, into a thousand pieces.

" 'Yes, sir, married to me.'

" 'To you?' said Clumseetrunk. 'And who are you, sir?'

" 'That I am young, you can see for yourself; that I am handsome, Martha will tell you; and my friend will assure you that I am honest, and rich enough to support your daughter.'

" 'So was Broadfутten,' said the old man with a sigh.

" 'But your daughter did not love him—'

" 'But he had my promise to marry her.'

" 'Your daughter did not love him.'

" 'Love! Don't talk to me of love, sir. Bah!—'tis a foolish word—a whim—a fancy—a woman's vagary—a thing of air—a rose that's dropping its leaves—a—a—'

" 'A pipe,' said I, 'easily smashed.'

" 'Alas! my pipe,' sighed the old man heavily. 'My word and you lie broken together.'

" 'Tis true, sir. But my father bade me give you this as his last legacy.'

" 'Heh—what—your father! Bah—but he must have sold the pipe.'

" 'He did not, sir.'

" 'Then you are—'

" 'John Broadfутten.'

" 'Ha—ha—ha!' laughed the old man, as he sprang to his feet, and capered about the room. 'Ha—ha—ha! The pipe was right—the pipe was right—it broke just when it should.'

" 'I hope,' said I, 'this one will last you a long time.'

" 'I hope not,' said he; 'I hope not. Fill it, Martha. Here, kiss me first. I hope not, John. 'Twill break at the birth of your first-born, my lad.'

" 'The next day I told the old man all.

" 'And the smoke of my pipe brought this to pass.'

" 'It did.'

" 'Hurrah!' shouted Mynheer. 'Hurrah! I always loved smoking, my boy. But now, I'll smoke so that the sun shall not shine on my garden till I die.'"

'TIS LONG SINCE WE HAVE MET, OLD FRIEND!

BY WILLIAM JONES.

'Tis long since we have met, old friend!
And Time hath wayward been;
To leave us but the pleasant thought
Of days we both have seen.
When joyous hours we pass'd, old
friend!

And knew none other love
But that which knit our hearts in one,
And age could only prove.

'Tis long since we have met, old friend!
But I remember well
The smile that won me to thy side,
The kindly voice that fell
Like sunshine on my grief, old friend!
When shadows gather'd round.
And still, methinks, in solitude
I hear that welcome sound.

'Tis long since we have met, old friend!
And mentally I trace
Thine unforgotten lineaments
No absence can efface.

It may be many a line, old friend!
Is added to thy brow;
But I would fain behold in thee
My childhood's playmate now.

'Tis long since we have met, old friend!
And many a star that shone,
When we were trav'lers on the road,
To brighter homes are gone.
And we, who watched their rise, old
friend!
And saw them in their set,
Survive—to ponder o'er the past,
And fondly to regret.

'Tis long since we have met, old friend!
And longer still may be;
But, truthful yet, my spirit clings
In fellowship with thee.
And, though wide, wide apart, old
friend!
The world can never break
The tie that, bound in social love,
Endures for friendship's sake!

SKETCHES OF LEGENDARY CITIES.—No. III.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

BATH.

THE first aspect of Bath does not lead a stranger to imagine that it has any right to be classed amongst the cities of olden times, whose history abounds with tradition, and which contain evidences of antiquity. Approaching this city of palaces by almost any carriage-road, the impression it gives is of a place less than a century old, adorned with the finest architecture which modern taste could supply, spread out in spacious squares, circuses, crescents, and streets such as are to be seen nowhere else in England. In extent and breadth, length, and width, and height, it is unrivalled; and it stands in a position such as few other towns can boast. High hills, not so close as to hem it in or altogether confine it, circle round the splendid buildings it contains, wide parks and gardens cover several of these acclivities, and whole streets and rows, and circuses above each other, crown the highest eminences, commanding the most extensive prospects, and offering great variety of climate, from high to low, from sheltered to exposed sites. Whole days may be passed in Bath in wandering about the different quarters of the wonderful and gorgeous city, and the thought of antiquated legends would seem to be necessarily banished from the mind, for all is new and open, all temple-like and palace-like; and striped, half wooden houses, overhanging stories, and low doorways are unseen and unremembered. Every building is of stone — a circumstance unusual in England; and a brick dwelling, if such happen to exist here in a remote quarter, is mentioned as a singularity. Stone is so common, and its quality so facile, that one sees huge blocks of it cut in the streets with a saw, like wood; and that there is no lack of pavement, is a fact which is at once observed by the traveller who arrives from the opposite side of the Severn, where the little mean towns can scarcely boast of more *trottoirs* than Normandy, or other parts of France.

The utmost antiquity which seems to attach to Bath is, at most, that of the time of the far-famed Beau, who was at once the tyrant and the benefactor of the place; and one scarcely thinks of going back beyond the period of the Prince and Princess of Wales, parents of George the Third. But after the first astonishment of its grandeur, delight at its beauty, and pleasure in its modern improvements are past, the stranger is startled to find himself standing in a close precinct, surrounded with houses, which he finds is called *Abbey Green*; or he looks up in a paved court, and beholds a venerable and elaborately carved church, the front covered with headless and winged figures, climbing up ladders in strange and grotesque confusion, and feels that no modern art has been employed in the construction of a pile so vast, so grand, so involved, so gorgeous as the Abbey Church of St. Peter and St. Paul at Bath, called, from its fifty-two windows, the *Lantern of England*. A little further, and he reaches an open space surrounded with houses with modern

fronts, but where strange gable-ends are peeping forth here and there, betraying some secret supposed to be unsuspected; and this he finds, rubbing his eyes and gazing round in vain for explanation, is *Orange Grove*. At a distance, across the stream of Avon, the very name of which takes his thoughts back to the seventeenth century, he is told of *Prior Park*; and wandering into a modern classical-shaped building, called *The Literary Institution*, he sees, ranged along a corridor, numerous votive altars, sculptured figures in relief, rich capitals, and fluted columns, and an enormous block covered with delicate wreaths, and filled in the centre with a gigantic head of Apollo: all these have labels, and he is informed by them that each specimen has been dug out of the earth in *Stall Street*, within a few steps of where he has been lately standing. He enters a low doorway at the end of an inclined paved way, and he finds himself in the midst of a series of baths, which he is told are the same used by the abbot and monks of *the monastery*, whose walls, of immense thickness, are pointed out to him; and he hears of wonders still greater, existing twelve feet below the present surface, — Roman baths of great extent, spreading far beneath, supported by walls which have guarded the *Healthful Spring*, and are still unaltered, for more than a thousand years.

From this moment Bath can be no longer considered as a modern city, and by degrees the conviction is admitted that there is scarcely a place in Great Britain which more deserves the title of "Legendary." There is a legend, with which the history of Bath begins, which is little less extraordinary or incredible than those related by monkish writers of the saints of Roman Catholic fame. This is known even to every mere fashionable visitor to Bath, and is repeated as an established fact by all those who like to show a little antiquarian learning, and would think it a frivolous trouble to have their faith disturbed. If the story of King Bladud and his pigs were not true, why should his statue adorn the King's Bath, and why should *everybody* talk of him, and the fact of his rolling in the mud of the springs a leper, and rising a whole man; of his recovering his kingdom, from which, in consequence of his malady, he had been excluded, and forced to become a swineherd; and of his rewarding the master of the hogs in whose service he had gained his daily bread during his eclipse?

Such is the tale, long credited and revered in the "City of the Waters of the Sun." Bladud is, perhaps, another name for Apollo, whose fortunes were said to be as adverse at one time as those of the British prince; for he was driven forth, and kept sheep, or it might be pigs; and might have had some malady, which British candour has revealed, though the delicacy of Greece forbade it to be named.

Bladud visited Greece, after his restoration to health, and studied all the sciences, but chiefly necromancy, at Athens, for eleven years; he then returned to his native land, and founded the "Burning, or Hot City"—*Caer-bren*—in honour of his cure. His old patron, whose abode may yet be traced at Swineswick, became master of many possessions, the site of which no one can doubt at the present day, who is informed that the northern portion of the city of Bath is still called *Hog's Nor-*(or *North*)-*ton*: nay, some contend that the minute particulars of the circumstances are so well known, that

Bladud was accused of parsimony in his reward to his former master, and, like too many princes when rescued from distress, shewed himself a niggard in gratitude; or, it may be, that the swine proprietor, like other receivers of benefits, was not easily satisfied, for he is supposed to have called the portion of land allotted to him, *Norton Small Reward!*

However this might be, Bladud seems, in his prosperity, to have forgotten that humility for which, in the depressed state of his fortunes, he was remarkable, and, like the Eastern monarch Shedâd, who dared too much, was signally punished; for, having announced himself as a deity, he made wings, attempted a flight, and falling down "upon *Sols-bury Church*"—so well is everything ascertained in his particular!—broke his neck!

Perhaps, if Bladud had not been set upon perfecting balloons or wings, he might have turned his attention to steam, and have established a railroad from Troy Novant some two thousand years in advance of that which now brings the curious from that far-famed mart of wealth and civilization, to his favourite retreat of Caerbren, one hundred and eight miles in four hours.

Where now the fine crescent of Lansdown looks far over the beautiful country beyond, King Bladud built a temple, which he dedicated to Onca, or Onga, said to be the same as the Grecian Minerva; and if no traces of it are now to be found, it may be yet pleasing to the present inhabitants of that elevated region to know that their promenade is on classic ground.

It was not till Lord Rochester, the witty profligate, who smiled many more important memories away, coming to Bath, and hearing the accredited legend, attacked it with all the force of his satirical humour, that the supposed descendants of Bladud and his court began to be staggered in their faith, and grew ashamed of their accustomed boast that they were the most important citizens in England. The British Prince fell from his throne at that period, and he and his pigs became a theme for scoffers, being exhibited, with Punch and his family—(that worthy, once, alas! himself of lofty station!)—on the stage of a puppet-show—

"This was the most unkindest cut of all;"

and the inhabitants of Bath did not see the indignity without sundry efforts to reestablish their favourite. Believe who will, Bladud is the presiding genius of the baths, and so will continue to the close.

But if there is no credence to be allowed as to the establishment of this beautiful city at a period when it is said of the Britons that

"Wild in woods the noble savage ran;"

yet the records of those masters of the universe, the Romans, are too tangible to be slighted. Their hand is seen in the numerous altars, pillars, and walls discovered in the streets, and to them the preservation of the wondrous springs is at all events to be attributed, if not the first discovery of their properties. Jove, Apollo, Minerva, Hercules, and Luna had all temples raised to them above the healing baths, whose steaming waters were collected into reservoirs, and no longer flowed unrestrained through the deep valley where they had long smoked unnoticed; and beautiful and graceful are the fragments still to be seen of all those gorgeous buildings which

the savage Saxons mercilessly destroyed when they became masters of the desolate City of the Waters of the Sun, which, after three centuries and a half of possession, the Romans had left to the original British owners of the soil when they were forced to abandon their northern conquests to defend their own lovely land against the barbarians. These Saxons changed the name of the city, so soft and so expressive, of *Aquæ-Solis*, to a name furnished by their rough, coarse language, and it was thenceforth called *Hat-bathun*! Rude pagan images, unhewn and inelegant, were then worshipped in fanes which rose on the sites of the graceful gods of Greece and Rome; and when the Christian faith had begun to shed its light over the land, though, even in its beginning, deformed by superstitious observances, the first church dedicated to true religion was placed where the votaries of *Minerva* once knelt. A convent of nuns soon followed, and, with little delay, priests,

“White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery,”

lorded it, unresisted, over the city of Bath; and in spite of the violence of the furious and exterminating Danes, and all the discord which prevailed for centuries, new convents rose amidst the ruins of the old, and priestly power flourished. The victorious Normans did not neglect this beautiful spot, and it became one of the rich rewards given to the warlike followers of the Conqueror. A bishop of Bath, in the time of Stephen, received rather unceremonious usage from the partisans of the Empress Maud. One of her staunch friends, Geoffrey de Talebot, anxious to secure Bath for his mistress, disguised himself, and privately entered the city, in order to reconnoitre, and discover from what points it might be best attacked. He was however discovered, and, being taken, was thrown into prison.

The people of Bristol were at this time in the interests of the Empress, and resolved to make such a reprisal on Bath as should ensure the liberation of Geoffrey. They therefore appointed certain persons, who formed themselves into a secret body, and with infinite caution approached Bath, and contrived to enter its gates unsuspected. They then proceeded to the palace of Bishop Robert, whose person they secured, and with their prisoner departed as they came, and, arrived at Bristol, placed the prelate in durance within the Castle. Here they were able to make terms with him for the release of Geoffrey de Talebot; and, not being able to say them nay, the bishop agreed that his liberty should be granted in exchange for his own. King Stephen was by no means pleased with this transaction, and strongly suspected that Bishop Robert had planned his own capture, in order to have a plausible excuse for liberating Talebot.

It would be vain now to look for the walls and towers which for many centuries guarded the city of Bath, although one part still retains the title of “The Borough Walls,” and the foundations of several houses are laid on those which remained.

At the time when it was determined by the Church of Rome to alter the custom of allowing the clergy to marry, the monastery established at Bath suffered as well as others, and the married clergy were expelled as impure by order of the three great champions of reform in this particular, namely, St. Dunstan, St. Oswald,

and St. Ethelwald, whose severities were many and great. These holy men, resolved to carry the measure they had fixed on, encouraged all sorts of falsehoods, which were readily invented by those interested, representing the married priests as monsters of wickedness. There was no want of miracles and prodigies to confirm the truth of the assertion, that Heaven insisted on the celibacy of the monks; and, amongst others, the following story had effect in promoting the cause:—

A monk, named Hoberht, who had been made abbot of Pershore, and was a great zealot for the new system, died; and when all the monks of his own monastery, with Germanus, abbot of Winchelcomb, and others, were standing about his corpse, to their amazement and consternation, he raised himself suddenly up, and looked about him. All the bystanders were seized with terror and fled, except Germanus, who asked his brother abbot what he had seen in the other world, and what brought him back to life. To which the other answered, that he had been introduced into heaven by St. Benedict, and that all his sins had been forgiven him, not for his own merits, but those of the worthy Oswald, bishop of Worcester; and that he had been sent back to inform the world that in heaven Oswald was considered one of the greatest saints that ever lived. Germanus requested to know what appearance St. Benedict made in heaven, *how he was dressed*, and how attended. The answer was, that he was the *best dressed* and handsomest saint there; his garments shone with precious stones; and that he was attended by a train of young monks and nuns, all of perfect beauty.

This wondrous relation at once established the reputation of St. Benedict. And by similar inventions, which, silly as they seem, were then sufficient to impose on the multitude, the three champions of celibacy, in the course of a very few years, filled no less than forty-eight monasteries with Benedictines, of which Bath was one, where a rigid abbot, Elphegus, practised the most severe discipline, enclosing himself in a cell scarcely large enough to move in, and from thence issuing his orders to his monks. At this period the monastery of Bath was particularly rich in holy relics, and might vie with the fortunate city of Trèves itself; for, amongst other wonders, it boasted of possessing the vest of the Saviour, and part of another of his garments: add to which, the treasury held the bones of St. Peter, three saints' heads entire, the knee of St. Maurice, the ribs of St. Barnabas, the arm of St. Simeon, part of the holy cross and napkin, part of the pillar, part of the sepulchre, the hair and milk of the Virgin, and St. John the Baptist's blood!

Strange that all these relics could not preserve the church where they were kept, from being destroyed by fire in 1137!

The prior and monks of the monastery of Bath were, in 1330, amongst those who did not consider industry and the arts as incompatible with a religious life; and to them the city owed the introduction of the shuttle and loom, and the prosperity which ensued to the inhabitants. In memory of this laudable act, a shuttle was formerly amongst the emblems carved on the front of the Abbey Church, but it is now no longer to be seen.

Time passed on, and the luxury of the monks became great; their carelessness of their duties extreme, and their only thought to provide themselves with creature comforts; amongst which the

pleasant hot baths were not forgotten, and a range of them, attached to cells, may still be traced in the Kingston baths, where the happy and idle fraternity indulged themselves to their hearts' content. When Oliver King, chief secretary to the King in the French tongue, and dean of Shrewsbury, succeeded, in 1492, to the bishopric of Bath and Wells, he found the fine Abbey Church almost in ruins, and, his mind constantly dwelling with regret on the circumstance, he was favoured with a thought or dream, which decided him to rebuild it, in the style which it now exhibits, although the good bishop did not live to see it completed. He imagined that a vision appeared to him as he lay musing, says Sir John Harrington, after his devotions for the prosperity of Henry the Seventh and his children, in this wise:—He saw the Holy Trinity, with angels ascending and descending by a ladder, near to which was a fair olive-tree supporting a crown, and a voice said, "Let an olive establish the crown, and let a king restore the church!" This he conceived to allude to the peaceful Henry and himself, and he immediately set about his part of the duty. He caused his dream or vision to be represented in stone, and on the west front it is even now conspicuous; but on the north, where were sculptured the olive and crown, and a French and English inscription, the latter from Judges, ninth chapter:

"Trees, going to choose their king,
Said, Be to us the Olive king ;"

adding the motto, *Se sursum est*—It is from on high,—all traces have disappeared.

After the Dissolution, before which the great and unfortunate Wolsey held the see of Bath, the Abbey-house fell into neglect and ruin, and by degrees its architectural honours disappeared, and it began to be appropriated for secular dwellings, and the gardens formed into public walks for the people.

On removing some of the buildings about thirty years ago, one of the apartments was found to have been walled up, and on opening it, several curious things were found. The workmen could alone tell whether a certain antique chest was empty at the time they opened it, and perhaps he who knew the best was one of them who suddenly grew rich and retired from business; but that which was seen was a variety of clerical garments hanging on pegs round the walls, which all fell to pieces on being exposed. At the time the Abbey-house was destroyed, the discovery was made of the fine Roman baths, several feet beneath those constructed by the monks.

The godson and favourite of Elizabeth, the facetious Sir John Harrington, lived near Bath, at Kelstone, and was a personage of much importance in the city, from the neighbourhood of which many of his amusing, gossipping letters are dated. Amongst his private memoranda are the following, which shows that the Queen had no objection to a little amusing scandal:—

"I came home to Kelstone, and found my Mall, my children, and my cattle, all well fedde, well taught, and well beloved. 'Tis not so at courte, where is ill breeding with ill feeding. . . . I am to sende good store of newes from the country for her Highness's entertainment. I shall not leave behind my neighbour Cotton's

affair. . . . *Her Highnesse loveth merrie tales.* My house at Bath I have promised to young Shelstone, who may do me kindness with his lord. . . . (Mem.) Must not talk more about Spanish grandeur and well-shapen moustachoes.

"The Queen's Majesty tasted my wife's comfits, and did much praise her cunninge in the makinge. (Mem.) Send no more, for other ladies' jealousie workethe against my Mall's comfits, and this will not *comfit* her. I will write a — storie about Lord A—, and put it in goodlie verse. He hath done me some ill turnes. God keepe us from lying and slander worke!

"The Queens stood up, and bade me reach forthe my arm to rest her thereon. Oh, what sweet burthen to my next song! Petrarque shall eke out good matter for this business. The Queene loveth to see me in my laste frize jirkin, and saith it is well enough cutt. I will have another made liken to it. I do remember *she spit upon* Sir Matthew's fringed clothe, and said the foole's wit was gone to rags. Heaven spare me from such jibing! . . . I have spent my time, my fortune, and almost my honestie, to buy false hope, false friends, and shallow praise; and be it remembered that he who casteth up this reckoning of a courtly minion will set his summe like a foole at the ende, for not being a knave at the beginning.

"On Sunday last my Lord of London preached to the Queene's Majesty, and seemed to touch on the vanitie of decking the bodie too finely. Her Majestie told the ladies, that, if the bishop helde more discourse of such matters, shee would fit him for heaven, but he should walk thither without a staffe, and leave his mantle behind him: perchance the bishoppe hath never seen her Highnesse's wardrobe, or he would have chosen another texte."

In 1603 the lively courtier makes this sad memorandum, showing that he had really an affection for the Queen, whom all *pretended* to adore:—

"1603. Here now will I reeste my troubled minde, and tende my sheepe like an Arcadian swain that hathe lost his faire mistresse, for in soothe I have lost the best and fairest love that ever shepherde knew, even my gracious Queen; and, sith my good mistresse is gone, I shall not hastily put forth for a new master. . . . I will keepe companie with none but my *oves* and *boves*, and go to Bathe, and drinke sacke, and wash away remembrance of past times in the stremes of Lethe."

The Catholics of Bath fell under the suspicion of James the First respecting the Gunpowder Plot; and Lord Harrington, in whose charge was the Princess Elizabeth, writes to his cousin, Sir John, that some persons had confessed that many meetings had been held at Bath about the design, and adds, "You will do his Majesty unspeakable kindness to watch in your neighbourhood, and give such intelligence as may furnish enquiry. We know of some evil-minded Catholics in the west, whom the Prince of Darkness hath in alliance."

Sir John Harrington, who has much to relate respecting the city, and mourns over the neglect into which the beautiful Abbey Church had been suffered to fall, laid a plan for surprising Montagu, the new bishop, into restoring it; for being one day walking with the prelate "in the Grove," when they were surprised by a shower, he requested the bishop to take shelter with him in the church.

He led him accordingly to the north aisle, which being entirely unroofed, afforded no sort of shelter from the storm. Montagu, finding this to be the case, remarked, "Sir John, we are still in the wet."—"How can that be, my lord?" returned his designing companion, "seeing that we are still in the church?"—"True," said the bishop; "but your church is unroofed, Sir John."—"The more is the pity," was the reply; "and the more does it call for the munificence of your lordship."* The bishop was struck with the justness of the observation, took the hint, and became a most generous benefactor to the pile. The following is an amusing letter of Sir John's, respecting a very great hero of Bath, whose fame must have been well known there:—

"SIR JOHN HARRINGTON TO PRINCE HENRY, SON TO JAMES I.
CONCERNING HIS DOGGE.

"MAY it please your Highnesse to accepte in as good sorte what I now offer, as hath been done aforetyme, and I may saie, *I pede fausto*; and having good reason to think your Highnesse had good wil and liking to read what others have told of my rare dogge, I will even give a brief history of his good deeds and strange feats; and herein will I not plaie the curr myself, but in goode soothe relate what is no more nor lesse than bare verity. Although I mean not to disparage the deeds of Alexander's horse, I will match my dogge against him for good carriage; for, if he did not bear a great prince on his back, I am bold to say, he did often bear the sweet words of a greater princess on his necke.

"I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his tackling was wherewith he did sojourn from my house at the Bathe to Greenwiche Palace, and deliver up to the Court there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hath often done, and came safe to the Bathe, or my house here at Kelstone, with goodlie returns from such nobilitie as were pleased to employ him. Nor was it ever told our Ladie Queene that this messenger did ever blab ought concerning his high truste, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten, as how he once was sent with two charges of sack wine from the Bathe to my howse by my man Combe, and on his way the cordage did slacken: but my trustie bearer did now bear himself so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teeth to the house; after which he went forth and returned with the other part of his burthen to dinner. Hereat your Highness may perhaps marvel and doubt, but we have living testimony of those who wrought in the fields and espied his worke, and now live to tell they did much long to plaie the dogge, and give stowage to the wine themselves; but they did refrain, and watched the passing of this whole business.

"I need not say how much I once did grieve at missing this dogge; for, on my journey towards London, some idle pastimers did divert themselves with huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conveyed him to the Spanish ambassador's, where (in a happie hour), after six weeks, I did heere of him; but such was the court he did pay to the Don, that he was no less in good liking there than at home. Nor did the household listen to my claim, or challenge, till I rested

* Or words to that effect.

my suit on the dogge's own proofs, and made him perform such feats before the nobles assembled, as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bring thence a pheasant out of a dish, which created much mirth; but much more, when he returned at my commandment to the table, and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the company was well content to allow me my claim, and we both were well content to accept it, and came homewardes.

"I could dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem*. I will now say in what manner he died.

"As we travelled towards the Bathe he leaped on my horse's neck, and was more earnest in fawning and courting my notice than what I had observed for some time back; and, after my chiding his disturbing my passage forwards, he gave me some glances of such affection as moved me to cajole him; but, alas! he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time!

"Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deedes as may suggest much more to your Highness's thought of this dogge. . . . Now let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus, or Tobite be led by that dogge whose name doth not appear; yet could I say such things of my Bungey (for so he was styled) as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deedes, to say no more than I have said, of his bearing letters to London and Greenwiche, more than an hundred miles. . . ."

This is another of the letters of Elizabeth's godson, written from his seat in the neighbourhood of Bath, where he had retired from court, terrified at her violence.

"SIR JOHN HARRINGTON TO SIR HUGH PORTMAN, KNIGHT.

"MY HONOURED FRIEND,

"I humbly thank you for that venison. I did not eat, but my wife did it much commendation. For six weeks I left my oxen and sheep, and ventured to court, where I find many learned beasts. . . . Much was my comfort on being well received; notwithstanding it is an ill hour for seeing the Queen. The mad-caps are all in riot, and much evil threatened. In good sooth, I feared her Majesty more than the rebel Tyrone, and I wished I had never received my Lord of Essex's honour of knighthood. She is quite disfavoured and unattired, and these troubles waste her much. She disregardeth every costlie cover that cometh to the table, and taketh little but manchet and succory potage. Every new message from the city doth disturb her, and she frowns on all the ladies. I had a sharp message from her, brought by my Lord Buckhurst, namely this: 'Go, tell thy witty fellow, my godson, to get home; it is no season now to fool it here.' I liked this as little as she doth my knighthood; so, tooke to my bootes, and returned to the plow in bad weather. I must not say much even by this trustie and sure messenger: but the many evil plots and designs have overcome all her Highness's sweet temper. She walks much in her privy chamber, and stamps with her feet at ill news, and *thrusts her rusty sword at times into the arras for great rage*. My Lord Buckhurst is much with her, and few else, since the city business; but the dangers are over, and *yet she always keeps a sword by her table*. I obtained a

short audience at my first coming to court, when her Highness told me, 'If ill council had brought me so far from home, she wished Heaven might mar that fortune which she had mended.'

"I made my peace in this point, and will not leave my poor castle of Kelston, for fear of finding a worse elsewhere, as others have done. I will eat Aldborne rabbits, and get fish, as you recommend, from the man at Curry-Rival, and get partridge and hares when I can, and my venison when I can, and leave all great matters to those that like them better than myself. Commend me to your lady, and to all other ladies that ever heard of me."

"Kelston, Oct. 9, 1601."

An extensive and beautiful portion of land, called the Bath Commons, is now laid out in a park, with serpentine walks, bordered and adorned with flowering shrubs, amongst which the arbutus and laurestina flourish most luxuriantly. This is a charming walk, from whence the city, the hills, and the extensive country can be seen to perfection. The citizens for many years had great disputes about this land, and had suits in Chancery on the subject. The following extract from the will of a gentleman, who was an active asserter of the rights of the freemen, is amusing. He was determined that the freemen should have an annual hint of the necessity of maintaining their right of leasing the Bath Commons to builders, which was the matter in dispute:—

"I direct my brother, William Parlewent, to pay to the committee of the freemen of Bath the sum of eight guineas, on the 20th of May in every year, till some part of the commons are built, and then to cease. Three guineas whereof to be expended by the committee for their own use and convenience, and the remaining five guineas to be laid out in *cakes and ale*; and that they walk the boundaries of the commons that morning, and that each freeman so attending and perambulating shall have a pint of ale and a cake on his return: the same to be obtained at any public house the committee shall think proper, by a ticket, under their hands. And I direct an advertisement to be published a week before in the Bath papers."

When, in 1646, Sir John Harrington was chosen by the citizens of Bath as their representative in Parliament, he made the following quaint memoranda:—

"Saturday, Dec. 26, 1646. Went to Bathe, and dined with the mayor and citizens; conferred about my election to serve in Parliament, as my father was helpless, and ill able to go any more. Went to the George Inn at night, met the bailiffs, and desired to be dismissed from serving; *drank strong beer and metheglin*, expended about three shillings. Went home late; but could not get excused, as they entertained a good opinion of my father.

"Dec. 28. Went to Bathe, met Sir John Horner. We were chosen by the citizens to serve for the city. . . . Dined at the George Inn with the mayor and four citizens; spent at dinner six shillings in wine.

"Laid out in victuals at the George Inn, 11s. 4d. Laid out in tobacco and drinking vessels, 4s. 4d.

"Jan. 1. My father gave me 4l. to bear my expenses at Bathe."
During the civil contentions between the King and the Parliament

Bath was divided into parties, and the celebrated William Prynne was a prominent figure in the disputes which arose. This indefatigable politician is said to have written no less than two hundred volumes, the very names of which are long since forgotten; one, called *Histrio-Mastix*, was to decry the amusements of the Court; and for this, and his remarks on the Queen, he incurred the fury of that party, whose severity to him does them but little credit. Almost all royal personages are, however, like Queen Elizabeth, who would endure no strictures on her conduct, however well deserved they might be.

Charles the Second was fond of Bath, and paid it frequent visits, with his court; several of the court favourites and beauties have their names recorded as having, according to the custom at the baths, placed rings in the wall, in memory of the benefit they had received from the springs.

Most of the old names of the streets of Bath are changed, but a few still remain; as, Stall Street, Boat Stall Street, Spurrier's Lane, Parsonage Lane, Bimberry Lane, Lock's, or Cock's Lane, and Cheap Street. All the four gates, over one of which King Bladud presided, are gone; and the beautiful old conduits, to which something like pagan honours were accustomed to be paid, have disappeared; as also the Town Hall, built after a plan of Inigo Jones's, in 1625, where once King Offa and King Edgar, the supposed and the real founders of the liberties of the city, appeared in niches, with awful majesty. Bellott's Hospital, founded by a steward of the household of Queen Elizabeth, for lepers, is perhaps the most ancient still existing; it is a long, low building, of very ugly and venerable aspect, the more conspicuous from standing near a fine modern hospital, of grand proportions.

The old church of St. Mary *de Stalls*, belonging to the prior and monks of Bath, is now replaced by houses adjoining the pump-room piazza; and not a stone of the former edifice is to be seen, whatever may be found in the vaults under ground. The hospitals are, as may be supposed, of very ancient foundation. There is, besides Bellott's, St. John's, and The Black Alms, called also The Bimberries, supposed from two sisters of that name, who instituted it, or the hospital of St. Catherine; but the positive necessity for these, at the present time, is superseded by the General Hospital, established on very extended principles.

As for the baths, so famous in Roman times, so celebrated in our own, they, at one time, seem to have fallen almost into oblivion, so mutable is fashion. Dr. Turner, in 1562, published a book on foreign and English baths, in which, in a letter, he thus names those of Bath, as a treasure forgotten:—

“After that I had been in Italy and Germany, and seen there divers natural baths, and was called by your father's grace, at that time Duke of Somerset, and protector of his nephew, King Edward the Sixth, into England, I heard tell that there was a natural bath in your father's dukedom. I ceased not until I got licence to go and see the same bath, and found that they were a very excellent treasure, but unworthily esteemed and judged of all men. . . . I have not heard tell that any rich man hath spent upon these noble baths one groat these twenty years.”

Notwithstanding the representations and judicious recommenda-

tions of improvement suggested by this able physician, the baths remained ruined and neglected for nearly fifty years longer, when they were repaired, and new ones made. One, now called the Queen's Bath, received its name from the following circumstance :—

Anne, Queen of James the First, was bathing in the King's bath, when there arose from the bottom of the cistern, just by the side of her Majesty, a flame of fire like a candle, which had no sooner ascended to the top of the water than it spread itself upon the surface into a large circle of light, and then became extinct. The Queen was so terrified that no explanation could convince her that there was no danger in this appearance, and she accordingly "betook herself to the New Bath, where there are no springs to cause the like phenomena," and from henceforth the bath was called after her.

The accounts of the state of neglect and horror into which the public baths fell after this period is appalling. Nothing could exceed the dirt and slovenliness exhibited in their neighbourhood, the baths being described as "so many bear-gardens," where people bathed indiscriminately, and "dogs, cats, pigs, and even human creatures were hurled over the rails into the water" amongst the riotous bathers; and it was not till the nuisance became intolerable that the city petitioned the King for help, and at length established bye-laws, which being put in force in 1650, the baths and the city recovered their reputation.

Queen Anne, when Princess, and out of favour with her sister the Queen, whose disposition seems to have been sufficiently petty, visited Bath, and was very popular with the citizens, who were accustomed to show her great honour, and attend her to the Abbey Church on Sundays in form. This raised the Queen's jealousy, and called forth the following letter to the mayor and corporation, which is so mean, tyrannical, and contemptible, that it goes far to prove all that the Duchess of Marlborough asserts of the character of Queen Mary :—

"SIR,—The Queen has been informed, that yourself and your brethren have attended the Princess with the same respect and ceremony as have been usually paid to the royal family. Perhaps you may not have heard what occasion her Majesty has had to be displeas'd with the Princess; and therefore I am commanded to acquaint you, that you are not for the future to pay her Highness any such respect and ceremony, without leave from her Majesty, who does not doubt of receiving from you and your brethren this public mark of your duty.
I am, &c. NOTTINGHAM."

The mayor, on receiving this epistle, was in sad distress, and was obliged to have recourse to Mr. Harrington of Kelston to break the affair to the Princess, who showed great good-sense on the occasion, treating it lightly, and merely requesting them to discontinue all ceremony during her stay at Bath. When she became Queen, the citizens, anxious to repair this forced neglect, invited her to come again amongst them, which she graciously did, and was met on the borders of Somersetshire, which she approached by a road cut for the occasion from the summit of Lansdown, by a hundred young men armed and accoutred, and two hundred young females dressed as Amazons, who ushered her into the town.

The same ceremony attended the visit of the Princess Amelia to Bath many years afterwards.

The period when Bath was at its height of glory was in the middle of the last century, and no diminution took place for a series of years, till the change of manners which followed the French Revolution altogether altered the style of living throughout Europe. Strange is it to read such accounts as the following, of the habits of fashionable persons, about a century since:—

“In the morning the young lady is brought in a close chair, dressed in her bathing clothes, to the Cross Bath. There the music plays her into the water, and the women who attend her present her with a little floating dish, like a basin, into which the lady puts a handkerchief and a nosegay, and, of late, a snuffbox is added; then she traverses the bath, if a novice, with a guide; if otherwise, by herself, and, having amused herself nearly an hour, calls for her chair and returns home. . . . While the young lady was thus amusing herself, she seldom failed of becoming an object of admiration to some young gentleman in the gallery by the side of the bath, or of receiving those compliments which a fine glow of countenance, arising from the heat of the waters, must necessarily draw from her admirer.”

Bath has been called “a splendid melancholy city,” and from its vastness, and the absence of shops in all but one quarter, it may be so; yet there is more to interest and amuse, even the gay visitor, than in most places. The shops in Milsom Street are as brilliant as those in London; and, to the invalid, the baths and pump-room can never lose their attractions. There are concerts, balls, and lectures, all well attended and well managed; and the walks and rides are charming. The railroad has injured the lower part of the town; in the neighbourhood of the two fine parades, the north and south; as the passing of carts, carriages, and omnibuses along the heavy stone paved streets renders the noise in this vicinity intolerable, particularly to invalids. Wood pavement or macadamization would at once remedy this evil, but *the town* is obstinate, and will not take the proper measures; consequently this charming end of the town will probably be ruined, and fall to decay. There is an idea too, that the spacious region of Pulteney Street attracts the winds from every quarter, and this magnificent range of buildings is deserted for the crescent-crowned hills, where, it is asserted, the winds are less heard than in the valleys.

The baths, however, which for some years have been neglected for those of Germany, are in some degree recovering their deserved fame—a fame acknowledged by foreigners, who delight in Bath; and though it will probably always continue to experience the fluctuations which belong to fancy, the city cannot but be considered a delightful place of residence either in winter or summer.

On one of the heights above Bath the ground is laid out as a cemetery, and a few ambitious-looking tombs already appear. The most remarkable is that of the author of “Vathek,” who had his monument prepared during his life, and directed *mottos* to be placed on it, which are neither elegant, nor appropriate, nor expressive. There is, indeed, but little taste displayed in the form of the tomb, which is of polished red granite, a material of great beauty. It stands on the highest ground, and commands the pillar this ecce-

tric man erected on the opposite hill, to overlook Fonthill, as if he desired to be always making signals from his different places of abode ;—and the ruling passion remained strong in death.

A most deformed object, in the shape of a top-heavy spire, on a modern Saxon tower, covered with dough-like zigzags, attached to a heavy-bodied chapel, disfigures this pretty spot, towards which the towers of the majestic abbey, rising grandly from the mass of buildings of the distant city below, seem to cast contemptuous glances of reproach. It is remarkable that this hill, chosen at hazard as the convenient site of a burial-ground, should have been formerly used for the same purpose by the Romans. This is ascertained to have been the case ; for, in digging the ground, two stone coffins and some skeletons were found, and several coins of Roman emperors.

Just beyond this spot is Prior Park, a domain once possessed by the famous priors of Bath, and now a Catholic college. The stone quarries, which supply materials for the buildings of the town, are in the immediate neighbourhood, and their caverns and subterranean ways are looked on with surprise and awe by the stranger, who, wandering over the fields and roads near them, is startled by the information that all the ground beneath him for miles is hollow, the quarries having supplied stone for centuries to the ancient and modern city of Bath.

On the way from the Cemetery may be seen the house and grounds of *Squire Weston* ; and what is now a garden of water-cresses was formerly the retreat where the novelist has laid his scene of the rescue of *Sophia's* bird by *Tom Jones*. The tomb of *Mr. Ralph Allen*, the original of *Allworthy*, is a picturesque object in the romantic churchyard of *Claverton*, where the pretty ivy-covered church still stands.

BALLAD.—SLEEP ON! SLEEP ON!

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Sleep on ! sleep on,
 Baby, in thy little grave ;
 Softly o'er thee leaflets wave ;
 And, though evening veils the sky,
 Stars in love are throned on high !
 They will have thee in their keeping,
 While the dew thy turf is steeping.
 With thine hands upon thy breast,
 Sleep on ! sleep on !
 Thus the sweetest take their rest !

Sleep on ! sleep on !
 Lo ! an angel host are near ;
 I can feel their presence here ;
 They are watching o'er thee now,
 Baby mine, though blanch'd in brow !
 Fast thy mother's tears are falling,
 While thy lineaments recalling.
 With thine hands upon thy breast,
 Sleep on ! sleep on !
 Thus the sweetest take their rest !

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED GREAT.

BY A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

I SAID that I must think of L. E. L. Think of her! When do I not think of her? What is the street, in all that there really *is*, of London, (that is, west of Portland Place and south of Oxford Street,) in which her pleasant voice, her quick step, are *not* at some moment or other present with me?

The remembrance is intermingled with a strange diversity of objects; grave and gay, attractive and revolting:—but let me not moralize, I am not old enough for that yet. She is gone! I will mix up my colours, prepare my pallet, extend my canvas, and strive to paint her as she was. Nature never made a warmer heart to beat; her affections were concentrated in a few objects; but they were strong and unchangeable; in her attachments she was constant, whether they might be directed to her few relations, or to an early friend, or even to an old servant. In her likings this child of fancy was variable, and, I am apt to think, her usual regards never sank skin-deep into her heart. How could they? There were such large demands made upon her good-will; she had such dozens of very particular dear friends; such scores of admirers and worshippers;—but stop, let me not forestall; this was not when I first knew her.

I saw her gradually rise into celebrity, out of a very picturesque retirement—her sojourn with an aged grandmother. I well remember the old-fashioned gentlewoman whose comforts the young poetess consulted with as minute a care as if she had herself had Mrs. Rundell for her godmother, and Dr. Kitchener for her godfather. Every habit, grown into a necessity of old age, every peculiarity, was indulged by L. E. L. with a sweetness of temper that was afterwards shaken, I cannot say changed, by the injustice and envy of society, and by a life of incessant mental exertion. It was during her residence with her grandmother that I first saw a cloud on that clear brow, and observed the sparkling eye thoughtful and downcast. It was during that period of her life that the *slander* which more or less pursued her through her brilliant, but oftimes, believe me, weary career, had its origin in some black heart. Thank Heaven! I have a man's privilege to swear—but of what avail is resentment now?

I knew that the poisoned arrow had wounded—I saw its effects; but was it for me, a young, raw, college simpleton, to shew that I even had heard of the disgusting surmise? No! it was enough to pray to Fate that I might be indulged with the good old-fashioned weapon of a horsewhip some day—and I wish I had, too—but 'tis over now.

My sisters, I know, preached prudence, above all in dress and manners; but prudence was not a part of that guileless composition. Our gifted friend defied slander, and gaily referring to the hosts of well-bred and titled dames who visited and caressed her, asked "If any one believed it?" Could any one have the heart to answer "Yes?" And yet the rumour grew and spread, and spread and grew; it ran its course underground: people were mighty civil to her face; but they inflicted on her friends the torture of hearing certain questions in her absence. Who could tell her of it? Not I—I couldn't have vexed her for the world.

I believe it was as well for me, that just as I had had the courage to ask the opinion of L. E. L. upon some poetic effusion of my own (the usual infliction on literary friends),—just as she had presented me with an annual “Friendship’s Offering,” then all the rage, I was apprised that my commission in the —th was obtained, and I was, luckily I suppose, sent off to Canada. I went to take leave of L. E. L. and found her sitting in her little drawing-room: I often look at the house; ’tis a poulterer’s shop now, I verily believe, in Sloane Street. I found L. E. L. chatting with an antique lady of literary fame, Miss Spence, arranging, if I remember aright, to join a party at Miss Bengers’s, in some street,—heavens! how it chills one even to write it now,—beyond that *ultima Thule*, Brunswick Square. I was, I fancied, *de trop*; there seemed to be so much business, the end of which was pleasure, and so much pleasure, which had all the fatigue of business, on hand. I felt stupid, and was almost choked, as I thrust out my great boyish hand to grasp the small, taper fingers of L. E. L. But I was repaid by her smile, and her compliment, which was uttered in her happiest way; a kind wish, with a dash of exaggeration in the turning of it; the compliment was a perfect hyperbole; I lived upon it some time, nevertheless. She ran after me down stairs, and put “The Fate of Adelaide” into my hands. “‘Twas my first poem,” she said; “perhaps you will be so very good as to read it; I believe no one else has.” I grasped it greedily, and ran off. “The Fate of Adelaide,” (a name extremely vulgarized since the Queen Dowager “came in,” as we say,) was written when L. E. L. was only fifteen; it *was* published: the bookseller failed, or she would have had 50*l.* for it. So, the first great event of her life began with a disappointment; the last—ah! But I am a fool for dwelling upon *that*. To return to “The Fate of Adelaide.” It was dedicated to Mrs. Siddons, the early, constant friend of Mrs. Landon, the mother of L. E. L. Singularly enough, Miss Sarah Siddons, the beloved of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the early victim—to her great mother’s infinite anguish of heart—of consumption, worked the first cap that ever was put on Letitia Landon’s head, when a baby. Could the Muses have done more for her?

I think it was about the year 1830, that I passed my first Christmas in London after being frozen in those Canadas. I was much behind-hand, as most travellers are, in my literary knowledge. James’s first novel was new to me; I had had but a glimpse of the bright comet that dashed across the horizon in the course of Bulwer. Now and then I had picked up a *Literary Gazette*, and had always caught at a fragment of L. E. L.’s poetry in the critiques, with that sort of serene, elderly love, which healthily supplies the place of young enthusiasm. I remember being touched, almost to tears, with her Erinna; it is the mournful strain of an isolated being, and it had not quite ceased to tinge my notion of the writer, when I happened to be at a sort of winter party, the dullest thing in creation, in London; one of those remarkably prosy occasions—either New Year’s Eve, or Twelfth Night—one of those occasions in which one is ordered by Act of Parliament to be merry, but on which, from the sinfulness of our natures, we generally prefer to be dull.

It had been a friendly dinner-party. I was the first gentleman to mount up stairs, and to enter—a crow amid a covey of delicate wood-pigeons—the sacred precincts of the drawing-room. On these occasions, a deep silence usually succeeds the clatter of the ladies—Hea-

ven knows what they talk about after dinner! I heard an expiring lamentation upon the prevalence of measles, from two mammas, across the circle, and a last trait of the last baby from another delicate little matron, and then all was still; when suddenly the door opened, and a lady, young and fair, and dressed in that style that marks a mixture with all sorts of society, came into the circle. I remember her very dress; it was of scarlet—cashmere, do the women call it?—so very bright! and her hair, which used to be in little curls, was braided flat on her forehead. I thought her grown; she was stouter—a little; and the same fresh, clear complexion, the gentle voice, and ready compliment were there—it was L. E. L.!

The recognition,—but let that pass,—it fills my eyes with tears when I think of it. Yet, I do not believe that she cared about me,—it was the general, yet hearty kindness of her nature, the ready sympathy with every feeling, that dictated that cordial welcome home to the soldier, uncouth in ideas from long ramblings,—more American than English;—as shy as ever, but as romantic too. With all this, I always found myself at ease with L. E. L. Let the world say what it likes, her deportment with gentlemen, and with young men in particular, was at once correct and natural. She disregarded censure, because she was unconscious of any design to ensnare those who sought her society into professions of admiration, and in fact, she was only not natural when she attempted to throw off her manifest indifference to what is generally called flirtation. I never saw her lose the modesty and dignity of a well-educated gentlewoman; indeed she was one who, in her *heart*,—I will not say, to outward appearance,—justly appreciated the various kinds of tributes offered to her genius, or to her attractions;—I do not use the word beauty; she had never any distinct claims to that attribute of mighty sway.

From the evening of our recognition we became fast friends. Do not smile, fair reader. I am a widower now; and the bond which tied me was framed even during the very period of my long, frequent visits to a certain corner house in the lugubrious enclosure of Hans Place, Chelsea. I sometimes turn out of my way to look at that silent square, wherein, in a house dedicated to the purposes of education, dwelt three maiden ladies, and a venerable father; with them lived, or boarded, L. E. L. They were staid and serious, and felt deeply the responsibility of their calling, and had received Miss Landon on the terms and in the character of a parlour-boarder, as much from affection for her, as from interest; and, indeed, I think the incessant callers, notes, and messages which ensued must have put these excellent ladies out of their way. But they all loved *her*: and she, in return, was the most considerate of human beings, and respected their wishes and their convenience as much as if they had been duchesses. The aged gentleman too was cheered by that flow of good-humour, which, whether in the hilarity of a prosperous and flattering career, or in the gloom of secret anxiety, was exhaustless to *him*, and to all who, like that individual, were dependent upon the solace of kindness for cheerfulness and comfort. How well do I remember the drawing-room fire-place, beneath what had been a window, but which was converted into a recess, lined with shelves, and paved with shells, and teacups and saucers of delicate china, and teapots, and small vases! How well do I remember the reluctance of L. E. L. to ring for coals, or to give any trouble to the neat-handed Phillis, who had so much to do! How we used to sit there, over an

expiring fire, she unwilling to have it replenished, because the day's *séance* was nearly over:—the little square was in gloom, the afternoon London mist had overspread it:—"There will be no more callers to-day," was her usual speech; and, when not engaged, L. E. L. always, in the winter at least, sat with the family in a small square parlour, lined with good book-shelves, and furnished with less precision than the guest-chamber. She composed and wrote, she told me, in a small attic at the very top of the house, looking upon the octagon garden of Hans Place, dotted by the handful of children who play therein; upon the turning, too, down from Hans Street; and thence might L. E. L. spy out, like "Sister Ann," "who was coming." And numerous were the visitors: ladies of quality, who had read the sonnets of the poetess on "terraces by moonlight;" critics, and their victims; grave travellers, who had issued their quartos; young prodigies, old coxcombs, American tourists, briefless barristers, and profitless curates, all found an entrance into that long parlour, opening behind into a drear enclosure of a garden. How often have I found my friend taking breath in that dingy garden, from the hot presence of a reviewer, or the chilling address of a disappointed author! How readily did she enter into the sympathies of those around her; soothe the blistered vanity, console the rejected, and congratulate the successful! How would she recapitulate (to me, who knew her so well) the occurrences of the morning! Her little touches of character were charming, and had the piquancy of satire, without its sting. It was an intoxicating career, to all appearance, but, like other intoxications, it had its collapse. *She was not happy!*

It was long before I found that out, and even now, I do but partly guess the cause of those fluctuating spirits which break out into melancholy and complaint, in her writings. Most people think the writings and the character of L. E. L. a manifest contrast; I am not of that opinion. None of her works, indeed, either prose or poetry, give anything like a notion of the gaiety of her conversation, at times;—the delicacy of her discrimination, or the original turn of her repartees; but they afford a real insight into the passionate feelings of her heart. Sensitive, constant creature! How was that heart afterwards wrung by disappointment! I am glad I did not witness it all.

I was abroad when L. E. L., as Mr. Blanchard relates, peremptorily rejected the honest affections of one who besought her to give him a legal right to protect her from the world's censure; I can therefore offer no account, either of the beginning or the close of that painful affair. When I returned, I found that the establishment in Hans Place was broken up; the house was empty, and L. E. L. had been sometime domesticated in Berkeley Street West, under the care of a lady as kind, and as respectable as those with whom she had resided for years. This lady also loved her, and she still loves her memory, as that of a daughter cherished and lost. Her power of attaching to her those with whom she lived was a peculiar attribute of L. E. L. Unlike those literary ladies (as bad as three-days' agnes) who, all-engrossed with themselves, mistake the privilege of preeminence, and are odious as women, selfish, hard, exacting, though sentimental and charming in their works, L. E. L. was humble in her every-day deportment. All servants became fond of her; the humble crew of dependents found her patient of their errors, and careful of their feelings,

Printers, and their emissaries;—small, half-ruined publishers, for whom she wrote in many instances gratuitously, met with a courtesy which was inherent in her. No being was ever more active in serving others. But, to my point.

I found her, as I have said, variable in spirits, and so far uncertain in temper, that she would sometimes break forth in a bitter invective upon the hollowness of society—the worldliness of all mankind—“everybody was selfish and cold—there was no one to be trusted—no one to be believed.” But, the instant afterwards, her fine heart redeemed itself. She made exceptions to her censure, spoke warmly and eloquently upon the merits of some friend—and often, suddenly breaking off in the middle of her harangue, would burst into a flood of tears—check them—walk about the room, and sit down again. This only happened once or twice; I cannot say I often saw L. E. L. shed tears. She was not a person to vent her sorrows in that way; but she had, when sorrowing, an indescribable expression, melancholy and imploring, almost agonized, which I never saw on any other face. I hasten from the remembrance;—looked she so when her sole English female attendant was sent from her, from Cape Coast, back to that England which poor L. E. L. so yearned to see,—when she was left to all the horrors of that mysterious castle?—that castle on the rocks, to which she refers in her own touching manner, when she writes, “On three sides we are surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash on the rocks; one wave comes up after another, and is for ever dashed in pieces, like human hopes that only swell to be disappointed. We advance—up springs the shining froth of love or hope, ‘a moment seen, and gone for ever.’”

I confess, the changing spirits of L. E. L. did not surprise me. Her health was broken, and she rested solely on her own efforts. Her immediate relations also depended upon her exertions; and, believe me, the daily task-work, the beautiful lines for the “Easter Offering,” the “Drawing-room Scrap Book,” and other undertakings, were often penned when the throbbing head would gladly have reposed upon her pillow, and the over-excited and restless mind would scarcely fix itself on its appointed theme; and that with the loathing of a slave—a literary slave—to the enforced subject. Heavens! what a profanation to bow down that sweet Muse to such subjects as the tastes of the day suggested! Sometimes flesh and blood rebelled against it—she had promised, on one occasion, a sonnet to some periodical; worn out, the night before, by previous exertion, she had retired to rest without writing it. She slept long, as one, exhausted, sleeps—perhaps her dreams were of some happier days, for she awoke refreshed. It was late; the emissary of the journal had arrived—the poem was to go to press that morning. The poetess sprang up—knelt down to her little writing-table, and, whilst the boy waited below, in a quarter of an hour’s space, wrote some exquisite stanzas, and sent them off to the printer.

But, in spite of great and constant success, she was always poor. I asked not why—in my opinion ‘tis a direct insult either to the dead or living to dive into their money matters, except you happen to be their executor, or to meddle with their cash accounts—a liberty you would not take with your own brother, unless he had become a bankrupt; and nothing—no nothing ever disgusted me more than the tradesmanlike exposition of poor Scott’s concerns. I really thought, when I read it, it might have been a sort of parody upon those dull

reports one sees in the *Times* of the proceedings of the Bankruptcy Court—Mottram's case in little;—we wanted nothing but the name of Mr. Commissioner Fonblanque, or of his brother Williams, to complete the summary. So, dear L. E. L., I will not touch upon thy difficulties, in detail. I merely repeat "she was not rich." She had one vital, noble, absorbing object in view—the establishment and promotion of a brother, whose wants and whose means one may comprise in few words—he had been an Oxonian, and became a curate. Can one say more? And to this tie was every fond thought given; yes, whilst the world taxed her with more than levity, impugned her of debasing attachments, and pursued her with slanders, to this tie were her time, her health, her hopes, her prayers bestowed.

But think not, ye who carelessly, or maliciously, or enviously repeated or invented calumnies of one of whom English women might well be proud—think not that your shafts fell powerless. They struck into her heart. Think not that the bravado, sometimes uttered, was not followed, in secret, by burning resentment, and bitter tears. Ye, who could convert the carelessness of an occupied and innocent mind into proofs of guilt, be satisfied of this—the arrow sped—the wound it made, was a festering and deadly wound, and was never, never healed. I know it—I could tell it by a thousand proofs, by the bitterness which characterised a nature as kind as ever woman owned—by the very endeavour to conceal the pang—by the pride which now burst forth from one as devoid of that quality heretofore, as she was of the envy which she encountered. I knew it, by the sudden and sharp, feverish illness, with no source but a harassed and over-wrought mind, a wounded spirit that disdained, on that one point, sympathy, and shrank, on that one point, from confidence.

Her gaiety was now forced; and I noticed, for the first time, a sharpness in her replies. Her spirits, which heretofore had had the aroma and the sparkling of champagne, had become like the effervescence of a saline draught; but the wormwood never long preponderated in her disposition. She was still lauded and calumniated, flattered and betrayed, by half the world. What a picture of society! But depend on this, ye, whose eyes this retrospect may reach, that the venom of mankind is called forth by the celebrity of others, as,—to what shall I compare it?—to the guano, may be, which scorches up delicate plants, kills animals, converts the roots of dahlias into blackened corpses—but brings forward fat cabbages, coarse turnips, ungainly potatoes, and unsightly bean-stalks, into a coarse luxuriance of growth. Some people escape wonderfully with all their imperfections on their heads, and deserving to be shunned, they manage to keep their ground. How well is this illustrated (I hate the common word, but can find no other) in the exquisite novel of "Violet." Poor Violet—(is it moral or not to pity her?)—humbled, repentant, crushed, creeps into her opera-box, a shawl thrown around the form which had once exhibited on the stage; she dares not raise her eyes to the high-born and well-established matrons about and around her. She looks straight forward, and sees her former associate, a woman of the world, a woman of intrigue, but married; she beholds her received, undaunted, her sins well-varnished over, her reputation secure. Yet, those who could dive into the recesses of thought, would find the breaking heart of Violet half ready for Heaven; that of the respectable friend filled with the deadliest and most culpable of passions.

Well was it said by a lady whose course of life one blighting sin has defaced (and most justly)—“I am not so concerned and indignant at not being received by virtuous women; it is when I reflect by *whom* I am cut that my spirit rises to bitterness.”

The gifted and the unprotected can do nothing unseen. If an elderly friend waited for L. E. L.'s manuscript while she scored it off in her little drawing-room, he was sure to be minuted by some one who could tell you the next day, with the precision of a witness in a court of justice, how long he had been there. Much was invented, much was amplified; much was believed by the distant and the unknown, nothing by those who were near and intimate with her whom her own sex chose to vilify, and whom some of mine—I feel a spasm in my right foot when I think of it, a sort of impulse that I will not specify—were low enough to tax their empty brains to talk about. But let us have done with this. She had many true and generous friends. Among these, one instance: a lady of the highest respectability, truly religious, the mother of grown-up daughters, long and intimately acquainted with L. E. L., upon her engagement with Mr. Maclean, saw the risk of further slander in that very engagement. She took the unprotected authoress to her own luxurious house, where propriety in its fairest forms—the respected mother, and her good and gentle daughters—guarded her whom her own sex should have shielded from reproach. And there she staid until she left for Cape Coast Castle. But I forget myself; this was after the time when her engagement to Mr. Maclean was renewed, and finally arranged. Let it pass; and now for a few words on that engagement. The common surmise is, that L. E. L. married the governor of Cape Coast *to be married*—to fly from the slander—to have a home and a sanction. No—these were not her reasons, for she was truly and ardently attached to one whom she declared was the only man she had ever loved. She confided in him, she pined in his absence, she sacrificed for him the friends, the country, the society, to which she had been accustomed. But she made one false step. Mr. Maclean had sought her hand in marriage; it was promised: and then, after a temporary separation, after a kindly farewell, after several letters, written in the approved style of persons so situated in respect to each other, behold! the correspondence on the gentleman's part suddenly ceased. No explanation—no regrets followed. Never shall I forget the anguish of my poor friend. I have often been touched to tears by that exquisite exclamation of Beatrice to Hero, “Would I were a man, dear coz, that I could avenge thee!” I am a man, but my hand was stayed, and I was compelled to see her suffer a long, long attack of feverishness, depression, and inertia, and to be silent!

Weeks passed away—weeks of that time when everyone is away from London, and the few humanized creatures in it draw closer together. I called every day to inquire in Berkeley Street,—“a little better—not so well—at last down stairs.” I saw her. No news from Scotland? No: but a thousand surmises, a thousand hopes and conjectures, a certainty of anything but that he meant to withdraw, were hurriedly expressed; her cheek flushed as she spoke;—I dropped the subject. A few weeks elapsed: I was a privileged person, and I called to take L. E. L. a drive in my cab. She came gaily out, but looked shattered, thin, and was careless in her attire. We drove round the inner circle of the Regent's Park; it was a soft and bright morning, and

the air blew freshly on the delicate cheek beside me. There was upon her face, nevertheless, that peculiar look of suffering which I never saw on any other countenance; as if every nerve had the tic-doloureux—as if every moment were torture. She abandoned herself to dejection, and spoke not. At last, I took the privilege of a friend, and gently remonstrated with her. I pointed out to her that she was unreasonable to indulge in sorrow for a man who had evidently given up all thoughts of *her*; that it was inconsistent with the dignity due to herself—it was unworthy—unwise—distressing to her friends. She answered me—I did not dare to look at her face as she spoke—(we drove round and round) but I hear her voice now; it was very low, and inexpressibly plaintive, as she said, “But I have never loved any one else.” This was *her* reasoning, poor child of song! and she proffered no other. I answered not—she sank into silence. We drove on—the air seemed to soothe her—when suddenly she declared that she was tired and faint, and begged me, somewhat hastily, to take her home. I did so—and I saw her not again for some time. But I *heard* that she was constant to her (as she had then declared to me) first attachment, because she then refused an offer from a gentleman whom I knew by name.

The next time that I saw L. E. L., she was all joy; Mr. Maclean had returned to London; she had seen him; the engagement had been renewed. They were to be married in the spring. “And to go to Cape Coast?” I asked with a shiver. “Yes,” she answered carelessly, as if that arrangement were of little moment; and indeed she all along spoke of her emigrating to that Land of Death in the same light fashion as if she were going to take a journey into Yorkshire. She was now all excitement—I hardly dare to call it joy; it was, at any rate, such joy as one feels after being pulled up out of a wet ditch, and told that one has three miles to walk home; it was the joy of a person released from a pressing sorrow, but not restored to ultimate peace of mind. I do not mean to offer explanation here; I merely state what I saw, or fancied I saw. There was always to me a mystery in the sudden breaking off and the sudden renewal of that ill omened engagement; I *did* think its dissolution might have been caused by some *kind* friend repeating certain reports to Mr. Maclean; but I was mistaken. And to do Mr. Maclean justice, he showed a thorough contempt of those slanders; he treated them as a man would do, who knows the world well, and who understood the character of women better than one would have conjectured.

Well, they were engaged; and I must here declare, for the sake of my future emancipation from the jokes of saucy cousins, that I never in my life said one word of love to L. E. L. on my own account. If I had, she would have answered me as she did to another friend, whom she did not wish to lose as a friend, but had rejected as a lover; the answer was very good, but on second thoughts, I will not put it down in this retrospect; it may have been a circular that she kept for her admirers, and I do not wish to give offence.

All was now fixed as fate; but I never could see L. E. L. I saw, once, the ghost-like form of him whom she named to me as her future lord, and he seemed to me like one who had buried all joy in Africa, or whose feelings had been frozen up during his last inauspicious visit to Scotland; but since mine is a retrospect of the departed, not a

volley of shafts at the living, I will say little more of one who must ever bear about in his heart a mournful remembrance of the wife suddenly snatched from him, and who must associate with his own country her image when he took her from her English home. Mr. Maclean, I *know*, pointed out strongly the disadvantages and dangers of his colonial station, and he certainly warned the destined one of what she had to encounter; but she was resolute.

The marriage took place, to a certain extent, privately; and it was not acknowledged till a month afterwards—why, I never could tell; and if Mrs. Maclean were satisfied, I had no right to be displeased. At last it appeared in the papers, and she prepared for her departure. I rarely saw her, for she was, to my surprise, as much involved in literary pursuits as ever; writing to the last moment, and making arrangements, on the eve of her departure, for new works, and she was, evidently, to be no more independent of exertion than if she had remained single. But her spirits had evidently revived; she appeared generally cheerful, as in earlier days; her mind never once misgave her, as to the climate or the mode of life which she was destined to encounter. One day I called on her; she was taking leave of a foreigner, a publisher, to whom she had been peculiarly kind. The poor man could scarcely utter his thanks, in his broken English. His expressions would have been ludicrous if they had not proceeded from the heart, and their truth attested by eyes swimming in tears. And it was for no common benefits that he thanked L. E. L. For years she had given him her aid gratuitously, for his publication. She assured him that she would still do so. "Ah! but you will not be here. I shall not have them from your hand." He retired, overcome. I, too, took my leave. I saw her no more except on one occasion.

The last Coronation took place the very day before the departure of L. E. L. She, who once had enjoyed all exciting amusements, had hoped to have left London before the event. But it was not so.

The night before that on which Victoria was crowned was, as everyone must acknowledge, one of general insanity: London one great, though free Bedlam—club-houses in commotion—hotels distracted—public-houses run mad—waiters wanting strait-jackets—and milliners and mantua-makers raving lunatics. The lucid interval did not come till a week afterwards. That night, surely everyone must remember, how post-horses were hurrying in, and what cargoes of band-boxes were on every carriage, how omnibuses even ran as if they had right to share in the general delirium, and all the cabmen drove as if they were tipsy. I am persuaded there were not ten people in London that night, sound in their reason. Housemaids were making shake-downs for country cousins of their master's, in desperate haste—foot-boys were cleaning shoes over night. Everything but washing and eating was to be done six hours before the usual time. Ladies were dressing for the Abbey at twelve o'clock. The hair-dressers came, as ghosts do, at midnight. Well! I think I should have done the same if I had paid ten guineas for a peep at the ceremony—(and this, without Prince Albert—It was dear!)

To add to the general fatigue, and to prepare themselves better for the exploits of the next day, it was the fashion, that night, to give a party, this was a proof of the predominant insanity. Creatures who were to steal out before the cock crew should have gone to roost with

the fowls. Nature says so; there was, however, a good reason why a party should be given for L. E. L., once more to collect around her those whom she had often cheered, and whom she valued.

I am told it was an interesting evening. Several persons of rank, many of high talent, friends in the true sense, some of them, for their friendship has survived the grave, bade her adieu that evening; among the rest, the good and kind, and ill-fated Earl of Munster, who always manifested an interest in the talents of L. E. L., and who valued her merits. I was not present—I had a glimpse of her the next day.

She was overwhelmed with tickets for the *déjeûnés* of different clubs; and, for a short time, she looked on the unrivalled pageant from the window of St. James's Street. As the Lancers, in a style never to be forgotten, rode down the street, I, who had mingled with the crowd, caught a glimpse—my last glimpse of L. E. L. I saw her white veil thrown back as she rose quickly, and leant forward to look on those proud horsemen—the flower of the aristocracy. The next day she had departed.

Seven years have passed away, since on New Year's Day, 1838, I heard that she had died—that bright intellect was extinct—that noble heart had ceased to beat. All we know of her death is this: she was found, *half an hour after taking from a black boy a cup of coffee, brought by her order, leaning against the door of her chamber, sitting as if she had sunk down in an effort to rush to the door for help.* A bruise was on her cheek—a slight bruise on the hand, which was pressed upon the floor:—(these details were not in the inquest, but are *true*)—an empty phial (so said the maid who found her) in her hand. The same day witnessed her death—the coroner's inquest—the interment of her loved remains. This is all we know: how she died, whether by the fiat which calls many to their last account without a moment's warning; or, but I will not—I cannot pursue the speculation; she is gone! Some future day the dread mystery may, perhaps, be solved.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN;

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER LI.

A RIGHTEOUS TREASURER.

“When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast; and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.”

TILLOTSON.

“Business! business!” was the cry. The minutes would be inexpedient and unjust; the minutes of the preceding meeting were read; and the parties present were called upon, at once and formally, to confirm them. They were in the act of doing so, when a rough, bull-headed, resolute-looking man rose, and begged they “would give him breathing-time;” he “was old and slow;” and “could jump to no hasty conclusions.” He “desired further information;” “wished to learn what Nurse Dangerfield had to say in her own behalf;” for “in *his* judgment she was now as much put upon her trial as Mr. Pennethorne.”

"What matters it what she says?" exclaimed the chairman testily: "why listen to falsehood? *That*—palpably and deliberately—leavens her entire statement."

The bull-headed man looked thoroughly unconvinced.

"Ay! indeed!" was his rejoinder—"and you say this of a party who brought to us the unqualified recommendation of no less a man than Dr. Watkinson? He must have been sorely-deceived in her."

"We are all deceived in her!" remarked the treasurer solemnly.

"And ye think, sir," continued the resolute man coolly—the expression of his eye was, meanwhile, most perplexing—"ye think that *she* is the *only* party the committee is deceived in? Certes! 'tis a strange tale."

"Pardon me for altering the epithet: a *false* tale you mean!" murmured the soft-voiced gentleman,—Ruth's disinterested adviser, who belonged, by his own account, "*to no party*," but now appeared as a committee man actively supporting the views of Mr. Pennethorne!—"it can be no other. Listen, sir. Supposing, for one moment, that our worthy treasurer should so far have forgotten the leading principle of his past life: allegiance to his Maker, and faith to his fellow-man,—"

The treasurer here raised his eyes to the ceiling with a demure and truly mortified air.

"Supposing, I say, that he should have forgotten it," continued his apologist.

"I *do* suppose it," said bull-head bluntly.

"So far as to pilfer this paltry sovereign from the alms-box. What then? It was impossible for his accuser to have witnessed the deed from the position she occupied. Act as he would, she could not have overlooked him. It was impracticable. The height at which she stood prevented it. She describes, therefore, what she could not have witnessed. It's an utter impossibility!"

"Humph! we shall come to that presently;" said the pertinacious committee-man.

"We are at it now."

"No:" persisted he of the bluff voice and bull-dog visage—"but we soon shall be. Chairman, be pleased to summon before us this wholesale dealer in falsehood—Dangerfield—that, I think, is the woman's name."

"I decline issuing any such order," observed the chairman, thoroughly roused in his turn: "I deem any further communication with that woman, on the part of this committee, derogatory to its dignity. We are all, I believe, persuaded of her guilt; and our sole business is to award her punishment."

"You think this course impartial and just,—more particularly in a chairman,—do you?"

"I deem it justified by existing circumstances, and shall persist in it until—" and he smiled scornfully—"some gentleman is found bold enough to say that he believes the accuser's statement to be true."

"*I do*:" was uttered in a clear voice, about the middle of the room.

"Who's the speaker?" cried the treasurer furiously.

"James Lycett," was the calm rejoinder.

"What!" was the exclamation of more than one bystander. "Mr. Lycett the Quaker?"

"No other."

"How comes it, sir," said the chairman with forced composure, "that you who are so benevolent and considerate,—who entertain, in common with your sect, such rigid notions as to veracity, honour, and honesty, can countenance this wretched woman?"

"I believe her statement; let that content thee:" was the Quaker's response.

"But it does not—and it shall not;" shouted several of Pennethorne's friends; while the cries of "Order! order!" from the chairman were unheeded in the uproar. At length, something like quiet was restored; and availing himself of the temporary lull, the soft-voiced gentleman addressed himself to Mr. Lycett.

"You are bound, sir, in common fairness, to disclose your reasons for the conclusion you have arrived at: your character lends no common weight to your opinions."

"My reasons will not be palatable to thee or thy friend," remarked the Quaker quietly: "let them sleep!"

"But, as Mr. Pennethorne's confidential adviser," cried the soft-voiced gentleman, "I insist on hearing them."

"Dost thou coincide, Peter, with thy rash adviser?" was Quaker Lycett's calm inquiry of the treasurer;—"or dost thou condemn the hasty request of thy imprudent friend?"

"I support it;" said the other sternly—"Out with your reasons. Announce them. Show me your hostility, avowedly, like a man; but don't stab me in the dark with your insinuations like an assassin!"

Friend Lycett's colour rose at this reproof; and he looked, for a Quaker, consummately nettled.

"This from thy lips? Be it so. My reasons shall be forthcoming, Peter, ere we part. Meanwhile—" and his clear voice rang through the room—"I repeat my individual opinion, that Ruth Dangerfield's statement is true."

"Have I now permission," said bull-head, in a tone of voice anything but deprecatory, "to summon this daring woman before us?"

It was with a desperately grim smile that the chairman signified his most reluctant assent.

"You are suspected, and well-nigh condemned, nurse,"—was her advocate's opening remark to her, as she entered the board-room—"of wilful and deliberate falsehood. Your story is, that from the window of such a room, on such a day, you witnessed an act of gross dishonesty by our treasurer. This is vehemently denied. It is asserted by that gentleman, first,—that no such dishonesty was ever committed by him; and next, that had he so acted, you could not possibly have witnessed his misconduct."

The woman smiled. There was nothing bold, or daring, or saucy, or defying in the expression of her countenance. And yet a spectator would have said, as he gazed upon it, "There is abundant self-reliance about that woman. Her assertions are not idly uttered; and will not lightly be recalled."

"Now, with the permission of the committee," continued the speaker, "I intend to test the correctness of your statements. On this table, in your absence, shall be spread various articles—coin among the rest. It is proposed to you, that you stand at the window you formerly occupied, and which, you say, commands the board-room. You shall from it observe what articles are strewed over this table; and whether they are handled, or moved, by one or more of the com-

mittee. You shall occupy that window for the space of fifteen minutes; and be required to tell us, on your return, what you have witnessed during that interval to have taken place in this room. Are you willing to submit to this test? Its result will, in my opinion, go far towards deciding the truth or falsehood of your statements."

"It will!—It will!" was the general response.

The party addressed made no reply. The proposition seemed to have taken her by surprise. She gazed earnestly and anxiously into the foggy, gloomy, court-yard. Apparently she hesitated.

"You cannot, after your bold and reiterated statements, deem this proposal unfair?" suggested an impatient committee-man, whose dinner hour was fast approaching.

Still Mr. Pennethorne's accuser was silent; and pertinaciously scanned the weather.

"You decline then, I presume, occupying your post of observation a second time," remarked the chairman, with a relieved air and cheerful tone: "the ordeal your friend proposes is somewhat too stern and searching,—so searching that you reject it?"

"The day is against me," said Ruth, evading all direct reply to the insidious question—"much against me. Light is most important. When I noticed the treasurer's conduct, the hour was noon. The sun is now much lower. It is, in fact, four o'clock. Another point;—*that day*, as I well remember, was one of clear, bright sunshine. This is *louring* and gloomy."

"The upshot of all which is," said the chairman with a chuckle, "that you decline the test proposed to you."

"On the contrary, I accept it. But, *if I fail*"—continued Ruth with emphasis,—“remember, gentlemen, that I previously mentioned all these unfavourable circumstances to you, and let them have due weight in the conclusion you come to.”

"A thoroughly diabolical woman!" whispered the soft-voiced gentleman, as Ruth made her curtsy.

Marvellous and diverting was the alacrity with which, on Ruth's exit, the table was strewn with a mass of heterogeneous materials. The partisans—alas! that on such an occasion passion and prejudice should exert their loathsome influence—the partisans of the unabashed Peter readily contributed their quota towards the proposed experiment, satisfied that the result would cover his accuser with inextricable confusion. Those, again, who distrusted the treasurer's probity, eagerly did their part towards equipping the table, with the view of aiding an oppressed woman in establishing her veracity.

There was, in fact, "a wondrous unanimity" of *action*.

Keys in large and small bunches; cigar-cases; watches; pen-knives of all shapes and sizes; card-cases of various hues; sovereigns; halfcrowns and halfpence; a dozen pocket-books, and as many silver pencil-cases, were strewn, with studied confusion, over the table. The arrangement was barely completed, when the soft-voiced gentleman pointed to Ruth, who was standing at the well-known closet window, and gazing down, fixedly and earnestly, into the board-room below.

"There!" said he, ironically,—“there, gentlemen, is that wondrously keen-sighted woman! Now—to test her powers of observation!”

He rose as he spoke, and making a dash at a rouleau of halfcrowns, dexterously conveyed them, one and all, into his breast-pocket.

"A good example merits imitation!" was the sententious comment of the chairman: then taking two sovereigns, he rang them loudly on the table; affected, through his spectacles, to examine them closely; and then consigned them in succession to his waistcoat-pocket.

"The fifteen minutes are expired: clear the table!" cried Penne-
thorne impatiently. His command was obeyed in silence.

"And now, Mr. Chairman,"—he spoke this with an air of ill-con-
cealed anxiety,—“let us hear Nurse Dangerfield’s account of our pro-
ceedings.”

She was summoned, and appeared again; looking, not as before,
pale, and anxious, and ill-assured; but calm, self-possessed, and even
stern.

Bull-head eyed her for a moment, and then whispered his next
neighbour—“That woman has not failed: no! She has her enemy at
her mercy.”

“Thou hast occupied that window, Ruth,”—Friend Lycett was the
spokesman—“for the last fifteen minutes: hast thou not?”

Ruth assented.

“We wish to hear from thee whether thou hast observed anything
unusual upon this table?”

“I have.”

And she enumerated, rapidly but accurately, the various articles
which had been spread over its surface.

“Didst thou observe anything done?”

“I did.—You, sir,” addressing the chairman, “took some sove-
reigns—how many I will not affirm, but more than one—from the
table; examined them carefully; and then placed them in your pocket.”

“Anything else?”

“And you, sir,”—she here faced the soft-voiced gentleman—his
name was Quadling: a thousand apologies for not having mentioned
it earlier!—“seized a handful of silver, and hid it, I think, in—or
near—your cravat. Your motions were so rapid, that I could with
difficulty follow them; but money—silver money—from the table you
certainly did take.”

“You are sure of that?” cried he, with the bullying air of an Old
Bailey counsel.

“I am.”

“You will swear that?”

“I will: safely, and at any moment.”

There was a pause.

The chairman “declined,” with dignity, to “put any question,” or
“utter any comment.”

“Thou may’st leave, Ruth,” at length remarked the Quaker; “un-
less Friend Quadling has further questions to submit to thee?”

“Friend” Quadling looked furious, and growled.

“He desires, it seems, no further speech with thee, and thou may’st
go.”

The words were calmly and gravely spoken; but if ever Quaker’s
eye looked merry and mischievous, James Lycett’s did when he ut-
tered them.

“This is queer,” said the chairman, shifting about uneasily in his
seat,—“very queer,—monstrous queer,—I know not what to make
of it!”

“I do!” said Bull-head—his name was Pippis: apologies here also!

—"I do," in a tone so quaint as to put the table in a roar, and grievously to exacerbate the bile in Mr. Quadling's system.

"It appears to me," said that worthy—his voice was rough, and his visage pale with suppressed rage,—“that so many perplexities beset the question we are considering, that we had better adjourn it *sine die*?”

"No! no!" objected many voices.

"Then, till this day week?"

"I oppose any adjournment, however brief," roared Pippis, "until Mr. Lycett has stated his reasons for believing—previous to Nurse Dangerfield's powers of vision being tested—that her story was true. He promised those reasons should be forthcoming. I demand them."

"And have them," responded the Quaker quickly. "About sixteen months since, I accompanied a friend from York over this infirmity. He was greatly pleased—could he be otherwise?—with its object and details. We left by the main entrance, and he had to pass the east door alms-box. In doing so, he put into it a half-guinea. I remarked the coin particularly, as being somewhat rare. I could not be mistaken. I heard the coin drop into the box; and as to its value I am positive. At the expiration of the usual period, Peter Penne-
thorne opened both boxes, and announced their joint produce to be eight shillings and one penny. This I knew *must* be incorrect. Gross and grievous error existed somewhere. I came to the conclusion that it rested with the treasurer."

"Then why did you not expose him?" said the chairman sharply: "why allow such a circumstance to occur, and maintain silence respecting it?"

"Because"—said the Quaker, with an ingenuousness that did him honour—"I had not the moral courage which that woman has shewn, and in which I own myself to be wretchedly her inferior. Peter Penne-
thorne was powerful—popular; had many friends, and could be a most formidable foe. I dreaded him—with shame I own it—and was silent."

"A curious coincidence, truly!" exclaimed Mr. Pippis; "and I shall call on our treasurer for an explanation."

But "our treasurer" had disappeared, and was never seen in ——— again. He departed for the Continent at an early hour the following morning. What the charity suffered from his "devotion to its interests" never transpired. Rumour whispered that the defalcation was but trifling. Heavy or light, the "finance committee" kept their own counsel. *Au reste*, the art with which this popular functionary had sustained his own credit, and yet lived upon the public, was consummate. To not one of his tradesmen was he indebted, on the day of his flight, more than a few shillings: all their accounts had been closely, statedly, and systematically balanced. But he had plundered—and that unmercifully—the industrious, the thrifty, and the unsuspecting. Promissory notes, without end, for twenty, thirty, fifty, seventy, pounds,—the savings, in many instances, of a long life of struggle and hardship,—were produced by their anguished owners; who could scarcely be persuaded, so high was their opinion of the ex-treasurer, that these securities were so much waste paper. He had acted, it appeared, as a sort of private banker; and so tempting was the rate of interest he gave for small deposits, so plausible were his manners, and so prevalent his reputation for benevolence, that he had won the confi-

dence of the lower orders to an extraordinary extent, and victimised them proportionally.

Consistent was he to the last. On his way to the closing committee meeting, he encountered an old woman, Bessy Yarker, to whom he was always prodigal of his advice, and not particularly sparing of his censure. Poor, impoverished creature, she had *no savings* to invest!

"Bessy, your basket seems unusually laden; what may it contain?" And the treasurer bade her stop while he examined it,—
"Tea and sugar," exclaimed he: "soap and rice; candles and snuff; currants and treacle,—Bessy—Bessy!" cried her monitor, with virtuous indignation—"you *cannot* have paid for all these dainties?"

"Lord love ye! No, Mr. Pennethorne—nor for half of them: but folks know I'm honest, and they give me credit; and so I creep along!"

"Bessy! Bessy!" reiterated her saintly censor, looking irrecoverably shocked—"I *once* had a good opinion of you! *once* I thought you a Christian! but that delusion is over. You're in debt, and hastening—I won't say where!"

"Dear, blessed Mr. Pennethorne, don't say so! It is but four shillings, wanting a penny farthing! I shall pay, sir, never fear me; I shall pay!"

"Bessy, it is debt: and you know the Apostolic precept, '*Owe no man anything.*' That is my (!) course of conduct: *follow it.*'"

"I wish I could!" sighed Bessy; "but tea and sugar—"

The treasurer interrupted her.

"The woman who runs in debt will eventually belong to—I won't fill up the sentence."

"Don't, sir; pray don't!" said his dismayed hearer;—"but sure my cup of tea—"

"It should choke you, as a Christian woman, if got on credit. '*Owe no man anything!*' I repeat—'*owe no man anything.*'" And with a solemn and reproachful gesture Peter strode away.

"What a divine man!" sighed Bessy. "Doesn't owe a farden in the world! And what advice! Wholesome and upright—to them as can take it. And all GRATIS!"

CHAPTER LII.

"NO WILL! HURRAH!"

"What is age
But the holy place of life, chapel of ease
For all men's wearied miseries? and to rob
That of her ornament, it is accurst
As from a priest to steal a holy vestment,
Ay, and convert it to a sinful covering."—MASSINGER.

SIX weeks after the *exposé* detailed in the preceding chapter, but long before the hubbub occasioned by Mr. Pennethorne's knavery had subsided, Ruth received an urgent summons to the private residence of the senior surgeon. A second, and a third succeeded, long before it was possible she could have obeyed the first; and when, at length, heated and out of breath, she reached Mr. Bickersteth's dwelling, she

found him impatiently pacing the hall, chiding her for delay, and protesting against her loitering gait and mincing steps.

"I have no time, Nurse, to waste on introductory remarks, and therefore state my object at once. I want your services for Mr. Calmady, a wealthy patient of mine in Great Ormond Street. His situation is precarious, but not hopeless. I wish to place by his bedside a nurse on whom I can fully depend. You are that person."

"But," interrupted Ruth, "my duties at the hospital—"

"Are waived for the present: the house committee sanction your temporary absence. They cannot well do otherwise. Mr. Calmady's benefactions to the infirmary have been ample during life; and his will—but this is beside the purpose. Time presses. You will undertake the office?"

"For what period?"

"Uncertain;—many days—perhaps weeks. And, mark me, he is to receive your undivided attention. He is never to be left. You are to suffer *no one member of his family* to approach him. Your hand, and no other, is to administer his medicine, and to present him with his food. Nor, should death *apparently* ensue, are you to relinquish your trust, or quit the room till you have my distinct permission so to do. Are you content?"

Ruth hesitated.

"The task will probably be irksome; but I ask its performance as a matter of personal favour."

"That decides me," said his companion: "I will now return to the hospital, and make my preparations."

"No return thither," observed Mr. Bickersteth with a smile, "at present. Send for what clothes you require in the evening; but, meanwhile, seat yourself in that carriage. My coachman has his orders. Further verbiage is superfluous—Farewell!"

Within twenty minutes, Ruth, to her infinite surprise, was domiciled at Mr. Calmady's.

The sufferer, for whom Mr. Bickersteth was so much interested, was an aged and opulent merchant, who afforded, in his own person, a lively instance of the impotence of wealth to ward off contumely and insult from its envied possessor.

Seventy-two years ago—Mr. Calmady was never happier than when telling the story—he had entered the port of B—— in a state bordering upon destitution. Wearied and footsore, he crept the first evening he passed within her boundary into a forsaken coalshed; and at sunrise earned his morning's meal as a porter upon her crowded quays. He who was to be subsequently her chief magistrate, and to die the wealthiest of her citizens!

Resolved to rise above his fellows,—purposed, steadily purposed, to cease, and that speedily, to be "a hewer of wood and drawer of water," he used as allies the most undeviating frugality and the most enduring perseverance, a temperance proof against temptation, a cheerfulness that never flagged, and a temper which no ill-usage could irritate. His struggle in rising from the very depths of poverty to the surface of society was protracted and desperate, but eventually triumphant.

In his speculations, in his marriage, in his mercantile connexions, in his political associates, he was singularly fortunate:—his curse lay in his family.

His eldest son was a sot; his second a gambler; his third a passionate, half-witted imbecile; and his daughter—an only one—a foolish, trifling girl, whose whole soul was devoted to frippery and dress.

He had long banished them from his house. For their ceaseless quarrels and bitter jealousies—especially since their mother's death—had rendered them, as inmates, unendurable. Still, quarrelling and contending as they would among themselves, on one point they cordially agreed—that their father had lived too long; and that no sound would be more welcome to their ear than that of his passing-knell. The old man felt this unnatural bias in his children keenly. It embittered his whole existence. Neither remonstrance nor indulgence—neither menace nor entreaty, moved them. They had come to this conclusion, one and all, that their father's "tenacity of existence" was "a positive evil;" and were not slow to avow it. For the first time, the successful and prosperous man was baffled. The wayward disposition of his children presented an obstacle which no exercise of wealth could remove. To him who, through life, had been proverbially temperate, the thought was agony, that his accumulations should be squandered by Felix the sot; or be staked on the "hazard of the die" in some fashionable hells by Edwin the blackleg; or be frittered away in foreign millinery and costly trinkets by the fippant and foolish Martha. And yet some disposition of his property he must make. This became, hourly, a more urgent and painful subject for consideration. At length the ceaseless inquietude of the mind told upon the body; and Mr. Calmady fell seriously ill. His recovery was, by his family, deemed impossible. Fainting fits came on: each of which the dutiful Felix pronounced and hoped would be the last. But by none of those who surrounded his sick-bed was the old man's vigour of constitution duly appreciated. The prognostics of the most confident he falsified. His mental faculties returned to him; and during a short interval of ease, he sent for his legal adviser, and executed, off-hand, a short but comprehensive will. In it he bequeathed some handsome legacies to various public charities; made a provision for the poor, imbecile, son—Richard; and the remainder of his property he divided equally, share and share alike, among his three remaining children.

It seemed as if the execution of this document relieved him, mentally as well as bodily; for he rallied, immediately after its completion, and eventually recovered.

He had been convalescent about a week, when the dutiful Felix—*very considerably disguised*—it was barely noon!—made his appearance in the old man's chamber; and as connectedly as constant hiccup would allow him, bellowed forth:—

"So! you've thought better of it! Eh? Going to take another spell! Bah! Not had enough of it yet? We thought we were about to have a riddance. But no!"

And the BRUTE—degraded and enslaved, say, does he deserve the name of *man*?—cursed, loudly and repeatedly, his aged parent!

Mr. Calmady was, visibly, distressed. He wept in silence for some minutes. Rousing himself, he at length ordered the intruder to be removed forcibly from his presence. Neither comment nor menace escaped him; nor was he ever heard to allude, directly or indirectly, to that frightful interview. But he acted on it! That very night, before he retired to rest, he called for his will, and burnt it. The

following morning found him too feverish, wandering, and unsettled to execute another: and the recollection of his hasty act overnight—the dread that by it he might possibly die intestate,—and if so, that all his landed property would pass to his unnatural son—the drunkard—as his first-born,—heightened the agitation and disorder of his spirits. A relapse was the result. Fainting fits returned. He was conscious, only at rare and brief intervals, of what was passing around him. And in this state Ruth Dangerfield found him when she assumed the post of watcher beside his bed.

Wealth—thou universal idol!—thou hast thy thorns as well as Penury.

Heavily wore away the hours during the first night of Ruth's attendance on the aged merchant. The house—the room—the sick-man, all were strange. Moreover, a feeling of insecurity troubled her. She fancied herself subject to some secret *espionage*. More than once during that heavy vigil did she hear a stealthy step approach the sufferer's chamber; pause at its threshold, as if for the purpose of observation; and then swiftly and warily glide away. Twice, too, she saw the door-handle turned gently round with the slightest possible noise. But the purpose, be it what it might, of the meditated intruder, was disappointed. A strong night-bolt secured Ruth against all stray visitors. Still the attempt perplexed and alarmed her.

Meanwhile, her charge slept soundly; and at intervals—let the truth be told—his attendant dozed in her easy-chair beside him. Towards morning he became restless; moaned heavily; and repeated again and again, with painful emphasis—

"I have much to leave! Oh! I have much to leave! But how? But how?"

The exclamation, broken as it was, indicated full well the subject which harassed the sufferer's mind. Before nine Mr. Bickersteth paid his morning visit. He pronounced his patient worse; but still considered the case to be by no means hopeless; ordered nutriment to be given in small quantities every three hours; urged on Ruth unrelaxed vigilance; and enjoined perfect stillness in the sick man's chamber. She then detailed to him the annoyances of the past night, and her inability to account for them.

"I can, and easily," was the reply. "This chamber is watched intently. Some of the servants are, unquestionably, in the pay of the sons. Tidings from it are eagerly sought, and heavily *acknowledged*; but let neither artifice nor entreaty, threat nor bribe, win for any one of the Calmady's permission to pass its threshold."

"Depend on me," was the brief answer.

The twilight of a foggy November day was rapidly deepening into darkness, when perfect consciousness returned suddenly to the sufferer; and, after gazing long and earnestly on Ruth, he observed, in a low, quiet, tone:—

"I don't recollect you: what's your name?"

His attendant answered him.

"Who sent you here? Bickersteth?"

The nurse assented.

"Then I trust you. My keys are under my pillow, and my pocket-book. Take them; and give them up to no living creature till—till—"

His senses again failed him, and he relapsed into his former, mo-

notonous plaint—"I have much to leave—oh! I have much to leave."

This restlessness lasted an hour, when he slept, and continued to do so till midnight. Then his breathing fell; became fainter and fainter, till respiration was no longer perceptible; and Ruth, seized with alarm, rang her bell, and desired Mr. Bickersteth to be summoned. The messenger speedily returned with the disheartening intelligence that the doctor had been sent for into the country, and would not return till daybreak.

Scarcely had this message been delivered, when the door-bell rang violently. The summons was quickly answered. Two young men ran rapidly up the stairs, and having rapped loudly at the door of Mr. Calmady's room, demanded, in pre-emptory terms, instant admittance.

It was refused.

Again the demand was made, and again negatived.

"Force the door!" cried a party on the outside, in a determined tone: "force the door, I say: I'll hold you harmless."

Two heavy blows were given with right goodwill. A crash was heard. Another. The panels gave way; then the door-case; and two men—the elder evidently under the influence of strong excitement—stepped quickly into the apartment.

"This house is now *mine!*"—Felix the sot spoke—"Hurrah! no *will!*"

THE FORTUNES OF THE SCATTERGOOD FAMILY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The last appearance of Mr. Fogg.—The return home.

VINCENT slept but little that night, for his brain was in a perfect whirl. The bright sun darted through the windows before he closed his eyes; and then his mind was equally confused. He slumbered but for an hour or two; and as soon as he heard footsteps in the chamber above, betokening that Mr. Fogg had got up, or, as he more gracefully said, had sprung from his couch, Vincent rose also, impatient to tell his good friend everything, and feeling assured that he would enter into his happiness.

And he was not deceived. The kindly dramatic author,—who had been at the circus last evening when Vincent quitted it in so strange a manner, and who had ever since been in great anxiety as to the cause and result of such a proceeding, until he had determined to make it a situation at the end of the first act of the next drama he wrote, feeling assured it would excite the feelings of everybody—this good and simple soul was as overjoyed as Vincent himself. And when Vincent told him of all the things Clara had accomplished, he applauded with his hands as he would have done at a playhouse; and inwardly congratulated

himself, at the same time, at having found a new heroine of the domestic drama, who might eclipse all the virtuous poor men's daughters, and moral servants-of-all-work, who had ever figured in his most affecting pieces.

Vincent went over to the circus to bid a hasty good-bye to such of his late associates as were there in the morning; and then collecting his few things together—they were very few—prepared to join his mother and sister. But before he left their little inn, he took a hearty farewell of Mr. Fogg, who was about to depart that morning for Henley-in-Arden, and rehearse his new piece with the dolls of Mr. Rosset's establishment.

"I leave you in better spirits now than when we parted that evening on the wharf," said Vincent; "but I am not the less grateful for what you have done for me."

"Belay there, belay," returned Mr. Fogg, as his mind reverted to the days of the "Lee Shore of Life." "I did but do my duty. Where there's enough for one, there's enough for two; and the man who would not share his crust with the hapless stranger, deserves not to defy the present or look forward with honest aspirations to the future."

"I wish I had something to give you as a keepsake," said Vincent. "Not but what I hope to see you again before long; still I wish you not to forget me altogether. I have nothing but my old pipe—it has been a long, long way with me; an old friend, who never withheld its consolation when I was hard-up or in trouble. Will you accept it?"

"The calumet of amity!" observed Mr. Fogg, as he took the pipe from Vincent, and gazed at it with fondness. "I shall preserve it for your sake."

"And may it serve you as faithfully as it has done me!" said Vincent; "for in its time, it has been everything but lodging. I never felt alone with that old pipe. In the dark dreary nights there was comfort and companionship in its glowing bowl; and by day, when the smoke floated about me, I used to fancy that it showed me how the clouds of trouble would disperse, if we had but a little patience. I have been very hungry too, when that old pipe has brought me my dinner."

During this speech of Vincent's, Mr. Fogg had been anxiously searching in his various pockets, and at last produced a pencil-case of common manufacture, which he placed in the hand of his friend.

"And that is all I have got to offer you in return," he said; "but it has been an umble and faithful servant also to me; the parent of my dramas."

"There is a seal on the top," continued Mr. Fogg; "a seal of green glass; it bears a ship tossed by the waves, and the motto, 'Such is life.' It suggested to me the 'Lee Shore;' and the motto, with variations, has furnished many a sentiment for the applause of the galleries."

"You could not give me anything I should prize more," said Vincent, as he took Mr. Fogg's humble offering.

They left the house together, and walked on until their journey turned two different ways; at which point, with every reiterated good wish and expression of gratitude, Vincent shook his friend warmly by the hand, and they parted. But as Mr. Fogg went up the street, he turned back many times to nod to Vincent, until he came to the corner;

and then, as the morning sunshine fell upon him, he waved his hand in final adieu, like a spirit departing in a bright *tableau* from one of his own pieces, with an air of good omen; and so went on his way.

And sunshine came to Vincent too—to him and to those so dear to him; the sunshine of the heart, the bright hope of brighter times to come. Although it was still early, they had been long expecting him; and when he reached the hotel, carelessly swinging the bundle in his hand, which contained all his effects, the horses were immediately ordered; whilst Clara insisted upon his taking a second breakfast, watching everything he tasted as if he had been an infant—firmly believing that he had lived in a state of absolute starvation for some months; and nearly choking him with her anxiety to see that he was served with everything at once.

The carriage was soon up to the door, and they once more started to return to London. Ninety-one miles—it was nothing. Their conversation allowed them to take no heed of time or distance. The journey was nothing but a rapid succession of arrivals at inns, and ringing of bells by excited hostlers, for no other purpose, that could be made out, than to summon themselves, and call all those together who were already there in attendance; and taking out horses, and putting them to; and then, again, flying along the hard level road. Ninety-one miles—all they had still to say would not have been got over in nine hundred, had the journey been of that length. Vincent remarked that Herbert paid for everything, and from a slender silk purse, with bright steel beads and sparkling tassels, by a curious coincidence precisely similar to the one which Clara gave him during their brief, but miserable interview in Mrs. Constable's hall! There could be no mistake about its fairy texture, or whose were the active and taper fingers that had manufactured it.

Afternoon came on; then twilight: yet as it got cooler, Clara, singularly enough, would not go under the head of the carriage, but made Vincent sit there, by the side of his mother, whilst she remained close to Herbert, shrouded in some complicated fashion or another—they themselves only knew how—by his large cloak, in a manner which appeared exceedingly comfortable. And before the moon was well up, the lights of London could be plainly seen reflected in the sky, coming nearer and nearer, until the first lamp shone out on the roadside.

They left the level turnpike-way behind them, and rattled over the stones at last. But there was nothing unpleasant in the commotion; no—they seemed to clatter forth a rude welcome to the travellers; and there was an excitement in their noise and rough jolting, that sent the blood still quicker through its channels. Then came the long glittering lines of gas upon the bridges, and the wider thoroughfares and poorer shops across the water; next, rows of uniform houses, with gardens in front; and here and there trees and open spaces, until the carriage at last stopped at the tenement of Mrs. Chicksand. We might more properly have said, of her husband: but as he seldom appeared, and nobody knew him when he did, his wife was the prominent feature of the establishment, both in her public and domestic position.

They were evidently expected. There was more than ordinary light in the drawing-room; and as the carriage stopped, the blinds were thrust on one side, and various forms were seen peeping out. And Mrs. Chicksand had lighted the passage-lamp, which was an illumination only indulged in upon extraordinary occasions, and chiefly de-

pendent upon any end of wax-candle which could be put by without being accounted for to the lodgers. And that lady herself came to the door, giving orders to Lisbeth to lie in ambush on the kitchen-stairs, half way down, in a clean cap and new ribbons, and be in readiness to bring up any extra assistance, or body of able tea-things, that might be required.

They were all there. Mr. Scattergood and Freddy, whose holidays had come round; and Amy—slyly invited by Clara to stay a few days, and with her father's permission—trembling, blushing, smiling, and almost crying by turns. Mr. Scattergood, in his general absent manner, which on the present occasion might perhaps be considered an advantage, received Vincent as if he had only been a day or two absent, certainly not even now perfectly comprehending what was going on, in the same spirit of easy apathy which had been his enemy through life, until he got his present appointment in the government office, where such a temperament was of no consequence. And Clara and Amy had, as usual, such a deal to say to one another, whilst the former was taking off her travelling attire, that Mrs. Scattergood thought they were never coming down again, until she sent Herbert up to knock and summons them. Even then, Amy came back by herself, whilst Herbert had apparently something of great consequence to communicate to Clara outside the door; but what it was nobody ever knew except Lisbeth, who chanced to be coming upstairs with the tea-things just at the moment. And, as she never told, nobody was, with these exceptions, ever any the wiser. It could, however, have been nothing very unpleasant, for the whole party were in high spirits, laughing and talking until such a late hour, that when Mr. Bodle returned at an unholy hour from some concert at which he had been conducting, he found an hieroglyphical scroll impaled upon his candle, which clever people might have deciphered into an order not to put up the chain, nor lock the door and hide the key in the fanlight, as was his wont to do. Even long after he sought his iron bedstead, sounds of conversation came from below, and sometimes songs, in the demi-audibility of a floor beneath, which at last mingled with his sleeping thoughts, and produced dreams of confused construction, in which the lady of his affections, who lived next door, figured, together with everybody else, under the most extravagant circumstances— one of those inextricable visions which are alone dependent upon love, or Welsh rarebits, for their origin.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The latest intelligence of everybody.—Conclusion.

IN the dramas which our friend Mr. Glenalvon Fogg was in the habit of producing, there were certain situations, towards the close of the last scene, wherein the audience generally, to his extreme disgust, were accustomed to rise up and think about their shawls, or the difficulty of procuring a conveyance in the rush, heedless of what was going on upon the stage. For they saw that the various characters were rapidly approaching universal reconciliation; and so they cared little further to interest themselves in the development of the plot, albeit the "tag," as Mr. Fogg technically termed it, was to him a most im-

portant point, and cost him usually more labour than any other portion of the drama.

Now the "tag" is usually framed in this manner; it is explained for fear the courteous reader should not precisely understand what we mean, as well as to furnish young beginners with a guide, being an appeal, if cleverly made, which not only winds up the performance with a flourish, but even assuages the serpent of disapprobation who may have commenced winding about the house. When all parties are made happy, and the old man has forgiven them, the popular character should step forward, in a touchingly appealing manner, to the lamps, and say, "But our happiness still further depends upon your forgiveness; let me therefore solicit that—" &c.; to be filled up as circumstances require. Or, when alluding to present joy, the popular character may add, "And if these kind friends will but look kindly on our delinquencies, we may be tempted (according to the nature of the piece) either 'to take A Trip to Anywhere,' or 'to claw off The Lee Shore of Life,' or 'to pass through the Seven Sinks of Profligacy,'—every evening, until further notice."

We know that our own "tag" is fast approaching; but we request, although the shadow of forthcoming events may be thrown upon the progress of our story, that you will not yet quit our pages, but bear with us a little longer. Yet we do not wish to weary you, as indeed is sometimes the case with certain performances that we have seen. We are not going to drag two chairs down to the lights, and commence, "Thirteen months since,"—in allusion to the time that has passed since our *dramatis personæ* appeared in these leaves, rather than on these boards. We only beg you will keep us company yet a little time before we part.

In a few days after the arrival of Vincent his family changed their abode, and were domiciled in a neat small house, still in the neighbourhood, however, of their old quarters. Mrs. Chicksand, after their departure, began to get in despair. The bill remained up for a period hitherto unheard of; Mr. Bodle alone remained constant to the household gods; and, in the absence of other lodgers, the fare became in every sense a reduced one. But one fine morning Mrs. Chicksand was delighted by the sudden appearance of Mr. Snarry, fresh and blooming, from Gravesend, who, accompanied by Mr. Jollit, marched up the small garden, and knocked at the door. Mrs. Chicksand's heart beat quickly; she indulged a hope that Mr. Snarry had caught an occupant for the top of the house. But it was better still.

"And so the first floor is empty," observed Mr. Snarry to Mrs. Chicksand when the greetings had passed between them. "I think I may want it before long."

"Thank you, sir," replied the hostess; "what I say to C. is, that I'd sooner have fifty gentlemen than one lady, even if they were all on the second floor."

Mr. Jollit directly imagined that he saw the half-hundred of lodgers located in that partition of the house; and had a laugh to himself, in consequence, at the bare idea of the scene of confusion it would create.

"But," said Mr. Snarry, with a suspicion of a blush upon his cheek, "I fear there will be a lady, Mrs. Chicksand: a great event in my life is about to take place."

"Indeed, sir!" said Mrs. Chicksand, who was directly sorry she

had spoken, and had a faint idea of what Mr. Snarry was nervous in communicating.

"Melancholy things, ma'am, of our poor friend," said Mr. Jollit to Mrs. Chicksand, with solemn gravity: "he sat in the sun one day, and it flew to his head: quite lost his reason since he was here last; obliged to have a keeper. Do you find strait-waistcoats with the sheets and table-cloths?"

"Don't mind him, Mrs. Chicksand," said Mr. Snarry, with a look of mild rebuke. "The fact is," and he heitated, "the fact is, I am going to be married."

Whereupon Mr. Jollit suddenly inflated his cheeks, and imitated a person in the agonies of suppressed laughter, until Lisbeth was compelled to dust nothing upon the mantel-piece, and then put it straight to conceal her own disposition to join in Mr. Joe Jollit's merriment. But the prospect of a first-floor kept Mrs. Chicksand staid and orderly.

"And so the Scattergoods are gone!" observed Mr. Snarry, when the revelation had been made, and he had been congratulated thereon. "Ah! I thought once I should not have another love!" and he sighed sentimentally as he added, "this house brings her to my mind."

And then he added a little couplet wherein "*toujours*" rhymed with "*amours*;" upon which Mr. Jollit begged he would not talk Hebrew, because he did not understand it.

"And may I be bold enough to ask who the lady is?" asked Mrs. Chicksand.

"You have seen her here," said Mr. Snarry; "it is Mrs. Hankins's sister."

"Oh! a nice young lady;" returned the hostess, smirking at this proof of Mr. Snarry's confidence; "and that Lisbeth always thought, and so did I; and told Chicksand that Mr. Jollit was sweet there."

"Mr. Jollit is sweet everywhere," returned that gentleman. "No, no! Mrs. Chickseybiddy; Mr. Jollit has still got his senses: he looks upon marriage as a popular deception. Now, Snarry, if you have settled everything, we will go, or we shall miss the boat."

A private conversation of five minutes with the landlady settled everything; and then the friends departed. But as they turned from the road, Mr. Jollit indulged in another quiet joke, by calling the attention of an omnibus cad with his finger to an imaginary balloon in the air: and then laughing at him for being taken in, and bowing to a salutation less friendly than forcible, that was hurled after him, they went their way towards the embarking point of the steamer that was to waft Mr. Snarry back to love and Rosherville.

Mr. Gregory Scattergood kept to his word. As soon as the family were established in their new abode, he took up his residence in one of the wings, or rather the pinions, being the extreme apartment; and having furnished it inversely, to his own liking, admitted that he was perfectly comfortable—at least, as much so as his perverted notions of gravity would permit. And he took such a fancy to Clara that he was always making her little presents, and as much as intimated that all he had in the world would be left to her. And Herbert, who was there every day, went and told the old gentleman all the news, and condoled with him upon the state of things generally, until he was no less pleased with him than with his niece.

Taught by the sharp lessons of the past, that carelessness might almost degenerate into criminality, Vincent became an altered character.

He was enabled before long, through the interest of those who would have helped him before, but they mistrusted him, to gain a situation ; which, although humble with respect to remuneration at present, promised yet better things. And in a short time he presented himself at Brabants, where he was received with great amity by Mr. Grantham. It had been a hard struggle between that gentleman's pride and his better feelings to allow him to come there ; but he found that Amy's affections were unchangeably fixed on Vincent ; and, loving her dearer than his life, he at last made this sacrifice to his daughter's happiness. And thus cheerily—the ties becoming each day firmer that bound the various parties together—did some months pass quickly away.

* * * * *

It is again winter. The frost has once more imprisoned in its iron grasp the marshes on which we first became acquainted with our hero. Again do the horses' hoofs ring and echo over the frozen roads ; the stars twinkle with electric brilliancy in the heavens ; and red, warm lights gleam from the cottages upon the bare and sparkling shrubs.

There is a huge fire on the hearth of the old hall at Brabants, toying and playing lamently around the dry logs, as its reflection dances on the ancient windows, and throws fantastic giant shadows upon the decaying fretted ceiling. The wind is blowing sharply without ; the casements rattle, the vanes creak on the gables, and now and then a loose tile may be heard whirled down upon the ground. But all is snug within. The more fiercely the wind blows the more brightly the fire roars up the vast chimney ; any one who cared to look might see its red sparks outside, flying high in the air.

A happy party is that now assembled in the old hall, which has been restored to a marvellous pitch of comfort. Away, on one side of the fire-place, Mr. Grantham, Mr. and Mrs. Scattergood, and the doctor from the village—a kind-hearted man, who brought almost all the inhabitants of that little world into it—have formed a rubber, sheltered from intruding draughts by a huge screen, that would take a man a long winter's night to study, so manifold are the objects of interest that adorn it. Closer to the iron "dogs" of the hearth are seated Vincent and Amy, in earnest but not grave conversation. It must be supposed, from their low tones, that it is not meant for anybody else to hear, and is therefore interesting only to themselves ; indeed, it appears to be so. Herbert and Clara are opposite to them, seemingly playing at chess, but no move of any consequence has been made for the last half-hour, as they have been constantly talking to each other in the same manner as their companions. And Freddy is there too, rolling about on the floor before the fire, with a large mastiff, certainly as big as he is, between whom and himself there appears to exist that intense familiarity and unity of disposition which children alone are enabled to establish with animals.

They are all happy—very happy. The hands of the old clock, in the quaint carved frame against the gallery, are creeping round towards the last hour of the year : and when it strikes, their various pursuits are suspended for mutual greetings, and every good wish for the new year that love and affection can prompt. Brighter fortunes are in store for all ; and the future will derive more heartfelt pleasure, from the recollection of the troubles and anxieties of the past.

Fervent and sincere are those hopes for joy and happiness. Through

the medium of our story, whose characters your favour called into being, let the same be conveyed to you, and all those for whose welfare your own wishes are offered.

Again we are called upon to say farewell; but for a brief period only. Let us, before we part, collect a little hasty intelligence of the other personages who have from time to time appeared before us.

There is a family residing in Fitzroy Square, whose governess has been changed as many times within the last six months. In consequence, the children have learned nothing, and mind nobody; they are ignorant and overbearing, keeping the house in constant commotion, and annoying every one who comes to pay a visit. Mrs. Constable sometimes regrets that she cannot find another "young person" to teach them like Clara Scattergood.

A merry party have assembled on the first floor at Mrs. Chicksand's, for Mr. and Mrs. Snarry, whom we knew as "Mrs. Hankins's sister," have returned from their wedding tour to Dover. Mr. Joe Jollit is there, in high humour. Mr. Bodle plays appropriate airs on the piano; and Mr. Bam is deep in the concoction of a wondrous bowl of punch; while Mr. Rasselas Fipps has brought his flute, and has been playing mild obligatos to popular melodies during the evening. Mrs. Chicksand is in great good humour, for there is prospect of many dishes left for the morrow; and Lisbeth's various Christmas-boxes have helped to deck her in a style beyond the memory of the oldest charwoman who ever came to assist on similar occasions.

Christmas is being kept everywhere, and jollily too, except by Mr. Bolt, who is keeping it at the expense of government, for some misdemeanour, on board a floating tenement in the neighbourhood of Woolwich. All the Merchant Taylor boys are happy at home, for a good three weeks. Mr. Rosset's thriving receipts have enabled him to give his *corps olympique* a general treat on a night of non-performance.

And Mr. Glenalvon Fogg has returned to town, and produced a successful pantomime over the water. His "Lee Shore" has been played all over the country, and the money has fallen in well accordingly; whilst he has been applied to to write a piece, on its success, for one of its more important theatres. He looks more blooming, and less seedy, than heretofore; and is on the eve of taking a benefit, "at the instigation of several of his friends," at which, be sure, there will be one box, if not more, taken by certain parties. He has not yet used Vincent up as a character in any of his dramas: he has apparently too much respect for him; "for," as he says, "a great many whom the world looks upon as loose fish, sometimes owe their name more to circumstances than a bad disposition; and have often the best sort of stuff in their hearts to work upon, after all."





John Lubbock

THE MARCHIONESS OF BRINVILLIERS,
THE POISONER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
A ROMANCE OF OLD PARIS.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

CHAPTER VII.

Louise Gauthier falls into the hands of Léchassée.

WHILST the good gossipers of Paris, on the morning after the arrest of Exili at the Pont Notre Dame, were everywhere discussing the events of the preceding evening, the principal actors in the scene were quiet enough. On board the boat-mill everything was tranquil. The morning sun was high up, sparkling upon the river, and glistening in the lofty casements, indenting the tall sloping roofs of the houses adjoining the Seine. The quays were again filled with busy crowds: the buz and bustle of the foot passengers and the rumbling of ignoble morning vehicles—for the aristocratic quarters still slumbered—once more fell on the ear; and the mountebanks and charlatans of the Pont Neuf and Carrefour du Châtelet were arriving with their stalls and apparatus to prepare for another day's speculation upon the credulity of their customers.

Benoit Mousel was the first of the three inmates of the mill that was stirring; and he blessed himself as the clock of the Tour d'Horloge read him a lesson upon his sluggishness. But he had been late in bed. The Garde Bourgeois had remained some little time after the prisoner had been taken; and even when they went, taking their dead comrades with them, the excitement and alarm of the Languedocian and his wife, were too great to allow them to think of retiring to rest. Nor could Benoit persuade himself, in spite of some comforting assurances from the guard, that he was altogether exculpated from the suspicion of being an accomplice of Exili. In the stormy night that followed, even until morning, there was not a tile or fragment blown down from the tottering houses on the Pont Notre Dame, upon the roof of the mill, which did not cause him to start and tremble, with the belief that a fresh party of the watch were coming to arrest him. Even his usual narcotic, the clicking of the water-wheel failed to lull him, although aided by the gentle sway of the boat as it rocked in the current; and his couch of empty sacks never before appeared so uncomfortable.

His wife had shared her bed with her young guest, and was scarcely less watchful and terrified than her husband; for Bathilde had not been very long in Paris, and never cared to leave their little floating tenement but to go to the market, or on Sunday when she donned her best costume of Languedoc, and accompanied Benoit to some of the resorts of the holiday-keepers beyond the walls; so that the wild manners of the time and city were comparatively little known to her. Louise was the only one of the party who slept throughout the night. Worn, broken down, crushed in heart and spirits, she had almost mechanically allowed Bathilde to officiate as her serving-woman; and a faint smile which passed occasionally

over her sad features, was the only token by which the good-tempered *paysanne* knew that her assistance was appreciated.

"Pardieu!" said Benoit, as they assembled to their morning repast; "I like the sun a little better than the night; how the clouds growled at the angry wind! And how the wind chafed the lighters against the piles of the bridge! Did you ever hear such a devil's squeaking as they made? Ugh!"

Benoit shuddered at the mere recollection of the sounds that had rendered the night so fearful; and then directly afterwards attacked the large log of bread, and one of a store of small cheeses, in a manner that showed his mental disquietude had not in any way affected his appetite.

"Did you hear the rain, Benoit?" asked Bathilde.

"One must have had sorry ears not to have done so," he replied. "I only dozed once; and then I dreamt I was tied to a stake in the Place de Grève with a painted paper cap on my head; and the executioner was lighting the faggots, when down came the rain and washed us all away. Just then the storm awoke me."

And he drowned the recalled terror in a horn of wine, poured out from the rude earthen jug on the table.

"You have eaten nothing, *petite*," said Bathilde, as she took the hand of Louise in her own, and pressed it kindly. "I am afraid you do not like our city food."

"Indeed you are mistaken," returned Louise: "it is most excellent. But I cannot eat. And yet," she added sadly, "I have tasted nothing for two days."

"It's a bad thing, sweetheart, not to eat," said Benoit, by way of commentary on his own proceedings. "When I was courting Bathilde, if I had not eaten and drank a great deal I should have died. Love is a terrible thing for the appetite."

"We have no honey here, nor oil, like we have at Béziers," said Bathilde.

"Ay! Béziers!" continued Benoit, with a fond reminiscence. "How I used to eat the mulberries there! You know the mulberries at Béziers, Ma'amselle Louise? And the old image of Pierre Pepesuc, that we used to dress up once a year."

"And I made ribbons for his hat," said Bathilde; "because he kept the town by himself, against the English, in the Rue Française."

"And the orchards on the bank of the Orb, and the vineyards, and the farms all along the river," continued Benoit, warming up as he called to mind the principal features of his beautiful Languedoc.

But it produced no corresponding animation in the pale face of Louise. On the contrary, she bent down her head; and they saw the tears falling, although she was evidently endeavouring to conceal her anguish from her hospitable entertainers.

"I shall never see Languedoc again," she said sorrowfully, at length.

"Oh yes you will, *ma belle*!" said Benoit cheeringly; "and so we shall all. When autumn arrives, and Jacques Mito will come and mind the mill, we will all start together. I can get a mule who will go the whole way, with easy stages."

"And we have been promised a *patache*," observed Bathilde.

"Ay — a *patache*. Mass! did you ever travel by a *patache*?"

They send you up to the sky every round the wheels make. 'Tis a fine method of seeing the country."

Bathilde laughed at her husband's explanation of the uncomfortable conveyance. But it was evident that the mention of Languedoc only brought back tearful recollections to Louise Gauthier. She shuddered, as the image of some bitter scene was called up by the allusion, and remained silent.

The day wore on. Several persons—neighbours from the bridge, and street acquaintances of Benoit—came in the course of the morning to gossip about the events of which the boat-mill had been the principal scene of action. Bathilde went to market on the quays, and while she was gone Louise busied herself in setting to rights the humble appointments of their ark. The good-hearted Languedocian himself appeared very little at ease with himself respecting the disposal of his time; and he was constantly speculating upon the chance of ever recovering a small sum of money due to him from Exili for lodging and services. He had discarded his motley habit, which hung in a woe-begone and half-ludicrous fashion against the wall; and was now attired in the simple costume of a *banlieue* peasant.

Twilight was again coming; and the little party were once more reassembled, whilst Bathilde was telling all sorts of wonderful stories of the marvels she had seen on the quays and carrefours, when a fresh visitor arrived at the boat-mill. He came alone in a small boat, similar to the one Sainte-Croix had used the preceding evening, and without announcing himself, entered the apartment with an easy, half-impudent air, which proved that he was on excellent terms with himself. Benoit and his wife received him with great respect, being somewhat overcome by his appearance; for he was gaily dressed, and assumed the air of a grand seigneur. Their visitor was in the little room lately occupied by Exili, which the kind-hearted couple had begged she would call her own so long as she chose to remain with them.

"*Salut!* good people," said the stranger on entering. "Do not let me incommode you. Is this the mill in which the poisoner Exili was captured last evening?"

"Y-e-s, monsieur," gasped Benoit, in very frightened accents, whilst he added inwardly, "It is all up with me! I shall be broken or burnt on the Grève after all!"

There could be no doubt about it, in his mind. The visitor was evidently charged with a commission to arrest him as one of the Italian's accomplices. Even Bathilde's fresh, rosy cheeks paled; chiefly, however, from beholding her husband's terror.

"My husband had nothing in the world to do with him, beyond watching his fires and selling his love spells," said Bathilde eagerly. "He had not, indeed, monsieur. Maître Picard, the *chapelier* of the Rue St. Jacques, will give him his good word."

"He is one of the Garde Bourgeois of St. Marcel," said Benoit.

"And kept the keys of the Porte Bordelle before King Louis knocked it down," added his wife rapidly.

"And his wife owns half the mulberries at Béziers," ejaculated Benoit. "I worked for her father, monsieur: he would come up to speak for me; but he has been dead ten years."

"My honest couple," said the visitor; "you appear to be giving

yourselves a great deal of unnecessary discomfort. I have very little business with either of you."

Benoit drew a good long breath of relief, and now for the first time hastened to get a seat for the stranger.

"Have you any one staying in the mill with you," inquired the new comer.

"M. Exili was our only lodger," said Benoit, not choosing to speak of the girl.

"But there is a young woman here, I think," continued the other. "The same that was present at the capture, last evening."

"Merciful Virgin! she is not a poisoner!" exclaimed Benoit, who began to misgive everything and everybody.

"Reassure yourself," replied the other; "she certainly is not, if the person be the same. Her name is—"

"Louise Gauthier?" replied Benoit, as the stranger hesitated.

"That is right. Will you tell her some one wishes to see her upon business of importance."

Bathilde ran towards the chamber to summon the young girl. She appeared immediately; but as soon as she saw who it was required her attendance, she shrank back, with an expression of alarm and dislike, as she exclaimed,

"M. Lachaussée here!"

"Yes, Ma'amselle Louise," returned Sainte-Croix's confidant, as he rose from his seat. "You do not give me a very hearty welcome. Come here."

He advanced towards her; but Louise uttered a slight cry, and retired in the direction of her chamber, appealing to Benoit for protection. The miller immediately seized a partisan, which had been left behind in the tumult of the preceding night, and put himself before the door.

"Look you, monsieur," he said; "I heard your name from her lips last night, under no very pleasant circumstances. I think you hold some situation at the Gobelins."

"Well?" returned Lachaussée coolly. "Well, my good fellow?"

"Well!" continued Benoit; "it is not well, and I am not a good fellow,—at least, I would rather not be, according to your opinion of one. Now take this hint, and don't be too pressing in your attentions."

"Pshaw! you are a fool!"

"Without doubt," said Benoit; "or rather I *was*. Yesterday it was part of my profession; to-day I am a bourgeois, if I please to call myself so. But fool or not, you shall not annoy that poor girl."

"When you have come to the end of your heroics, perhaps you will let me speak," said Lachaussée.—"Mademoiselle Gauthier," he continued, addressing himself to Louise, "you had a hurried interview here last evening with M. de Sainte-Croix. I am the bearer of a message from him."

"An apology, I hope, for his brutality," again interrupted Benoit, gaining fresh courage every minute. And he was going on with an invective, when an appealing look from Louise restrained him, and he contented himself by performing feats of revenge in imagination, flourishing his halbert about, to the great terror of Bathilde, who had never seen her husband so furious.

"I know nothing of that to which this person alludes," continued

Lachaussée to Louise. "M. de Sainte-Croix desires to see you, Mademoiselle."

"To see me!" exclaimed Louise in a tremor of excitement, not unmixed with joy. "Oh, M. Lachaussée! you are not trifling with me? Is this really true?"

"You may convince yourself within a quarter of an hour," replied the other. "I have a carriage waiting at the foot of the bridge. Possibly you may conceive the reason of my mission; of that I know nothing."

"Do you think that I ought to go," asked Louise timidly of her honest host. "And you will not say it is unkind, leaving you at this short notice? Oh! if you knew how I have prayed to see him but once more—to speak to him again, if it were but to exchange a single word, and then bid him farewell for ever."

"Unkind, sweetheart?" said Benoit, laying his rough hand upon her shoulder. "It would be greater unkindness in us to keep you here. Go, by all means; and recollect this is still your home, if you have need of one. I will not even say good bye. Shall I go with you?"

"There is no occasion for that," said Lachaussée. "There are two valets with the coach, who will see Mademoiselle safely back again, should she return. And here is something M. de Sainte-Croix desired me to offer to you, for your care of her."

He placed a purse in Benoit's hand as he spoke. The Languedocian looked at it for a few seconds, peeping into its contents like a bird; and then he shook his head, saying,

"A fiftieth part of this sum would more than repay us for what we have done. No, no—I would rather you had given me a few sous—though I did not want anything. Keep it for us, Mademoiselle Louise, until you come back."

This was Benoit's rough method of making over the money to his late guest. Louise took it, for she did not wish to annoy him by returning it.

And then—hoping, doubting, trembling—she embraced Bathilde, and accompanied Lachaussée to the water platform of the mill. Benoit lighted her into the boat, and then remained waving his torch in adieu, until they touched the landing place of the Quai du Châtelet. And then, with a hasty adieu to his wife, he jumped into his own light craft, and followed the direction the others had taken.

CHAPTER VIII.

The catacombs of the Bièvre, and their occupants.

There was much depravity and reckless disregard of every moral and social ordinance to be found moving upon the surface of the city of Paris at this epoch; but there was still more beneath it. The vast *carrières* that have undermined the city in so many directions, the chief of which are now known by the general name of "the catacombs," still existed; but they were not then, as now, appropriated to the storing of remnants of mortality collected from the overcharged cemetery of the Innocents and other places of interment. They had, however, living occupants—many, perchance,

whose bones exhumed and transported in future times from these burial-grounds, now assist in forming the ghastly decorations of these subterranean charnel-houses.

As early as the commencement of the fourteenth century, it was the custom to dig the white freestone, of which the greater part of the edifices of ancient Paris were built, from *carrières* on either side of the Bièvre, and beneath the Faubourg St. Marcel, in which neighbourhood much of our scene has passed. These undertakings were continued for two or three centuries, without method or direction, unrestrained by any authority, and entirely according to the will of the excavators; until they had not only hollowed out the ground, for an incredible distance under the faubourgs, but had even undermined the southern parts of the city, placing in great jeopardy the streets and buildings over them, as indeed they are said to be at present. The empty caverns, most of which opened to the air and light by unguarded pits and archways, at which accidents were constantly occurring, soon found inhabitants; and whenever the working of one of these *carrières* ceased, either from the fear of proceeding further, or the stoppage of the outlet by a tumbling in of the freestone, it was immediately taken possession of by the graceless wanderers and outcasts who formed the refuse of every grade and circle of society in the dissolute city.

A carriage was waiting, as Lachaussée had stated, at the side of the Seine; and when he had entered with his unsuspecting companion, it moved on towards the southern extremity of the city, in the direction Sainte-Croix had taken the preceding evening. Scarcely a word was spoken by either party, until the vehicle stopped beneath the sign of the "*Lanterne*," the low tavern in the Rue Mouffetard. The light revealed its blackened beams, and the rough, crumbling pillars that supported the upper floor.

"This is the end of our journey, mademoiselle," said Lachaussée; "we must descend now."

"But this is not the residence of M. de Sainte-Croix," observed Louise, as she cast a misgiving glance at the worn and ancient tenement.

"We shall meet him by appointment," replied the other, as he got down; "and he is certain not to be much after his time. If he has not arrived, do not be alarmed; I have received his orders to take the greatest care of you."

The manner of Lachaussée towards Louise was so completely changed since they last met, his usual insolence had turned to so respectful a bearing, that her suspicions were for a time lulled. "He is evidently trying," she thought, "to efface my recollection of his importunities."

They were admitted by the host, and Lachaussée inquired if Gaudin had arrived. The man answered in the affirmative, and moreover stated that he had gone to his laboratory, leaving word that, if any one inquired for him, especially two who answered to the description of the present visitors, they were to be admitted to him.

He threw back a heavy door in the corner of the room, as he spoke, and placed himself at the entrance with a light. It opened apparently on the brink of a dark well; at all events, there was no passage leading from it. In her anxiety to meet Sainte-Croix once

more, Louise had stepped forward before her conductor ; but as she saw the deep abyss that yearned immediately at her feet, she started with a cry of affright.

“Do not alarm yourself, mademoiselle,” said Lachaussée ; “Monsieur is a subtle chemist, and pursues his studies below. Let me go first.”

Lachaussée took the light from the host, and grasping the hand of Louise, almost dragged her towards the door-way, for she hung back from terror. The light revealed a few rude wooden steps, down which they passed ; and then she found herself, with her guide, in a narrow excavation, scarcely large enough to contain them both, and hewn in the solid limestone.

A straightened passage led, from this hollow ; upon a rapid descent. The walls were roughly fashioned, as well as the roof, from which large blocks depended, which threatened every instant to tumble down and crush those below. At the sides the stone was dirty and smoothed, as if from the frequent contact of passers by ; but above, it was white, and scintillated in places from the reflection of the light which Lachaussée carried. They went rapidly on, still going down, down, until the arched-way became damp, and in some places small streams of water trickled through the walls, or mixed with the lime and depended in stalactites from the projecting pieces. Then other caverns branched out from the track they were following, and were soon lost in the obscurity. Shells and marine fossils, so bright that they almost appeared metallic, were everywhere visible ; and occasionally the petrified traces of monsters of a former world started out from the rude boundaries of the passage. The air became chill and damp ; the breath of the intruders steamed in the flaring light of the torch ; and their footsteps fell without an echo, clogged by the deadened and imprisoned atmosphere. Louise spoke not a word ; but even clung to Lachaussée in the fright of their dreary journey.

Before long the way became more lofty and spacious. Other tracks evidently branched into it from various points ; and the paths were more beaten, but still always descending. Louise fancied she heard sounds too ; now and then the echo of a laugh, as at a distance, or the roar of hasty altercation. She addressed several questions to Lachaussée, as to how much further they had to travel ; but received no reply, beyond a common-place evasion. Then the sounds were louder and nearer ; and at last the superintendent of the Gobelins pushed aside a curtain of coarse sackcloth that hung before a door-way, as if to deaden the noise within ; and led Louise into an apartment about thirty feet square, roughly cut in the same manner as the archway, but in a soft chalky stone—that kind which, burnt and pulverised, is known so well in the arts.

There were many people, of both sexes, in this vault, and a glance sufficed to shew that they were collected from the lowest dregs of those who lived from day to day they cared not how—in Paris. When any one of their usual haunts — “the Cour des Miracles,” before alluded to, — became too prominent in its iniquities for the police to suffer it to remain unvisited, they sought a refuge in the “*carrières*” at the southern part of the city, beyond the barriers, out of the jurisdiction of the Guet Royal. The *Garde Bourgeois* they set entirely at defiance. Having once taken possession of their

subterranean domain, approach was at all times dangerous, except to the initiated. The fruits of all the robberies committed in the faubourgs were stored in the gypsum vaults of St. Marcel: and these caverns also served to secrete those hapless people who had been carried off by force, and were either sent from there to America, to be sold, as they affirmed, having been kept "*en charte privée*:" or else they were disposed of to the officers who were on the look-out for recruits. Lachaussée's employments, whilst in the service of Sainte-Croix were of this nature, and will in some measure account for his intimacy with the inhabitants of the *carrières*.

There was a rough table in this room, formed by planks laid upon blocks of gypsum. Seats of the same fashion were placed about, and settles were in some places cut from the limestone itself. Lamps were hung from the roof, burning dimly in the imprisoned air, and smoking the blackened pointed incrustation that depended around them in fanciful variety.

We have said that several persons, both male and female, were grouped about the room. Some were drinking: others quarrelling over and dividing their spoils: and many were sleeping off the fumes of intoxication. But there was one man striding about the room, to whom they all appeared to pay some deference, — such respect, at least, as could be enacted from the party. He was of enormous stature, and clad in the rudest manner, in garments apparently chosen from half-a-dozen different wardrobes. His hair hung matted and dishevelled about his head, and his arms were bare, of immense power, and scarred in all directions. One eye was perfectly closed, the result of some violent attack; and the other glared unnaturally, from the absence of a portion of the upper eyelid. As Lachaussée lifted up the curtain he turned sharply round, but, recognising him, dropped immediately into his usual lounging position. This man was Bras d'Acier; the most celebrated brigand of the city.

"M. Lachaussée," he said, "enter. I thought Colbert had dared some of his bloodhounds to follow us. Whom have you there?"

"A friend of M. de Sainte-Croix," replied the intendant, with much significance.

"He wishes her taken the greatest care of."

"She is welcome," replied Bras d'Acier. "His wishes shall be obeyed."

Louise uttered a scream as Bras d'Acier advanced towards her, and would have fled; but Lachaussée held her by the hand, and he pulled her into the vault. The women at the same time rose from their seats, and collected around, and in an instant had dispossessed her of a few ornaments of humble jewellery which she carried in her hair.

"M. Lachaussée," cried the terrified girl, "you have cruelly deceived me! Where is M. de Sainte-Croix?"

A loud laugh broke from those about her, as Bras d'Acier took her from the intendant, and pulled her under the lamp.

"M. de Sainte-Croix will be here directly; especially if he knows such a pretty face expects him. In the mean time you can bestow your favours as you please. Give me a kiss."

He attempted to draw her still closer towards him; but Louise, shuddering from his advances, freed herself from his hold, and crouched down at his feet.

"Is there no one to protect me?" she cried. "M. Lachauscée, you shall pay dearly for this treachery. Help! help! Gaudin! are you near me, or have I been so cruelly deceived?"

"Pshaw!" returned the ruffian, at whose feet she was crouching, as he liberated her wrists. "I never give myself much trouble in these matters; too many women are too eager to court me. There—get up: you will know better after you have lived with us a little time."

"What do you mean?" asked the terrified girl. "You do not intend to keep me here?"

"I am sorry, if it displeases you, to say we cannot let you go," answered Lachauscée, entirely altering his tone.

"What is the meaning of all this? For the love of heaven, tell me for what you have brought me hither."

"To take care of you—that is all," said Lachauscée. "Paris is a dangerous place for youth and beauty like yours; besides, you will find companions to cheer your solitude."

Louise looked round, and shuddered at the unpromising countenances about her. Some were laughing, others gazing in stupid curiosity; but none seemed to sympathise with her. She covered her face with her hands, to shut them from her sight. One of the women, an amazonian creature, who was near her, pulled them away, as she said:

"We have an altar, if you wish to pray: you will find nothing omitted in our *cour souterrain*. Only do not hide your face, for you will be married to-morrow; and it is right your future husband should see something of you."

Louise was too frightened to reply. She looked wildly about her, and drew back trembling to Lachauscée; loathing him, yet he appeared the most human of this fearful company. The woman who had addressed her pointed to the altar she had spoken of. It was indeed there, at the end of the room, cut out from the gypsum, and surrounded by a few rough ornaments of the same material.

"Why not marry her at once," continued the woman; "Jerôme Barbier has no wife. *A la noce! à la noce!*"

"*A la noce!*" chorussed all the others.

"Look here, ma'amzelle," cried the amazon, leading a man forward. "Is he not a proper bridegroom? Will you have him? We have the *cruche* ready to be broken."

The man advanced, and was about to offer some rude salutation, when Louise darted from the side of Lachauscée, and, hurrying along the vault, threw herself upon the highest step of the altar, clasping the crucifix that surmounted it with her hands. No one had time to arrest her progress; the movement had been too sudden.

"*Asile!*" she cried. "A sanctuary! If you have any respect for this holy sign, and it is not set up here in mockery, I claim it. I throw myself on the protection of the cross!"

Superstition, rather than religion, had a powerful hold upon these lawless people. Even Bras d'Acier was silent, and the remainder appeared indecisive how to act.

But the duration of this silence soon came to an end. Whilst the ruffians and their associates were yet doubting what course they should pursue, they were startled by a dull, heavy knocking, repeated at slow intervals, and sounding in the immediate vicinity of

the cross, to which Louise was clinging. It was first observed by Bras D'Acier, and he called the attention of Lachaussée to it, as a small piece of limestone, unsettled by the concussion, fell upon the rough floor of the vault. Louise, too, heard the noise; and, seeing that it appeared to alarm her persecutors, redoubled her cries.

"Silence, woman!" cried Bras d'Acier, although in a subdued voice, as the deadened blows still kept on. "Silence, I tell you; if you think your life worth keeping."

"Knock her on the head," said one of the ruffians.

"Drag her from the cross," exclaimed the woman who had before spoken. "I will do it myself, if you are all so terror-stricken."

"Hold!" shouted a third, as he raised his hand in an attitude of denunciation. It was the broken down abbé, whom Lachaussée had before met with the students. "Such violation must not be. The crumbling walls would fall and crush you all beneath their ruins did you invade the sanctity of that altar. Back—and respect this holy emblem!"

Degraded as Camus was, there was something in his manner and attitude that awed the group about him. They had advanced at the instigation of the woman, but now once more fell back.

The noise still continued, but it came nearer and nearer; and now the sound of a voice could be heard shouting, but in the distance.

"It is a fresh scheme of Colbert's hounds," said Bras d'Acier. "They know every vault and underground alley in Paris as well as the rats. To the Carrière Montrouge with ye all! I will dispose of this squeaking girl myself, though heaven and hell forbid it."

His companions immediately took the hint. They hastily collected their things together; hiding some of them in niches and corners of the quarry, and then fled through the different archways in the direction indicated by Bras d'Acier; whilst the robber himself remained in the *carrière*, together with Lachaussée.

CHAPTER IX.

4 The revenge of Sainte-Croix. The rencontre in the Bastille.

WE left the Marchioness of Brinvilliers at the moment when her husband, in company with the Guet Royal, entered the court-yard, where she was lying in real or well-feigned insensibility, Sainte-Croix by her side, his drawn sword in his hand, and Camille Theria, a silent observer of the group, leaning with folded arms against one of the pillars of the door-way.

At the sudden exclamation of the Marquis, Sainte-Croix had started from his stooping position, and for a moment all was silence and expectation. Gaudin was a bold and ready-witted man; but the rage, jealousy, and hate that worked within him, almost overmastered even his well-practised invention. For an instant he thought of declaring his guilty passion for Marie, although at the risk of involving himself in her ruin; for he knew the hasty and vindictive temper of Brinvilliers. But this passed away, and with one great effort he turned calmly to Theria.

"Now, sir," said he; "you will believe the assurance of this lady's husband, that she is not what you took her for."

The quick glance of intelligence that passed between them showed how well Theria understood the game Sainte-Croix was playing. Advancing to the Marquis, with a respectful bow, he tendered, in set phrase, his humble apology for having, in mistake, insulted "Madame la Marquise." He had an appointment on the spot, he declared; and the cloak which the Marchioness wore, together with the darkness of the night, had prevented his discovering that she was not the person he had expected, until her cries had brought in Sainte-Croix, who was passing, as he said himself, to his lodgings in the Rue des Bernardines, hard by the Place Maubert.

Whether fully satisfied with this explanation or not, the Marquis of Brinvilliers was too much a *coureur des rues* himself to scan too closely the equivocal position in which he had found his wife. She accounted very naturally for her presence by her connection with Glazer, the apothecary, who furnished the medicines for her patients in the Hôtel Dieu. The guard retired on finding that no more disturbance was to be apprehended; and Panurge, having summoned a *voiture de place* Antoine took a friendly leave of Sainte-Croix, thanking him for his interposition, handed in the Marchioness, and they drove rapidly off in the direction of the Pont Notre Dame.

"Adieu, Monsieur de Saint-Croix, or *au revoir*, if you will," said Theria, when they were left once more alone together. "The poor Marquis wears his horns with a grace that belongs exclusively to the court of our *Grand Monarque*. It would be a pity to rob him of so becoming an ornament."

Gaudin scarcely knew what answer to make. Nor indeed did Theria permit any, as he continued:

"For myself I renounce all pretensions, and leave the field to you. The poor student is no rival for the gallant captain of the Regiment de Tracy."

And with a smile that had in it more of mockery than mirth, he rapidly remounted the stairs, without waiting for a reply.

Sainte-Croix offered none. It was only by the clenched teeth and quivering play of his brow that his thoughts could have been read, as he strode with a hasty step along the Rue St. Victor to his own lodgings. His was one of those natures that take their tone from the accidental circumstances around them. He might have been a military hero, an enthusiastic priest, a successful politician. The illegitimacy of his birth, and the colour of the times, had made him an adventurer, a gambler, a criminal. His love for Marie de Brinvilliers had been passionate and intense; as it can be only in natures like his own. Now that the current of it had been forced back upon his heart, it seemed changed to a deep, deadly, withering hate.

"I will be her bane—her curse!" he exclaimed, as he paced up and down the apartment, after flinging his hat and cloak aside. "I will be her bad angel. She shall be mine—yes, body and soul—in life and after it! And I will triumph over that besotted fool, her husband. Come, my power—my talisman!"

With a short, dry laugh, he stopped before a massive bureau which stood, surmounted by a narrow mirror, between the windows of the room. And, taking up a small iron-clamped box, he opened it, and brought from it a small packet carefully sealed, and a vial of clear colourless fluid.

"Come," he continued. "The fools who envy me—the bastard-

captain—my fortune, have said I had discovered the philosopher's stone. I have it—it is here: the source, not of life, but death!"

He held the packet in his hand a moment; and then returning it to its place in the casket, resumed his hasty walk, and broken exclamations of passion, strangely mixed with triumph.

An hour had passed away, when, La Prairie, one of his servants, entering the room, announced Françoise Rousset, femme de chambre to the Marchioness de Brinvilliers. The girl entered with a look of terror that contrasted strangely with her lively and good-humoured face; and handing a note to Sainte-Croix with much the same air which a child would put on in presenting a cake to an elephant, timidly waited his answer.

"Tell Madame la Marquise, that I will attend to her," said Sainte-Croix, as he hastily ran over the contents of the note.

The girl curtsied, and left the room with more precipitation than grace. For Sainte-Croix was said to deal in strange and forbidden arts; and the same tastes which among the rich had won for him the reputation of a successful alchemist, had established for him also, amongst the vulgar, a character for intimacy with Satan and his imps, which his dark and lowering manner, at the moment Françoise entered, was well calculated to sustain.

"So," he exclaimed, slowly re-reading the letter, and dwelling on parts of it with a bitter emphasis, "you are determined not to outlive the night, and would have some of the subtle poison of which you have heard me speak. No, fair lady: we must not part so soon. Now begins my triumph!"

And with these words he resumed his hat and mantle; and leaving orders that Lachaussée, should he return, was to await him in the house, he entered a fiacre, and drove to the Hôtel d'Aubray, the residence of the Marchioness, in the Rue Neuve St. Paul, not far from the Bastille.

His road lay across the Pont de la Tournelle, which connected the Ile St. Louis with the Quartier des Bernardins. The fiacre was lumbering along this route, when Gaudin was startled from his moody reflections by its sudden stoppage. Looking out to ascertain its cause, he saw that they were in the Rue des Deux Ponts, and his horses entangled with those belonging to another carriage, escorted by two armed laquais, whose altercation with the driver of the fiacre was not so loud but that, from the interior of the vehicle which they guarded, Sainte-Croix could hear a mingled sound of oaths, shrieks, and remonstrances, in a woman's voice. Gaudin would have heeded this little, had it not been for the stoppage, which, excited as he was, chafed him beyond his usual coolness. Springing out of the fiacre, he found himself, almost before he knew it, crossing swords with the two laquais, one of whom he slightly wounded; the other, hotly pressed, sheltered himself by running behind the carriage, calling loudly for help.

One of the carriage windows was now suddenly broken from within, and he could see that its occupants were struggling; the one for escape, the other to prevent it; whilst the shouts of "*au secours!*" grew louder and louder. Sainte-Croix abandoned his pursuit of the servant, and was proceeding to open the door of the carriage, when it was suddenly forced from within, and a woman,

young, beautiful, and richly dressed, half fell, half sprang into his arms.

“Marrotte Dupré!”

“Gaudin de Sainte-Croix!”

The exclamations were uttered at the same instant.

“Save me, as you are a gentleman!” cried the girl; at the moment, she was seized by a person masked, who leapt after her into the street.

“*A moi! monsieur,*” cried Sainte-Croix, still holding the girl, and presenting his drawn sword to her companion.

The male occupant of the carriage burst into a loud laugh, and pulling off his mask, discovered the features of the Marquess de Brinvilliers!

“Ventre St. Bleu, my friend! we are fated to odd rencontres,” cried Brinvilliers. “You have begun the night by protecting my wife; you finish it by robbing me of a mistress.”

“No, no!” cried the girl, an actress at the theatre in the Rue du Temple. “I am no mistress of his: it is against my will that I am here: he carried me off from my mother’s. Save me, Monsieur de Sainte-Croix!”

“Pardon, Mademoiselle,” returned Gaudin, sheathing his sword. “I cannot interfere in an affair of gallantry. *Au revoir, Marquis,* and success attend your wooing.”

So saying he resigned the poor girl, who continued to shriek, and implore his aid, in heart-rending entreaties, to the Marquis. Kissing his hand, he remounted the fiacre, which was by this time disengaged. And each proceeded on his way; the husband to his amour, the gallant to his wife!

The Hôtel d’Aubray, in which the Marchioness de Brinvilliers resided with her father, Monsieur Dreux d’Aubray, Lieutenant-civil of the city of Paris, was a massive building, as we have stated, in the Rue Neuve St. Paul, lately erected by Lemercier. The fiacre rolled under its arched gateway, incrustated with the cupids and wreaths which characterised the ornamental architecture of the period, and stopped in the court-yard. Except on the *entresol*, where a light shone from the window of the Marchioness’s boudoir, the heavy square was dark and silent. Françoise was on the watch, and admitting Sainte-Croix by an *escalier dérobé* led him, with a light step, to a door concealed by tapestry, where, knocking with three low raps, she left him. The door opened and Sainte-Croix, for the second time that night, stood face to face with the Marchioness de Brinvilliers.

It was a low but spacious room. Heavy curtains of rich dark damask almost hid the two windows. The floor was covered with a soft Persian carpet—a luxury then unusual in Paris; and the air was heavy with the perfume that wreathed in thin blue smoke from a silver *cassolette* on the carved marble mantelshelf, over which hung a full-length portrait of the Marchioness, painted with all the elaborate finish of Mignard’s pencil, but scarcely so lovely as the original on whom Sainte-Croix was gazing with a passion quite unaffected by the contempt he felt for her. On a table near the fire were piled rare fruits; and the reflection of the ruddy flame leapt and sparkled in the silver wine-flagons and tall-stemmed Venetian glasses.

On a settee beside the table sat Marie, in studied disarray. She

might have been made up after one of Guido's Magdalens, so beautiful were her rounded shoulders—so dishevelled her light hair—so little of real grief in her swimming eye, and so much of voluptuous abandonment in the attitude of resignation she wore when Sainte-Croix entered the room.

He comprehended all the artifice in a moment ; but there are states of feeling in which trickery, so far from inspiring disgust, is most acceptable. All truth and sincerity was at an end between them ; and the only tie that yet held them together—that of passion—has a craving for such dexterity as the Marchioness had exhibited in the *mise en scène* of herself and boudoir. Without an effort to resist its influence, and with a voluntary yielding up, for the moment, of his scorn and bitterness, Sainte-Croix passed on to the couch, and sinking at his mistress's feet, felt her hands entwine his neck, and her long hair mingling with his own, as her rosy mouth, pressed to his forehead, half-sighed, half-whispered, "Forgive!"

Not a word was spoken. A more perfect adept in all the arts of gallantry than Sainte-Croix never encountered a more passionate and more calculating woman than Marie de Brinvilliers.

"Gaudin!" said the Marchioness, in a low, sweet voice, "You love me—still?"

"Ever—ever!" murmured Sainte-Croix. And so far as passion is love, he spoke truly at that moment.

"I cannot live without thee, Gaudin," continued Marie. "Antoine knows of our love. I saw it in his face to-night as we returned from the Place Maubert. He will kill thee, Gaudin; and, my father—" Marie shuddered with well-feigned terror.

"Has your husband seen M. d'Aubray to-night?" inquired Sainte-Croix.

"They were closeted together after our return," replied the Marchioness.

Quick as thought, Sainte-Croix raised his head to the face of the Marchioness; and, half-muttering to himself, said—

"You have not played me false again?" A shower of kisses was the only answer. Another pause ensued, broken by Sainte-Croix.

"Marie!" he said, "they must die, or our happiness is impossible."

"Who?" asked the Marchioness eagerly.

"Your husband and your father."

With a hasty shriek, Marie flung her lover from her, and retreated as far as the couch would allow her, repeating, as if in a dream, "Die! my husband, and my father!"

"Ay," said Gaudin, uttering each word slowly and calmly, as if he would have had it sink into the heart and memory of her he was addressing. "Ay—die! if we are to give the rein to our attachment. I cannot brook the slow and secret arts of an intrigue with thee, Marie: my love must have full scope and open daylight. I repeat, your husband and father must be removed. Do you understand me?"

The Marchioness returned no answer. Her hands were clasped over her eyes, and the hot tears trickled through her fingers, strained convulsively as if to shut out sight—sound—all sense whatever.

"I have the means," continued Gaudin: "safe, secure means, that defy detection. You know the medicines that I have given you

from time to time for your patients at the Hôtel Dieu. How did they work?"

"Alas! alas!" screamed the Marchioness, "I see it all: they were poisons! Oh, Gaudin!—lost—lost!" And she buried her face in the cushions, writhing like a serpent.

Not an emotion was traceable in the face of Sainte-Croix, as, with a steady hand, he took a small packet from his cloak, and slowly breaking the seals, shook a portion of its contents into one of the glasses near him—a tall goblet with a piece of antique money blown in its hollow stem—which he filled with wine. He then raised the Marchioness from her crouching position, and, lifting the glass to his lips, said to her;

"Marie: in your letter to me this night, you asked for means of death. You are not of that clay from which a self-murderess is made. Let our love end. I will set you an example."

He made a motion as if to drink, but deliberately enough for the Marchioness to seize his hand and arrest the progress of the goblet to his mouth.

"No! no!" she ejaculated, "I will be your tool, your slave, even until death!" Sainte-Croix placed the goblet on the table and clasped Marie in his arms, when suddenly a different door from that by which he had entered opened, and a tall, stately old man stood looking on the scene before him. Absorbed in each other they had not heard the door open, and it was not until his deep voice uttered the name of Marie, that the Marchioness and Sainte-Croix perceived the intruder. It was Monsieur D'Aubray.

"My father!" shrieked the agonized woman, her eyes staring and her lips apart. Sainte-Croix spoke not a word, but rose and bowed.

The old man returned the salutation, as ceremoniously as if the scene were passing at the king's levée at Versailles.

"To your chamber," he said at length, addressing himself to Marie. Then, turning to Gaudin, he continued, "Monsieur de Sainte-Croix, I will provide you with a lodging where you will run no risk of compromising the honour of a noble family."

He drew from the pocket of his coat a folded paper. Sainte-Croix recognized the regal seal, and bowing, exclaimed:

"A *lettre de cachet*, I presume. For Vincennes?"

"Better, Monsieur le Capitaine," replied D'Aubray; "for the Bastille."

"I am too good a soldier to demur to any order of his Majesty, however disagreeable," said Sainte-Croix. "As for my appearance here, I will not attempt to justify it."

"*Palsambleu!* you do well, sir," said the old man, his voice quivering with anger, "and I would recommend your example to Madame la Marquise, there, my daughter, and—your paramour."

"Monsieur, *de grace!*" returned Gaudin deprecatingly. "Your son-in-law will find me ready on my return from confinement to make him every amende he can ask as a gentleman. But be not unkind to your daughter: it is I alone who am to blame in this matter."

A grateful look from Marie rewarded Sainte-Croix for his apparent magnanimity; and even D'Aubray, much as he was moved, seemed struck with it; for, in a tone of less bitterness than before, he requested Sainte-Croix to attend him into the courtyard, where the archers were in waiting.

"Willingly," answered Gaudin. "But, monsieur, before I go, let me exchange a pledge with you; do not refuse me this one favour:" and, filling another glass, he offered to D'Aubray the one he had before poured out.

"To my speedy reformation," said he, as he raised his glass.

D'Aubray was on the point of drinking, when, with a shriek, the Marchioness dashed the goblet from his hand, and it fell shivered on the floor.

"What means this?" said her father passionately. "Are you mad, madame?"

"Nay," interrupted Sainte-Croix. "Apparently, Madame la Marquise has no desire to see me a better or a sober man. Ah these women!" he added, in a half-aside tone to the Marquis; and shrugging his shoulders. "*Allons, monsieur!*" then, as if suddenly recollecting something, he continued, "The staircase is guarded, I presume. You are too experienced a magistrate to neglect every precaution."

Monsieur D'Aubray bowed.

"Then, will you give me a moment alone with your daughter?" asked Sainte-Croix. "On my honour, I will not abuse it."

D'Aubray paused; but after a minute's thought, replied,

"You have behaved better than I expected, Monsieur de Sainte-Croix. I grant your request." And so saying, he quitted the apartment.

As he left the boudoir, the Marchioness gazed wildly and enquiringly at Gaudin, who, only whispering in her ear,—"*Fool!* you have thrown away a chance to-night that may never occur again,"—threw open the window of the *entresol*, and, after a careful look, continued, in a low tone,—"*As I expected, the court is empty.*"

Then with a sign that checked the Marchioness, who was apparently on the point of flinging her arms about his neck, he quickly stepped from the window, and, aided by the trellise-work and ornaments of the intercolumnar architecture of the Hôtel, descended easily and safely to the ground. A glance at the *porte cochère*, which was open, showed him a fiacre in waiting, with two *exempts*, who guarded the porch with their halberts. Wrapping his cloak round his left arm, and drawing his sword, with a spring he was under the shade of the archway almost before the sentinels' attention was awakened. Then, receiving on his cloaked arm the ill-directed blow of the one, he ran the other through the body, and, springing over him, was in the street before the alarm was given.

He sped along, and was turning the corner of the Rue Neuve St. Paul, when some one suddenly sprang from a doorway upon him, and then, being borne down by his impetuous rush, still clung round his body, and effectually hampered his progress. With curses, he strove to free his sword-arm, and would soon have rid himself of his assailant, had not the archers, who were in chase, at that moment arrived to take their prisoner from the clutches of his captor, who was neither more nor less than Benoit, our friend the mountebank of the Carrefour du Châtelet, who, at the termination of an adventure to be hereafter explained, had tracked Sainte-Croix to the Hôtel d'Aubray, and remained crouched in a doorway of the Rue St. Paul until the arrival of the archers.

Sullenly Sainte-Croix resigned his sword to the officer in command, who attended him to the fiacre; and then, mounting beside him, they set off at a foot pace to the Bastille. During the short journey Sainte

Croix was silent; and, as the fiacre rolled over the drawbridge of the frowning fortress, which he had traversed under such different circumstances but the evening before, and along its barbican lined with low cabarets, wherein soldiers were gaming and drinking, to the inner gate, it would have been difficult to say which was the official and which the prisoner. On their arrival at the lodge of the Under-Governor, a parley was held, which ended in that functionary expressing his regret to Monsieur de Sainte-Croix that he could not accommodate him with a separate apartment.

"Do not trouble yourself, Monsieur," replied Sainte-Croix, with a forced laugh. "Provided my fellow-lodger is silent and cleanly, I had rather have his company than that of my own thoughts. I have no doubt we shall be long enough together to become excellent friends."

"If you do not object, then," answered the courtly deputy, "to another inmate, I have a chamber that will suit you exactly. Galouchet, conduct Monsieur de Sainte-Croix to Number Eleven in the Tour du Nord. I wish you a good night, sir."

With mutual inclinations, they separated, and Sainte-Croix followed the gaoler along the gloomy passages. His guide at length paused at a door numbered eleven, and, unlocking it, threw it open with a polite "*Par ici, Monsieur.*"

Gaudin entered. The room was not a *cachot*. It had a boarded floor and a tolerably large window, though heavily barred. There was nothing in its appearance, of those terrible underground dungeons, which, in the notions of the vulgar, formed the only places of confinement in the Bastille. It contained some rude furniture, and two truckle beds, one of which was occupied.

The gaoler set the light on the table; and, as he turned to depart, the unwonted glare roused the original tenant of the room. Starting up on his pallet, he disclosed to Sainte-Croix the livid face of the prisoner of the preceding evening,—the physician of the Carrefour du Châtelet.

It was Exili!

ANECDOTICAL GATHERINGS.

BY R. B. PEAKE.

WINNERS BY THE TURF.

Breda was treasonably delivered to the Duke of Parma, but it was retaken by stratagem in March, 1590, by Prince Maurice of Nassau; a vessel was loaded apparently with turf, of which fuel the besieged were in want; under the covering of the turf a party of soldiers were concealed.

Admission to the town having been thus gained, the soldiers left their place of concealment during the night, overpowered the guard, and opened the gates to Prince Maurice.

HAMLET IN PARIS.

An English company was performing in Paris, at the period that Miss Smithson created a sensation in that capital as a tragic actress.

One night, Shakspear's Hamlet was played (a very different affair from its translation by Mons. Ducis). But the English tragedy was not calculated to please a Parisian audience, who, enduring the soliloquies, and a vast deal that they could not understand, for a time sat patiently, but the crisis came; they reprobated, and very properly, the childish *grossièreté* of the Grave-digger's numberless waistcoats; and, as every waistcoat was pulled off, they shouted, they execrated, they vociferated, "*Un autre gilet—Un autre gilet.*"

Soon after this came the last scene—the Queen dies; then Laertes dies, "*Un autre gilet,*" shouted the audience; the King dies, "*Un autre gilet,*" roared the audience; Hamlet dies, his last words are, "The rest is silence!" "*Un autre gilet,*" screamed the audience.

Under the circumstances, we are not surprised at the Parisians.

PORTUGUESE NAVY. (1777.)

Major Dalrymple, in his Travels through Portugal, relates that, being in conversation with a gentleman one day at the hotel where he lodged, an officer of marines quartered at Ocyrus, dressed in his uniform, and wearing a sword, came into the house, and asking for the very gentleman with whom the Major was discoursing, pulled a pair of stockings out of his pocket, and gave them to him. Major Dalrymple was informed that the poor gentleman was a lieutenant in the navy, whose wife was a washerwoman; and that often, while she was employed in her vocation, she sent him on her errands. "What must a man do with a family," added the officer, "when he has only forty shillings a month?"

LORD HOWE.

George the Second was never profuse of compliment to anybody, but he told Lord Howe "That his life had been one continued series of services to his country."

On the "glorious first of June," 1794, he gained a complete victory over the enemy; and, besides ten French ships being dismasted, three only of the Squadron were enabled to rejoin the French admiral. Howe had the glory of towing into Portsmouth six ships of the line. The following verse appeared on the occasion, supposed to have been written in English, by a celebrated French author:—

"Men easily imitate others, they say,
If they are but instructed at first in the way;
But the truth of this rule we by no means allow,
Nor care we to fight, when the English shew HOWE!"

CUSTOMS. (1773.)

(*Extract from a newspaper*).—Monday morning between twelve and one o'clock, eleven smugglers, well mounted on horseback, and armed, passed over London Bridge, and crossed the city unmolested; each had four bags of tea, usually containing twenty-eight pounds; and yesterday morning, about one o'clock, nine men on horseback, armed, and laden as above, crossed London Bridge, and pursued the same track as the former party.

A GOOD TRANSLATION.

When the engraving first appeared from Sir Joshua Reynolds's celebrated picture of "GARRICK BETWEEN THE COMIC AND TRAGIC MUSES," it was immediately pirated, and re-engraved in Paris, under the title of "L'HOMME ENTRE LE VIC ET LA VERTU."

EPILOGUE.

In modern times an epilogue was considered of the greatest service in bespeaking the favour of an audience on the first representation of a play. Great ingenuity has been occasionally shewn in the concoction of an epilogue, and much wit and playful humour displayed. Garrick, the Colmans, John Taylor, Miles, Peter Andrews, and others, have shone in this species of composition; but for brevity, and (want of) point, the epilogue to "Pandora or the Converts," a comedy by Sir William Killebrew, vice chamberlain to her Majesty, 1666, exceeds them all:

"Ladies, our author has so great respect
To your fair sex, he fears some grosse defect
In his best characters, may prove so short
Of your perfections, he needs pardon for 't
If such sad fate, do now attend his play,
In 's cloak, thus muffled, he will sneak away;
But if you lik 't, he will on tiptoe go,
That all the world may the proud author know."

To the edition in which this play is printed, the following lines are prefixed.

Of Pandora's not being approved upon the Stage as a Tragedy.

"Sir, you should rather teach our age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your play;
You had oblig'd us by imploying wit,
Not to reforme PANDORA, but the PIT:
For as the NIGHTINGALE, without the throng
Of other birds, alone attends her song,
While the loud DAW, his throat displaying, draws
The whole assembly of his fellow DAWs;
So must the writer, whose productions should
Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould;
While nobler fancies make a flight too high,
For common view, and lessen as they fly."

EDMUND WALLER.

CURRAN.

Egan, the lawyer, was a man of great thews and sinews. On going into a bath, he exultingly struck his breast, which was furnished like that of Esau, and exclaimed, "Curran, did you ever see so fine a chest?" "Trunk, you mean," said Mr. Curran.

FORGERY.

One Howel Gwen was convicted of forging a deed, by putting a dead man's hand unto it, and condemned in 100*l.* fine, and to stand on the pillory two hours before the hall gate. He cut off a dead man's hand, and put a pen and seal into it, and so signed, sealed, and delivered the deed, with the dead hand, and swore that he saw the deed sealed and delivered.—*Stile's Rep.* 362, 363.

WE HAVE NO SUCH FUN NOW-A-DAYS!

June 1776. The Duchess of Chatres lately beat the Duke, her husband, in a foot race of five hundred yards, on their own terrace, for two hundred guineas. P. P.

N.B.—The Duchess was allowed to tie her coats above the knees of her drawers!

PASSING REMARK.

On Wednesday, May 10, 1823, a gentleman walking down Bernard Street, Russell Square, discovered a very bad fire . . . in *Mr. Munden's kitchen!*

The admirable actor was not famed for hospitality.

VOLTAIRE.

A young nobleman, of an elevated turn of mind, and a frequent visitor of the great Voltaire, having received, or at least imagined he had received an affront, sent a challenge in support of his honour, and told Mons. Voltaire that he was next morning to fight a duel. "With whom?" said the philosopher hastily. "With the Marquis de —," replied the hero. The Marquis was at the sober period of forty-seven; his antagonist in the impetuous season of twenty-three. "And will you really fight the Marquis?" "Really," replied the youth. "Then I commend your spirit," added the poet; and immediately wrote to the Marquis, informing him, that "the poor boy was heartily sorry for his rashness, and begged that he (Voltaire) would intercede for his pardon."

But this was not all: there was still to be a rencontre, though not with the Marquis. The youth went to the appointed place of combat, and there saw an *antagonist*, with a weapon far keener than pointed steel. The adversary was a mule, the tamest the philosopher had; and the weapon was the following label, fixed to one of the animal's ears:

"O, Frère! Je vous défie de me montrer aucun droit divin ni humain, qui permet de tuer pour l'honneur."

The youth, in a towering passion, sought the mule-driver; but the latter had taken care to be off; and the former had too much humanity to wreak his vengeance on a poor inoffensive mule. In short, his rage gradually abated; Reason assumed her empire; he acknowledged the truth of the inscription, broke his sword to pieces, and retired.

ANOTHER AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

Andrew Franklin (for many years connected with the *Morning Advertiser*) produced a farce at the Haymarket Theatre, called "The Hypochondriac." In one scene of the piece, some soldiers are quartered upon the landlord of an inn, whose house is full. On being asked where they were to be placed, Fawcet, who acted the landlord, had to reply "Oh, take the soldiers down into the kitchen, and *there they will be sure to have TO STAND FIRE.*"

His late Royal Highness, the Duke of Gloucester, had heard from some rehearsal-dangler, the above sentence, which he immediately pronounced to be "derogatory to the dignity of the army." Puerile as it may appear, a party, on the first night of the farce, assembled to condemn it; and it was only permitted to be repeated, by an assurance that the manager (G. Colman) would cut out the objectionable words.

BALLYRAGGET.

BY THE IRISH WHISKEY-DRINKER.

- * SOME bards there are who sing of Rhode's Colossus,
Which King Bonassus built before he died ;
They ne'er saw Ballyragget—their's the loss is—
The finest place you'd meet with in a summer's ride.
It beats Avoca, or Poolafooca,
Or Pernambuco, or the Immortal Nine,
Or Asia Minor, that's far diviner,
Where jolly Bacchus planted first the vine.
'Twas there Lord Ellenboro' made a great stir, oh !
Pulling down the poor people's houses in Cabul ;
He ran from the Punjob—wasn't that a fine fun job,
When he sent the gates of Somnauth, with his compliments,
to the Great Mogul.
Neither Siam, Sienna, nor proud Vienna,
Can with Ballyragget at all, at all, compare,
From the mines of Golconda to the bridge of Drumcondra,
Or wherever you wander, in the open air,
If you've any observation, or genteel edication,
You'll say, for jollification, it is most rich and rare !
There flows the strayme that runs through sweet Kilkenny,
And washes the scrubberies in great Ormonde's demesne ;
Under the water you'll see the ould round-towers
Crying out, "By the powers, why don't yez build us up again ?"
In Ballyragget, when winter hard is blowing,
You'll find the whiskey glowing, warm, and nice ;
In summer's hot sayson, if you take it in rayson,
It slips down like a custard, and as cool as ice.
Says Lord Devon, "By my sowl, Pat, I'll take your advice !"
His lordship's condition, and his saddle-bag commission,
Is a great deal the better of that same, d'ye see ?
But, my lord, it will plague you, and about the head fatague you,
If you have your grog mixed by the Widow Machree.
Once Major O'Maley, he said very gaily,
When the Eighty-Eighth Royal Irish defatyed the Grand Turk,
"Drink all before ye, boys ! that's the way to glory, boys !"
"Rowl up the liquor, your honour," says Tony Burke.
"We'll sail to-morrow," says our brave commander,
"To Spain or Flanders through the breakers' rear."
Then after that we fought at Talavero,
At Albuero, and everywhere, oh ! and some places more.

BALLYRAGGET has not been described by any of the ancient geographers. Probably they never heard of such a place, although the contrary might be contended for on the strength of its Phœnician name. How many years, one way or the other back or forward in the track of time, between the building of the first mud-cabin of Ballyragget and the death of the prince of geographers, Ptolemy, it were hard to say, and might not be much to the purpose as to its real and simple situation. This I am not going to describe, for it is discernible in an instant on the map of Ireland, in the direction of Kilkenny. The witty Jesuit, Father Islay, in explaining why the

* A rather free translation, it must be confessed, by my foster-brother, of Horace's beautiful ode:—

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen,
Aut Ephesum, bimariseve Corinthi
Mœnia, vel Baccho Thebas vel Apolline Delphos
Insignes, aut Thessala Tempe, &c. &c. &c.

birth-place of Friar Gerund was not a place of greater extent and consequence than it was, says:—

“Campazas certainly is not one of the most celebrated or most populous towns in Old Castile; but it might be so; and it is not its own fault that it is not as large as Madrid, Paris, London, or Constantinople.”

No doubt it might; and the same thing may be said of our Irish village, which might have been the metropolis of Ireland, if the founders of Dublin had not been impressed with the notion that an island capital, if not built on the verge of the sea, ought to be at a convenient distance therefrom, with a good navigable river between. Well, then, notwithstanding that Ballyragget is a small place—you had better not talk small of it to its inhabitants. Although they are a merry race, in their eyes Ballyragget is no joke. It has been said of Wigan, and one or two other towns in the coal districts, that a black cloud has hung over them since the memory of man. Over Ballyragget, on the contrary, a black cloud was never yet seen. You have there, as indeed in many other quiet little spots in Ireland, you have it to the full, what might be called a clear sky and no favour for a turn up on the green, or any other bit of national diversion.

It was in the most perfect spirit of good humour that we drew up at the chief inn, and in a perfectly similar spirit did that important and most worthy person, the landlord, with his household, receive us as soon as they could present themselves in something more suitable than their night-dresses. The door was opened whilst we were in a roar of laughter at a short incident and dialogue anent it, which had taken place between our leading postilion and one or two of the local beggars, who at that early hour were up, and had approached the carriage on all sides, uttering their usual prayers and petitions for relief. The chief one, with whom Mr. Clanchy held colloquy, an old man of extremely haggard and revoltingly squalid appearance, laboured under the additional misfortune of being lame of a leg. Finding himself unsuccessful at one side of the carriage, he proceeded towards the other, and was hopping round in the direction of the horses' heads, when, approaching too near the old grey leader, the beggar's rags brushed the animal's hind-quarter. Up went Croppy's heels in a jiffey, knocking the splinter-bar behind him into “smithereens,” and off went his rider like a shot between Croppy's ears, landing on his legs, however, like a cat, without anything the matter with him except his temper.

The beggar, seeing that war was in the wind, determined, with characteristic tact, to break ground first.

“Musha then! it's yourself that's suple, and can tumble as well as Merryman himself, my boy. Has your mother many more of you?” said he, as though he spoke under the impression that Mr. Clanchy had performed a “somerset” for the amusement of the company.

“Bad luck to your wind-pipe, and the curse o' Crum'l* on you to boot, you wicked ould thief!” said the enraged postilion, flourishing and cracking his whip. He did not apply it, however, to the

* “The curse of Cromwell” sounds terribly in the ears of the Irish peasantry. Its signification embraces quite as much as the Egyptian plagues of old. The memory of the Protector is not like a sweet odour in a land where he perpetrated some of the most savage cruelties recorded even in the annals of civil warfare.

delinquent, from fear of the ill-luck which would follow the striking "an object" marked by heaven more for pity than vengeance, in which charitable light, idiots, beggars, blind, lame, deaf, dumb, and so forth, are looked upon by the lower orders in Ireland. And as soon as he had sufficiently recovered his breath he added, "What brought the likes o' yez within a mile of the bayste's crupper?"

"Brought me—is it brought me, you said, alanna?"

"Yes, what brought you?"

"Arrah, my legs to be sure!"

"*Legs!*" retorted the postilion in a very questionable taste. "So you call *them* bits of crucked kipeens, legs—bad luck to you! but it's yourself, bochach* that has the assurance of the world. It's a wonder you don't set up for dancing-master to the barony. *Legs, ochone!*" said Mr. Clanchy in tones of bitter contempt.

"Faith an' your own's not very stout to wrastle a fall wid, ma bouchal,† observed the old man drily. "Barrin' the boots, they're weeny enough about the ankles to ready out a man's pipe wid!"

"Sure, Mr. Clanchy," said an old virago, whose personal appearance was, if anything, less prepossessing than the last speaker, "you might have sint us a line by the postman to tell us all about that unaisy bayste, that's wicked enough for ould Glencoe, before you intherduced him to respectable company."

Several others of the pauper group now joined the discussion in no very pleasing strains, and there is no knowing how "the war of the many with one" might have terminated, for fists were clenched, crutches shouldered or "brought to a present," and skinny arms brandished aloft, unless a judicious largess, in the shape of about a shilling's worth of coppers had been thrown down at the crisis, by our courier from the front dickey. Jupiter descending in the shower of gold to Danae made not a more successful hit in his way than Lanty Dooly, whose greatest boast was that he understood "the sex" and all about them. "I know you well, Nell Doyle, and your seventeen daughters," he used to say; "and the divil thank me—like the blind piper, I've travelled for my learning."

"At one fell swoop" the female portion of the litigants were on the ground, helping themselves in all directions like hawks in a dove-cot, before the old men could dream of interfering. In the midst of the scramble the gates of the inn-yard were flung open, and in we went at a sweep and a bound, Mr. Clanchy looking anything but displeased at leaving his tormentors in possession of the floor.

It is a matter of great surprise and infinite speculation to enlightened foreigners, and especially to those hard-headed Germans, how that important and ubiquitous personage "our own correspondent" can take different views of one object or set of objects when he looks through the party telescope, at either end to magnify or diminish. Kohl and his countrymen are shrewd observers and profound metaphysicians; but they have the leaven of despotism in them with all their philosophy; they cannot enter into our notions of the liberty of speaking and writing; they know not what is at stake, in a free country, in taking a perfectly independent view of a question.

In one of the Irish newspapers of the day, it matters not whether metropolitan or provincial, a report of our transactions extending to

* *Bochach*, lame beggar.

† *Ma bouchal*, my boy.

about five mortal columns appeared, the spirit of which, dead against us the whole way, may be gleaned from the opening portion of the correspondence.

“ Ballyragget, June 24, ———.

(From our own Correspondent.)

“ At an early hour this morning, the innocent and inoffensive inhabitants of this hitherto peaceable and undesecrated hamlet were aroused from their slumbers by a gang of truculent trumpeters of disorder, who made riotous entry therewith at a most unseasonable and unreasonable hour, before the first crow of the cock, or the lark shook the dew from her wing in the morning. These destructionists of the public peace, as well as traitors to the King's crown and dignity, in the rim of which that public peace is the brightest gem,— these bandits, these Bohemians, these worse than Tipperary agrarian marauders dashed down the street with the rattle of a whole brigade of fire-engines, and the wild uproar of a legion of evil spirits let loose upon the blessed earth in an old shandrydan drawn by four old garrons, white, skew-ball, and grey, and the fourth no colour whatsoever, for he was a dense cloud of smoke from his tail to his nostrils, blowing a key-bugle for the bare life, and shouting ‘murder in Irish,’ and ‘to the devil with the enemies of the people!’ Well might I, amidst such din and dismay, envy you, Mr. Editor, your ‘otium cum dig.’ pursuing your undisturbed literary pursuits in your tranquil Attic bower,

‘ Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame.’

These gentle tribunes of the people, heaven bless the mark! next proceeded to the sign of their patron saint, who, if he could speak from his canvas, would have told the leader of the troop, that, whatever the youngsters did in pursuance of their hot blood and inexperience, he ought to know better. But it's little St. Patrick has to say to such firebrands, or St. Bridget, or St. Kolumbkil either, although they have them always on their lips—the vile craw-thumpers! Every window in the village was, in as short a space as it takes me to write the words, filled with anxious family groups, chiefly of the gentler sex whose furious looks and gestures of wild affright were really appalling in the extreme. Indeed these miserably excited damsels looked for all the world as if the unearthly sounds that assailed them were the key-notes of a second ‘Ninety-eight,’ and the sacrilegious wretches who thus intruded upon their sacred domestic privacy, a small storming party of the French with the main body's compliments, only a mile off, to the inhabitants to get up and prepare breakfast.”

A journal on the other side of the question opened the ball after the following fashion:—

“ GLORIOUS NEWS.

“ Ballyragget, Feast of The Baptist.

(From our own Correspondent.)

By Express.

“ This morning, as the saffron-robed Aurora opened the gates of the dawn, this beautiful village, which stands out boldly in the annals of Ireland, presented a scene of the most lively description,

unequaled perhaps in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of either sex. Young and old were summoned from the arms of Morpheus by a merry bugle-call playing up 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning,' whilst a coach entered the town at a respectable pace, drawn by four superbly-caparisoned grey horses, which might have vied with those of Achilles in spirit and beauty, decked out with green ribbons, nosegays of laurel, shamrocks, and wild roses,—the postilions in green jackets and top-boots, and white cockades and gold bands in their hats. I am thus particular, because I know there are those—paid hirelings of a licentious press—who will misdescribe all they see and hear on this momentous occasion,—wasps of literature, who extract poisons from the flowret, from which the bee takes honey—wretches whose very touch turns vinegar into gall. In the barouche was a distinguished deputation of the white-headed boys, the offspring of patriotism and philanthropy, in whose ardent and generous veins rushes the young blood of Ireland, and at their head the most single-hearted of Erin's sons. Immortal hero! how well he looked! and that flower and column of Ireland's nobility, the noble Earl by whom he was accompanied,—he was "the observed of all observers," and the admired of all. The former addressed himself chiefly to the men after breakfast from the inn window, talking to them like a father; the latter appealed, like a Paladin of the age of chivalry and love, to the softer feelings of the fair daughters of Ballyragget. He spoke in Gaelic too—the language of Fin M'Coul, Ollam Fodhla, and Bryan Boraimhe—which made his oration more powerful, and doubly delightful. When he left off speaking, and wiped the sweat of eloquence from his patriotic brow, the shouts that rent the air were deafening, and it was easy to see the impression which the handsomest young Irishman of his day had made upon the most susceptible portion of his audience, and that, if the dear creatures are to have their way in matters political as well as social and domestic, the return of the man of the people is certain. If they have not votes, their husbands and lovers have; and if kissing goes by favour, these worthy gentlemen had better beware what side they vote for. These are not times for setting husband against wife, or the maiden against her sweetheart, and far be it from me to hint at exclusive dealing or intimidation; but I can tell, if they don't mind what they are about when they go to the poll-booth, who will have their potatoes boiled hard, who will have lumps in their stir-about, and who will have no partners at any dance in the county for more than a month of Sundays. Hurrah for the Colonel! I'll send you the speeches to-night. My heart is too full to write out my notes at present."

At the bottom of this communication, the following note, evidently intended not for publication, but for the editor's private information, appeared in sufficiently prominent print notwithstanding:

"Private and confidential:—

"They have drunk everything in the place, and the trifling drop of whiskey that is left is unworthy of a gentleman's consideration. The cigars are as damp as cabbage-leaves, and as green. Send me down by the evening coach a bottle of three-year-old and a bundle of smokeables; for I'll have to be up all night with the

watch committee, and I might as well be dead with such treatment. It's worse than —98 or King James's time."

Our breakfast party was an unexpected one to all who composed it. Very shortly after our arrival, there arrived also at the same inn where we had put up, about half a score of jaunting-cars and post-chaises, conveying a considerable force of the enemy's voters, with a lawyer or two, and a whipper-in, besides one or two of those mysterious and indefinable officials* who have more to do often than meets the eye with public men and public affairs. Having ascertained from the waiter, that breakfast had been ordered the day before for this party, and that all would be ready very shortly in the chief room of the inn, we expressed our determination to that functionary to breakfast all together. It was quite enough for Pat to be perfectly assured, which he was by a glance at the arch wickedness discernible on some of our faces, that a trifling taste of fun would be the consequence of the required arrangement, to meet our views half way, and say nothing about it. Our master of ceremonies was not a likely person to spoil sport, I warrant you. We were introduced.

The effect of our intrusion was not like that of a hand grenade thrown into a powder-magazine, which would be a blow-up,—nor like the fluttering of the Volscians at Corioli, which would be a rout,—nor the descent of the Harpies on the Trojan pic-nic, which would be worse than either,—nor any other picture of the kind which you might fancy;—but certainly things at the moment did not look like what the diplomatists call the *entente cordiale*, nor bid fair for a compact alliance.

"I beg pardon, gentlemen," said the professional man at the head of the table, as he looked up from the cold round which he had commenced to carve, "I really beg your pardon, but there is some mistake, I am afraid."

"Oh, dear, no—not at all, I assure you. Pray make no apologies," said one or two of the proud invaders.

"Apologies! apologies!" exclaimed the president of the mess. "How very odd—how mighty extraordinary!"

"Not at all," said another of our party; "we know you would make us as comfortable as possible. I pledge you my honour of the fact."

"But we are Mr. Ponsonby's friends, and you are the Colonel's, I presume."

"Just the very reason why we should be the better friends together," observed our leader; and the youngest of his followers followed up his observation by chanting forth merrily,

"Room, boys! room!

And why shouldn't every one enjoy their own room?"†

"Upon my word and credit, sir, that's the very thing I should like to know," said Round-of-beef, turning up his cuffs; and a general stand-up took place of his immediate clients, who looked very like non-intrusionists at the instant.

* In Ireland, the land of witty nicknames, they are often called "gutter agents;" gutter being used by metonymy for dirt.

† The chorus of a celebrated bacchanalian song at the Universities, the whole of which might not be safely sung in mixed society.

“Why, then, I’ll just tell you, if you sit down, and make yourself comfortable, and let other Christian wayfarers do that same, without molestation,” answered our minister of legation.

“There are certain flowery and sunny spots of neutral ground,” said he, “in all civilized warfare, on which the most violent enemies can shake hands and agree. You would not be called savages, would you, and disgrace the land of your birth, which used to be called ‘The Island of Saints?’ (Loud cries of “No, no!” from the speaker’s own friends.) The outposts of the French and English in the Peninsular War held friendly converse, and exchanged favours — by which I mean liquors, of course — very often. Such trifling cessation of hostilities was not deemed inconsistent with the honour of arms, nor did it cause either party to relax their efforts in the hour of battle. Even in civil war — the most savage which it is the melancholy duty of the historic muse to record — her name is Clio, gentlemen, — such things are read of. The night before the battle of the Boyne the Irish and English soldiers on either side of the river flung their leather bottles across to each other, exchanging Old Tom, or perhaps Old Hollands — remembering Schomberg and his Dutchmen — for good old potheen whiskey. I think I might venture to say who had the advantage in that exchange; as in most other friendly cases, Paddy no doubt managed, with his usual luck, to come off second best. Never mind that; he showed his good feeling and “purty behaviour;” which I hope every gentleman present on both sides of the Boyne, or the Barrow, more correctly speaking, will feel himself bound to evince, exhibit, and manifest, on the present occasion.”

Loud cheers from all sides and a flood of good-humour followed this brief and well-planted appeal. The next instant we were all accommodated with seats at the board, the gentleman who had been sitting as ‘vice’ opposite the lawyer yielding his place to the only man of title amongst us, and insisting on Kilmallock occupying the post of honour, in order to place both parties on equal terms. His Lordship took his seat; and we all started fair at the work of demolition, my lord playing first-fiddle. After breakfast, according to the custom of the country and the times, we proceeded to soothe the feelings of the fierce democracy, from the balcony in front of the inn. Our leader, of course, spoke first, pitching into everybody and everything opposed to him; roasting the Whigs; basting the Tories; sparing the Ponsonbies on nobody’s account, and least of all on his own. In conclusion, he compared Ireland as she was to the demon chorus of spirits in the air in *Der Freischutz*, or Martin’s picture of the Deluge, and Ireland as she ought to be to one of Rubens’ allegorical paintings.

A very young gentleman was then put forward, whose *forte* was foreign politics, upon which he was “all abroad,” and Latin quotations, most of them of a very trite description, which he had always at hand, being just red-hot from the College anvil. He proceeded in this respect on the well-known principle of the “*omnia ignota pro magnifico*,” which is not “mighty grand, mighty stuff,” but quite the reverse.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,” (the aspiring youth began his address to the red cloaks and frieze coats below,) “you have had your attention directed to home matters and things domestic by my illustri-

ous and most excellent friend, who has just appealed to the bosoms of the fair and the hearts of the brave,—a man of whom we may say ‘*Omnibus artibus et disciplinis instructus atque ornatus.*’ (cheers, and cries of “grand!”) and I have no doubt that the noble lord on my left, who, if the friends of the people ever get into power, is to be Secretary of State for the Home Department, will expatiate on them with all that sublimity of fancy, ‘*os sublime dedit,*’ ‘*natura proni atque dediti ventri,*’ and all that magniloquence for which he is all-famous, called by the rhetoricians the ‘*ore rotundo.*’

“*Conticuere omnes intente ora tenebant.*”

‘The County Kerry men speak with their mouths wide open.’

(whirlwinds of applause and tornadoes of laughter.) And the Limerick men, too, whose rounded periods are proverbial, might in this instance with safety be added. (Lively sensation.) Then look we abroad and see what our rulers have to expect. See America! Didn't England lose America by her injustice? (hear, hear!) didn't the people of that proud country of the star-spangled banner and the stripes of liberty remonstrate with Pitt ‘*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientiâ nostrâ?*’ (cheers,) how long will you aggravate us? said they; but he went on until ‘picture to yourself, Mr. Speaker,’—I'll not quote Edmund Burke's celebrated speech upon the matter, although he was an Irishman—you know the result—you all know the glorious fate of the Americans? (Cries of “We do—bad luck to them!”) Look at what the French did the other day in the regard of a revolution—‘*discite justitiam, moniti.*’ England had better mind what she's about. (Hear, hear! and cheers for “Mounseer.”) And the Belgians, too—a nice bit of a revolution that ‘*Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgæ,*’ (cheers,)—the Belgians that ran away from Waterloo! And so would somebody else if the Prussians had not come up. I'll not say a word about Grouchy; he sold the pass, you know,—‘*vendidit auro hic patriam,*’ (cheers, and shouts of “long life to him!”) And what are we about? (Here the rest of the deputation interposed, and the head Pacificator looked volumes at the fiery young orator, who thought himself at the moment a second Alcibiades.) I don't allude to physical force—not I; I allude to steam, and the steam-press; mind will beat matter yet. I'll never despair, so long as the people provide us with the sinews of war to combat their enemies. Never say die while there's a shot in the locker. ‘*Nunquam dic moriar dum restat nummus in arcâ.*’ (Cheers loud and long-continued.) What shall I say about Russia? I'll not talk of Russian oil or tallow, but I'll mourn over the fate of hapless Poland. (Great sensation.) That was a nice affair at Navarino,—‘*O navis! referent in mare te novi fluctus,*’ (cries of “shame!” and “to the devil with the Turks!”) And what is the consequence? The Russian guns are thundering on the Bosphorus! (Roars of applause, after which there was a long pause, the speaker looking very much bewildered, and evidently on the verge of breaking down.)—Where was I?—

A voice in the crowd—“On the Phosphorus, your honour.”

That joke settled my hash. I shrunk into my shell, and made way for Kilmallock, who came in front of the balcony.

“Whilst my friend, do you see,” said his Lordship, in that splendid Doric accent for which he is so much admired, especially by the

fair sex, "is recreating himself in the seraglio of the Sultan, which, ladies and gentlemen, looks into the beautiful and classic stream he has mentioned, or is swimming about in it with Hero and Leander, I'll tell you a little story about something that happened on the banks of the Shannon. We had a county election for Limerick a few years ago, and about three dozen voters, who were going on cars to plump for the wrong man, and stopped to wet their whistles at the head inn in a little town not far from the city. A brat of a boy, without anybody telling him, stole the linch-pins out of the cars while the gentlemen were drinking their dandies of punch. When they paid for their liquor like honest men, and got up to go on, at the first roll of the wheels they were all picking one another up out of the dirt. Not a man of them ever voted; for they took so long to get all set right again, that they arrived at Limerick when the election was over. (Cheers and laughter.) Now, why do I mention that shameful and unconstitutional occurrence? Because I don't want you to do the same thing with those cars and chaises that are drawn up at the door there, waiting for so many worthy gentlemen, who are all in a hurry to get to Kilkenny to vote against the Colonel before the poll closes. I see a wicked thief of a gossoon scratching his red head on the top of a post-chaise there, that looks villain enough to steal all the linch-pins in a coach-factory. I warn him to mind what I am saying; and I tell that fellow and all who hear me not to draw one of those linch-pins, for we have nothing to say to physical force or unfair dealing."

"Gaelic-a-tu?"* shouted the Dougal cratur on the coach-top.

"Bethershin mawthereen-rue!"† responded the lord. His Lordship then went off, for full twenty minutes, in a gallop of the old vernacular; and a great deal of what he really did say I never could understand from that day to this. This much, however, we all very soon understood,—that his mandate about the linch-pins, given of course in sincerity, was disregarded. They were all drawn, and Ponsonby's voters had to wait full two hours before their vehicles were set right and straight, and sent on the reel for Kilkenny. Another hour's delay, and they had arrived too late at the polling-booths. They were about four dozen in number, and, as well as my memory serves me, when polled, their candidate was returned by a majority of forty.

We arrived safe in Kilkenny, and in Dublin afterwards, notwithstanding the Kilkenny festivities. We were not the boys for wry faces after a defeat, nor dry throttles—

"When all but life and honour's lost."

—not we.

Moral.

There is a moral in all this—or there is not, as the logicians say. If there is, it is perhaps in the noble Earl's title, which was conferred upon him by his illustrious namesake in a moment of convivial hilarity, for prodigies of service, which the young aspirant to political fame performed at the great Clare election; but which title his lordship enjoys, without "the golden wherewithal" which makes even a dukedom doubly sweet. Perhaps the moral may be in the Head Pacificator's veteran military surtout, which he put on in the

* Have you, Irish?

† Wait a while, fox (or red dog).

cause of Spanish liberty more than twenty years ago, and wears to this day, without having turned it once. Perhaps it is in his epitaph, which I shall now write for him against the period when he shall have lived forty years more, for the benefit of his friends, and as long as he likes afterwards.

Here lies
HONEST TOM STEELE.

He was not
The First Irishman
who in the service of

OTHERS
lived and died

Poor;
nor was he
destined to be
The Last.

Requiescat Pacificator in pace !

Perhaps the moral may be in that which has stuck closely to another of the party through every turn-up and vicissitude since the eventful period when it was new—his old great-coat. Although it cannot vie in antiquity or distinction with Tom's trocadero, and is, moreover, of a civilian cut, it is, nevertheless, not unworthy of the Muse's kind consideration.

My old great-coat ! my old great-coat !
By night, by day, by land, afloat,
Through winters twelve and summers I
Have proved thy stout fidelity.
'Twelve years, old coat, 'twixt you and me,

No segment small I take to be
In th' cycle of mortality.
Friend in all weathers warm and true;
Few friends in life I've met like you.
My old great-coat ! my old great-coat !
Tho' thou dost seem not worth a great
In others' sight ; tho' thou art grown
From shining white to shady brown ;
Tho' thou art napless and threadbare,
And a tenth crop of buttons wear ;
Whate'er man call thee, " Bang-up,"
" Trusty,"

" Reach-me-down," or " Rusty-fusty,"
" Sack," or " Surtout," or " Taglioni,"
I still shall call thee " ancient crony ;"
Thou 'rt still the same, and aye shalt be
The same good old great-coat to me.
In vain the thrifty morning Jew,
Crying " old clothes," shall bid for you.
Sad fate shall ne'er be thine to meet,
To grace a peg in Monmouth Street,
Or be transported o'er the main,
To clothe some poor colonial swain ;
Or, lot more melancholy still,
Cut into shreds, in paper mill
With vulgar rags, a filthy haab,
Be pounded to " eternal smash ;"
Then come out from the final process
A mis'erable metempsychosis :
'T were vain 'bout friendship then to
vapour—

My old great-coat a sheet of paper !

Not post of Bath ; not smooth and white,

On which a virgin hand might write ;
Such as fair Annette, maid divine,
Sent me this year, a Valentine ;
Or last year us'd—'twas very cool—
To write me down an April fool ;
But rough, and for vile use intended,
In grocer's shop to be suspended,
To wrap his wares, by whose taken,
Tea, sugar, butter, cheese, or bacon.
Great-coat, this shall not be thy doom,
To this thy greatness ne'er shall come.
The scholar, swell'd with ancient lore,
May praise the robe the Roman wore ;
On guard the soldier may invoke
The shelter of his martial cloak ;
Divines may argue, scold, and frown
About the surplice, and the gown ;
By coach, by rail, on board the boat,
Through scenes at home, through scenes
remote,

I'll stick to thee, my old great-coat !
And when you look " used up " and
jaded,

Nor out of doors may be paraded ;
Still thou shalt not aside be thrown ;
At morn thou 'lt be my dressing gown ;
At eve my fireside thou shalt share,
And lounge with me in easy chair.
A happy hour we both shall spend
With some true sympathising friend,
Or two or three, a jolly party,
And drink old wine till we are hearty.
Or I'll my lonely thirst assuage,
And read aloud the classic page,
The page so bright, so pure, so bold,
About the mighty men of old.

Or pipe in hand, alone with you,
 I shall youth's by-gone joys review ;
 Nor weep the years so called "mispent."
 'T was thus ordained ; I'm quite content ;
 And spite of all the wise ones say,
 I've lived those years, aye, every day,
 And every night—'twixt you and me,
 Old coat, that's life's philosophy.
 Ah ! some there are, my old great-coat,
 Who'd give ten times a ten-pound note
 To see what you and I have seen,
 o be where you and I have been.
 Had they, they'd say, if not base-minded,
 There's a friendship, if we seek and find it ;
 There's a hope to come, if we will stay for 't.

True love, but rightly go the way for 't ;
 And pleasure, if we'll only pay for 't—
 There's a friendship, hope, true love, and pleasure,
 For each and all an ample measure ;
 Save the poor wretch without a fee,
 The child of law-forc'd charity,
 Who with th' idea's not much smitten,
 Of being a true-born starving Briton ;
 His way through life who sadly steers,
 And finds this world a vale of tears.
 Full well, old coat, we also know
 The force of humbug here below ;
 The tricks of faction we can trace,
 Ambition's meanness, pride of place,
 And all that little great-men do,
 A mob or minister to woo.
 But this would fill a history quite—
 Good night ! my old great-coat, good night !

INVOCATION TO ERINNA.

ERINNA was a Greek poetess, the contemporary and countrywoman of Sappho Meleager, in his Garland, assigns to her the crocus as her emblem, on account of its maiden paleness, as in Cymbeline,

"The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose."

When but sweet seventeen, Erinna

"Left this world of sorrow and pain,
 And returned to the land of thought again."

Gentle Erinna !
 Sweet primrose, appear !
 Gentle Erinna !
 Be here ; oh, be here !
 Come, when sweet twilight
 Steals over the earth ;
 Come, when the fairest
 Of visions have birth ;
 Come, when soft silence
 Enthral's the wrapt mind,
 When the chains of the world
 Lose their power to bind.
 Come, when the glow-worms
 Glance gay in the lane ;
 Come, when the village-maid
 Lists to her swain.
 Come, when the night-stock
 Flings odours around ;
 Come, when the balmy dews
 Kiss the glad ground.
 Come, when Selenè
 Sheds m'ldly her rays,
 When the meadows are veiled
 In a dim silver haze.
 Come, when the nightingale
 Sings to her fere ;
 Gentle Erinna !
 Be here ! oh, be here !
 Tell me how Sappho
 And you walked of yore,
 To list to the ripple
 On Lesbos' old shore.

Tell how you lay
 'Neath the green myrtle boughs ;
 Tell how you whispered
 Each other your vows.
 Tell of the loved one,
 The auburn-haired youth ;
 Tell of Abrocomas,—
 Tell me the truth.
 How Eros saw you,
 And bent his swift bow ;
 Tell me the whispers
 Of long, long ago.
 Sing me the songs
 That you then used to trill,
 Murm'ring as soft
 As some reed-haunted rill ;
 Strains that charmed silence,
 Enthrilling the ear,
 While the Lesbian maidens
 Hung round you to hear.
 Tell how your marriage song
 Welcomed the day ;
 Tell how it changed
 To the sad well-a-way !
 Brightest ! you fled
 From this dark world of pain,
 To the "marled seas" above
 You have mounted again.
 Yet stoop, sweet Erinna,
 Oh, stoop from thy sphere !
 Gentle Erinna !
 Be here ; oh, be here !

C. H. L.

A MEMOIR OF THE CELEBRATED DWARF, JOSEPH BORUWLASKI.

BY CATHERINE HUTTON.

JOSEPH BORUWLASKI was not a Count; nor did he ever personally assume this title; his father was a gentleman, but a poor one. His parents were of the common stature, and so were three of their six children, while the other three were dwarfs. A daughter died at the age of twenty-two, of the small-pox; at this time she was twenty-six inches in height, well proportioned, and a lovely figure.

At the time of his birth Joseph was eight inches in height; but neither weak nor languid. His parents measured him at intervals during his growth, and the following was the result:—At one year old, he was eleven inches in height; at three years old, twelve inches; at six years old, seventeen inches; at ten years old, twenty-one inches; at fifteen years old, twenty-five inches;* at twenty years old, twenty-eight inches; at twenty-five, thirty-five inches; and at thirty, three feet three inches; at this height he remained.

Joseph Boruwlaski was born near Chaliez, then the capital of Pokscia, in Polish Russia, in the year 1739. His father died when the son had completed his eighth year, and he left his family very ill provided for. The Starostina de Caortiz, a great lady in the neighbourhood, and a friend of Madame Boruwlaski, was fond of Joseph, and had often solicited his mother to commit him to her care; she now renewed her entreaties, promising to have him properly educated; and the unhappy widow gave her son, with bitter tears, into the custody of the Starostina.

Boruwlaski lived four years with the Lady de Caortiz, and during this time he was treated with the greatest kindness; but she then married, and the poor *protégé* found an alteration in her behaviour. To return home was impossible; for there affairs were in the greatest disorder. He redoubled his efforts to please his patroness; but he did not succeed.

The Countess Humieska, a lady of the highest rank in the neighbourhood, had frequently seen Boruwlaski at the house of the Lady de Caortiz, and had invited him to accompany her to Warsaw, in which city was her principal residence; she now proposed to take him into her family. The decision was left to himself, and he decided in favour of the Countess. He was then fifteen. He went with her to her estate of Rychtz, in Podolia, and from thence they went to Vienna (1754). There were no inns upon the road; and the Countess sent before her her servants, her household furniture, her kitchen-utensils, and provisions; and the servants, having turned some miserable Jews out of their dwellings, probably not without heavy lashes, took possession of the place, covered the walls with hangings, and set up beds and furniture; so that when the travellers arrived, the whole was in decent order.

The report of their coming had reached Vienna, and their arrival

* This was the height of Tom Thumb at twelve years old.

was greeted by visits and invitations. They were presented to the Empress-Queen, who was charmed with Boruwlaski. She said he far exceeded all she had heard of him, and was the most extraordinary being she had ever seen.

He was one day standing by the Empress, when her courtiers were congratulating her on a victory which her army had obtained over that of the King of Prussia; and she asked him what he thought of the King of Prussia.

"Madame," replied Boruwlaski, "I have not the honour to know him; but, were I in his place, I would come to Vienna, and pay my respects to you, and try to gain your esteem, instead of fighting your troops."

Her Imperial Majesty took him in her arms, and told the Countess Humieska she thought her very happy in having such a companion. He was then twenty-two years of age, and, about twenty-seven inches in height.

At another time, the Empress desired him to dance a Polish dance, with which she was so delighted that she loaded him with caresses, and placed him on her lap. She asked him many questions; among others, how he passed his time? — what he thought most curious at Vienna? To the latter question he replied, that he had seen many things worthy of the admiration of a traveller; but none equal to what he saw at that moment.

"And what is that!" demanded the Empress.

"It is to see so small a man on the lap of so great a woman!"

This reply drew upon him more caresses.

Boruwlaski remained on the lap of the Empress-Queen, his hand held in hers. She wore a beautiful ring, with her cipher in brilliants, and Boruwlaski looking down, she thought his eyes were fixed on the ring.

"Do you think it pretty?" said she.

"I beg your Majesty's pardon," he replied; "I was not looking at the ring, but at the hand, which I supplicate your Majesty to permit me to kiss."

He then carried it to his lips. The Empress was charmed with his gallantry, and would have given him the ring, had it not been much too large for his finger. She then called to her a young girl, about five or six years of age, who was in the apartment, and took from her finger a very fine diamond ring, which she put on that of Boruwlaski. This young girl was Marie Antoinette, afterwards Queen of France.

Yet Boruwlaski was not happy. In the midst of the favours showered upon him, he knew that he was considered only as an animated toy, and he felt the degradation as a man.

The Countess Humieska and Boruwlaski remained six months at Vienna, where he was taught to dance by the celebrated Angelini, ballet-master to the court. From hence they visited the Elector of Bavaria at Munich, by whom they were most graciously received, and Stanislaus, the exiled King of Poland, at Luneville. Here, the little gentleman was kindly and affectionately treated, and lodged in the Palace. Here Joujou (the appellation given to Boruwlaski at Vienna) met with Bibi, who was considered the most extraordinary dwarf that had ever been seen. He was then about thirty years of age, and was two feet eight inches in height; while Boruwlaski was,

at that time, only two feet four. At first, Bibi was friendly to the stranger; but when he found that the stranger was preferred to himself, he conceived the most violent hatred against him, and would actually have thrown him on the fire, if his outcries had not brought the King to his rescue. Bibi underwent a severe corporal punishment by order of the King, and was told to appear in his presence no more. Boruwlaski interceded for him in vain with regard to the punishment; and he obtained the revocation of the sentence of banishment only on condition that Bibi should ask his pardon. He submitted with great reluctance, and died soon after, as it was believed, in consequence of this affair.

From Luneville, the travellers went to Paris, carrying with them letters from Stanislaus to his daughter, the Queen of France. At Versailles they were presented to her Majesty, who called Boruwlaski a little prodigy, desired the Countess to come frequently and bring him with her; and gave orders that they should always be admitted. On their return to Paris they were visited by every person of high rank at Court, and every person of fashion in the city. The Duke of Orleans loaded the little prodigy with caresses and presents. The Count Oginski, Grand General of Lithuania, who was then at Paris, taught him the first principles of music; and the Countess Humieska, finding that he had a taste for it, put him under the tuition of the celebrated Gavinies, who taught him to play on the guitar,—a talent from which he derived consolation in the troubles and mortifications inseparable from his subsequent life.

The Count Oginski, who had probably heard of Jeffery Hudson's having been sent to table in a pie, gave a grand entertainment, and enclosed Boruwlaski in an urn, which he placed in the middle of the table. Great was the curiosity of the company to know the contents of this urn, which the Count assured them contained a very extraordinary composition. Dinner ended, the Count took off the lid, and Boruwlaski was discovered. His appearance set the table in a roar. Poor man! this was one of the occasions when he had need of his guitar.

Monsieur Bourel, the Farmer General, gave an entertainment to Boruwlaski, which was much better imagined than that of the Count. Considering Boruwlaski as his principal guest, he had all the plate, knives, forks, plates, and dishes proportioned to his size; and the dinner consisted of ortolans, becoficos, and other small birds.

The Countess Humieska having remained upwards of a year at Paris, they went to Holland. Here they were well received by the Stadtholder and his family; but they made few acquaintances, and Boruwlaski appears to have attracted little notice. From hence, taking their route through Germany, they arrived at Warsaw.

Boruwlaski had never till now seen the capital of his native country; but his fame had reached it before him, and he was received with eager curiosity. By degrees, however, his understanding and his manners caused his diminutive size to be forgotten; and he became acquainted with several young gentlemen, and with them he frequented assemblies, balls, and plays. Such was the life of Boruwlaski: and such it might have continued to be, had he not, most unfortunately, fallen desperately in love.

It was the custom in Poland for persons of high rank to take the children of the poor gentry, and, after having given them a good

education, to provide for the girls in their household, or by marriage; and for the young men by procuring for them civil or military appointments.

Isalina Barboutan, a young lady of French parents settled at Warsaw, was taken into the house of the Countess Humieska as a companion, or lady in waiting. She was beautiful and lovely, and poor Boruwlaski became sad and pale. He saw the difficulties before him, and he strove to overcome his passion; he found this impossible, and at the end of a year he declared it to the beautiful Isalina. She burst into a laugh, and treated his passion as a jest. This brought on a dangerous fit of illness. She then soothed him, but without giving him any hope.

At length this extraordinary attachment was discovered by the Countess. Her first step was to confine Boruwlaski to his apartment; her second to send Isalina to her parents. This was in 1779, when Boruwlaski was forty years of age. The Countess promised forgiveness to the lover on condition of his renouncing Isalina. He would sooner have renounced his life, and he was dismissed for ever.

The following is a letter of Isalina's, addressed to Boruwlaski:—

“Je devrois vous haïr, Monsieur, après tout ce que vous me faites souffrir. Vous êtes cause que Madame la Comtesse Humieska m'a retiré ses bontés, et que je me suis forcée, malgré moi, de me retirer dans la maison paternelle. Ce n'est pas tout. Ma mère m'accable de reproches; mes sœurs me tournent en ridicule. Toute la ville parle de cette affaire. Je ne puis m'aller nulle part sans être exposée des mauvaises plaisanteries. Que vous ai-je donc fait, Joujou, pour que vous m'occasionner des désagrémens si violens? Vous voulez forcer le monde à entrer dans vos vues, mais vous n'en viendrez pas à bout.”

The poor infatuated Boruwlaski now found himself without money, without resources, and without a home. In this emergency he thought of applying to Prince Casimir, the brother of Stanislaus, who had treated him with so much kindness at Luneville, and who was now restored to the throne of Poland. Prince Casimir now presented him to the King, who granted him a pension of a hundred ducats. This patronage and this pension were prevailing arguments with Isalina, and she married Boruwlaski.

The poor little gentleman soon discovered that two persons brought up in luxury, and a third approaching, could not subsist upon a hundred ducats a year. What was to be done? He consulted Prince Casimir, who proposed Boruwlaski's revisiting the Courts where he had found so much favour. The King approved the plan, and gave him a travelling coach.

After a week's travelling, they reached Cracow, the former capital of Poland, on the 26th of November, 1780. Here they were detained by Madame Boruwlaski's presenting her husband with a daughter. As soon as she had recovered, although the weather was intensely cold, and the coach was placed on a sledge, the husband, wife, and infant set out for Vienna, where they arrived on the 11th of February, 1781.

Twenty years had passed since Boruwlaski was at Vienna, and in this interval the dwarf had become ten inches higher. The Empress-Queen was dead. It is true that he was again patronised by his old friend, Prince Kaunitz, and honoured with the professions of

other friends ; but the novelty was gone, and the journey did not pay his expenses, to defray which he was reduced to the sad necessity of appearing on the stage of the Theatre Royal at Vienna, at a concert for his own benefit. Until this time he had never entertained a thought of appearing before the public. The Baron de Breteuil, ambassador from France, said :—" My little friend, do not think that concerts will be sufficient for the support of yourself and your family ; you must give up pride, or choose misery. You must exhibit yourself that you may live in peace." Prince Kaunitz was of the same opinion. Sir Robert Murray Keith, ambassador from England, advised him to go to London, and assured him that he would make his fortune in this land of gold. Still Boruwlaski could not conquer his horror of exhibiting himself for money ; and before he had recourse to so disgraceful an expedient, he determined to visit the several Courts of Germany to which he had letters of recommendation.

Taking his wife and child with him, he visited the Countess Fiquetti at Presburg, the capital of Hungary ; the Count de Thierheim, the Governor of Lower Austria, and son-in-law of Prince Kaunitz, at Lientz ; the Elector and Electress Dowager at Munich ; the Prince de la Tour and Teschen at Teschen ; and the Prince de Wallenstein at Hannaltheim. From all these princes Boruwlaski met with a flattering reception, and received money and presents.

From Hannaltheim Boruwlaski proceeded to Triersdorff, to visit the Margrave of Anspach. He was presented by Mademoiselle Clairon, the celebrated actress, with whom he had been acquainted at Paris. He dined at the table of the Margrave almost every day ; and, after dinner, played at battledore and shuttlecock with the Margravine. The former presented him with a small and beautiful ring ; and the latter gave his wife a complete dress. They offered to take the child ; and to assuage the grief of the parents at the thoughts of parting with it, the Margrave said to the father :—" My friend, it is not only the word of a Prince that I give thee that I will take care of thy child, I give thee also that of an honest man ; and be assured, that I will provide for her." The Margravine joined in these assurances. Boruwlaski saw his child no more ; but when struggling afterwards for the means of subsistence, he blessed the day that he had left her in such keeping. At parting, the Margrave presented him with a purse containing forty louis d'ors, and the poor little man took leave of his benefactors with tears.

Boruwlaski and his wife now set out for England, passing through Francfort, Mayence, and Manheim. At Strasbourg they made some stay, and he gave a concert to help him on his way. He had brought a letter from the Princess Christina to her sister, the Electress of Bavaria, who, on his departure, presented him with a gold box of three different colours, which she had had made on purpose for him. This, to his great regret, necessity obliged him to part with in London. From Strasbourg they went to Brussels, where Boruwlaski was presented to the Governor and Governess of the Low Countries, and had the now customary concert, the expenses of which were paid. They remained here only three days. On the 20th of March, 1782, they landed at Margate, and a few days afterwards they reached London.

Boruwlaski had brought with him many recommendatory letters,

and the first he delivered was that to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who received him graciously, and told him to have recourse to them if he should be in want of anything. The Duchess paid for their lodgings during some months; and, being informed that Madame Boruwlaski was ill, she sent Dr. Walker to attend her. The Duke sent him a complete suit of clothes,—the coat embroidered with gems and silver, together with a very handsome sword. All this was great kindness, and great honour; but it never occurred to the Duke and Duchess that the poor little gentleman and his wife required other necessaries of life.

On waiting on the Duke to thank him for this present, Boruwlaski was presented to Lady Spencer, who appointed a day for him to visit her. At her ladyship's residence he met the Prince of Wales (afterwards George the Fourth), and was presented to him by the lady. Boruwlaski was charmed with the Prince, who the next day sent him a very pretty little watch. Lady Spencer had presented him with a rouleau of thirty guineas.

Soon after the arrival of Boruwlaski in London, a stupendous giant made his appearance. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Spencer went to see him, taking Boruwlaski with them; and much they enjoyed the mutual astonishment of these extraordinary specimens of the human race when they beheld each other. The giant, who, I think, must have been O'Brien, was above eight feet and three inches in height.

About this time Boruwlaski was visited by a gentleman who did not give his name; Cramer, the musician, however, who happened to be present, knew him to be the Duke of Gloucester. Boruwlaski had brought a letter from the Margrave of Anspach to this Prince, which he had left at his door, on being told that he was not at home, and this was the Prince's way of answering the letter. Boruwlaski, whose situation and whose temper disposed him to make the best of everything, spoke of the beneficence and the promises of His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, without descending to particulars.

On the 23rd of May 1782, Boruwlaski was presented to King George the Third and Queen Charlotte by the Countess of Egremont, to whom he had been introduced by Monsieur de Berkaty, minister of the King of Poland. Many of the royal family were present. The King asked Boruwlaski many questions; the Prince of Wales was very lively and agreeable; and the young Princes and Princesses behaved (as Boruwlaski said) "with the familiarity of youth." The King did him the honour to detain him two hours, permitting him, however, to be seated. But the honour was very nearly proving fatal to the poor little man, who exerted himself so much during this time, that he fell dangerously ill. The King sent Dr. Jebb to him, and gave him—nothing; and the sufferer consoled himself with having been treated as a Polish gentleman.

Boruwlaski had now concerts in London. A subscription to procure him an independence was talked of by persons of high rank; but it was never set on foot. He went to Bath, and, on his return to London, he gave another concert. At this the Prince of Wales promised to attend, but he forgot to come. Lord Townshend, not daring to remind His Royal Highness of his promise,

attended himself, with his family, and paid twenty-five guineas for five tickets.

At length the dreaded hour came when the high-minded little gentleman must exhibit himself for money. At first the sum was half a guinea, then five shillings. All would not do, and he went to Ireland in April 1783; stopping at Bristol and Chester on his way.

Boruwłaski had brought many letters of recommendation, one of which was to the Lord-lieutenant, who sent for him to court, and presented him with twenty guineas. This Lord-lieutenant was succeeded by the Duke of Rutland, and the Duchess became the patroness of Boruwłaski. She attended his concert, which took place in May 1784, danced at the ball that succeeded it, and sent him thirty guineas by her gentleman usher. On the same occasion, the Duke of Leinster brought him twenty guineas in person.

Boruwłaski remained two years in Dublin; and here he would have been perfectly happy, had he not been obliged to leave his wife in England, on account of her indisposition. She afterwards joined him, and made him the father of a third daughter. On leaving Ireland, they passed through Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Oxford, and again arrived in London.

While Boruwłaski and his family were at Oxford on their way to London, a gentleman came to him, and requested him to pass the evening at a certain place about eight miles distant. The gentleman refused to tell the name of the place he was desired to go to, or that of the person he was to visit; but he said a carriage would be sent for him. Boruwłaski went accordingly, and found himself at Blenheim, and in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. He was graciously received; the Duchess going over the apartments of this magnificent palace with her little visitor, and pointing out to him all that was particularly curious. The little visitor played on his guitar, and when he took his leave, the Duke presented him with a ten-pound bank-note.

Some time afterwards, the Duke of Marlborough sent to Boruwłaski, requesting to have one of his shoes. He sent him a pair of boots made in Poland, and the only pair he had; and his Grace, thinking probably that his former present was too small, sent him in return a twenty-pound bank-note.

I have no doubt that these boots are still shown among the curiosities of Blenheim.

It was in the year 1784 that Boruwłaski and his family returned to London. Here he met with his old friend Count Oginski, who had given him instructions in music at Paris. The Count promised to patronise one of his concerts. The evening came; the hour approached; and Boruwłaski had been ordered to Carlton House, and a carriage sent to convey him thither. He went, and found the Prince of Mecklenburg with the Prince of Wales; the object of the visit of Boruwłaski was, therefore, to show himself to the stranger. He was detained an hour, and not quite at his ease; for he feared that the company assembled at his concert might be waiting for him. The Prince of Wales promised to be at the concert, but, as Boruwłaski says in his narrative, "he forgot."

By this time the poor little man's affairs were becoming desper-

ate, and his friends pressed him to write his Life, and publish it by subscription. With a heavy heart he undertook the task, and many difficulties he had to encounter in its progress. There was one difficulty, however, which would have proved insurmountable, had it not been for the beneficence of the Princess Lubomirska, who relieved him from the importunities of his creditors by paying his debts. They amounted to upwards of fifty guineas. The work was published, dedicated to the Duchess of Devonshire, who appears to have taken no personal notice of the author after his return from Ireland. A second sight of one of these extraordinary beings is like a twice-told tale. At the head of the subscription stood His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; afterwards the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duke of Gloucester and Duchess, and the Duke of York; other dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies in abundance, some distinguished foreigners, and among others La Chevaliere D'Eon. The number of subscribers was four hundred and nineteen.

I knew Boruwlaski as a private gentleman. Towards the end of the year 1785, he and his family came to Birmingham, and took possession of a vacant house belonging to my father, and nearly adjoining the one in which we resided. We paid our shillings, for such was the sum demanded, and we saw Boruwlaski. I was so charmed with him, that, with the permission of my father and mother, I invited him and his family to share our roast beef and plum pudding on Christmas Day. They came; the little gentleman, his wife, and Monsieur de Trouville, the lady's uncle. From this time, I sent them a regular invitation to tea and supper once in every week during their stay in Birmingham.

I never saw a more graceful man or a more perfect gentleman than Boruwlaski. He spoke but little English. He uttered the few phrases he had learned with assumed vivacity, when in public; but, at our fireside, where he was no longer obliged to exert himself, he was frequently silent, and sometimes sad. Once, after supper (unasked of course,) he sent for his guitar, and danced one of the dances of his country to his own music, the guitar being suspended from a ribbon tied round his neck. I cannot imagine it possible to excel either his performance on the instrument, or the grace and agility of his dancing.

Madame Boruwlaski, though born in Poland, was quite a French-woman. She was of a middle size, very handsome, and very lively; her dark eyes were particularly fine. She spoke English well, and talked much, and laughed, and sang French songs. I should think she was about fifteen years younger than her husband, who was then forty-six years of age. She was a woman whom any man might love, but certainly not a woman whom it was prudent for Boruwlaski to marry. I admired her; but, considering how she was situated, I could not like her.

Their eldest child was still with the Margrave of Anspach, the two others were with their parents. The elder, a most lovely and charming little creature, was frequently with us; the younger was an infant in its mother's arms.

From the close of Boruwlaski's Memoirs in 1788, I heard nothing of him during four years. In 1792, he was again in Birmingham, and again he was exhibiting himself for a shilling.

We once more visited Boruwlaski, who was now fifty-three years of age. He was not changed in person or manner, and he spoke with his former assumed vivacity. He was alone, as indeed he always had been when, as he said, he "received company." But he was without wife, without children, and without Monsieur de Trouville. Report said that his wife had set him on a chimney-piece, and run away from him; but I do not believe report. It was added, that he had sold himself to a master. One word only can be said in mitigation of such conduct—Necessity.

In 1807, I was at a sea-bathing place on the northern coast of Yorkshire, where I met with a lady from the neighbourhood of Durham; and Boruwlaski being accidentally mentioned, I expressed a great desire to know what had become of him. "I can tell you," said the lady; "he lives at Durham, and is much respected. His savings, and a subscription among us, have enabled him to keep house, and have a woman-servant. He walks along the streets unnoticed and alone; and if I, or any other of his friends, chance to see him, we join him, and take his hand instead of his arm." I need not say that I had great satisfaction in learning that this extraordinary and deserving little man was allowed to pass his latter days in repose and independence, after a life of such exertion and anxiety. He was now sixty-eight years of age.

Time passed on. I sometimes thought of Boruwlaski, but I always concluded that he was dead; and great was my astonishment when, in 1821, I heard that he was not only living, but in London; and that, at the age of eighty two, this apparently fragile being had travelled 259 miles.

An amusing anecdote of the pride and consequence of Boruwlaski is related by Mr. Benson Hill, in his work entitled "Home Service." The Count, as he was styled, had urged his friend, the celebrated comedian, Mr. Mathews, to procure him an audience of his Majesty (George the Fourth) that he might present to the King a copy of his Memoirs. His Majesty's permission was soon granted, and a day appointed for their visit to Carlton House. When the day arrived, the Count appeared to have lost his usual serenity. In reply to Mr. Mathews's inquiry as to the cause of his agitation, he said,

"I have stood before several very crown heads; it is not dat. It is not because de troble of my unhappy contré make a me sheltaire here, that I can forget I am a gentleman born. Some time ago, it was true, I receive de visets, and peopul give my valet shilling for open de door; but now I go to lay at de foot of your King de histoire of my leetel life, I am in terrible frightfulness. If fine, large Angleish Majesté shall not belief dat there is room enough for great deal of pride, and man of honour, even in dis heart, — if he offaire money, my Matoos, upon my vord, your friend will faint, expire, dead as Wallstone. Oh! hope Majesté cannot tink to give money to Count Boruwlaski!"

These painful anticipations, however, were not to be realized, for, the moment the King saw Boruwlaski he caught him in his arms, kissed his two cheeks, and placing him on the chair next himself, said, "My dear little friend, it is just two-and-thirty years since you were in this room before."

His Majesty afterwards drew from his pocket a remarkably small, beautiful gold watch, with a delicate Trinchinopoly chain, and mi-

nute seals, and presented them to the Count, as a token of his regard.

Little more remains to be said. I heard nothing of Boruwlaski until October 1833, when, to my great astonishment, I learnt that he was still living. I had then become a collector of autographs, and I requested his, which he sent to me in the following letter, written in a clear, bold, and steady hand:—

“MADAME, — I had the honor to receive your kind letter. I am entirely at a loss in what manner to act, as I cannot find words to express my humble and sincere thanks for the high honor Madame have conferred upon me, in permitting me to rank amongst those great Mans hands writhings. I shall be most happy if Madame will condescend to accept the following lines.

“I am, Madame, with most respect, your most humble, most obedient servant,

“JOSEPH BORUWLASKI.

“Durham, 23 October, 1833.

“Poland was my cradle,
England is my nest;
Durham is my quiet place,
Where my weary bones shall rest.

JOSEPH BORUWLASKI.”

At this time Boruwlaski was ninety-four years of age.

I look upon this autograph of Boruwlaski as the most extraordinary of the thousands I possess; for I am not aware that a man of his size, his talents, and accomplishments, and his age, is to be found in the annals of mankind.

He died in 1837, at the age of ninety-eight.

SONG OF A SEA-NYPH.

SUGGESTED BY A MUSICAL FANTASIA.

Oh joy! to rise
Through the glittering waves
To the bright sun-glow!
For dim is each ray,
At summer noon-day,
In the depths below.
Below,—down, down
In the measureless space
Of the water-world, I dwell.
Vast regions there be
In the undermost sea,
Whose beauty no tongue can tell.

The serpent king,
Who ruleth them all,
Coiled, in a deep sleep lies;
And each water-sprite,
Who pants for the light,
Awhile to the surface may rise.

Make music, ye waves!
While I dance for joy,
As light as the feathery spray,
On the tremulous shade
By my fair form made,
While the sun-beams around me play.
Oh joy! to dance
On the rippling waves
In the full sun-glow!
While dim is each ray,
This summer noon-day,
In the depths below.

Once more I free
My long soft hair
From its fillet of pearl so pale;
And in golden flow
It streameth down low,
Or fieth abroad on the gale.

I'll sit me down
 On a crested wave,
 To talk with the sylphs in air,
 While I sleek each tress
 Into loveliness
 With a comb of amber rare.

Oh joy! to sit
 'Mid the murmuring waves
 In the full sun-glow!
 While dim is each ray,
 This summer noon-day,
 In the depths below!

Oh, Father Sea!
 Can the tale be true
 Thy waves have told the shore?
 How thou dost love
 The moon above,
 And yearnest for evermore,
 With passionate moan
 To approach her throne,
 When she looketh down on thee,
 Smiling the while
 The soft, cold smile
 Of beauty all passion-free?

The silver moon
 Is fair, but cold,
 The golden sun shines warm;
 Seemeth to me
 Thou may'st now be free
 From the might of her sorrowful charm.
 For 'tis joy to bow
 'Mid the full clear day,
 To the sun-god's glow!
 And sad is the light
 The moon by night
 Sheddeth ever below.

Again I bind
 My silken locks
 With a fillet of gleaming pearl;
 While the zephyrs try,
 With love-laden sigh,
 To capture each perfumed curl.
 In laughing tone
 I mock them all,

And snatch with my foam-white hand
 Each mesh away
 From their wanton play,
 To clasp it with a band.

I'll sing once more,
 Oh father, dear
 The song of "the Syrens three,"
 Whom the children of earth
 (Doomed to sorrow from birth,)
 Loved for their minstrelsy.
 And lying at rest
 On thy heaving breast,
 Rocked by its gentle motion,
 With up-turned eyes
 I'll gaze on the skies,
 More blue than the depths of ocean.

Oh joy! to float
 On a swelling wave
 In the bright sun glow!
 For dim is each ray
 This summer noon-day
 In the depths below!

Hark! hark! I hear
 A heavy sound
 Rise through the troubled main;
 'Tis the sullen up-spring
 Of the serpent king
 From his coiled sleep again!
 And I must go
 Far, far adown,
 To the bottomless abyss,—
 To my crystal home,
 With its coral dome,
 And its perfume of ambergris.

Ah me! to sink
 Through the glittering waves,
 From the warm sun-glow!
 To the dim faint ray
 Of summer noonday
 In the depths below.
 Farewell! farewell!
 Down, down, I go,
 From the light, and the breeze
 And the warm sun-glow!

J. M. W.

CROCKFORD AND CROCKFORD'S.

BY PERDITUS.

BEFORE the period of another London season arrived, Mr. Crockford and his steady adherent Austin determined on seceding from Watier's. The reason assigned for this apparently impolitic withdrawal from a partnership which had been so largely productive of benefit, was, that Josiah Taylor had secretly purchased the lease of the club-house over the heads of his colleagues, and that, finding himself in the beneficial position of lessee, he had meanly and avariciously attempted to impose terms on his late partners, so much at variance with the fair principles of former arrangements, and so exclusively directed to his own individual advantage, that they could not possibly be acceded to. Mr. Crockford was gifted by nature with a shrewd intellect; he knew "what's what," and that, saith the inimitably quaint author of *Hudibras*, is

"as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

He knew that to risk the large capital which he had acquired, without participating in the fair proportionate return of profit, was not the most certain or even probable mode of increasing that capital. He was no stranger to the truth of the axiom "in union is strength;" hence he reasonably, and, as it turned out, wisely concluded that, in conjunction with his *fidus Achates*, Austin, he should be in as good a pecuniary position as his quondam partner, Taylor, to establish a bank on his own responsibility. Acting under the impulse of this reasonable conclusion, he, with a promptitude peculiar to himself, forthwith purchased the lease of a large house in St. James's Street, fitted up the same in a style of superior accommodation, and, before the rival establishment of Taylor opened for the season, commenced operations. The locality of St. James's Street was most favourable, possessing, as it did, decided preference over the remote and less convenient situation of Bolton Street; this advantage, with the novel and improved arrangements effected by Mr. Crockford for the comfort and accommodation of his visitors, secured to him in a very short time the patronage of former friends; his success far exceeded his most sanguine expectations, to the astonishment and mortification of his late colleague Taylor. Mr. Crockford, finding business increase, subsequently took two adjoining houses; but even this addition was found, in time, to be insufficient for, and inadequate to, the rapidly augmenting list of his patrons and the daily applications to be enrolled members of the *St. James's Club*. In this state of things, he took a fourth mansion, and conceived the bold design of pulling down the whole of the premises and erecting on their site a magnificent structure, that in beauty, capacity, and style of arrangement, should surpass everything of the kind, and be suited to the wants, wishes, convenience, and accommodation of the principal aristocracy and gentry of the kingdom. The present mansion in St. James's Street is the result of this design.

During the progress of this superb building (to accelerate the completion of which an unusual number of workmen were actively employed both by day and night) St. James's Street presented a most

confused and extraordinary appearance. Nearly the whole of the upper end of the street from Bennet Street to Piccadilly was in a state of excavation for the arrangement of laying down pipes, forming and perfecting drains, &c., but principally for the object of making a most capacious ice-house. Great was the alarm that such extensive underground operations would endanger the foundations of the adjoining and neighbouring houses, and this alarm, as things turned out, was not without cause; for, while the work of excavation was proceeding, one entire side of the Guards' Club House (situate at the northern adjoining end of Mr. Crockford's premises) fell in with a fearful crash, leaving the complete interior of the house, with the beds and furniture of the different apartments in rather a ludicrous state of exposure, and in a most perilous position.

The nocturnal operations of the numerous workmen by torchlight gave to the scene an extraordinary appearance, causing it to resemble more the locality of a manufacturing district than the main fashionable lounge of London, and the chief thoroughfare to the palace of the sovereign. The whole affair, by the magnitude of the project, and the known and somewhat unpopular purpose for which it was intended, caused great and general excitement, and gave rise to daily moral comment and sarcastic witticism in most of the journals and periodicals of the day. The following samples, having reference to the fall of the Guards' Club House, are accredited to the pen of the brilliant T. Moore:

“ ‘ What can the workmen be about ?
Do, Crockford, let the secret out
Why thus our houses fall.’
Quoth he, ‘ Since folks are out of town,
I find it better to pull down
Than have no pull at all.’ ”

“ See, passenger, at Crockford's high behest,
Red coats by *black legs* ousted from their nest ;
The arts of peace o'ermatching reckless war,
And gallant *Rouge* outdone by wily *Noir*.”

During the time occupied in the erection of the building, Mr. Crockford engaged a spacious house in Pall Mall as a temporary place of business. To have let one season pass in idleness would have been to endanger the pockets of the sporting members of the Club to the disease of plethora, or to subject them to vacuity from causes non-productive of effects to himself; the entertainments of dice were therefore carried on, and with good result, at the house in Pall Mall, in aid of the building fund for the rising mansion or Pandemonium (for such was the classic title already bestowed on the progressing structure) which was hereafter to astonish the world, and to stand the great privileged gaming-house of the metropolis. The year 1827 (the period alluded to) is said to have been most successful to Crockford, and to have surpassed in gain all subsequent seasons, excepting the first two of operation in his new establishment.

On the opening of the superb mansion in 1828, the whole fashionable world, male and female, crowded with eager curiosity, under cards of admission from the great proprietor and the old and privileged members of the Club, to view it. The newspapers were lavish of praise, and elaborate in description of its splendour and magnificence, and the population of London thronged to its exterior survey under much

greater excitement than was apparent on the late opening of the splendid and stupendous national structure, the Royal Exchange. Already had many of the most distinguished members of the aristocracy formed themselves into a committee of management; the most wealthy of the land had enrolled themselves members, and every sprig and stripling of fashion fed on the hope of sooner or later becoming one of the elect. The number of members completing the club was from 1000 to 1200, exclusive of the privilege or right of *entrée* permitted to ambassadors and foreigners of distinction during their diplomatic sojourn or temporary visit to this country.

It cannot be considered out of place or foreign to the subject of this biographical sketch, nor will it, perhaps, be thought uninteresting to give, under favour of an artist friend, a brief but correct sketch of the interior of the mansion of which Mr. Crockford was the whole and sole ostensible proprietor.

On entering from the street, a magnificent vestibule and staircase break upon the view; to the right and left of the hall are reading and dining-rooms. The staircase is of a sinuous form, sustained in its landing by four columns of the Doric order, above which are a series of examples of the Ionic order, forming a quadrangle with apertures to the chief apartments. Above the pillars is a covered ceiling perforated with luminous panels of stained glass, from which springs a dome of surpassing beauty; from the dome depends a lantern containing a magnificent chandelier.

The *State Drawing Room* next attracts attention,—a most noble apartment, baffling perfect description of its beauty, but decorated in the most florid style of the school of Louis Quatorze. The room presents a series of panels containing subjects, in the style of *Watteau*, from the pencil of Mr. Martin, a relative of the celebrated historical painter of that name: these panels are alternated with splendid mirrors. A chandelier of exquisite workmanship hangs from the centre of the ceiling, and three large tables, beautifully carved and gilded, and covered with rich blue and crimson velvet, are placed in different parts of the room. The upholstery and decorative adjuncts are imitative of the gorgeous taste of George the Fourth. Royalty can scarcely be conceived to vie with the style and consummate splendour of this magnificent chamber.

The *lofty and capacious Dining Room*, supported by marble pillars, and furnished in the most substantial and aristocratic style of comfort, is equal to any arrangement of the kind in the most lordly mansions.

The *Drawing Room* is allowed to be one of the most elegant apartments in the kingdom.

The *Sanctum Sanctorum*, or *Play Room*, is comparatively small, but handsomely furnished. In the centre of the apartment stands the *all-attractive Hazard Table*, innocent and unpretending enough in its form and appearance, but fatally mischievous and destructive in its conjunctive influence with box and dice. On this table it may with truth be asserted that the greater portion, if not the whole, of Crockford's immense wealth was achieved; and for this piece of plain, unassuming mahogany he had doubtless a more profound veneration than for the most costly piece of furniture that ever graced a palace. This bench of business is large, and of oval shape, well stuffed, and covered with fine green cloth, marked with yellow lines, denoting the different departments of speculation. Round these compart-

ments are double lines, similarly marked, for the odds or proportions between what is technically known as the *main* and *chance*. In the centre on each side are indented positions for the croupiers, or persons engaged at the table in calling the main and chance, regulating the stakes, and paying and receiving money as the events decisive of gain and loss occur. Over the table is suspended a three-light lamp, conveniently shaded, so as to throw its full luminous power on the cloth, and at the same time to protect the eyes of the croupiers from the light's too strong effect. At another part of the room is fixed a writing-table or desk, where the Pluto of the place was wont to preside, to mete out loans on draft or other security, and to answer all demands by successful players. Chairs of easy make, dice-boxes, bowls for holding counters representing sums from 1*l.* to 200*l.*, with small hand-rakes used by players to draw their counters from any inconvenient distance on the table, may be said to complete the furniture, machinery, and implements of this *great workshop*.

Such is the St. James's Club, or great gaming-house of the metropolis, which in classical allusion has been likened to Pandemonium. It is a lamentable truth, and pregnant with most serious and melancholy feeling and reflection, that, within the narrow limit of the Sanctum, or play-room, described, the ruin has been wholly or partially effected, and the doom sealed, of many noble, high-minded, and opulent men, once proud in position of rank, station, and circumstance, and happy in all the social blessings and relations of life. Many such, fallen from their elevated and envied estate, by the direful infatuation of, and indulgence in, play, unable to bear up against the ruin that has overtaken them, have died by their own hands. To such distressing cause, and the fatal influence of the hazard-table, may be ascribed the lamentable suicidal acts of the late highly-respected nobleman, Lord R——, and the no less esteemed gentleman, the late Henry B——. Others of like grade and character have, owing to the same afflicting cause, become beggars in means, and outcasts alike from society and their country. To what other cause is to be attributed the impaired patrimony of the present Lord F——, who (worthy son of a scrupulously honourable sire) has nobly sacrificed a portion of his inheritance to redeem the late lord's extensive gaming liabilities and engagements. What can account for the reduced fortunes and incumbered estates of Lords T——, C——, H——, L——, A——, S——, Sir V. C——, and that untitled nobleman and worthy specimen of an English gentleman, George P——, but their unfortunate and devoted passion for play? What effected the ruin and expatriation of Ball H——, B——, L——, and some scores of others, whose names have been carefully hidden from public sympathy, and whom fortune and commercial wealth and credit seemed at one time to have placed beyond the reach of reverse? What but the fascinations of the gaming-table—a cause to which may be ascribed the constrained and pauper condition of half the fashionables and scions of nobility about town? Where, on the other hand, is to be discovered that wonder of a man, who by indulgence in play has benefitted his estate, increased his means, or added one jot to his reputation, or to the peace and happiness of those connected with him! Echo answers—"Where?" One of the most steady, temperate, and prudent speculators at Crockford's was the late Lord S——; but, with all his calm and imperturbable disposition and bold enterprise, the game con-

quered him, and he could no more control or defeat the certain pull or per-centage against him than he could have accelerated or retarded the earth's revolutionary motion. He was passionately fond of French hazard ; but he had the prudence, and with it the resolution, to confine his risk within legitimate bounds, and yet he contributed annually to increase the mound of Crockford's profits. The late Marquis of H—, who was deeply and practically skilled in the speculative science of play, and who had little love of any game that afforded not advantage to those best acquainted with its principles, was once or twice induced to try his hand at French hazard, but very soon discovered that the only certainty it embraced was *loss to the player, and profit to the banker*. He himself was a loser on the occasion alluded to, an event so unusual in his lordship's practice, that it gave rise to the following couplet:—

“ Say, holy prophet, who can hope to win,
Where men like H— can be taken in ? ”

The establishment in St. James's Street being complete in its erection, was opened for the season 1828, in a style of great and costly splendour in its arrangements. Its general direction was under the control of Mr. Crockford, influenced, however, to a certain degree, and in particular respects, by the noblemen and gentlemen forming his committee, some of whom were confidently spoken of as possessing an interest in one department of the club, beyond their position as committee-men,— in plain terms, at having a partnership in the bank. The annual subscription was twenty-five pounds for each member, which gave to the subscriber every kind of first-rate and luxurious accommodation and attendance. Amongst other advantages, it secured the convenience and option of dining, at a low price, from the bill of fare of the unrivalled artist, *Ude*, whose chemical and culinary services were rated at no less a sum than twelve hundred pounds per annum ! Crockford's experience and judgment told him that, to keep his patrons and friends in happy mood, their appetites must be consulted, their palates tickled ;

“ He therefore turned his conjuring book
For a spell to raise a cook ;
Thrice invoked, an artist came,
Not unworthy of the name.”

In the catalogue of luxury at command of each member were wines too of the finest quality and choicest kind, at most reasonable rate, with a supply of every other want that reason or even luxury could suggest or fastidious taste require, the whole being conducted upon a scale of splendour and liberality unheard of in club arrangements.

By the terms of Mr. Crockford's agreement with his committee as to play proceedings, he was bound to put down a bank or capital of 5000*l.* nightly during the sitting of *Parliament*,—a rather remarkable specification as to time, and one which seemed to imply, that the members of the legislature were not expected to confine their great capacities to the mere voting of supplies in the Committee of Ways and Means at St. Stephen's, but that they should here practically illustrate the principle of such votes,—indeed there was great similitude of proceeding in the business of Parliament and Pandemonium. At Crockford's as in the senate,

“ Large money bills and loans they tried to raise ;
King Crockford took their *means*, and praised their *ways*.”

The whole and sole direction and control of the department and operations of play were under the experienced professorship of the proprietor, aided by his steward, agent, and factotum, Guy, (the person before spoken of as having been most serviceable to Crockford, when indicted,) and other operatives, each of whom received a large weekly salary for their services and secrecy. Guy had been originally a groom-porter at an inferior hazard-table in Jermyn Street, frequented by Crockford in his less palmy days, and having in such capacity been serviceable to him, was now appointed to the principal post in the new establishment. Some notion of the lucrative nature of this appointment may be entertained from the fact that, in the course of ten or twelve years, Guy had realized and saved from his salary and emoluments nearly 30,000*l.*: possessed of which, he suddenly, after the example of his master, became a betting man on the Turf; and availing himself of his position at the club, and of the facilities thereby afforded to bet with its members, he gave offence to his employer, (who considered the ground exclusively his own,) and, words ensuing, he was dismissed. He subsequently took to building speculations in his native town, in Essex; failing in which, he returned to London, tried his hand at divers pursuits, and latterly at the establishment of a club in St. James's Street: in all he proved unsuccessful. Impaired health yielding to paralysis, he became helpless, and ultimately died a pauper in the workhouse of his native place, where it is said he had been much respected for acts of charity in his days of prosperity. Crockford is reported to have been unforgiving in his feeling of resentment towards his quondam friend and associate, and to have been deaf to all entreaty and solicitation made on his behalf in his last days of poverty and distress: for humanity's sake, it is to be hoped that Crockford's heart was not made of such flinty material. The successor of Guy was Dasking, another vulgar specimen of Crockford's former associates. This person had also presided in the capacity of groom-porter at the English hazard-table kept by O'Hara in Oxendon Street, where, as before noticed, Crockford used nightly to pick up his crumbs by all the advantageous pulls that opportunity presented, the secret of which had been no mystery to Dasking, whose countenance of, and silent co-operation in, the profitable method of playing on score with a large note, were in some degree necessary to the success of such a system of ingenious bye-play. Such services, doubtless, raised him to the vacant seat at Pandemonium. This man, nearly pennyless at the time of his appointment, died, after a few years' service therein, leaving behind him 10,000*l.* These facts are related to show how immense a profit must have been open to Crockford himself when his servants and subordinates could thus rapidly rise to fortune from the mere wages of their nocturnal occupations. Some notion may be formed, also, of the extent of business in the department of play, from the fact that the item of expenditure for dice alone (at about a guinea per pair) amounted to 2000*l.* per annum; three new pairs being provided for the opening play each night, and very frequently as many more called for by players, or put down by Crockford himself, with a view to change luck under any marked and determined reverse.

For the accommodation of those who patronized the hazard-table splendid suppers were nightly provided, which, with wines of choice and exciting quality, were at command *ad libitum* and gratuitously.

In fact, no stimulus was wanting to increase the natural propensity for play, and to render men desperate under ill-fortune. During the first two seasons, the business of the hazard-table was tremendous, and the resulting profits immense. Above 300,000*l.* is said to have been transferred in its ownership during this short period, the principal portion of which enormous amount found its way into the coffers of Mr. Crockford. Counts and commoners, peers and professionals, senators and stock-jobbers were plucked bare as pigeons for a pasty to swell the enormous gains of the great Demon of Pandemonium.

Subsequent seasons, although not realizing such abundant harvests, continued nevertheless to bring fair grist to the great metropolitan mill. Each succeeding year brought out some newly-fledged pigeons to be plucked at the grand poultry, some recent inheritors of title and fortune to be initiated in the pleasing mysteries of French hazard, and to be charmed out of wealth's superfluity. Crockford was a walking Domesday Book, in which were registered the day and hour of birth of each rising expectant of fortune; he could tell with the nicest exactitude the rent-rolls of property in perspective, to what extent such rent-rolls had been anticipated by apparent heirs, and what further incumbrance they would reasonably and securely bear; and his favourable report to the committee seldom failed to ensure the election of so qualified an applicant for admission to all the rights, privileges, and immunities of the club, and to the distinguished honour of contributing his quota.

By continued successes and constant drafts on the nightly decreasing resources of the infatuated, Mr. Crockford had now become a large capitalist, and, in all reasonable calculation, above the reach of danger from any sudden reverse. Not only had he levied execution on the ready funds of his community, but he held, under lock and key, dishonoured drafts, bills, I.O.U.'s, with the more solid securities of mortgages, assignments, deposits, &c., all resulting from the one grand and certain profitable source of speculation. All doubtful debts were, of course, available as sets-off against any future successes by the parties indebted, and who, during the continuation of their unsettled accounts, were reduced to the necessity of finding ready cash for all further indulgence in play. Mr. Crockford's betting accounts dove-tailed, also, most admirably, in such respect, with the business and accounts of the hazard-table, the losses of the one being brought into reckoning with the gains of the other, and *vice versa*. It must be considered, also, that, in spite of the numerous parties who had risen up to oppose his influence at Tattersall's, he had still immense advantages in betting by reason of his connection with the club. This was his own exclusive and privileged sphere of action, within which few of the Leg fraternity (save and except a few titled and non-titled scamps who of late years had qualified for the class and degree) could possibly trespass.

In the arrangements of the game, Mr. Crockford was not permitted, under the non-success of the bank, to terminate the play until a stated hour, so long as any portion of the nightly capital of 5000*l.* remained: on the other hand, although not compelled to put down any further sum, he was at liberty so to do if he thought it advisable; and he was frequently accustomed to try the result of a second and even a third bank, when there was hope and prospect of recovery; he was, however, always regulated in the policy of such further venture by

consideration of the parties to whom his bank was opposed, for he was too wary to risk any unnecessary amount against bold and determined hands, that were likely to re-risk only a small portion of their gains. It has, however, on several occasions, happened, that in his attempts to recover a first loss, he has increased that loss to an amount of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds in one night; a circumstance not at all surprising, when it is known that the player could stake as large a sum as 200*l.* on a main, and could subsequently bet the odds, in proportion to such sum, between the main called and the chance to be thrown in opposition to such main—technical points of the game well known to its amateurs and professors. This extent of stake would in reality admit 1000*l.* to depend upon one event; that is to say, such amount would be the difference between winning and losing the event, as thus exemplified. Suppose the castor to put down 200*l.* in the first instance; he then calls the main of *seven*, and throws the number or chance of *four*: the odds or probabilities then become two to one (or 400*l.* to 200*l.*, in proportion to the 200*l.* originally staked) against his throwing the number *four* (the winning chance) in opposition to the number *seven*, the main called: he thus risks, in fair proportion, 400*l.* against 600*l.*; the difference, therefore, between winning the 600*l.* and losing the 400*l.*, will clearly appear to be 1000*l.* It may, with reason, be imagined, that so apparently small a capital or bank as 5000*l.* would be very inadequate to meet the speculations of bold and enterprising players, under favourable fortune; but it must be recollected, that at the game of hazard there are generally two distinct and opposing interests operating at the table amongst the players: some are betting on the hand of the caster, or person throwing the dice; others are risking their money against such hand; and these respective and opposite fancies frequently cause an equalization of stake for and against, which is the great desideratum of the banker; for in such case he derives the full calculated per-centage of the game, which is taken at about twenty-five shillings in every hundred pounds. It must be taken into consideration, also, that players, with very rare exceptions, seldom risk so large an amount on one event, until they have become desperate by frequent previous loss of capital, which has gone to augment the bank's original fund, and which, consequently, betters the bank's condition to meet the larger demand.

Mr. Crockford, now elevated beyond all former fortune, took a splendid house in the Regent's Park, where for a time he resided with his family in comparative tranquillity; but his love of money, and his restless anxiety to be still adding to his great wealth, permitted him not long to enjoy the *otium* which fortune usually favours. He entered into many and various speculations, promising, as he thought, large return. He was a man of business, and acquainted with most matters favouring success therein. He was cognizant of the value of, and knew the best markets for, everything, from an eel to an earldom, or, as Hudibras hath it,

“ He by geometric scale
 Could tell the size of pots of ale;
 Resolve by sines and tangents straight,
 If bread and butter wanted weight.”

His ventures, therefore, generally speaking, were based on the good grounds of knowledge and experience; but, 'tis not in mortals to

command success; and latterly he met with some check to his hitherto almost invariably profitable outlay of capital. One of the most prominent instances and examples of failure was the erection of the extensive building originally designed for a bazaar, at the corner of King Street and St. James's Street, a vicinity that had, as already shown, been most favourable to his speculations as a *rouge-et-noir* banker. The cost of this building, notwithstanding the fact that every brick, plank, and other material was bought at the best market, and every hour's work paid for under the advantageous terms of contract, was immense. The structure was handsome in its exterior, and complete in its proposed arrangements. It was opened as a bazaar, under very favourable auspices, in the full fashionable season. For a time its novelty attracted, and crowds of visitors gave it patronage and support; but, the novelty over, and curiosity subsiding, traffic fell again into its ordinary channels, and the business of the St. James's bazaar became inadequate to the high rents demanded for the counters or standings in it. From this cause it became a total failure in its original design. It was afterwards adapted to the temporary purpose of an exhibition-room, where (with the somewhat curious fact having reference to Mr. Crockford's immediate professional occupation and pursuit,) that wonderfully dextrous artist, the Wizard of the North, undertook to expose, and actually did enlighten the public in respect to, the frauds and sleight-of-hand tricks that could be practised, and were, in fact, daily made available to cheating and robbery by cards and dice. His performance was wonderful, and must have effectually opened the eyes of many dupes, and called up in them some unpleasant reminiscences of the practical skill by which they had been mulcted of their material. The lower and under-ground departments of the building are now used as counting-houses and cellaring connected with the late Mr. Crockford's business as a wine merchant, a speculation which is believed to have turned to very fair account.

About two years ago, Mr. Crockford signified his desire to retire from the proprietorship of the Club, and intimated at the same time a wish to dispose of the extensive mansion and premises in St. James's Street, with all its valuable furniture and property; the reason assigned for such proposed secession was, that he felt his health declining and his energies unequal to the constant labour and anxiety attendant on the proper direction and management of so large an establishment. The real cause, however, was not only suspected, but known to be his determination no longer to be controlled by the arbitrary power of his committee: his term of agreement with them had expired, and he had no inclination to renew it upon like conditions. He well knew that a capitalist of sufficient experience was not easily to be met with, who could or would speculate in all the extravagant outlay of so immense an undertaking, and that consequently there was no very immediate prospect or probability of a successor; he was aware also, that before such a one should appear, the committee, tired out in the search, would, rather than risk the complete break-up of so commodious an establishment, fall into his more reasonable views to continue its direction under terms less restrictive and imposing;—and he was not far out in his reckoning. On the first announcement of his intention to retire, a sensation was created throughout the Club. Meetings were held, and schemes devised for continuing the arrangements under a new proprietor; and, with this view, estimates were

made and particulars put forth of the capital required to purchase the existing interest ; flattering representations were also held out of the great and certain fortune to be derived from the source of the French hazard bank ;—but all to no purpose,—no millionaire was forthcoming ; the only offers made were by divers members of the gaming fraternity in the vicinity to provide a hazard bank for the accommodation of the Club, but under no such restrictions as to amount of capital or stake as had been imposed on Mr. Crockford. Such offers, coming not within the contemplated arrangements of the proprietor or the committee, were declined ; and the ultimatum of the whole business was, that Mr. Crockford *ostensibly* withdrew from all play speculations, still continuing his proprietorship of the Club. He had now gained his object, which was in reality to avoid the provision of so large a capital nightly, and the compulsory condition to play so high a stake as 200*l.* and its proportions on a single event ; the real secret of which was, that both players and money had of late been less abundant, partly because he had too heavily taxed the resources of the members, and further that rival establishments had recently been in the ascendant : for it not unfrequently happened that, under the opportunity afforded by the large stakes permitted at Crockford's, a bold and enterprising player would, on a good hand, win a large sum, which he would subsequently (perhaps on the very same night) lose at some rival bank ; whereas no equal chance of benefit was afforded to Crockford in such respect, for the reason that the other clubs alluded to restricted their stakes on a single event to the limit of 25*l.* and its proportions.

Out of the necessity occasioned by Mr. Crockford's ostensible retirement from the bank, the committee, good easy men, ceded to a proposal made by Page and Dasking (since dead), *employées* under the old system, to provide a smaller capital under a more moderate rate of risk ; and, in pursuance of this agreement, a bank of 2000*l.* only was put down, and the stakes limited to 25*l.* Although the persons named were the ostensible principals and capitalists under the new arrangement, they were but partially and slightly interested in the resulting advantages : the real parties were the former bankers, who had thus freed themselves from their disadvantageous position, and become responsible only through their operatives and representatives. A new man was added to the direction of the table—one of different mould and manners altogether from his two predecessors,—in fact, a man of education and gentlemanly habits and address, and of former good and respectable position in life. The commencement of business under the new regime was not very auspicious ; for a certain sporting baronet (one of the many victims sacrificed on the altar of Crockford's wealth, and now more distinguished for his bold and dashing style of play than for any very large capital remaining to him to lose) paid his early respects to the new firm, and under favour of a good hand, which he never failed to turn to the best account, speedily relieved them of the night's capital,—an obligation which he repeated within a week or two. Loss of fortune has too late taught the lesson of prudence to this gentleman, as it has to many others : he now risks but little, and that seldom ; but when the ruling passion prompts to the old sport, he dashes at it with a bold energy and determination based on that perfect knowledge of the game which sad experience has given. His meaning on such occasions is mischief to a bank ; and, if fair opportunity present itself, he is not very tardy in making a transfer of a bank's resources.

Matters having been thus satisfactorily arranged as to the future management of the Club, and Mr. Crockford, having become free from all interference and control by the committee, had leisure for other pursuits and pastime; and he resumed, within moderate limits, the keeping of race-horses, having now more time to devote the necessary attention to them than at the former period of his racing speculations. His retirement, however, from his late active duties and constant occupations in St. James's Street left his ever busy mind at freedom to wander into other channels of venture and speculation, and doubtless operated as a leading cause to one of his most heavy and unsuccessful outlays of capital. The adventure alluded to was a mining concern in Flintshire, in which, on the most flattering representations of probable success, based on the authority of scientific report, Mr. Crockford was induced to embark, in conjunction with another party professing to have great knowledge, skill, and experience in mining affairs. The lands in which the mines were situate were reported, on like scientific authority, to be rich and abundant in mineral treasure and resource; and on such apparently indisputable report, Mr. Crockford was led from time to time to make considerable advances in the prosecution of the works. Subsequently, a partnership was entered into, and a further large outlay of capital expended in sinking shafts, repairing old and erecting new machinery: fine specimens of ore, the production of the mines in work, were from time to time submitted to the inspection of the great capitalist and wealthy partner, who, thus influenced, continued the necessary supplies to the continuation of the work and to the ultimate realization of his golden hopes and expectations. But time moved on, and large demands on Mr. Crockford's purse being continued, he commenced a system of argumentation within himself, that something like return, or a prospect thereof, should be forthcoming from so great an outlay; reasoning thus, he jumped at once to the pretty correct conclusion, that mining speculations were too profound a pursuit for him, that the mineral specimens exhibited to him as illustrative of the earth's treasure, and promissory of the immense wealth to be obtained, were dross in comparison with the ready refined golden product, brilliant and fresh from the valuable and admired process of the mint, which he had so lavishly gathered from the verdant surface of his venerated hazard table in St. James's Street. A disagreement took place between himself and partner, which led to a dissolution, under which legal separation of interests a partition took place of the mining lands and property. In this arrangement, it is reported, Mr. Crockford was equally unfortunate; for the mines allotted to him, though considered to promise favourably in future return, turned out on subsequent working to be of little or no value; while, on the other hand, the property partitioned to his late co-adventurer proved of much more valuable consideration. The disappointment and severe mortification occasioned by this result, and by the total failure of his hopes, added to the absolute grief and distress at so great a loss of capital, acting on a mind unaccustomed to severe reverse, and on a frame somewhat debilitated by age and growing infirmity, brought on excess of nervous excitement, which terminated in death.

For some weeks preceding his decease, Mr. Crockford had been confined to his residence, and fearful apprehensions were entertained that he might not survive the approaching period of the Epsom races, and the great and important event of "the Derby," on

which so many thousands were depending in immediate reference to the horse *Ratan*, of which Mr. Crockford was the owner, and which at the time stood high in public opinion in the betting market. Much anxiety was occasioned by the knowledge that, in the event of Mr. Crockford's dissolution before the day of the race, his horse would become disqualified, and hence great confusion would arise in some betting accounts, which, from the short period intervening, it would be impracticable to regulate or amend before the eventful day. Tattersall's yard, on days of business, exhibited a congregation of faces expressive of the most opposite feelings of hope and fear; but anxiety was apparent in all. Ever alive, however, to business, and to any and every event *in futuro* affording opportunity for a bet, the term of Mr. Crockford's mortal existence was the universal theme of the assembled classes of sporting men, and became as much a matter of business amongst the leg fraternity as the race in which his horse was engaged. Under the fear entertained of Mr. Crockford's inopportune decease, the parties more immediately and deeply interested in that event endeavoured to effect an insurance on his life for the short term of one week, and large premiums were offered to the different insurance companies, at Lloyd's, and to private individuals, for such guarantee. Neither public company nor private capitalist could, however, be found to accept terms on so hazardous an event. Mr. Crockford outlived the great and important day of the Derby race, but died on the day of the Oaks, which took place on the 25th of May last.

The death of Mr. Crockford, occurring as it did close on the day of settlement of the Epsom account, a time most important to the arrangements of the sporting world, occasioned much confusion in betting accounts, and threw many obstacles in the way of full and satisfactory adjustment. With a laudable anxiety to support the credit that had hitherto attached to Mr. Crockford's name at Tattersall's, and with a view also to prevent inconvenience to persons to whom his account was indebted, and who relied thereon for the honourable discharge of their own engagements, his widow (even in the hour of her immediate grief) took the prompt and judicious course of addressing a letter to the stewards of the Jockey Club, and of forwarding to them therewith her late husband's betting books and a draft for the balance of loss which appeared to be due from him amounting to about 700*l*. On receipt of these documents, a meeting of the Turf authorities took place, and the result of this meeting was an announcement by the stewards (Lord Steadbroke and others) that all parties indebted to the late Mr. Crockford's account ought forthwith to pay, and that, on such payment being made, all claimants on the same account would, upon like principle, be entitled to receive their respective demands.

Thus much of Mr. Crockford as a man of notoriety, for such he most unquestionably was—

“ The trump of fame
Has seldom blasted forth a name,
Throughout the country or the town,
Of more invincible renown !”

As the greatest and most successful gamester of the age, his name was familiar in every European capital. The high patronage bestowed on him screened him from the pains and penalties of the law, gave him privileges and protection over minor offenders, and secured to him the full and uninterrupted practice of his chief lucrative, but

destructive profession as the keeper of a gaming-house. Legislators nightly met at his establishment to violate the laws which in their wisdom and anxiety for the cause of public morality they had been strenuous to enact. Churchmen, who from their pulpits were loud and eloquent in their denunciation of indulgence in vicious propensities, and who laboured to impress on the minds of their congregations the fatal and destructive consequences of gaming, here hugged the vice at which they stormed, and "shook in hanging sleeves the box and dice," hazarding together their piety and their patrimony. Magistrates, too, the grave and sapient administrators of the law, scrupled not to offend the law by the practice of that for which, with judicial solemnity, they had sentenced the minor but unprivileged culprit to imprisonment and the treadmill, but

" Authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in it
That skims the vice o' the top ;"

and as that in the captain is but a choleric word which in the soldier is flat blasphemy, even such is the proportionate estimate of offence in magisterial wisdom between the unprivileged sinner and the elect of Pandemonium. "A hell, or common gaming-house," says Lord Byron, "is a place where you risk *little*, and are cheated a great deal. *A club* is a *pleasant purgatory*, where you lose *more* and are *not supposed* to be cheated at all;" a subtle and satirical distinction, finely conceived, and one which may have had some influence on a certain Committee, from whom has recently emanated a very elaborate report on gaming, tending to show that Parliament, which De Lolme declares to be so omnipotent that it can accomplish any and every object of its will save that of mutation of the sexes, is powerless to control the vice (though in direct violation of law) when carried on within the sanctuary of a club-house; a kind of special pleading most favourable to the growth of the evil, seeing that gamesters are an ingenious and most enterprising set of individuals, and require no ghost to tell them that clubs are easily formed to the law's evasion.

The entire property amassed by Mr. Crockford must have been immense, regard being had to the fact that, exclusively of a sum of money, amounting to nearly half a million sterling, bequeathed to his widow, he is confidently reported to have distributed amongst his children, about two years ago, a sum nearly equalling, if not exceeding that amount; a circumstance not at all improbable in a man of foresight like Mr. Crockford, and one which will fully account, as well for the bequest of the whole bulk of his remaining fortune to his widow, as for such bequest being absolute and free from all condition. In estimating the wealth acquired by Mr. Crockford through the medium and success of his French hazard bank, (for this was the never-failing source of gain,) there must be taken into account the heavy and extravagant expenditure of the establishment in St. James's Street; his own expensive, though by no means foolishly extravagant, mode of living; the maintenance and education of a very numerous family, the advances of money from time to time made to fit them out and further their prospects in life; the expense of a racing-stud; a considerable outlay in suppressing various indictments preferred against him for his former proprietorship in King Street, and the heavy losses more recently sustained by other venture and speculation. It may be fairly calculated that the certain profits of the hazard-table

must have embraced millions ! and some idea may be formed of the extent of evil to others consequent on such an accumulation of capital extracted from their means.

In person Mr. Crockford was something above the middle stature, and rather crippled in his walk, owing to a paralytic affection ; his expression of countenance was by no means intelligent, or indicative in the slightest degree of that quick capacity which distinguished him in the play and betting rings ; on the contrary, there was at times a simplicity of feature bordering on the idiotic, that might well have impressed those who knew him not with a very erroneous opinion of his capability. His dress was plain in the extreme, and not in the least approaching any attempt at fashionable formation or arrangement ; indeed Mr. Crockford was a man not at all addicted to outward display : in this he certainly exhibited good sense and policy ; for any exhibition on his part, to the extent which his means allowed, would have put royalty's self out of countenance, and by exciting public attention and denunciation, would in all probability have given sudden check to his profitable trade. Mr. Crockford has left behind him the numerous family of fourteen children, all of whom have received the advantages of a liberal education, and have been substantially and handsomely provided for. Some are entered of learned and liberal professions, others are engaged in trade, but all employed in honourable and lucrative pursuits. One son is handsomely endowed in the Church, and three others are carrying on the business of wine merchants in St. James's Street. Of the female portion of the family, one is married to an eminent medical practitioner. The widow of Mr. Crockford is a lady of refined manners and amiable disposition, and much and deservedly respected by those who have the pleasure of her acquaintance. To her extreme care and attention in the exercise of such qualities Mr. Crockford owed not only the enjoyment of great domestic comfort, but the correction of much of his early coarse and uneducated manner, and the removal of habits ill-suited to his after associations. Mrs. Crockford was originally governess to the former lady of her husband's love, by whom he had four children. It is pleasing to contemplate the falling of fortune, however disqualified in its acquirement, into the possession of those who can justly appreciate its value, and through whom it may, by laudable application, communicate benefit to the unfortunate and less-favoured of mankind. The mere inheritance of wealth constitutes not its real worth ; its virtue is derived from the intrinsic merit of its possessor, and lies in its benevolent and praiseworthy appropriation.

*“ Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum ; rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti.”*

Having thus traced the career of Mr. Crockford, from his humble occupation and lowly domicile in the Strand, to the extreme position of wealth and a princely mansion in Carlton House Terrace, a locality commanded only by the most opulent of our aristocracy, it remains only to announce, that at this residence he died on the 25th of May, 1844, aged sixty-nine years, above fifty of which were devoted to what is termed sporting pursuits.

*“ No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode.”*

SKETCHES OF LEGENDARY CITIES.—No. IV.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

MONMOUTH.

“THERE is an M in Macedon and an M in Monmouth,” as we are informed by Fluellin; and we are bound to believe that there were more striking resemblances in the two cities even than this: one, nevertheless, is as sufficient to an antiquary as many of the proofs brought to convince the incredulous of the identity of two places. Whatever might have been the attractions of Macedon, the renowned birthplace of Alexander, they could not exceed those of the beautiful town where Henry the Fifth, the hero of Agincourt, first saw the light. The Castle, once a stately pile, which, at the time of his birth, had long been in possession of the house of Lancaster, has now only a few ivy-covered stones remaining to show where once it stood, on a rock overlooking the valley of the Trothey; and the only window in which any part of the formerly elaborate stone tracery can be found, is that of a tower-chamber, in whose enclosure the little Prince Hal was born. All that remains of the thick walls, which neither time, nor violence, nor carelessness have been able to sweep away, is to be seen in a pretty private garden in the midst of an orchard of luxuriant apple-trees, and half-concealed by vigorous shrubs and twining ivy. A narrow path on the top of a precipitous bank leads along one side of the ruin, whose broken turrets rise in tottering decay above the trees. The tower of Henry the Fifth is suffered to remain in a slovenly condition, being used as a tool-house and receptacle for all sorts of litter; and as it stands at the extremity of a lane, much hidden by newer walls, the effect of this interesting relic is greatly destroyed. A handsome large house, of very antique appearance, built many years since out of the remains of the castle, rises near, and has an imposing and pleasing aspect. The castle extended over a very large space of ground, and many of the cellars of the surrounding houses can show traces of its foundations; but all that is above ground is contained in a very narrow space.

The town of Monmouth, formerly called Gwent, is built in a plain, and is nearly surrounded by a natural fosse formed by three rivers, the Wye, the Monnow, and the small stream of the Trothey. The Wye is here silvery and lucid, according to the wont of that most interesting and beautiful of all rivers, and runs, doubling and winding, through meadows covered with flowers, whose enamelled lawns dip into the saluting waters on one side, while, on the other, rise from the very margin wood above wood, of the most graceful forms and most brilliant and varied hues, whether tender spring, or verdant summer, or golden autumn tinge the foliage with their colours.

In every direction round Monmouth the most enticing walks lure the stranger on, for uncounted miles of beauty, by this bewitching stream, which often meets him at a sudden turn, entirely unexpected, and comes glittering and gliding through the groves and beyond the hills, still surprising him in his delighted way. So quiet are the banks, so overflowing with the riches of the most lovely nature, that they seem to have the power attributed to some charmed river or

fountain of old, from which the wanderer in vain attempted to escape, spell-bound by the crystal waters which seduced him to gaze on them for ever. Nowhere did I ever feel this attraction so strong as in the charming meadows of Monmouth, where a hundred pretty paths, leading over a hundred steep and strangely inconvenient stiles, carry one far beyond the limits of a prudent walk. There is, not very far from the town, a little old church in the fields of Dixon, so low that it is not observed till you are close upon it, and, there, nothing can equal the charm of the cheerful solitude around. The clergyman's house is on the opposite bank, and he must cross the Wye in a little boat when he comes to do duty; the universal stillness seems quite unbroken except by the soft whispering of immense boughs, which shade the little building, whose antique tower, with its conical top exactly the shape of a priest's cap, surmounted with a knob, and its low early-pointed, arched doors and simple windows, show its great antiquity. It has all the appearance of having been the church of a monastery, the buildings of which probably extended far along the banks of the river; a broken stone cross stands under a fine elm at the entrance of the pretty churchyard, which is kept in the neatest manner possible, and numerous fine trees grow here and there down to the river's brink. In a dry, warm summer, the spot is all that can be imagined of beauty and grace; but in winter, when the soft, gentle, silvery stream forgets its character, and rushes passionately and furiously over its rocky bed, and, spurning its bounds, sends a flood over the meadows, the church of Dixon is under water for many feet, and whole months sometimes pass before service can be again performed there; thanks to the massive foundation given it by the monks, the church still braves these repeated attacks of the infuriated water-spirits, to whose honour, perhaps, once rose, in Pagan times, a temple on this spot.

The river Monnow or Mynwy, as it is called in Welsh, gave its name to the town; over it, leading to an antique and solitary suburb, is a curious bridge, having an arched gateway at the entrance, which has strongly the appearance of a Roman building, and is singularly like one at the old town of Saintes, in Poitou. Its history is unknown, some attributing to it a Saxon, some a Roman, and some a later date. Just beyond it is a venerable church, evidently of Saxon foundation, to judge by its little, low, arched doorways, elaborately adorned with zigzag mouldings; this is called St. Thomas's Chapel Over-Monnow, and is now restored from the state of extreme delapidation into which it had fallen. Some of the portals, however, still remain in their original state, and are very fine specimens of their style.

The principal church of Monmouth is St. Mary's. It has a remarkably beautiful tower and lofty spire, which is seen in all directions, and is a great ornament to the town: the tower is old, but the body of the church is quite modern; not so, however, the neighbourhood, for what is now the churchyard, the school-house, and its surrounding buildings, was the spot where stood a famous monastery; and here the learned monk, Geoffrey of Monmouth, resided. A building, which is now used as a national school, is still called his "Study," and is probably the site of his cell; but the pretty antique, heavy, mullioned, oriel window, which overhangs the court, cannot boast of an earlier date than Henry the Seventh's time. It is a very

striking and picturesque object, forming part of a wall covered with festoons of ivy; behind, shoots up to the sky the fine spire of the church, and before it extends, far beneath the road, the pretty low meadows where the Trothey winds its way till it falls into the Monnow at the antique bridge. The view of this small vale, closed by the woods and hills, is extremely pleasing: till within a few years these fields were open to the public as gardens of amusement, but they are now cultivated for other purposes; and a fine broad terrace rises on the river's bank, with handsome houses on one side, which command the prospect. It seems that, till the late improvements, which were much wanting to the town, there was another church close to St. Mary's, called "the Monk's," which was probably a chapel of the convent of Benedictine Black Monks, of which fraternity Geoffrey was a distinguished member.

The hospitals of St. John and of the Holy Trinity can only be traced by occasional antique-looking pieces of wall built into new houses in the different streets; of which there are many of very ancient appearance, though so carefully covered with a wash of yellow ochre, that, but for their strange overhanging forms, they might almost pass unnoticed. There are no striped wooden houses left, which is to be regretted; but the whole place is singularly neat and clean, a circumstance doubtless more to be rejoiced at by the inhabitants than the existence of narrow streets and carved buildings. One tenement, however, close to several others of very rugged and worn aspect, whose stones are remarkably out of the perpendicular, cannot but attract notice; this is called "Jones's School," and to its establishment a story attaches which reminded me, in some particulars, of that of the merchant Aufrédy's Hospital at La Rochelle.

William Jones was, however, not originally a man of birth or wealth; he was an industrious, but very poor boy, from Newland, a little town near Monmouth, where he worked for his bread, and had come to the larger town hoping to be able to find a wider field of occupation. He became errand boy and "boots" at a little tavern; but his fortunes were so depressed, and his gains so little, that he resolved to venture still further, and dare the dangers of the great metropolis itself. He was, however, shoeless, and no money did he possess to enable him to procure a pair of strong shoes in which to begin his travels and make a decent appearance. Perhaps his intimacy with the shoes and boots of the travellers at his inn had inspired him with the ambition of arraying himself in such; otherwise it is, even now, the Welsh habit to disdain coverings for the feet at all. Jones, however, by his longing looks and sighing remarks as he handled certain shoes on a cobbler's stall close by his domicile, excited the sympathy of the artist whose handiworks evidently inspired him with so much admiration, and he inquired his reason for wishing so much for a similar pair as those he so wistfully gazed on.

"If I had a pair like those," said Jones, "I would directly set out for London, and seek my fortune; but I have no money to pay for them," he added, looking disconsolate in the extreme; "so that is impossible, I know."

"You are an honest lad," said the compassionate cobbler, "and a clever and industrious one too; what if I were to let you have this pair, and you paid me when you could? You would be a gainer,

and I not much of a loser ; so take them, and much good may they lead you to."

William Jones left Monmouth, and was not heard of again for many a long year ; one day a man in rags and tatters appeared in the street of Newland, and, stopping at several houses where the inhabitants were above want, entreated relief, as a native of the town, who had returned after vainly endeavouring to gain his livelihood. No one would listen to his story, and the beadle of the parish harshly ordered him to leave the place, as he would find no relief there. It was late in an autumn day when William Jones entered the town of Monmouth, pausing on the bridge over the Wye, and observing the glittering of the waves of the bright stream in the sun. The bells of St. Mary's, said to be the very same peal brought by the victorious Henry from the church of Agincourt, were ringing joyously, and his heart revived, for he thought they gave him welcome. At the first house where he stopped, he was admitted, and refreshment given him ; he proceeded further, and meeting one of the parish-officers, told who he was and related his necessity. He was immediately desired to follow to a house of charity, where a good bed was offered him, and a comfortable meal, accompanied by kind words of encouragement. In the morning he went forth, and in the same spot which, nearly twenty years before, was occupied by the cobbler's stall, he saw his old friend still busy plying his trade. The artist's head was quite white, and his features had grown sharp with age, and his hand shook as he guided his tool ; but there was a lively and benevolent sparkle in his eye as he looked up from his work with a compassionate glance at the beggar who stood beside him, and who asked, in a faltering voice, if he recognised in the ragged figure on whom he looked, any one he had seen before.

"Did not a poor boy," said the beggar, "once take a pair of shoes of you, which he never paid for?"

"Yes," answered the old man ; "if you mean William Jones, of Newland—he did ; and if he had prospered, he would have come back to pay me."

A few words explained that he was now come for the very purpose ; and the cobbler, in considerable surprise, received his money.

"You are no richer, I fear," said William, "than when I owed you this obligation. Now, hear me ; I came in this guise to try my former friends, but I am not the beggar I appear. After I left Monmouth, I was admitted as a helper in a merchant's house in London ; afterwards I was sent out in one of his ships ; and by degrees, as I did my duty, I gained his confidence, and he trusted me. He was a generous man and rewarded my perseverance ; all I attempted prospered. I got ships of my own ; I traded ; succeeded, and am now a rich man. This is the last day you shall sit at that stall. I will provide for you for life ; and I will, moreover, establish a charity in this town in gratitude for the relief I have met with. I had intended to endow a school at Newland ; but there is little benevolence in my native place, and Monmouth claims my care, in preference ; though I cannot forget that my mother lies in the churchyard there."

This is the traditionary origin of William Jones, the Hamburg merchant's, school and almshouses, and it was thus related to me by a lively-looking, inquisitive woman, who had observed us standing

at the old gateway of the school-house, observing the handsome range of new buildings which have replaced the ancient houses of the charity.

The school is for one hundred boys, and the houses for twelve old men and as many women : each of the pensioners are allowed eight shillings a-week, a cloak and gown, or coat, with a badge, and a comfortable house with every convenience: a clergyman and masters at high salaries are appointed for the school and almshouses, and all is conducted on the most liberal scale. It belongs now to the Haberdashers' Company of London, who appoint their own officers; and the only part of the establishment which does not accord with the original grant is, that no native of Monmouth is ever allowed to succeed as a candidate for the situations as they fall vacant. The founder, of course, had he contemplated this injudicious conduct, would have provided accordingly; and it is the more to be regretted, as a native of the town, who might be acquainted with the aged and infirm inmates, would be more likely to enter into their feelings than a mere stranger from London who had no interest in them.

At Newland there is a similar establishment, founded by William Jones, but with fewer advantages; the charity extends to sixteen men and women, instead of twenty, and the allowance is only two shillings a week and a gown. Newland is in the Forest of Dean,—that extensive portion of woodland which produces such fine timber, that, at the time when the overweening Spaniard fitted out his Armada, intending to overwhelm our devoted island, strict orders were given to the commanders to destroy, as soon as possible, this nursery of British oak, in order at one blow to put an end to the navy. Part of the riches of the forest now, however, is produced from the iron mines discovered in its centre, which yield immense revenues. A gold mine was found here in 1700, and was worked for a time, but did not produce enough ore to make it worth while to continue the expense.

It has a curious and characteristic effect to see the arrival of the charcoal-burners, with their long strings of mules, bringing their loads in sacks from the Forest of Dean to Monmouth. One might almost imagine oneself in the Pyrenees, and the strange, wild appearance of the men and women who accompany the train is not unlike that of the same class of persons on the borders of Spain. Twice a-week, during our stay at Monmouth, we used to observe one very tall old Welshwoman with her mules, who seemed accustomed to take the long walk to and from the forest continually, and had probably done so all her life. She wore the long, loose, dark blue cloak usual with her countrywomen, and the small, round, black felt hat. She walked with a stick, and stooped, but her stature was singularly majestic and commanding, and she was just a figure to serve for a heroine of some wild romance of the forest. She had a courteous air as she passed, and there was something about her which seemed to say she was born above her condition. She was never accompanied by any one, and her cargo of charcoal, borne by three mules, appeared exclusively her own. Many of the other parties had the appearance of being labourers employed, and their blackened faces, hands, and clothes gave them a startling appearance, particularly when encountered on the roads leading imme-

diately out of the thick woods which stretch far away over the hills to join the great forest in Gloucestershire.

The counties meet at the romantic village of Redbrook, where a small stream, running underground and dividing the road in half, falls into the Wye with a gentle murmur. The river is here extremely beautiful, being enshrined in thick woods, dotted here and there with villages, and church-spires, and cottages, some ornamental merely from the accidents of being overgrown with ivy, or having an antique chimney or gable end; others, modern introductions, built to imitate Swiss cottages, and placed in situations of the most exquisite beauty that a painter or poet could fancy.

The only square in Monmouth is one with a very high-sounding name, for it is called "Agincourt Square;" and over the Town Hall, in a niche, is a statue of the hero, Henry the Fifth himself, clad in full armour: this, of course, replaces one much older, once adorning an antique building which the late alterations in the town have removed. No doubt, before this, the whole street partook of the same character as that of a few remaining heavy, projecting-storied houses, which, at one entrance to the square from the main street, are so close, that it is almost impossible for two carriages to pass at that point.

There is part of an old round tower, blackened with age, at the end of a street leading out at one end of the town, which is the only remains of a gate besides that on the Monnow bridge, and here and there a few ancient houses, too solid in their masonry to be destroyed easily, are to be seen amongst the rows of new ones. The width of the streets, and the frequent open spaces which occur, show what numbers of old tenements have disappeared, adding much, no doubt, to the salubrity of the town, which, pent up between its walls, must have been close and unwholesome, in spite of its good situation. Even now, it has the reputation of encouraging fever, and of not being so healthy as its beauty would lead one to imagine; but I cannot help judging that this repute is owing to old tradition, and not to recent experience. The hills which surround the town seem to me distant enough to prevent closeness, and the plain on which it stands is wide and somewhat elevated above the rivers round about. In summer, at all events, Monmouth is a most delightful place of sojourn; for it possesses the advantage of charming walks and delicious drives in every direction, besides affording excursions on the Wye—a river which can be rivalled by no stream in Europe.

Either by water or by land, to Tintern Abbey, the journey is quite enchanting; and that most exquisite ruin is an object worthy of a long pilgrimage to become acquainted with. Chepstow is but a little further, with all its wonders—its castle, which can be compared to none but to that of Conway, the gem of North Wales—its Wyndd Cliff and Piercefield, and its double views of the Wye and the Severn.

Ross is only ten miles off, and all the country between is perfect beauty. Goodrich Castle is still nearer,—both the *ruin* and the *Court*. The former stands on a finely wooded hill amongst other circling hills, commanding the valleys at its feet, and is a fine, grand specimen of feudal magnificence. Sir Samuel Meyrick's modern-antique residence has it full in view, and it is difficult to decide which is placed in the most agreeable position. The "Court" serves as a museum to the castle, where the costume of chivalry from an

early age may be pleasantly studied. Goodrich is a British fortress, built at a period when there was little safety in the plains, and the only chance for a great lord was to perch himself on a height almost inaccessible, from whence he occasionally "rushed like a torrent sweeping the flocks and herds" of his neighbour. How any but goblin builders contrived to convey the huge stones used in the erection of these airy castles, from a distance, and up the steep, is incredible, as Lord Glamorgan, the wizard of the neighbouring Castle of Ragland, had not then announced his discoveries in steam,—that great agent by whose power nothing need remain unattempted. Many of these fortresses, to add to the wonder they excite, are built in some place where there is no stone but the rock on which they stand, and materials suitable to their construction must necessarily have been sought far off: the hill they crown had usually a precipice on each side, and the carts and waggons of that day were rude and springless: manual labour must have supplied deficiencies which now seem insurmountable, and the gigantic and almost immortal structures of the times of old remain "a marvel and a secret" not to be easily accounted for.

The Castle of Ragland, famous for its glorious defence against the forces of Cromwell by Henry Marquis of Worcester, is but a short drive from Monmouth, and its ruins are extremely interesting, of a character quite opposite to those of Goodrich. It need not have been reduced to the condition which it now presents; for the venerable hero, who held out to the last, was in the end forced by famine and the failure of ammunition to surrender, having received assurances of safety for the garrison and the castle itself from the victor, Fairfax, who kept his word by blowing into the air two angles of the beautiful tower of Gwent, the largest and finest of all, whose deep rents and exposed centre exhibit a monument of republican faith by no means creditable to the illustrious destroyer of castles and provider of picturesque ruins throughout the kingdom. All the timber in the parks was cut down and sold: the lead alone that covered the castle fetched six thousand pounds, and the loss to the family was one hundred thousand. From this tower there is an extensive view; but the castle is on lower ground than is usual with these dwellings, for it was rather a place of residence than defence originally. Here Charles the First frequently visited his old and faithful friend; and as the King's apartments were kept up with great pomp and veneration, they were so much the more likely to become a prey to his enemies: the splendid pictures and valuable books collected by the Marquis, who was a man of great taste, were all destroyed by the rude rabble of Cromwell, the ornaments defaced, the furniture broken to pieces, and all the glories of Ragland reduced to a few walls, which time and the luxuriant ivy have since rendered a ruin of extreme beauty and melancholy grandeur.*

* The magnificent style of living at Ragland Castle, in the time of Henry Marquis of Worcester, is strikingly set forth in the following account of the habits of the family:—

"At eleven o'clock in the forenoon the castle gates were shut, and the tables laid, viz. two in the dining-room, three in the hall, one in Mrs. Watson's apartment, where the chaplains eat, (Sir Toby Mathews being the first,) and two in the housekeeper's room, for the ladies' women.

Enormous courts, into which open large, mutilated, mullioned windows, spacious halls, chapel-galleries, and chambers of all sizes, show the importance and vastness of this once splendid pile,—long the abode of a hospitality almost regal, and where kings and princes often met in gaiety and glory. Beyond the recollections to which its ruined state gives rise, there is nothing sad in Ragland, and it must once have been a peculiarly cheerful abode, situated as it is in a pretty country, full of the riches and luxuriance of nature.

In one of the towers, Edward, Earl of Glamorgan, and his philosophic friend and companion, Gaspar Keltoff, passed much of their time in experiments destined to enlighten the age of which they were, however, too much in advance. Many were the vigils held in this retreat by the ruined heir of the heroic Marquis of Worcester, who saw his halls lying in heaps around him, and heeded not, for his mind was dwelling on great discoveries, which should not only renew his own fortunes, but repair those of his country. Fearfully did the villagers round watch, at night, the blue spiral flames sent up from the "Necromancer's Tower," and reflect with awful wonder on the probable consequences of the daring attempts there made.

The startled emissaries of the Parliament were strangely terrified also from their possession of the castle by unearthly sounds which proceeded from secret vaults; and often would their sleep be broken by the loud roaring of savage animals, which warned them that the spirits of the place repudiated their sway. Fire and water were made to assume the part of demons, and frighten the intruders beyond their endurance. The terror of ignorance alone, at the time, followed the wondrous discoveries made by the Marquis; but a future age has acknowledged his genius, and every year will probably still further develope to what extent the treasures of his knowledge reached. He lies in the church of Ragland, where his body was conveyed from London, where he died in 1667.

There are few persons to whom his country owes more than to the Marquis of Worcester; for though the misfortunes of his time

"The Earl entered the dining-room, attended by his gentlemen. As soon as he was seated, Sir Ralph Blackstone, steward of the house, retired. The comptroller, Mr. Holland, attended, with his staff; as did the server, the daily waiters, and many gentlemen's sons with estates from two to seven hundred pounds a year, who were bred up in the castle; and my lady's gentlemen of the chamber.

"At the first table sat the noble family, and such of the nobility as came there.

"At the second table in the dining-room sat knights and honourable gentlemen, attended by footmen.

"In the hall, at the first table, sat Sir Ralph Blackstone, steward, the comptroller, the secretary, the master of the horse, the master of the fish ponds, my Lord Herbert's preceptor, with such gentlemen as came there under the degree of a knight, attended by footmen, and plentifully served with wine.

"At the second table in the hall, served from my lord's table, and with other hot meats, sat the server, with the gentlemen waiters and pages, to the number of twenty-four.

"At the third table in the hall sat the clerk of the kitchen, with the yeomen officers of the house, two grooms of the chamber, &c. The other officers of the household were—chief auditor, clerk of the accounts, purveyor of the castle, ushers of the hall, closet-keeper, gentlemen of the chapel, keeper of the records, master of the wardrobe, master of the armoury, twelve master-grooms of the stables for the war-horses, master of the hounds, master-falconer, porter and his man, two keepers of the Home Park, two keepers of the Red-deer Park, and footmen, grooms, and other menial servants, to the number of one hundred and fifty."

and of his life prevented the great works he projected from being brought to practical utility, the mere *mention* of his discoveries has led the way to many of the most important results of science. Walpole's flippant remark, that he had "set down a hundred machines to do impossibilities with, and not a single direction how to make the machines themselves;" for which he calls him a fantastic projector, a fanatic, &c., and his celebrated "Century of Inventions" an amazing piece of folly—merely proves the amusing, gossiping, agreeable courtier, to have been both unjust and ignorant.

The Marquis laments the loss of "*his former notes*," and, in order to supply them in a degree, he himself remarks, "I set down (the heads) as at present I can call to mind to have *tried and perfected them*, in such a way as may sufficiently *instruct me* to put any of them in practice." He dedicates his book to the King, Charles II. and to the Members of the Houses of Parliament, entreating them to attend to his representations of discoveries, which he confidently affirms can produce such wealth to the country, as will create a new state of things, and reimburse the King for all his losses. He is so certain of the success of his plans, that he looks upon "the six or seven hundred thousand pounds" which he had lent to Charles the First in his necessities, as paid, should his machines have a fair trial.

"The treasures," he says, "buried under these heads, both for war, peace, and pleasure, being inexhaustible;—no good spring but becomes the more plentiful by how much more it is drawn, and the spinner to weave his web is never stinted, but further inforced. The more then that you shall be pleased to make of my inventions, the more inventive shall you ever find me."

Opposition constantly follows genius, and for many years the Marquis struggled with malice and envy, unable to obtain for his "stupendous water-commanding engine," his great discovery, the attention it so highly merited. Had the most worthless of an ungrateful race of monarchs but have allowed one-tenth part of that money to be devoted to carrying Worcester's conceptions into effect which he squandered in disgraceful excesses, the perfection of the steam-engine need not have been retarded for two centuries, and the reign of Charles the Second would have been looked back to with veneration, instead of remaining a foul blot on the page of history. But the frivolous, wicked, and heartless prince who, once reinstated on his throne, cared not for the miseries of the devoted and ruined servants of his misguided and unfortunate father, treated both the claims and the inventions of his subjects with levity and neglect, and Lord Worcester died broken-hearted, with his darling project unattempted.

Bitter must have been the disappointment of the man who composed the following prayer:

"When first with his corporeal eyes he did see finished a perfect trial of his water-commanding engine."

"Oh! infinitely omnipotent God! whose mercies are fathomless, and whose knowledge is immense and inexhaustible; next to my creation and redemption, I render thee most humble thanks from the bottom of my heart and bowels for thy vouchsafing me (the meanest in understanding) an insight into so great a secret of nature, beneficent to all mankind, as this my water-commanding en-

gine. Suffer me not to be puffed up, O Lord, by the knowing of it, and many more rare and unheard-of—yea, unparalleled inventions, trials, and experiments; but humble my haughty heart by the true knowledge of mine own ignorant, weak, and unworthy nature. O most merciful Father, my creator, most compassionate Son, my redeemer, and holiest of Spirits, the sanctifier, three divine persons and one God! grant me a further concurring grace with fortitude to take hold of thy goodness, to the end that whatever I do, unanimously and courageously to serve my king and country, to disabuse, rectify, and convert my undeserved yet wilfully incredulous enemies, to reimburse thankfully my creditors, to *reimmunerate* my benefactors, to *reinhearten* my distressed family, and with complacency to gratify my suffering and confiding friends, may, void of vanity or self ends, be only directed to thy honour and glory everlastingly. Amen."

On the way to Ragland from Monmouth is the seat of the same family, now represented by the Duke of Beaufort, at Troy,* a fanciful name given to a small and interesting building used as a shooting-lodge. Its name furnished the old Marquis of Worcester with a joke when, entertaining King Charles at Ragland, he informed his Majesty that he could present him with a dish of peaches, such as few of his subjects were able to procure, for they had just arrived from Troy. This fondness for ambitious-sounding names still continues in the neighbourhood, for we heard of a house in a village, called Rome, and others named Gibraltar and Montevideo.

The village of Michel Troy is a charming sequestered place, with the most picturesque of churches, shaded by fine trees, and having some magnificent yew-trees at its *lich-gate*. In the churchyard stands a high stone cross, of delicate dimensions, covered with strange characters, from the base to the top; whether it is British or of later date, is not ascertained; but it is very remarkable, and a peculiarly fine specimen of this kind of monument.

One of the many charming walks from Monmouth is to a famous Druid rocking-stone, called The Buckstone, which stands on the edge of a high hill in the midst of a thick wood, crowning the highest point of an extensive down or moor. We crossed the pretty bridge over the Wye, and, leaving the emerald meadows through which it winds to the right, ascended the opposite hill, part of which is laid out in walks through a pine grove; and, as we *fortunately* took the wrong path, we were led, by thus trespassing, into some beautiful grounds belonging to a charming villa, placed conspicuously so as to command an extensive view of the delightful country beneath: we were soon directed into the right road, avoiding that which led to the Kymen, a fine hill covered with wood, and rendered more remarkable than Nature has made it by its beauty, from a building which glares on the very summit, and which the taste of the inhabitants of Monmouth has directed them to paint white. We continued for several miles to wind along a steep and most beautiful road made through the very heart of a large wood, from openings in which we could every now and then catch extensive views, and perceive the glittering river winding its joyous way far below us. We met several peasants who still

* Here the cradle of Henry the Fifth is shown, said to be a genuine relic.

pointed forward when we inquired for the object of our pilgrimage. Hitherto the weather, though somewhat cloudy, had been propitious; the air was soft and balmy, and the banks and hedges were full of bloom and fragrance, while a thousand coloured wild-flowers, and exquisitely shaped leaves of every changing tint, sprang up in our path, inviting us to linger and repose, for the ascent, though pleasant, was very steep. A few drops of rain warned us to hasten on, and we soon struck into another wood-path, which we were told would conduct us at once to the Buckstone. This charming tangled brake was like a wall to climb, and with much scrambling, while the rain pattered through the thick leaves, we got to the end of it, and found ourselves on the moor—a wide down covered with heath, blue bells, and wild thyme. We were directed by some woodcutters into the right route, which they seemed surprised at our missing, so well was it known to them; but our experience on Derbyshire moors had taught us how deceitful are the fairy paths which lure one on, each as like the other as two berries; besides, we knew that many an elfin sprite had always his abode in the neighbourhood of a Druid-stone, and we were wary. We paused to look round us, when we had reached a certain height, and one of the most exquisite prospects opened upon us which, even in this lovely country, it is possible to behold. The scene was very similar to one amidst the heights above Dolgelly, in that attractive part of North Wales where Cader Idris is monarch of mountains. Range on range of hills crowded on each other, of different heights and sizes, touched by the lurid light which now threw strange gleams over the winding valley whence they sprang in varied groups, the heads of the highest veiled in rapidly-descending clouds which threatened soon to burst in thunder over them. We hardly dared to stop to gaze on this fine scene, for the Druid-stone was still unfound,—indeed, we began almost to despair of it, when a venerable peasant, with a wood-knife in his hand, saluted us as he passed, looking wistfully at the clouds. He offered, on our asking his advice, instantly to go with us to the stone, of which he seemed extremely proud, assuring us it was the greatest wonder of all the seventeen counties which we could see from that hill on a clear day.

“It was an altar,” said he, “of the Druids, long before there was any other religion; and I will show you the stone close by, where the priests sat, and in which are two hollows to catch the rain from heaven, which they held sacred for their sacrifices.”

We saw that the *Penny Magazine* had not been unread by our guide whose admiration and love of nature were quite delightful. He opened a little wicket which led at once into a wood; and, after a few turnings, we came upon an open space, where, perched upon a pointed base, stood the gigantic Buckstone, tottering, as it would seem, over a precipice below. We sat on the seat of the Arch-Druid to contemplate it, while our guide descended by a few roughly-hewn steps, to prove to us, that it could really be moved by a very slight exertion. He placed his shoulder against an angle, and the huge mass waved gently to and fro. There is something very startling in these wizard-altars which rest on a space apparently not larger than would be required by a bird, and yet have stood for countless ages in their place. We remained some time alone with this mysterious

object, till the increasing gloom and the more frequent drops reminded us that we had some miles to walk before the bridge over the Wye at Monmouth would terminate our stroll.

We therefore quitted this interesting spot, and retraced the path with uncertain steps. All was now enveloped in blue mist, the forms of the hills were scarcely discernible; and of the magnificent prospect, lately so distinct, nothing remained but wreathing vapours which rolled along the valley, and crept up the sides of the steep ascents closing in the Druid-rock and covering it with a veil such as has long shrouded the worshippers at its altar.

We sheltered ourselves for some time under the spreading trees which lay in our route, and were half vexed to see the sun breaking through the clouds and dispersing the rain as we returned towards Monmouth.

The stone is, however, perhaps more appropriately seen in the midst of gloom and vapour, which suit the unearthly character of its history. Fortunately, it is now allowed to wear its own sombre livery of grey, adorned with a thin drapery of moss and small springing plants; but at one time, the common people, to whom the Buckstone is very dear, anxious to do it honour, had arrayed it in a garb of white, probably with reference to the robes of the arch-priests who once guarded it—and, full of classical and learned zeal, had sent a deputation with a pot of their beloved whitewash, and the sacred stone was daubed from summit to base, in order that it might be seen at as great a distance in future as the white house on the rival Kymen!

“A greater Power than they could contradict,” however, ordered that every trace of this adornment should be done away with, to the no small mortification of the devotees of whitewash; and the beautiful altar of “the Bards of the Isle of Britain”* remains in its original purity, amongst its native woods, commanding the luxuriant country throughout which it is an object of never-decreasing interest.

HOPE ON!

BY WILLIAM JONES.

WHY should the step falter, and tears dim the sight,
 And care shade our pleasure, as day melts in night?
 Why droops the sad brow with its weight of despair?
 If it turned but on high, lo! a rainbow is there!
 'Tis the semblance of Hope, and the glory it leaves
 Should appeal to the bosom that thoughtlessly grieves;
 For the mist but created the hues where they shone:
 So the heart in its troubles should ever hope on!

Hope on! Thus the mariner sings 'midst the gale,
 With a glance on the ocean, no terrors can quail;
 The storm may rage round him, and wild shriek the blast,
 No fear daunts his spirit—he hopes to the last!
 Through the veil of thy sorrows look forth then resign'd,
 Let faith in the future, illumine the mind,
 For if earth were to fail thee, still, friendless, and lone,
 There's a home far beyond it. Hope on, then!—hope on!

* The Druids; so called in the Welsh Triads.

ANECDOTES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RIFLEMAN HARRIS.

EDITED BY HENRY CURLING.

THE RETREAT TO CORUNNA.

At Sahagun we fell in with the army under command of Sir John Moore. I forget how many thousand men there were; but they were lying in and around the town when we arrived. The Rifles marched to an old convent, some two miles from Sahagun, where we were quartered, together with a part of the 15th Hussars, some of the Welsh Fusileers, and straggling bodies of men belonging to various other regiments; all seeming on the *qui vive*, and expecting the French to fall in with them every hour. As our small and way-worn party came to a halt before the walls of the convent, the men from these different regiments came swarming out to greet us, loudly cheering us as they rushed up and seized our hands. The difference in appearance between ourselves and these new comers was indeed (just then) very great. *They* looked fresh, from good quarters, and good rations. Their clothes and accoutrements were comparatively fresh and clean, and their cheeks ruddy with the glow of health and strength; whilst our men, on the contrary, were gaunt-looking, way-worn, and ragged; our faces burnt almost to the hue of an Asiatic's by the sun; our accoutrements rent and torn; and many without even shoes to their feet. However, we had some work in us yet; and perhaps were in better condition for it than our more fresh-looking comrades. And now our butchers tucked up their sleeves, and quickly set to work, slaughtering oxen and sheep, which we found within the convent walls; whilst others of our men, lighting fires in the open air upon the snow, commenced cooking the fragments, which were cut up, and distributed to them; so that very soon after our arrival we were more sumptuously regaled than we had been for many days.

After this meal we were ordered into the convent, and, with knapsacks on our backs, and arms in our hands, threw ourselves down to rest upon the floor of a long passage. Overcome with hard toil, and long miles, our wearied men were soon buried in a deep and heavy sleep. In the middle of the night I remember, as well as if the sounds were at this moment in my ear, that my name was called out many times without my being completely awakened by the summons. The repeated call seemed mixed up with some circumstance in my dreams; and it was not until the noise awoke some of the men lying nearer to the entrance of the passage, and they took up the cry, that I was effectually aroused. From weariness, and the weight of my knapsack, and the quantity of implements I carried, I was at first quite unable to gain my legs; but when I did so, I found that Quarter-master Surtees was the person who was thus disturbing my rest.

"Come, be quick there, Harris!" said he, as I picked my way by the light of the candle he held in his hand; "look amongst the men, and rouse up all the shoemakers you have in the four companies. I have a job for them, which must be done instantly.

With some little trouble, and not a few curses from them, as I stirred them up with the butt of my rifle, I succeeded in waking seven-

ral of our snoring handicrafts ; and the quartermaster, bidding us instantly follow him, led the way to the very top of the convent stairs. Passing then into a ruinous-looking apartment, along which we walked upon the rafters, there being no flooring, he stopped when he arrived at its further extremity. Here he proceeded to call our attention to a quantity of barrels of gunpowder lying beside a large heap of raw bullocks' hides.

"Now, Harris," said he, "keep your eyes open, and mind what you are about here. General Crawford orders you instantly to set to work, and sew up every one of these barrels in the hides lying before you. You are to sew the skins with the hair outwards, and be quick about it, for the General swears that if the job is not finished in half an hour he will hang you.

The latter part of this order was anything but pleasant ; and whether the General ever really gave it, I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. I only know that I give the words as they were given me ; and, well knowing the stuff Crawford was made of, I received the candle from the hands of Surtees, and bidding the men get needles and waxed thread from their knapsacks as the quartermaster withdrew, I instantly prepared to set about the job.

I often think of that night's work as I sit strapping away in my little shop in Richmond Street, Soho. It was a curious scene to look at, and the task neither very easy nor safe. The riflemen were both wearied, unwilling, and out of temper ; and it was as much as I could do to get them to assist me. Moreover, they were so reckless, that they seemed rather to wish to blow the convent into the air than get on with their work. One moment the candle was dropped, and nearly extinguished ; the next they lost their implements between the rafters of the floor, flaring the light about amongst the barrels ; and wishing, as I remonstrated with them, that the powder might ignite, and blow me, themselves, and the General, to hell. Such were the riflemen of the Peninsular war,—daring, gallant, reckless fellows. I had a hard task to get the work safely finished ; but, at length, between coaxing and bullying these dare-devils, I managed to do so, and together we returned down the convent stairs ; and, finding Surtees awaiting us in the passage below, he reported to General Crawford that his order had been obeyed. After which we were permitted again to lie down, and sleep till the bugle awoke us next morning.

We remained in the convent part of the next day, and towards evening received orders to leave all our women and baggage behind, and advance towards the enemy. Our four companies accordingly were quickly upon the move, and before long we came up with the remainder of the rifle corps, which had recently arrived from England with Sir John Moore. As these men saw us coming up they halted for the moment, and gave us one hearty cheer, allowing our four companies to pass to the front, as the post of honour, calling us "The heroes of Portugal." As we passed to the front, we returned their cheer with pride. Our worn appearance and sun-burnt look gave us the advantage over our comrades, we thought, and we marched in the van of the vanguard.

War is a sad blunter of the feelings of men. We felt eager to be at it again. Nay, I am afraid we longed for blood as the cheer of our comrades sounded in our ears ; and yet, amidst all this, softer feelings occasionally filled the breasts of those gallant fellows, even whilst they

were thirsting for a sight of the enemy. Some of the men near me suddenly recollected, as they saw the snow lying thickly in our path, that this was Christmas eve. The recollection soon spread amongst the men; and many talked of home, and scenes upon that night in other days, in Old England, shedding tears as they spoke of the relatives and friends never to be seen by them again.

As the night approached we became less talkative. The increasing weariness of our limbs kept our tongues quieter, and we were many of us half asleep as we walked, when suddenly a shout arose in front that the French were upon us. In an instant every man was on the alert, and rushing forward in extended order to oppose them. It proved a false alarm; but it nearly cost me a broken bone, or two. The honourable Captain Packenham (now Sir Hercules Packenham), on the first sound of the enemy being in sight, made a dash to get to the front, at the same moment I myself was scrambling up a bank on the roadside. In the darkness and hurry, the mule the captain was mounted on bore me to the ground, and getting his fore-feet fast fixed somehow between my neck and my pack, we were fairly hampered for some moments. The captain swore, the mule floundered, and I bel-lowed with alarm lest the animal should dig his feet into my back, and quite disable me. At length, however, the captain succeeded in getting clear, and spurred over the bank, as I rolled back into the road. It might be somewhere about two o'clock in the morning that our advance into Spain was, for that time, checked, and the retreat to Corunna might be said to commence. General Crawford was in command of the brigade, and riding in front, when I observed a dragoon come spurring furiously along the road to meet us. He delivered a letter to the General, who turned round in his saddle the moment he had read a few lines, and thundered out the word "to halt!" A few minutes more, and we were all turned to the right-about, and retracing our steps of the night before;—the contents of that epistle serving to furnish our men with many a surmise during the retrograde movement. When we again neared Sahagun, I remember seeing the wives and children of the men come running out to meet us, rushing into the ranks, and embracing the husbands and fathers they expected never to see again.

The entire Rifle corps entered the same convent we had before been quartered in; but this time, we remained enranged in its apartments and passages, no man being allowed to quit his arms or lie down. We stood leaning upon the muzzles of our rifles, and dozed as we stood. After remaining thus for about an hour, we were then ordered out of the convent, and the word was again given to march. There was a sort of thaw on this day, and the rain fell fast. As we passed the walls of the convent, I observed our General (Crawford) as he sat upon his horse, looking at us on the march, and remarked the peculiar sternness of his features: he did not like to see us going rearwards at all, and many of us judged there must be something wrong, by his severe look and scowling eye.

"Keep your ranks there, men!" he said, spurring his horse towards some riflemen who were avoiding a small rivulet; "keep your ranks, and move on,—no straggling from the main body."

We pushed on all that day without halting; and I recollect the first thing that struck us as somewhat odd, was our passing one of the commissariat waggons, overturned and stuck fast in the mud, and which

was abandoned without an effort to save any of its contents. A sergeant of the 92nd Highlanders, just about this time, fell dead with fatigue, and no one stopped, as we passed, to offer him any assistance. Night came down upon us, without our having tasted food or halted—I speak for myself, and those around me—and all night long we continued this dreadful march. Men began to look into each other's faces, and ask the question "Are we ever to be halted again?" and many of the weaker sort were now seen to stagger, make a few desperate efforts, and then fall, perhaps to rise no more. Most of us had devoured all we carried in our haversacks, and endeavoured to catch up anything we could snatch from a hut or cottage in our route. Many would have, even at this period, straggled from the ranks, and perished, had not Crawford held them together with a firm rein. One such bold and stern commander in the East, during a recent disaster, and that devoted army had reached its refuge unbroken! Thus we staggered on, night and day, for about four days, before we discovered the reason of this continued forced march. The discovery was made to our company by a good-tempered, jolly fellow, named Patrick McLauchlan. He inquired of an officer marching directly in his front the destination intended.

"By J—s! Musther Hills," I heard him say, "where the h—ll is this you're taking us to—to England?"

"McLauchlan," returned the officer, with a melancholy smile upon his face, as he gave the answer,—"*if we can get there.*"

"More luck and grace to you," said Mc Lauchlan; "and it's that you're maning, is it?"

This Mc Lauchlan was a good specimen of a thorough Irish soldier. Nothing could disturb his good-humour and high spirits; and even during a part of this dreadful march, he had ever some piece of Irish humour upon his tongue's end, whilst he staggered under the weight of his pack. He would in all probability have been amongst the few who did reach England; but, during the march, he was attacked with the racking pains of acute rheumatism, and frequently fell to the ground screaming with agony. On these occasions, his companions would do that for him which they omitted to perform towards others. They many times halted, heaved him up, and assisted him forwards. Sir Dudley Hill, too, was greatly interested for Mc Lauchlan, trying to cheer him on, whilst the men could scarcely refrain from laughter at the extraordinary things he gave utterance to whilst racked with pain, and staggering with fatigue. At length, however, Mc Lauchlan fell one dark night, as we hurried through the streets of a village, and we could not again raise him.

"It's no use, Harris," I heard him say, in a faint voice, "I can do no more."

Next morning, when day broke, he was no longer seen in the ranks, and as I never saw him again, I conclude he quickly perished.

The information Mc Lauchlan obtained from Lieutenant Hill quickly spread amongst us, and we now began to see more clearly the horrors of our situation, and the men to murmur at not being permitted to turn and stand at bay,—cursing the French, and swearing they would rather die ten thousand deaths, with their rifles in their hands in opposition, than endure the present toil. We were in the rear at this time, and following that part of the army which made for Vigo, whilst the other portion of the British, being

on the main road to Corunna, were at this moment closely pursued and harassed by the enemy, as I should judge from the continued thunder of their cannon and rattle of the musketry. Crawford seemed to snift the sound of battle from afar with peculiar feelings. He halted us for a few minutes occasionally, when the distant clamour became more distinct, and his face turned towards the sound, and seemed to light up, and become less stern. It was then indeed that every poor fellow clutched his weapon more firmly, and wished for a sight of the enemy.

Before long, they had their wish : the enemy's cavalry were on our skirts that night ; and as we rushed out of a small village, the name of which I cannot now recollect, we turned to bay. Behind broken-down carts and tumbrils, huge trunks of trees, and everything we could scrape together, the Rifles lay and blazed away at the advancing cavalry, whilst the inhabitants, suddenly aroused from their beds to behold their village almost on fire with our continued discharges, and nearly distracted with the sound, ran from their houses, crying "*Viva l'Englisa!*" and "*Viva la Franca!*" in a breath ;—men, women, and children flying to the open country, in their alarm.

We passed the night thus engaged, holding our own as well as we could, together with the 43rd Light Infantry, the 52nd, a portion of the German Legion, part of the 10th Hussars, and the 15th Dragoons. Towards morning we moved down towards a small bridge, still followed by the enemy, whom, however, we had sharply galled, and obliged to be more wary in their efforts. The rain was pouring down in torrents on this morning I recollect, and we remained many hours with arms ported, standing in this manner, and staring the French cavalry in the face, the water actually pouring out of the muzzles of our rifles. I do not recollect seeing a single regiment of infantry amongst the French force on this day ; it seemed to me a tremendous body of cavalry—some said nine or ten thousand strong—commanded, as I heard, by General Lefebvre.

Whilst we stood thus face to face, I remember the horsemen of the enemy sat watching us very intently, as if waiting for a favourable moment to dash upon us like beasts of prey ; and every now and then, their trumpets would ring out a lively strain of music, as if to encourage them. As the night drew on, our cavalry moved a little to the front, together with some field-pieces, and succeeded in crossing the bridge ; after which we also advanced, and threw ourselves into some hilly ground on either side the road ; whilst the 43rd and 52nd lay behind some carts, trunks of trees, and other materials with which they had formed a barrier.

General Crawford was standing behind this barricade, when he ordered the rifles to push still further in front, and conceal themselves amongst the hills on either side. A man named Higgins was my front-rank man at this moment. "Harris," said he, "let you and I gain the very top of the mountain, and look out what those French thieves are at, on the other side."

My feet were sore and bleeding, and the sinews of my legs ached as if they would burst, but I resolved to accompany him. In our wearied state, the task was not easy, but, by the aid of Higgins, a tall and powerful fellow, I managed to reach the top of the mountain, where we placed ourselves in a sort of gully, or ditch, and looked over to the enemy's side, concealing ourselves by lying flat in the ditch,

as we did so. Thus, in favourable situations, like cats watching for their prey, were the rest of the rifles lying perdu upon the hills that night. The mountain, we found, was neither so steep nor so precipitous on the enemy's side. The ascent, on the contrary, was so easy, that one or two of the videttes of the French cavalry were prowling about very near where we lay. As we had received orders not to make more noise than we could help, not even to speak to each other, except in whispers, although one of these horsemen approached close to where I lay, I forbore to fire upon him. At length he stopped so near me, that I saw it was almost impossible he could avoid discovering that the rifles were in such close proximity to his person. He gazed cautiously along the ridge, took off his helmet, and wiped his face, as he appeared to meditate upon the propriety of crossing the ditch in which we lay. When suddenly our eyes met, and in an instant he plucked a pistol from his holster, fired it in my face, and wheeling his horse, plunged down the hill side. For the moment I thought I was hit, as the ball grazed my neck,* and stuck fast in my knapsack, where I found it, when, many days afterwards, I unpacked my kit on ship-board. About a quarter of an hour after this, as we still lay in the gully, I heard some person clambering up behind us, and, upon turning quickly round, I found it was General Crawford. The General was wrapped in his great-coat, and, like ourselves, had been for many hours drenched to the skin, for the rain was coming down furiously. He carried in his hand a canteen full of rum, and a small cup, with which he was occasionally endeavouring to refresh some of the men. He offered me a drink, as he passed, and then proceeded onwards along the ridge. After he had emptied his canteen, he came past us again, and himself gave us instructions as to our future proceedings.

"When all is ready, riflemen," said he, "you will immediately get the word, and pass over the bridge. Be careful, and mind what you are about."

Accordingly, a short time after he had left us, we were ordered to descend the mountain-side in single file, gained the road, and were quickly upon the bridge. Meanwhile the Staff Corps had been hard at work mining the very centre of the structure, which was filled with gunpowder. A narrow plank being all the aid we had by which to pass over. For my own part, I was now so utterly helpless, that I felt as if all was nearly up with me, and that, if I could steady myself so as to reach the further end of the plank, it would be all I should be able to accomplish. However, we managed all of us to reach the other side in safety, when almost immediately afterwards the bridge blew up with a tremendous report, and a house at its extremity burst into flames. What with the concussion of the explosion, and the tremulous state of my limbs, I was thrown to the ground, and lay flat upon my face for some time, almost in a state of insensibility. After awhile I somewhat recovered; but it was not without extreme difficulty, and many times falling again, that I succeeded in regaining the column. Soon after I had done so, we reached Benevento, and immediately took refuge in a convent. Already three parts of it were filled with other troops, amongst which were mingled the 10th Hussars, the German Legion, and the 15th Dragoons; the horses of these regiments standing as close as they could stand, with the men dis-

* This ball I found in one of my shirts, and kept it long afterwards.

mounted between each horse, the animals' heads to the walls of the building, and all in readiness to turn out on the instant. Liquor was handed to us by the dragoons, but having had nothing for some time to eat, many of our men became sick, instead of it doing us any good.

Before we had been within the convent as long a time as I have been describing our arrival, every man of us was down on the floor, and well nigh asleep; and before we had slept half an hour, we were again aroused from our slumbers by the clatter of the horses, the clash of the men's sabres, and their shouts for us to clear the way.

"The enemy! The enemy!" I heard shouted out.

"Clear the way, rifles! Up, boys, and clear the way!"

In short, the dragoons hardly gave us time to rise, before they were leading their horses amongst us, and getting out of the convent as fast as they could scamper, whilst we ourselves were not long in following their example. As we did so, we found that the French cavalry, having found the bridge blown up, had dashed into the stream, and succeeded in crossing. Our cavalry, however, quickly formed, and charged them in gallant style.

The shock of that encounter was tremendous to look upon, and we stood for some time enraptured, watching the combatants. The horsemen had it all to themselves; our dragoons fought like tigers,* and although greatly overmatched, drove the enemy back like a torrent, and forced them again into the river. A private of the 10th Hussars—his name, I think, was Franklin—dashed into the stream after their General (Lefebre), assailed him, sword in hand, in the water, captured, and brought him a prisoner on shore again. If I remember rightly, Franklin, or whatever else his name was, was made a serjeant on the spot. The French general was delivered into our custody on that occasion, and we cheered the 10th men heartily as we received him.

After the enemy had received this check from our cavalry, and which considerably damped their ardour, making them a trifle more shy of us for awhile, we pushed onwards on our painful march. I remember marching close beside the French general during some part of this day, and observing his chop-fallen and dejected look as he rode along in the midst of the green jackets.

Being constantly in rear of the main body, the scenes of distress and misery I witnessed were dreadful to contemplate, particularly amongst the women and children, who were lagging and falling behind their husbands and fathers in the main body in our fronts. We now came to the edge of a deep ravine, the descent so steep and precipitous, that it was impossible to keep our feet, in getting down, and we were obliged to sit sometimes, and slide along on our backs; whilst before us, arose a ridge of mountains quite as steep and difficult of ascent. There was, however, no pause in our exertion, but slinging our rifles round our necks, down the hill we went; whilst mules with the baggage on their backs, wearied and urged beyond their strength, were seen rolling from top to bottom; many of them breaking their necks with the fall, and the baggage crushed, smashed, and abandoned.

I remember, as I descended this hill, remarking the extraordinary sight afforded by the thousands of our red-coats, who were creeping like snails, and toiling up the ascent before us, their muskets slung round their necks, and clambering with both hands as they hauled

* It was said that Napoleon observed this encounter from the heights.

themselves up. As soon as we ourselves had gained the ascent we were halted for a few minutes, in order to give us breath for another effort, and then onwards we moved again.

It is impossible for me to keep any account of time in this description, as I never exactly knew how many days and nights we marched; but I well know we kept on night and day for many successive days and nights, without rest, or much in the way of food. The long day found us still pushing on, and the night caused us no halt.

After leaving the hills I have mentioned, and which I heard at the time were called the Mountains of Galicia, as we passed through a village, our Major resolved to try and get us something in the shape of a better meal than we had been able hitherto to procure. He accordingly despatched a small party, who were somewhat more fresh than their comrades, to try and procure something from the houses around; and they accordingly purchased, shot, and bayoneted somewhere about a score of pigs, which we lugged along with us to a convent just without the town; and, halting for a short time, proceeded to cook them. The men, however, were too hungry to wait whilst they were being properly dressed and served out.

After this hasty meal, we again pushed on, still cursing the enemy for not again showing themselves, that we might revenge some of our present miseries upon their heads.

“Why don't they come on like men,” they cried, “whilst we've any strength left in us to fight them?”

We were now upon the mountains; the night was bitter cold, and the snow falling fast. As day broke, I remember hearing Lieutenant Hill say to another officer (who, by the way, afterwards sank down, and died,)

“This is New Year's Day; and, I think, if we live to see another, we shall not easily forget it.”

The mountains were now becoming more wild-looking and steep, as we proceeded; whilst those few huts we occasionally passed seemed so utterly forlorn and wretched-looking, it appeared quite a wonder how human beings could live in so desolate a home. After the snow commenced, the hills became so slippery (being in many parts covered with ice), that many of our men frequently slipped and fell, and being unable to arise, gave themselves up to despair, and died. There was now no endeavour to assist one another after a fall; it was every one for himself, and God for us all!

The enemy, I should think, were at this time frequently close upon our trail; and I thought at times I heard their trumpets come down the wind as we marched. Towards the dusk of the evening of this day I remember passing a man and woman lying clasped in each other's arms, and dying in the snow. I knew them both; but it was impossible to help them. They belonged to the rifles, and were man and wife. The man's name was Joseph Sitdown. During this retreat, as he had not been in good health previously, himself and wife had been allowed to get on in the best way they could in the front. They had, however, now given in, and the last we ever saw of poor Sitdown and his wife was on that night, lying perishing in each other's arms in the snow.

A DISCOURSE OF MATRIMONY.

BY JEREMIAH SINGLETON, BACHELOR OF PHYSIC.

FORASMUCH as I, Jeremiah Singleton, Bachelor of Physic, did whilom, in this Miscellany, indite a certain Tractate or Treatise concerning Love, that phrenetic distemper, high time it now is that I should further discuss somewhat concerning its sequel—Matrimony. And let no creeping, cavilling critic object that I, being no less a bachelor in estate than in physic, am therefore unqualified by experience to discourse thereon. Whose sole experience shall profit him in this matter—unless, indeed, he be a Turk, and not a Christian; and so, possessing a diversity of wives, shall be enabled to recount the diverse ills of wedlock? For each particular husband, I take it, hath his particular plague; this being vexed with a shrew, that with a slattern, the other with a spendthrift, a busybody, or a babbler. Wherefore, the quiet contemplation of other men's evils shall more conduce to edification than the sad experience of one's own. And moreover, so besotted, for the most part, are married folks, that they see not, nor acknowledge their own miseries, but rather as comforts exult in them; even as that slavish monarch, who, as history doth relate, being captive, did hug his fetters for that they were of gold. Which persons, thus blinded, if haply I may awake, so that, their eyes being opened, they shall discern and bemoan their evil plight, I shall much rejoice.

It remembereth me that I did in my former treatise liken love unto an inflammation, and matrimony, its consequence, unto an adhesion, such as, even in a pleurisy, contiguous membranes do contract: yea truly; or rather, as when the learned Taliacotus did, on those by Nature or mischance deprived of the promontory of the face, engraft supplemental noses, fashioned out of alien flesh. For like as, in those cases, the temperament of the graft, oftentimes evil, was infused into the stock, wherefrom many mischiefs did ensue; even so when that clerkly Taliacotus, the priest, conjoineth a couple in matrimony, making of them twain one flesh, a man must thenceforth partake and tolerate all the humours of his wife,—or else let him expect no peace. Whereunto shall I liken a married pair, when the husband jumpeth not with his wife's whims? Shall I say, unto a brace of hounds, contrarily tending, yet linked together; each, with a continual interchange of unharmonious howlings and savage snarlings and snappings, worrying and tormenting the other? Or did'st thou ever, gentle reader, behold a dog and a cat, which some unlucky schoolboy hath tied together by the tail! What barking, what spitting, what growling, what mewing; what biting, rending, and clawing of each other! To such, rather, would I compare an ill-matched couple; and where, truly, is the couple well matched? Upon earth? I would fain like to see them. Aloft? Nay, there, indeed, they marry not. Well, therefore, is it said, *In cælo quies.*

It is affirmed that marriage is honourable. Truly; and so is martyrdom: to hold else were unsound doctrine. But the honour

of wedlock I take not to be inherent ; or why are anchorites so much esteemed ? I rather judge it to be derivative, and due unto the practice of virtue ; which, according to the ancients, is nothing else than fortitude under tribulation. And, oh, what fortitude doth matrimony ask of a man ! What tolerance of unreason ! What endurance of contradiction ! What long-sufferance of taunts, and twittings, and scoldings, and vapours, and caprices ; of pets and ill-tempers, yea, and, moreover, oftentimes of cuffings and scratchings ! Wherein was the patience of Job more manifest than in the matter of his wife ? Wherein make we greater account of the wise Socrates than in that he suffered a Xantippe, who, as grave writers do report, did not only objugate and cross him, but was wont even to box his ears ? And to come down to modern times, wherefore should I speak of Mr. William Shakspeare and Mr. Milton, those famous poets, who albeit vexed with termagant wives, yet bare them with so equal a mind, as to pen, amid all their distractions, some of the most ingenious writings of their age ?

Now the special evils of matrimony, beside those which all flesh is heir to, are those evils which are contracted by the fleshly addition or encumbrance, (as it is well called in the newspapers,) which a man taketh upon himself in a wife. And these evils do consist in the aforesaid humours, in which, through that addition, he is forced, as it were, to go shares,—as, humours of sickness, humours of sloth, humours of vanity, and of these last, what a multitude ! I have known wives, sound in body, to speak in the vernacular, as a roach, who nevertheless (if, indeed, you would believe them) were ever ailing ; now bemoaning a head-ache, now a back-ache, now a catching, now a darting, now a sinking, now a swimming, and other, the like fiddle-stickeries, and puddings, and fancies, unknown to Hippocrates and Galen ; always piping and fretting, pining and whining, never owning themselves well. Dainty of appetite ; nothing pleasing them : out of conceit with their meat, yet quarrelling with their bread and butter. Out upon such taffeta mopsies ! Then would they lounge and loll from morning till night on a lazy day-bed,—I mean a sofa,—salt-smelling, sighing and heighoing, in low spirits, forsooth ! as they phrase it. Exhorted to bestir and rouse themselves, mincingly they protested that it would be their death ; compelled by wholesome force to get up and bustle, straightway they would go into I know not what fits of hysterics. Concerning the treatment whereof doctors differ, my counsel is to let them alone. Then others have I known, never happy or contented but in gadding about to be seen ; all their talk of ribbons ; even giving or running after silly jig-parties and dances ; their heads full of nothing but the emptiness of fringes and filligrees. To all of which vanities, unless their husbands would give in, there were such poutings and sulkings, such cryings and dyings, such complaints and reproaches, that none but he who had witnessed the same would credit.

And now, how work these humours in the better half,—I mean the husband—of this fleshly conjunction ? To the generation of acidity in the ill-stomaching soul ; to the tainting of the temper with acrimony ; to a feverish restlessness and disquiet of the mind,—its rational part condemning what, for quietness' sake, it is constrained to allow ; to a frequent wasting away of the body itself, to baldness and to greyness, from very care and anxiety ; but oh !

worst of all! to a ruinous and deadly consumption of the chest—I mean, to a phthisic of the strong-box, from day to day exhausted to supply these crotchets and whimsies. Excellently quoth Juvenal, the Roman poet,

“*Prodiga non sentit pereuntem fœmina cœsum ;*”

Which may thus, in plain English, and sad truth, be rendered, “The lavish woman perceiveth not the decreasing income.” No, indeed, not she, till all is gone, and nought else for her luckless lord remaineth but the workhouse or the gaol. Then taketh she on, and blubbereth, and whineth, and exclaimeth, and wringeth her hands, and accuseth fate and the stars; whereas she herself is the cruel fate, she the malign planet which hath wrought all these disasters. What! She could not dine but off plate, nor dress but in silks and satins, nor lie but on down, nor tread but on Turkish carpets, nor sit but on spring-cushions; no, not {she: neither could she walk, forsooth, on her natural props and supporters, whereon even the very goose can waddle; but needs must she ride about in a gingerbread chariot, with a bewigged martlemas of a coachman in front, and a couple of bedizened, bepowdered knaves of footmen behind. No, truly! she must needs follow the fashions. Whither? marry, to the dogs. Nay, I lack patience with such good-for-noughts!

But, peradventure, I shall be told that all wives are not such as these queasy queans. Nor do I deny that there be, here and there, thrifty and notable housewives, well skilled to brew and bake, to darn, to sew, and to cook, given to industry, and withal gentle and patient; helps meet, indeed, unto their mates. Such a woman, doubtless, is as a crown unto her husband; but be it remembered that every, the easiest crown, doth in some sort gall the wearer. For, to go no farther, he that marrieth must needs look to a family; in the nursing, first, and thereafter in the rearing, whereof, what grievous charges must be borne! How much the leech or doctor (not without reason, let me say) doth suck up! and in keep and coddlements and comforts, what substance, not to speak of wages, that cormorant the monthly nurse devoureth! Oh the tea, oh the gin, oh the bread, the beef, and broken meat, and beer, with which she doth ingurgitate her *corpus*! And in bottled porter, and candles, and ales, and dainties, and kickshaws, I know not (thank Heaven!) how much is consumed by her mistress; but this I do know, that the forcing and stuffing even of the most reasonable, chiefly from the impertinence of meddling gossips, is far greater than nature requireth. And what grave person can endure to nurse babies and rock cradles? Now all this, at least, must he expect who thinketh to venture on Matrimony. Then cometh the clothing and schooling of children, whereof how grievous is the burden, let frantic fathers attest. Surely all these things are sufficient to drive a man mad, and how often they do suffice to that end, we see daily.

Concerning the horrible madness of jealousy, whereunto all married men are liable, and of the woeful causes for the same, (which prevail not seldom,) I trust to be pardoned for not speaking. As the poet Virgil did only, in a manner, glance at, and so to speak it, shirk the horrors of Tartarus, so shall I these “*Nulli fas casto sceleratum*”

insistere limen;” which is as much as to say, “It befitteth not Jeremiah Singleton, Bachelor of Physic, to enter upon this subject.”

Such and so many, and many more which space forbiddeth me to enumerate, being the miseries of wedlock, no wonder at the passes to which it driveth men. No marvel that it urgeth many well nigh to the hanging of themselves; especially such as marry widows. For it is said that marriage and hanging go by destiny; yea, often by the same, I take it; wherefore I account Venus the most pernicious of the stars. Nor is it strange that the unhappy husband should oftentimes in his distraction rush to the pot-house, to the damage both of his health and his pocket, and thence returning the worse for liquor, that he should now and then belabour his wife; which, indeed, some lawyers hold that he hath a right to do, with a stick no bigger than his thumb. Yet is the practice disesteemed; and in the country parts, those who do chastise, or, as the vernacular phrase is, *wallop*, their wives, men do serenade with rough music, namely, of tongs and bones; the which in Hampshire is called “Skimmerton.”

Sith Matrimony, once contracted, is incurable, but by that greatest of physicians, Death, very meet and by all means advisable it is that the cause thereof, Love, be timeously checked and removed. I take no account of such as do wed for gain's sake, seeing that I judge them to deserve all they get. The sole remedy for marriage that I know of is philosophy, and therein, as Mr. Shakspeare saith, “the patient must minister to himself;” — as did, amongst others, the venerable Mr. Hooker; as is set forth in his life by honest Isaac Walton. For the said Mr. Hooker, ailing in body, but more, I reckon, in mind, did suffer his sometime hostess, a Mrs. *Churchman*, to choose him a wife to comfort him; who indeed was no other than her own daughter, a prodigal and a vixen; and she turned out to be the plague of his life. Thus much of the *judicious Hooker* did I relate unto a facetious friend; who pleasantly remarked, that he was rather, in this case, the *injudicious Hooked*.

And thus much concerning Matrimony, whereof I shall say no more, than that nothing is more to be deplored, than that extreme, and I may say, bewitching comeliness which is the portion of so many of our damsels, and so potent a temptation thereunto: a temptation so strong, that none, even of the wisest, can be assured that he shall not be the next victim thereof; from which calamity, kind reader, if as yet in the estate of single blessedness, I wish thee preservation and deliverance!

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED GREAT.

BY A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

I was travelling in a post-chaise from Birmingham to Warwick, when the sound of village bells, and the sight of something very like the mast of a ship—"some tall admiral"—recalled to my bewildered remembrance that it must be May-day. May-day?—the first of May?—no!—that is over;—'tis the twelfth of the month, Anno Domini. . . . "Yet, surely," I said to myself, as there seemed now, on driving into the village whence issued the peal of bells, some festivity going on. "Hallo, boy!" addressing a veteran of fifty—"postboy, draw up;—what are all these country lads and lasses trudging along the road for?—what's the occasion?"

"Occasion, sir?" answered the postboy, checking his hacks,— "occasion? why—" he took some time to expound the word in his stupid Warwickshire head—"why, this 'ere's May-day, sir."

"May-day?—by the way, so it is!—old May-day—'the tears of old May-day'—yes, you say right. And pray, postboy, what may be the name of this village, where they keep old May-day instead of new May-day? Why, we can't be very far from Warwick?"

"Three mile, sir," answered my veteran, laying his whip over the right shoulder of one of his nags, who had some remains of blood in him, and wanted to get on to the Black Swan at Warwick. "This is Atton, sir."

"Atton—oh, Hatton!—Yes,—very true, very good. Drive on slowly, and let us see what these good people are about."

And now a most cheerful and singular scene presented itself. To the right stood a grave, red-brick, substantial house, devoid of those picturesque gables, that ivied porch, and mossy, dilapidated, Queen-Anne's-bounty-wanting tenements, usually called parsonages in this remarkably liberal, devout country;—wanting, too, the healthy, proximate churchyard, kindly meant to chasten the curate, or vicar, by giving him and his seven children a taste of typhus fever;—devoid, too, as I looked up at the windows, of any signs of those same dozens of children decreed occasionally to lean curates, but seldom granted to fat rectors;—devoid of the bars to nursery windows:—a quiet, orderly, prosperous, weather-proof abode. "Lucky man this! And this is," I muttered to myself, "positively the residence of Doctor Parr—Samuel Parr! It actually," I musingly exclaimed, "has received Sheridan beneath its roof—nurtured, too, his son! It has been the resort of the learned, of the political, of the great and fashionable—the home of Samuel Parr!" "Drive on, post boy," I added, after a few moments' reflection, half debating with myself whether I should not step out and leave a card for Dr. Parr; the blinds are down—all is as still as a dungeon. "The Doctor, I suppose," (such were my reflections,) "is from home: gone, perhaps, on some grave mission, perhaps to Holkham, to meet some political friends, full of that impossible chimera, Reform in Parliament,—perhaps to some visitation,—or, perhaps, to one of the Universities; or, at all events, probably engaged on some important business."

We drove through the village of Hatton. To say that it is, for Warwickshire, an ugly village, is not to abuse it; for of all the counties in England, I defy any one of them to match Warwickshire in villages. These have the knack, somehow, of always planting themselves down in pretty spots, beneath umbrageous trees; or just on the brow of those few gentle acclivities which afford a prospect of sweet meadows, skirted with hawthorn hedges, then one mass of fragrant snow. And these same hedges are sure, in Warwickshire, to be carpeted by such tufts of primroses, such beds of hyacinths—and the fields which they surround are so rich, so green—that one wonders not at the stupendous arms of those oak-trees which stretch here and there, beneath which those children are playing. But to return to Hatton. It lies on either side of the main road from Birmingham, and is homely, but not unpleasing in its aspect; for the cottages were neat, and there was an air of prosperity throughout the humble scene: and you were sure, if a door chanced to be half open, to catch a glimpse of a well-white-washed little room, with a blazing fire, (coals are cheap there—every thing was cheap,) some gaudy pictures over the high chimney-piece, in little black frames,—firetongs and pokers as bright as any nobleman's plate, a reddened floor, a well-conditioned clock. Ah! such little property as pictures, cloths, chests of drawers, and other household matters, characterize the homes of the rural poor, where they *pledge* not—where they know but the name of the pawn-broker, save as the synonyme with ruin.

The village was of some length: about two hundred yards from the main road rose the church, surmounted with a neat tower, to which the common approach led through a corn-field, which seemed, at that little distance, almost to surround the holy edifice; and along the walk, which leads straight through this same corn-field, such a group was now parading;—but stay, I must portray my own situation at this critical moment.

I was a good-looking young man,—yes, undoubtedly; and as I look in this pocket-mirror, (kept merely for the convenience of my friends,) methinks, among other retrospects, I will take a retrospect of myself. There were none of these lines on my forehead then; my grey eyes were blue—they have faded, like the rest of me. Heavens! what trouble I had then to brush my luxuriant locks into any order; now, the only difficulty is, not to brush them off. I had a passable figure—a regimental cut; I bore a good name—that, thank Heaven! is unaltered: so, now let us proceed to Dr. Parr.

I held my hand before my eyes to shade the sun off. Who can that be? I saw a group advancing, in a sort of array. First, in gown and bands, issuing from the church-door, stalked a portly gentleman, firm in gait as if he had been in the full vigour of his youth, yet looking advanced in life. He was talking very fast, and very emphatically, to another person on his right hand, who listened to him with the deepest reverence. Shall I describe him. Yes! Dear Jack!—No;—thou art worthy of a chapter to thyself.

As these two notable individuals advanced towards me, the merry peals of the bells again broke forth, and were challenged, as if in musical combat, by the fainter sounds of a village band, stationed

not far off, on the Green, to which the Doctor was hastening. All around denoted a jubilee. A flag graced the summit of the church: the lanes about were full of country people; some walking, some in carts, some in double-horse fashion—all in gala suits; the younger tribe decked with flaring ribbons; while the matrons wore the picturesque old red cloaks and black bonnets, then not fallen into disuse, and constituting the last remains of a national costume. But the notion of a high festivity taking place of the monotony of village life, might still more be deduced from the appearance of the Doctor himself. He had his prime silk cassock on that day, his most flowing silk gown—his best of shovel-hats; but *the* feature of his equipment was his wig. We talk of the language of flowers, but those who knew this great scholar, comprehended, too, the language of wigs. They knew the temper of the day by those silent advertisements; they knew the company that was expected; they could almost have sworn that the day would turn out well or ill, pleasant or gloomy, by the face of the wig that took its turn among a large family of curly brothers. If the Doctor expected a bishop, he had an extra breadth of frizzle behind; if only a learned book-worm, there was a sort of undress concern, sad-looking, and half powdered, to correspond with the general undress of the reception: and so on through every variety of wig. For his particular set of humble friends, whom he treated as he pleased, the Doctor had a very worn-out, unbecoming article, together with which he generally put on his worst manners, and worst temper. In this I never saw him.

As he walked rapidly, though in a measured pace, towards me, that remarkable, deep grey eye of his, long, reflective, searching, met mine. I took off my hat,—I protest I trembled: but then, to the rear, was a procession of young ladies, who had followed the Doctor out of church, where he had opened the proceedings of the day by prayer, and an elaborate sermon for the occasion by a learned clergyman. The Doctor stared me in the face; some dozens of fine eyes stared too: I moved on one side to let them all pass; but the procession stood still. What a moment, when, in the centre of a growing corn-field, with a great flag attracting one's bewildered gaze, the hum of the village in one's ears, I first heard *that* voice, that peculiar voice, which none but one—one man among the many who have tried the thing, could ever, in any degree, imitate, or even recall!

"Thir," exclaimed that voice, in one of its softest variety of tones, "you theem to us a stranger. We take the stranger in—that is, if he be willing to be taken in—worthy to be taken in—to our pathtime. This is May-day, thir,—old May-day,—proper May-day. You may, if a thscolar," he added, casting another searching glance, (I felt my knees shake,—and then that battalion behind him!)—"that is an English thscolar, know that beautiful poem, the 'Tears of old May-day.' We honour these tears, thir, and we challenge you to do so too."

I bowed; looked down at my hat, back at my post-chaise; was obliged—overpowered—honoured—the end of it was, I turned back towards the village with the Doctor.

Before we had reached a wicket which opened into the main road, I was at my ease with him. For Dr. Parr had within him

the elements of good-breeding in its highest form : he could assume the loftiest and the most fascinating condescension—he could be the coarsest of men. It depended a good deal upon his wigs ; they magnetized him. On that day, dear to me as the first on which I had the happiness of becoming acquainted with one for whom, with his imputed foibles, every being who knew him felt far more affection than any other sentiment,—on that May-day, the formidable scholiast was in his happiest mood. Gracious, almost paternal, in his manners to the young ; to the old forbearing, and in some instances courteous. He rarely liked the old—especially old ladies ; but he had his days of endurance, and this was one:—his days when, like the lion, he would only growl, not roar.

We walked towards the Green. Dr. Parr had that faculty so perceptible in those whose minds have never slumbered—the quickest possible comprehension of the why and the wherefore ; and a shrewd, ready conception of who and what you are, an almost intuitive knowledge of where you come from, and a provoking penetration into what you are going to do. It happened that my great uncle had been a bishop ; our names were similar. That was enough for the Doctor ; and by the time that we reached the Green, he had exhausted every epithet of encomium on the memory of one whom I—but I was a mere creature in petticoats at the time—used to think a very crusty old curmudgeon. I never shall forget the parade of encomiums, — “ that most learned, most excellent, pious divine,”—I bowed, and drew in my breath,—“ that model of courtesy, and type of benevolence and humanity.” I bowed again, and tried to believe that I have been mistaken, and that the dogmatical, pugnacious, awful right reverend of my childish days had turned his dark side on me alone. But that wholesale regard, that over-weight veneration, were characteristics of Dr. Parr. He was a tolerably good hater ; but a capital hand as an encomiast, whether the praise related to a round of beef, or to a friendly and learned divine. His eulogiums during the latter part of his life somewhat lost their reputation, from the lavish manner in which they were dispensed. There was a free circulation of coin ; but it was a coin somewhat debased by its appropriation.

I wish I could remember all that he said as we were walking along ; but I was young, and egotistical, and my own desire to shine stood greatly in the way of a clear recollection of the remarks of others. I remember my own speeches well enough, for I ran a rapid review over them when we separated that evening. One thing struck me, the reverential affection with which Dr. Parr was greeted by the inhabitants of his parish as we met them on our way to the Green. It was not merely the courtesies of a dozen of little boys and girls, but the whispered blessings of the old ; the half-respectful, half-cheerful greetings of the young ; the hearty good will and gratitude that beamed in many eyes, as the young farmers and the vassal cow-boys doffed their hats, and the village damsels dropped low curtsies to the Doctor. The poor feared him not. Such awe as he is said to have inspired never troubled *their* hearts. They found him ever the same ; the tender friend in all their troubles ; the old-fashioned, pastoral adviser in all their difficulties ; the parish priest, without one atom of the scholar's pride, to *them*. And I have heard these simple folk were proud of their pastor's learning, although

they knew not wherein it consisted. They felt that it raised him far above the level of other men, and they gloried in his glory. This very festival was an effort, but little appreciated by the neighbouring landholders, to restore to the poor some of their ancient enjoyments. It was not—to their shame be it said—even encouraged by the county gentlemen of Warwickshire,—nay, it was even ridiculed by some, condemned by others. But the benevolent heart which attempted the revival of one of the beautiful customs of old England, (adapted to her variable climate, and according with the indications of Nature,) is accepted *there*, where the emotions of that heart, which has been long since silenced in the grave, are sublimated into heavenly attributes.

The May-pole was an emblem of the Doctor's pleasant power over his fair parishioners, and his female friends in general. It was decked with garlands of ribbons, curiously wrought by young fingers, with some degree of skill, and even of costliness. It was also garnished with those gorgeous ornaments of field and dell which no hands can imitate. And now another trait of Dr. Parr's character might be observed. The company assembled on the Green was what the young exclusives of Holborn would say, speaking of St. Giles's, "extremely mixed." The Doctor's parishioners were there, down to a cow-boy. The very queen of the May herself was a laughing, rosy, black-eyed farmer's daughter, the aristocratic belle of Hatton, and was affianced to a beau in fustian and long knee-ties—a young grazier, with a very calf-like expression of countenance, who stood uncomfortably kicking his legs against each other as the ceremonial of the day proceeded.

Now, no one valued the rights of rank more than the Doctor himself. A Whig in principle, he was an aristocrat at heart. I don't like him the worse for it; "'tis human nature," as one of Captain Marryat's characters observes; and I should like to know who does not find the seed developed, more or less, of that weakness in his own heart. Besides, Dr. Parr had that deep-seated veneration for English antiquity, old names, old associations, which has since become so prevalent in society. Lord John Manners would have adored him, in his reverence for peers; and a still holier bond of union would have been their common desire for the restoration of national holidays. When I hear the aspirations of Young England, I sink back in my easy chair, think where I have heard sentiments somewhat resembling those breathed in terms never to be forgotten, and dream that I am again at Hatton. But, how have I wandered thence! Back to my theme.

With all his worship of aristocracy, and marking, as he generally did, the distinction between the gentle and the simple very closely, it was the Doctor's fancy to do away with all such definitions, for the occasion. And in this, he has been followed by the revivals of the present day. The May Queen was led, blushing and bouncing, to the dance, by a young nobleman, a scion of a ducal house. The grazier walked away, very much after the fashion of a bullock going to be killed, as he seemed to grapple in the dance with a young lady of the county. A sprinkling of neighbouring curates, and various officers from Coventry, were mated with the village school-mistress, the sempstress, and the daughter of the owner of a large public house: such was the general arrangement. Away they went—down

the middle, and up again—hands four round, and back again—allemande, and,—but I forget; even my nieces won't know what I mean by all this: dismal days have come over us. Boulanger! Adieu, college hornpipe! let me sigh when I retrace thee in my own mind—money musk—talk of its being fatiguing—what can match the fatigue of the Polka? what can exceed the dishevelment of ringlets, the destruction of complexion, the demolition of all womanly grace, or manly respect, in that low, vulgar, debasing, ungraceful dance? My peasants of Hatton would not have endured it. My grazier would have expired, rather than have taken such a liberty with his lofty partner, as is taken hourly by the unknown with the unknown. No! pattern as he was of the true chivalric yeoman, he never touched her hand without a bow—poussetted, holding her arms out as if he were going to spit and roast her; and looked at her with his stupid Warwickshire stare, whether he moved to the right, or to the left, to the north, or the south.

The good old Doctor made quite a business of the day's entertainment. "Jack," he cried, addressing a clergyman who stood merely near him, "this is good, Jack—very good. Go, my friend, to the Rectory," he whispered, "and ask what time dinner will be served." I took the hint, and looked around for my post-chaise. The Doctor laid his soft, fat hand upon my arm. He was proud of his hand, which "shewed blood," as he always said; and, indeed, for a man of a thick, coarse, description of person, it was a fine, even a delicate hand. Well, the hand which had flogged at Harrow (and even at Hatton, one young nobleman in particular, when a man six feet high), the hand which had scribbled sufficient electioneering squibs at the last Warwick election, to fill a small room—the hand which composed the Spitalfields Sermons, and collected the Characters of Charles James Fox—the hand that penned the Address, under some awful long name, to the Birmingham dissenters, when they were kind enough to think of celebrating the anniversary of the French revolution—the best production, and certainly the most useful and effectual that ever issued from the library at Hatton—the hand that wrote these, and, more, that penned innumerable unreadable letters, full of eloquence, but couched in hieroglyphics—was laid upon my arm. Never did any fair lady's touch bring a brighter glow upon my cheek, or cause a greater acceleration of my pulse. At the same moment those dark-grey eyes, full of fire, but of fire beneath smoke, fringed and softened by those dark eye-lashes, were turned on me; they were full of meaning, searching, as if he wished to probe my inmost heart, when in solemn accents he began (I held my breath the while): "There is round of boiled beef, cold, with pickelth at the Rectory; would you renounce these, and hope to be forgiven?"

"My dear sir!" I had tact enough only to smile (the Doctor expected too much reverence, and did not like the familiarity of a loud laugh, even when he had provoked it), "you do me too much honour."

"No sir! The nephew of my learned, and reverend, and revered friend," returned the Doctor, emphatically, "cannot be too much honoured in Hatton. And now, sir, how do you like our village gambols? What think you of our May-pole?"

The grazier had by this time grown quite merry, happy, and familiar; and was poussetting at a violent rate with the squire's daughter,

who endeavoured, fearing the Rector's displeasure, if she showed any airs, to keep her partner to the touch of a finger. But no; he was in love with himself; his proficiency in the Scotch steps, learned, I presume, in the Town Hall at Warwick, had quite exhilarated him; he forgot he was not dancing with Betsy, the farmer's daughter, or with Miss Sally, at the Grange; heated, and retreating, the county belle had just changed sides and back again for the last time, when the Doctor drew my attention to the May-pole.

"It was historical," he informed me. And surely such a trophy to Flora never was upraised before. Hoops of ribbons dangled at either extremity of its two vast arms; a vast top-knot of bows and artificial flowers stuck on the top; down the stem were twined fading garlands of the white hawthorn and the laburnum, the periwinkle, and the blue-bell. But the peculiarity was this: each garland was framed by one or other of the Doctor's friends and parishioners. And they all seemed to me, from the dear old boaster's description, to have genealogies as long as the May-pole. One was by Lady This—of a parentage descending from the first red-haired Saxon that had his mile of land in Britain. Another was by Miss — of Red Hill, near Alcester—a beautiful descendant of the Romans.

"Of the Romans?" quoth I.

"Yes, sir. The Roman road to Camden, in Gloucestershire, is near Red Hill. The women there, sir, from the veriest jade" (a favourite expression of the Doctor's, and no offence) "that holds a milk-pail, to the family of my honoured and excellent friend Mr. —, hath the Roman features—the beauty, too, of the Roman, with the delicacy of complexion proper to our county. Mark," he added, in his solemn tone, and placing his finger on his broad and flexible nose; "I do not say that the intellect of the Roman has descended in due proportion. No, sir. Will Shakspeare hath exhausted all mother-wit in the county. We are a people of num-skulls, sir."

I ventured meekly to dissent—tried my young hand at a compliment; but was silenced with a "Pooh, pooh!" or rather a surly "Pish!"

I retreated into my shell as fast as possible. Strange was the influence which this powerful man almost instantly acquired over every human being with whom he came in contact. In his intercourse with society, it was not so much that he was a tyrant, as that he found ready-made slaves, eager to worship him. I have seen the daughter of a duke light his pipe, at his command; and beheld the proudest officers under her Majesty's command, quail under the dread of his satire: for, when that issued forth, it was no delicate, playful flame, like a spirit-fed lamp, such as modern sarcasm may light up, and even peacefully, though always with some degree of risk at a dinner-table; it was a volume of red-hot lava, from a belching crater, scorching, overwhelming, devastating as it went. It could be aroused on the slightest occasion, and, in an unlooked-for moment; though, generally, the man gave out his tokens of a coming irruption like the volcano:—growlings and grumbings were heard; then, a drear stillness and sullenness denoted that the moral powers were treasured up to break out with the greater force. Then came the burst of passion, shall we call it? Yes, of passion; for benevolent, good, pious temper never formed an item of his code of duty. It was not, indeed, in those days, much regarded in education; and

men—and learned men in particular—assigned to themselves the privilege of the wolf in the fable, who took the head of the stream, and left the meek lamb to dip into the turbid waters at the bottom. Learned men, even great bores and pedagogues, are now very humane sort of creatures; they do not betray any very inordinate contempt for their fellow men; they submit to listen; they think that women have a right to reflect, and to be listened to. If they are dull, they are, at any rate, inoffensive. It seems to me that your political economists of the utilitarian school have taken their place, more or less, in society. They always eat enormously—a privilege of learning in former days. They despise all knowledge but their own. They have a sovereign contempt for all women except their own peculiar disciples and adorers; they generally marry stupid, dollish, second-rate, housekeeping, and housekeeper-looking wives. In short they have all the dullness of the former class of learned men without that elegance of mind which redeemed the scholars of the last century from being thoroughly disgusting.

I was enchained by Dr. Parr the very first moment that I saw him. And why? "What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?" What had I to do with him, or he with me? That is little to the purpose; I was his slave at once. He was not a tall man, yet there was a sort of majesty in his deportment, that made one feel short in his company. He was, at that time, not a rich man; his star was not in the ascendant; his learning had been rewarded by very scanty preferment; his party was most unfashionable. There was no state in the plain rectory-house; no magnificence to enslave the opinions of the vulgar; he was living, one may almost say, in obscurity, compared with the widely-spreading fame of his acquirements. What a fool I was! Remarkably self-willed by nature, I laid aside every inclination in his presence, just for the sake of making his wishes mine. Everybody did the same; but then,—but then, let me explain it.

Those who set out in life, resolved to have their own way, must be fools if they do not obtain it. A powerful determination put well into practice, used daily, like fire-irons, and never allowed to rust, as the housemaids say, does much. Dr. Parr knew no relents; he never said, "Will it be agreeable to you to do this?" No: "You will do me the honour, sir, to walk in. We command you." As for his especial friends and corps of auxiliaries, they flew at a moment at his "Jack," or his "Will." Nay more, pretty, blushing, high-born ladies, to whom I would have scarcely dared to whisper a compliment, responded to his "jade," or "hussy," or "wench," with few exceptions, as humbly as if they were infinitely honoured, as readily as if addressed in euphonistic phrase by Lord Petersham, then the beau of beaus—the king of hearts—the elegant precursor of the (now) fading perfections of Count d'Orsay.

One digression more—and then, on to Dr. Parr's round of boiled beef. There *was* one individual who resisted, in the most gentle, and winning, and effectual way, the Doctor's encroachments on the rights of society. I remember her well—oh! how well! She was a "single woman of a certain age." (Who has not read that charming, beautiful story, so called, of the late Mrs. Sullivan's, and sighed to think that the delicate and gifted spirit of which it was the creation, had gone hence?) "A single woman of a certain age,"—that is, then, about thirty—for the world has grown younger even since my

young days. Ladies of thirty are girls now—then they wore caps, looked prim, and had long sleeves to their gowns.

The lady who fought with her own delicate weapons of finely-polished steel, against Dr. Parr, was a fair, slight, drooping creature, so *internally* polite, if one may so speak, that she could not be otherwise than courteous to a street-sweeper. And, indeed, hers was the benevolence that springs from a guileless, chastened character. She had known better days—that is to say, *richer* days. She was not prosperous; she was not in want. Indeed, the superiority of her intellect, her exemplary life, her beauty, — for she was still surpassingly lovely, — had obtained for her an influence unacknowledged, but felt, throughout a limited society, to which the Doctor was rather an interloper than a frequenter, — a cataract falling from on high into a smooth plain.

Well, he loved this gentle creature, to his credit, — I will not use the word, *liked*; it was love—affection rather; the very best sort of affection that could be felt — an affection, I will *not* venture to say, pure as the object that inspired it. Now for its manifestations. They consisted of singling her out for his coarse jests; for the degrading office of lighting his pipe; for the butt, to amuse, for his pleasure, and at *her* expense, the company, be they who they may. This happened once—never again, and why?

She was ordered to “Come hither, wench; light my pipe:—nay, first clean it out with thy taper-finger.” How well I recollect it,—on a hot summer’s day, after a three-o’clock dinner, the party chosen by himself, the sun flaring in upon the silent, awe-struck circle! Conversation took its departure when the great man appeared.

“Come, hussy; Dr. Parr commands thee.”

Then spoke that meek, subdued being, whose silver tones still sound in my ear. They, too, are silenced now in death.

“No, Doctor, I do not choose.”

The company, especially the gentleman of the house, a *remarkably* subservient friend, stared aghast. The Doctor fixed upon her those deep-meaning eyes; his brows were lowered over them; even the air seemed darkened; a storm was coming—Vesuvius was growling “Gentle soul,” thought I, “now for some of the Doctor’s choice appellatives.” This was when I knew him better.

“Choose! but I command!”

“You have no right to command: we are free here,” answered, as if she had been addressing a sister angel, that soft voice. “I, for one, shall not obey.”

“Then, depart!” returned the Doctor, his face suddenly diffusing all over a deep brick-dust red, and waving his hand to the door.

“I shall not stir. You have no right to tell me to depart,” replied the same mild tones.

A deep silence followed. It was broken by a noise much resembling the whizzing of soda-water ere it finally escapes from the bottle—the Doctor’s laugh. It became long and loud. The company had finally joined; and a smile played on the fine face of her who had resolution to resist the domestic despot.

“Thou art a wench—” he began.

He was interrupted.—“No, Doctor; I decline those appellations. You have no right to apply them.”

“Why, then,” he cried, “you are my enemy!”

“Unless,” she responded softly, but with dignity, “you give me better reason to consider you my friend.”

The colloquy ceased. The single lady was frowned at, pulled, pinched, whispered to, for fear that things should go too far. It was agreed, when she left the room, that it would be more prudent not to invite her to meet Dr. Parr. They parted, indeed, without shaking hands; and if the lady had been bowed out of a great man's drawing-room, as a great man is said to have bowed out a lady, not a quarter of a century ago, she could not have been more pitied. From that time, she went by the name of Dr. Parr's “Enemy;” he, indeed, gave it her himself. But never was there a party among her friends, at which he was the attraction, but he ordered that his “enemy” should be invited to meet him. No more names, no more lighting of his pipe; but a profound, partial, courtly respect marked his manner to his “enemy.” I remember, when she was ill, how regularly his black spencer, over his cassock and coat, his shovel hat, and family-party wig, not lavishly decked in powder, his old black horse, might be seen at her door;—how he brought out of his capacious pocket, one day, a *morceau* of Oxford brawn (poison to the sick-room), and waited meekly till the cloth had been returned (he was keen in matters of property);—how sometimes he left a pigeon or two, all mangled and feathery, emerging from that same pocket, or a partridge;—and how long and earnestly he kept the old housekeeper at his horse's head, asking her solemn questions about the invalid, with a true expression of unfeigned feeling; for he had the tenderness of a woman's heart, when anything went wrong. He could not bear to see his friends suffer; and his selfishness dispersed like vapour when real sorrow came among the little community whom he loved.

I have wandered sadly from my subject-matter. Where was I? At the Maypole,—revolving in my mind what had become of my post-chaise. “It is in my farm-yard,” quoth the Doctor, answering an inquiring look; “and your steeds are lodged in my stable. You shtay dinner?” (I can give no notion of his lisp, it is indescribable.) I particularly wished to have gone into Warwick by daylight, but as to saying so, it was out of the question. I was magnetized. I bowed, —wondered where my carpet-bag was, and followed the Doctor, who now headed a procession of ladies, towards the Rectory.

But first, as full-fledged, in his gown and scarf, and tucking under his arm the rosy hand of the May Queen, he turned from the Green, he stopped short before a company of village musicians—amateurs in smock-frocks, and scarlet continuations, with huge shoe-ties, and a true Warwickshire stupidity of look—the church choir—the butcher's son, who played the bassoon—the baker, who scratched on the violin—and a third, the man of the shop, that shop being a museum of utilities, from raisins up to spelling-books, who worked away at the double bass viol. A reserve of flageolets and Pandean pipes had been called in for the day; and all these, taking off their hats, greeted the Doctor with their best bow and the customary kick behind of the leg—a remnant of the old school—a make-believe of falling down before the great man.

The Doctor looked round; “Gentlemen,” he said aloud, “who are bachelors, pay for the music—a shilling each. You, sir,” he added, addressing me, “are a bachelor, I presume?”

I bowed—blushed—and muttered something about being Cœlebs but *not* in search of a wife.

If there was a woman in existence whom he hated, *par excellence*, it was Hannah More. Her very virtues were wormwood to Dr. Parr; they were not of *his* sort. I heard a torrent of invectives, and began to think I was “seeing him” to great advantage; just as one talks of a very destructive conflagration being “a very good fire.”

“But where,” I said, after walking some steps, during which the words—“unfathomable nonsense! unbounded presumption! arrogant pretensions!” all met my ear,—“where are the gentlemen hurrying away to, Doctor? You surely do not mean to allow the ladies to be left alone?”

“No, thir, I am with them; and Jack, and Bob, and we take you in, thir, as a shtranger, and defenceless among shtrangers,—and, therefore, most like a woman.”

I was only too happy—but cast a lingering look behind at a battalion of dejected tail coats,—black, blue, and green,—who were hastening to an ordinary at the village public-house, over which hung a sign (I forget what), on which were inscribed the words:—“Good entertainment for man and beast.” It was a fancy of the Doctor’s to send all the gentlemen to dine at one place, to keep the ladies to himself. I don’t know exactly why. It might be, that, a widower and a clergyman, and his company being a *little* mixed (my friend the grazier not even excepted), he consulted the proprieties, as he did at a ball given some years before, when the ladies all supped in one room, the gentlemen in another. Was the arrangement a consequence of the recollection of old manners, when, before the women were educated, and men refined, it was not so perfectly safe in point of decorum, as it now is, to permit the sexes to mingle freely? There is a greater latitude *now*, because there is more real propriety in the women, more principle in the gentlemen of the present generation. Or was it, as many said, to encourage and enrich the village innkeeper, a thrifty, respectable man, that the male part of the company were banished, under sentence of drinking his bad wine, and eating his coarse Warwickshire mutton (the only coarse thing in Warwickshire): or was it to save the thirty ladies harboured in the Rectory, from being crowded? On the whole, I think it was well done; although the malcontents were many among the retreating gentlemen. None liked *to say* much about the matter, lest it should be thought to proceed from a repugnance to pay for their dinner; but a general consternation reigned. Young curates (the very name of a curate, as Sydney Smith says, inspires compassion—it seems just fitted in to the word *poor*.) felt in their pockets for their silver. The grazier thought indeed loudly of the virtue of giving old Smith, or Jones, or whatever the man’s name was, “a benefit;” but his face grew red as he talked of his lost partner. Four or five boyish young men, the victims of a system of private tutorage, called out loudly on the cruelty of being just allowed to look at their partners, and then driven from them. “As if we were a herd going to Smithfield,” said one young fellow, a remarkable adept at driving a stage-coach, looking at the grazier. They turned into the inn, however, and crowded into the little dining-room, with

its sanded floor. The Doctor's head man of domestic convenience, a clergyman, I grieve to say, who was servant to the Doctor's intellect, took the head of the table; the grazier was, by unanimous consent placed at the bottom, where he drank healths, gave toasts, and made a speech!

We, meantime, paraded the village to the Rectory. 'Tis a grand house now. I have not seen it of late. I could not endure to see it. Could not the desecrating hand of those who have enlarged the former house of Dr. Parr, have left it alone? A good house can be raised in a day; but who can rebuild a house in which a great man lived? The house, grant it, was ignoble,—perhaps uncomfortable, unpicturesque,—but it was *his*! His was the narrow entrance,—I see it now,—into which he hurried, that time two learned dignitaries, bishops, arrived on a prefixed visit, to receive these awful guests. Tom Sheridan—brilliant, erratic—the very last person to have been placed under such hands, was then living at Hatton, and a most undutiful pupil he was. No end of the anecdotes told of his pranks played upon that combination of simplicity and pomposity which the great scholar occasionally displayed. On this occasion, the best wig was called into its occupation from a room in which, on a kind of dumb waiter with arms, it hung in company with but one superior,—that worn at Oxford,—and surrounded with innumerable inferiors for more frequent use. The Doctor hurried down as the Mitred coach drove up to the door, which opened, if I remember aright, direct upon the road. But the evil spirit was behind him; into the wig went one turkey-cock's feather—two—three—then the wild sprite darted off, cleared the poultry-yard, and found his way into the village, to mingle with the group of admiring boys and girls, to observe the great event of the day.

The other wigs descended stately and expectant from their coach. When they beheld the Doctor—shall I relate it? or will it be construed into disrespect of these learned and estimable men? They were flesh and blood. When they saw him to whom they had made this pilgrimage, thus bedecked, one, it is said, burst into fits of laughter, which overpowered the Latin quotation with which they were received. The other, more wily, bowed low,—very low, to conceal the smile which played upon his episcopal countenance. But the first was fairly overpowered; and his brother Bishop was led by the anxious Doctor gravely and hastily into the parlour, the door mysteriously closed, and a solemn and earnest question put, whether certain distressing reports which had lately gone abroad of Dr. —'s sanity had—and the deep grey eye was almost suffused as the query was whispered—"any foundation in truth?" How the matter ended, I know not; but feel no doubt but that they all three recovered themselves, after the second bottle of port after dinner. And this was the very passage—these are the very steps; the passage is a hall now;—the very steps on which those square toes that stood transfixed to the spot to receive the bishops, often and often went in and out are taken away! Taste! thou hast thy crimes, as well as ignorance!

We passed into the house, and were seated, as soon as the ladies had taken off their bonnets, at the dinner-tables. These were spread in a large, square room, which, to the best of my remembrance, the Doctor had added to the Rectory, and which the collections of years,

and the presents of all the lettered men of his own time, had lined with substantial books. 'The Doctor's picture,—was it by Romney, or Opie?—I am sure I forget,—hung over the mantel-piece. This was a softened, subdued, nothing-worth likeness; the fire was smothered in those speaking eyes. It was what one calls a flattering likeness; but it flattered the form, and insulted the intellect. The best likeness ever taken of Dr. Parr was one by Dawe, a cabinet picture, an inimitable portrait, and as near to the singular original as canvas can be to life.

The Doctor's library was, I hear, much overrated during his life, and certainly contained, according to the catalogue, many things which learned men would usually throw away. But much was expected from the notes which it was his practice to write on the margins of his own books, illustrative of his opinions, and testifying to his enmities and friendships, critical, biographical, and etymological. His chief power consisted in the forcible delineation of character. He was eminently dramatic. No man could lay a man's merits more conspicuously and ably before you than he could; no one could master a villain—in words, I mean,—more completely. One never forgot his pictures. They were oftentimes, indeed generally, drawn in colours far too strong; but, though their fidelity might be questioned, the vigour of his pencil was felt by every one who knew its touches.

In this room he seldom wrote; and, until his last illness, sat but little. Then, I rather think, when laid up with some complaint in his leg, the Doctor made this his reception-room, and kept his friends writing for him, like secretaries. When in health, Dr. Parr's place of study, and of smoke, was a summer-house at the end of his useful, tasteless garden; where, in summer time, he was to be seen at five or six o'clock, writing as if for his bread, and smoking as if for a wager. He took but little breakfast—a cup of coffee; and ate not till the middle of the day. This summer-house—small, and totally uninteresting in itself—is, I trust, standing even now. I dare scarcely ask the question, for it was seated in the same county in which a man—silent for ever be his odious name!—pulled down Shakspeare's house, that he might not be troubled with visitors. It stands in a county but little addicted to enthusiasm, and guilty of indifference even to her highest honours. Who but the natives of Warwickshire would permit a railroad to be carried within less than a gunshot of the ruins of Kenilworth,—those once silent and proud monuments of the Leicesters, and the Clintons, and the Lancasters,—of Scott,—of Amy Robsart,—of Elizabeth? What, indeed, would old Laneham say? However, let us not bemoan ourselves too much on that matter, when we recall that a railroad darts through the midst of Edinburgh, cuts beneath the Castle Mound, desecrates the Old Town by its vulgar proximity; that its volleys of smoke will soon tint the summit of the Scott monument, and ascend even to the columns of the Caalton. To return to Hatton.

A plentiful, though, except soup, cold repast was spread, and we all sat down. This sounds very simple; but you know not, degenerate moderns, by what ceremonies that very act of sitting down was prefaced. But let me, first, take a review of my company. It consisted, with the exception of one or two elderly single ladies, of the young; of the weaker sex, all; excepting, also, two brothers,

well known as the almost inseparable friends of Dr. Parr, — and his was no ordinary friendship.

The Reverend John, commonly called "Jack Bartlam," was a man to whom no one would address that term of familiarity, except Dr. Parr; and to whom no one could apply it, save in the kindness of long intimacy, — never, oh! never, in disrespect, or derision. The days of Jack, Will, and Ned, are gone out; and with them much of the true and hearty friendship which expressed itself in the absence of trifling forms. It is not that our hearts are *much* colder than they were; it is not that we are more independent of the affections, — it is that we are more fastidious; civilization has done that for us which will never be undone; we are the children of luxury, even where the intellect and the feelings are concerned. This is the age of sneering; we must have every one perfect; strong, yet, elegant in mind; finished even in manners; without a spot upon which the finger of Ridicule can place her thin and freezing finger, which withers where it touches.

Think not this is the prelude of apology for him whose honest name I write with a solemn feeling of sadness, respect, and affection. An accomplished scholar, an earnest pastor, a liberal friend, a charitable judge of others, "Jack" needs no apologist: he possessed, too, the true good-breeding of that school we call old, but which, like the yew-tree in the churchyard is ever green, among the considerate and the intellectual. Alike in the presence of the peer, or of the peasant, "Jack" was the courteous, I do not say polished English gentleman. Courtesy springs from the combination of certain feelings; polish is the effect of certain habits: yet do not infer that he was coarse; he had only one misfortune—he was *fat*.

How often have I looked at that well-formed, even handsome, somewhat Roman countenance, with that ineffably kind eye, and wished it had been placed upon a nobler pedestal, a form six feet high, instead of five feet eight; an erect, thin, compact figure, instead of that short, stout, even somewhat bulky frame, which seemed never yet to have met with the heaven-born tailor intended to fit it; for Jack's coats were excellent in cloth and quality, but loose as many men's principles. His countenance was, indeed, comely; and, as the Doctor would often whisper to some young favourite, "Jack had been a handsome man." He was then about forty-eight—I thought him, I remember, quite in years;—endowed with a good living, a competent fortune, a thoroughly independent character; he was one of the few who loved Dr. Parr for his own sake, not of the many, who sought to borrow from the sun the beams which are only refracted when they fall upon bright substances. Jack was useful, but not subservient; and thoroughly understood the Doctor's character, adored his talents, worshipped his Greek and Latin, and gloried in his society. I confess, I see no degradation in such a true, hearty, endearing hero-worship as this. There is something consolatory, and ennobling to one's apprehension of human nature, to see a deep, and even somewhat abject affection, independent of the ties of blood, but resting solely upon the high qualities of the one, and the capacity for admiring of the other. It never degraded "Jack."

I mentioned "Jack" as a clergyman. He was one of the old

school in that respect, a true lover of his Church, sound, orthodox, and decided, but not illiberal and snarling; compounding for the

“Sins he is inclined to
By damning those he has no mind to.”

In particular, he was liberal on the subject of port wine. Now, the days of port-wine clergymen are gone by, undoubtedly; and I tremble while I write, to think how Jack may be condemned by those who are at this moment ordering their boiled light pudding for dinner; and who are contributing to the ruin of cattle-dealers, and to the undue elevation of the fishmonger above his fellow-men. Now, if Jack had a fault, it was in carrying his liberal notions on the score of housekeeping too far,—never to intemperance in drinking, but too a perhaps blameable luxury in the pleasures of the table. But for this he paid a retribution in the bulk of a figure which had never been graceful, and in a tendency to apoplectic disease, which ended abruptly and awfully in sudden death. I do not mean in this to hold him up as an example; only a few words to my fasting friends. With all this latitude, (which I seek not to excuse,) Jack managed to maintain peace, to receive respect, to preach the gospel, to obtain a holy and permanent influence over his parish. Disputes were referred to him, who never said an angry word, nor quarrelled about tithes, nor tempted the demon which seems to rise up even at the funeral of the abjured Dissenter in the present day, nor had long correspondence with his parishioners, with whom he had little to correspond about: and yet Jack was an absolute stickler for everything that was seemly, correct, and reverential in our Church service.

No man read the prayers of the Church so well. He was, as Dr. Parr affirmed, a perfect master of the English language in composition; he breathed it forth in the fullest, purest, and richest tones; he gave to every word, so pregnant in sense, (compiled as our Liturgy was in days when our language was in its height of purity, and consequent force,) an earnest, effectual intonation. On this account, Dr. Parr, conscious of his own defect in speech, always assigned to Jack the reading of any peculiarly solemn service. On such occasions, especially on the burial of the dead, Jack was sent for. He rode over from Alcester, where he resided, to Hatton; and I think I see his overalls and leather gaiters now, jogging away, on a horse as well-fed and as fat as himself, on the road from Warwick. But Jack was a stranger to me on that eventful May-day when he undertook the arduous department of carving a hare, which he lauded with encomiums, well-turned in Latin and English. Just one word more touching the clergy, before I leave Jack. Why have not our modern clergymen,—strenuous, devout, blameless as they generally are,—the art of managing their parishes as the good old-fashioned host once had? Is it that the spirit of disputation is among them; and that those whom it once possesses, like the devils of old, it teareth, impelling them to acts even of self-destruction?

At the bottom of the table, opposite to Jack, sat a tall, very handsome, very young man, of aristocratic breed, and what was, in those days, aristocratic ignorance, save of pugilism and cock-fighting. He was a pupil of the Doctor's, sent to be prepared for

college. To look at him, you would suppose no refining process needful: the face was perfect,—of a fine aquiline, and of that clear, varying complexion which suits with a blue eye and light hair. I wonder what has become of him?—whether, in the soberizing effect of time, the kindly qualities that spake in that eye, and the graceful endeavour to please—but only where he happened to like—have risen into respectable virtues, or been bestowed upon base companions, and finally drenched in that slough of dissoluteness into which it was feared he might fall. That day, he had only just been restored after some wild exploit, which had produced a grave and even vituperative rebuke from his preceptor. He looked sad and hardened, rather than humbled, and shy, and yet not sulky; and the contrast between his athletic youth and bright complexion, and the older men about him, was not more apparent than that between the comfortable, modest self-possession of Jack, and the majestic air of indefeasible right of Dr. Parr. What I much liked about Jack was his good-nature to this overgrown boy in disgrace,—his way of pleading for him when C—— overturned a decanter, and the Doctor scowled as if it were done on purpose,—his assurance that the mangled fowl sent away was too old to have been well carved,—his courteous yet dignified manner to the youth;—but I shall run on for ever if I write on the theme of Jack's kind acts.

Our repast was prefaced by ceremonials, to which I have alluded. A cup brimful of mulled wine was first pledged by the Queen of the May to the company, and then handed round, each lady being desired, as she passed it, to think of any one whom she liked best. Heavens! what blushes and sighs!—and from none more than from one worthy spinster of five-and-thirty, who was positively overpowered by her feelings. After this, an emphatic grace, beautifully worded by Dr. Parr, preceding, we sat down to the liberal, plain fare before us, and forgot all considerations in the tumult of the knife and fork.

The evening ended with tea for the ladies, and a pipe for the Doctor. He always smoked, from choice, the coarsest tobacco; and I rushed out in a happy pause in an eloquent harangue, eager to find my post-chaise, and to proceed to Warwick.

THE HEARTS OF OLD.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

THE Hearts of Old! The merry Ones!	The Hearts of Old! The toilsome Ones!
The mirrors of the men:	That traced the studious page:
Oh, for a spell to wake once more	And stamp'd the glories of their own,
The chords that thrill'd them then!	Upon a future age!
To raise the shrine long consecrate	Oblivion hath no hold on them;
To truth and love sublime;	The self-attesting scroll
And live again, the only great,	Records their majesty of thought,
The victors over time!	Their boundlessness of soul!
The Hearts of Old! The gallant Ones!	The Hearts of Old! The mighty Ones!
That never knew a fear,	That framed the giant domes,
And still could feel for others' weal,	The bulwarks of our native land,
And melt at woman's tear!	The guardians of our homes!
That braved the battle's vengeful ire,	The Minster and the massive Keep,
Serene and undismay'd:	Rich heirlooms of their skill—
But ev'ry sterner nerve relax'd,	Oh, Hearts of Yore, ye are not dead,
When Pity sued for aid.	But live amidst them still!





THE POLKAPHOBIA.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.

A LITTLE NEWS OF MR. LEDBURY CONNECTED WITH THE POLKA.

IT is now a little more than twelve months since we last encountered our old acquaintance, Mr. Titus Ledbury, in these pages. His friends will be glad to hear, that during this interval he has been well and happy; that his manners and general bearing in society are, if possible, more elegant than ever; and his graceful attitudes have greatly distinguished him in the *salons* of the Transislingtonian districts. At the same time, his mind has lost nothing of its well-poised intentions; albeit, as formerly, they do not altogether at times produce the exactly desired effect. But he is a good creature, and everybody is always happy to see him.

Of course Mr. Ledbury was one of the first to learn the Polka. Like everybody else, as long as he could not dance it, he said it was very uninteresting, and would never keep its ground; but when he came to know it, he was most indomitable, and, after supper, completely *frénétique* in its mazes, especially in the "chasse" and the "back-step," upon which he rather prided himself. He has been known, at this period of the evening, to tire down three young ladies, and then ask to be introduced to a fourth,—madly, wildly, desperately,—even after she had confessed that she only knew it a little. And this, too, when he saw there was no chance of the tune coming to a conclusion, by reason of the cornet and piano having numbed their feelings with sherry, and played on mechanically, with the dogged action of a culprit who anticipates much exercise on the treadmill. It is a merciful dispensation that the cornet can be played with the eyes shut, in common with many other Terpsichorean instruments. If it could not, polkas and cotillons would gradually vanish from the face of the drawing-room, to the fendish delight of those *manchons de société* (muffs of society), who tell you that the aforesaid polkas and cotillons are "very strange kinds of dances, which they never wish their girls to join in."

Old Mr. Ledbury did not see much in the Polka: in fact, he had a dislike generally to what he termed "people kicking their heels about in outlandish fashions." But the instant Titus perceived that every one who wished to distinguish himself in society must learn the Polka—not to mention the *valse à deux temps* and *Cellarius*, which he had scarcely courage enough yet to attempt—he determined to conquer its difficulties. And to this end, he joined a class at a professor's who taught polkas night and day; in whose house the violin never stopped, in whose first-floor windows the blinds were never drawn up. The professor was connected with the ballet at the theatres, and he used to bring one or two of the "pets" of that department to be partners on the occasion—pretty little girls, with glossy braided hair and bright eyes, who tripped about in the morning in blue check Polka cloaks, and in the evening in pink tights and gauze petticoats,—sylphs that people paid money to see—peris whom men in white neckcloths and private boxes had looked at through binocular glasses. What happi-

ness for Titus! Under such tuition he improved rapidly. He went out everywhere, and polked all the evening: at last, nothing could satisfy him but that his people must give a polka party themselves.

There was a great deal to be said against this. Since his sister Emma's marriage, there had not been much gaiety at home; and, besides, Emma had now a little baby, regarding whose appearance, in reply to Master Walter Ledbury's too minute inquiries, the most remarkable horticultural stories connected with silver spades and the vegetation of parsley, had been promulgated,—a tiny, fair, velvet-cheeked doll, in whose face everybody found a different likeness. The other little Ledbury girls were not old enough to be brought out, and Mrs. Ledbury said she could not take all the trouble upon herself. But there was a greater obstacle than all this to contend with. The family had left Islington, at the expiration of their lease, and taken a new house somewhere on the outskirts of the Regent's Park, in a freshly made colony, which cabmen never could find out, but wandered about for hours over rudely gravelled roads, without lamps and policemen, and between skeleton houses, until, at break of day, they found themselves somewhere impinging upon Primrose Hill, at an elevation of a considerable number of feet above the level of Lord's cricket-ground. And, moreover, there was a clause in the leases of these houses, that no dancing could be allowed therein, under heavy forfeits, which threw aspersions on their stability. But architectural improvement is daily progressing; and economy of time and material being the great desiderata in all arts and sciences, particular attention is paid to this point. Houses are run up, like Aladdin's palace, in one night; and the same ingenuity that could formerly overspread Vauxhall Gardens with a single ham, is put into fresh requisition, to see how many acres of building-ground may be covered with the same number of bricks that were employed, in times gone by, for one family mansion.

All these facts were urged by Mr. Ledbury senior; but Titus did not give it up, for all that. He knew that his father was as insensible as a rock to his hints, but he also knew that the constant dropping of hints would at last have a softening effect; and so it proved. He implored so earnestly, and impressed the fact so frequently upon his parents that the landlord need never know anything about it, as at last to get their consent. And then he struck the iron whilst it was hot. He bought some engraved invitation note-paper, with "Polka" in the corner: drew up a list of friends; and, lastly, got his mother to ask Miss Seymour to come and stay with them for the time being. Fanny Wilmer, his country friend, was also asked up from Clumpley, to which place the Polka had not yet reached. Baby required all Emma's attention, and so she was left out of the question; but her husband promised to come, and be Jack Johnson as heretofore, "by particular desire and upon that occasion only." For having passed through that stage of feeling, during the time he was engaged, which rude people designate as "spooney," and the subsequent enchantment, after matrimony, during the *premières illusions*,—in both which states a man is not fit company for anybody except one—he was now returning once more, as is the invariable rule, to a capital fellow.

The chief occupation of Titus before the ball was to teach Fanny Wilmer the Polka. And to this end they practised all day long, whilst Miss Seymour kindly played the *Annen* and the opera editions until her fingers were as weary as their feet. They did the promenade,

and the waltz, and the return, and the double polka on the square, and the chasse, and the whirl, turning round so fast and leaning back to such a degree, that at last they resembled a revolving V made of two human figures, like an animated initial letter. All this practising, however, had its desired end. Fanny Wilmer learnt the Polka, and Titus was so charmed at the effect he was certain they would produce together, that he had some vague notion of putting on a pair of red morocco boots with brass heels, that would click together, expressly for the occasion.

At last the night came. By dint of much previous instruction, everybody found their way to the house pretty well, except old Mrs. Huddle, who came in a fly all the way from Islington, not believing in cabs, and missing the proper road, got benighted in St. John's Wood, which, in her imagination, she peopled with North American Indians, having some vague recollections of an Ioway encampment thereabouts. Jack assisted Titus in his duties as master of the ceremonies, for he knew almost everybody there; and then the festivities of the evening commenced. Old Mr. Ledbury gave himself up to his misery with great resignation. He intended, as heretofore, either to have visited a friend, or to have gone to bed: but, in the first case, everybody he knew lived too far off; and in the second, his bed-room was turned out of window for the evening. The supper was laid in the dining-room, the door of which was locked; and the ices and cherry-water were dispensed in the back parlour, which Titus, from the presence of a few grave volumes, and some loose numbers of periodicals, called his "study."

They had a quadrille, and then a waltz; then a quadrille, then a polka, and so on. Mr. Ledbury greatly distinguished himself, and was much admired. Nor was Jack Johnson less conspicuous. He had not regularly learned the Polka, but he said it was merely a diluted edition of a Quartier Latin dance, for which he had sometimes been compelled to leave the *chaumière*, and therefore he did not find it very difficult.

Of course, there was, as there always is, a large proportion of the guests who did not dance the Polka; but they stood round the room, and looked pleasant, which was all that was required of them. Nor were they, in this capacity of wall-flowers, without their value: for spectators are useful things in a party to inspirit the others; and the bare idea that you are doing something which somebody else cannot who is looking on, encourages you to perform unexpected marvels of Terpsichorean agility. Some people call this vanity; others human nature. However, the enthusiasm spread, and every Polka was more energetic than the last, until the room trembled again.

It would have been well had this been the only sensation created. The servants had entered the dining-room, to make the last preparations for supper, when a wild scene of horror presented itself unparalleled even in the annals of the Lisbon and Gaudaloupe earthquakes. Well might the landlord have prohibited dancing in his tenement. The ceiling had curved round, and was bulging into the room, like an inverted arch, whilst from its patera the lamp was swinging recklessly, as though it had been an incense-burner in the hands of a priest. Every glass on the table, chattering its own music, was polking with its fellow, until it fell off the edge; a Crusader in black-leaded plaster had *chassée'd* from his bracket, and was lying piecemeal on the carpet; a bust of Shakspeare was nodding time to the

tune, as he prepared to follow its example: and there was not a barley-sugar ship or windmill which had not been jolted into fragments that left no trace of the original form. Well enough might the domestic supernumeraries, engaged for the night, have been scared. There was a momentary expectation of all the guests coming down to supper by a much quicker method than the staircase.

Terrible and general was the alarm, when the remarkable state of architectural affairs was promulgated. There was only one person happy, and that was old Mr. Ledbury. As soon as he saw his guests were frightened, he rubbed his hands and smiled, and promulgated the intelligence that the floor was about to fall in, with the same glee as he would have done the news of a favourable change in the ministry, or a rise in the railway shares, of which he was a large participant. Titus, who was stopped in the middle of a distinguished step, turned pale; Jack laughed; and Mrs. Ledbury hurried all her visitors down stairs, with the most nervous eagerness, which gave them a pretty broad hint, that they were to bolt their supper and go away. They took it very speedily.

This was Mr. Ledbury's first Polka party, and his last. It certainly had created a sensation, but not the one he had anticipated. He determined, if he danced the Polka again, to do so at the residences of other people; and old Mr. Ledbury, who got involved in a mild lawsuit in consequence, after many anathemas against outlandish dances and their followers, finally gravitated into a determination to leave his present abode, which never recovered its right angles; and for the future, next to the Polka, to abhor all houses run up to be let in suburban neighbourhoods, which were as picturesque and fragile as those of the illuminated village carried at evening on the head of the ingenious Italian in quiet neighbourhoods.

DROOP NOT, MY HEART!

BY WILLIAM JONES.

DROOP not, my heart, with thy burden of sadness,
 That Hope in its spring-time is wither'd and gone;
 Dark though the veil that hath shaded thy gladness,
 While heav'n smiles above thee, thou art not alone!
 Cold is the world, and the young spirit wanders,
 Seeking in vain for a covert of rest;
 And soon of a sunnier region it ponders,
 Where grief cannot enter to weaken the breast!
 Oh! sweet is the dream of affection that greets us,
 In the morning of life, when its truth we believe,
 Confiding, we trust to the bosom that meets us,
 But find, when too late, that the *best* can deceive!
 The glance that could kindle our warmest emotion,
 The words that would melt, for we thought them sincere;
 The vows oft repeated of lasting devotion,
 Alas! they survive but to waken the tear!
 The dew of the evening refreshes the flow'r,
 Nor leaves till the sun doth its beauty sustain,
 But where is the friendship that 'bides the long hour
 Of sorrow with us, till the smile comes again?
 Rest, rest thee, my heart! though deserted and lonely,
 Redeem in the future, the woes of the past;
 Look aloft for thy refuge, for there, and *there* only,
 The ties broken here will enduringly last!

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN;
OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER LIII.

"WOMAN! how dared you refuse us admittance?" cried his companion, Edwin the gambler: "you must have known our right to be here?"

"If not, I'll teach you," resumed Felix, in an uproarious tone. "This house is mine. Hurrah! no will! And the first use I make of my authority, is to order you to give up the keys and pocket-book which belonged to my late father; and then to quit the premises within half an hour. D'ye hear? Now—hand out his keys and pocket-book. Be quick!—you have them!"

"Upon what authority do you make that assertion?" was Ruth's reply.

"You *have* them!" observed the second brother, Edwin, in a more quiet tone. "Of that we have information. Surrender them quietly. It will be your best course."

Ruth looked on the pale, calm, features of her charge. His face, his lips, his hands, were icy cold. She bent over him. Not the faintest respiration was perceptible. And yet, to her experienced eye, the features wore not the dread semblance of death. She paused. Another look;—then, remembering his charge, her reply ran, slowly and firmly—

"I will do so the moment Mr. Bickersteth pronounces that life is fled; as it is, I have my doubts: but, under any circumstances, decency requires peace and calmness in this chamber, where you suppose death present."

"Decency be ——!" said Felix, interrupting her with a rude oath.

"Give up!" said Edwin, checking him; and then addressing Ruth coaxingly—"pray give up what does not belong to you; what never was intended for you; and what, under no possible contingency, you can hope to retain."

Ruth's purpose remained unshaken.

"I will give up nothing but in the presence of Mr. Bickersteth," was her quiet comment.

"Seize that woman and search her!" said Felix Calmady to the servants.

"At your peril!" cried Ruth, with a blanched cheek but unfaltering voice.

"Say you so? then I myself will teach you honesty!" exclaimed Felix; and pulling her roughly towards him, she fell, and that so violently, as to bring blood from both mouth and nostrils.

"This will never do," said the younger brother, in an expostulating tone.

"But it *must* do, and it *shall* do!" roared the elder ruffian, vehemently. "Give up the keys and pocket-book, I say!"

And he cursed the bruised and bleeding woman in the most offensive and opprobrious terms.

"No! Less disposed to do so *now* than ever!" was Ruth's rejoinder.

"You are, are you?"

The coward raised his hand as if about to strike, when a cry of terror, echoed by many voices, arrested his purpose. He glanced towards the bed. Mr. Calmady had partially raised himself. His hand pointed to the door. His eyes rested with displeasure on his unnatural son: and from his thin, shrunken, colourless lips, these few words distinctly issued—

"Go, sir, go; at once and quickly!"

It was marvellous with what celerity the room was abandoned.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE LEGATEE.

Great spirits bear misfortunes hardly:
 Good offices claim gratitude; and pride,
 Where power is wanting, will usurp a little,
 And make us (rather than be thought behindhand)
 Pay over-price.—OTWAY.

No course could have been more fatal to the Calmadys, in a pecuniary point of view, than that on which their violent passions so rashly drove them.

Their unseemly violence not merely roused their sinking father from his deep and apparently death-like stupor, but the unmanly attack on Ruth, which he saw and comprehended, gave a fillip to his sinking energies, which rallied from that hour. His appetite returned. His sleep became tranquil. His faculties slowly, but gradually, recovered their former grasp and clearness; and, within a fortnight of that frightful outbreak in his sick chamber, another and more elaborate will was duly executed, in which, after a limited provision for each of his children, the whole of his vast property was devised to public charities.

It was in keeping with his character, that during his many and lengthened conversations with Nurse Dangerfield no reference was ever made by him to the conduct of his sons. He hazarded an inquiry, now and then, respecting them; and directed that certain money payments, which he had promised, should be continued to them. But on their brutal behaviour in what was imagined to be his death-chamber, he was wholly silent.

But he mused upon it much and deeply; long and silently; and acted upon it when least expected.

Five weeks had elapsed from the day of Ruth's first admittance into Ormond Street; and Mr. Calmady's recovery being pronounced complete, Ruth prepared for her departure.

A summons from the aged man interrupted her.

"You are going?"

"Yes."

"Why leave me at all?"

Ruth stared.

"Why return to the round of ill-requited toil that awaits you at the hospital?"

Ruth was convinced he was wandering; and wondered whether she could possibly have omitted giving him his customary composing draught.

"Answer me," repeated he; "what recalls you to the infirmary?"

"My duty; and I feel thankful that I can fulfil it."

"Contract your cares," cried the old merchant. "Be content with one patient instead of many; and remain here honoured and respected as my wife."

"You forget," replied Ruth, "my circumstances and condition."

"What were mine originally?" interrupted the old gentleman. "Forget! Can I forget your conduct when my sons burst into my chamber? And can I meet it otherwise than by offering you a permanent and comfortable home?"

"No! no! Your family will be furious at the bare mention of such alliance."

"Have I any reason to consider my family?" returned he quickly; "or have you?"

That self-same week they were married!

He lived two years—two happy years, he was wont to term them—after his union with Ruth; and when he died, he left her—his numerous charitable bequests being satisfied—sole residuary legatee. His will contained no specific provision for any one of his children. That was left entirely to Ruth's good feeling, compassion, and sense of justice; an exercise of power of which her subsequent bounty proved her fully worthy.

Three years after Mr. Calmady's decease, she remarried. Her choice—amidst a crowd of suitors, some of them titled—was a Mr. Heyrick; a youthful member of an ancient but decayed family, whose mortgaged lands Ruth speedily disencumbered. But in this, as well as in other eventful passages of her life, her wonted prudence was triumphant. Prior to uniting her fate to that of Mr. Heyrick, she took care that every sixpence of her property should be settled upon herself.

Her change of fortune brought with it little or no change of feeling.

All who had known her formerly—who had shewn her kindness when in dependent circumstances—who had been in any way associated with her in her humbler fortunes—had no need to dread repulse at her hands; but were sure of receiving aid, if aid they needed.

To none was she kinder than to the drunken Nurse Larum, who had watched with her in the — Infirmary; and whom she in vain endeavoured to reclaim from her drunken courses. This veteran—rat! tat! tat! I'm interrupted—who knocks?

"A messenger from Mrs. Heyrick, sir,—the under butler, I believe; Nurse Larum's fine is laid down for her once more."

"Bah!" cried Mr. Croak, with a growl of indubitable dissatisfaction.

"Nurse Larum you are discharged. The fine and costs are paid. Reform your life, and bless God that you've such a friend as Mrs. Heyrick, whose eyes, I pray, may be speedily opened! You don't deserve her interference."

"Mr. Croak!" returned the old hypocrite, "if we had all our deserts—"

"Be off!"

"I don't mean to be personal!"

"Away with ye!"

"I'm your humble servant, sir! I shall drink your very good health this summer's evening; but *not*"—this was added as an *aside*—

"but *not* to our next merry meeting. What a blessed thing it is"—this was intended specially for the edification of the under butler, Mrs. Heyrick's almoner—"that there *is* marcfil hearts still a-going about in this remarkable wicked world of ourn!"

CHAPTER LV.

JUVENILE DELINQUENTS.

The base measure all men's marches by their own pace.—SIR P. SIDNEY.

AMONG the instructions issued by the Visiting Justices, was one to this effect—that "especial attention be paid by the Chaplain to Juvenile Delinquents;" a class of offenders, apparently, not promising, but in reality most difficult to impress. Yes; of all the unhappy objects committed to a Chaplain's spiritual care, none try his patience more,—none reward his cares less: and yet it is to this class that Magistrates pointedly direct his attention; from it expect converts; and insist that *IF* with it the Chaplain be faithful and earnest, great, and rapid, and visible, *must* be his success! No anticipation more fallacious: no conclusion more unsound. The youthful offender's experience is short-lived. He has, it is true, eaten the bread of deceit; but has yet to learn that its flavour is bitter, and its fruits ignominy and shame.

The firmness, self-denial, and unflinching earnestness of purpose with which some finished performers of this class—young in years but old in fraud—sustain their parts, merit distinct and durable record. One came under my notice, a fair-haired, delicate-looking boy of some eleven years, who for *very many* months had earned a comfortable maintenance for his "truly afflicted parents." He had contrived, by firmly twisting his tongue at the back of his mouth,—compressing it there by a very curious and unquestionably painful process,—and assuming, habitually, the anxious, uneasy, yet stolid look of those whom God has in *reality* thus heavily visited, to pass for one who was deaf and dumb. A clever counterfeit his indisputably was. He had been cursorily examined by two of "the Faculty." The opinion of one learned Leech ran, that there was "a chronic and incurable contraction of the muscles;" that of the other, that "it was a case of thorough malformation." But both agreed that he was deaf and dumb. So deaf and dumb he was, and to a right merry tune. With single ladies of "matured judgment" he was an established favourite; because—such, at least, was the wicked explanation of an irreclaimable wag—he let them have all the talk to themselves; and was an unrivalled companion, since in his case contradiction was impossible!

One benevolent spinster made a practice of giving him a shilling whenever she met him *in her street!* As a matter of course, that street lay in his way on all occasions: it was "a short cut" to whatever part of the City he was tending. To the lavish bounty of this lady might be traced his overthrow. She had an idle, inquisitive, prying, "ne'er-do-weel," nephew,—he called himself a young gentleman reading for the bar,—who had doubts upon most subjects, and who chose to entertain the most marvellous scepticism as to Caleb Crockett's infirmity. He maintained, much to Miss Matilda Bark-

worth's distress, that "it was all *bam*." He was positive Crockett could both hear and understand; and he would bet fifty to one there were times and seasons when he could speak without let or hindrance.

"Speak!" cried the lady—"oh no! Those gentle lips will never, never—utter sounds in this world! 'Hear and understand!' Alas! no! Look at his innocent face! Is there a vestige of deceit there? Charles, Charles, learn to entertain a better opinion of your fellow-creatures."

Charles whistled.

"I tell you," continued the lady, "he's a sufferer."

"And you, my dear aunt, are another."

"You shock me! These horrid legal studies have blunted all your finer feelings. It *must* be so. Regard that poor unhappy boy as an impostor!"

"I'll prove him such, if you will permit me to meet him here in your presence to-morrow morning."

"I will permit no such thing," cried Miss Matilda warmly. "I will not suffer a poor dumb boy to be tormented in *my* house. I've too much compassion; and, let me add, too much respect for him."

"And he returns the compliment with laughter."

The lady paused: then with deepened colour and faltering tone repeated, "Laughter! at what and whom?"

"At you, my dear aunt, and your piteous ejaculations respecting him."

"You are sure of this?"

"Positive! He is somewhat of a humorist. I have seen his eyes laugh—laugh as intelligibly and merrily as eyes can and do laugh."

"And this while *I—I* have been speaking?" said the lady, now visibly incensed.

"Unquestionably;" was the gentleman's rejoinder.

"This is dreadful!" ejaculated Miss Matilda. "Meet him here to-morrow decidedly. Do so by all means. Laughter! laughter! when every feeling I had was wrung with compassion. Lamentable! lamentable!"

Her kinsman hastened to correct her.

"Do not let me mislead you. His eyes laughed; and from their expression I was confident Crockett understood, and richly appreciated, the farce in which he was first performer. This is my meaning."

"I fathom it but too clearly. Be here at noon to-morrow. If you prove him an impostor, never will I again——"

"Make no rash vows, lady," said the much-amused Templar, quitting his annoyed relative's presence with a roar.

The Templar kept his appointment to the minute, and met in his aunt's morning room that worshipful lady herself,—her face clad in most portentous frowns; the deaf and dumb boy, as usual, all innocence and helplessness, and his hungry-eyed and expectant mother.

Whether it was essential to the success of young Barkworth's scheme that he should throw all parties off their guard; or whether he truly and cordially exulted in the part he had undertaken; or whether he had "assisted," as he asserted, at a "champagne breakfast" that morning, he, the arch-plotter, can best determine. The exuberance of his spirits, feigned or real, was overwhelming. He "fooled it to the

top of his bent." And, after many an absurd speech, and many a madcap trick, suddenly wound up the scene by seizing a red-hot poker and applying it "whizz! fizz! whizz!" to the elbow of the deaf and dumb boy's woollen jerkin.

All thought him crazed, the *sufferer* included. One shrieked; another cried "help!" But "Dummie," wholly forgetting *his* part, and put suddenly past his guard, roared out, in tones which completely o'er-mastered the rest,

"Fire! fire! you infernal fool! what devilry are you up to?"

Strange accents, certainly, from "innocent lips!" Such was the impression of Miss Matilda Barkworth. For, after one long, vacant, incredulous stare, she uttered a dismal shriek, and fainted.

Exposure, magisterial reproof, and imprisonment, followed. His mother bore with Spartan indifference, the shame of detection; but lamented, characteristically enough, the curtailment of her income.

"It was a cruel thing," she said, "that the lady's hateful nephew—I wish he may die of *skilly* in a union workhouse!—would n't take things quietly. How am I to live, I should like to know, without Caleb's infirmity? He was as good as sixty pounds a-year to me. We thought it a bad day's work when we did n't *bag* three-and-six-pence; and I have, in summer time, before now, counted up, within a penny, a half-sovereign. And how am I to get my living? I can't work,—*I never could!* And them Unions is horrible to think of!—I can't abide 'em."

How this knotty point was smoothed away, and whether to the satisfaction of the complaining party, I cared not to inquire. The destiny of the boy was, *pro tempore*, certain. He was lodged for three months in her Majesty's gaol at ———, and came daily under my personal observation. A lad of remarkably fine parts he unquestionably was,—greedy of information—endued with a singularly retentive memory, and able to connect the lessons which were regularly given him;—and thus to make the information of to-day explain and illustrate the morning reading of yesterday. I persuaded myself—or nearly so—that a durable impression had been made upon him. Deep was the sorrow which he expressed as to his past life, and repeated were his assurances that he would seek an honest livelihood: means and appliances towards such a result were not wanting on his release. For myself—shall I confess my folly?—I believed him. I conceived his disgust at imposture real, and his determination to abjure it sincere. But ere long, I lost sight of him. He had flitted,—none could say whither. After some months, a fragment of an Exeter paper casually met my eye. There was in it a paragraph headed "Deaf and Dumb," to the details of which I turned with eagerness. They were to this effect:—that an interesting-looking boy, deaf and dumb, of about eleven years old, had been met with on the Hoo at Plymouth; that whence he came or how he got there, was a mystery; that he had light hair, a fair complexion, and an expression of countenance singularly artless and winning; that a subscription for his relief had been entered into: and among various parties named as interested in his behalf was that of General Sir John Cameron, Government House, Devonport.

Vexatious as was the paragraph, I laughed at its close. Sir John was one of the most cautious and wary of human beings. Phlegmatic in temperament—a "canny Scot," and slow in arriving at

his conclusions,—prudent in disposing of his well-earned “siller”—wide awake on most occasions—an old soldier, and therefore proof against the “gab,”—that Sir John should have been duped, was glorious indeed.

I took my own disappointment infinitely less to heart when I found I had a fellow-sufferer in the valorous old General. What was the feat of mystifying a parson compared with that of victimizing Sir John Cameron? I was at peace with all the world when I reflected upon it!

Another “juvenile delinquent,” on whom considerable pains were bestowed, to apparently as little purpose, was a pinched, diminutive, sad-looking girl, who gave in the name of Fanny Marks. Her age was never correctly ascertained. We could only guess at it. She meekly assured us that she did not know it herself “for a certainty,” but believed it to be eleven. As such it was inserted. But Mr. Croak always denied the accuracy of the entry, and maintained she was years older. Her line was original, and she was well up to her part. She had a peculiar method of elongating her face, of drawing down the muscles of her mouth, and assuming an air of misery and wretchedness which few passers-by could resist. She never begged. She was too “fly” for that. But she held in her hand a tiny basket, filled with tape, bobbin, needles, bodkins, and similar small ware; and as each respectable foot-passenger neared her, she, with mute and respectful gesture, solicited custom.

A miniature personification was she of misery and want; and her colourless cheeks,—large, sunken eyes,—hands over which the skin seemed drawn like parchment; and long, thin, spider-like claws—fingers they were not,—well kept up the deception. When addressed, her answer ran, and the reply was invariably given in the most feeble accents, “*Faint! faint!*” varied occasionally to “*Bread! bread!*” The frequent result was relief; afforded with many words of compassion for one so young and so destitute.

At length her evil stars shed their malignant influence over her. A vigilant magistrate crossed her path, observed her proceedings, deemed them suspicious, subjected her to “surveillance,” and ascertained her home. That home, though in an unfrequented part of a lonely suburb, and in its exterior squalid, dark, and dreary to the last degree, was found well-plenished; and the issue was an introduction, for a brief period, to — Gaol. As she came into the chaplain’s room on her commitment, I looked at her, and thought I had never seen in a child such a melancholy, desponding, oppressed expression,—had never gazed on a face so hopelessly and unnaturally sad. Three days afterwards, as I passed by the day-room of the female prisoners, I heard, during the temporary absence of “the women’s turnkey,” unwonted commotion and hilarity. Bursts of laughter arose on all sides. They were caused, I learnt afterwards, by the melancholy girl, Marks. She was “going through her leaps,”—her agility was extraordinary,—and giving her delighted auditory some idea of what she could do, and had done, when she travelled with Richardson’s company, and played in “Peter Wilkins; or, the Flying Indians.”

“In truth,” as the matron angrily remarked, “there never was a girl more difficult to control. Nothing she could say or do could keep down her fun!”

Poor Fanny! she had an irresistible turn for mirth—real, right

down, unmistakable mirth. The sadness and melancholy of her visage,—the piteous expression of her eye,—these were part and parcel of her trade. But her drollery, fun, and sportiveness were native to her. Touching them she was “to the manner born.” Let justice be done. From hypocrisy she was free. She never gave me to understand that by the privations, warnings, or restraints of a prison, she had been at all impressed; would never make any promise that she would abandon her idle and fraudulent course of life. When urged to seek, and follow an honest livelihood, she coolly remarked:—

“She couldn’t work. It didn’t agree with her.”

The matron was earnest on the same point; and suggested to her, as she could sew neatly and quickly, household needlework.

“No! no!” was her rejoinder, “needlework won’t do. It wearies me, and it worries me. I don’t come of a working family.”

The term of her imprisonment drew on, and her aversion to honest labour was as vigorous as ever. She was perfectly respectful in her demeanour; read in class quietly, carefully, and earnestly. But her views were unchanged.

“Your career of imposture *here* is at an end,” was my closing remark. “*Here* you are well known, and will be watched.”

“I will spare all parties that trouble,” said she promptly.

“Do so, and effectually, by earning an honest livelihood.”

“I cannot say that, sir, because I do not mean it. I understand my situation. I must move, and go farther. I intend to do so. I have no fears. *There are compassionate people everywhere!*”

Much effect, truly, had prison discipline had upon her!

HORÆ ACADEMICÆ.

BY LITTLEGO.

OLD Bacchus one day
Conquered India, they say,
And I never knew any one doubt it;
With his dissolute rout,
Song, revel, and shout,
I’ll tell you how he set about it:

He invaded the land with a three-bottle
band,
Scorning all circumstance martial;
Wines of every sort, from Falernian to
Port,
Were the weapons to which he was
partial.

With victory sated his godship ‘retrated,’
But left it in charge o’er his realm,
That no interlopers, but jolly good
topers,
Should e’er make a stand at the helm.

Then Philip’s mad son, for a taste
of the fun,
Ran a muck throughout all Hindos-
tan;
And swore he would rule from Ceylon
to Cabool,
For he could get drunk like a man.

Next the Persian Nadir made a terrible
stir,
With his Musselmaun hordes to sub-
due it;
But the Prophet’s command is “Shun
wine, or be ——”
So no wonder that he could not do it.

When Portugal tried, ’t was in vain that
she fried
Petits plats of Hindoos and Pariahs;
Or managed to stow a whole cargo at
Goa
Of orthodox padres and friars.

And ’t was equally vain that Duplin and
Suffrein
Imported the fiddle and dance;
They drank *eau sacrée*, by no means
the way
To attach Jolly Bacchus to France.

But his Godship enjoys us hard-drink-
ing boys,
From old Lawrence and Clive, down
to Sale;
And swears we shall rule if we don’t
play the fool
And stick till all’s blue, so Pale Ale!





Wives do their husbands mischief.

THE MARCHIONESS OF BRINVILLIERS,
THE POISONER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
A ROMANCE OF OLD PARIS.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

CHAPTER X.

What further befel Louise in the catacombs of the Bièvre.

As the last of the lawless band departed from the *carrière*, Lachausée advanced towards the altar, at the foot of which Louise Gauthier had claimed a sanctuary. In spite of Bras d'Acier's last threat, the denunciation of the Abbé Camus had somewhat awed him. But Lachausée was less scrupulous. He was as dead to all religious feeling as the others, and besides this, superstition had no power over him. Advancing to the cross, he seized the arm of Louise, and tore her from the altar into the middle of the apartment.

The knocking which had struck such terror into the hearts of the subterraneous gang, still continued: and again Louise raised her voice for assistance.

"They will murder me!" she cried. "Help! this instant, or it will be too late. There are but two, and—"

Lachausée placed his hand over her mouth, and stopped her cries. And then, assisted by Bras d'Acier, he hurried her into a smaller *carrière* leading from the great one by a rude archway, which could be closed after a manner, like the door, by a large curtain of rude sack-cloth. It was a vault hewn out similarly to the other, with a rough attempt to form a gothic roof and buttresses from the limestone. But there were horrid features in the apartment which made Louise shudder as she looked timidly round. A dull and smoking lamp was here also suspended from the ceiling; and by its light could be seen coffins in every direction round the walls: some with their feet projecting some inches beyond them; others lying sideways, such as we see bounding the grave of a crowded burying-ground. In many instances they were open, but no remains were visible. Their cases appeared to have been appropriated to the use of cupboards, in which articles of various kinds were stored. In one corner were a few skulls and bones thrown carelessly together; the number was insignificant, and they were not ranged in the order of the existing catacombs. As we have stated, the *carrières* were at present the mere result of excavations for building-stone; it was not until more than a century after the date of our story that the health of the city demanded the removal of the foul and reeking burial-ground attached to the Eglise des Innocens, at the corner of the Rue St. Denis and the Rue aux Fers, near the present market, with whose beautiful fountain every visitor to Paris is familiar.*

* The ill effects which the overcharged Cimetière des Innocens had upon the salubrity of Paris, situated as it was in its most crowded quarter, had been matter of complaint for *four hundred years*. Yet, such was the opposition of the ecclesiastical authorities, and the blind and superstitious obstinacy of the people generally, although the tainted air they breathed was thick with putrefaction and disease, that it was not until 1785 that the Council of State ordered its demolition. It was supposed, up to that time there had been one million two hundred thousand bodies forced into its comparatively narrow limits!

In one corner of this ghastly chamber was a large font filled with water, which distilled drop by drop from the stalactites that overhung it, and the reflection of the lamp quivered on its dark surface. It ran over at one corner, and small channels hewn in the floor conveyed it away to *carrières* still deeper.

"Another word," said Lachauscée, "and we leave you to your own company in this dreary place."

"I ask no more," replied Louise, recoiling from him as he relaxed his hold. "Let me be anywhere, so long that I am alone, and away from those fearful people."

"I am sorry you do not like them," said Bras d'Acier; "the more so as you will perhaps have to pass a little time amongst us. Only it would not have answered to have taken you from the sanctuary before them. They are particular in matters of religion."

And he accompanied these last words with a horrid laugh.

"Do not take me among them again, M. Lachauscée," said Louise, "I implore you. Let me remain here rather, even in this dismal vault."

"Pshaw!" cried Lachauscée; "you know not where you are. Look at those coffins—they have long since been despoiled of the festering contents, to hold Bras d'Acier's riches. You are below the cemetery of St. Medard, hemmed in on all sides by corpses, the accumulation of centuries. Would you like this for a companion?"

He stooped to pick up a skull, and held it in mockery over the flame of the lamp, which hideously illuminated it. Then, tossing it back to the corner of the chamber, he went on.

"The very air is redolent of mortality. The decay of ages, in some of the coffins, leaves but the food for that lamp which is now burning above us. Bras d'Acier is an economist; and many of the quiet inhabitants of the cemetery become more useful to mankind in death than they ever were in lifetime. They form his flambeaux."*

"Is there no one to aid me," cried Louise in agony, and shrinking from the accumulated horrors of Lachauscée's description.

The dull knocking sound was again audible, but louder. It appeared to be close at hand, and the girl redoubled her outcry.

"Be still, I tell you," said Bras d'Acier, "and come instantly with us."

"With you!" exclaimed Louise; "never; you shall kill me first.—Mother of Mercy! pity me: for to you alone can I now look for assistance."

She fell on her knees, and grasped a small crucifix that was suspended from her neck. Lachauscée snatched it from her, and threw it amidst the bones and rubbish in the corner.

"One moment's delay," he added, "and you are lost. Do you see that wall where the water is trickling and oozing into the font? It is not thicker than the length of your hand, and that is the only boundary between us and a branch of the cold Bièvre, which flows over our

* *Adipocera* is the substance alluded to. Its name conveys its properties, and it was first made the subject of an interesting analysis by M. Thouret in 1784, upon the occasion of removing the burial-ground of the Innocents. It has always been found most abundant where the bodies have had the chance of being exposed to inundations of fresh water, its formation being the result of some peculiar decomposition of the human frame hitherto unsatisfactorily accounted for. A piece is in the possession of the author.

heads. We have but to confine you in this room, and let in the river; the *carrière* will be filled, and every record of the deed hidden. Come."

"Leave me here—drown me—if you know what mercy means," returned Louise, as she struggled with her persecutor. "How have I ever injured you, that you should persecute me thus terribly?"

"Your own sense might have warned you not to annoy M. de Sainte-Croix as you have done. But we have no time for words; you will have plenty of leisure in the *Carrière Montrouge* to learn everything. Bras d'Acier, you have broader shoulders than my own to carry a burden. Take up the squalling minx, and follow me. I will precede you with the light."

The huge ruffian advanced towards Louise Gauthier, who, despite their threats, shrieked with terror as he approached. He lifted her as he would have done an infant, whilst Lachausée took down the lamp from where it hung, and prepared to go before him. But as they were leaving the vault, the noise sounded close at their side; the very walls appeared to quiver from some unseen blows; a few of the stalactites fell down with the vibration at their feet, and lastly the gypsum that formed the doorway was shivered into the chamber in large blocks, and a bar of iron, sharpened at one end, protruded, as though it came from the very bowels of the quarry. The concussion and the fall of the blocks brought down others with them; and one large mass falling from the top of the archway completely closed the passage.

Bras d'Acier recoiled at the unexpected obstruction, and, throwing Louise off, raised a long heavy pistol fitted with a *snapaunce*—a cheap modification of the wheel-lock, much used by the marauders of the period—and discharged it at the aperture whence the blocks had tumbled. The report caused a few more lumps to fall from the ceiling; and when the smoke cleared off, the upper part of a man's body appeared at the opening.

"If that is one of Colbert's blood-scenters, I have winged him," said Bras d'Acier.

"Not yet," said the stranger, smashing the wall on either side, and scrambling into the vault; "not yet, *mes braves*. Pheugh! I was obliged to knock a long time before you let me in!"

"Benoit!" cried Louise, as she recognized our friend of the boat-mill, and flew towards him. "What good angel brought you here?"

"No better one than yourself, *ma belle*," replied the Languedocian. "So," he continued, looking around him, and perfectly undismayed by the threatening looks of Bras d'Acier; "this is an odd place for gallant officers, like M. Gaudin, to give appointments at, or receive visitors."

"Where are your fellows," asked Lachausée.

"Oh, I'm alone," replied Benoit. "What should I want with fellows?"

"To bury you if we blow your brains out," returned Bras d'Acier.

"Do it," said Benoit, drawing Louise towards him with one arm, whilst with the other he carelessly dug a bit of gypsum from the wall with his iron spike, and kicked it towards them. "Do it; and tomorrow my little wife, Bathilde, will go to the *Préfet*, with a note from me, ordering a search for Louise, and M. Lachausée there, and telling him where there will be a chance of finding me."

"How came you here?" asked Lachausée fiercely.

"Not by your route," said Benoit. "I know every turn of the quarries better than yourselves; I ought to do, for I worked in them when the stone was hewn for the new works at the Gobelins. Do me the pleasure, ma'amselle, to scramble through this opening."

The last words were addressed to Louise, who remained close to her new protector during the hurried parley; but at his bidding prepared to climb over the *débris* of the gypsum into a passage beyond. Bras d'Acier made a movement to intercept her, but was restrained by Lachaussée.

"Your turn is yet to come," said the robber, grinding his teeth at Benoit.

"As you please, *mon maître*; only think twice about it first," answered the Languedocian, as he assisted Louise through the archway.

"You have checked us to-night," said Lachaussée; "it is the first time; but it is the last, and when we meet above ground, we will let you know it."

"*Sacré bleu!*" roared Bras d'Acier, rushing forward with a sudden impulse. "I can't lose our promised wages thus, come what may. Give up the girl."

As he flew at the broken archway, Benoit met him with a heavy blow from his weapon upon his head. To another man it would have caused instant death. Upon Bras d'Acier it had no other effect than making him reel back against Lachaussée, who was behind him.

"Fly, ma'amselle!" said Benoit,— "straight before you, towards that light at the end of the *souterrain*. I warned you," he continued, turning to the others. "You will find as strong arms in Languedoc as in Paris."

Bras d'Acier was for the minute stunned; he caught Lachaussée by the arm and leant upon him for support. Benoit took advantage of the circumstance to put the final *coup* to his enterprise.

"When we hunt out vermin," he said, "it is of no use unless we destroy their nest. Now, save yourselves as you like; but you shall not come near me."

He was already on the other side of the passage, when, scrambling forward, he stood once more on the broken masses of the quarry, brandishing his iron weapon. And then, with herculean force, he drove it against the side of the chamber which Lachaussée had pointed out as adjoining the Bièvre. Another and another blow succeeded, whilst a foaming stream followed the spike every time he withdrew it, until, weakened by the ruptures, an immense portion of the gypsum gave way, and, with the roar of a mighty cataract, an enormous body of water burst through the wall, carrying everything before it, as it rushed at once, leaping and chafing, to every part of the chamber.

As the irruption took place, Benoit leaped back to the aperture he had himself broken open. Lachaussée and Bras d'Acier, in the alarm of the moment, prepared to follow him, for the lashing water had already reached nearly unto their knees. But the force of the torrent drove them back, and as it rushed to the readiest and lowest outlet—that leading to the large vault—hurried them along with it, washing down all the barrier that had been made in the archway by the fallen blocks. By the lamp which still hung from the ceiling, Benoit saw them whirled through the narrow passage; and the next instant the water reached the level of the gallery wherein he stood.

"Now! now, sweetheart, make use of your legs, if ever you did!" he

cried to Louise, who had remained close to him. "We must travel fast to outstrip it; but, thank heaven, it is all up hill. Ah—lash away; we shall beat you yet."

He addressed the last words to some waves which dashed over the broken gypsum at his feet; for, in spite of the vast *carrières* into which it had burst, the water was rising rapidly, in consequence of the inequalities of their levels.

Then, seizing Louise, they fled rapidly hand in hand along the gallery, which was altogether a different one to that by which she had arrived, towards the end of it, where he had taken the precaution to leave a light, chased by the furious stream that was hurrying with a noise like thunder after them, coupled with the crashing and falling of the blocks of limestone, which continually broke down before its restless force.

Fast and faster they sped through the labyrinth of vaults—now crouching along a rough and narrow passage, and now flying over the hard floor of a large vault, or scrambling across an *éboulement* of the gypsum. And louder came the roar of the water, as it seemed animated in the pursuit by a spirit of life. With the courage which despair gives to the weakest, Louise kept up with and sometimes outstripped her companion, who cheered her as he best could; and whilst he threaded the intricate way with a readiness that showed his perfect familiarity with the *carrières*, promised her a safe asylum when they left them.

At last they emerged; not, however, into the pure air, but the damp and dim obscurity of a vault under one of the questionable dwellings in the Rue d'Enfer. This street was then inhabited almost entirely by the low and criminal population which French statisticians have named, "*les classes dangereuses*."

Louise knelt in the vault and prayed. Benoit, after a moment's pause, reverently crossed himself and knelt by her.

"*Eh bien, ma'amzelle!*" said he, when his devotions were finished, although still out of breath. "Here is the worst part of our journey over. Still—"

And Benoit paused and scratched his head violently.

"Run into no further danger on my account, good friend," said Louise, guessing at once the cause of his embarrassment. "It is enough that I have escaped the fearful danger of those caverns. Leave me now: I will find some shelter and employment. A convent—"

"The religieuses do not look upon young women exactly as god-sends, unless their pockets happen to be better garnished than I take yours to be, *ma colombe*," said Benoit. "I would take you back to the boat-mill, and welcome, but that would be the first place to which they would come to find you. Now I have a friend—Lord forgive me for abusing the word!—an acquaintance hereabouts, where you would be safe enough from M. Lachaussée and his band; if they are not settled by the Bièvre long before this. *Mais—*"

And Benoit shrugged his shoulders in most eloquent bewilderment.

"Who and what is your acquaintance?" said Louise.

"Why, he calls himself a '*professeur*,' *ma'amzelle*," replied Benoit; "but what he is just now is not quite so easily told. I have known him already in the last half-dozen years as juggler, Bohemian,

bravo, cattle-doctor, rope-dancer, archer, — ay, and courtier too. But courage! It is but a trial."

Louise paused, and Benoit proceeded towards the outlet of the vault or cellar in which they stood, looking back to his pale charge when he reached the stairs. The appeal of his honest open face was irresistible, and Louise followed him. They ascended and found themselves in a rude corridor. The filth and damp of years was thick and clammy on the walls: and the dim light that struggled through the narrow windows, scattered at random up and down, showed long passages that branched from the *palier* where they stood, lined with doors on either side. Benoit, after looking about him for a moment as if to recall his memory of the localities, struck down the one which faced them.

They paused at the third door. Benoit raised his hand to knock, when the sound of a woman's voice within arrested it. Louise held her breath and listened earnestly. Benoit turned and looked at her, as she motioned with her hand that they should return towards the point from whence they had come. But her guide shook his head, and, with a sort of desperate grin, knocked loudly with the iron bar he still held in his hand. The sounds within ceased, and a heavy step approached the entrance. Benoit repeated his assault on the door.

"Who knocks?" said a shrill voice.

"Tsa taken pal!"* was Benoit's reply.

The tongue in which he spoke was unintelligible to Louise, but the words seemed to reassure the occupant of the room, who at once proceeded to withdraw two heavy bolts, and gave admittance to Benoit and his companion.

The person who opened the door now stood before them. He was a slender well-proportioned man, in a close-fitting doublet and *chausses* of black serge. The sharp and angular features, the saffron complexion, and large filmy black eye, shewed the real gipsy blood. He looked at Louise, with a strange fixed stare; but it was impossible to read anything in the gaze, either of astonishment or alarm.

"Who is she?" he asked shortly of Benoit, in the gipsy tongue.

"A sister of mine," replied the Languedocian. "She needs shelter and concealment for a while."

"She cannot have them here," was the answer.

"By the *morro* † and the *lon* ‡ she must," said Benoit calmly.

The man pointed to an inner door, and said,

"There is a *ranee* § there already confided to my safe keeping. What does your sister fear, that she comes here for safety?"

"The pursuit of a grand seigneur of the court, who has taken a fancy to her, and be hanged to him!" said Benoit. "Come, it will be but for a day or two—perhaps but for an hour. Remember we are brothers, and the law of the Rommany binds you to help me."

"True," said the gipsy. He advanced towards her and, addressing her in French, told her she could remain where she was so long as it suited her convenience, but on one condition.

"Name it," said Louise.

"To pay no heed to what does not concern you," returned the

* "How are you, brother?" This is true Gitano, or Gipsy language. Wherever it is used, the reader may be assured of its authenticity.

† Bread.

‡ Salt.

§ A lady.

other. "I will give you a companion, who, if she amuses you as she has entertained me, will make the time pass pleasantly enough."

So saying, he opened the door leading to an inner room, and beckoned her to follow.

From the squalor of the outer apartment, Louise Gauthier was little prepared for the scene which presented itself. The room into which they passed was small, but furnished with a richness and elegance that would have fitted a royal boudoir. The walls were painted with flowers, and Cupids sporting amidst them. Rich curtains of damask almost covered the single window. Piles of cushions, fauteuils of velvet and ormolu, costly tables, and a marble chimney-piece, with its gay pendule, almost dazzled poor Louise; and it was not until she had taken a rapid inventory of all these, that she found the room contained an inmate. A young girl, richly dressed, was half sitting, half lying on a divan, in the darkest corner. It was Marotte Dupré—the actress who had vainly implored Sainte-Croix, but a short time previously, to rescue her from the Marquis de Brinvilliers. But she had apparently become reconciled to her abduction, or feigned to be so, for, springing gaily to her feet, and springing forward, with a merry laugh, she exclaimed,

"Welcome, *mon preux gardien!* You have brought me a companion of my own sex, to keep me company until the Marquis returns from the Tuileries. Did you think I wanted one whilst you were here?"

And she threw a witching glance from her dark eye upon the Gitano, who, taking her hand, kissed it passionately.

"She is a young girl, sister to a friend of mine," returned the man; "who seeks an asylum here for a time."

"We welcome her to our court," said the actress, with mock dignity, extending her hand to Louise. "Sit by us, and tell us of your wishes, hopes, sorrows,—everything about you, in fact. And you, my cavalier, dismiss that gentleman with the round face, who is gaping over your shoulder. We would be alone with our new friend."

The gipsy, thus addressed, turned to Benoit, and a rapid conversation in the dialect of his tribe ensued between them. When it was over, Benoit took Louise aside, and saying, "I will find a safer place for you than this,—fear nothing, I will return soon," left the room, in company with the Bohemian.

"Who is the other lady?" asked Benoit as they quitted the apartment.

"I don't know, nor do I much care," replied the man. "She was brought here by the Marquis de Brinvilliers, who was sent for to the Tuileries almost the instant he arrived."

"Is she here against her will, then?"

"Mass! I don't know what to make of it. It seems that the Marquis was nearly being set upon, in mistake, by his friend, Captain de Sainte-Croix, for carrying her off."

A hurried expiration escaped Benoit's lips.

"Whereabouts?" he asked eagerly.

"Between the Captain's lodgings and the Hotel d'Aubray, you may be sure," was the reply.

Benoit heard no more; but hurriedly bidding his acquaintance farewell, left the house. How he succeeded in his enterprise has been already explained.

As the door of the room closed, the manner of Marotte Dupré en-

tirely changed. Hastily and breathlessly drawing Louise to the window, she whispered,

"I am kept here by force and treachery. The gipsy is a creature of the Marquis de Brinvilliers, who has carried me from the theatre. He is absent for a while; and I am trying the force of my fascinations upon my gaoler, the more readily to compass the means of escape. From whom do you seek asylum here?"

"I know not," said poor Louise, "who is my enemy. I do not believe that Gaudin would ever—"

She was interrupted by Marotte. "Gaudin de Sainte-Croix?"

Louise assented.

"Fear the worst," said her companion. If Sainte-Croix is your friend," and she laid an ironical expression on the word, "you are indeed deserving of pity."

Louise was about to speak, when a clamour in the street below attracted their attention. Marotte uttered a cry of joy; and, pointing down the Rue d'Enfer, of which the window commanded a view, cried,

"Look! look!—we are saved!—we are saved!"

Louise followed the direction of her finger, and saw a heavy and magnificently decorated carriage, which, with its attendant *laquais* had just drawn up at the miserable door of a house exactly opposite to the one in which they were. A beautiful young woman, in rich costume, descended from it, and entered the house. Marotte Dupré, with clasped hands, followed her movements with intense anxiety.

"There is not a moment to lose. *O mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed as she hastily drew some writing-tablets from her bosom, and, tearing out a leaf, wrote a few lines upon it with marvellous rapidity. "Now—now!" she continued, rolling it up into a ball. "Open the window!"

"Alas!" returned Louise, as she tried the hasp of the heavy case-ment: "it is secured. I cannot unfasten it."

"I have it!" cried Marotte, whilst a sudden inspiration lighted her pale features: "my ring will open the glass."

And, drawing a diamond ring from her finger,—the rich gift of some *habitué* of the Théâtre du Temple,—she drew it around the pane, and then with a gentle pressure forced the glass to yield without. Had they broken it, the sound would have alarmed the gitano in the outer room.

Their chamber was on the *entresol*: the street was narrow, and the lacquey of the carriage was nearly on a level with them. Marotte passed her white arm carefully through the opening, and threw the writing towards the lacquey, accompanying the action by a low "Hist!" But it was not heard; and the little note, falling short of its aim, lay in the mud of the street, yet still perceptible in the gleam of the lamps on the carriage.

He was on the point of driving away, when a slight call from Marotte attracted his attention. With some little difficulty he at last perceived the note on the ground, and got down to seize it. Its contents seemed to surprise him; for, after reading it, he passed into the house which the lady had just entered. Marotte followed his movements with feverish anxiety, and Louise caught the infection.

"Who is that lady?" she asked: "and what was the import of your note!"

"It is Madame Scarron," returned Marotte: "the widow of my best friend. She is now in high favour at the court. Oh! she is so

good — so kind. I wrote to implore her assistance to deliver us from this house : and she will do it."

At this moment the gitano returned. Marotte, with the skill of her calling, rose to receive him. All trace of anxiety had disappeared from her face, and she was radiant with smiles. Advancing to the man, she exclaimed,

"*Bien*, my gallant protector ! You will not leave us to ourselves, then ?"

The gipsy's dull eye dilated, and the large pupil flashed with a strange light as he looked at the beautiful woman before him.

"I cannot stay without, and know that you are here," he replied. "I love to hear you speak, and to look at you."

Louise shuddered at the tone in which he spoke. Marotte had risen ; and, while she stood half-turned from the window, threw a rapid glance into the street. The next moment she seized a mandoline that lay on a console of marble, and burst into a gay and jovial song, keeping time to the measure with graceful and wild movements. The gipsy listened with wide open eyes, and lips apart. He had no sight nor ears but for his bewitching prisoner and her song. Louise comprehended Marotte's object. It was to cover the noise of footsteps and voices on the staircase.

As she expected, a knock sounded at the door of the outer room. The gipsy, with a half-spoken curse, turned his head in the direction of the interruption, but did not stir from the spot as Marotte finished her song.

"It is Benoit returned," said Louise.

"I hope it may be," said the gipsy. "I best like mademoiselle here to be alone." And he left the room, without closing the door.

Louise's remark was made in so natural a tone, that no suspicion entered his mind. He did not even pause to ask who knocked, but ushered in the stranger at once.

The tall and beautiful lady whom Louise had seen step from the carriage entered the apartment, followed by four stout and well-armed *laquais*.

The gipsy, with the quickness of his tribe, saw his error ; but it was too late to repair it. Marotte and Louise, who had watched with intense eagerness the opening of the door, rushed from the inner room ; and the former, throwing herself at the feet of Madame de Maintenon (for Madame Scarron had lately received the lands and title of Maintenon from the King) seized her hands, and kissing them, poured forth mingled thanks and prayers. With that winning and grave gentleness which belonged to her, the lady calmed her, and addressing herself to Louise, said,

"Marotte's note tells me you too are in danger, and need a friend and a refuge. Come with me, both of you."

The gitano saw that resistance was useless. The *laquais* clutched their long batons in a style that shewed it would take but little pressure to make them use them. With all the suppleness of a true Bohemian, he was profuse in his apologies to Madame de Maintenon, to Marotte, and to Louise : and asked their witness to the kindness and civility of his treatment towards them.

Madame de Maintenon cut short his protestations with a contemptuous gesture ; and bidding her *laquais* mark the number of the house,

and the appearance of the gipsy, left the room, accompanied by her two *protégées*.

Then mounting her carriage, she placed them opposite to her; and giving the order to her attendants, "*A Vaugirard*,"—they drove off rapidly along the Rue d'Enfer."

CHAPTER XI.

Maitre Picard prosecutes a successful crusade against the students.

THESE are very few portions of Paris which have retained their physiognomy of the *moyen âge* with less change than the Quartier Latin. The narrow tortuous streets have undergone little alteration since they were first built: few new thoroughfares have intersected the dense cluster of tall glooming houses that bound them: in fact, as far as the line of the Rue des Fosses, whereon the ramparts were still partly situated at the time of the romance, everything has remained nearly in the same state for centuries. The humble nature of the articles exposed for sale in the different shop windows, and the small prices attached thereunto, were the same formerly as now. For the denizens of this learned "Pays," have been, time out of mind, the members of the different schools: and poverty and clerkship ever wandered hand-in-hand together about its venerable streets, or ruminated in its cloistered quietudes.

Yet have not the livelier parts of the city, most known to passing sojourners, a fiftieth part of the interest which is attached to the dirty old quartier wherein our scene now passes, although money has ever been the scarcest article to be found within its limits, since the days when the "Cloistre St. Benoyt" and "Hostel de Clugny" were newly erected buildings. We ourselves have lived merrily therein, in small cabins at the extreme summits of houses, where carnival irregularities drove us to restrict our expenses, literally to a few sous a-day—when three hard eggs, some bread, and a cruet of wine formed a jovial dinner: and a pair of bright eyes could sometimes be found to laugh in company over such an humble meal as this, and desire none better. Certainly if such a thing as disinterested affection exists in the world—which at times we feel inclined to doubt,—it is to be found in the Quartier Latin. And then its associations! It conjures up no visions of English *parvenus*, vulgar tourists, and Meurice's Table d'Hôte: you would not find a *Galignani's Messenger*, or a cake of Windsor soap throughout its entire range. No: all your thoughts would be of doublets and pointed shoes—of rapiers and scholars of Cluny: of anything, in fact, the reverse to what would suggest itself on the other side of the river.

But our hobby is fairly running away with us over a course we have before traversed: we must return once more to that which has long past. In 1665, there stood at the corner of the Rue des Mathurins and Rue de la Harpe, in the very heart of this venerable division of Paris, the shop of "Maitre Picard, Chapelier." I was a modest edifice, with one large window, in which were displayed hats and caps of every age and style. For the students then, as now, held prevalent fashions in great contempt, and dressed according to their whims and finances, or in whatever they contrived to capture in night skirmishes from the persons of the *bourgeoisie*.

To advertise his calling Maître Picard had erected a sign in front of his house, over and above the intimation just mentioned. It was a huge hat of red tin, gaily adorned with gilt edges, from which, on certain festivals, bright ribbons floated in the draughts of wind that whisked round the corner of the streets, to the great admiration of the passers-by in general, coupled with wonder that it had remained so long unmolested in such a precarious locality as the neighbourhood of the Hôtel Dieu and Sorbonne. But this was because it was a little too high up for them to clutch it; a few feet lower, and long ago, Maître Picard would have been horrified some fine morning at perceiving his sign had vanished: for, as we have seen, the rotund little patrol was one of the marching watch; and the same *antipathie vouée* which the student of the Quartier Latin at the present time exhibits towards the Sergent-de-ville, existed quite as forcibly two hundred years ago between the scholar of Cluny and the Garde Bourgeois.

Since the rude treatment which Maître Picard had received from the hands of his sworn persecutors at the "Lanterne," in the Rue Mouffetard, he had neglected no opportunity of interfering with their enjoyments, and various had been the schemes which Camille Theria and Philippe Glazer had planned for revenge. But they had all failed; especially every enterprise against the hat, to which their designs were principally directed. For they knew that the gigantic metal sign was the pride of Maître Picard's heart, and the glory of the Rue des Mathurins—that its abstraction would crush his public spirit: and that as such, no stone should be left unturned in effecting its destruction. And indeed, as far as that went, they tried to carry out their intentions in a very literal spirit, as the broken state of the rude pavement below, and several large dents in the enormous hat above, fully testified.

At last, by what appeared to be a fortunate chance for the marauders, Jean Blacquart, the Gascon, took a lodging on the upper floor of the house; being principally led to such a step, by a feeling of gratitude for the timely intercession of Maître Picard, when his fellow-students were about to hang him. The instant this became known, it was resolved that advantage should be taken of his occupancy to carry off the hat. Blacquart, at first, plumply refused to assist in such an irregular proceeding: but after Theria had assured him that in the event of his non-compliance he would be dropped in the Bièvre, or slowly roasted before the fire of the *cabaret* in the Rue Mouffetard, the Gascon assented. A particular night was fixed upon for the attempt, and a meeting of the "Gens de la Courte Epée" called at a tavern in the Rue des Cordeliers—the site of the present Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, to effect this object.

That night Maître Picard, not being on guard, resolved upon indulging in potent drinks and toothsome viands, in his little parlour behind the shop. He had closed his wareroom at an early hour; and having invited Jean Blacquart to join him,—for the Gascon was not of the marauding party, although he had an indirect part to perform in the outrage,—was discussing hot wine with his lodger a little after curfew, and listening to his rhodomontades connected with his profession, and deeds, and actions generally.

Jean had told a great many narratives about encounters he had won (which had never taken place) and enemies he had killed, (who were still alive,) increasing the marvels of each with each cup of wine, until

the fulness of his heart, coupled with his fear of being mixed up in the affair, led him to inform Maître Picard of the intended attempt upon his hat, to be made that very evening. The apartment occupied by the Gascon was at the top of the house; it had formerly been a granary—such as may still be seen in Paris—and outside a small but strong wooden crane was fixed, hanging over the doomed sign. To the rope of this, a loop was to be made, and then Camille Theria, who had taken the danger and the glory of the enterprise to himself, was to be hauled up until he came within reach of the hat, which he was to take from its fixings, and bear off in triumph.

The first feelings inspired in the breast of Maître Picard, as he heard this bold scheme unfolded, were those of fright: the next partook largely of revenge.

"How many will there be?" he asked.

"Oh! a hundred," replied Blacquart. It was the 'Gascon' for twenty,

"Bless me!" said Maître Picard; "a great number—an awful number. You have told me to-night that you once fought a score yourself; but I don't think you could face so many."

"I don't think I could," said Blacquart. "I will try, if you please; only if my courage led me into any rash attack, I might be fatally wounded, and then what a scrape you would get into."

"True—true," said Maître Picard, wiping his face, and taking a long draught of wine; "and it is the same with me. My frame is rather round than large; but there is a great spirit at work within it, which I cannot always command. I will call together the Garde Bourgeois."

"Will not their assembling alarm the others," said Blacquart.

"Not at all—not at all," returned the chapelier. "We will have them come by twos and threes, and hide in my shop."

"Excellent!" said the Gascon.

"Will you summons them, then?" asked Maître Picard.

"I think not," said Blacquart; "although they know me as a daring and gallant coadjutor. My appearance in the streets might provoke suspicion with any of the students I might meet."

To the joy of the Gascon, who thought inside the house the safest position with such an event about to come off, Maître Picard rose, with some trouble from his settle, and, puffing and blowing, started out to summons his brother-guards. The Gascon remained to finish the wine; which, having done, he felt so nerved, that he sang bold and warlike songs to himself, and then drawing his sword fought imaginary duels with nobody, and slaughtered many chimerical adversaries, concluding from mere want of breath, in high good humour with himself and his prowess. He was yet panting from his late courageous exertions, when his landlord returned with a few of his brethren in the guard, and these were speedily followed by others, who were stationed in the shop and parlour. Their presence increased the Gascon's valour to such a pitch that, when he saw they had all arrived, he even offered to go and fight the students himself. And had it not been for one of the guard, who, from sheer wickedness, recommended Jean to do so, to his extreme terror, there is no knowing to what lengths he might have gone, or what wonderful actions he might have committed.

The curfew sounded; the lights disappeared in the Quartier Latin,

as the shops were closed, and the glimmer of the lanterns alone illumined the thoroughfares. Maître Picard disposed the Garde Bourgeois for a proper *sortie*, and then went up to Blacquart's room, accompanied by the student, whom he placed to keep a look out at the window.

"I think I hear them coming," said Jean, after he had been a short time at his post.

"They are marching in order," observed Maître Picard, with breathless attention; "the students have mustered strongly."

"No; it is the Guet Royal," returned the Gascon, as the night-patrol came round the corner of the Rue de la Harpe.

"I think we had better call them in, too," said the affrighted little hatter.

"No—no," answered Jean; "the disturbance, and the clank of their arms will alarm the others. Beside, is there not enough to protect you? You have me."

"Very true," said Maître Picard. But he said it as if he did not think it was. However, he was resigned to his fate, and the Guet Royal passed along the Rue des Mathurins, turning off towards the Sorbonne.

"They will not be back for half-an-hour," murmured Maître Picard, as the last cresset disappeared round the corner.

"Then they will be too late for our gentlemen," said the Gascon; "for I hear them now coming in reality."

In effect, he was right. The students had evidently waited until the patrol had passed, knowing they would thus be for a certain time uninterrupted; and they now came quietly in front of the house. One of them, whom Blacquart knew to be Camille Theria, clapped his hands, and the Gascon replied to the signal.

"They wanted to hang me the other night," said he; "but I mean to succeed better with them than they did with me. And yet," he added, as he looked below, "there seems to be a great many of them."

"What are you waiting for?" asked the *chapelier*.

"Me? oh! nothing—nothing," said the Gascon. His blood was ebbing down rapidly every instant. "Only I was thinking if you were to make a speech from the window, and forgive them, how they would esteem you; and, perhaps, it would save bloodshed."

Theria, who was below, repeated the signal.

"Lower down your rope," said Maître Picard, who was peeping over the parapet.

"Upon my honour, I don't much like to do so," said Blacquart, as his last atom of heroism evaporated.

"If you don't let the line down immediately, I will give you into custody below as an accomplice," said the bourgeois, in wrathful accents.

Another impatient signal from Theria was heard; and poor Jean, in a terrible fright, proceeded to unwind the cord from its winch; whilst the hatter kept looking just over the parapet, to see what was going on.

"It is almost close to the ground," he said. "Now it touches it; and that rascal Theria has got hold of the end. He puts his foot in it. Huza! huza! now wind away; he is ours."

And the rotund little man delivered himself up to the performance of such joyful gymnastics, that at last his hat fell off, and tumbled into

the street. A student, who saw it fall, thought it was Theria's, and cramming his *casquette* into his cloak-pocket, put it on, until the other should come down.

"Now, stop! for your life!" said Maître Picard to the Gascon, who kept winding away in great trepidation, but saying through it all, that he was easily accomplishing the work of six men. "Now stop! he is on a level with the sign: let him remain there."

Jean implicitly obeyed: the catch fell into the toothed wheel, and he came to the window, whilst Maître Picard hurried down stairs very rapidly, by reason of his gravity, and told his fellow police that it was time to make their charge. They accordingly rushed into the street, and were face to face with the students.

"Trapped!" ejaculated Theria, as he felt his progress stopped, and saw the tumult below. "Oh, Master Blacquart, you shall pay for this."

A terrible riot ensued. What the students wanted in numbers, they made up in strength and daring. They wrested the partisans from their opponents to turn against them, and in all probability would have come off the conquerors, had not Maître Picard opened one of his upper windows, and discharged a blunderbus therefrom,—not to injure his enemies, but to give the alarm by the report of this novel weapon, not long imported from Holland.* It had the desired effect; and in a few minutes brought back the Guet Royal.

Some of the students fled at once as they saw the night-patrol advance, for they were men with whom there was no trifling. Those who remained, being a small quantity, were now captured by the Bourgeois: and then Maître Picard emerged from his house, and Theria was let down, and seized.

"Huzza!" cried the little *chapelier*, giving way to fresh antics. "We have caught you—eh? Take him away: to the guard-house with such a brawler. Stop—no—the glory shall be with me. Gentlemen of the Guet Royal, march on with your other prisoners: the Garde Bourgeois will take charge of the ringleader. *Mauvais sujet—ugh!*"

Camille took no notice of Maître Picard's address. He was, however, chafing with anger inwardly at being thus caught.

"To the guard-house!" continued Maître Picard, "without loss of time. I have rid Paris of a brigand—a cut-purse. *En avant!*"

Drawing his sword as well as his short arms and fat little body permitted, Maître Picard placed himself before the prisoner, and two of the others followed. In this state they started off, the latter leaving Blacquart in charge of his shop,—and proceeded towards the nearest *corps du garde*. But, as they were passing down the Rue de la Harpe, Camille, who had been watching his opportunity, suddenly tripped up the *chapelier*, and sent him rolling into the kennel that rushed down the middle of the street, before he had time to save himself. He then as rapidly dealt a couple of heavy blows to his followers, and whilst they were aghast at the unexpected attack, rushed down the Rue du Foin, in the obscurity of which he was immediately lost. But we must follow him along it, leaving the two guards, first to recover themselves, and then to pick up Maître Picard, in as sorry a plight as might well be.

Flying along the narrow thoroughfare, a few minutes brought Camille to his abode in the Place Maubert. He went directly to the

* Blunderbus is derived from the Dutch *donderbus*—a thunder-gun.

apartment of Philippe Glazer, who was at home, and briefly told him what had happened.

"It will not stop here," said Theria. "That wretched bourgeois can make a nasty business of it if he likes, and I must leave Paris at once."

"Immediately?" asked Glazer.

"Directly. My studies, such as they have been, are nearly finished; and Liège will do for me to settle at as well as anywhere else. Besides, it is my home."

"Can I assist you in anything?" asked Philippe.

"In one thing only,—a little money, for I am quite cleaned out by *mes camarades*. In return, Philippe, I leave you everything—my books, my rapier, and my Estelle—poor Estelle! Don't ever part with my rapier whatever you do."

Glazer smiled at his friend's speech, as he collected what little money he had by him, and gave to the other.

"Ten thousand thanks, Philippe," said Camille, "it shall be repaid some day; we do not cheat one another."

"I will trust you," said Glazer; "is there anything else I can do for you?"

"One thing," said Camille, more seriously. "I am not one to boast of favours bestowed, or even hint at them, but you will find a packet of love-letters in my old escriban. Burn them all—they are from Madame de Brinvilliers."

Glazer uttered an exclamation of mingled incredulity and surprise."

"It is true," said Camille; "she wrote them to me, telling me that I was the only one she ever loved,—that all the other attachments had been madness—folly. Pshaw! each avowal was stereotyped, and did for others as well as it will again do for the next. Burn them all. Adieu! and tell Estelle to console herself."

And, warmly shaking his friend by the hand, Theria flew down stairs, leaving Glazer almost bewildered at the rapidity of the interview, and the avowal he had just heard.

CHAPTER XII.

Exili spreads the snare for Sainte-Croix, who falls into it.

THE tower of the Bastile, which the Under-Governor had designated as the *Tour du Nord* upon Sainte-Croix's arrival, was generally known as the *Tour de la Liberté*, which title, from the mockery of the appellation, was not in frequent use. The Bastile, it may be known, consisted, at that time, of eight towers. Two of these—the *Tour du Trésor*, so called because it was chosen as the *depôt* of the wealth amassed by the sagacious Sully for Henry the Fourth, and the *Tour de la Chapelle*, were the most ancient, and had formerly been merely the towers which flanked the entrance to Paris by the *Faubourg St. Antoine*. Subsequently the *Tour de la Liberté* and the *Tour de la Bertandière* were added opposite to those just spoken of—the latter being the one chosen, some centuries afterwards, as the prison of the unfortunate "Man in the Iron Mask." The *Tour de la Liberté* was at this early period the most northern elevation—hence its second name: and the entrance to the city lay between those four

towers, on the spot where the huge cast of the elephant, intended for the fountain, may be recollected by the visitor on the way to Père la Chaise. To those four towers Charles the Sixth added four others; about 1383, chambers were hewn in the thickness of the wall between them: drawbridges were erected, a fosse dug around, and the Bastile was completed.

All these towers contained the cells for the prisoners: and as a portion of our story must now necessarily pass in the Bastile, we will call the attention of the reader to them: but briefly as possible. In each tower were five ranges of cells. The lowest of these, or *cachots*,* were the most horrible, receiving what little light they had from the lower part of the fosse. The floor was covered with a nauseous slime, perpetually oozing from the low grounds around, and laden with rank and poisonous exhalations. Here noisome reptiles—the toad, the lizard, and the rat, had their homes—sweltering and crawling on the damp floor; from which the only refuge allowed to the wretched prisoner, was a species of bed, formed by iron bars projecting from the wall, a few inches above the ground. In many of these sinks, still greater misery was contrived for the occupant. The lower part was a mere well, cut out in the form of an inverted sugar-loaf, in which the prisoner was compelled to exist, so that the feet found no level resting-place, nor could the body repose.

Next in order of the “*chambres rigoureuses*,” were the iron cages. They were above the *cachots*, and were formed of small beams of wood plated with iron, being about six feet square. The next were termed the *calottes*. These chambers were the highest, being built in the summit of the towers, and so contrived that the prisoner could only stand upright exactly in the middle, and there was scarcely space in them for the length of a bed, although the depth of the loopholes was ten feet, being the thickness of the wall. These were small, admitting very little light, which was farther excluded by two ranges of thick iron bars, within and without. Being close to the roof, the heat of the sun in summer was insupportable, converting them almost into ovens; in winter the cold was equally terrible, since there was little space for a fire. In these rooms the victims were usually confined who were destined for the *oubliettes*—the wheels armed with cutting points, which, turning round, drew the sufferer between them and cut or tore him to pieces.

The intermediate chambers were somewhat more comfortable. They were fourteen or fifteen feet high; and, although the windows were heavily barred and counter-barréd, were tolerably well lighted; whilst, from some of them, views could be obtained of the boulevards and various parts of the city. The rooms were generally numbered, and named after the towers in which they were situated. The one that Gaudin de Sainte-Croix now entered was the *Onzième Liberté*—and by the same title was the occupant known during his sojourn in the prison.

* “The hapless Prince d’Armagnac and his brother were confined in these *cachots* by Louis the Eleventh. They were taken out twice a week to be scourged, in the presence of Philippe O’Huillier, the governor, and had some teeth drawn every three months. The eldest lost his reason; but the youngest, delivered at the death of Louis, published these facts, which would otherwise have been considered too terrible for belief.”—*Hist. de l’Ancien Gouvern. par le compte de Boulainvilliers*, tom. iii. Lettre 14.

The recognition, both on the part of Gaudin and Exili, was instantaneous, and an expression of surprise burst from the lips of the former as he discovered the falcon countenance of the physician. But he directly recovered his composure, recollecting that the gaoler was still in the room; and remained silent until Galouchet departed, closing after him, one upon another, the three massy doors which, covered with heavy locks, bolts, and iron studs, guarded each of the chambers.

The first impression of Exili had been that some new punishment was in store for him, upon seeing his late enemy enter, accompanied by the functionary. But as the man left, and Gaudin, dashing his hat upon the ground, threw himself in an old *fautueil* at the foot of the pallet destined for him, he perceived that he also was a prisoner. A savage gleam of triumph passed across his livid countenance as he bade Sainte-Croix welcome in a tone of mockery.

"My prophecy has been speedily fulfilled," said Exili; "I gave you six months—little more than thrice six hours have passed, and we meet again. You may find good reason now to burn me as a sorcerer, when you wish entirely to get rid of me."

Gaudin smarted under the taunt; but his face betokened no trace of the annoyance. He took the empty sheath of his sword, which still hung at his side, and, smiling carelessly, played with the lace that was fixed round his boot.

"It is an odd *rencontre*," he said; "but you are no sorcerer, or you would not have been here. On that score you are safe. We stand a chance of being together for some time—perhaps we may become better friends."

"Friends!" replied Exili, with a short, dreary laugh. "Never: we are not made of the stuff that can harbour such a dull sentiment. Crime,—purpose,—common interest,—might set up some tie between us; but not friendship."

"I care not what you call it," said Gaudin; "our battle has become a drawn game, and we must make the best of it. Yesterday I had my revenge—to-night your turn has arrived. On the score of vengeance, then, we are quits. At least towards each other," he added, after a moment's pause.

Exili had never taken his eyes from Sainte-Croix since he entered; his piercing glance appeared to be scanning the thoughts that prompted every word the other uttered. Gaudin's last speech appeared to have awakened fresh attention.

"And to no one else?" asked Exili emphatically, still looking fixedly at him. "May I ask through whom you were sent here?"

"Through the cause of all that can most wring and crush us, either in this world or that which is to follow, for aught I know."

"A woman?"

"Your divination is again right."

"And that woman is the Marchioness of Brinvilliers."

"I mentioned no name," said Sainte-Croix quickly.

"You did not," replied Exili; "and yet I knew it. You cannot suppose that I should remain ignorant of what has been the gossip of the shops and carrefours of Paris, throughout many a fine spring afternoon this year."

"Her husband never knew it," said Sainte-Croix, for the minute thrown off his guard, and admitting the truth of what had been a random venture on the part of Exili.

"In such case the husband is always the last," returned the physician, "to credit his own disbonour. And yet it was not Antoine Gobelin who sent you here."

"You are right once more," said Gaudin. "It was M. d'Aubray, the lieutenant-civil, her father. Curses wither him!"

The features of Exili assumed an expression that was perfectly fiendish, as he gazed upon Sainte-Croix, who was divesting himself of his garments, and flinging them carelessly about the room here and there, before lying down upon the truckle-bed. Not wishing to extinguish the lamp, yet disliking the glare in his eyes, he had removed it to the chimney-corner, near which was placed a rude table.

"It is cold!" he said, as he endeavoured to warm his hands before the dying embers.

"So I thought last night," said Exili; "but I am already inured to it. It is, however, a different change for you, from the Hôtel d'Aubray. I am used to strange apartments; and I have no lady-love who may play me false during my imprisonment."

A spasmodic tremor passed through Sainte-Croix's frame; his hands were clenched, and his lip quivered. The convulsion was slight and rapid, but it was observed by Exili. He went on.

"It is annoying, too, to dream that others may share her affections whilst you are imprisoned here. Her years are but few—her blood is young and vivid. The Marquis, too, neglects her,—so goes report in Paris,—and she must have some one to attach herself to."

"No more!—no more!" cried Gaudin, with a sudden and violent outburst of passion. "Fiend! demon! what drives you thus to madden me?"

"These are harsh terms to christen me by," returned Exili, with a ghastly smile; "especially when it is in my power to place in your possession what you now desire above anything else the world could bestow."

"And what is that?" asked Gaudin, assuming an indifference through his anger.

"Vengeance!" returned Exili, as he raised himself on the pallet, and glared upon Sainte-Croix like a basilisk.

A scornful expression of contempt was Gaudin's only reply.

But Exili saw that his prey was coquetting with the bait. He continued:

"There are dull moralists and fools who will tell you that revenge is an ignoble passion, fitted only to those groveling spirits who dare not resent an injury, and yet are too sharply stung to pass it over. Believe them not; it is a glorious triumph of retribution, although the success of the cast will alone decide whether it will be called justice or cowardice by the world. You are indebted for your present position to Dreux d'Aubray; you burn for vengeance. If you fail, the world will call you pitiful, mean, *lâche*: succeed, and you become a hero. Suppose I make that success certain!"

"Pshaw! you are leading me on to some new toil," said Gaudin. "We are powerless here: were we otherwise, I should mistrust you. This is no place for bandying smooth phrases; nor are our relations towards each other such as require them. You know my sentiments towards you." Then, after a moment's pause, he added, "What plan do you propose?"

"As I expected," thought Exili; "his curiosity is aroused.—It is full late," he continued aloud, as the sound of the bell vibrated

through the building from the Tour de la Chapelle. "To-morrow your excitement will have somewhat abated, and all will be explained. Doubtless your couch will prove a trifle harder than the one you have been accustomed to. Good night; and may *she* visit you in your dreams, for you will have little chance here of seeing her otherwise."

And with this last observation, which had the full effect he intended, the physician turned on his pallet and was soon asleep, or affected to be so.

But it was long before Gaudin slumbered. The events of the evening were in themselves enough to drive anything from his mind; and the last conversation with Exili had added fresh wrath to the mingled blaze of anger, jealousy, and impotent desire of revenge that consumed him. At last, the objects in the room imperceptibly faded from his sight, or merged into the strange forms which his half-slumbering senses conjured up; and in this state he lay for upwards of an hour, with a consciousness of existence, but motionless and silent.

Suddenly he awoke—if it could be called awaking from a state that was scarcely a sleep—and cast his eyes across the room towards the bed of his companion. Exili was awake as well. He had raised himself in bed, and, by the light of the lamp which still burned in the chimney corner, was staring fixedly at Sainte-Croix, with the same riveting gaze he had before directed towards him. It was not the look of human intent,—a serpent would have fascinated a bird with the same expression, until the victim fell into its yawning mouth. Gaudin quailed before it—he knew not why;—but there was something terrible in the unclosed and glaring eyes of the physician, which almost precluded him from enquiring what he desired.

"You need not be alarmed," replied Exili, in an unconcerned tone. "Whatever my wishes might have been towards you yesternight, at all events, you are safe *here*. I was attracted by that curious bauble hanging round your neck. Where did you get it?"

He directed Sainte-Croix's attention to a small gold heart, about the size of a walnut, which hung round his neck, and which he had not laid aside in divesting himself of his clothes for the night.

"It is an amulet," said Gaudin, "and contains a charm against an evil eye. I have heard it will also yield visions of the future. I never put it on one side."

As he spoke, he opened the heart in its centre, and took out a crystal of a reddish colour, set in a circle of silver. Exili gazed at it still more earnestly than before.

"It is a beryl!" he exclaimed.

"Eyes less piercing than yours might tell that," replied Sainte-Croix. "Your fool affected to expose one for sale on the Carrefour du Châtelet but a short time since."

"I will tell you more," continued Exili, still fixing his scrutinizing gaze upon the amulet. "The names of the four angels are graven round it: they come in order thus,—Uriel, Raphael, Michael, Gabriel. I have seen that stone before. Where did you get it?"

"It matters little to you," replied Gaudin: "suffice it to say, it is my own."

"And you did not read your arrest on its surface?"

"I have kept it merely as a charm," answered Gaudin.

"Then you have abused its power," continued Exili. "Listen! do you hear the night wind howling round the towers of the Bastille and

rushing down the chimney of our apartment? To common ears it is but the wind—a viewless thing that comes and goes, hurrying on around the world until its force is spent, and it dies in nothingness. To me it is far otherwise,” he continued, as his eyes blaезд with unwonted fire, and he raised his arm on high. “Each gust is laden with the wrath of some damned spirit waiting to be called upon to make that beryl a mirror of the future, and you neglect the appeal. Give me the stone, and let me read the fate you care not to know.”

Gaudin gazed at Exili with fixed astonishment. The physician extended his hand, and the other took the amulet from his neck and gave it to him.

“It is the same!” exclaimed Exili with a smothered exclamation of surprise, as he again looked intently at Gaudin. Then, fixing his eye on the stone, he continued:

“Its surface is dull. I can see forms moving on it, but they are indistinct, and dance from before my sight like motes, all except your own, and that remains. You may yet triumph.”

Gaudin was awed by the manner of Exili; at another time he would have laughed his predictions to scorn, but the circumstances, the hour, and the place, combined to make him think very seriously of his companion’s remarks.

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“I will reply by putting another question,” said Exili; “where did you get this mineral?”

“I have had it many years; let that suffice. Now, I claim to know the import of your speech.”

“You may yet triumph,” repeated the Italian; “and by my means alone. I am not, you see, the enemy you thought me. Again, I say, wait until to-morrow.”

“Nay, to-night,” exclaimed Sainte-Croix. “I beseech you tell me what you mean.”

“The charm may be broken,” continued the other; “it is not yet time.”

The manner of the physician had worked upon Sainte-Croix’s curiosity strangely. He again implored to know what the other alluded to.

“To-night—now—this instant!” he exclaimed.

“I will gratify you,” replied Exili. “To-morrow they will bring me my chemical glasses from the boat-mill, together with such dull elements as the ground yields,—simple and harmless,—in order, as they suppose, that I may practise alchemy. Fools! they little know the change that paltry lamp can work in innocuous earths.”

“What do you propose to do?” asked Sainte-Croix.

“To put you in possession of all I know myself,” continued Exili, “and bring Marie de Brinvilliers once more near you, unquestioned, undisturbed. Seek no further. The life and death of those you love or hate shall be alike within your grasp. The destroying angel shall become your slave, and go abroad, obedient to your will alone. Your bosom should now harbour but one thought,—and that must be revenge.”

Exili threw back the amulet to Sainte-Croix, and sank back on his pillow; whilst Gaudin, finding he returned no reply to his questions, once more sought to fly from himself, and the black thoughts that haunted him, in sleep.

THE SIEGE OF HENSBURGH.

BY JOHN RYAN, M.D., LL.D.

"When the Emperor Conrad the Third had besieged Guelphus, Duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensburgh, the women, finding that the town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the Emperor that they might depart out of it, with as much as each of them could carry. The Emperor, knowing that they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition; when the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place, with every one her husband on her back. The Emperor was so much moved at the sight, that he burst into tears, and, after having very much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, he gave the men to their wives, and received the Duke into his favour."

Spectator, Vol. VII., No. 499.

Brave news! brave news! the Emperor
Hath girded on his sword,
And swears by the rood, in an angry
mood,
And eke by his knightly word,
That humbled Hensburgh's towers shall
be,
With all her boasted chivalry.

The brazen clarion's battle note
Hath sounded through the land;
And brave squire and knight, in their
armour dight,
Ay, many a gallant band,
Have heard the summons far and near,
And come with falchion and with spear.

"Ho! to the rebel city, ho!
Let vengeance lead the way!"
And anon the sheen of their spears was
seen,
As they rushed upon the prey.
Beneath where Hensburgh's turrets
frown'd
Great Conrade chose his vantage-
ground.

Far stretching o'er the fertile plain
His snow-white tents were spread;
And the sweet night air, as it linger'd
there,
Caught the watchful sentry's tread.
Then o'er the city's battlement
The tell-tale breeze its echo sent.

Day after day the leaguer sat
Before that city's wall,
And yet, day by day, the proud Guelph
cried "Nay,"
To the herald's warning call;
Heedless, from morn to eventide,
How many a famish'd mother died.

Weak childhood, and the aged man,
Wept—sorely wept for bread;
And pale Hunger seem'd, as his wild
eye gleam'd
On the yet unburied dead,
As if he longed, alas! to share
The night dog's cold, unallow'd fare.

• • • •
• • • •

No longer Hensburgh's banner floats;
Hush'd is her battle-cry,
For a victor waits at her shatter'd gates,
And her sons are doom'd to die.
But Hensburgh's daughters yet shall
prove
The saviours of the homes they love!

All glory to the Emperor,
The merciful and brave;
Sound, clarions, sound, tell the news
around,

And ye drooping banners wave!
Hensburgh's fair daughters, ye are free;
Go forth, with all your "*braverte!*"
"Bid them go forth," the Emperor cried,
"Far from the scene of strife,
Whether matron staid, or the blushing
maid,

Or the daughter, or the wife;
For ere yon sun hath left the sky,
Each rebel-male shall surely die.
"Bid them go forth," the Emperor said,
"We wage not war with *them*;
Bid them all go free, with their '*brav-
rie,*'

And each richly valued gem;
Let each upon her person bear
That which she deems her *chiefest* care."
The city's gates are open'd wide;
The leaguer stands amazed;
'Twas a glorious deed, and shall have
its meed,

And by minstrel shall be praised,
For each had left her *jewell'd* tire,
To bear a *husband*, or a *sire*.
With faltering step each laden'd one
At Conrade's feet appears;
In amaze he stood, but his thirst for
blood

Was quench'd by his falling tears;
The victor wept aloud to see
Devoted woman's constancy.
All glory to the Emperor,—
All glory and renown!
He hath sheath'd his sword, and his
royal word

Hath gone forth to save the town;
For woman's love is mightier far
Than all the strategies of war.

HOW TO SERVE OUT CUPID.

A LAY AND A LEGEND FOR ALL-FOOLS' DAY.

BY THE IRISH WHISKEY-DRINKER.

AMONGST some of the good old customs of our ancestors still left amongst us, which have for their object the promotion of cheerfulness, and the temporary withdrawal of our thoughts from the dull, cold worldliness by which we are surrounded, that of making April Fools is not the least charming in this respect, as well as instructive; for it very often teaches the lesson of self-denial and unselfishness, and, still more, the wisdom of never fancying ourselves otherwise. I like this folly, or foolification, as I do a pantomime or anything else that enables me to be a child once more, and laugh as heartily as the youngest spectator of the fun and frolic going forward upon the real or mimic stage.

There is one little boy who has made more April fools of young and old, and both sexes, than all the rest of the little boys in the world put together, from its commencement to the present hour. I need scarcely mention his name. A very austere celibate gave warning a great many years ago concerning the urchin and his mother, who conspired with him to make fools of their neighbours. His verses are no forgery, and, although they might* be an unpublished fragment of Bion, I beg to observe that they are not; I subjoin, for the benefit of my fair friends, a translation that never before saw the light of criticism or publication.

LOVE, THE RUNAWAY.†

Beware, beware, young maidens fair, and live in purity!
 Be wise, be wise, young men likewise, and shun Love's witchery!
 The other day Love ran away, and left his mother crying,
 And Venus thorough all the town is like a mad one flying,
 Imploring of the simple maids, and eke the nice young men,
 "Bring him to me! oh bring," says she, "my wilding back again! †
 And, if you find him, bind him, bind him fast, nor let him go,
 And the sweetest gains shall reward your pains that human bliss can know."

Beware, beware, young maidens fair, and live in purity!
 Be wise, be wise, young men likewise, and shun Love's witchery!
 Now listen to me, simple maids, and eke you nice young men;
 Stay where you are, if as you were you would be thought again;
 Heed not that lovely mother's cries, though wildly she be crying;
 Heed not the flight of that fair boy, where so he may be flying.
 Beneath a show of piercing woe she wears a treacherous smile,
 And weaves her spells right cunningly within her heart of guile.

* A proctor at Cambridge demanded one night of a very unruly Irish student what his name might be. "It *might* be Julius Cæsar," hiccuped Pat, "or Nebuchodnayzar, but upon my soul it isn't, d' ye see?"

† "ΕΡΩΣ ΔΡΑΠΗΤΗΣ.

Εἰδύλλιον.

Δραπέτιδαν τὸν Ἔρωτα φυγεῖ γενέτετρα λαροῖσει.

‡ Δραπέτιδαν κ' ἀνάγοντι δεδεσμένον νῆα πονηρὸν,
 Μισθὸν φησι πόνου, χ' ὑπέρβλητον γέρας ἀξείν.

He, little rogue, pursues you, when you think he fain would fly;
 And backward sends, so Parthian like, his shafts unerringly.*
 The heart or liver is his aim, the liver's tenderest spot;
 And when he bends his bow, full oft he hits them both, God wot!
 When blind he seems, and in his front no orbs of light are seen,
 Behind his head his little eyes see what they wist, I ween.

Beware, beware, young maidens fair, and live in purity!
 Be wise, be wise, young men likewise, and shun Love's witchery!
 The boy 'mongst other boys you 'll know by many a mark of shame;
 His skin 's not white, but flaming bright, and hot as living flame.
 His eyes, so fiercely flashing, reflect his wanton mind;
 A mind which thinks not as it speaks, but falsely is inclined.
 Now honeyed sweetness are his tones, now wound to passion high,
 The little spiteful speaks in gall, and sneers maliciously.

Beware, beware, young maidens fair, and live in purity!
 Be wise, be wise, young men likewise, and shun Love's witchery!
 His head is crown'd with golden hair, all flowing down with grace,
 O'er smiles that speak provokingly upon his merry face;
 His little hands are wondrous strong; with them his arrows small
 He shoots to the east, he shoots to the west, he shoots 'gainst one and all.
 His covering is in his soul, though naked seems the wight;
 And winged like a little bird he takes as wild a flight.
 His wings he plea with varied force the young to fiercely wound,
 Or gently fan the silly old man just tottering to the ground.

Beware, beware, young maidens fair, and live in purity!
 Be wise, be wise, young men likewise, and shun Love's witchery!
 Swift from his bow, his tiny bow, a rapid arrow flies;
 It is a tiny arrow too, but it can reach the skies.
 A quiver bold of shining gold upon his back he wears,
 But every point in that fell sheaf is steeped in bitter tears.
 In vain the steel-clad warrior would turn those shafts aside:
 They 'd pierce right through Achilles too, in all his mailed pride.
 His little torch shoots forth a flame that would outburn the sun;
 Whene'er he shakes it in your face, turn quickly, turn and run!
 Brave not destruction wantonly; or, if you 'll stay behind,
 Seize him straightway, and without delay his light limbs tightly bind;
 Then whip him till his tender skin is very red and sore;
 And should he cry out piteously, still whip him more and more.
 He 'll try to melt you with his smiles; but, if you heed him, then
 Those fatal smiles shall cause you tears you ne'er may dry again.
 He 'll try to climb upon your neck, with all his pretty play,—
 Beware of his kiss, or that poison'd bliss shall cause you grief for aye.
 But, ah! if he should offer you his weapons of desire,
 Touch not an arrow of them all—they 're steeped in poison dire!
 Though he deliver up his arms, 'twere wise e'en then to fly;
 When naked he 's more fearful still than in his panoply.
 Beware, beware, young maidens fair, and live in purity!
 Be wise, be wise, young men likewise, and shun Love's witchery!†

I dare say that this method of "serving out" the archer-boy, and making him take himself off with his tricks to a more worldly market, is fully understood by the learned celibates of a certain highly distinguished University. But why speak longer in allegories? I am credibly informed that not a few of these worthy and well-

* Καὶ φεύγων βάλλει μαχίμοις Πάρθοισιν ὄμοιος.

† IONINOS ΓΙΑΒΕΡΤΟΣ is εὐὲς Ἰωνίας εὐὲς Ἰουῶ the name of my author. It is quite evident that the old Jesuit had the Ἐρμύ Δρακόντος of Moschus most vividly in his recollection. Not a few of the lines of the old Idyll he has very coolly transferred to his own. Ben Jonson's "Hue and Cry after Cupid" is a fine amplification of the old Greek.

meaning ascetics advocate, in their excess of mediæval enthusiasm, the most extreme self-mortifications.*

The following was one of Cupid's April-fool pranks in green Erin a long, long time ago:

It was in the time of Ollamh Fodhla, son of Fiachadh Fronnsgothach, son of Seadhna, son of Artri, son of Eibhric, son of Heber, son of Ir, son of Milesius, king of Spain. Ollamh Fodhla was king of Ireland. He held his court at Tara, where he had fought a bloody battle, which he gained. With that battle he gained also the crown of the country. Hereditary succession was not quite the fashion in those days, and Ireland had no right to be uninfluenced by the spirit of the age. Some usurpers, however, of thrones and dignities have turned out very good men, notwithstanding that truth and justice may have said they had no right to hold the positions they occupied. Ollamh Fodhla was one of these. He wiped his sword very philosophically after his great victory, and sheathed it, uttering a prayer at the same time to the gods that he might never again have to try its temper upon the necks of a refractory people. His prayer was heard. He reigned for thirty years undisturbed over the destinies of Ireland.

It appears that Ollamh Fodhla's great parliamentary convention was a court of law as well as of legislation, in which the King was his own Lord Chief Justice, Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Speaker, rolled into one. Amongst the especial legal enactments which have handed the great Ollamh's name down to posterity, was one which he enforced against all persons guilty of felonious or surreptitious gallantry. In the words of the learned Keatinge, "He made very strict and wholesome laws for the government of his subjects, and particularly expressed his severity against the ravishment of women, which, it seems, was a common vice in those days; for the offender was to suffer death without mercy; and the King thought fit to give up so much of his prerogative as to put it out of his power either to extend his pardon, or even to reprieve the criminal."

In Brian Boru's time, it will be remembered, that a virgin walked from one end of Ireland to the other unmolested, although

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;"

the most surprising part of which tradition, and the most meritorious feature in the transaction was, that the lady had still higher attractions: she was not only well-off, but well-looking; for

"Oh, her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, and her snow-white wand."

I heard a Munster man once suggest, that had the lady taken the

* "About such a thing as four hundred years ago, there away yander in Italy, was invented a sect who called themselves 'the Frangellants—'

"'Flagellants, you mean,' said Friar Gerund.

"'Well—well, Frangellants, or what thou wilt; they were condemned as heretics by a pope called Crement the Sixth; first and principally, because they taught many errors, and, among others, that none could be saved but sich as went flogging off their skin, and were baptized in their own blood; and, secondly, because they went out a-flogging themselves with a great deal of finery and show. This last the holy man told me, had been revived in Spain in the time of Charles the Second, when some wrong-headed young men dressed themselves out in the Holy Week, as penitents, with great gaiety for an intertainment and gallantry to the ladies, but that the pious prince, after having punished some of 'um handsomely, had forbid this abuse by a just and severe decree.'"—FRIAR GERUND, vol. ii. page 415.

County Limerick in her route, where the crime of abduction has been rampant since the memory of man, the chances are she might not have been enabled to say

“ Bless'd for ever was she that relied
On Erin's honour, and Erin's pride.”

Be this as it may, Ollamh Fodhla determined that the crime should be put down, and everything approaching to it, in his dominions, whether in the county Limerick or anywhere else.

The good King of Yvetot, according to Beranger, traversed pretty nearly the whole of his dominions every day that he mounted his ass. The Irish monarch could not do so, it is true, even if he had railroad speed and speculation to help him on his royal progresses. He nevertheless went a good deal amongst his people, and made himself personally acquainted with their wants and wishes. These popular peregrinations took place during his parliamentary recess, when his nobles and commons were snipe-shooting on the bog of Allen, or hunting the red deer in Killarney, and when another monarch might be following the same amusement or worse.

It was on a First of April afternoon, during the Easter recess towards the early part of his reign, that Ollamh Fodhla, dressed not like the humblest of his subjects, for that would have been neither comely nor comfortable, but dressed very quietly and unostentatiously, met an old woman not far from the cross-roads which are a couple of miles south of the old village of Kildroughal, now called Celbridge, in the county of Kildare. This aged person wore a red cloak, the hood of which was thrown over her head, and she was filling her pitcher at the pilgrims' well.

“ God save you, mother !” said the King.

“ God save you kindly, my son,” said the old wife in return ; and she offered the traveller to drink out of her pitcher, which he did right heartily, for the sun was unusually warm, and Ollamh Fodhla was exceedingly dry.

A hill, of gentle acclivity, covered with noble oaks all the way up to the summit, stood hard by : and, curling up gently above the foliage, a column of hospitable-looking smoke gave indication of a human dwelling within the bosom of the grove.

“ Who lives yonder ?” said the King, pointing in the direction of the hill.

“ The Druid of Ardrass,” answered the old woman.

“ A holy man, I don't doubt,” observed his Majesty.

“ A mighty holy man, I da'ar say !” said old Winny the Wash, for that was the name she went by, being a laundress by profession, — a poor one, it is to be supposed, in those primitive times, when linen was not the staple of the country, and the people, in spite of Ollamh Fodhla's free-trade tariff, were rather badly off for soap. Winny gave her opinion of the Druid's holiness in a peculiarly dry manner as to look and tone, and a still more expressive shrug of the shoulders.

At this moment, a very beautiful girl was seen running towards them, from the direction of the wood, with a pitcher in her hand. The next, she was filling it at the well, having bade both the persons who stood by its brink the time of the day, and wished them good luck, with a blessing, according to the custom of the country. These courtesies having been returned by the King in a similar

heartly spirit to that in which they were offered, and by the old woman in anything but such, the great and good Ollamh could not help gazing with feelings between wonder and delight at the gracefully voluptuous figure of the maiden as she stooped to dip her vessel in the well. Such a lovely neck, delicately browned by the sun; such beautifully moulded arms; such golden hair, escaping from its green fillet in all directions, and coquetting with the wanton wind; such cheeks, bright brown, varied with pink, like the wild bees' honey strewed over with the leaflets of the wild rose, Ollamh Fodhla never saw before amongst his court beauties, or anywhere else;—and those large, laughing, grey eyes!—when, putting her pitcher, now filled with water, on her head, she looked full in the King's face, and in answer to his question as to what was her name, she answered "Una."

"And a very pretty name it is, my pretty maiden," was the King's rejoinder. The face of the great lawgiver, that was wont to be grave and dignified, relaxed into a playful smile as he said so; whilst the damsel, blushing at the compliment, turned on her heel, and tripping gracefully back towards the wood, was in a few minutes beyond the view of the King and his companion.

"You didn't ask her whose Una she was," said the old woman, with a look which betrayed much sardonic emotion.

"Perhaps you might so far enlighten me yourself, good dame," suggested the King, now much more interested in the history of Ardross than when he came in sight of it.

"That same might be troublesome," grumbled Winny the Wash.

"Is she not the Druid's daughter?" inquired the King.

"May be she is, and may be she isn't, d'ye see," answered the malicious old woman, who went on, after a few more interrogatories, to give some broad hints about what she called "the humours of the hermitage," and she moralized thus: "When a single bachelor, old or young, keeps a single, young, faymale woman for a sarvint-of-all-work, and nobody is in the house to see the goings-on, barring the dog, or the cat, or the pig, or the chickens, what can you suppose or expect, my good man?" And she clapped her skinny hands thrice with indignation at the weakness of human nature. The beldame said a great deal more, as her blood warmed, which it would be libellous to repeat,—such as there being but one room to the hermitage,—at which the king exclaimed, "Highly improper!" "Shocking!" and so forth. His Majesty had the candour to observe, when the old woman concluded her tale—and a pretty one it was—that holy persons like the Druids were beyond the reach of temptations, and above the trials of humanity. Their constant employment with sacred things, their intercourse with the gods, their fasts, their austerities, their—

"*Bethershin!*" interrupted the old woman; "and if a man swears to live on prayties and salt, and red-herrings and water all his life, for what ought he for to be laying out dainties afore him that's fit for a king's feast?"

"There's something in that, good mother," said the King.

"Everything in it; and sure enough," said Winny, "it would be fitter for the likes of him to have the likes of me,—a respectable, elderly, hard-working woman of his own time of life, to look after his little consarns and convayniencies."

"There's a good deal in that, too," said the King; although he had a slight suspicion that Winny spoke very like a disappointed woman.

"True for you, there is," said she, "and more betoken, I could do more work in a day than a thuckeen like that would drayme of in a week, with her curls and her fal-dals—and she's young enough to be his daughter!"

"Perhaps she is his daughter, after all," said the King.

"Or his niece, or — anything else you like," said Winny with a growl; and the spiteful old woman went her way, rejoicing in her sense of charity and justice, and leaving the stranger to his meditations.

"So young!—so beautiful! so—but stop," said the good King, "I may wrong the holy man;—and the poor girl herself,—she too may be innocent;—she may, and I hope she is, from the bottom of my heart. Still, it is very odd—very suspicious; and if it be as the old woman insinuates, it is most irregular." Ollamh Fodhla felt an emotion—a deep interest in the girl's regard, which he could not account for.

Ollamh Fodhla felt very anxious to know whether the Druid was a disgrace to his cloth or not; and if he was, he knew what course he should take. That he did. These, however, were secondary considerations to the supreme state of his royal mind on another and a very delicate point. He was most anxious to know all about this beautiful handmaiden. In fact, he was very anxious about the case altogether, and he was determined to sift it to the bottom.

He proceeded towards the wood of oaks, and on entering it where the damsel a few minutes before had vanished from his sight, he took a narrow zigzag path that led him, after a few windings, to a pretty hermitage situate in the very centre of the grove.

The King entered courteously, and the damsel, who was alone, and seated at her spinning-wheel, received him with a blush and a smile. She remembered the stranger whom she had met at the well a few minutes back. He had said a pretty thing to her—it might have been impudent, still it was pretty,—and Ollamh Fodhla was by no means an ill-looking man.

After having stated that he was an officer of the King's household travelling on a tour of inspection, and that he wished to see the Druid of Ardrass on his way through that part of the country, he was at once asked by Una to await his return from the chase, which would be, she expected, in about an hour's time; and she added, that the owner of the poor cottage would be proud to afford his Majesty's representative his humble but sincere hospitality. Ollamh Fodhla soon made himself quite at home, and held pleasant converse with his fair companion. Although she did turn the spit, on which was roasting a fine haunch of venison before a large fire, and lifted up the lid of the great pot placed thereon, now and then, to see if the potatoes boiled, and turned the bonnachs, or oaten cakes, that were baking on the griddle over heated turf in a separate part of the hearth, and ran about from one menial duty to another in preparing for the coming meal, there was something about her tone and behaviour which struck Ollam Fodhla as far above the mind and manner of a maid-servant. He reserved his curiosity, however, respecting her condition till the Druid's return, and talked on in-different subjects.

"You might as well help a poor girl," said she, with innocent gaiety, "and make yourself useful, as to be sitting there gazing at one as if you never saw the like of me before." Saying which, Una, putting a large iron spoon playfully into the King's hand, pointed to the spit with the air of a queen, as if she wished him to consider it his particular department.

As Ollamh Fodhla sat on a three-legged stool, basting the haunch of venison under the superintendence of an humble country girl, he surveyed himself, and indulged in a glance of inward contemplation.

"This is touching!" said the monarch of all Ireland. And he turned and basted, and basted and turned, like any turnspit in the royal kitchen.

In this position he was found by the Druid on his return, who bade the stranger thrice welcome, and a hundred thousand more, when he heard he came in the name of the King.

The friendly meal soon followed. It was substantial and cleanly served up; and if the host, whose appetite was sharpened by the fatigues of the chase, did justice to Una's preparations, his guest enjoyed his dinner very much also. Still more comfortable did our traveller feel after dinner. Indeed, when Una filled him out the first cup of the most delicious wine of Gaul which he had ever before tasted, Ollamh Fodhla felt himself quite at his ease, and perfectly ready to explain to his host the object of his visit the first opportunity when they were left alone, which he had hoped might be before the evening was over. This opportunity was afforded when the lowing of a cow at the back of the hermitage announced to Una the return of a special favourite; and the maiden, taking up her milking-pail, left her father and the stranger alone.

"You seem very happy here, and not very lonely, all things considered," said the King.

"Why, a man may be happy, although lonely, sometimes; or—he may not," said the Druid.

"Or he may be unhappy, although he appears pretty much the contrary," suggested the King, who was very handy at what the late Isaac Burke Bethel of the Irish bar used to call "*hackling a witness*."

"Much will depend on the state of his mind," answered the host, at a loss to divine his guest's meaning.

"Or he ought to be unhappy sometimes?" said the questionist, looking the person addressed very straight in the face.

"That will depend on his conduct."

"Then, on the virtue of your oath, sir, what business has a man of your years, and, still more, a member of your blessed and holy profession with the beautiful young woman who is now singing under the cow, and whose beauty, let me add, is quite enough to bother all the virtue of the sacred college of the Druids put together?"

The Druid looked more than astonished,—he looked indignant; but the slight curl of his lip changed into a smile when he recollected that the King's officer was under his roof-tree, and that he himself had to sustain a character for humility. He mildly asked his guest to explain himself; which he did, to the effect, that having been passing the road at the foot of the hill that afternoon, he heard certain insinuations thrown out against his moral character; and that before he made his report to the King, who would be sure to issue a commission of enquiry into the matter, he was determined to have

personal observation of it himself. He added, that the Druid must be aware how severe Ollamh Fodhla was in all such cases of delinquency, and doubly so where one of the sacred order was concerned.

The Druid asked him a question relative to the source of the insinuations which had been indulged in at his expense.

"An elderly person belonging to the neighbourhood," said the King, "whom I met at the well this afternoon,—an old woman."

"An old woman!" ejaculated the Druid;—"a trustworthy source indeed. An authority, under all circumstances, tantamount to truth itself!" And he laughed aloud.

"But old women, as well as children and fools, can sometimes speak truth," observed the King. "She told me that there was but one room to the hermitage, which appears to be a very large one, I confess; and I see at the lower end of the room something like a curtain drawn back—"

"Behind which, when drawn forward, is the couch of the maiden," said the Druid.

"And your own?"

"Beside the fire here, on the skins of beasts which I have killed in the chase, from the reindeer down to the rabbit."

"Very good, so far; but there was another thing which my informant said to me, which seemed to me to be at least probably true, and it was to the effect that those who profess self-denial ought not to go in the way of temptation."

"On the contrary," observed the Druid, "those who defy temptation, have the greater merit in conquering it. Those who live in the world, and conquer worldliness, deserve a greater reward than those who desert the world, and have no worldliness to conquer."

"There is something in that," said Ollamh Fodhla, who was simple-minded, with all his wisdom, in matters of conscience, and, like Lord Eldon, very dubious and timid about his judgments. "And yet," he added, with lingering suspicion, "only a rod and a curtain!—the very genius of the place is temptation."

"Where there is a will there is a way," observed the Druid; "and you shall judge for yourself this very night."

"There might be something in that, too," said the monarch; "but—how do you do it?"

"Without any difficulty."

"What is your cure for the evil thoughts that would be sure to come as thick as leaves on the brow of Ardrass in autumn?"

"The cold water cure."

"Horrible!" said the King, holding up both his hands.

"Pooh, pooh!—nothing of the kind," said the Druid, smiling.

"What, drinking cold water?"

"No; an external application."

"Worse and worse!" said the King, shuddering.

"Near the couch which I shall spread for you to-night here at a convenient distance from the fire, I shall place a large puncheon of cold water for your accommodation, when any evil thoughts commence troubling your imagination."

"What would you have me do in such case?"

"Plunge in, to be sure."

"Shocking! You would not be guilty of a cold-blooded murder?"

"It's nothing when you are used to it."

"Perhaps not ; but I'd rather not try."

"After having gone so far to investigate truth in the name of the King, would you shrink from the experiment which must clear away the last shade of doubt, because you are afraid of a wet skin?"

"Well, there really is a good deal in that too," said Ollamh Fodhla. "It's a very unpleasant sort of business ; but it must be done, I suppose. I consent to the ordeal, in case any thoughts come into my head that ought not to come into it."

Shortly afterwards, Una returned from milking the cow, and made herself additionally interesting to her father's guest by a hundred charming little attentions which she paid to both. The Druid was a temperate man, and the stranger did not take much wine. Tea was not in fashion in those days, but syllabubs, and whipped cream, and various mixtures of milk, honey, and eggs, and something stronger added for the sake of consistency, were matters very much in vogue ; and no housekeeper deserved the name of notable who did not know the way to go about them.

"I'd like the queen of the country to be up to these little matters," said the King to himself. At this time, Ollamh Fodhla was an unmarried man.

At length, our host and his guest sallied forth to enjoy the cool night breeze, which they found exceedingly refreshing. It was a beautiful night. A thousand moonbeams darted through the trees, bathing in softest radiance the little open patches of moss and fern which they came upon at intervals. On these the imagination might paint a thousand fairy elves riding, and dancing, and wrestling ; but Ollamh Fodhla was thinking of something else. The only elf that was present to his imagination was that certain little boy with wings and the bow and arrows, who had already shot a shaft at his heart, which made him think a great many queer things about the maid of the hermitage. In fact, he could think of nothing but Una, although the Druid kept talking to him, as they walked through the wood, on subjects quite different.

After an hour's walk or so, the wanderers of the night returned. There was a couch of skins spread on one side of the fire, and, sure enough, at its foot stood the redoubtable puncheon of water, at the sight of which the King felt something very like hydrophobia for the first time in his life. He was a brave man, however, and he had made up his mind to face the worst that might happen. He looked towards the curtain at the end of the room. It was drawn right across.

"So far so good," thought the virtuous monarch to himself ; "and if I can only get asleep," said he, "I shall escape that infernal bath."

Now, to get asleep snugly and suddenly, there is nothing like imbibing a hot jorum lying down. This was a thing which the King had tried more than once before, when, after having sat through a whole night of dull debate in parliament, he felt on his return home a confounded cramp in his stomach. He was determined to try the effect of the same nightcap in his present need, with his host's permission.

The Druid mixed his guest a good-sized stoup of egg-flip, and leaving it with him, he took his departure, saying, he should sleep among the hay in the adjoining cow-house, within call, should anything happen to require his presence before morning.

Ollamh Fodhla lay down, and endeavoured to sleep ; but the more anxious he was to resign himself to rest, the less he obtained it. He

turned on his left side, on his right, and on his back ; he shut his eyes, and kept them shut for a long time : it was no use. He looked at the fire, and he saw a little Cupid dancing in every blaze ; he looked at the curtain, and there was Cupid dancing in the reflection of the fire upon it in a hundred directions, like so many figures produced by a magic lantern. It is easy guessing how very uncomfortable the poor King felt.

"Murder ! murder !" said he, grinding his teeth and scratching his head ; "this will never do !" so he jumped out of bed, jumped into the puncheon right up to his chin, and, with the same greatness of mind which prompted him to jump in, he jumped out again, crying, "By the ghost of Milesius, here's a pretty pickle for the King of all Ireland to be in !" He took a pull at the flagon to expel the damp, and lay down to rest once more. Rest, however, he did not get. His couch was worse than the bed of Procrustes. He suffered enough to make him swear against hydropathy for the rest of his days.

Towards the grey of the morning, the Druid felt some person shaking him earnestly and yet feebly, and looking up, he beheld his guest wrapped up partially in one of the deer-skins, shivering and woe-begone, and looking very much like a dog in a wet sack.

"Get up, honest man," said the King very piteously, "and mix me another jug of that egg-flip."

"Oh ! that's the way with you, is it ?" said the Druid, "and so you did jump in after all ?"

"Faith, I did," said the poor King, "a dozen times, and more ;" and he made a motion to lie down in the warm hay from which the Druid had arisen.

"O you terrible sinner ! so you really had to jump in a dozen times ?" observed the Druid in apparent astonishment.

"A dozen times, and no mistake."

"Well, after that I'm easy," said the Druid.

"So am I," answered the King ; "quite so, I can assure you."

"But you'll come in and lie down again by the fire on the comfortable couch I spread for you, after I give you your physic?" said the host.

"Not for the world !" exclaimed Ollamh Fodhla, "would I try to sleep in that enchanted chamber, or on that bed of torture again !"

The Druid in a few minutes administered a dose of "egg-hot." It proved, in the atmosphere of the solitary cow-house, a powerful narcotic. The King slept soundly for two or three hours, until a gentle tapping at the door, and a very sweet voice from the outside, aroused him with the tidings that breakfast was ready. It was a welcome summons, for his Majesty felt very hungry after the fatigues of the night, and in a very short time he presented himself.

The puncheon was gone, but not the memory of it.

The King scarcely uttered a word until he began to break the top of his sixth egg, and he had made considerable havoc among the rashers which Una had piled up before him on a wooden trencher. He perceived something in the dear girl's looks very like compassion, as she pressed him to eat still more. Their eyes met without being perceived by the Druid, and they spoke volumes to each other.

"There is one query," said the King, "which I altogether forgot

to put to you last evening, and it might have saved a deal of misconception, and that is, is this young person your relative?"

"Which civil question would have been met as it ought to have been, by a civil answer," replied the Druid; "and it would not only have saved much misconception, but a deal of annoyance to all parties."

"Ah! I see how it is," sighed the monarch, "the wisest and best of us all are made fools of sometimes; I have been made a fool of after all."

"An April fool twice over, you may add with justice, in this instance," merrily observed the host, "and I only regret that your portion of the joke was not less practical than twelve plunges in a tank of cold water."

Ollamh Fodhla looked very foolish and abashed, but his countenance brightened up into cheerfulness full soon. He stretched out his hand to the Druid, and declared that he was justly punished for allowing himself to be made the dupe of an old woman's tale. "If there be any further reparation," he added, "besides the cold bath, I am willing to make it."

"Nothing further than simply to tell the great Ollamh Fodhla," said the Druid, "should you report your visit to this humble hermitage, that the maiden of Ardrass is one of the most virtuous of his subjects."

"He is already aware of it," said the King; "and if Una, instead of considering herself amongst the number of his subjects, will allow him to consider her the Queen of his heart and affections, Ollamh Fodhla himself, who now stands before her, will never have to regret having been made an April Fool for her sake."

Of course Una fainted away, and as for the Druid, you would not give a groat for his life for about five minutes after the bursting of such a thunder-clap of joy and surprise. A good many explanations were entered into full soon, and amongst others a very important one, namely, that the host was not a Druid in reality, but Prince Dathy, the only brother of Aildergoidh, the late king, who fell at the battle of Tara, which raised Ollamh Fodhla to the throne, and that Una was his only daughter. Since that fatal day the Prince had lived in solitary exile, and owing to the kind feeling of the sacred college had been permitted to assume the holy character to conceal his name and misfortunes.

The farce ended much more rationally than it began. The beautiful Una was married to her royal lover, and crowned Queen of Ireland before the 1st of May. Prince Dathy was made a field-marshal and commander of the King's cavalry, which he soon raised to a wonderful state of discipline and efficiency. Unfortunately, however, for the reputation of these brave troops, they had no opportunity of substantially proving their gallantry in the field, for Ollamh Fodhla's was throughout a reign of wisdom and peace. Amongst the many good and wise maxims which he left to those who came after him, were these two,—not to swallow as gospel on all occasions, one woman's bad account of another, when she who talks thus severely, has bade farewell to all youthful pleasures, hopes, and associations; and never to feel angry or ashamed at having been made an April Fool, provided the joke be carried out to no greater extent than being self-soused twelve times for love in a tank of cold water.

SKETCHES OF LEGENDARY CITIES.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

ROSS, TINTERN ABBEY, CHEPSTOW.

ONE of the most striking and imposing towns in that attractive part of England bordering on Wales, where Herefordshire and Monmouthshire meet, is Ross. It is built on a hill, which rises boldly above the Wye and commands a wide and beautiful extent of country. The river is here more than usually capricious in its course, and wreathes itself into a perfect garland round the green meadows which lie spread out before the rocky hill of Ross, crowned by a building which, at first sight, might be imagined a feudal castle flanked by towers and turrets, so precisely is the position of the mansion similar to that usually chosen by a chieftain of old. This fortunately-placed erection is however an hotel, unique for its beauty and the exquisite scenery of which it is monarch: its gardens cover the hills; its seats and summer-houses and conservatories adorn every nook, besides which it may boast "a stream as clear," and "a bower as sweet" as ever Persian minstrel sang of. It is the most lovely summer-retreat that "the best poet going" could imagine in his fancy; and on climbing the flower and shrub-adorned stair of entrance, you seem at once to have become a denizen of fairy land. There is nothing that speaks of ancient times to the mind; all is youth, and freshness, and cheerfulness to the eye, and the fine lofty spire of the church, immediately at the back of the hotel, looks as if placed there expressly to enhance the perfection of the *composition* for the benefit of a painter.

Suddenly the well-remembered line:

"Who taught yon heaven-directed spire to rise?"

occurs to the mind, and the name, immortal as his bard, of "The Man of Ross," brings Pope and all his friends in long array before the mental sight. The large and grand Swiss hotel, with its *agrémens* and modern elegance, sinks into the hill; several little, lowly, rose-covered, thatched cottages rise on its site—the trees thicken, banks and stiles appear, old walls, covered with ivy, peep from hedges here and there, and solitude and silence reign; behind the belt of fine young elms, appears a huge grey tower of the twelfth century, with the large body of an extensive church, built at various periods—the windows filled with stone tracery, and a few remains of stained glass—presently a lofty spire of gigantic, but delicate proportions slowly emerges from a ruined base, and points to heaven, while the name of its founder, John Kyrle, seems to be whispered amongst the leaves of the trees, whose increased growth tell that a century and a half have passed away during the indulgence of the dream of the past into which the contemplative stranger has been led, as he stood in the inn garden at the gate which conducts to the churchyard of Ross.

On entering the church, there are several monuments which attract the eye, but that most sought for, is least conspicuous, and the exclamation,

"What! no monument—inscription—stone?"

is on the lip, when a simple slab is observed, surmounted by a medal-

lion of the man of Ross, and we read the record of his death, followed by the information of *who* erected the marble to his name: a tardy piece of justice which his heirs were, it seems, at last shamed into performing; but there is another memorial of him more characteristic and poetical in his pew, which has always been reserved for the accommodation of the poor and the stranger, since he required it no longer. A fine elm, covered with luxuriant leaves, throws its boughs along the wall and fills up the large space of the ancient pointed window above, supplying by its chequering shade the loss of the painted glass, whose subdued tints formerly cast a dim religious light into the church. This pretty tree is of thirty years growth, and forced its way through the masonry, perseveringly flourishing, bent to adorn the seat of the beloved friend of the people of Ross. It is carefully pruned, and is with some difficulty restrained within proper bounds; but, as it is secluded from the outer air, it is, though vigorous, more delicate in its dimensions than its brethren in the churchyard, all of which were planted by Mr. Kyrle. Nothing could be imagined more appropriate or more interesting than that the "tree he planted" should spontaneously send forth a shoot to shadow the spot he loved and where he was always hailed with blessings. No record can be more eloquent or more touching, and it would seem as if his poet had himself directed the growth of this silent yet speaking homage to his worth.

The first act known of Kyrle's is one which bespeaks his eccentricity as well as liberality: he was intended originally for the bar and was entered a gentleman-commoner of Baliol College, Oxford, April 1, 1654. On his admission he presented a piece of plate to the College, with a promise that, *should a better be given*, he would enlarge his present, which he afterwards did.

When he first took up his abode in Ross, he possessed little more than the dwelling-house he occupied, which he rebuilt, and which still exists, although it is now divided into two parts, one of which only bears the name of "The Man of Ross's House." Over the door of the chemist's, who lives there, appears the medallion from which that on his tomb is copied, and there is some remains of the original carved front of the building, which was probably very highly ornamented. His garden is shown, but, except a few stone vases and a seat, little is left which dates from his time; the present proprietor has filled up the space with grotto-work, and serpentine walks between walls and pyramids of spar and shells, excluding the view of the flowers and shrubs, and in particular, with resolute bad taste, has placed one stone wall exactly in front of the harbour where the Man of Ross was accustomed to sit, and where it is likely Pope himself once contemplated the garden whose many retreats perhaps suggested some of the devious ways at his Twickenham villa.

Just opposite the house is the "Market-place," a venerable-looking stone building, where he was in the habit of dividing "the daily bread" to the poor every Saturday, from the steps which form a remarkable feature of the structure. The bread was not his gift, but was made at his house, and he saw it properly administered; the lord of the manor was the donor, who received tolls of all corn brought to market, and had from early times, no doubt following monastic usage, been accustomed to give the corn to the poor. A circumstance occurred, in the time of Kyrle, which caused this donation to be discontinued; the town of Ross claimed that as a right which was only

granted to them by favour, and it came to a question whether the lord or the townspeople should consider it due; Mr. Kyrle was applied to as arbitrator, which was always the case in all emergencies, and he was constrained by his sense of justice to give it against the town. By this injudicious proceeding the poor of Ross were in future deprived of the privilege.

Mr. Kyrle by degrees purchased land and increased his possessions in and near the town, the hills in the neighbourhood were bare of trees, and these he "hung with woods," where they still wave in great beauty in what was called Cleavefield. The houses were badly supplied with water; he built a fountain which distributed it freely through the town, although the present waterworks, on an improved plan, have superseded those he established; he erected a "causeway" across the marshy fields which lead to the bridge of Wilton, and finding the ancient spire of the beautiful and venerable church in a dangerous condition, he devoted a large sum of money to re-erect it, adding forty-seven feet to its height, and rendering it one of the most striking and imposing objects in the whole country.

From day to day, and from year to year, he was constantly contemplating and executing some work for the advantage of the people of Ross, and presided over their interests, a guardian angel, till having witnessed

"The strange fate
That tumbles mightiest sovereigns,"

the fall and the restoration of monarchy, he died full of years and honours, at the age of eighty-eight and was borne to the grave by the workmen whom he had so long employed, Nov. 20th, 1724.

Sad was the procession, and deep was the sorrow of all who knew him and had felt his bounty and munificence; and as if "things inanimate could grieve," the great bell, which was his gift, fell off its wheel immediately after the funeral of the good and cherished "Man of Ross."

He was never married, and was jovial and convivial in his habits, fond of joking, and of unwearied cheerfulness. Extremely loyal, but no meddler in political matters; pious, sincere, just, and generous; unostentatious and persevering; placing his whole happiness in the welfare of others, whose cause he made his own, and living for his neighbour rather than for himself.

Pope was accustomed to visit some Catholic families, who lived near Ross, both at Holm-Lacy, at Pengethly, and at a place called Old Over Ross, and here he used of course continually to hear the praises of "The Man of Ross," which title was bestowed on Mr. Kyrle long before the poet gave him the immortality of his verse. Doubtless he listened to these deserved commendations with great interest and enthusiasm, and his genius was readily called forth to commemorate the virtues he admired. His lines

"Familiar in our mouths as household words,"

will never be forgotten, nor can the memory of John Kyrle fade with time. The people of Ross, at the present day, appear, however, a little tired of hearing him called "*the Just*;" and when the stranger, willing to attribute every advantage which the town possesses to the hero of his infancy, inquires if this school or that fountain was not established

by "the Man," he is answered, somewhat petulantly, either that it existed "long before," or "long since," his time.

Thanks, however, to Pope, even more than justice will always be done him, although modern benefactors may suffer in consequence, and be defrauded of their just due.

The town is curiously built, and inconveniently steep in many parts; one street, which descends from the old Market House, is extremely precipitous, and narrow towards the top, as if there were formerly a gate on the spot, which was probably the case, though all traces of it have disappeared. In this steep street there are several beautiful half timbered houses, exquisitely carved and ornamented. Some of these have been extremely well restored, and one is led to regret that more are not remaining. Gardens and orchards extend for some distance beyond the town; and at the time I was there, the trees were bending beneath the weight of crimson apples, so glowing and so rich that those of the fabled gardens of the Hesperides could not be more tempting or the perfume finer.

It is supposed that Ross was a British place of dwelling—remains of villas having been found in the vale beneath, and indications of a burial-ground on the hill. Some singular ceremonies, similar to those which once existed all over Wales, were kept up till the seventeenth century. One custom, which bears a great similarity to the "Scape-goat" mentioned in Leviticus, was long before it disappeared. It was called "Sin-eating," and was practised in the following manner:

When a corpse was about to be buried, it was brought out of the house and laid on a bier at the door. There existed in or near the town, a certain character, of doubtful reputation, called by the startling name of the "Sin-eater." This personage, who was generally old and infirm, repaired to the spot where the corpse was placed, and, standing on one side of the bier, the relations of the deceased handed to him, *over the body*, a loaf of bread and a *mazard bowl* of maple, full of beer; after he had eaten the bread and drunk the beer, sixpence was given him, in consideration of which he was believed to take upon him all the sins of the defunct, who was thus freed from a necessity, which would otherwise have existed, of *walking* after death

"Till the foul crimes done in his day of life
Were burnt and purged away."

Besides this superstitious observance, there were certain trees which were held in veneration near Ross, one of which used, till lately, to be pointed out as "the Gospel Oak." At a place called the Flaxridge, was a sacred spring whose waters boiled up with great impetuosity; fairies and saints have been alternately visited and worshipped here, but the spring is silent now, and its deities no longer honoured.

Ross seems to have been in old times tributary to Hereford, and attached to its See. Its market was obtained by Betun, one of the bishops, from King Stephen, and Henry the Third constituted it a free borough. There are no remains now of its once famous iron-works, which probably in their day rendered it rich and flourishing. The beauties of its scenery may now be considered its wealth, and they can never fail, as indeed its ambitious inn seems to predict, whose size certainly requires a continued concourse of visitors to fill its numerous chambers.

The air is said to be so healthy that it is a common thing here to talk of eighty, ninety, and a hundred years of age. There are no re-

mains of the bishop's palace, which formerly stood in a fine position, commanding a delightful view near the churchyard. The site is still called "Bishop's Court," indicating where the building, doubtless a handsome one, dominated the country.

The walks about Ross are charming and varied,—those through the meadows, and groves on the heights in particular; the latter forms a sort of public promenade, in the style of those always found outside French towns; the alleys and paths are of late a little neglected, which does not, however, diminish their solitary beauty.

Just across the river, and near the pretty bridge of Wilton, stand the ruins of Wilton Castle, so secluded and embowered in trees that they are not discovered without difficulty. The antique outer walls, festooned with ivy, are very entire, and the moat can plainly be traced. A few picturesque bits of the interior remain, with some dismantled windows, which prove the former elegance of the architecture, and the importance of the place, which was a stronghold in the time of John and Cœur de Lion, and of considerable consequence during the wars of Stephen; it belonged to the family of de Grey, from whom it passed to that of Chandos, and now belongs to Guy's Hospital. A modern mansion rises amongst the ruins, and a pretty flower-garden smiles at the foot of the dilapidated turrets, forming a strange contrast of youth and age, life and death. There are some fine trees scattered near, beneath one of which is a seat affording a view of the opposite town of Ross, and the luxuriant meadows bordering the silver Wye, whose devious course is directed along banks of the most striking beauty and grace. All is repose and quiet in this spot; the peculiarly handsome cattle stand ruminating on the utmost verge of the river, the "patient fisher" sits amongst the reeds, and little fairy barks glide past, bearing gaily adventurous voyagers bent on exploring the lovely stream as far as Tintern Abbey and Chepstow Castle, those magnificent rivals of all the ruins in England or Wales, before which Goodrich, and even Ragland, bow.

Tintern is, perhaps without any exception, the most beautiful of ruined abbeys; and though its monastic seclusion exist no longer, since new high-roads carry the traveller close to its walls, yet, with all the disadvantages of publicity, so uncongenial to its character, it is still an object of marvellous beauty. What it must have been in the days of its glory, when its mere fragments thus delight the eye, the poet can alone imagine. There are windows full of delicate tracery, which appears, even now, almost perfect,—long vistas of graceful columns, with carved capitals, all wreaths, whose gilded and ruby-tinted flowers are still touched with the original adornment of colour; there are bosses involved, leaf within leaf, like the fairy ivory-work of Chinese fingers; slender pillars, clinging together like reeds, supporting arches that seem springing towards heaven. Doorways ornamented with delicate patterns, wrought as if stone under the artist's hands were but wax; recesses, cells, and cloisters, all symmetry and grace: here exquisitely engraved brasses still on the ruined stone floor of the roofless corridors, and there pictured tiles of variegated tints on the spots where altars once stood. The earth is strewn with the sections of pillars, now no more, and their beautiful ground-plan is exhibited in all its perfection of design. One great feature in this ruin is, that excavations have been judiciously made so as to disencumber it of accumulated rubbish, and expose the actual flooring, thus showing the precise height of the

building, and allowing its exquisite proportions to be clearly viewed. A soft luxuriant turf covers the ground and adds to the charm of the scene ; all the precious fragments, dug up from time to time, are carefully placed so as to be well seen, and frequent additions are constantly being made from the extensive area of ruin. A few mutilated effigies and broken tombs alone remain of all those which adorned this holy fane from the period of the de Clare who founded it in the twelfth century to its destruction in the time when "the King's conscience" was regulated by the bright eyes of that Florinda of the monks, Anne Boleyn.

It appears to me an advantage to have thus, by clearing the ruin, brought to light many treasures which had otherwise been hidden in shapeless mounds on which rank grass and weeds might grow at will. Those who object to this care, should remember that it is not always to Time's venerable touch alone we owe the neglected and mournfully solemn aspect of many a relic of antiquity. Rude sheds and cottages, with all their unpicturesque accompaniments, are not unfrequently erected in the midst of a fallen temple, and when they too decay, they leave their remains mingled with the nobler building. To clear these away is not to desecrate the ruin, but to remove from its beauty the mask which obscured it, and, by casting forth that which clogged its graceful space, reveal the riches profane hands had sought to obscure. The chapter-house turned into a barn, a hut built in a cell, a pigstye in the refectory, is surely less in character than a velvet lawn and clean pathway in the pillared solitude, though no weeds or high grass wave over the sculptured stones. I once visited, in Auvergne, the magnificent ruined abbey of the Chaise Dieu, where, in one of the chambers, vaulted with the most exquisite grace of architecture, a party of peasants were busy *skinning a fox* ; no hand had ever cleared away the mounds of rubbish, accumulated since the great French revolution, and all was left to such neglect as Time alone would have forsworn. Oh for the velvet grass and open area of Tintern to show the splendid height and glorious breadth of one of the most glorious ruins in France ! It would be well if many another ruined pile received the same attention ; for even the most sensitive antiquary must clear away the moss and weeds from the stone before he can read the antique inscription which gives it value.

Chepstow Castle has not received the same care ; and, though the coarser proportions of its structure required it less, it would not be the worse if some of the huge mounds of earth within its courts were removed, and thus the real height of the fine walls was more evident. The castle hangs over the silver stream, which bathes the base of its supporting rock. Tower after tower, and turret after turret, mount higher and higher up the steep ascent ; gigantic gateways, festooned with many-coloured leaves, yawn widely from space to space ; huge trees throw their branches wildly across the roofless courts ; and enormous and fantastic roots of antique ivy twine and cling and force themselves through the walls which they now support, and now destroy. Long ranges of galleries, and numerous flights of stairs extend in all directions, at all heights, till on the topmost tower the view of the picturesque town and venerable Saxon church on one hand, and the winding Wye, with all its woods and mountains stretching far away into the beautiful distance, on the other, display a scene unrivalled in attraction.

In Chepstow Castle, for more than twenty years, was detained the regicide, Henry Martin, whose chamber is still shown. At first his captivity was rigorous; but, by degrees, his condition was ameliorated, and he was allowed not only to walk about the town, but to visit several families in the neighbourhood. He was a sturdy republican, and appeared to have been consistent in his principles, insisting that he had *no malicious intention* in signing the warrant for the king's death. His acrostic epitaph, written by himself, in 1680, is remarkable.

" Here, Sept. 9th, was buried a true Englishman,
Who in Berkshire was well known
To love his country's freedom 'bove his own :
And being immured full twenty year,
Had time to write, as doth appear.

EPITAPH.

Here, or elsewhere, (all's one to you or me,)
Earth, air, or water gripes my ghostly dust,
None knows how soon to be by fire set free.
Reader, if you an oft-tried rule will trust,
You'll gladly do, and suffer what you must.
My time was spent in serving you, and you,
And Death 's my pay, it seems, and welcome too ;
Revenge destroying but itself, while I
To birds of prey leave my old cage, and fly.
Examples preach to thee ; ' Care then,' mine says,
' Not how you end, but how you spend your days.' "

This philosopher was found dead in his prison, having departed suddenly, without sickness.

The Castle, which Cromwell had obtained from the Parliament as a settlement on himself, was, in due time, restored to the family of the Marquis of Worcester to whom it belonged; and, after it had ceased to be a fortress, it fell to its present picturesque decay.

Chepstow Church is now a well-restored building, having nothing left of its original antiquity but a peculiarly beautiful early Norman portal. A doe once pursued by dogs, having run through the town, reached the churchyard; when, this ancient doorway being open, the terrified creature rushed into the sanctuary, and sheltered itself near the altar, at the moment when service was being performed. In monkish days the distressed animal would probably have found safety, St. Hubert himself would have stretched forth his arm to assist; but neither superstition nor humanity prevailed with the churchwardens, who, deaf to the mute appeal of the innocent victim, and regardless of those big tears of terror which might have moved even a hunter's heart, reserved the poor doe as an unexpected treat for their vestry dinner!

The scenery from Ross to Chepstow, either by land or water, is unrivalled in beauty; and all between Ross and Monmouth is the very perfection of grace and variety. No wonder that tourists throng to this enchanting region throughout the summer, like butterflies disporting in the sun, and, though its seclusion is now destroyed, yet nothing can change the eternal charm which nature retains, in spite of fashionable hotels, and splendid high-roads, neither of which drawbacks to romance existed a few years ago. The walks laid out by the benevolent Man of Ross, the roads, the causeway, the fountains, all had gone to ruin, and the Wye threatened even to forsake its bed, and no

longer encircle, with its crystal embrace, the emerald meadows round which it glides. Kyrle himself would, however, now be satisfied to see the flourishing state of his favourite town; though his primitive notions might be somewhat shocked to observe an ambitious-looking schoolhouse, which rather obstructs the view from one point, and whose inscribed front proclaims that within encouragement and instruction is given both to "British and Foreign" pupils.

I inquired the meaning of this pompous announcement, which I found was equally a mystery to me and to the inhabitants of the town where so important an establishment exists.

The Romans, who had possession of all this part of the country, appear to have visited Ross; perhaps some leader fixed his villa in this attractive spot, as coins have been found, and a copper medal of great beauty, commemorating the triumph of Trajan over the Daci.

The town was, in Camden's time, celebrated for its iron-works, of which no traces now remain. The hills round about Ross are of singular and striking forms, one bears the name of the "Father of Evil," and its appearance of having been rent in twain, is accounted for by the monkish tradition that the demon, on hearing of the birth of the Saviour, was so enraged that he took up the rocks and dashed them one upon the other, causing the confusion ever since apparent.

On Rose, or Bury Hill, about three miles from Ross, is an undoubted Roman station, where numerous antiquities have been found, and skeletons discovered. A city called Ariconium, is supposed once to have existed here, and to have been destroyed by some convulsion of nature. There is evidence of iron-works having been carried on, and traces of walls were seen not long since in clearing spaces to form a new road. A piece of land near is still called Kill-Dane-Field, which certainly tells its own tale, though no legend of a battle remains.

There is a district of some extent in the neighbourhood of Ross, called Urchinfield, which, in early times, had privileges of its own, retained to a late period, and even now not quite swept away; though, fortunately, we hear no more of such proceedings as are recorded by Gough, as follows, after enumerating many customs peculiar to this part of the country:

"If one Welshman killed another, the relations of the deceased were to meet and plunder the goods of the murderer and his relations, and burn their houses, till the body was buried about noon on the following day. The king was to have his third of the booty, and all the rest was to remain to them."

"Whoever was convicted of concealing one pint of honey in the custom, was to forfeit five pints for one, if his lands yielded as much."

The priests of the churches in this district were bound to carry the king's messages into Wales, and each of them was to say two masses every week for the king.

There are objects of romantic interest on every hill and in every dale of this charming country, and nothing is wanting to make Ross the gem of Herefordshire.



GLIMPSES AND MYSTERIES

OUTLINED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THE AUTHOR.

THE Author! How at the mention of his name does the imagination conjure up the often-drawn picture of a shabby, half-starved being with one glove, clutching under his arm a bundle of MS., equal to three volumes octavo, with uncombed hair, except by his fingers, when rubbing up his thoughts, mesmerically wild or intellectual eyes, and a very bad hat! This figure has served the artist and the actor for centuries, and satisfied the multitude that such was the creature who, disdaining an honest trade, rushed into poverty and Parnassus. But, in reality, the variety is wonderful. For instance, the noble author,—for he of course must have the *pas*, who, by the aid of his tutor, translates something that has been translated a hundred times before, and may be had for sixpence upon any book-stall; thus he is an author—at least, in the fashionable world: this answers two purposes—his lordship's vanity and the butter-shops;—this kind of author very seldom gives out more than one scintillation: others of this class consent to edit. This is a very mysterious claim to literature, the *talented* creature having no more to do with the interior of the book than the postage stamp has with that of the letter which it franks into circulation, both heads being stuck on in a very simple manner.

But we have noble authors, male and female, who reverse the order of things, by drinking champagne out of publisher's cash-boxes, instead of allowing publishers to drink it out of their skulls, and who condescend to withdraw the veil from their gilded sanctums that the canaille, for 1*l.* 1*l.* 6*d.*, may peep upon their splendour, and listen to the inflated nothings of Lords John and Frederick, or a

blue Amelcosa. Literature of this kind will be entirely an enigma to posterity, who will naturally wonder why such *eau sucré* was ever printed or read.

The very opposite of the foregoing is the author who seizes the remains of some forgotten rascal or murderer, drags him into the light, dresses him in a garnished suit of his own fancy, and introduces him into good society, as a gentleman of many virtues, a victim of sentiment, with the slight drawback of his having been hung by mistake. This kind of writing is evidently of the Ratcliffe school, as it will not go down without its mysterious horrors, and dashes here and there of murder and moonlight, giving of course the wreath to Ratcliffe, who had the good taste to make her hero a young gentleman in a respectable walk of life, who had not picked pockets as a recreation.

A species, born of late years, which cannot exactly be called author, is entirely given life to by the weekly cheap literature, and



deceives many people into the belief that they see a real live author (the age of the animal varies very much from the half-shabby, half-fine young, to the very greasy, dram-exhaling, old man). The young one aims, with a false collar turned down, to hint at Byron; by the abundance of his hair at Ainsworth, and by his absence of mind (with him only occurring when he owes you anything) at Sheridan Knowles; this goes no further than his outward appearance, as his writings do not smack of either. He takes his position from having once had one original idea—this being at the top like the catch-strawberry in a Jew's pottle; some enterprising publisher

presumes to buy the lot, and finds himself miserably mistaken as he turns out the wretched remainder; still does the author cling to his fame as being the author of * * * ; that being really the peg upon which he hangs his ragged fortune.

He does not condescend to go off any more than any other great gun, without being well charged; if you need him, his mind is distracted by dodging a bailiff or tailor; you of course must throw the sop to the Cerberus of the law, before his coy muse will be seen in his company; again he sings; again he improvises; he dashes off the required quantity of stuff, poetry or otherwise, and leaves you full of thanks and of promises, after having squeezed out of you a trifling loan, for which he promises you a speedy return in prose or verse.

He is well known at all the chop and singing-houses in London, taking care that waiters, &c. shall know that he is the author of * * * ; all his appointments are made at such places, for very obvious reasons, as "a dry bargain does not stick;" so does his friend become the victim for a chop, and something after it. The old of this genus it is needless to describe, as he only differs in being older, dirtier, and more given to drams; both have an equal desire to mount the Parnassian hill, but, being of such slippery character, they never get higher than the base.

Differing most sadly from these pretenders is the young man of liberal education, who, from his great acquirements, and some accidental chance, determines upon seeking his fortune by the difficult road of literature, unwarned by the very clever sensitive beings who have crowded to the grave before him, unnoticed by the cold world they adorned, that only awoke to their merits when they transcribed them on their tombs; their modesty and gentlemanly feelings prevent them rushing to the front ranks, amidst the loud talkers and pretenders, who are continually crying out, "Look at us!" Such a man I once visited as the agent of another, to request him to write upon a subject that I knew, from an accidental circumstance, he was well qualified to write.

In a retired street I found the home where he lodged; the door was opened to me by a child, who bade me walk up-stairs to the second-floor, where I should find Mr. ——. I accordingly did so, and, tapping at the door, waited for admission. A young woman answered my summons, dressed in a plain, homely cotton-gown, her fair hair parted gracefully on a brow marked with a settled sadness; she, with a sweet but timid voice, requested me to enter and be seated. She quitted the room to inform Mr. —, her husband, of my arrival. I gazed round the room, which could hardly be called furnished; a small piece of carpet covered only the centre of the room, in which was placed a table elegantly formed, bespeaking the better companionship of by-gone days; over the fireplace was a beautiful chalk portrait of a Lady, with a soft, mild expression, that I afterwards traced in the features of her unfortunate son; beneath it hung a small, framed coat of arms, nearly obliterated with age—a tacit claim of the poor fellow to the name of gentleman. He entered a few moments afterwards, accompanied by his wife, apparently very weak from a recent illness; his manner was painfully soft and subdued, his figure shrunken by anxiety and poverty. He listened at first to my proposal with apathy, receiving it as one

of the many bubbles of the day, promising him much labour and little remuneration; but as my plan developed itself to him, his eyes brightened with expectation; he turned and looked upon his wife; flush answered flush upon each careworn cheek! They were silent; that moment scared the fiend of disappointment from their hearth. A few years have placed him before the public a justly admired man of talent, but he is only one saved from many.

Domestic authors are troublesome but harmless, as they are very seldom printed, and read only by themselves—when they can get a listener. They are very well as long as they continue to write, in ladies' albums, epitaphs for pet-dogs, or birthday odes; but woe betide their friends if by any accident they should get printed in some "penny wreath," or noticed among the correspondents in this way, viz., "We should be happy to hear again from the talented A. S. S.—or Y. Z. is a promising poet; we will insert him next week;" they immediately assume a mysterious air, and wonder people don't ask them for their autographs.

The female of this genus is more to be deplored than the male, as "her eye, in fine frenzy rolling" does not see the pot boil over, or drop easily from octave rhymes to the bathos of weekly accounts. She is to be avoided by young men luxuriating on eighty and a hundred a-year, there being no poetry in such incomes.

There are many men who never wrote a line, yet are supposed by their acquaintance to be authors, who in the kindest manner father anonymous odes, &c.; this is rather a difficult manœuvre, but often performed with much success: as, for instance, a smile accompanied by a denial, or a shake of the head with the finger on the lip. I knew a dull fellow who once winked himself into the authorship of a clever volume of epigrams.

I sketched these few outlines to inform my readers, that he or she has been long miserably mistaken as to the real appearance of an Author; authorship no longer remains in the hands of an object like that which ornaments the head of this paper.



LITERARY RETROSPECT OF THE DEPARTED GREAT.

BY A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

It was the *Season*! What a rush of ideas into the initiated mind does that word produce! The *Season*! No longer does the blooming beauty of eighteen, as she utters that word, associate it with the school-room, the long task, learnt with disgust and repeated with apathy, out of Thomson,—the season, be it winter or spring, summer or autumn, is to her only the season. The fashionable dressmaker hastens off to Paris as she utters the word, and comes back to her mingled offices of subserviency and oppression,—to her courtesies and smiles, her “charming figure, madam,” to her customers, and to her dark doings in the far off workroom, where, bowed down over the costumes of happier creatures than themselves, young forms are to be seen; many, as the night draws on, scarcely able to pass the needle through the work, their eyes closing over the interminable flounce which is to deck the figure of some nymph as she flies down the dance of which they hear, and, perhaps, dream, but are fated never to enjoy. It was the season! How noisy and gay are the streets. How mad and hot the world appears,—how the very horses seem to have imbibed the general ardour, and to dash onwards, as if conscious of conveying youth, loveliness, and rank, to their destination! Oh! are there any in that gorgeous array of carriages which flock up Regent Street, who think of the bye-lanes and dark alleys of life—who remember the work that *must* be done, wrung from that class we proudly call free, yet treat as slaves,—before all this matchless splendour, this every-year increasing and astounding luxury can be compassed? “Can it be expected?” answers the spirit of pleasure, as he catches, with a sneer, the sound of my whispered inquiry. “’Tis very sad, very shocking, to be sure,” mutters the dandy, sticking his glass into his eye, as he sits down before a superlative dinner, and looks contemptuously at the elaborate luxuries as they are placed in array before him by gentlemen in white waist-coats and cravats. “’Tis horrible, upon my honour, to know that so many poor creatures are starving; but our fretting ourselves about it won’t mend it.”

I take his hint; and turn from revolting and unprofitable reflections to the remembrance of a season, some twenty years ago, in which things went on much the same as they do now.

Who remembers those few seasons in which the “Earl of Grosvenor,” as he then was, allowed the public, with a certain restraint of tickets, a certain degree of wholesome difficulty (without which nothing will pass for real coin in London), to see his gallery? Yes; and you were allowed to loiter there as long as you pleased, within reason: a powdered footman handed you a card, which served as a catalogue, and you threw yourself into a luxurious, pillowy chair, and gazed, if you wished it, upon the gigantic women with large arms and enormous shoulders, of which, by Rubens, there are some magnificent specimens in the Grosvenor Gallery.

It was a compound sort of pleasure that one felt in walking through these rooms, especially, as it was my lot to do, singly, and without the drawback of an admiring cousin, who might have insisted upon being

in raptures, to trouble one's reveries with a little leaven of the common place. You felt more aristocratic than you had any right to do in that lofty hall,—nay, the very entrance within the court-yard, prefaced *then* by a heavy wall, lifted you up above your former self. The very notion of a court-yard in London inspires a sensation of nobility, above, about, around you. How it may have acted upon weak human nature in those days when most of the nobility had detached residences, walled in, and around, and guarded by a porter's lodge, I know not. I can only answer for myself, that I trod respectfully over the flag-stones of the Earl of Grosvenor's court-yard; felt myself ennobled by the air of nobleness around me; found myself a greater man than I had been when in the street; rejoiced that my dirty hackney-coach had driven off; and was charmed into a great notion of self-consequence by the quiet respect of some half-dozen of very handsome lacqueys, one of whom humbly solicited that I would leave my umbrella in the hall.

The rooms were full of youth, beauty, fashion, and noise. Those were the days when the women wore bright light colours, and gay and flowery they looked in a large assemblage of morning dresses. I hardly think we have gained in general effect by so much black as is assumed in the present time. But, perhaps, to the middle-aged the world naturally assumes a more dingy hue than it did twenty years ago;—a proof of coming age, and I hasten to discard it from remembrance.

Behind a forest of ringlets, and acting as a dark background to a bright object in a picture, stood a group of three gentlemen; one young, one of rather more than middle age, one decidedly old. They were in low, and, on the part of two of the group, earnest conversation; they stood before one of those cabinet pictures,—I now forget the master,—of which it requires to be an artist to comprehend the incomparable merits. The old man's manner was quick and argumentative; his dark eye was lively to a degree; he seemed to be a favourite of the other two, for they both referred to him incessantly,—nay, to be a favourite with every one, for, as many a fair one passed to and fro, a white hand, ungloved for the heat, would be extended, and a soft lingering smile accorded to the old man, who returned it graciously, but without *empressement*. I was struck with his countenance, it had so much the expression of genius, so much more than his *works*. I could have sworn he was a poet, but that some phrases, the terms of art, met my ear; and at last, the salutation, "How are you, Northcote?" gave me the desired information. "Surely," I reasoned with myself, "he has mistaken his vocation; with that eye of fire, he never should have been the painter of so many tame, lifeless pictures." But my curiosity then turned upon this—who were his two companions?

The tall and elegant man who stood beside him, had as little the appearance of an artist as ever man had; neither do I think, except when his fine face was in the repose of reflection, that it gave, in any great degree, the impression of intellect. His physiognomy was mild, varying, and gentleman-like. Every line, every gesture, every glance of that countenance seemed to denote the man of high-breeding, and of a polish, as much the result of elegance of thought, as of good company. Yet; he was the son of an innkeeper in a country town. Fortune, when she made him a "Sir Thomas," seemed only as if she were restoring him to his birthright. I saw, then, before me, disap-

pointing all my true English notions of "blood," and my habitual belief in the power of tracing descent from countenances, the courtly, fascinating painter of the Duchess of Richmond, a picture worthy of the loveliness which must have inspired the pencil with no common skill; I beheld him on whose palette the colours of the "Little Red Riding Hood" were then fresh,—the future historiographer (forgive the pompos word) of the Allied Sovereigns. Ah! he looked much more like the companion of George the Fourth than a mere artist. He looked more like the star of the west than the plodding artist. And yet, though it seems idle to say it, there was no difficulty in reconciling Sir Thomas Lawrence to his works. One naturally strives to do so, in all cases. One strives to see in James, the lofty annalist of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in Marryat, the humorist who could create the Jacob Faithful and the Peter Simple. One strove, and not unsuccessfully, to find in the wrapt countenance of Mrs. Hemans, the spirit which breathes itself in the "Records of Woman." But never was such a research more completely repaid than when it went to compare Sir Thomas Lawrence with his productions. For his genius was not of the bold, romantic, and daring nature; it had more delicacy than vigour, more sentiment than romance. He was the Carew of painters, susceptible to all that was lovely and graceful, and quickly uniting the intellectual with the physical charms. And, as I turn over the pages of the now slighted poet, (the gentleman of the bed-chamber of Charles the First,) I find my comparison—hazardd at, at first, I own,—holds better than I thought; for the poet was a degree *too* susceptible—so was the painter; the poet drew his living and exquisite pictures from the highest classes only—so did the painter. The poet was a creature of drawing-rooms and courts, and would have perished in any other atmosphere—so, I guess, would have done the painter. Lawrence, like Carew, was fitted only to depict the loftier spheres, he could not have portrayed a vulgar woman. He could only "incarnadine the rosie cheek" of that large class with whom he was so closely intermingled during the greater portion of his life. I have sometimes been surprised, on comparing the portraits of Lawrence, with those of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to perceive, that while they both depicted the same class, they drew from a very different species of women. No doubt each artist conveyed an adequate idea of the aristocratic fair of their own times. Both were celebrated for being gifted with the perception of that which constituted the lady. How different, then, must these gentle dames of former days have been, to those of the more recent, yet still by-gone period of Lawrence's reputation! The female portraits of Reynolds give us the true notion of good-breeding, modesty, high respectability, with the ease of rank. His ladies, be they in a morning costume, or in the full dress of the day, are modestly attired, and there is a general air of decorum and refinement which charms, as well as the exquisite features and rich tresses of the high-born beauties.

"I'll make your eyes like morning suns appear,
 As mild and faire;
 Your brow as crystal, smooth, and cleare,
 And your dishevell'd hayre
 Shall flow like a calm region of the ayre."

Such is the impression which the pencil of Reynolds gives. He has bequeathed to us the memory of the graceful matron, and of the

feminine young creature just emerging into maturity in the higher ranks; Lawrence has only left us the woman of fashion. With some exceptions, such as the Duchess of Richmond, and Lady Peel, and I doubt not many others, although I have not them at present in remembrance, his ladies look a little like demireps, with their moderate quantity of apparel, and with that peculiar expression, half bold, half winning, which he has given—or which he, perhaps, could not help giving—to his female portraits. They are exquisite, certainly—and, I know I am writing treason as I scribble on, and that were I to dare to read this at my fireside a torrent of censure would overpower me; and I know that Lawrence is thought, *par excellence*, to have been the painter of the *lady*—and so he was—but not of the lady as she was in the days of Reynolds. Let me make one more exception—that portrait of the Princess Charlotte, painted six months before her death. It is now at Claremont. It hangs, if I forget not—(I visited Claremont during the first burst of that universal lament which rang throughout England; which clothed our very churches in black, and called forth, on the night when the cold remains of that lovely and royal creature were deposited in St. George's Chapel, whilst the old and feeble of her family looked on, responsive services, and tolling bells, and the funeral chant, in most of the parish churches in England was heard,—I *then* visited Claremont.) There I saw that exquisite effort of Lawrence's art. Ah! there was none of the demirep air there. The face is delicacy itself, and has, indeed, a look of ill-health, perhaps to be accounted for merely on the score of the young, ill-fated Princess's situation; perhaps, it might be an indication of a doom already sealed. A black mantle is held over the form, which seems enfeebled, and bears no longer the majestic air of the usual portraits. No coronet of roses decks her brow; but her hair, in careless curls, falls upon the fair, and scarcely tinted cheek. The attributes of the Princess are lost in the lovelier, though homelier characteristics of the woman. With what mournful interest must her royal husband (once hers alone) look upon that, the last portrait of that matchless being, the noble offspring of the ignoble, when he visits Claremont. I have heard that he desires to be alone—and is sometimes long alone—in that chamber in which imagination can paint the agony,—the young mother's hopes,—their blight,—the heroic submission,—the look of fond affection,—the first love of that warm heart,—the whispered tenderness on either side,—the hands clasped in each other; then, the chill,—the pain,—the ominous faintness,—the consternation around,—the suffering of a few short moments,—the farewell, looked not uttered,—the *death*.

I have wandered sadly from Lawrence, yet he is always, surely, peculiarly interwoven with one's early recollections of the royal family; he seemed as if he had been bred up among them, and could have painted Georges and Charlottes, I should think, blindfolded. He never, however, gave the Prince Regent half the graces that report assigned him; he made him stiff,—a pseudo-military dandy,—tailorish,—with a touch of the Bond Street of old in him. I have no doubt but that Lawrence was restricted and interfered with, and his true powers cramped by the melancholy vanity of the once glass of fashion.

Lawrence lingered not long amid the group at Lord Grosvenor's. He looked with a seemingly careless air around him, but there was no *real* frivolity in his deportment, nor, I believe, in his heart. I scarcely

knew him in society, but I have heard of him as a gay rattle, inclined, or rather accustomed, to flatter pretty women,—a habit just as natural to him as rubbing up carmine when he should have put only lake on his palette; not indisposed to flirtation; a man whose conversational powers disappointed you, and who seemed to be a true man of the world. This was the usual report. I could not judge. I met him, circling in lighted drawing-rooms, never staying long anywhere, with that habit which London men acquire of going from one house to the other, and, probably, enjoying nothing but the expectations with which they leave one party and go off to another; becoming incapable of rest, yet yearning for quiet, in which there could be interest,—requiring excitement as naturally as the glass of claret after dinner, yet becoming at last, unexcitable,—known to all, intimate with none,—and, perhaps, tempted to exclaim with Lord Dudley “There is not a house in London into which I can enter, without invitation, to ask for a cup of tea,” mingling, every night, with scores, perhaps—hundreds of people, yet living essentially alone. This, I will engage to say, was the case with Lawrence, and is the case with many, especially of his class,—the highest order of artists and painters; for they have every inducement *not* to marry. Invited, petted, put on an equality (and actually entitled to more than equality) with the great and the fair, even middle life, in which they have alone the right to look for permanent connections, seems coarse to a taste which may be said to be more vitiated than refined, when it loses the clear judgment of the different merits of different classes. But so it is,—and how difficult it must be to a man who is smiled upon by Ladies Blanche and Ladies Caroline, to come down to the nether sphere of some solicitor’s fourth daughter, the three elder ones looking above him; or, how impossible for *him*, supposing he makes the descent, ever to bring her up again to the sphere which habit, perhaps, rather than choice, have made essential to his tastes.

I thought Lawrence a worldly man,—I have thought many men so: the history of Theodore Hook has taught me another lesson,—and a lesson it is. What a picture it is, painted by no common hand, which that essay on the life of Theodore Hook in the *Quarterly Review* presents! I could not recover it for days; perhaps, it might speak *home*. Ah no! but it spoke *home* to many a prejudice and dislike; it told me how little we can judge of those around us,—how scantily we should lavish the words worldly and heartless, phrases, I observe, very often used by the heartless. How little would one have dreamt that feelings so intense, a remorse so poignant, and attachments without the sanction of principle, lay beneath those convivial qualities which, like the gay white flower, the little anemone, which spreads its leaves on the bosom of the waters, covered a depth of crystal treasures beneath! And, I doubt not, that happier in many respects than Theodore Hook, with consciences less seared, and a lot less harrowing, many of the men whom we deem heartless, have suffered from wasted affections, or from that worst sense of desolateness which follows us through a crowd.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, although I met him butterfly-like culling sweets everywhere, and although he seemed to belong to the world, was not, altogether, of *this* world. There was one from whom his best affections never swerved,—from whom the baubles of life could not withdraw him, and to whom his heart twined with an enduring, and lively affection. This was his sister, the wife of a clergyman in one of

the midland counties, and to her, and to her family, the accomplished artist was ever the same,—a liberal, true-hearted patron; he was glad and kind when he could snatch himself from the scenes of pleasure to mingle in the circle of a country parsonage.

Such were my subsequent impressions of the man upon whom I looked ignorantly, admiring the animation of that fair and fascinating face, but never dreaming that I was gazing upon the idol of the day. Presently, whilst his elder companion still talked, and the younger one addressed, falteringly, a few hurried sentences to him, Sir Thomas seemed to remember an engagement. He touched the hand of Northcote, smiled kindly at the third person in the group, and hastened away.

I walked on likewise. The rooms were thinned, and there was only a little crowding before that wonderful cow of Paul Potter's,—a picture truly extraordinary,—but I never could make out why it charmed so much, except that it depicted what everybody understood. When I returned towards the first part of the gallery, or rather, as they *then* were, suites of rooms, I saw the gentleman who had been talking to Northcote and Lawrence standing before a Dutch picture. I could only see the up-raised foot of one of the boors dancing, so closely was the unknown planted before it; and I should not have been struck with the appearance of the unknown had I not observed him with the two celebrated men whom I have mentioned. I looked at him on that account with some interest.

He was a tall, thin man, with square shoulders, and a bend, rather than a stoop in his figure, of about thirty-three or more. His dress was extremely plain, of a serious, old-fashioned cut, but it was very neat, very good; and in those respects he was contrasted with the careless air of Northcote, and the grace and beauishness of Lawrence. He looked highly respectable; but had I not seen him in such company, I could not have declared to what class he belonged. Most professions have some distinctive mark,—the clergyman has his peculiar tie of cravat, his black coat,—the apothecary somehow always looks like an apothecary,—you may know a barrister by his air of assurance,—the dancing-master by his walk,—the musical *artiste*, I abhor the affectation of the name, is now proclaimed by his moustache,—but I defy you to discover the artist. Of course, however, the unknown was an artist; and, indeed, his fixed attention, his very “perusing,” as it were, of each countenance in the picture, would have revealed his love of art. Yet there was nothing inspired or inspiring in his countenance. In the first place, as to complexion, it was not sallow, it was not fair; but it was of one general pale hue, that seemed as if the blood had been all let out of his veins. I never saw that passionless countenance even flushed. His forehead was high, and almost white, and denoted great original delicacy of complexion; his hair was inclined to golden. I do not mean red; it was yellowish in part, and darker at the roots. Long, and marked eyebrows, dashed too with the golden tinge, surmounted large, full, cold eyes, which looked as if they looked not, yet kindled when the speaker was warmed through—and that did not happen every day—with a variety of expressions. The features were regular, but of no high cast; the face long, serious, and honest; yes, I never knew a being so without guile, as he to whom that cold, reserved, exterior belonged.

There was a certain dignity in his figure,—the height,—the careful

attire,—the absence of all pretension ; and, although there was no stamp of extraordinary intellect in the countenance, I remember being struck by the deep, undivided attention which he was giving to the picture. Groups were coming and going,—laughing and chattering went on ; there were other objects, one would suppose, equally attractive around, yet still was he set glued there : in that complete abstraction there was mind ; and I judged that he must be an extraordinary man,—and he *was* an extraordinary man.

It was David Wilkie.

I gained that intelligence from a friend whom I met a few minutes afterwards, as I was going out ; and I returned to look again at the celebrated, and, as it was said, self-taught painter of the *Blind Fiddler*. By this time, Mr. Wilkie had moved his position ; his large grey eyes were fixed upon a *Corregio* ; he looked as if he were worshipping—not a soul was near him—he saw nothing but the arm of the *Virgin*, which, he afterwards assured me, presented, in that *Corregio* of Lord Grosvenor, the finest specimen of colouring he had ever seen. He gazed for many moments, sighed, as if in despair, and returned to the *Teniers*. I lingered near him—I saw his eyes again riveted on the *Festivities of the Dutch Boors*, who seemed almost to move, and in whom there is an individuality of character which you never see repeated in that extraordinary master. I marked the reluctant determination to tear himself away—the coat was buttoned up—the effort—the watch taken out—the resolution—at last, he muttered to himself, “ Ah ! there is nobody like *Davie Teniers* ! ” The words were spoken—a slight sigh was breathed—and he walked gravely away.

It was my happy chance afterwards to know Wilkie, the only one of that remarkable group with whom I become actually acquainted. Let me testify to his worth, his high principle, his unalterable integrity, and singleness of heart ; or, rather, let me not waste so much time, for no one ever seems to have doubted all these attributes. He was a true Scotchman : prudent, persevering, jealous of his reputation, yet incapable of endeavouring to enhance it by one unworthy method ; he was conscious of his great powers, without, at that period of his life, one atom of vanity. I heard that, in after-days, he was “ set up,” as people say ; but I cannot say I agreed with that opinion. As a young man, he was, I should say, the most modest of human beings, ready to listen to suggestions from any visitors to his painting-room, lending a patient attention to that which must often have been wearisome, yet not courting remark, nor ever assenting to the justice of a criticism unless he really agreed with it. He was never, I believe, heard to depreciate others ; indeed he seldom spoke of the works of contemporaries, in which he showed the delicacy of his taste, and the discretion of his cautious countrymen. To Sir Thomas Lawrence he became as enthusiastically attached as it was possible to be ; for the coldness of Wilkie lay upon the surface of his character. He ever spoke of Lawrence as his best and kindest friend, and on *his* works he was often heard to descant with the most lively admiration. Lawrence had lent some portion of his vast influence to accelerate the sure progress of Wilkie up the steep ascent to fame.

And when I knew Wilkie there was still a steep ascent to climb, not perhaps to fame, but to fortune. His gains were, at that time, moderate, because he painted so slowly, so carefully, and viewed his own productions with so fastidious an eye. For the ambition of this

good man and admirable painter was of the highest order; it was not confined to ephemeral fame; it would not be satisfied with all that money, and being run after, could give. He had a visionary hope of being able to realise the possibility of modern art emulating the ancient glories of the painter's studio. He sighed to walk in the steps of "Davie Teniers;" he longed to penetrate into the secrets of Rembrandt's colouring; to imitate that power over light and shade which that master perfected. He tried every possible means to discover in what mode the grand effects were produced; for this end, Wilkie had a number of little dolls made and set up, in various costumes, and placed within a sort of framework, or house, into which he could introduce the light in various directions. I saw the progress of the whole. It was his hope, by this experiment, to attain the power of imitating the different effects of daylight in the morning, at noon, afternoon, and evening. Pieces of gauze were stretched along an aperture at the extremity of the little structure, and these were doubled as daylight declined. Wilkie was very sanguine of deriving much improvement from this process; "but still," he said, "I never shall attain the full effect of being out of doors, so wonderfully accomplished by some of the Dutch painters." I witnessed his patient, indefatigable efforts, and I could trace the effects of the experiment in several of his least popular pictures.

For Wilkie, I believe, every one will allow, committed a fatal error in departing from the study of simple nature, and of that description of life of which he had been an early observer from infancy. Like Sir Walter Scott, his mind had been insensibly imbued with the habits and characteristics of his country, and could not readily take up any other. Sir Walter's antiquarian tastes, indeed, enabled him to be almost as great upon English ground, in the olden times, as in Scotland, but he never could have written a modern English novel; and Wilkie, when he wandered in Spain and Italy, produced masterly sketches, and worked them into noble pictures; but he never excelled, nor even equalled the Wilkie of the Rent Day. I should say that he was the Dickens of Painters, save that his pictures are always devoid of caricature, which is the besetting sin of Dickens, and which will, in spite of his transcendent powers, always render him inferior to Fielding; and, I dare to say it, to Goldsmith. Wilkie's early paintings combined truth, humour, pathos. Who can look upon the Rent Day, unmoved? Does it not speak volumes to the heart? Perhaps one may call Wilkie the Crabbe of Painters, but that Crabbe has a coarseness, a strength of passion in his portraiture, which Wilkie has not displayed.

In conversation, Wilkie was wholly devoid of humour; he was elaborate in explanation, and slow in perceiving the meaning of others; but I speak of a period of his life when he had seen little—before he went abroad at *all*—when his fame was high, but personally, he was little known, when he lived in his art, and for his art, and that in a small remote dwelling somewhere near Phillimore Place, Kensington.

When I first knew Wilkie, his home had recently been enlivened by the arrival of his venerable mother from Scotland. With the dutiful feeling of a true Scot, who, whatever he may do with respect to his other ties, has the filial affections strong within him, Wilkie, as soon as competence enabled him to offer his mother a home, wrote to her, to come and live with him.

"Daavie" (with the *a* long) "wished as much," said the old lady to me; "and I couldna say Nay." And never was painter more blessed in a picturesque mother. The widow of a Scotch minister, Mrs. Wilkie had all the characteristics of that respectable, humble station; the sedate, simple manner, the neat, inexpensive, becoming attire, the unpretending manners. Her face—I see it now—had a sagacity which showed that my belief in hereditary gifts had found another confirmation. It had the remains of comeliness; then her speech, that gentle sort of Scotch which falls not harshly upon the ear, but gives great piquancy even to the most ordinary remarks, completed the interest which this lively, and yet venerable old lady inspired. It was an experiment, bringing her from her quiet manse, in some secluded village, to the neighbourhood of London, and, what was more, to fresh habits, different hours, the predominance of a different faith around her; but I believe the excellent lady lived in comfort, and died—under her son's roof—in peace.

To his sister, Wilkie was also devotedly attached; and when I talk of the coldness of his manner, I must be understood as considering it, as I have said before, merely manner. His affections were concentrated on few objects, and were proportionately intense. Why he never married, I cannot divine; he would have made a patient, constant, irreproachable husband; but the lover's part—the first act in the comedy of courtship, would have been, I fear, indifferently played. He was totally devoid of gallantry, though deferential and friendly to those ladies whom he esteemed. I do not believe he had an atom of poetry in his composition, nor one grain of imagination. It was a labour to him to conceive a picture; yet he never painted until that conception was made out. I think he made ten sketches, at least, of the celebrated Waterloo picture; and we discussed them all. Fine as the picture became, it seemed, at first, not to be in his way; he was intensely anxious about it; thought of it incessantly, and dreamed of it, I believe; and slowly, inch by inch, matured the design in his careful mind.

But to return to the sentimental question—why he never married? Men who offer homes to their mothers and sisters, themselves being upwards of thirty, somehow rarely do. Is it that the strong fraternal feeling makes men fastidious, or that they wait till the mother who has blessed the home of duty, is no more. Waiting for anything—even for one's dinner—mightily diminishes the relish for it when it comes. Well! I cannot explain it. At first, perhaps, a Scotchman's reason might—the want of means. At the very time that Wilkie was painting the Chelsea Pensioners, he could not make more than 800*l.* a year; he took, I think, eight months to that picture—the price paid for it was moderate; he used to say, "I cannot hurry. Portrait-painting is odious. I cannot paint portraits, otherwise I might be a richer man." I well remember a dash of irritability in his manner, as he showed me the sketch of the Duke of York, of whom he painted a full-length cabinet portrait. "I had sad trouble," he observed somewhat peevishly, —an expression rarely to be applied to Wilkie—"with the Duke's face, his mouth especially—he is a little underhung." He looked at me inquiringly, as I gazed on the *too* faithful picture. Wilkie was too true for a portrait-painter. He had the habit of copying to the letter. If he wanted to paint the smallest item in the economy of a household, it was sought out; and I believe each of the multifarious articles in

the Blind Fiddler was separately studied—I think I do right in applying the word—for the picture.

Appropos of that picture—let me mention a circumstance which shews at once the observation and memory of the painter, his reserve of character, and fidelity in portraiture,

Mothers are much more fond of talking of their sons' gifts and virtues than wives are of their husbands'. Old Mrs. Wilkie loved to be asked questions about "Davie." I inquired one day, whether he had early displayed much talent in drawing.

"Aweel," said she, "I mind that he was ae scrawling, and scratching, I did na ken what, and he had an idle fashion o' making likenesses and caricatoores like of all the folk as came. And there was an auld blind mon, Willie, the fiddler, just an idle sort of a beggar-mon, that used to come wi' his noise, and set all the women servants a jiggging wi' his scratching and scraping; and Davie was ae taking o' this puir bodie into the hoose, and gieing him a drap o' toddy; and I used to cry shame on the lad for encouraging such lazy vagabonds about the hoose. Weel," pursued the old lady, "but ye maun ken he was an ill-favoured, daft sort of a creatur, that puir blind bodie, weel eno' in his way, but not the sort o' folk to be along wi' Davie; yet the lad was always a saying to me, 'Mither, gie's a bawbie for puir blind Willie.' This," she added with a sigh, "sir, was when we lived at the Manse."

I listened eagerly to the simple commencement of the anecdote. The homely manse,—the shoeless women-folk,—the blind intruder, welcome from charity, but not too often,—and the young student of nature, delighting, almost unconsciously to himself, in the picturesque, were before me. The lively countenance of the minister's widow glistened as she proceeded. (She was unlike her son in face; the father must have owned those large, cold eyes.)

"A-weel, sir, they told me—it was mony years after the puir blind body was gane hame, sir—that Davie had painted a grand pictur; and he wrote me to go to Edinburgh to see it; and I went, and sure eno' there was puir Old Willie, the very like o' him, his fiddle and a'. I was wud wi surprise: and there was Davie standing a laughing at me, and saying, 'Mither, mony's the time that ye ha heard that fiddle to the toon o' 'the Campbells are coming.'"

Wilkie never could paint ladies—scarcely women. He had no perceptions, I think, on the score of female beauty; he liked the sedate, long face, and I have sometimes thought it one disadvantage of his pictures, that his females all resembled each other. The fact is, he was often at a loss for subjects. Too economical to have hired sitters, in general, he drew upon the willing kindness of young friends, in whose countenances he contrived to see beauty, where no one else saw more than comeliness.

In manner, Wilkie was, at this period of his life, constrained, shy, not difficult of access, for his humility made him think himself honoured by almost any notice, but difficult to know. Of this you might be sure, you might not know him well, but you never would be misled by him in any one conception of himself. The same integrity which made him paint the Duke of York so strictly and disobligingly to the life, pervaded all his character. He was not ready in conversation; read few hooks of amusement, except Walter Scott, whom he adored of course, but whom he gravely censured, as men of conscientious minds without imagination do, for falsifying history,—or pro-

ducing what Lord Brougham called "history bewitched." Wilkie rarely spoke of himself or of his own pictures, except in his studio, and there, indeed, the palace of his art, you found him unaffected,—but seeming to separate himself from his fame, and apparently unconscious of it. To those who loved and understood pictures he was a most interesting companion,—but not unless one had that love deep within the heart. I remember with delight a long day spent in Dulwich Gallery; the Watteaus there attracted Wilkie's close attention; he was riveted, and saw nothing but these—his *cynosures*. I found him, as I walked about, always in the same spot. "There is so much air," he said, as if speaking to himself,—and he mused for half-an-hour as we quitted the gallery, and retraced our steps along the quiet village to the inn, to find our horses. Wilkie talked a good deal that day; he had a habit of saying "You know, you know,"—the trick of a shy man, who was not gifted with native fluency of tongue. His accent was a mild Scotch, when conversing with English people; but, in seeing him at his ease, you beheld the Scotchman complete, and the broadest accent and the true idiom proclaimed that the days of the manse and the blind fiddler were not forgotten.

I do not think that, generally, Wilkie associated much with his brother artists: in fact, he was always absorbed in the study of his great art; and he was, besides, in the early period of his career—I knew him not in the later—so strict in his notions, that I believe he would never have maintained an acquaintance of whose principles he entertained a doubt. Religious, correct, unimpeachable, he was; nevertheless, sociable where he respected, and, like many men of the same stamp, he loved the quiet fireside better than the crowded drawing-room. It was by the tea-table, in company with one or two whom he liked, that he unbent, and threw open the recesses of a heart full of simplicity and goodness.

I respected, I confided in him. I admired, no less than the true genius, the unfeigned humility of the painter. I always felt that he would be a great man,—that he *was* a great man; but, if I were to say that Wilkie inspired me with the enthusiasm which I have felt even for inferior men, I should deceive. No; it was a thorough approbation and esteem, not an engrossing friendship which he inspired. He had no weaknesses, few faults, and but little expression of sympathy; and then, that complete self-abandonment to an art which is to you only a resource, separates man from man. Wilkie's studio was his wife, his friend, his all; his pencils were his children; Rembrandt his Jupiter; Watteau his Juno; Teniers his household deity. This intense application to one soul-inspiring theme makes a great painter, a great sculptor, but spoils a friend,—at least, to my mind; for I suppose I am as vain and selfish as other men. His application was, indeed, intense. At length, his health gave way—I know not the precise time when, but somewhere, as far as recollection serves me, about the year 1825. I was shocked when, after an interval of some months, he came to see me. His pale face was ghastly; his eyes looked as if they were made of partially opaque glass; he stooped; and a deep melancholy sat upon that thoughtful brow. He told me that the physicians feared there was some organic disease forming in his head.

"I feel," he said mournfully, "as if I wore an iron crown. They tell me it is work. My palette, my paint-brush are laid aside. I must travel. Indeed," he added a few moments afterwards, his cheek grow-

ing paler and paler, "'tis of no consequence their bidding me not to work. I cannot even think."

We dined together; he took no wine; spoke rarely; but tried to resume his usual style of conversation. I saw that a deep disappointment, adding to the languor of ill health, was weighing down his spirits. Here was a man rising to the very pinnacle of celebrity, thrown back into the shade, as it seemed likely to prove, by a sudden and fatal incapacity even to that which was his second nature.

"If I paint one half-hour," he said, holding his hand to his head, "I feel it here."

We parted for some years. Wilkie was ordered to travel. I went on, plodding on my common-place journey through life, and heard now and then that he was better. Our acquaintance, by some mischance, — perhaps my negligence, perhaps (but I don't think it) his coldness, — was not resumed on the terms on which it had been.

He travelled for several years. How much his sense of female beauty grew in the congenial climes of Italy and Spain appears in his exquisite picture of "The Spanish Mother." There is no trace of Wilkie in that picture; it is like the impassioned effort of some modern Vandycke. What can be more careless, more picturesque, or more *motherly*, than the attitude of the young creature, as she turns to encourage the caresses of her fair-haired boy behind her? Doubtless in all that there was *truth*; the resemblance to that exquisite creature was, surely, perfect; nor will I believe that anything but the heart could ever teach the northern visitant to sunny climes such a lesson on female beauty.

I can fancy all his difficulties as to the portrait of the Queen. How those robes and that ermine went against the grain! how conscientiously he dotted down every jewel! how he groaned over the whole picture! and how he commonplacéd our Queen, and her royal *pendant*, after all! But, it was not his fault. It was like compelling Dryden to become the poet-laureate.

At last we met again; the very night of that day on which Wilkie had been knighted. I had not heard of it; and I greeted him by the old, familiar name. He had grown stout; was well-dressed; looked middle-aged, easy, and had left off his shy "You know." His address was cordial, considering that he had made no effort, that I know of, to see me, for some years; but I never shall forget the stare of surprise with which he received my, certainly very simple, invitation to come down, and visit me in — for a few days.

"Do you know," he said, — "do you know, I have not time to go anywhere; and I am engaged to the Duke of B——, and the Marquis of L——, and, I believe, for nearly six months my list is filled up."

This was in the residence of one of the great. I looked at him, the simple Scotchman, and remembered the days of the Grosvenor Gallery, and the studio, and the venerable mother, and the simple manse, and the blind fiddler, and all around me seemed a dream; and I saw him wearing a white silk waistcoat, and I heard the people calling him "Sir David," and I could hardly imagine that I was waking upon this veritable world, — and I saw him no more!

I heard of his death with a true sorrow. An ornament, such as art requires in this country, had been taken from us, suddenly, awfully; a man calculated to adorn any profession by his integrity and abilities, was lost to us before age had crippled his frame or dimmed his

faculties ; and, although in the zenith of his fame, Wilkie was not in his perfection as a painter, even when he died. He was a progressive man—never contented with himself, wholly above the littleness of conceit, and worshipping, with the deep enthusiasm of a cold-mannered person, and a cold-mannered people, the great masters of a former day. The new school which he had adopted was, in truth, not well suited to a mind which had more strength than compass ; but he would have worked himself into excellence, even in historical subjects. When I knew him, his very knowledge of history was limited—it had to be read up, I am sure : but ten years had elapsed between our intimacy and the painting of the Columbus, and a man of sound intellect and resolved purpose does much in that time. To *art* in England, considered as a profession, Wilkie was an irreparable loss. He had become, after the death of Lawrence, the representative of that noble and ill-placed profession. He could not, like Lawrence, throw a grace over any pursuit which that fascinating individual might have chosen to take up ; but he endowed it with the highest respectability. Never had calumny dared to whisper a syllable that could impair the universal respect which Wilkie inspired. *Taste* and friendship might regret that the latter years of his social life might be said, in some measure, to detract from the sober dignity of his earlier days—that he was the agent rather than the pet of the drawing-rooms of the great, in which his fine and simple nature may have been seared—but I know not. I heard of him (with a sort of sorrow that I shall not attempt to describe,) arranging the *tableaux vivants* at Hatfield, in which the late Lady L—— played Rebecca in Ivanhoe,—and the hand of a great man was thus lent to assist in the diversions of fashion. And yet can it be worse, argue some, than Milton writing a masque to divert the children of nobility ? Ah ! believe me, there was a truer nobility in the fireside of the blind poet—a far truer greatness in the studio at Kensington, when the great master leant his thoughtful face over the easel, and heard the praise that he knew to be indiscriminate, without one flush of pleasure, than any association with rank could bestow.

One word as to art and artists. When the bar, the church, and physic are over-stocked, why cannot our aristocracy indulge the talents which exist, more or less concealed oftimes, in every one, to develop themselves in the field of painting or of sculpture ? Why condemn a young man to hard intellectual application, sometimes without the power, and often without the will, when the more fascinating and happier, and, compared with the *law*, I should say, the more ennobling and refining career of the fine arts is open to all ? The reason is this—and it is a valid one : a man loses his position in society when he becomes an artist, or he has one to gain : the profession does not ensure him rank of itself—such as the calling of a clergyman, the name of a physician, or the fact of having been called to the bar. And why ? Because no test of education or of character is required for the artist. Art is left to struggle as it may ; painters are not what they were of old, however some bright stars may illumine the darkness of the atmosphere in which art moves. The education of the pencil is all that is required. There are no institutions to improve those adjuncts to art which made Reynolds the refined painter—which raised Shee to the highest position that an artist can hold, and which, in some measure, constituted the superiority of Wilkie, who, though not a

lettered man, had received a solid Scotch education, and might move, and keep his place, in any society. But I have rambled wide away from the recollections which it is an idle pleasure to me to indulge.

I sat, one day, at dinner, next to a stout, healthy-looking, middle-aged man, (I was not arrived at that dignity *then*,) and fell into conversation with him. I soon found that I was talking to no ordinary person. But I could not make out his calling, or pursuits in life. I do not know whether any one experiences the same sort of amusement as I do, in trying, at a dinner-table, where I happen to be an entire stranger, to unravel the mystery of each man's purpose in life—what he is, and what are his hopes, and fears, and aims. I make manifold guesses—and often they are woeful blunders.

My neighbour conversed in a steady, sensible, unpretending manner, a joke and a pun intervening at times, but seeming out of keeping with the solid character of the punster. His manner was decided, but perfectly inoffensive; he was evidently not of gentle blood—he spoke on no subject connected with art—he could never be suspected, from his conversation, of being literary, but he was evidently endowed with a reputation; he referred once or twice to his own experience, as decisive of certain facts—an indication that a man is well to do in the world. He had the placid air of a prosperous man. He ate carefully, as a man who has a head to preserve, and sufficient in him to make his health of importance. All of a sudden, on some subject connected with blindness being glanced at, he turned to me a very agreeable pair of deep grey eyes, and said, "Do you know, sir, I was born, it is supposed, blind of one eye; and it was never discovered till I was ten years old?"

Indeed! "It is supposed!"—these impersonal verbs, as the French say, speak some notions of self-consequence. Who supposes it? The world of course—I looked earnestly at the speaker.

"Now, can you," he said, turning a somewhat handsome countenance upon me; "tell which of my eyes is blind? Do you guess which it is?"

I looked up into his face. There was an expression of thought and mild good sense in both eyes. They were both clear, and free from any apparent disease or weakness. They were searching, without being staring. I could at first see no difference, but, after looking earnestly for some time, I noticed in one a tiny speck, or rather discolourment, on the pupil—so slight, that I do not believe any one could have observed it—"That," I whispered, "is the—the defective eye."

"No, sir; it is not merely defective, it is blind; but I do not let my sitters know it."

"Sitters! A painter, then? Do you find the colours offend you in any way, sir?"

He looked at me by way of answer. A momentary confusion appeared on that contented and honest face.

"I never use colours, sir," he replied in a subdued tone, as much as to say, "Don't you know me? I model in clay." In clay! To be sure; I must have been made of clay at that moment. I never was so stupid before, nor since. I plunged, as I always do when I feel awkward, into country matters, talked of a long journey by the coach—coaches were the subject then. How I had come up a hundred miles in eleven hours, or some such feat, wonderful then. I was

looked on as a sort of hero I believe, by the company. My neighbour listened dispassionately to me, turned his blind eye (the right) on me, and said,

"You were speaking of Derbyshire, sir; do you happen to know a range of hills they call 'The Shottery Hills,' in that part of the world? I was born there."

Indeed!—remarkable circumstance!—"I was born there!" I suppose everybody was born somewhere; and what right has he "to be born" more than anybody else. This man talks as if he were Bonaparte. I bowed; as if to return thanks for the confidence. The next moment I was disarmed.

"My father," he added calmly, going on eating his dinner as he spoke, "was a small farmer at Shottery. There's a range of hills" (helping himself to salad as he resumed) "that lie almost in a circle. Among those is my native place."

I began to reverence him, to reverence any man who, in a London party, can own that his father "was a small farmer." "This man is a great man,—he has a great mind," thought I. I began my exploring system.

"You were speaking of modelling, sir," said I. "I came up from Litchfield some little time since. I saw a fine specimen of sculpture there—those two children—"

He interrupted me, "Yes, sir; they look very well where they are placed. I am satisfied that they could not have been better situated."

Lofty man!—he is satisfied! So, he has a right to be "satisfied," as well as to be born. I really was amused. Perhaps he read my thoughts even with his blind eye, for he added a few moments afterwards, as if to prevent mistakes, and consequent awkwardness,

"It is natural for me to feel an interest in the situation of that monument, you will allow, sir."

Conviction rushed in upon me at once. How blind I had been! But I was, by this time, no longer the raw boy who had worshipped L. E. L., but the travelled, initiated, cautious man of society. I took up the cue directly. My neighbour, I perceived, had a right to consider that his fame was understood and known. It was Chantrey to whom I had been chattering in such an eclipse of my intellect. I recovered myself, drew up my reins, entered into an easy and protracted conversation with him, and was extremely gratified.

I was prepared to be pleased—for who that ever goes to Litchfield can do otherwise than look with a partial eye towards Chantrey? I had attended the service in Litchfield Cathedral, chiefly to indulge a dreamy fondness I have always had for dwelling on the memory of Miss Seward, or, rather, of her times, of her associates—especially the ill-fated Major André, the romance of whose early history forms so touching a prelude to the tragedy of his death. I was fond—perhaps from some secret sympathy—of reverting to the days of his correspondence with the Sneyds, especially the loved Honora, cold to poor André, but afterwards smitten by the fascinations of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, whose young wife she, and her sister Elizabeth, successively became. I was always fond of André's letters, when he was in London, plodding in a merchant's counting-house. He caught the military fever which maddened all the young and brave at that time—but he would not have gone to America had Honora returned the deep attachment which he bore her to the last. Her picture was worn round his neck when

Washington—remorseless with the worst pretext that ever man invented—upon *principle*, condemned the gallant youth to die as a spy. Poor André! how his story haunts you, as you enter the dim aisles of Litchfield Cathedral!

I had stood there recently, when I met Chantrey. The Holy Communion had been administered there, where the children seemed to sleep, the head of the one pillowed on the shoulder of the other, by the then Dean of Litchfield, the grandfather of those fair and short-lived beings who reposed beneath. A few persons only had remained to receive the Sacrament—I was among the few. The deepest silence reigned, broken only by the hollow voice of Dean Woodhouse, echoing through the angles of the building. My eyes rested upon the figure of the elder child, the girl, whose finely formed face recalled the hereditary beauty to which she had a claim, her mother and her aunt having been once the belles of their county. Nothing can be more touching than the pensive calmness of that young face, bending above the younger countenance that reposes on her shoulder. The children beneath—the old man standing by them, presented touching mementos of the fleeting and sublunary nature of all around us. The words of the holy office fell with a deeper meaning on the ear—the living lesson was impersonified before us—the young shoot taken—the bud blighted—the old, seared stem left to point the hopes of his fellow mortals still to immortality. I left the cathedral with a solemn feeling that not even the grandeur of York Minster, devoid as it is, at least to me, of those home associations which we finite beings love, has yet inspired. No—not with its lofty roof, its magnificent Chapter House, its grand tombs of the proud and mighty archbishops who lie there in their robes, as if still ruling over the edifice. The monuments of Johnson, of Garrick, seem to belong to man in his social state—not least, does the tablet inscribed to Saville, the beloved friend of Miss Seward, commemorate the ties which are never more truly and touchingly recalled than in scenes so solemn. Many have attached to *that* tie, scandal—I do not. To an enthusiast there are many affections besides that into which the vulgar resolve all. I thought of the day of mourning, the anniversary which Miss Seward set apart for Saville—I read the justly censured epitaph which she penned—but I returned to gaze once more upon those sculptured children, as on holy things. The face of the girl is present to me now—beautiful, gentle, ill-starred being—drowned, if I remember rightly.

“ Elle étoit de ce monde, où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin :
Et Rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses—
L'espace d'un matin.”

Full of these ideas, I viewed Chantrey with an interest which neither his manner nor his conversation would, perhaps, have inspired. I never should have guessed him to be a man of genius: it is now the fashion to say that he was *not* a man of genius. Strong sense, a kind heart, an excellent judgment, with a dash of that determined good opinion of oneself which naturally follows success in minds not highly educated, marked his deportment then. In after life, Chantrey became loquacious, and a teller of good stories, and I think he lost his position. A truly great man (or a man reputed great, for if we come to analyse the claims to that word, discussion would be endless) can hardly do too

little in general society. The only thing he has to do is to hide weaknesses,—he need not discover strength,—the world does that for him. He should never go beyond his depth ; he should only not disappoint. These are the arts to preserve the fame of a genius, if it can be preserved. Of that I am doubtful.

I told Chantrey under what aspects I had seen his monument of the children. He listened attentively, and again remarked that "it was well placed." I remember being very much struck with the circumstance that, after visiting Litchfield Cathedral, he had left it without seeing, or trying to see, the monuments of Johnson, or of Garrick, or of Miss Seward, or of any one. He lived, evidently, in the generation around him. The great men of the day were his great men ; his sitters were his world, and no contemptible world either. The great secret of his excellence in busts was his shrewd, careful looking into character, and his rarely attempting a *beau ideal* of any thing or person. When he did so, he failed. He could not put a robe upon any one gracefully, but he gave an air of resemblance to every button of a coat. His failures, in great attempts, are numerous. Witness his statue of Lord Melville in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, — a clumsy, overpowering, lifeless mass, mournfully contrasted with the speaking, breathing, almost moving figure of Duncan Forbes, by Roubelliac, to which you turn as from the dead, in Lord Melville, to the living. You gaze on the Lord President Forbes, half fancying that he is really addressing you, and that you must listen ; you can fancy the echoes of his voice beneath that antique roof,—but Melville is merely the Melville of the sculptor. Finely contrasted with these two,—with the massive inanity of Chantrey's figure of Melville, and the impassioned attitude of Duncan Forbes,—is the calm beauty of the statue of Dundas. There is no want of life in that noble and reflective countenance, resembling, it is said, a present Lord of Session,—one as much enshrined in the hearts of his fellow-townsmen and friends as ever man was : dignified, but not heavy, is the figure.

But Chantrey's failures were not his own fault. They were the fault of that fashionable and ill-judging public who insisted on having from him what he could not give ; who should have gone for imagination and creative force to Westmacott and to Baillie, but who chose that Chantrey should, like a country actor, play all parts ; that he should be the "only man," as the authoress of "The Old Men's Tales," in her exquisitely-ended story of the Country Vicarage, expresses it. I have no doubt but that Chantrey felt his own deficiencies ; indeed, he proved it by applying to Stothard for the exquisite design of the two children. Is it not Isaac Walton who writes of Dr. Donne — "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it?" I am inclined to observe, no act of Chantrey's was more becoming than his last will and testament ; nothing finer than the encouragement he left to art ; nothing more touching than the sum bequeathed to one to whom he owed much of his fame, his peace of mind, his immortality as a sculptor—Allan Cunningham.

THE LABOURER'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Let the rich man tell how his coffers swell,
 And treasures await his nod ;
 With gems of the mine let him build his shrine,
 And worship the golden god !
 How poor he is still, with a limitless will,
 When he looks for content in vain ;
 And envies the lot of the lowliest cot
 That is free from the worldling's pain !

Let him revel and feast ! there 's a time, at least,
 When gaiety charms no more ;
 When the heart grows cold, and the limbs wax old,
 And the brightness of youth is o'er ;
 When the man of wealth would barter for *health*
 The whole of his costly gear !
 But the die is cast, and the day is past,
 For he rests on his 'scutcheon'd bier !

But the sons of toil, who harrow the soil,
 Are happier far than he ;
 They delve and they strive, that others may live,
 With spirits unchain'd and free !
 From the dawn of light, to the close of night,
 The labourer ploddeh on ;
 But he lays his head on a thornless bed
 When his daily work is done.

And, hard though his fare, not a shade is near
 To darken his humble home ;
 And the crust is sweet few others would greet,
 For a blessing doth with it come !
 And a cheerful smile can his brow beguile,
 For it flies from the pleasure-worn ;
 And turns from the great, with the poor to mate,
 Befriending the lowly born !

And the labourer's life is freed from the strife
 That the men of the world pursue ;
 He utters no word he would wish unheard,
 For honest he is, and true.
 With a conscious worth, he can face the earth,
 And its bleakest winds defy :
 With Hope for his guide, he can stem the tide,
 And trust to a cloudless sky !





THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE subject of this memoir—whose death we record with the most unfeigned sorrow—will henceforth be ranked among the eminent writers of England, side by side with De Foe, Swift, Steele, and Addison; by none of whom, perhaps, was he excelled in the homely vigour of his language, the weight of his well-directed sarcasm, the cheerful buoyancy of his imagination, and the brilliant refinement of his wit—which flashed both to dazzle and to scathe. Endowed with a large share of natural good sense, and a shrewd and penetrating understanding, that could look beneath the surface of men and things, improved by a careful education, diligent study for many years, and close intimacy with the best writings of ancient and modern times;—and possessing a heart capable of the warmest and most generous emotions, he expressed his thoughts in rich and racy Saxon, the clearness, the chasteness, and the energy of which silence and confound the gainsayer, carry conviction to the judgment, and at once strike home to the heart.

Sydney Smith was a thorough Englishman. He loved old England well; and, saving his cloth, would have fought for her had it been necessary. He had no small share of the John Bull spirit—manly independence—strong convictions, clear views, and unswerving integrity. He seized a subject with a tenacious grasp, examined it with steadiness, caution, and deliberation; and, with a force and decision of character, which have left their impress on the times in which he lived, formed decided opinions without reference to the prevailing prejudices or current fallacies of the day. He was not time-serving, or servile, or venal, or self-seeking. His pen was never employed but on the side of what he believed to be truth and justice: he hated oppression, and always protested against wrong. He was a decided politician, and yet was free from the virulence, the biases, and the narrow prepossessions of party men. Viewing his whole public career—which extended over a space of fifty years—we see much to admire, much to applaud, much to love the man for—and but little, comparatively speaking, very little to censure.

But Sydney Smith enjoyed a double reputation. Not only was he acknowledged by Europe and America to be a terse, logical, and sparkling writer, who at one time could use the polished rapier of the dexterous swordsman, and at another wield a heavy mace,—now despatching an antagonist with a cut and thrust—anon smashing an opponent to atoms; but he was accomplished in those conversational arts which impart such a charm to society—he was a wit of the first water—a diner-out of the highest lustre—a boon companion, whose flashes of merriment were wont to set the table in a roar. Byron* terms him that “mad wag, the Rev. Sydney Smith.” Southey,† with a little malevolence, calls him “Joke Smith.” The witticisms of the lamented deceased would indeed, if collected, fill

* “That mad wag, the Reverend Sydney Smith, sitting by a brother clergyman at dinner, observed afterwards that his dull neighbour had a *twelve-parson power* of conversation. A metaphor borrowed from the forty-horse power of a steam-engine.”

† Vide “The Doctor.”

a volume that would excel the most sparkling *bons mots* of Sheridan and Theodore Hook; but in the biting jests of the humorous canon there was always a happy blending of *wit* and *wisdom*. O rare Sydney!—of whom can we say, with so much truth, in the words of Sir Nathaniel in “*Love’s Labour Lost*”—“Your reasons at DINNER have been *sharp and sententious, pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy.*” But how often was the pun the preface to some important truth—the jest a prelude to a blow. How frequently has he overwhelmed the public delinquent with laughter! His motto through life appears to have been,

“*Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?*”

“May not truth in laughing guise be drest?”

The portrait which accompanies this paper represents the Rector of Foston in the prime of life. It is copied from a very spirited likeness, beaming with intelligence and intellectual energy, which appeared in the British Portrait Gallery,*

“Wherein the graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-do the life.”

The portrait published with his collected works, represents the reverend author in his later years. It is considered to be rather a good likeness, but it seems to us deficient in spirit and character. He was himself fond of making merry with his person—which was not slim. He introduces to us, now and then, “a canon of large proportions,” just as Swift used to speak of himself:—

“The priest was pretty well in case,
And shew’d some humour in his face;
Look’d, with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
***** who, if a man may say ‘t,
Loves mischief better than his meat.”

Some caricatures of the Rev. Sydney Smith have made their appearance; they exaggerate his corpulency, and represent him as “a round man” of no ordinary girth, with a sly twitch in his nose, a wit *emunctæ naris*. These, however, are mere extravaganzas.

Our author was the son of a gentleman of small landed property at Lydiard, near Taunton, Somersetshire, and was the brother of the late Robert Smith, † Esq., of Saville Row, London—father of the Right Hon. Robert Vernon Smith, M.P., for Northampton. Sydney was

* Published in folio, by Messrs. Cadell and Co., in 1822.

† But a fortnight after the death of the Rev. Sydney Smith, his elder and much-loved brother, Robert Smith, Esq., died at his residence in London. Robert Smith was born in 1770. He was educated at Eton, where he was the associate of Canning, Lord Holland, &c. He was a contributor to the *Microcosm*, and was distinguished for his classical performances. Mr. Robert Smith was called to the bar, and was for nine years Advocate-General at Bengal. On his return from India he entered the House of Commons as member for Lincoln, and continued in Parliament till 1826. Among his intimate friends were Sir James Mackintosh and Madame de Staël; and, though he did not possess the literary talents of his gifted brother, he was accounted one of the remarkable men of the

born at the beautiful village of Woodford in Essex, about eight miles from London, on the confines of Epping Forest, and on the main road from London to Newmarket, in the year A.D. 1771; consequently, he was seventy-four years old when he died. We know little of his boyhood. It was spent amid those rural scenes which he afterwards knew how to depict with so much freshness and truth. At an early age he was sent to Winchester College, founded in 1387 by William of Wykeham, which has long held a pre-eminent rank among the public schools of England; and which was designed by its founder as a preparatory seminary for his foundation of New College, Oxford. Sydney Smith was not the first distinguished man educated at Winchester College. The poets Otway, Philips, Young, Somerville, Pitt, Collins, Wharton, and Hayley, also received their education there. From this school Mr. Smith was, in 1780, elected to New College, Oxford. He says, in one of his cathedral letters:—“I was at school and college with the Archbishop of Canterbury; fifty-three years ago he knocked me down with a chess-board for check-mating him, and he is now attempting to take away my patronage. I believe these are the only two acts of violence he ever committed in his life: the interval has been one of gentleness, kindness, and the most amiable and high-principled courtesy to his clergy.” In 1790 Mr. Smith became a fellow, and held his fellowship till his marriage in 1800. In 1796 he took his degree of M.A., and about the same period took the curacy of Nether-Avon, near Amesbury, a town about seven miles and a half from Salisbury. Amesbury is situated on the classic river Avon, and was the birth-place of Addison, whose fame, as an essayist, Sydney was destined to emulate. After residing at Nether-Avon for about two years, Mr. Smith went to Edinburgh for the purpose of educating the son of Hicks Beach, Esq., M.P. for Cirencester, who, as Sydney himself informs us, “took a fancy to him.” Mr. Beach was a disciple of Charles James Fox, and it is not improbable that Mr. Smith’s intimacy with this gentleman contributed in some measure to form those opinions in politics to which he adhered all his life, and to attach him to that party of which he was always considered a member. In time. The following Latin inscription was written by the celebrated Dr. Parr with a presentation copy of a book:—

ROBERTO SMITH, A.M.
 Coll. Regali in Academia Cantabrigiensi
 Quondam Socio
 Juris consulto de plurimis
 tam civibus Britannicis
 tum Asiæ Incollis B.M.
 Viro
 Ob multam et exquisitam ejus doctrinam
 Ob inaltam vim ingenii
 Ob sententias in verbis Latine
 Scriptis uberes et argutas
 Sine circinnis, fucisque puerili
 Ob genus orationis in agendis causis
 Non captiosum et veteratorum
 Sed forte virile vehemens
 Et qua res postalaverit
 Magnificum etiam atque splendidum
 Ob gravitatem sermonis familiaris
 Lepore et facetiis
 Jucundissime conditam
 Ob fidem humanitatemque
 In vita instituendam
 Et in maximis negotiis procurandis
 Altitudinem animi Singularem
 Suis carissimo
 Hunc librum D. D. Samuel Parr

Edinburgh Sydney Smith became acquainted with Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray, and Lord Brougham, all entertaining strong liberal opinions. He proposed to these gentlemen that they should "set up a Review:" the proposition was acceded to with acclamation, and, under the editorship of the Whig parson, the first number of the *Edinburgh Review* was ushered into the world. Its appearance created a great sensation, and the first number went through *four editions*. The editor's preface was exceedingly modest and unpretending; but the articles possessed merit and originality, which at once attracted attention. Sydney, in writing the preface to his works, in 1839, looked back with pardonable complacency to the origin of this important and eventful periodical. Adverting to the state of England, he says:—"The Catholics were not emancipated—the Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed—the Game Laws were horribly oppressive—steel-traps and spring-guns were set all over the country—prisoners tried for their lives could have no counsel—Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily upon mankind—libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonments—the principles of political economy were little understood—the law of debt and of conspiracy were upon the worst possible footing—the enormous wickedness of the slave-trade was tolerated—a thousand evils were in existence, which the talents of good and able men have since lessened or removed.

"From the beginning of this century to the death of Lord Liverpool, was an awful period for those who had the misfortune to entertain liberal opinions, and were too honest to sell them for the ermine of a judge, or the lawn of a prelate:—a long and hopeless career in your profession,—the chuckling grin of noodles,—the sarcastic leer of the genuine political rogue,—prebendaries, deans, and bishops, made over your head,—reverend renegadoes advanced to the highest dignities of the Church, for helping to rivet the fetters of Catholic and Protestant Dissenters,—and no more chance of a Whig administration than of a thaw in Zembla,—these were the penalties exacted for liberality of opinion at that period; and not only was there *no pay*, but *there were many stripes*."

The second article in the first number of the *Edinburgh Review* was by Smith. The subject was Dr. Parr; and the article opens with a humorous description of the doctor's wig,—“which, whilst it trespasses on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, scorns even episcopal limits behind, and swells out into boundless convexity of frizz—the *μεγα θανμα* of barbers, the terror of the literary world.”

In the review of Dr. Reynell, in the same number, he defends his own ideas on preaching:—and which he afterwards enforced in the preface to his sermons. “It is commonly answered to any animadversions upon the eloquence of the English pulpit, that a clergyman is to recommend himself not by his eloquence, but by the purity of his life, and the soundness of his doctrine; an objection good enough if any connection could be pointed out between eloquence, heresy, and dissipation; but, if it were possible for a man to *live well, preach well, and teach well*, at the same time, such objections, resting only upon a supposed incompatibility of these good qualities, are duller than the dullness they defend.”

Sydney Smith was a hearty hater of cant; and always entertained,

to use his own words, "a passionate love for common justice and common sense." He entered with great spirit and success into the lists against "*Methodism*," which, in those days, was a straight-laced, morose, and repulsive system, that decried all pastimes, and proscribed all recreations, however innocent.

"The methodists," he remarks, "hate pleasure and amusements; no theatre, no cards, no dancing, no punchinello, no dancing dogs, no blind fiddlers;—all the amusements of the rich and the poor must disappear wherever these gloomy people get a footing. It is not the abuse of pleasure which they attack, but the interspersion of pleasure, however much it is guarded by good sense and moderation;—it is not only wicked to hear the licentious plays of Congreve, but wicked to hear "*Henry the Fifth*" or "*The School for Scandal*;" it is not only dissipated to run about to all the parties in London and Edinburgh, but dancing is *not fit for a being who is preparing himself for eternity*. Ennui, wretchedness, melancholy, groans and sighs, are the offerings which these unhappy men make to a Deity who has covered the earth with gay colours, and scented it with rich perfumes; and shewn us, by the plan and order of his works, that he has given to man something better than a bare existence, and scattered over his creation a thousand superfluous joys which are totally unnecessary to the mere support of life."

His writings against Methodism—under which term he comprehended all pious vulgarity and offensive puritanical customs—roused a host of enemies, who assailed the unknown reviewer with unmeasured virulence. He defended himself with great animation.

"In spite of all misrepresentation, we have ever been and ever shall be the sincere friends of sober and rational Christianity. We are quite ready, if any fair opportunity occur, to defend it to the best of our ability from the tiger-spring of infidelity; and we are quite determined, if we can prevent such an evil, that it shall not be eaten up by the nasty and numerous vermin of Methodism." Again:—"If the choice rested with us we should say, give us back our wolves again—restore our Danish invaders—curse us with any evil but the evil of a canting, deluded methodistical populace."

A gentleman, who afterwards rendered himself somewhat notorious by preaching a sermon against Lord Byron—John Styles, D.D.—came forward to extinguish the assailant of Methodism. Unhappy man! *insignis flebit*. "It is not true," Sydney Smith replies, "it is not true, as this bad writer is perpetually saying, that the world hates piety. The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power, when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate canting and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altar, which should only be a sanctuary for the wretched and the good."

He then overwhelms his antagonist with ridicule, and despatches him with a broad grin. "We are a good deal amused, indeed, with the extreme diabolical which Mr. John Styles exhibits to the humour and pleasantry with which he admits the methodists to have been attacked; but Mr. John Styles should remember that it is not the practice with destroyers of vermin to allow the little victims a *veto* upon the

weapons used against them. If this were otherwise, we should have one set of vermin banishing small tooth-combs: another protesting against mousetraps; a third prohibiting the finger and thumb; a fourth exclaiming against the intolerable infamy of using soap and water. It is impossible, however, to listen to such pleas. They must be caught, killed, and cracked in the manner, and by the instruments which are found most efficacious to their destruction; and the more they cry out the greater, plainly, is the skill used against them. We are convinced a little LAUGHTER will do them more harm than all the arguments in the world. We agree with him that ridicule is not exactly the weapon to be used in matters of religion; but the use of it is excusable when there is no other which can make fools tremble."

In like manner he disposes of John Bowles, one of the red-hot loyalists of his day, who had drawn attention to the alarming practice of singing after dinner at the Whig clubs. "If parliament or catarrh do not save us, Dignum and Sedgewick will quaver away the king, shake down the House of Lords, and warble us in the horrors of republican government. When, in addition to these dangers, we reflect also upon those with which our national happiness is menaced by the present thinness of ladies' petticoats, (p. 78,) temerity may hope our salvation, but how can reason presume it?"

His review of Mr. Edgeworth's work on Irish Bulls is exceedingly humorous. Speaking of the author, he says: "He is fuddled with animal spirits, giddy with constitutional joy; in such a state he must have written on, or burst. A discharge of ink was an evacuation absolutely necessary to avoid fatal and plethoric congestion."

Let us take his picture of the dinner table.—"An excellent and well-arranged dinner is a most pleasing occurrence, and a great triumph of civilized life. It is not only the descending morsel and the enveloping sauce—the rank, wealth, wit, and beauty which surround the meats—the learned management of light and heat—the silent and rapid services of the attendants—the smiling and sedulous host proffering gusts and relishes—the exotic bottles—the embossed plate—the pleasant remarks—the handsome dresses—the cunning artifices in fruit and farina! The hour of dinner, in short, includes everything of sensual and intellectual gratification, which a great nation glories in producing." While we are admiring the scene he has conjured up before us, he suddenly startles us with an awkward question:—"In the midst of all this who knows that the kitchen chimney caught fire half an hour before dinner!—and that a poor little wretch, six or seven years old, was sent up in the midst of the flames to put it out?"

In 1800, Sydney Smith married Miss Pybus, the daughter of Mr. Pybus, a banker in London. He has left a son and two daughters; one married to Dr. Holland, the other to Mr. Hibbert, of Munden, Herts. He came to reside in town in 1803, and was soon after elected one of the chaplains of the Foundling Hospital, and two or three chapels at the west end. He was also appointed one of the lecturers of the Royal Institution. His connection with the *Edinburgh Review* naturally introduced him to the Whig circles in the metropolis; and in 1806, when Lord Erskine was Lord Chancellor, we find him conferring upon Mr. Smith the living of Foston, near York, where he lived for upwards of twenty years. There are

two parishes of this name in Yorkshire, one in the North Riding, the other in the East Riding. The living of the Rev. Sydney Smith was Foston-on-the-Wolds, a discharged vicarage in the archdeaconry of the East Riding, about six and a half miles from Great Driffield. It is valued in the King's Books at 15*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, but is now worth 500*l.* a-year. During the first year of his residence in Yorkshire he produced the most celebrated of all his performances, the *Letters of Peter Plymley to his brother Abraham in the Country*. These letters have gone through several editions, and are inferior to no satirical performance in the English language. It has been happily observed by a foreigner that the characteristic of the mind of the writer was a keen perception of the grotesque side of whatever was bad and unjust, and that his power lay in developing the constant relation which subsists between falsehood and absurdity.

Let us cull a few of the exquisite passages of *Peter Pith*.* He laughs at the absurd alarms about the pope:—

“In the first place, my sweet Abraham, the pope is not landed,—nor are there any curates sent out after him,—nor has he been hid at St. Alban's by the dowager Lady Spencer,—nor dined privately at Holland House,—nor been seen near Dropmore. If these fears exist (which I do not believe), they exist only in the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; they emanate from his zeal for the Protestant interest; and, though they reflect the highest honour upon the delicate irritability of his faith, must certainly be considered as more ambiguous proofs of the sanity and vigour of his understanding. By this time, however, the best informed clergy in the neighbourhood of the metropolis are convinced that the rumour is without foundation: and, though the pope is probably hovering about our coast in a fishing-smack, it is most likely he will fall a prey to the vigilance of our cruisers; and it is certain he has not yet polluted the Protestantism of our soil. “Exactly in the same manner, the story of the wooden gods seized at Charing Cross, by an order from the Foreign Office, turns out to be without the shadow of a foundation. Instead of the angels and archangels mentioned by the informer, nothing was discovered but a wooden image of Lord Mulgrave, going down to Chatham as a head-piece for the Spanker gun-vessel: it was an exact resemblance of his lordship in his military uniform; and *therefore* as little like a god as can well be imagined.”

He describes the horrors that would follow an invasion of England:—“You cannot imagine, you say, that England will ever be ruined and conquered; and for no other reason, that I can find, but because it seems so very odd it should be ruined and conquered. Alas! so reasoned in their time the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian Plymleys. But the English are brave: so were all these nations. You might get together an hundred thousand men individually brave; but, without generals capable of commanding such a machine, it would be as useless as a first-rate man-of-war manned by Oxford clergymen, or Parisian shopkeepers. I do not say this to the disparagement of English officers,—they have had no means of acquiring experience; but I do say it to create alarm: for we do not appear to me to be half alarmed enough, or to entertain that sense of our danger which leads to the most obvious means of self-defence. As for the spirit of the peasantry in making a gallant defence behind

* Byron's name for the author of *Plymley*.

hedge-rows, and through plate-racks and hencoops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with the science of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round,—cart-mares shot,—sows, of Lord Somerville's breed, running wild over the country,—the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts,—Mrs. Plymley in fits;—all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate. The old edition of Plutarch's Lives, which lies in the corner of your parlour-window, has contributed to work you up to the most romantic expectations of our Roman behaviour. You are persuaded that Lord Amherst will defend Kew Bridge like Cocles; that some maid of honour will break away from her captivity, and swim over the Thames; that the Duke of York will burn his capitulating hand; and little Mr. Sturges Bourne give forty years' purchase for Moulsham Hall, while the French are encamped upon it. I hope we shall witness all this, if the French do come; but, in the meantime, I am so enchanted with the ordinary English behaviour of these invaluable persons, that I earnestly pray no opportunity may be given them for Roman valour, and for those very un-Roman pensions which they would all, of course, take especial care to claim in consequence. But, whatever was our conduct, if every ploughman was as great a hero as he who was called from his oxen to save Rome from her enemies, I should still say, that at such a crisis you want the affections of all your subjects in both islands; there is no spirit which you must alienate, no heart you must avert; every man must feel he has a country, and that there is an urgent and pressing cause why he should expose himself to death."

He sketches the history of Presbyterianism:—

"If the great mass of the people, environed as they are on every side with Jenkinsons, Percevals, Melvilles, and other perils, were to pray for divine illumination and aid, what more could Providence, in its mercy, do than send them the example of Scotland? For what a length of years was it attempted to compel the Scotch to change their religion: horse, foot, artillery, and armed prebendaries, were sent out after the Presbyterian parsons and their congregations. The Percevals of those days called for blood. This call is never made in vain, and blood was shed; but, to the astonishment and horror of the Percevals of those days, they could not introduce the Book of Common Prayer, nor prevent that metaphysical people from going to heaven their true way, instead of our true way. With a little oatmeal for food, and a little sulphur for friction—allaying cutaneous irritation with the one hand, and holding his Calvinistical creed in the other—Sawney ran away to his flinty hills, sung his psalm out of tune his own way, and listened to his sermon of two hours' long, amid the rough and imposing melancholy of the tallest thistles. But Sawney brought up his unbreeched offspring in a cordial hatred of his oppressors; and Scotland was as much a part of the weakness of England then, as Ireland is at this moment. The true and the only remedy was applied: the Scotch were suffered to worship God after

their own tiresome manner, without pain, penalty, and privation. No lightnings descended from heaven; the country was not ruined; the world is not yet come to an end; the dignitaries who foretold all these consequences are utterly forgotten."

He exposes the injustice of religious persecution:—

"I admit there is a vast luxury in selecting a particular set of Christians, and in worrying them as a boy worries a puppy dog: it is an amusement in which all the young English are brought up from their earliest days. I like the idea of saying to men who use a different hassock from me, that, till they change their hassock they shall never be colonels, aldermen, or parliament-men. While I am gratifying my personal insolence respecting religious forms, I fondle myself into an idea that I am religious, and that I am doing my duty in the most exemplary (as I certainly am in the most easy) way. But then, my good Abraham, this sport, admirable as it is, is become, with respect to the Catholics, a little dangerous; and if we are not extremely careful in taking the amusement, we shall tumble into the holy water and be drowned. As it seems necessary to your idea of an established church to have somebody to worry and torment, suppose we were to select for this purpose William Wilberforce, Esq., and the patent Christians of Clapham. We shall by this expedient enjoy the same opportunity for cruelty and injustice, without being exposed to the same risks. We will compel them to abjure vital clergymen by a public test; to deny that the said William Wilberforce has any power of working miracles, touching for barrenness, or any other infirmity; or that he is endowed with any preternatural gift whatever. We will swear them to the doctrine of good works,—compel them to preach common sense, and to hear it, — to frequent bishops, deans, and other high churchmen, — and to appear (once in the quarter, at the least) at some melodrama, opera, pantomime, or other light scenical representation: in short, we will gratify the love of insolence and power; we will enjoy the old orthodox sport of witnessing the impotent anger of men compelled to submit to civil degradation, or to sacrifice their notions of truth to ours. And all this we may do without the slightest risk, because their numbers are, as yet, not very considerable. Cruelty and injustice must, of course, exist; but why connect them with danger? Why torture a bull-dog, when you can get a frog or a rabbit? I am sure my proposal will meet with the most universal approbation. Do not be apprehensive of any opposition from ministers. If it is a case of hatred, we are sure that one man will defend it by the Gospel; if it abridges human freedom, we know that another will find precedents for it in the Revolution."

He proposes to exclude men with red hair from Parliament:—

"I have often thought, if the *wisdom of our ancestors* had excluded all persons with red hair from the House of Commons, of the throes and convulsions it would occasion to restore them to their natural rights! What mobs and riots would it produce! To what infinite abuse and obloquy would the capillary patriot be exposed! what wormwood would distil from Mr. Perceval! what froth would drop from Mr. Canning! how (I will not say *my*, but *our* Lord Hawkesbury, for he belongs to us all,) how our Lord Hawkesbury would work away about the hair of King William, and Lord Somers, and the authors of the great and glorious revolution! how Lord

Eldon would appeal to the Deity, and his own virtues, and to the hair of his children! Some would say that red-haired men were superstitious; some would prove they were Atheists; they would be petitioned against, as the friends of slavery and the advocates for revolt: in short, such a corrupter of the heart and the understanding is the spirit of persecution, that these unfortunate people (conspired against by their fellow-subjects of every complexion), if they did not emigrate to countries where hair of another colour was persecuted, would be driven to the falsehood of perukes, or the hypocrisy of the Tricosian fluid."

Sydney Smith had a strong dislike to Canning; he attacks him in his letters respecting the Catholics with great bitterness, which is the more remarkable as Canning was always understood to be favourable to the Catholic claims.

"It is only the public situation which this gentleman holds which entitles me, or induces me, to say so much about him. He is a fly in amber: nobody cares about the fly: the only question is, How the devil did he get there? Nor do I attack him from the love of glory, but from the love of utility, as a burgomaster hunts a rat in a Dutch dyke, for fear it should flood a province.

"Your blockading-ships may be forced to come home for provisions and repairs, or they may be blown off in a gale of wind, and compelled to bear away for their own coast: and you will observe that the very same wind which locks you up in the British Channel when you are got there, is eminently favourable for the invasion of Ireland. And yet this is called government; and the people huzza Friar Perceval, for continuing to expose his country day after day to such tremendous perils as these,—cursing the men who would have given up a question in theology to have saved us from such a risk. The British empire at this moment is in the state of a peach-blossom,—if the wind blows gently from one quarter it survives, if furiously from the other it perishes. A stiff breeze may set in from the north, the Rochefort squadron will be taken, and the friar will be the most holy of men; if it comes from some other point, Ireland is gone, we curse ourselves as a set of monastic madmen, and call out for the un-availing satisfaction of Mr. Perceval's head. Such a state of political existence is scarcely credible; it is the action of a mad young fool standing upon one foot, and peeping down the crater of Mount Ætna,—not the conduct of a wise and a sober people deciding upon their best and dearest interests; and in the name, the much-injured name, of Heaven, what is it all for, that we expose ourselves to these dangers? Is it that we may sell more muslin? Is it that we may acquire more territory? Is it that we may strengthen what we have already acquired? No: nothing of all this; but that one set of Irishmen may torture another set of Irishmen,—that Sir Phelim O'Callagan may continue to whip Sir Toby M'Tackle, his next-door neighbour, and continue to ravish his Catholic daughters; and these are the measures which the honest and consistent secretary supports; and this is the secretary whose genius, in the estimation of brother Abraham, is to extinguish the genius of Bonaparte. Pompey was killed by a slave, Goliath smitten by a stripling, Pyrrhus died by the hand of a woman; tremble, thou great Gaul, from whose head an armed Minerva leaps forth in the hour of danger; tremble, thou scourge of God, a pleasant man is come out against thee, and thou shalt be laid

low by a joker of jokes, and he shall talk his pleasant talk against thee, and thou shalt be no more."

"Lastly, what remains to Mr. George Canning, but that he ride up and down Pall Mall glorious upon a white horse, and that they cry out before him, 'Thus shall it be done to the statesman who hath written *The Needy Knife-Grinder* and the German play?'"

We might go on thus till we had quoted the whole volume, which extends to little more than one hundred pages.

In the first volume of the *Quarterly Review*, (published in 1800,) there is an article headed "Sydney Smith," in which the reverend rector of Foston is Wilson-Crockered with great fury. His two volumes of "sprightly sermons"* are strongly censured, and the critic falsely accuses Sydney of "Socinianism." In a sermon preached before his Grace the Archbishop of York, and the clergy at Malton, at the visitation, August in the same year, Sydney Smith reviewed the reviewer; and refuted the *Quarterly* from the pulpit!

Although it may have been true that when Sydney Smith began his political career "there was no more chance of a Whig administration than of a thaw in Zembla," yet it would be erroneous to suppose that he suffered any persecution for his opinions, or was, by their profession, cut off from society. He was a lion in the metropolis, a welcome guest at Holland House, and a favourite in Mayfair. In Yorkshire, whither he went in 1806, liberal principles were by no means so unfashionable as we might be led to suppose from the auto-biographical preface of the worthy canon. In those days the Whig Earl Carlisle, at Castle Howard, (not many miles from Foston,) Lord Dundas, at Aske, and Earl Fitzwilliam and Lord Milton, at Wentworth House, exercised great political influence in Yorkshire. The city of York was ruled by a whig Lord Mayor and corporation; and, in the three Ridings, there were many leading families distinguished for their liberal principles—the Vavasours, the Wyvills, the Maxwells, the Constables, the Milners, &c.

Many anecdotes respecting Sydney Smith are current in the county. The parsonage-house was a kind of dispensary; indeed, up to the last, it was his custom "to dine with the rich in London and *physic* the poor in the country—passing from the sauces of Dives to the sores of Lazarus." He visited the sick and the poor, and assiduously performed all his parochial duties. He was very anxious to improve the notions of the country people on domestic economy;—he was of opinion that the hawbucks did not use the most nutritious diet that their means admitted of their using, and he had a sort of "model pudding" exhibited in the kitchen at Foston.

On Sunday, the 1st of August, 1826, he preached the assize sermon in York Cathedral, before Sir John Bayley, Justice of the Court of King's Bench, Sir John Hullock, of the Court of Exchequer, the Lord Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and a large number of the Bar of the Northern Circuit. Fancy the consternation, when Sydney gave out his text,—"*A certain lawyer stood up and asked him a question tempting him!*" The barristers exchanged furtive glances—the recorder grinned—the ladies used their smelling-bottles and pocket-

* Two volumes of sermons by the Rev. Sydney Smith, A.M., late fellow of New College, Oxford, rector of Foston, near York, one of the evening preachers at the Foundling Hospital, and alternate morning preacher at Berkeley and Fitzroy Chapels.

handkerchiefs—the vicars-choral shivered, not knowing what was to come next, and my lords the judges could scarcely refrain from going off on the giggle! The sermon proved to be a very eloquent exposition of the duties and responsibilities of the legal profession.

The worthy priest despised *all manner* of humbug. Travelling in a stage coach to Leeds he found himself on one occasion, in company with a young Dissenting preacher, rabid in his liberalism, who declaimed loudly to his fellow-passengers on the illumination of the nineteenth century—the progress of science—the march of mind—the blindness and bigotry of past times—the criminality of persecution! “All you say, sir,” said Sydney, who had listened quietly in the corner of the coach to his *rodomontade*, “is quite true; and yet,—I cannot account for the feeling—but I should just like to see one *Quaker burnt*.”

“Horrible! do you *know* the sin, sir, of entertaining such a thought?” exclaimed the sucking radical.

Sydney burst into a horse laugh, the company joined chorus, and the presumptuous stripling was drowned amid general cacchination.

He himself informs us, in one of the notes to his speeches, that at a meeting of the clergy of the East Riding, at Beverly, he found himself *alone* in opposing the adoption of a petition against Catholic Emancipation. “A poor clergyman,” he adds, “whispered to me that he was quite of my way of thinking, *but had nine children*. I begged he would remain Protestant.”

While in Yorkshire, Sydney Smith was engaged in an unceasing conflict with the Game Laws, Spring-guns, and Man-traps, and the system of punishing untried prisoners. Speaking of the man-traps, he exclaims:—“There is a sort of horror in thinking of a whole land filled with lurking engines of death—machinations against human life under every green tree—traps and guns in every dusky dell and bosky bourn—the *feræ naturæ*, the lords of manors eyeing their peasantry as so many butts and marks, and panting to hear the click of the trap and to see the flash of the gun.”

What admirable good sense and wit there is in the following passage on the Game Laws:—“It is impossible to make an uneducated man understand in what manner a bird, hatched nobody knows where—to-day living in my field, to-morrow in yours—should be as strictly property as *the goose, whose whole history can be traced from the egg to the spit*. The arguments upon which this depends are so contrary to the notions of the poor—so repugnant to their passions—and perhaps so much above their comprehension, that they are totally unavailing. *The same man* who would respect an orchard, a garden, or an *hen-roost*, scarcely thinks he is committing any fault in invading the *game-covers* of his richer neighbour; and as soon as he becomes tired of honest industry, his first resource is in plundering the rich magazines of hares, pheasants, and partridges—the top and bottom dishes—which, on every side his village, are running and flying before his eyes.”

Here is a graphic portrait:—“The English are a calm, reflecting people; they will give time and money when they are convinced, but they love dates, names, and certificates. In the midst of the most heart-rending narratives Bull requires the day of the month, the year of our Lord, the name of the parish, and the countersign of three or four respectable householders. After these affecting

circumstances he can no longer hold out; but gives way to the kindness of his nature—puffs, blubbers, and subscribes!"

Sydney was by no means satisfied with the system of agriculture practised in Ireland, which he seems to have visited; he had seen some good farming on the Wolds. "The most ludicrous of all human objects," he declares, "is an Irishman ploughing. A gigantic figure, a seven-foot machine for turning potatoes into human nature, wrapt up in an immense great-coat, and urging on two starved ponies with dreadful imprecations and uplifted shillala."

"Mad Quakers," is the name of a paper, which would have been entitled, by any gentleman in drab, "Insane Members of the Society of Friends." Mad Quakers, however, eccentric Sydney would have it. Yet, so far from the article being a skit on a serious subject, that it is a very honest criticism on an excellent work by the late Mr. Tuke of York, and a very favourable notice of a most valuable institution—the York Retreat. In 1813, when Mr. Tuke wrote, lunatics were treated with violence and brutality, and Sydney Smith was amongst those who came forward at that time to recommend humanity and forbearance in the treatment of insane patients.

In reviewing a pamphlet on untried prisoners, by Archdeacon Headlam, a Yorkshire magistrate, "the leader of the Quorum, who could say with the pious Æneas:—

' Quisque ipse miserima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui,' "

he says, "A man may be cast into jail at the end of August, and not be tried till the March following. *Is it no punishment to such a man to walk up-hill like a turnspit-dog in an infamous machine for six months?*"

In the year 1829, the Rev. Sydney Smith exchanged the rectory of Foston for the rectory of Combe-Flory, Somersetshire. Combe-Flory is a parish in the hundred of Taunton, and is in the diocese of Bath and Wells. His motive in making the exchange was, probably, that he might be near those scenes where he had spent his boyhood,—Lydiard, his father's property, being in the neighbourhood of Taunton. He took an active part in the agitation of the Reform Bill, and made two or three effective speeches in favour of it. In 1831 Sydney Smith was appointed to the canonry of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, by the Grey government;—some had looked forward to his elevation to a bishopric.

In 1837 the first of the celebrated *Cathedral Letters*, addressed to the Archdeacon Singleton, made their appearance; two others followed. The object of these publications was to show up the Church Commission, and resist the attempt to extinguish the prebends attached to the Cathedrals. Without entering into the merits of the controversy, we shall select a few passages in the best style of Sydney Smith from these letters:—

"Now, remember," he says, "I hate to overstate my case. I do not say that the destruction of Cathedrals will put an end to railroads: I believe that good mustard and cress, sown after Lord John's Bill is passed, will, if duly watered, continue to grow. I do not say that the country has no *right*, after the death of individual incumbents, to do what they propose to do;—I merely say that it is inexpedient, uncalled for, and mischievous,—that the lower Clergy, for whose sake it is proposed to be done, do not desire it,—that the

Bishop Commissioners, who proposed it, would be heartily glad if it was put an end to,—that it will lower the character of those who enter into the church, and accustom the English people to large and dangerous confiscations; and I would not have gentlemen of the money-bags, and of wheat and bean-land, forget that the word Church means many other things than Thirty-nine Articles, and a discourse of five-and-twenty minutes' duration on the Sabbath. It means a check to the conceited rashness of experimental reasoners—an adhesion to old moral landmarks—an attachment to the happiness we have gained from tried institutions greater than the expectation of that which is promised by novelty and change. The loud cry of ten thousand teachers of justice and worship, that cry which masters the *Borgias* and *Catilines* of the world, and guards from devastation the best works of God—

‘Magnâ testantur voce per orbem
Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere divos.’

He turns the tables on the Episcopal Reformers:—“The Bishops and Commissioners wanted a fund to endow small Livings; they did not touch a farthing of their own incomes, only distributed them a little more equally; and proceeded lustily at once to confiscate Cathedral property. But why was it necessary, if the fund for small Livings was such a paramount consideration, that the future Archbishops of Canterbury should be left with two palaces, and £15,000 per annum? Why is every future Bishop of London to have a palace in Fulham, a house in St. James's Square, and ten thousand pounds a-year? Could not all the Episcopal functions be carried on well and effectually with the half of these incomes? Is it necessary that the Archbishop of Canterbury should give feasts to Aristocratic London; and that the domestics of the Prelacy should stand with swords and bag-wigs round pig, and turkey, and venison, to defend, as it were, the Orthodox gastronome from the fierce Unitarian, the fell Baptist, and all the famished children of Dissent?”

Here is a picture in his best style:—“Frequently did Lord John meet the destroying Bishops: much did he commend their daily heap of ruins; sweetly did they smile on each other, and much charming talk was there on meteorology and catarrh, and the particular Cathedral they were pulling down at each period;* till one fine day the Home Secretary, with a voice more bland, and a look more ardently affectionate, than that which the masculine mouse bestows on his nibbling female, informed them that the Government meant to take all the Church property into their own hands, to pay the rates out of it, and deliver the residue to the rightful possessors. Such an effect, they say, was never before produced by a *coup de théâtre*. The Commission was separated in an instant: London clenched his fist; Canterbury was hurried out by his Chaplains, and put into a warm bed; a solemn vacancy spread itself over the face of Gloucester; Lincoln was taken out in strong hysterics. What a noble scene Serjeant Talfourd would have made of this? Why are such talents wasted on *Ion* and the *Athenian Captive*?”

Again:—“There is some safety in dignity. A Church is in danger when it is degraded. It costs mankind much less to destroy it when an institution is associated with mean, and not with elevated

* “What Cathedral are we pulling down to-day?” was the standing question at the Commission.

ideas. I should like to see the subject in the hands of H. B. I would entitle the print — 'The Bishops' Saturday Night ; or, Lord John Russell at the pay-table.'

"The Bishops should be standing before the pay-table, and receiving their weekly allowance ; Lord John and Spring Rice counting, ringing, and biting the sovereigns, and the Bishop of Exeter insisting that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had given him one which was not weight. Viscount Melbourne, in high chuckle, should be standing, with his hat on, and his back to the fire, delighted with the contest ; and the Deans and Canons should be in the background, waiting till their turn came, and the Bishops were paid ; and among them a Canon, of large composition, urging them on not to give way too much to the Bench. Perhaps I should add the President of the Board of Trade, recommending the truck principle to the Bishops, and offering to pay them in hassocks, cassocks, aprons, shovel-hats, sermon-cases, and such like ecclesiastical geer."

We cannot omit his portraits of Viscount Melbourne and Lord John Russell. Let us take the head of the late Whig government first :—"But if the truth must be told, our Viscount is somewhat of an impostor. Everything about him seems to betoken careless desolation ; any one would suppose from his manner that he was playing at chuck-farthing with human happiness ; that he was always on the heel of pastime ; that he would giggle away the Great Charter, and decide by the method of tee-totum whether my Lords the Bishops should or should not retain their seats in the House of Lords. All this is the mere vanity of surprising, and making us believe that he can play with kingdoms as other men can with nine-pins. Instead of this lofty nebulo, this miracle of moral and intellectual felicities, he is nothing more than a sensible honest man, who means to do his duty to the Sovereign and to the country : instead of being the ignorant man he pretends to be, before he meets the deputation of Tallow-Chandlers in the morning, he sits up half the night talking with Thomas Young about melting and skimming, and then, though he has acquired knowledge enough to work off a whole vat of prime Leicester tallow, he pretends next morning not to know the difference between a dip and a mould. In the same way, when he has been employed in reading Acts of Parliament, he would persuade you that he has been reading *Cleghorn on the Beatitudes*, or *Pickler on the Nine Difficult Points*. Neither can I allow to this Minister (however he may be irritated by the denial) the extreme merit of indifference to the consequences of his measures. I believe him to be conscientiously alive to the good or evil that he is doing, and that his caution has more than once arrested the gigantic projects of the Lycurgus of the Lower House. I am sorry to hurt any man's feelings, and to brush away the magnificent fabric of levity and gaiety he has reared ; but I accuse our Minister of honesty and diligence ; I deny that he is careless or rash : he is nothing more than a man of good understanding, and good principle, disguised in the eternal and somewhat wearisome affectation of a political Roué."

"Lord John Russell gives himself great credit for not having confiscated Church property, but merely remodelled and redivided it. I accuse that excellent man not of plunder, but I accuse him of

taking the Church of England, rolling it about as a cook does a piece of dough with a rolling-pin, cutting a hundred different shapes with all the plastic fertility of a confectioner, and without the most distant suspicion that he can ever be wrong, or ever be mistaken; with a certainty that he can anticipate the consequences of every possible change in human affairs. There is not a more honest nor a better man in England than Lord John Russell; but his worst failure is, that he is utterly ignorant of all moral fear: there is nothing he would not undertake. I believe he would perform the operation for the stone—build St. Peter's—or assume (with or without ten minutes' notice) the command of the Channel Fleet; and no one would discover by his manner that the patient had died—the Church tumbled down—and the Channel Fleet been knocked to atoms."

Sydney Smith's last writings were, a Pamphlet against the Ballot, a Letter on Imprisonment in Railway Carriages, and a Letter on Pennsylvanian Bonds. They exhibit all the power, sarcasm, wit, and logic which distinguish his earliest productions. Like Cobbett, he preserved his freshness and originality to the last. "Railroad travelling," he observes, "is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird; he can fly longer and quicker than a Solan goose. The mamma rushes sixty miles in two hours to the aching finger of her conjugating and declining grammar boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the north, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The Puseyite priest, after a rush of one hundred miles, appears with his little volume of nonsense at the breakfast of his bookseller. Everything is near, everything is immediate—time, distance, and delay are abolished. But, though charming and fascinating as all this is, we must not shut our eyes to the price we shall pay for it. There will be, every three or four years, some dreadful massacre—whole trains will be hurled down a precipice, and two hundred or three hundred persons will be killed on the spot. There will be, every now and then, a great combustion of human bodies, as there has been at Paris."

The following note from the canon of St. Paul's has found its way into the French papers. It was addressed to M. Eugene Robin but a few months before his death. "I am seventy-four years old, and being canon of St. Paul's, in London, and a rector of a parish in the country, my time is divided equally between town and country. I am living amidst the best society in the metropolis, am at ease in my circumstances, in tolerable health, a mild Whig, a tolerating Churchman, and much given to talking, laughing, and noise. I dine with the rich in London and physic the poor in the country, passing from the saucers of Dives to the sores of Lazarus. I am upon the whole an happy man, have found the world an entertaining world, and am heartily thankful to Providence for the part allotted to me in it."

We now draw near to the *end*: and, as it has been pointedly observed, the name of SYDNEY SMITH for the first time becomes associated with gloom! He died full of years and honours, and has left a name behind him which will long be remembered by the admirers of genius and the friends of liberty. Peace to the manly soul that sleepeth! We conclude with the valedictory apostrophe with which he closes Peter Plymley's letters—

Longum Vale!

THE WET BLANKET.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LERCH.

In the delightful month of June it happens, not unfrequently, that all Nature, in the words of several poets, is gay. Occasionally, however, she indulges in extraordinary ebullitions,—downright paroxysms of mirth. Earth and sky are lighted up with unusual splendour, as if by way of illumination for some fairy merry-making. The sun, coming out in his glory, warms the very hearts of cabbages,—to say nothing of cabbage-roses and other flowers, whether of the field or garden,—and presiding, like a celestial toast-master, over the festive scene, calls continually on thrush and blackbird, finch and linnet, to oblige creation with a song. In fact, Nature, at such times, not only smiles, but laughs as it were from ear to ear,—shakes her sides with laughter. Her face is like the face of beauty, with a broad grin upon it. On one particular morning in this lovely month, Nature, being in this state of champagne, did especially enliven Hampton Court and its vicinity. How splendidly gilt were the horse-chesnuts; nay, the thorns in Bushy Park: sadly yet sweetly suggestive of that gingerbread which we rejoiced in, in life's young morning!

Now, this was just the day for a holiday; wisely, therefore, had Mr. and Mrs. Beatty, Mr. Mitchell, and Miss Miles, exchanged the busy hum of Bloomsbury for another sort of hum,—to wit, that of the summer bees, which, mingling with the notes of the feathered songsters and the lively prattle of gaily-attired visitors, made tuneful the *parterres* of Hampton Court aforesaid.

And the sprightly Londoners had taken Mr. Damper with them, for Mr. Damper had said that he should like to go. Mr. Damper was a friend of the party,—of all the parties,—with respect to two of whom he was about to act in a situation of responsibility on an approaching interesting occasion;—for Mr. Mitchell was going to lead Miss Miles to a place called the Altar of Hymen. He had settled his affections on her, and therewith intended to settle a little property, and Mr. Damper was to be one of the trustees.

Miss Miles was the cousin and guest of the Beattys, and she had been sojourning within their gates for a fortnight all but three days. When those three days were past, she was to be Miles no more. Yes, she was to be married! Need we descant upon the station and peculiarities of the Beattys and the betrothed? No: we are not writing a novel. Suffice it to say, that the former was respectable, and that the latter were pleasant. But we will be a little more explicit with regard to Mr. Damper.

In the first place, Damper was a very good fellow; that is, he was a good fellow in respect of principle and morals. Fellows are sometimes called good in the sense of jolly, convivial. Jolly dog is a convertible term with good fellow. Now, it could not have been predicated of Mr. Damper that he was a jolly dog. He was singularly deficient in those animal spirits which give a dog or a fellow a character for jollity. His heart never "leapt up," with Wordsworth's, at a rainbow in the sky; nor with that of humbler bards or writers, at a foaming tankard. Thus, though a very nice young man (he and his companions on this occasion were all youthful) for a small tea-party,

he was not quite the sort of person for a large dinner ditto. He was never known to romp, indulge in antics, or in any other way, in the fulness of his heart, to make a bit of a fool of himself. Yet he sometimes evinced a sort of liveliness, to the extent even of an occasional pun—but it was the glitter of an icicle. His temperament was singularly frigid, and he, figuratively speaking, cooled the atmosphere around him like a frog. Luke Damper was of the middling height, grey-eyed, spare, dark, and sallow, looking as if he were in the habit of taking medicine. The exhilarating influences of a summer's day at Hampton Court or anywhere else, it may be conceived, would not very powerfully stimulate Mr. Damper.

The wedded pair, and the engaged ones, with their friend, were standing on the brink of the basin with the fountain in its centre which adorns the gardens in front of the Palace. Now their eyes wandered over the glowing sky above, and the radiant prospect around them; anon, they were turned, not less delightedly, on each other's; and then glanced deeply into the crystal pool beneath their feet, where the fat gold-fish,—aquatic aldermen,—rolled, porpoise-like, in lazy gambols. Except, however, the eyes of Mr. Damper, who, with an umbrella under his arm, stood looking straight before him at nothing in particular.

Mr. Beatty remarked that it was the finest day he had ever seen, in which observation the ladies and Mr. Mitchell coincided. Mr. Damper, on being appealed to for his sentiments on the subject, said, with a sort of faint air of satisfaction, that he thought they would have some rain by and by.

"Rain, Damper!" said Mr. Mitchell; "*Rain!* What are you thinking of? Why?"

"Hum!" replied Damper, in a species of brown study; "I don't know—I think we shall."

Mr. Damper's voice was ever soft,—at least, weak,—gentle, and low; which, however "an excellent thing in woman," has an effect in a young man anything but inspiriting and lively. He presently added, that he had a twinge of rheumatism in his shoulder, which he shrugged, slightly shivering as he made the complaint.

"Well, now," said Mr. Beatty, "we'll regularly go in to enjoy ourselves. What shall we do first in the way of sight-seeing—Wolsey's Hall and the Pictures?"

His wife and Miss Miles told him to decide.

"Then," he said, "let us begin with the Hall."

"I don't think we can," said Damper.

"No?—Why?"

"Why—I think—" said Mr. Damper, musing, "that this is one of the days when people are not admitted."

"Well, but," interposed Miss Miles, "we can but try."

"I don't think," observed Damper, "you will find it of much use."

"Oh! never mind," said Mrs. Beatty; "let us go and see. The Hall is beautiful, dear, is it not?"

"Very fine," answered her husband, "extremely interesting."

"One of the most interesting old places," observed Mr. Mitchell, "in the kingdom. It takes you quite back to the times of bluff King Hal."

"How very delightful!" exclaimed the ladies in unison: "won't it be, dear?"



The Little Republic



They addressed each other; but Mr. Damper, though not the dear alluded to, said, almost vivaciously, that he thought they would find themselves disappointed.

On they walked, now briskly and now slowly, their own pace being determined by Damper's, who, having only his umbrella under his arm, and evidently thinking of something else than what he was about, kept going either too fast or too slow for the others. At length he was left some twenty yards behind; when, on looking back, they observed him examining a sun-dial.

Mrs. Beatty took the opportunity to remark that he seemed very dull.

"He's a worthy fellow," said her husband; "but, I must say, a slight bore."

"Not a slight bore," observed Mr. Mitchell. "We would hardly have chosen him for a companion, but we couldn't help ourselves. Come on; if he loses us it will be his own fault."

Not greatly displeased by the prospect of this contingency they proceeded.

"Don't look back, Jenny," said Mr. Beatty to his wife. But it was too late; Mr. Damper was striding after them, and they waited till he came up.

"Come, Damper, Damper," remonstrated Mr. Mitchell, "we mustn't keep the ladies waiting."

"I was thinking," observed Damper, not heeding the reproof; "I was thinking just now, whilst I was looking at a dial, of 'As You Like It.'"

"But the ladies," said the married man, "don't like it. Do you, Jane and Louisa, now?"

They smiled, and told him he shouldn't say that.

A few minutes' walk brought the party to their destination.

"Here we are," said Mr. Mitchell. "This is the house that Jack built,—no, I mean the hall that Wolsey built,—what do you think of it?"

"De-lightful! Ex-quis-ite! Be-eautiful! Well, I never!" ejaculated Miss Miles and Mrs. Beatty alternately." The tapestry, the carved rafters, the stained glass, and the coats of arms and devices, blue and gold and vermilion, decorating the roof, came in severally for their admiration; the arms, and painted windows especially, being declared to be beyond everything superb, magnificent, and sweetly pretty.

Mr. Beatty observed that the interior had lately been renovated, as he thought with much taste.

Mr. Damper didn't think that, quite. He could point out several mistakes, and would have done so if his companions would have listened to him. But Messrs. Mitchell and Beatty proceeded to supply the place of a guide-book to their fair charges by brief historical quotations, relative to the founder of the edifice and his times, from Pinnock, and Goldsmith, and Shakspeare. Useful knowledge, imparted by affection, delights while it edifies the female mind; and the two ladies looked and listened with expressions of rapture.

"Shakspeare is very incorrect, however, in matters of history," asserted Mr. Damper.

After due homage paid to the genius of the great Cardinal, they went on to view the state-rooms and the pictures, whose beauties were duly relished by the rest of the party, and their blemishes as duly

pointed out by Mr. Damper. At last they came to the Cartoons, about which the two gentlemen endeavoured to get up a little enthusiasm on the ladies' part, by explaining their merits—a task, we believe, generally necessary to the gallant lionist,—and by dwelling on the mighty mind of which they were the emanation.

"Ferret Poke, I believe," here observed Mr. Damper; "in his work on 'Traditionary Errors,' proves, beyond doubt, that the Cartoons were not the work of Raphael."

"Oh—pooh!" exclaimed Mr. Mitchell; "whose were they, then?"

"Done," answered Damper coolly, "by one Piccoluomo, originally a cobbler at Città Vecchia."

A groan burst from his hearers; but Mr. Damper quietly said that he did not see why the fact should not have been as Poke had stated.

After seeing the labyrinth, and taking another saunter in the gardens, during which, whilst his companions, seated beneath an ivy-clad thorn, were reciprocating sweet converse, Mr. Damper broached a speculation as to how many of the people then on the grounds would be underground that day twelvemonth; which he meant for wit, but whereat his friends shivered instead of laughed. They bent their way to the King's Arms, to conclude their holiday with a little dinner.

"Waiter, what 's for dinner?" inquired Beatty.

"There 's ducks and green peas, Sir,—just ready."

"Do you like ducks and green peas?" said the husband and the lover, simultaneously to the ladies; who enthusiastically, and in a breath, replied, "Oh, *yes!*"

"There 's a very nice cold shoulder of mutton, Sir," added the waiter; "if you 'd like that."

"I think I should like the cold shoulder of mutton," said Mr. Damper.

"Shoulder of mutton be—hashed!" cried Mr. Mitchell; whereon Damper remarked, with a weak laugh, that he thought hashed mutton no bad thing.

"Well," said Mr. Beatty; "bring up the cold mutton for Damper."

By the time bonnets were taken off, ablutions performed, and the party had made themselves comfortable—Damper excepted, who never *was* comfortable,—dinner was ready. The ducks were attacked, and shall we say it? demolished by those who loved them; and the cold shoulder was turned to Mr. Damper. The meal being ended, Mr. Beatty proposed a glass of punch—if the ladies would try some. They wouldn't mind doing so at all.

"What do you say, Damper?"

"Hum!" responded that gentleman, frigidly jovial; "the pure element."

"What?"

"Waiter," said Damper, in his usual small voice; "bring me a glass of water."

"Porter, Sir?—Yes, Sir,"

"No, no, not porter. Water."

"Beg pardon, Sir,—water, Sir?—Yes, Sir." With this the man disappeared to order the punch, and the fluid which he supposed would be used to dilute it.

Conversation over punch is usually brisk and lively. It was so in this instance on the part of the partakers of that beverage; but Mr. Damper remained silent. His presence was at first unheeded, but became gradually sensible as a dead weight, increasing, like the *peine forte et dure* of the good old times, till at last it became more than his friends could bear.

"Mr. Damper," at length said Mrs. Beatty; "I am afraid you are not well." Yes—oh yes! he was.

"Damper!" cried her husband, upbraidingly. "Come. Be jolly. Try a glass of this."

"No thank you. I had rather not."

"Punch cures the gout, the colic, and the phthisic," said, or rather sang, Mr. Mitchell.

"Punch," observed Mr. Damper; "lays the foundation of gout, and many other diseases. Punch produces indigestion."

"Damper! Damper!"

"Inflammation," he placidly continued, counting on his fingers.

"Paralysis—apoplexy—cholera, and cutaneous eruptions."

"O Mr. Damper!" exclaimed the ladies.

They had now drawn him out, as far as his elasticity, such as it was, permitted; and Mr. Damper, who dabbled in theoretical medicine, next got upon the chrono-thermal system, of which he was an advocate, and in defence whereof he persisted in arguing for at least an hour. When the debate ended, the gentlemen were exhausted, and the ladies bewildered and nearly asleep. There was no fetching up defunct hilarity. It was swamped. And there they sat, one and all exchanging monosyllables at long intervals, from half-past six till seven; when the omnibus started and took them back to Town. What a relief they felt it when at length they got rid of Damper! However, he had quite spoiled their day's pleasure; thus leaving such a burden on their spirits, that, but for a renovating supper, they would all have gone yawning to bed.

Once again produce we Mr. Damper on the scene. Three days after the trip to Hampton-Court, Miss Miles became Mrs. Mitchell. Away, in high hope, went the bride and bridegroom, to spend their honeymoon at the back of the Isle of Wight. The accessories to the nuptial ceremony had assembled at breakfast at the Beattys, and among them was Mr. Damper. Champagne flowed freely, and even Damper abjured his hydropathy—on compulsion, though—lest wine should have been poured down his throat. Toast upon toast was proposed, and finally the health of the trustees; when Mr. Damper, being called upon to return thanks, arose, and spoke as follows:

"I rise to return our best thanks for the honour you have done us in drinking our healths, which I hope all of us may long preserve, though few are so fortunate as to do so. On this melancholy occasion," (here Mr. Damper quaintly smiled, while several voices cried, 'Oh! oh!')—"I consider it a melancholy occasion; for the two greatest events in life, besides birth, are marriage and burial, and one naturally suggests the other." (Groans, and 'Go on, Damper.') "On this melancholy occasion, I really think alcohol—for champagne contains alcohol—almost medicinal. When I look at the merry faces around me, and think of what will become of us all; and how many such meetings the world has seen since it began," (Uproar.) "I ask myself where are all those now who assisted at them? I naturally say, where

will the bride and bridegroom, just united, be seventy, or sixty, or fifty years, or, perhaps, only a twelvemonth hence?" (Confusion.) "I think," pursued Mr. Damper, quite in a complacent state of abstraction, "that it would be better if we were all dressed in black, and that wreaths of cypress would be a much more philosophical head-dress for ladies on these occasions, than white roses. However, I think, perhaps, I may as well not dwell on this subject, considering all things. I wish long life and happiness to you all, and to the bride and bridegroom; though, of course, everybody's life, and happiness too, must end somewhere." This lively oration concluded amid much noise, wherein, with groans and hisses, was mingled some hollow laughter.

And now Mr. Damper was quiet; though, having been once excited, he sat, drinking mechanically till everybody but himself got very merry, when some one took it into his head to call upon him for a song. "A song—a song from Damper!" shouted all; and to sing he was obliged. So thus attempting to convert a treble voice into a bass, he began—his mind apparently dwelling upon the theme he had been talking of:

"King Death was a rare old fellow!
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he raised his hand so yellow,
And poured out his cold, black wine.
Hurrah!"

And what a "Hurrah!" it was. A perfect scream. He got no further. A general outcry arose, and his next neighbour, taking up a hat, pulled it over his eyes with one hand, whilst he stopped his mouth with the other; thus extinguishing the luckless Damper; not, however, before he had earned an eternal reputation as a **WET BLANKET**.

Lays and Ballads from English History.—These Lays and Ballads, the author tells us, were written for the amusement of his seven children, to whom they are dedicated; and they are now published, we presume, to amuse the rising generation, as well as children of a larger growth. To say the truth, they are very well done. Plain and intelligible, there is yet no childishness in them; no common praise, as the reader will own who knows what mean gabble is usually commended to the juvenile ear, by way of exhilarating the infant capacity. But we have a fault to find with S. M. There should be a consistency of character even in a ballad, or it is not worth the "old song" it pretends to be. It must have been mystification, not amusement, to the author's children, when they found William the Conqueror represented as a fine, noble fellow, in the first ballad, and termed "the ruthless conqueror" in the second. But the author, forsooth, has authority for it. Miss Strickland, it seems, has taught him to call names, such as "the traitor Harold," and to tell us in a note that "he was not undeserving of the epithet applied to him. He had sworn fealty to William of Normandy, as heir of England, before the death of Edward the Confessor; independently of which, the claim of the Conqueror to the English throne was, at least, as legitimate as his own. It will be remembered that the right of a sovereign to will away his kingdom endured to a very late period in English History." If S. M. will condescend to read history, not Miss Strickland, he will find that the oath was extorted from Harold by the foulest treachery; that Edward the Confessor had passed many years of his life in Normandy, and had imbibed a love of Normans; and that at no period of our history was the right of a king conceded, to will away this kingdom to a foreigner. With this exception, we commend these Lays and Ballads to our readers.

THE HALIFAX MURDER.

A TALE OF THE COLONIES.

BY AN INFANTRY OFFICER.

THE winter, which lasts so long, and is generally so severe in the North American provinces, set in, in the year 182-, about a week before Christmas. That brilliant season, called "the Indian summer," when the sky is without a cloud, and the sun still warm, though a clear frost fills the air, had been unusually prolonged, and the change which a few days had wrought was most remarkable. The icy breath of the cutting north-west wind, as it swept over the Bay of Halifax, stripped from the trees the scarlet glories of the American autumn; and the heavy snow, which fell uninterruptedly for several days and nights, covered the earth to the depth of two or three feet.

Yet the sudden arrival of winter was welcome to the garrison of Halifax, for it brought with it a cessation, for some months, from heavy drills and field-days, and gave promise of an excellent season for sleighing, the staple amusement of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia. Bear-skins were rapidly put in requisition to form the linings of the snow-carriages,—scarlet cloth was "curiously cut" for the trappings of the horses,—glittering harness was polished anew,—sleigh-bells were adjusted, and from many a key-bugle sounded the note of preparation. The corps of amateur theatricals convened its members, appointed its manager, and debated earnestly respecting the opening comedy and the qualifications of certain young whiskerless ensigns for playing female parts; and hailed with satisfaction the prospect of "new scenery and decorations" from the pencils of several clever draughtsmen who had recently joined the garrison. The different regiments held mess-meetings, at which prospective balls were discussed; the racquet-players, heedless of the thermometer being at zero, thronged the open courts; and a few hardy sportsmen began to consider the eligibility of a cariboo-hunt in the forests of the interior. The winter season of Halifax had, in fact, commenced, and all was life and gaiety in consequence.

At the period of which we speak, it would have been difficult to have found pleasanter quarters for military men than Halifax. Besides the usual complement of artillery and engineers, the garrison was composed of three regiments of the line, one of which, the —th, had only arrived from England in the course of the preceding summer. It was a fine corps, newly raised, the men young, and the officers, selected from a large half-pay list, were, many of them, persons of education and attainments. Amongst the number was a young lieutenant, named Reginald Croft. He was an Irishman, tall, well-made, and of engaging exterior; he rode, fenced, and danced well, was a tolerable musician, and had a good voice. His disposition was generous, frank, and confiding; the impetuosity of his native country sometimes marked his actions, but, unless the excitement were violent, his temper was ordinarily calm and placid. He was a great favourite with his regiment, and speedily became so throughout the garrison.

It was the night of Christmas-day; the snow had ceased to

fall, but a sharp frost had succeeded, crisping its surface, and causing it to crackle beneath the footsteps of the sentinels and of the few stragglers that were abroad.

The fires burnt cheerily on every hearth in Halifax; the canteen in every barrack-yard was well filled, and, seated in circles before the blazing pine-logs, the men sent round the whiskey-punch, and many a song of England, Ireland, and Scotland recalled the memory of "the old country." The officers' mess-rooms were comparatively deserted, for in Halifax the English custom prevailed of forming happy social groups on Christmas-day, and amongst those who dined abroad was Reginald Croft. It was late when his party broke up, and the moon shone brightly as he pursued his way along the road beneath the signal hill, which leads to the officers' barracks. On one side were the lofty palisades that surround the glacis of the fort, standing like an array of gigantic pikemen, and on the other a few scattered houses, the chance quarters of the married officers who lived out of barracks; covering the steep slope of the broad hill, below these houses, was spread the town of Halifax, and beyond the town the glittering moonbeams fell upon the yet unfrozen waters of the harbour, where many a tall ship, housed for the winter, lay securely moored.

A singular colony existed in this neighbourhood at the time of which we are writing. It was formed entirely of black and coloured people, originally brought to Halifax by an admiral on the station, from one of the West India islands, as a kind of experiment in the way of colonization. It had answered but indifferently, the people turning out about as badly as they possibly could; the men were brawlers, the women something worse, and all, unlike the negro race in general, excessively addicted to drinking. In fact, the houses were every one grog-shops, the resort of the most dissolute characters; so notorious, indeed, had the spot become from constant scenes of violence, that it had acquired the unattractive sobriquet of "Knock-Me-Down Street," and it was, even by day, very often a service of danger to pass that way—at least, something offensive to ears or eyes was always sure to present itself.

As Reginald advanced, the sounds of three or four fiddles from different huts, plainly intimated the nature of the amusements within; and, as he passed the doors, the excited tones, the violent and coarse expressions, the shouts of the men, and the shriller shrieks of the women, the stamping of feet upon the floor, and numberless other discordant noises, warned him that the drunken orgies were at their full height. He hurried on, therefore, hoping, in the silence of the night, to pass by unobserved; but just as he had reached the last hut, the door suddenly flew open, and a tall, stout, black woman rushed out into the road and stood before him, as if to intercept his path. Her gestures were by no means insignificant, and her language, as well as she could articulate from drunkenness, was still less so. She made a movement towards Reginald, as if to clutch him by the shoulder and drag him into her den. He drew back in disgust, and haughtily desired the wretch to stand aside, when, bursting into a scream, half passion, half laughter, she again made another dash at him and succeeded in grasping the cape of his cloak. By a violent effort he freed himself, and swinging her suddenly round, got between her and the barracks, and then, to

prevent further chance of stoppage, ran off towards his quarters; the creature followed him for about twenty yards, uttering fearful oaths, mingled occasionally with terms of endearment, and would no doubt have pursued him further, but her progress was arrested by a false step on the slippery soil which sent her headlong to the ground. In a few minutes Reginald was entirely beyond the reach of the miscreants of "Knock-Me-Down Street," and soon reached the barracks.

It may, for the purpose of our story, be necessary here to describe the position of the block of buildings known as the "officers' barracks." They were a wide and lofty range, forming the upper end of a square, one side of which consisted also of buildings, the other two being bounded by roads intersecting each other at right angles, and enclosing a large railed plot of ground. Three open porches on pillars gave access to the different staircases of the barrack, which was divided into quarters from the ground-floor to the roof, very few but the senior officers having more than one room. Two or three groups of tall poplars grew opposite the porches, at the distance of a few yards, and beside the innermost clump was a well about ten feet deep, in addition to two or three feet of water.

Reginald's room was on the first floor, at the back of the building, and at the top of a very high steep staircase; but as he did not wish to mount unnecessarily to grope about in the dark for a light, and hearing, moreover, by the sound of voices that some of the officers were still up, he proceeded at once to the spot from whence they came. It was the barrack-room of his friend Captain Eustace, situated also at the back, but on the ground-floor. Reginald's entrance was hailed with satisfaction, and he was induced to sit down; but, as it was not his purpose to make a night of it, after singing one song, he took up a candle and, resisting further importunity, moved off towards his room. When he entered the barrack that night he had closed the door leading into the porch, but it was now open, and a strong gust of wind blowing through the passage, he was obliged to shade his light carefully for fear of its being extinguished. He was advancing cautiously, when, just as he reached the bottom of the staircase, his foot came into contact with something stretched across, and he was nearly thrown down. He lowered his candle to discover the nature of the obstruction, and there saw a man lying on the lower steps, as if with the intention of taking up his quarters for the night. Perceiving by his dress, which was that of a sailor, that it was none of the servants, Reginald shook him by the collar and desired him to get up; the man muttered some unintelligible words in a drunken tone and dropped his head back upon the staircase. As it was necessary to effect a clearance, and the drunken man being rather unmanageable, Reginald called out for some one from Eustace's room to help him with his burden. Hearing his voice, Eustace came himself, and between them they contrived to raise the intruder, whom they desired to give an account of himself. As this was beyond his capacity, they tried to make him understand that he could not be allowed to stay where he was, but that if he was at a loss for a night's lodging he must find his way to the guard-house, scarcely twenty paces round the corner of the barrack. The stranger, however, seemed resolved to stay where he was; and

a little gentle violence becoming necessary, he was quietly put outside the door, which was closed in his face. But he was hardly there before he began to hammer against the door with his fist, and Reginald, opening, and holding it ajar, asked him what he wanted.

"My handkerchief," said the man; "give me my handkerchief."

Reginald looked on the ground, and there saw a sailor's black neckcloth; he picked it up and thrust it into the fellow's hand, exclaiming to Eustace: "We've got rid of him at last, I hope."

"I hope so too,—good-night—hang the fellow, he's broken up the party. Hark! what o'clock is that striking? Only two. What! are you all going? Well, good-night!" and the guests dispersed to their dormitories in different parts of the building, and Reginald made the best of his way up stairs.

The next morning all was consternation in Halifax. The body of a murdered man had been found lying in the snow, within a few paces of the south porch of the officers' barracks. That he had been murdered there appeared no doubt, for there was a deep wound in his left breast; no weapon was discovered near the body, and tracks of blood stained the snow in more directions than one; there were also the marks of numerous footsteps. The first suspicions of the public pointed to the lawless crew in Knock-Me-Down Street; blood might be traced along the road leading thither from the barrack square, but before it could be followed to the houses, the marks of traffic,—for it was a considerable thoroughfare,—had obliterated it. Besides, it was averred that the drops, which in one or two places seemed to have flowed freely, forming thick clots in the road, had proceeded from a goaded ox, driven that morning along the road to a slaughter-house hard by. However natural the conclusion that the murdered man might have lost his life in a drunken fray with people who were in no sense "respecters of persons;" still, something more tangible than mere probability and a bad reputation, were necessary to furnish a ground for proceedings. It behoved those who had the desire of truth, and the interests of the community at heart, to examine into every circumstance that could throw light upon so mysterious an occurrence. Defeated, therefore, in their first endeavour to discover the murderer, the inquiries turned in the opposite direction. The body of the victim had been found at a considerable distance from the high road, within the enclosure of the officers' barracks,—scarcely six yards, indeed, from one of the entrances to the building. Gouts of blood were also distinctly visible for two or three yards *between the body and the porch*, but at the same time similar marks were perceptible in the direction of the well, which was situated further off on the opposite side. The numerous footmarks by which the snow was trampled afforded no clue, for the number of persons passing that way since it first fell, had imprinted footsteps in every direction. It seemed most probable that the murder, however committed, had been perpetrated on the spot; and this circumstance tended to exonerate from suspicion the coloured people in Knock-Me-Down Street, for it was believed barely possible that they would have had the boldness to pursue and slay their victim almost within hail of the sentry, armed and set there expressly for the safety of the place. The appearance of the murdered man was

next considered, that from his general habits some guide might be obtained to indicate the manner in which he had spent the last hours of his life. There could be little doubt as to his calling, a coarse but substantial blue jacket and trowsers, a black waistcoat and a stout check-shirt, sufficiently denoted that he was a sailor; he was apparently about five-and-forty years of age, and one or two persons in the crowd recognised him as a pensioner living in a cottage near the North-west Arm, a small creek that runs up from the harbour, about three or four miles from Halifax. It was supposed that he had been in town the day before to receive his pension, that he had been keeping Christmas in Knock-Me-Down Street, and was in all probability on his way home when he met with his death. No money was found on his person, which rendered the suspicion of robbery extremely probable, and robbery amongst the fraternity into whose hands he had fallen might be looked upon only as the prelude to murder. This consideration involved the question in fresh perplexity, for who were so likely to rob as those with whom he had, beyond all doubt, been spending his money freely, and who, if any difficulty arose in obtaining it, or if the desire of concealment were necessary, were more likely than the robbers to add murder to their crime? As it was Sunday, all that could for the present be done, was to remove the body to a convenient place to await the inquest, which was summoned by the coroner for the next morning. In the meantime the excitement which prevailed in the garrison was very great.

It happened that, on the morning of the discovery, Lieutenant N—, of the —th regiment, gave a breakfast to several of his brother officers. As all were living under the same roof, and no one had yet been out of doors, the party were ignorant of anything unusual having occurred outside, and sat down to breakfast with a strong disposition to do justice to the ample materials provided. The work of demolition had begun, and a lively conversation added zest to the good cheer, when the servant of Captain Eustace suddenly entered the room, his countenance betraying strong symptoms of alarm.

“Plase yer honor,” said he, saluting his master, and standing at ‘attention’ while he spoke; “plase yer honor, there’s a man kilt outside!”

“A man killed?” said Eustace, “what the devil do you mean, Flynn? Is it one of *ours*?”

“Oh! then, Sir, it is *not* one of ours. But, sure enough, there he lies stone dead in the snow.”

“My God!” exclaimed Reginald, starting up, “he is not frozen to death, is he?”

“It’s hard to say, Sir, what’s kilt him, if it isn’t the hole in his side where he was stuck.”

“Speak out, you fool!” said Eustace angrily, “and tell us plainly what is the matter.”

“Well, then, yer honor, all I know is, that there is a dead man lying in front of the porch, down-stairs, and somebody has been puttin’ the blade of a knife into him.”

“What sort of a man is he?” eagerly inquired Reginald and Eustace together.

“A kind of a seafaring-looking man, yer honors; he’s got on a blue jacket and trowsers.”

"This is very singular," said Eustace. "Are you sure, Flynn, that he has been stabbed?"

"I couldn't take my oath of it, because I didn't see it done; but he's had a mortal wound, and there's plinty of blood spilt."

Eustace looked at Reginald.

"This can't be our fellow."

"I hope not," returned Reginald.

"Hope not!" hastily replied Eustace; "by God, it can't be! Don't you hear that the man has been stabbed?"

"Who do you mean by 'our fellow?'" asked several voices.

"Why, there was a kind of scuffle here last night on the staircase, and Croft and I turned out a man who wanted to sleep in the building. He made some resistance, so we had to bundle him into the snow. But he seemed to take it quietly enough when he got outside."

"Did he come back again?" inquired Lieutenant N—.

"Not that I know," answered Eustace. "You didn't hear anything more of him, did you, Reginald?"

"Upon my honour, I don't recollect," replied Croft, whom this rapid conversation seemed almost to have stunned.

"Not recollect!—you *must* recollect. He didn't come back here, of course. I wonder how you can be so absurd. D—n the fellow, he's not worth thinking of,—some rascally Yankee, I suppose, has been fighting with those black devils in Knock-Me-Down Street, and got knocked on the head. That'll do, Flynn, you needn't care anything more about it;" and Eustace sat down again to his breakfast, evidently angry at the interruption.

"Oh, by Jasus!" said Paddy Flynn, in an under tone; "I didn't care if the whole of Ameriky was lying with its trote cut under the window!" so saying, he faced to the right-about, and marched out of the room.

It was not to be expected that the breakfast should be resumed as merrily as before. The conversation necessarily turned upon the murder, and the scene of the previous night was recapitulated; Reginald repeated all that had occurred, and now declared in a more positive manner that he never saw the man again after throwing out his handkerchief to him. It was a pity that neither Eustace nor Reginald ever thought of going down to look at the body to see if it were indeed the intruder of the night before; had this been done, much anxiety would have been spared to many: but the idea of any necessity for doing so never entered into any one's head.

In the mean time the body of the unfortunate man was removed; the usual church-parade took place, and the military routine of the day went on. The affair which had occurred in the barracks was not discussed, for it was thought advisable to say nothing prematurely on the subject, but still a whisper went abroad that excited an unpleasant kind of feeling. It was more an apprehension than a reality, but the impression which it produced was not the less disagreeable, and a circumstance occurred in the course of the day which tended to heighten it. While the officers of the —th were standing in a knot in front of the regiment, previously to falling in, Reginald accidentally leant upon his sheathed sword with more than usual pressure, and the extreme frost having rendered the steel unusually brittle, the blade snapped short off,

about six or seven inches from the point, with a crack that made every one start.

"I thought how it would be," said Major W——, "when I saw you leaning so heavily on your sword this frosty weather. It's lucky for you we all heard it break, or people might have said it was done against the ribs of that man last night."

The Major's remark was ill-timed, but Reginald made no observation upon it; he merely drew out the fragment, to ascertain that it was really broken, returned it to its sheath, and then unbuckling his belt, delivered it to one of the serjeants of his company, desiring him to take it at once to the armourer to get it welded. This accident was afterwards made the subject of comment, but the day passed off without any other occurrence worth noting.

On Monday the inquest was appointed to be held, and at twelve o'clock a jury assembled. The witnesses to the finding of the body having made their depositions, it was ascertained that the deceased had positively received his pension on the previous Friday, and that he had passed the whole of the time in one of the grog-shops in Knock-Me-Down Street. Still there was nothing to fix criminality upon anybody, until a sturdy negress, elbowing her way through the crowd, came forward to give evidence. Her information was most important.

She said that there had been a good deal of drinking in Knock-Me-Down Street on Christmas-day. "Berry much grog wor drunk, and him sailor-man berry drunk too. Him spend all hes money,—dance a good deal,—kick up great shindy,—him fight too,—not berry much harm." When questioned as to whether she saw him leave the street, she said, with a scornful toss of the head, and then a complacent glance at her person,

"Me no stay there all night see him drink himself out; me got engagement elsewhere,—me got 'pintment in barricks with soger-officer," and here the hideous creature grinned, and gave herself the airs of a spoilt mistress.

"Do you know anything more about the deceased, then?"

"Oh, yes!" said the woman, whose name, by the way, was Lavinia White; "me know plenty much more."

"Tell *all* you know," returned the coroner.

Thus addressed, Lavinia drew herself up, and in a tone in which bitterness of feeling seemed to strive with exultation, she made a succinct statement.

She had gone, she said, to the barracks, but the officer whom she expected had not yet come home, and as the night was very cold she remained in one of the passages up stairs, instead of walking about outside; besides, she added, she was afraid some one else might see her and order her away, so she kept close. She did not know how long she had waited,—it might be an hour or more, when she heard some of the officers come into barracks; there was singing in some room down-stairs,—an opening and shutting of doors, and then all was quiet for a time. At last she began to get tired of waiting, and descended towards the south porch. Before, however, she had reached the last flight of stairs, she heard a noise of voices evidently in altercation, and stealing cautiously to the landing-place, *she leant over the rail and saw, by*

the light of the moon, two men struggling outside the porch,—one of them was the deceased, the other she knew, by his dress, to be an officer; the latter held a drawn sword in one hand, and with the other was pushing back his antagonist towards the well. Suddenly she saw the officer raise his arm and make a stab at the deceased, who fell to the ground heavily, uttering a deep groan. The officer paused for a moment and bent down towards the body, but did not touch it; he then turned, still holding the sword in his hand, and the rays of the moon falling full on his face, she distinctly recognised his features. They were those of Lieutenant Reginald Croft of the —th regiment. She knew him well, having frequently seen him pass by the house where she lived, on his way between the barracks; indeed, she had already seen him before, that same night, and could not be mistaken; she could positively swear it was he. After he had stabbed the man, whom he left stretched upon the snow, he returned to the barracks and came up stairs towards his room, on which she retreated as noiselessly as she could, with her shoes in her hand, and hid herself in a doorway at the end of the passage. She then saw Mr. Croft enter his own room and immediately heard the key turn in the lock; he held the sword upright during the whole time. As soon as she was able to muster courage she stole past his door, and casting one glance at the body, which remained where it had first fallen, she ran home as fast as she was able.

Testimony so positive as this, however doubtful the character of the witness, could not be rejected; and the coroner's jury, without further deliberation, at once returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder against Lieutenant Reginald Croft of the —th Regiment." A warrant having been issued for his apprehension, he was arrested that afternoon, conveyed before the sitting magistrate, Mr. Justice P—, and the deposition of Lavinia White having been taken, the unhappy young officer was committed to prison to stand his trial at the ensuing assizes.

When the committal of Mr. Croft became generally known in Halifax, the utmost excitement and dismay pervaded all classes. The military, who scouted the idea of one of their body being guilty of murder, were highly indignant at the imputation,—his brother officers of the —th regiment in particular, bitterly inveighed against the verdict of the coroner's jury; and throughout the society of Halifax the most painful impression prevailed.

Mr. Croft bore himself beneath the accusation resolutely, as a man does who knows his danger; calmly, as one who relies upon his innocence. The greatest difficulty that surrounded his case, lay in his inability to disprove the sworn evidence of Lavinia White. He could not doubt, he said, that the woman was actuated by revenge, for he had personally given her cause for disliking him, by more than once ordering her away from the officers' barracks when he had found her prowling there late at night. He had threatened her with imprisonment, and, it may be remembered, that he had actually come in contact with her on the night of the murder. Another circumstance also operated against him in the minds of the public,—the fact of the broken sword—his own weapon—having been sent to the armourer for repair so speedily after the discovery of the murder. It was true, there were many of the officers who thought they

heard it snap, but none saw it in its entire state ; Mr. Croft trusted, however, to the evidence which the armourer himself would give on the day of trial, though there were few of the commoner people of the town who did not hesitate to say that Mr. Croft had killed the pensioner, and that his own sword was the instrument of his death.

We pass over the interval between Mr. Croft's committal and the day of trial ; a day fraught with anxiety and apprehension to almost every one in Halifax. The court was crowded to excess, for a similar event had never been known in the colony. The Attorney-General conducted the prosecution for the Crown, and Mr. S—, a barrister of distinguished ability, defended the prisoner. Reginald, who was dressed in plain clothes, was pale but composed ; he listened attentively to the arraignment, nor once withdrew his eyes from the Attorney-General during his opening address. The speech of that gentleman was remarkable for its calm, equable tone. He lamented that one who occupied so advantageous a position in society, holding His Majesty's Commission, and whose reputation as a gentleman stood so high, should have been brought within the grasp of suspicion ; but being there, it had become his especial duty to force the accusation to the conviction or the acquittal of the prisoner ; he trusted, with all his heart, that the latter result would ensue, but he was bound to urge the fullest inquiry, regardless of the issue, and utterly irrespective of all personal considerations. When he closed his speech, Reginald made him a low bow, and then sat down in the dock. Next followed the evidence :

After certain witnesses had deposed to the finding of the body, a surgeon was called to describe the nature of the wound. He was an officer of the medical staff, and was familiar with injuries inflicted by sharp-pointed instruments. Death, he declared, must have been instantaneous ; the blow must have been struck overhanded, or else inflicted by some one taller than the deceased, for the wound slanted downwards ; the weapon had penetrated the thorax on the left side, between the cartilages of the third and fourth ribs, had taken an oblique direction, piercing the pericardium and left ventricle of the heart, and causing a considerable suffusion of blood which, in his opinion, sufficiently accounted for death. When interrogated as to the character of the weapon, he stated that, in his belief, it must have been extremely sharp at the point, with a cutting edge and a back ; he admitted that *a regulation sword would have caused exactly such a wound.*

The surgeon's evidence produced a strong impression, which was only partially removed by that which was given by the sergeant-armourer of the —th regiment. He averred upon his solemn oath that when the sword of Lieutenant Croft was brought to him on the afternoon of the 26th of December it was newly broken ; that he had extracted the broken part from the sheath immediately he received it, for, he acknowledged, he was curious on the subject, a rumour having already gone abroad that the man had been stabbed by one of the officers. He had examined the blade carefully, but could discover no stain or smear that looked like blood, which must have left a mark *if not wiped off immediately.* It was the duty of the officers' servants to keep their master's swords constantly polished, and, therefore, he could not tell whether Mr. Croft's sword had been rubbed more than usual. The broken part, he said, was exactly

seven inches long. The sword now produced was the one which he had welded.

John O'Reilly, a private in the light company of the —th regiment, deposed that he was servant to Lieutenant Croft. He was in the habit of cleaning his master's sword. Was not obliged to do so every day; that depended upon the condition it was in. Did not clean it every day; perhaps not oftener than once a week. Did not clean it on the morning of the 20th of December. Distinctly remembers why not: in regard to being late that morning from keeping up Christmas the night before. When he went into his master's room he was asleep; things were pretty regular in the room. To the best of his recollection his master's sword was hanging in the belt in the usual place. He buckled it on for him when he went that morning to church-parade. Did not notice that it was broken. Thinks he should have been sure to have observed it if it had been. His master had only one sword—that was a regulation one. Sees it now lying on the table. Heard no particular noise on Christmas night. Sleeps at the back of the building; sleeps very sound. Sometimes hears noises, but takes no notice of them.

The black woman, Lavinia White, was the next witness: a deep silence prevailed in court while she gave her evidence. Her manner was bold, and those who observed closely could perceive that it was not free from vindictiveness. She was dressed in the flaunting style habitual to her colour and class, and looked round the court with a satisfied air, courting admiration. The greater part of her evidence was the counterpart of that which she had previously given. *She distinctly swore to having seen the murder committed, and dwelt with emphasis on the position in which she stood at the top of the staircase; she added also a fact, intended materially to corroborate her statement, that "just as Lieutenant Croft re-entered the barracks the hospital-clock struck two!"*

A slight smile appeared for a moment on Reginald's lips at this part of the witness' statement, and he exchanged glances with his counsel. Lavinia continued her evidence to the close without any material alteration in the terms of her former deposition. In her cross-examination she steadily adhered to her evidence in chief.

This closed the case for the prosecution.

Mr. S— then rose and, in a speech of much eloquence, addressed the jury. He would not, he said, rely upon the absence of all inducement on the part of the prisoner to commit the crime with which he stood charged; he would not argue on the improbability of a gentleman, noted for his humanity and kindness of disposition, so far forgetting his nature as to slay a fellow-creature without provocation—for it must be observed that no evidence had been adduced of *malice prepense*, without which the charge of *murder* could not be sustained; he would not even ask the jury to pause before they accorded their belief to the uncontradicted statements of a dissolute and abandoned woman, the lowest of a class the most degraded upon the face of the earth; he would not refuse,—even to so shameless a creature, whose whole life was passed in utter disregard of all the moral and religious observances of society,—he would not refuse her the benefit of using her ears and eyes, and the free exercise of her tongue to declare what she had heard and seen: he would waive at

once all that was hypothetical, all that appealed only to the feelings and impressions of the jury, and come at once to the plain statement of facts, on the merits alone of which he was content that the prisoner's case should stand or fall.

What he intended to shew was this: not that the witness, Lavinia White, was a drunkard, a brawler, a prostitute, and a liar,—though these impeachments of her character were susceptible of direct confirmation,—but that the statements which she had made were negatived, not only by testimony of the highest possible respectability, but *by physical impossibilities*. On these points he should rely to obtain a triumphant acquittal of the gentleman now a prisoner at the bar.

Much interest was excited in court by the announcement of the intended line of defence, for it was wholly unexpected; and when the name of Captain Charles Henry Eustace, of the —th regiment, was called, every eye was turned anxiously to the door.

That officer deposed as follows:

He was a captain in the —th regiment, of which he commanded the light company. The prisoner, Lieutenant Reginald Croft, was one of his subalterns. They were on terms of extreme intimacy, and he could vouch for his character as an officer and a gentleman. He considered him a young man of a remarkably mild and humane disposition, and quite the reverse of quarrelsome. His habits were particularly sober and regular. Never knew him offer any encouragement to persons of the description of the witness White; on the contrary, had often heard him threaten her with summary punishment if she persisted in haunting the barracks. Remembered the night of Christmas Day. Had dined at mess, and afterwards had a small party in his room to play a rubber. After cards there was supper, and then some singing and a glass of punch. There was no excessive drinking: everybody was perfectly sober. Lieutenant Croft came into barracks on the Sunday morning, as near as he could recollect, about a quarter past one. He had been at an evening party, at which several ladies were present. Lieutenant Croft was quite sober; indeed, he did not appear to have taken anything at all. His manner was cheerful, but quiet. He asked him to take a glass of punch and he did so; he also, at his instance, sang a song. After staying about half an hour or so, Lieutenant Croft got up to go away. A minute or two after he was gone, he thought he heard his voice in the passage calling upon his name; he went out, and found Lieutenant Croft trying to lift a drunken man from the staircase who refused to leave the barracks. Assisted Mr. Croft to turn the man out; believes the drunken man and the deceased to be the same person. Did not attempt to identify him on the following day. Can give no particular reason for not having tried to do so. Saw no more of the man; but remembers that Mr. Croft threw his handkerchief out to him. Mr. Croft then bade him 'good night.' Heard the hospital-clock strike at the moment; counted the strokes. *Distinctly remembers that there were only two*. Mr. Croft was in uniform, but wore only his sash; he had no sword on. It was not customary in going out to an evening party to wear one. Witness heard no more noise that night. The next morning at breakfast his servant told him that there was a man lying dead outside the barracks.

The other officers who had supped in Captain Eustace's room cor-

roborated this evidence; they all deposed to the perfect sobriety of Lieutenant Croft, and were mostly aware of the hour at which the party broke up.

Here was positive testimony in contradiction to the statement of Lavinia White, respecting *the time* when the alleged murder took place. The next evidence was even more important.

It was a plan of the officers' barracks, *constructed from actual measurement* by an engineer officer. It has been already observed that the staircase leading from the entrance, within the porch, was a very steep and lofty one. It was here demonstrated on the plan—and confirmed by the affidavit of the draughtsman—that a person standing on the landing-place at the top of the stairs, *could not by any possibility, even in a crouching posture, see so far as the porch*; and that to see what went on outside it would be necessary to go half way down the stairs. The witness, Lavinia White, has sworn that when she saw the blow struck, she was leaning over the rails at the top of the staircase, whereas it was perfectly impossible for her in that position to have seen anything at all. The fatal catastrophe took place, according to her own account, so suddenly, that had she been standing on the stairs where she could have seen the murder committed, she must inevitably have exposed herself to the view of the murderer as he returned straight up to his room.

The venerable judge who presided requested that the plan might be handed to him; and, after a careful inspection he submitted it to the foreman of the jury, who passed it round. There was a pause in the court, and the judge demanded of Mr. S— if he had any more evidence to produce?

"None, my lord," replied the counsel; "we rest our defence here."

The next thing that occurred was significant; the Attorney-General declined to reply. His lordship accordingly rose, and charged the jury. It is unnecessary here to follow the learned judge throughout his charge; it is sufficient to say, that while he summed up with the utmost impartiality, he particularly directed the attention of the jury to the glaring discrepancies in the evidence of the principal witness against the prisoner. The issue, however, was scarcely for a moment doubtful; for the foreman of the jury, rising immediately the judge had concluded, informed his lordship that they were all agreed, their unanimous verdict being "Nor guilty."

The strong murmur of approbation that ran through the court on this announcement evinced the general sympathy felt for the accused, and the judge, rising again, expressed the share he took in it. "He was most happy," he said, "to dismiss Mr. Croft from that bar, to return, without a stain on his character, to the honourable profession to which he belonged."

It is a common saying, that "Murder will out." Full twenty years have passed by since the event which we have described took place, but to this hour the murderer of the Halifax pensioner has never been discovered.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN;

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE "NEWSPAPER MAN:" AND THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE CANNING.

"Among the sources of those innumerable calamities which from age to age have overwhelmed mankind, may be reckoned as one of the principal, the abuse of words."—BISHOP HORNE.

"FOR no offence that I am ashamed of—shrink from avowing—or would hesitate to repeat to-morrow under similar provocation!" was the answer given me, one November morning, by an intelligent but excited young man, as a reply to the usual routine question, "For what are you committed?"

That the chaplain should see all parties as speedily as possible after their admission, was one of the prison regulations; and in a general way some lengthy and truly extraordinary answers to a set of common-place questions were the result. On the occasion to which I refer, Pounce was present; and, coming up to my assistance, whispered:—

"He is charged with a most deliberate and desperate assault; in fact, he has licked his man so thoroughly that his life has been pronounced in danger; and the magistrates have in consequence declined receiving bail."

"Who is he?"

"Difficult to describe him!" returned Pounce slyly; "his fist is—as Mr. Lammond has discovered ere this—rather heavy; and his pen Lord John Russell has found rather keen. He baited his lordship week after week, with merciless severity, on the score of his unhappy selection of Frost for a magistrate. And little Spring Rice—touching Sir John Newport's pension, and the Exchequer job—he has literally mauled."

I went on with my task—filling up the blank spaces as rapidly as consistent with accuracy, and asking the fewest possible questions. At length some observation escaped me, some manifestation of my regret at seeing a person of his evident acquirements and gentlemanly address, so circumstanced. His reply was immediate, and rather warmly given.

"Pray, sir, waive all expressions of condolence. I glory in what I have done. I am aware of the annoyances of my position; and prepared to submit to them."

I had now arrived at the perplexing column—"occupation, or employment:" and for the moment felt puzzled. The accused party caught my hesitation, instantly divined its cause, and terminated it by remarking,

"Put me down, sir, by all means, as my opponent described me, 'a newspaper man,'—nothing more—a mere 'newspaper man.'"

"Literature," was my rejoinder; and, with a gesture, I closed the interview.

The following morning, at the conclusion of the chapel service, I was told the last committal desired particularly to see me. The accounts of Mr. Lammond were, I learnt, still more unfavourable that morning: his medical men, it was given out, entertained serious doubts of his recovery. I imagined, therefore, my summons had reference to the prisoner's natural anxiety on this head. I was speedily and thoroughly undeceived.

"I wish, sir," said Wheldrake, "to apologise for the hasty manner in which I replied to your inquiries yesterday; and to express my regret that, however chafed, and under whatever provocation, I should have forgotten our relative position."

I told him I accepted his excuses; and had already forgotten the curt replies to which they pointed: expressed my satisfaction at seeing him in a calmer and more rational mood; and advised him to lose no time in rallying his friends around him. I added, "it is but proper you should know that Mr. Lammond is pronounced worse; and that his medical men anticipate fatal consequences."

"No, no, sir; he won't die!" observed Wheldrake with a smile. "Cowards are notoriously long lived. He has been punished to a nicety, I own: but he will rally! Society will not be deprived just yet of so promising a member as Mr. Sneyd Lammond."

I cared not to reply, and he continued,

"His sufferings are self-incurred. He grossly insulted my youngest sister. Intoxicated he *might* be at the moment. He says he was: and I dispute not his assertion. But, is that plea to justify brutal gestures, and blackguard ribaldry? I called on him the next morning, and calmly demanded immediate explanation and ample apology. He laughed at the idea of either. I then told him that there was but one other course open to me, and that I would depute a friend to wait upon him. His habitual arrogance then vented itself in characteristic terms. He reminded me, in most offensive phrase, that he was the son of Sir Luke Lammond, and the cousin of Baroness Badgebury; and asked me if I was mad enough to suppose he could entertain for a single moment the idea of giving a meeting to 'a mere newspaper man,' one of the 'miscreants of the daily press?' I replied, that the satisfaction which he refused me as a gentleman I would take as a man; and that at a very early opportunity. I kept my promise that afternoon; intercepted him as he quitted his club; broke my horsewhip over his back; and then, setting to work *à la* Cribb, punished him to my heart's content. Do you blame me?"

"You had no right to take the law into your own hands."

"Ay, ay! you say that as an official personage,—as part of the machinery attached to this gaol,—as connected, and closely, with the magistrates,—and, above all, as a minister; but, what say you as a man?"

"I can never divest myself of my office."

"But, if you could?" persisted he.

"If I could, I should say,—I am sorry your horsewhip broke so soon; and that I hope your fists made amends for its fragility!"

"I ask no more," said he complacently; "touch the feelings, and you get the heart's verdict. On the main point I was sure you would be with me."

"I am with you on many," was my answer. "I have long thought

that those who avowedly direct the political opinions of their fellows do not occupy that place in society to which their attainments justly entitle them. No common range of information must, in our time, be his, who writes for the daily press."

"Ah! say you so? Yours is not the generally-received opinion: there are those who look upon us as the Pariahs of society."

"Coxcombs may: not the thoughtful and calmly judging."

"A desperately small minority! The treatment dealt out to us by the educated, aye, and by privileged classes, is inconsistent enough. At one time we are fondled and flattered. At another we are avoided and abused. On the eve of a general election, or during any contested representation either for county or borough, amazing courtesy is shown us. Notes then come in, addressed:—

"*Private and confidential.*

"*MY DEAR MR. WHELDRAKE,*

"My speech from the balcony of 'The Lamb,' this morning, is, on reflection, anything but satisfactory to me. Its conclusion was abrupt; and its commencement feeble. Touch it up when you write out your notes. I rely on your good taste and kind offices.

"I am, always, your faithful and obliged,

"*PHILIP GAYBOY.*"

"Or, the missive runs:—

"*DEAR WHELDRAKE,*

"Your support in 'The County Mercury' is most important to me at this juncture. I count confidently upon its continuance. Give the electors to understand that I have materially modified my views on the Poor Law question; and, above all, remind them of my opponent Saunderson's thick and thin support of that obnoxious measure. Stereotype his vote on the separation-of-man-and-wife clause! My obligations will be boundless. Yours, most sincerely,

"*ADOLPHUS SLYMAN.*

"P.S.—Send me 200, or 300, copies of your next publication: any number, in fact, you like."

"Or thus:—

"For God's sake, my dear friend Wheldrake, do your best to set me right with the worthy electors of Goochembury. My last vote was ill-considered, and truly unfortunate. Say everything in my defence that occurs to you as likely to soothe them. My return is all-important to me.

"Your infinitely obliged,

"*HUGH GO-A-HEAD.*"

"The election contests are concluded; popular feeling subsides. Parliament sits; and business brings me up to town for eight-and-forty hours. I meet in Pall Mall Mr. Gayboy, or Mr. Slyman, or Mr. Go-a-head, and am fool enough to fancy that I shall be cordially greeted. A distant bow is accorded me; with, perhaps, the muttered, but distinctly audible, comment, addressed to some grinning hanger-on beside him, 'No! no! no public recognition of a *Newspaper man!* What a greenhorn must the fellow take me for!'"

"Strange exhibition of want of proper feeling," said I, "only to be accounted for by the unworthy conduct of a few malignant men in the literary world of desperate fortunes, and shipwrecked character."

“True,” rejoined my companion; “but with whom does the blame rest? *Who are the tempters?* Those whose descent, acquirements, rank, resources, should teach them better things. Take a case in point. Soon after Canning’s elevation to office, an underling, *apparently*—I say *apparently*—in the confidence of that formidable party which was bent on hurling Canning from power, sought out, at his wretched lodgings, a young man then employed on a rising Sunday paper. The party visited had the reputation—whether well or ill deserved is another matter—of writing first-rate political squibs. He was needy; out of health; in debt; and had two aged parents dependent on him for support. The visitor brought with him three letters, which, he was desirous should be turned into rhyme. This done, it was his pleasure they should then make their appearance in succession in the paper, on three consecutive Sundays. He was earnest that this ‘master-stroke of policy’ should tell; and that ‘plenty of venom and sting’ should be infused into the version. The pecuniary remuneration proposed was ample. The party applied to hesitate; and, as a preliminary, desired to look at the letters. This concession was at first stoutly refused, but at length reluctantly yielded. The documents were put into his hands. They were letters from Canning to his mother, Mrs. Hunn,—three clever, mischievous, gossiping letters,—written in a spirit of unbounded confidence; couched in the most affectionate terms; and breathing in more passages than one the most filial anxiety for his mother’s comfort and happiness. Poor Canning! if there was one point on which he was more susceptible than another, it was this ill-starred mother. Unfortunate in her name—‘Mother Hunn’ his opponents termed her; unfortunate in her second marriage; unfortunate in her choice of a profession—the stage; unfortunate in her reception on it, for she was never more than barely tolerated; but still richly compensated for all her trials, and sorrows, and reverses, by the undeviating affection of her devoted and gifted son. How her letters found their way into the enemy’s camp was matter of many a wearisome conjecture. But it was imagined they were lost with some other documents belonging to that lady when his papers were removed from Wyken Hall, in Leicestershire.”

“You are in error, I think; nay, I am persuaded that Canning never resided in Leicestershire.”

“Pardon me: he did. His domicile was Wyken Hall, near Hinckley. Both his sons were at school there under the charge of a Mr. Hay; and, if my memory serves me rightly, his elder and more remarkably gifted son,—his favourite in truth,—was placed under the medical treatment of the late well-known Mr. Chesshyre, one of the most successful quacks of the day. But to return to the letters. Some of the paragraphs were absurd enough, and would have made exquisite fun if duly coloured, exaggerated, and ‘*cayenned*.’ Others would have produced a rich harvest of mischief from the great names they introduced, and the droll anecdotes appended. And one letter must inevitably have caused ‘infinite embarrassment’ from its clever gossip, the caustic hits it contained at some of the very men with whom he was then acting, and a biting allusion to the reigning monarch and Lady —, an allusion which, it was thought, to George the Fourth would have been specially unpalatable. Altogether, these letters, peppered and versified, would

have proved a very mischievous and diverting affair. But when the party to whom they were submitted,—one of *'The Miscreants of the Press,'* remember,—had run through them, he observed, 'I detest Mr. Canning's politics. Viewing him as a statesman, I think his accession to power disastrous for this country; but I admire him as a man; nay, feel a degree of personal attachment to him; so much so, that I cannot make war on his private feelings, or *attack him in his home.'*

"'Pshaw! you don't know your own interest.'

"'A common error, and very possibly mine,' was the young man's reply; 'but I decline the task.'

"'Tush! Think again! Absurd to stand by Canning! He *must* be driven from the helm. He cannot retain it. And then—'

"'Meanwhile,' observed his companion, in a decided tone, 'I return you the letters.'

"Canning, later on his career, was apprized of this intrigue. It annoyed him to an extent which those only who knew his excitable nature would credit. He denounced bitterly the baseness of the whole transaction. But where did it lie? With him who produced the letters and tendered the bribe; or, with the party who rejected it? Methinks the odium of the affair—"

Rap! rap! rap! Come in. The Visiting Justices are in the Gaol, and desire the Chaplain's presence immediately in the Board Room.

CHAPTER LVII.

PARTY AND THE PRESS.

"When I first devoted myself to the public service, I considered how I should render myself fit for it; and this I did by endeavouring to discover what it was that gave the country the rank it holds in the world. I found that our prosperity and dignity arose principally, if not solely, from two sources—our constitution and commerce. Both these I have spared no study to understand, and no endeavour to support."—BURKE, *to the Electors of Bristol.*

It is a line of conduct, at once unworthy and ungrateful, which Party induces high-minded, and in other respects right-feeling, men to adopt towards the Press. In seasons of emergency, Party avails itself largely of the services of the political writer; entreats his advocacy of certain views or tenets; profits by his influence; uses him; and then—abandons him! Those very men who have tasked his energies and abilities to the utmost in vindicating their personal or political character, or placing their home or foreign policy in an attractive light, are the very first—the *service rendered*—to shun him. They speak of him in a deprecatory tone, "as unfortunately circumstanced in his professional position;" avow, with affected reluctance, their opinion that his "calling places him out of the pale of good society;" or, drawing a deep breath, say, with a sigh, that they "can know him in his public capacity only;" and that his claim for consideration "in private life" cannot be recognised. And yet what portion of the community—what class or body of men so incessantly in requisition for good offices towards their fellows? From whom is so much hourly exacted and expected?

Is public sympathy to be excited? "Try the influence of the

Press." Is a grievance to be redressed? "Attack it through the Press." Is the public to be warned against some wily impostor? "Unmask him through the Press?" Is public benevolence to be aroused? "Appeal to it through the Press?" Does the magistrate's poor-box want replenishing? Turning himself towards the reporter's box, that worthy official expresses his persuasion that by their means that fact will speedily become public; and a remedy as speedily provided.

And yet this is the class so incessantly employed in conferring public benefits which "in private life cannot be recognised!" Out upon such hypocrisy!

"Oh nothing!" cries some embryo M.P., fresh from Christchurch or Trinity: a proficient in Latin verse; an ignoramus in English grammar—"nothing so easy as to write a leader! Any *verbiage* will suffice. I could write a dozen in an hour."

Try it. Try it by all means. And when your "*verbiage*" is submitted to you in proof be abased and chop-fallen at its feebleness and inanity. Then hasten and implore the Editor, piteously and suppliantly, as the presently Lord — did the late Mr. Barnes of the "Times," under a similar *exposé* of over-rated abilities, "to suppress, at any cost or hazard, such a mass of execrable and ineffable absurdity."

Smartness; tact; talent; reading; research; good taste; and a ready memory, these are all essential requisites, now-a-days, in the political writer. How lightly are they regarded, and how rarely rewarded by Whig or Tory—in *power*! Who can forget the neglect inflicted on Sir James Macintosh by his political friends when their politics were in the ascendant? What gentlemanly, candid, and courteous treatment, both in the House and out of it, did the independent and benevolent Mr. Walter experience from Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet? And yet it is notorious that Sir James Macintosh was one of the ablest, most unwavering, honest, and honourable advocates of Whigism, both as a speaker and writer, which that party possessed during its long exclusion from office. Of the *Times*, it may be asserted confidently that it, and the *Standard*, conjointly, unmasked and demolished the Melbourne Administration.

And then—out, I say, upon such supercilious hauteur, base ingratitude, and hypocrisy!

CHAPTER LVIII.

MR. (NOW LORD) JEFFREY AND PRINTER WILLISON.

"The Duchess of Placentia is very anti-English; and, having been *dame d'honneur* to Maria Louisa, is rather Napoleonic. She and I had a little political controversy; and I ended by saying that '*I adopted one half of her sentiments, and honoured the other.*'"—*Diary of the late SIR JAMES MACINTOSH.*

MEANWHILE, in my musings, I have strangely forgotten my worshipful masters, and the conference to which I was so peremptorily summoned.

They received me with looks portentously solemn. "Mr. Cleaver," rumbled the Chairman—it was my old acquaintance Mr.

Hatson Cumberstone—his voice was rougher and deeper, and his visage more severe than ever. "We have sent for you to acquaint you in person with our desire that you should pay special attention to this man—Wheldrake. We consider him a *dangerous character*."

"Dangerous indeed!" sighed, rather than spoke, Sir Henry Potinger.

"Dangerous!" continued Mr. Cumberstone, with an oratorical wave of his hand; "dangerous, I say, alike from his calling and his abilities!"

He looked around on his colleagues for their assent to this conclusion: they shook their heads with ominous gravity.

Interpreting this gesture into approval, the chairman resumed with augmented complacency.

"The medical report of Mr. Lammond is more favourable this morning. That gentleman is stated to be better; will probably, ere long, be pronounced out of danger; and we shall then be in a condition to accept bail."

"Such bail," suggested Mr. Wapshott eagerly, delighted with an opportunity of displaying his legal acumen; "such bail being responsible; and in every respect unexceptionable."

"Precisely so," said a dozy justice in the corner.

"Meanwhile, Mr. Cleaver, having an eye to Wheldrake's calling and *future representations*, pay, I request you pay, special attention to him."

Another wave of the hand, and the interview ended.

I fulfilled my instructions faithfully. I *did* bestow special attention on "The Newspaper Man." And was rewarded with many a droll trait of literary life. Among them one of "Modern Athens" retains a permanent hold on my recollection. In Park Place, at the hospitable board of the late Mr. Archibald Constable, during the high and palmy days of his prosperity, when "The Waverley Novels," and "The Edinburgh Review," were bringing golden returns into his coffers, it was Wheldrake's fortune to meet a party more or less connected with literature—and among them Mr. David Willison the printer. Mr. W. was the father of Mr. Constable's first wife; had contributed materially to his son-in-law's success in life; and was universally reputed a wealthy man. Whether that conclusion was well or ill-founded, a "douce" grave, quiet, plain-spoken personage was Davie Willison. And yet the marked sobriety and quietude of his demeanour did not secure him from being wofully badgered whenever he partook of his thriving relative's hospitalities. The joke lay here. Mr. Willison, though the printer of "The Edinburgh Review," was, to the very last day of his life "an *unconverted character*," he lived and died a rank Tory. Whether from his being the editor and master-spirit of the Review—or from his scathing exposure of the errors of the existing administration—or from his hieroglyphical and almost illegible scrawl; to ninety men out of a hundred *it was really such*—or from the fatigue and annoyance to which his fastidious taste and frequent change of purpose, as literary chief of the far-famed periodical, exposed the printer—or from a combination of all these sins political and professional—certain it is that if there was upon this earth a living incarnation of the Evil One, he tarried, according to

David Willison's belief, in the slight and feeble tabernacle of Mr. Francis Jeffrey!

There were those among the old man's associates who knew the bitterness of his feelings on this point, and delighted to bring him out "strong" during an after-dinner *sederunt*.

"He was cleverly and jocosely handled," said Wheldrake, "the first evening I met him, both as to his antipathies and his politics, and winced under the jibes of his tormentors. Every epithet that was respectful or laudatory was applied to the character and writings of the caustic reviewer; while the old printer sat by and listened with unwilling ear. At last came *his* summary of the arch-critic's merits."

"'Aye!' said he, 'Mr. Jeffrey is a' that ye have said, and *nair!* I've kenned him and watched him mony a lang year. He writes, and he elevated his voice, 'the Deil's own hand; and he holds the Deil's own principles.'

"A roar of laughter greeted this complimentary effusion."

"'Ah, well! Mr. Willison,' cried one of the party, 'Mr. Jeffrey will survive your hostility. He's a man marked out for eminence. He'll be returned to Parliament yet; he'll go to the Lower House.'

"'To the Lower House, say ye?' cried the old printer. 'He'll go lower—*much* lower: I winna say for my part, *whar* I think that fractious chiel will eventually gang to.'

"The room echoed with mirth at the old printer's warmth and earnestness."

"Worthy Mr. Willison! Many a time during the remainder of his life was he slyly asked if he had made up his mind where Mr. Jeffrey would 'eventually gang to?'"

* * * * *

Mr. Lammond was pronounced "out of danger—materially better—convalescent." Ample bail was then tendered for Wheldrake, accepted, and his immediate release followed. Some weeks intervened, and then he was confidentially and cautiously apprised by a third party, that if he tendered a written apology to Mr. Lammond further proceedings would be abandoned.

"Mr. Lammond is mistaken in his man," was Wheldrake's answer.

Another week elapsed, and a further suggestion was thrown out to him that a verbal apology would be deemed sufficient. It was rejected with the remark, "The time for an apology of any description is long since gone by."

Meanwhile he was busy in arranging his defence. Counsel were retained; witnesses were subpoenaed; and day fixed for trial.

Eight-and-forty hours previous to its arrival, the record was withdrawn!

"I have hopes of Lammond now!" said one of his earliest and most intimate friends. "His thrashing has been of infinite service to him. For the first time in his life he has been guilty of an act of palpable discretion!"

It was a glorious result; and cordially did I rejoice at "The Newspaper Man's" triumph.

A GLANCE AT THE DRAMA.

At length we have shaken off the apathy that so long kept us in ice, and have made up our mind to furnish the readers of "The Miscellany" with a brief monthly account of what has been done, or is doing, at our Metropolitan Theatres,—at such of them, at least, as offer entertainments which a rational being may trust himself to see, and venture to confess that he has seen.

In times gone by, the dramatic critic had an easy and a delightful life of it. He had only to recruit his snuff-box, walk or be driven to "the Garden" or "the Lane," take his accustomed seat in the pit, and record the triumphs of a Kean or a Young, a Liston, a Farren, or a Glover. But now his duties call him hither and thither, up and down all that "piece or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being" within the bills of mortality. "The Garden" yields a weekly rhetorical crop of cheap corn, and "the Lane" is saturated with bribed sweetness, and undulates beneath the pressure of the fantastic toe. As Queen Eleanor sank at Queenhithe and came out at Charing Cross, so Shakspeare went down between Hart and Brydges Street, and has come up again in all parts of the town and suburbs. Shylock claims his pound of flesh at Whitechapel, Othello's occupation's gone to Norton Falgate, and Richard's himself again at the New River Head. If a new Garrick is to appear, there is a theatre in Goodman's Fields for him, and a second Siddons may obtain an engagement at Marylebone. The dramatic critic now-a-days, to be thoroughly worthy of his vocation, must eschew all unpleasing and intrusive recollections, bid farewell to the haunts of his youth and middle age, and taking Mogg's Map of London resolutely in hand, prepare to go east, west, north, or south, as occasion may call out upon him.

At present, however, we propose to throw merely a general glance of reminiscence over the proceedings of some of our many theatres, our intent being to be more amongst them for the future, that we may take strict note of their goings. Courtesy, or custom, bids us this once give precedence to Old Drury.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Bunn has long since thrown the legitimate drama overboard; but whether his vessel sail the better for such a lightening, is another question. Our readers are well aware that he conducts his theatre in the spirit of the old fellow in the song, who tells us

"My wife shall dance and I will sing,"

but whether eternal song and saltation are the wisest means of driving dull care away from the precincts of his treasury, we know not. Balfe and ballet are almost the sole attractions here; Mr. Balfe is a gentleman of a pretty musical genius, and sagaciously conversant with the works of the modern Italian school, on which he builds himself, and from which he draws his pretensions, so that the encouragement of native talent in his case is obvious. But the Daughter of St. Mark wanted "more power to her elbow." She has made no such hit as the Bohemian Girl had succeeded in planting on the ear of the British public, and Robert the Devil has been evoked, and for such a personage, it must be admitted, he does his spiriting gently. That strain being of a higher mood, however, demands a class of artists such as Mr. Bunn has not at his disposal. Meyerbeer, expounded by mediocrity, will not do. Robert the Devil has been done much better within the memory of miss in her teens, but we will make no invidious comparisons; and the getting up was not such as the bills—those Pintos of the press—had almost led us to expect. Then, of the "many twinkling feet" pervading the boards during the season, none have equalled Carlotta Grisi in "The Peri;" and "poetry of motion" not of the highest excellence, will draw no better than doggerel jig or unrhythmical hornpipe. We are promised Duprez and Eugenie Garcia after Easter.

COVENT GARDEN.—M. Laurent commenced a brief season of so many nights at Christmas last, was encouraged to venture upon a second, and would fain have tried his fortune with a third, but the Fates, or perhaps the stars, forbade it. The great "feature" of M. Laurent's management was his production of "Antigone." The novelty of a Greek play, presented after the Grecian manner, brought the first house, but the fine declamation of Vandenhoff, and the admirable acting of his daughter, insured its success. Nature has been kind to this young lady; she is gifted likewise with excellent abilities, and, rarest of all, with judgment, which has taught her that genius alone can do little more than make a fool of itself. Accordingly, she has studied, if not after high models—for where are they to be found?—yet with a due sense and knowledge that acting is *an art*, and that, since Shaks-

peare, and all the dramatists worth stage-room, have artfully clothed their great conceptions in poetry, something more than "abandonment" and "intensity" are required fitly to illustrate them. We have not only great hopes, but a full expectation, that Miss Vandenhoff will, at no distant day, approve herself indeed an actress. We wish we could believe that Mr. Betty, who made his first London appearance here, could be changed by time and study into a great actor; but time and study will do much, and to these we leave him.

A new play by Mr. Spicer, entitled "Honesty," was brought forward, and was well received by the audience. It was not quite the true thing, but we have seen worse plays better liked. Mr. Hackett, the American comedian, adventured *Sir John Falstaff*. It was strange to see such a performance from a native of the "go-head" republic. Such painstaking! such elaboration! such a wit in brockram! and yet, such an assurance all the while, that Mr. Hackett will, one of these days, produce "fat Jack" before us in all his richness and soundness. His *Rip Van Winkle* was great. The manner in which he detected, pursued, and caught this character was masterly. There is a talk that Macready is in treaty for this theatre; but, we conjecture, the engagement with the Anti-Corn Law League for their bazaar is not to be dissolved.

THE HAYMARKET.—It is all very well to talk of the decline of the national taste for the legitimate drama, but Mr. Webster has found that by sticking to the lighter department of it, comedy (for which his theatre is best fitted), "profits will accrue." Early in the season, Vanbrugh's "Confederacy" was brought forward, all the naughty having been flogged out of it, for

"Van wanted grace, who never wanted wit."

This genuine comedy from the hand of so great a master was, as we thought, gaining ground with the public, when, lo! an impression got abroad that the delicacy of the age ought to be shocked at it, and that the characters, ably as they are drawn, were indurated, heartless beings, in whom no one could, or should, take an interest. Everybody must perceive how consistent with that impression was the rage which now possessed the public for that truly respectable and moral fellow, *Don Cesar De Basan*. So much has been said and written of Mr. Bourcicault's "Old Heads and Young Hearts," that we shall add little to it. The author has advanced. It is as well constructed and better written than his former comedies; but he must chastise and polish his diction yet more, ere he may take such rank as he aims at, and as his talents may attain. Peake's "Sheriff of the County" was wrongly named when it was called a comedy; but the thing is a face-widener of no ordinary expansive power. We shall report upon Planche's new burlesque next month.

THE ADELPHI.—Why should we ring the changes on "The Chimes," which pealed out their last long ago? We have little to say of the doings at this theatre. Success has, for the most part, attended it, and its last novelty, "The Green Bushes," which have flourished wonderfully during the winter, is still strong of attraction. There is a burlesque entitled "St. George and the Dragon" at this theatre, of which we cannot now speak.

THE PRINCESS'S.—Opera was going on melodiously here, supported by Wallack's *Don Cesar de Basan*, when Mr. Forrest and Miss Cushman sailed "o'er the deep Atlantic stream," and Mr. Graham, flushed with Parisian laurels, took the theatre by storm. We remember Mr. Forrest seven years since. He was then a melodramatic actor of Red Indian vigour; he is now a careful, studied, *graduating* performer, likely to become almost great. We do not say it because we cannot forget Kean in the part; but Forrest's *Othello* is very far from excellence. We suspect — with what truth we know not — that "Othello" is not often played in the United States. It is not likely that the tragic perplexities of a *black man* would very strongly move the American emotions. We conclude Mr. Forrest has not yet sufficiently meditated the part. But surely, strong hopes must be entertained of a man who has played *Lear* with so much force and power. We have seen so little of Miss Cushman, that we have not yet formed an established judgment of her abilities. She has intellect and soul; but she must not heed those who would goad her into "the intense:" "that way madness lies," or melodrama, which is pretty nearly the same thing. Shakespeare is not *intense*. Kotzebue, Werner, and some of our modern English playwrights are the men for that sort of thing. A burlesque here too! "Timour; the Cream of all the Tartars." The draught must stand over.

THE LYCEUM.—People praised highly Mr. Keeley's *Trotty Veck* in "The

Chimes" produced at this pleasant theatre, but we confess we did not think him a "triple bob major." Neither can we greatly extol his *Orson*. He wants—and Mrs. Keeley partakes the want—the true, solid, tear-mouth spirit,—that audacious, headstrong dulness which triumphantly bears down and tramples upon sense and reason. The Keeleys seem to petition for the indulgence of the audience, and appear to know that they are making fools of themselves—a fatal consciousness in such matters. Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer" is to be brought forward. The cast, with an exception or two, affords expectations of its success. We must not omit to mention Mr. Emery as a most valuable member of the Lyceum company. His *Will Fern* was worthy of his father. A burlesque at this theatre likewise! Something too much of this; and yet, if the public do not say so, why should we complain?

SADLER'S WELLS.—Some seven or eight months since, Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps took this theatre, and they have been presenting the legitimate with mighty perseverance, producing, however, only one new play, "The Priest's Daughter," by Mr. Serle. That gentleman pleaded the benefit of clergy—that is to say, he showed that he could write; but his play made little impression, and was speedily withdrawn. "The Bridal," altered some years ago for Macready, from Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid's Tragedy," has been the great card here; and in this mangled play, "carved like a dish fit for the gods," Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps appear to the greatest advantage. Massinger's "City Madam," altered likewise, the character of *Luke* being psychologically destroyed, was, we believe, not so successful. But many of Shakspeare's plays have been brought out here; for nothing comes amiss to Mr. Phelps, who is wonderfully "up to the business." *King John*, *Hamlet*, *Richard the Third*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*—they are all the same to him—and we must add, pretty much the same to the audience. Mr. Phelps is a very good, serviceable actor, and we are not unaware that Sadler's Wells Theatre is out of town; but he is *nowhere* equal to *King John* and *Hamlet*, and should not attempt them. That the *Ghost* was not frightened out of his propriety, and that *Claudius* was not carbonaded long before, struck us as remarkable, when we witnessed the *Hamlet* of Mr. Phelps. Mrs. Warner, too, loves to go, or is led, out of her element. Nothing can be much better than her *Emilia* and *Queen Margaret*; but her *Lady of Lyons* will not do by any means; and Knowles's "Wife," with her Hibernian impulse, should be subdued, not coloured.

THE SURREY.—The entertainments at this theatre have been, we hear, for the most part, of a higher character than heretofore. A good report has reached us of two plays by Mr. Smith, entitled respectively "The Protector," and "Wolsey." We know not why something sterling should not find favour on the other side of the water. Mrs. Davidge has a very fair company. Mrs. Honner is a lady of far greater and more genuine talent than many who make imposing pretensions; and Mr. Hughes is a tragedian whom a long course of cut-and-thrust heroes cannot spoil.

THE DEATH OF SOMBREUIL,*

THE GOVERNOR OF THE INVALIDES AT PARIS.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

'Twas a woman's wailing cry!—
 Piercing and loud in its agony;
 Waking the echoes in many a cell
 Of that lone and gloomy citadel;—
 Thrilling the hearts of the captives there,
 And causing their lips to move in pray'r:
 For it seem'd, as the silence of eve it broke,
 To come from the doom'd 'neath the headsman's stroke!

* "The venerable Sombreuil, governor of the 'Invalides,' was brought out in turn, and condemned to be sent to La Force. His daughter, perceiving him in the prison, rushed amidst the pikes and swords of his conductors, took him in her arms, entreating his murderers with such accents of grief to save him, that their fury gave way. And to prove further her sensibility, 'Drink,' they cried to the generous girl, 'drink the blood of the aristocrats!' at the same time offering a goblet, which she emptied, and her father was saved."

THIERS' *French Revolution*.

A moment's pause,—and again that sound
 Peal'd through the depths of the keep profound :
 'Twas the voice of a sorrowing maiden come,
 To that place of guilt, from her childhood's home ;
 To seek for a father borne away
 To a dungeon far from the light of day :—
 They had brought him thence, and it was to die,
 But he knew no fear, for his child was nigh !

Near him—amidst the crew that stood,
 Thirsting to shed his heart's warm blood ;
 Near him—when earthly hope had past,
 And the few brief words he spoke were his last !
 Near him—alone in the murderers' power,
 To cheer his soul in the closing hour,
 And hallow its flight to the realms above !
 —Sombreuil was moved, as he bless'd her love !

And she, that beautiful, gentle one,
 Who had lived for him, and *him* alone,
 Bitterly wept as she clung to his side,
 And craved for the mercy, as oft denied ;
 Shewing his silvery locks of age
 To wake remorse, or to calm their rage :
 “ Oh, spare him ! ” she cried, on her bended knee,
 Let the death be *mine*, so my sire is free ! ”

'Twas a touching scene ! The brave old chief,
 Striving to soothe his daughter's grief,
 While, shielding his form in a close embrace,—
 Her damp cheek press'd to his care-worn face,—
 The maiden gazed on his foes awhile,
 Seeking for hope in their looks of guile :
 But stern and dark were those brows of sin,
 The index meet of their hearts within !

“ Thy father is noble ! Why should he live ?
 Yet freedom and safety to him we give,
 If thou wilt quaff of this goblet, fill'd
 With the blood of our tyrant,—yet unchill'd !
 Drink ! drink ! 'twill make thee forget the shame
 Of having a hateful minion's name !
 Drink ! drink ! or the blade is ready to fall,
 And thy father's life will be past recall ! ”

The maiden turn'd from the loathsome sight
 With a shriek of horror, and wild affright :
 One struggle more,—and affection gain'd,—
 Nor drop of that draught accursed remain'd !
 Oh, woman's love ! thou art tried in woe,
 Many and dark are thine ills below ;
 Sombreuil went forth from that spot defiled,
 Redeem'd from death by his faithful child !





THE MARCHIONESS OF BRINVILLIERS,
THE POISONER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

A ROMANCE OF OLD PARIS.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

[WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. LEECH.]

CHAPTER XIII.

Gaudin learns strange secrets in the Bastille.

IT was not until Galouchet, the gaoler, entered the chamber of the Tour de la Liberté the next morning, that Sainte-Croix awoke from his slumbers,—from one of those bright dreams of freedom, triumph, and happiness—albeit always tempered with some vague mistrust—which haunt our sleeping existence, the fairer in their visioned prospects, the more gloomy and hopeless the reality.

Exili had already risen. He was looking over the contents of a small chest, of carved wood, placed on the table before him. The gaoler was apparently making preparations for breakfast, clattering some metal plates upon the undraped and rude table; and, in the fire-place, the dense smoke was creeping through some hissing pieces of damp wood, as the sap sputtered and bubbled from their ends. Gaudin stared about him confusedly. The last impression of his dreams was mingled with his waking sensations; and he remained silent for a few moments, after some incoherent words, to collect his senses. Exili muttered some conventional salute, and then went on with his scrutiny, whilst Galouchet, having put the table in order, according to his own notions, offered his assistance towards completing Sainte-Croix's toilet.

"What charge will Monsieur choose to defray for his nourishment?" asked the gaoler, as Gaudin rose from his pallet.

"What do you expect?" inquired Sainte-Croix.

"Parbleu! we have all prices. You may live like a prince for fifty livres a-day, or starve like a valet for two. This will include your washing, if you are not over-fond of clean linen, and a candle a-night. The fire-wood you must pay for separately."

Gaudin looked towards the fire-place, and the struggling flame.

"Ah!" said Galouchet, divining his thoughts: "the wood is rather damp, to be sure, but that makes it last the longer; and as you and Monsieur Exili occupy the same room, it will come cheaper."

"Is there news in the city this morning, Galouchet?" asked Exili.

"But little," returned the functionary. "Pierre, the scullion, sleeps out of the fortress, and tells me that an *éboulement* took place last night, and the Bièvre burst into some of the carrières of St. Marcel; and fell so rapidly, in consequence, that all the mills this side of St. Medard were stopped for three hours."

"Was anybody lost?" inquired the physician.

"It is believed so. A party of Bras d'Acier's gang were hunted out of the vaults between the Cordelières and Montrouge, like rats in our *cachots*, when the rains come; and one of the superintendents

at the Gobelins was fished up, half-drowned, from a shaft in the Rue Moufflard."

"Do you know his name?" asked Sainte-Croix eagerly.

"I can't say I do," returned Galouchet. "What rate will you fix your *nourriture* at, Monsieur?" he continued.

"I care not," said Gaudin; "only let it be something that I can eat."

The day passed on, but the hours lagged so tediously that Time himself appeared to be a prisoner. Little conversation passed between the two inmates of the cell. Exili was occupied in writing nearly the whole day; and Gaudin, who could ill bear the confinement, with his restless and excitable spirit, after the hour's exercise in the great court, allowed to all the prisoners, obtained permission to walk on the ramparts in front of the sentinels. This position commanded a view along the Rue St. Antoine, as well as of the houses in the Rue St. Paul. Towards this point were Gaudin's eyes constantly directed. He beheld people moving in the streets, and over the plains in the immediate vicinity of the city walls; the *coup d'œil* was alive with commerce, and the buz of their voices plainly reached his ear: but he envied them not, nor drew one comparison between their freedom and his state of durance, except when he saw them turn from the great thoroughfare into the small street wherein the Hôtel d'Aubray was situated. He fancied he could pick out the pointed roof of the mansion from amongst the others; and once he imagined that he saw the delicate figure of the Marchioness emerge from the Rue St. Paul, and pass towards the city, without so much as throwing back a glance towards the fortress in which she knew he was confined. And then the hell of jealousy raged in his veins, and he felt the bitterness of captivity. He thought of the circumstances under which he had found her with Theria the preceding evening; then came back the recollection of the empassioned interview, and her apparent devotion to him, until the struggle of his conflicting feelings to establish what he hoped for, over what he dreaded, nearly maddened him.

At length it got dusk, and he could see no more. The murmur of the peopled city died away; the lights appeared in the embrasures of the Bastille, and the night-wind chilled him. He descended once more to his cell; and found his gaoler there.

"I was coming to seek you, Monsieur," he said, "for the curfew will soon ring. Mass! your supper is nearly cold. Here is a slice of *rôti*, a plate of eggs, and a salad; you could not fare better at home."

"Have any of my things come?" asked Gaudin.

"They are being overlooked in the *corps du garde*," replied the man. "By the way, Monsieur, my sweetheart, Françoise Roussel, gave me this note for you, when I met her without the walls this afternoon. She did not care that it should be read by the governor."

Gaudin snatched the note, and discerned the handwriting of the Marchioness. Hastily tearing it open, he read:—

"Be true and patient; all may yet be well, and you will be revenged. Rely on me to aid you; we have gone too far to retract. In life, and after it, yours only,

MARIE."

"I must put out your light," said Galouchet. "Last night, you

were brought in late, and nothing was said; but neither fire nor lamp can be allowed between curfew and sunrise."

"You can have it, my good fellow," said Gaudin, still quivering with the emotion which the letter had called up. "Here—here is some money for you. I will keep your secret. You may retire."

The man raked out the embers on the grate, and departed. As soon as the clanking of the three doors that shut in the cell had ceased, Exili, who till now had remained quiet, arose from his table, and, approaching Sainte-Croix in the darkness, said rapidly,

"I will now show you some of the mysteries by which my career has, up to yesterday, thriven. But, first—precaution!"

He took his cloak, and by the aid of the forks on the table, fixed it so that it covered the window, the position of which could be plainly ascertained by the faint moonlight from without, and then he returned towards the table at which he had been sitting.

"The clods without think that our light and darkness is subservient to their will alone; but the elements obey not such idiots. The ether which percolates all things—vitalized and inorganic—setting up a communion between them, reveals not itself to the uninitiated. With me, the various elements are as abject slaves, whom I can summons at my bidding."

As he spoke, he dashed a small rod he held against the wall, and a flame so bright that Gaudin could hardly look upon it, burst from its extremity. In another moment he had relighted the lamp, and he then shook the blaze amongst the embers on the hearth, which were presently rekindled. Sainte-Croix looked upon his companion with the gaze of one bewildered. Exili read the expression of the other's features and continued, perceiving his advantage:—

"Life and death are equally within my grasp. Whom shall I call up? Will you see the ghastly corpse of the *Croce Bianca*, at Milan?"

"No! no!" cried Gaudin, covering his eyes with his hand, as if he dreaded to meet the horrid sight.

"Will that serve to recall its memory as well?" asked Exili, throwing a phial upon the table.

A glance sufficed to shew its nature to Sainte-Croix. It was a small bottle of the terrible *Aqua Tofana*—the "*Manna of St. Nicholas de Barri*."

"That menstruum is powerless, compared to what I am about to show you. But first, look here."

He stooped beneath the table, and pulled out a species of cage, in which several rats were huddled together, fighting, and scrambling over their fellows.

"Where did you get those vermin from?" inquired Gaudin.

"There are more in the Bastille than are wanted," replied Exili. "They have been willingly granted by some poor wretch at the base of our tower. Galouchet bought them. I told him they were to study anatomy from."

He plunged his hand fearlessly amongst them, and drew forth one of the shrieking animals. Then squeezing its throat, he poured a drop or two of the fluid down the mouth. The rat gave a few convulsive throes, and he threw it down, dead, upon the table.

"You see the effect of the potion," he continued. "Now, look here."

Pouring the greater part of the remaining liquid of the phial into a glass, he coolly drank it off before Gaudin could arrest his hand. But no effect supervened. Instead of falling lifeless as Sainte-Croix had anticipated, Exili gazed at him, and, with a short, hollow laugh, threw the empty bottle amongst the embers.

"Are you man or demon?" asked Gaudin, scarcely trusting to his senses.

"Neither," said Exili. "I have lost the sympathies of the former; the latter I may be hereafter. I have studied poisons, as you see; but I have also studied their antidotes. Have you kept the small phial by you, which you bought of me at Milan?"

"It has never been out of my keeping until now," said Gaudin.

"With that you could command twenty lives," said Exili; "and yet my remedies could so blunt and weaken its malignity that I would take it all at one draught. You shall learn more. Attend!"

From his box of carved wood he drew forth a series of test glasses, and half filled them with water from the prison *cruche*. He next took a small flacon, and pinched a few atoms of the powder it contained into the first glass, varying the addition in each. Then dropping some colourless fluid into them, one after the other, a precipitate fell down in all, in clouds of the brightest tints, but each different.

"See how completely these dull minerals do my bidding," he exclaimed. "To you, the potion offers no trace by which its nature could be told; to me, there is not an atom suspended in it, in its invisible but imperishable form, which cannot be reproduced before our eyes. Do you believe in me?"

"I do—I do," returned Gaudin. "What price do you put upon the revelation of these mysteries?"

"Nothing—beyond your attention and secrecy."

"And yet you love revenge," said Sainte-Croix, eyeing him with mistrust.

"It is my life—my very blood," answered Exili. "And my revenge—the deepest I can have—is to teach you all I know."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply what I have said. You may call it good for evil if you choose, but still it is my revenge. You have time and leisure before you. Make the best of both."

Again Exili gazed at Sainte-Croix with the expression of a vulture hovering about its prey, as Gaudin advanced to the table, and, with some curiosity, handled the apparatus which was spread about it. The physician opened a drawer in the box, which was apparently filled with sand. This, however, was but on a false top, which he drew away, and discovered several small bottles, of the size of one's finger, which he took out.

"These small messengers have worked great events in their time," he said. "This," taking up one, "was the terror of Rome, of Verona, and Milan. I could add much to the records of the Scaliger and Borromeo families, respecting its efficacy. This," he added, pointing to another, "is so potent that a century and a half has not impaired its power. It is the foam of a dying boar, slain by poison, collected as you see; and was the scourge with which the Borgias swept away their enemies."

"Why is one of the phials gilt?" asked Gaudin.

"Because its contents are the most precious," returned Exili. "Its power baffled even the attempts at imitation of Spara and Tofana. It was discovered by a monk in a convent at Palermo, and the secret has remained with me alone."

"It is clear as water," observed Gaudin holding it against the light.

"And like water, without taste or odour. It aided many whose hearts clung to one another," he continued, watching Sainte-Croix with his eagle eyes; "by clearing away the obstacles that impeded their union."

Gaudin stretched out his hand, trembling with emotion, and clutched the phial, which he regarded intently, his dilated pupil, parted lips, and short, hurried breathing, shewing the conflict of passions that was going on within him. Exili passed a few more of the phials in review before him. From one he let fall a few drops upon the hearth; it hissed and boiled, and the stone remained black where it had been; into another he dipped a piece of gold, and its yellow and polished surface was changed to a dull grey by the contact.

Then throwing out several of the allusions which he found had most deeply stung his companion the night before, he placed himself by the side of Gaudin, and proceeded to explain to him the rough composition of the different articles the box contained. And as he saw the intense attention—the almost gasping eagerness with which Sainte-Croix followed his instructions, he exclaimed almost unconsciously,

"Mine—mine for ever!"

CHAPTER XIV.

The Château in the Country.—The Meeting.—Le Premier Pas.

It was a dreary autumnal evening, sixteen months after the events of the last chapter, and the twilight was fast coming upon a vast forest in the province of l'Île de France, now known as the department of the Oise. The afternoon had been chill and depressing. The wind moaned through the high branches of the trees in a dismal and monotonous wailing, and the constant rustling of the leaves as they fell to the ground, shewed that the season was far advanced. There were few of the wild flowers left. Two or three, here and there, in sheltered nooks, were all that remained to remind one of the past summer. The delicate heathbell trembled in the cold breeze, as it rose amidst the dead foliage; but there were few beside. The birds were silent; the tinkling of the cattle-bells on the patches of pasture-land was hushed, as the animals huddled together, shrinking from the first approach of cold; and no sound was heard to disturb the general torpidity into which nature seemed about to fall, except the echoing noise from the blows of the axe with which the peasants were cutting down the limbs of the trees for the winter store of firewood.

Yet was the Forêt de l'Aigue a pleasant place in summer, when the sunlight danced upon the turf of its long avenues, darting through the quivering foliage, and the ground was powdered with the bright

petals of its flowers, from the primroses spangling its sunny banks, to the gentle violets clustering about the mossy bolls of the fantastic trees, adding their odour to the scent-laden air that swept so warmly through the branches. And during this season alone, it might have been conceived that the châteaux, which were built widely apart upon the forest, were inhabited; for the situation was indeed desolate at other times. But although the autumn was, as we have observed, far advanced, one of the largest of these country houses that a man could come to in a long day's walk, had not yet been forsaken for the winter, by its occupants. This was a large rambling building, with many windows and turrets, surrounded by a neglected garden, with a few mutilated stone statues, corroded by the rain of many winters, and enclosed by a rude flint wall, with a broken coping. The walks were overgrown with weeds; the ponds were either dry, or covered with slime and dead leaves; and water had long ceased to come from the mouths of the misshapen dolphins that formed the fountains. It was of a class of rural buildings which, in France, always appear desolate and uncared for; but this one was especially so.

In one of the large apartments of this house, a bare, uncarpeted room, which the blazing pile of firewood upon the iron "dogs" of the large hearth could not render cheerful, were two persons—an elderly man and a young female. The former was seated at an escritoire, arranging a vast mass of papers bearing official seals and signatures, that lay before him. His companion was plunged in a large fauteuil at the side of the fire-place, with her hands pressed against her face, as if to shut out all impressions but her own thoughts. She might have been supposed asleep, but for an occasional rapid shudder which passed through her frame, induced by the vivid recollection of some bygone scene of suffering. These two persons were M. D'Aubray, the lieutenant-civil, and his daughter, the Marchioness of Brinvilliers.

"The wind is blowing sharply to-night, Marie," said the old man, as a gust of unusual violence howled round the château, and shook the rattling casements. "We must think about returning to Paris."

"I have no wish to go, *mon père*," replied his daughter,—"to be pointed at as an object of pity, scorn, or curiosity. I would sooner remain here with you—for ever."

She left the fire, and sinking on a low *prie-dieu* at her father's side, took his hand in her own, and looked up in his face with a gaze of deep attachment.

"You have nothing to fear in Paris," replied M. D'Aubray. "The court has had a thousand objects for its slander since you left; and you have been at Offemont long enough for the whole affair to be forgotten. Besides, you will return acknowledged by me, and with my countenance."

"Will the world believe that it is so, Monsieur?"

"If I maintain it, they will, Marie. The dissolute life your husband is now leading at Paris,—his desperate play,—the orgies nightly held at his hôtel, which, if report be true, eclipse all others of the present reign in debauchery, tend to prove that there was also deep blame attached to him. The repentance—sincere, as I hope and trust it is—of more than a year, should disarm all future persecution."

"Antoine has been very cruel to me," continued the daughter. "I

should like to see my children; they must be much grown and altered. It has appeared so long a time since they were taken away."

Her voice faltered as she spoke. She covered her face with her handkerchief, and for a few seconds remained silent, as if weeping. There was not a finer actress on the stage than Marie D'Aubray.

"Time will effect much, Marie," said her father, as he fondly passed his hand over her white shoulder, and drew her towards him. "Your husband's anger will be less bitter against you; be satisfied at present in knowing that your children are well and happy."

"And I am forgotten," added the Marchioness sadly.

"I need not say," continued M. D'Aubray, "that the greatest caution in your behaviour will be necessary on your return. The cause of all this misery, M. Gaudin de Sainte-Croix, has been liberated from the Bastille, and is once more free, at Paris. You must never speak to, or recognize him again."

"You shall be obeyed, Monsieur: too willingly," replied Marie.

"*Bien*,—you understand me," said M. D'Aubray. "I have to rise early to-morrow, and shall retire. When I ring, let Gervais bring up my supper to my room. I have still some writings to arrange."

"I will see to it, *mon père*," replied the Marchioness. "I shall remain up some time longer. I cannot sleep if I go to rest thus early, and those long watchful nights are so terrible."

She knelt upon the *prie-dieu* as her father kissed her fair forehead, and then retired.

As soon as he had gone, and the sound of his departing footsteps was no longer audible, Marie took the heavy candelabrum which was on the table, and drawing aside a curtain of rustling and faded serge, placed the light in the window. Then, watching the sulky beat of a faded *pendule*, rich in shepherds and shepherdesses of blackened gilding, that was on a slab opposite the hearth, she remained lost in thought, starting, however, at the least noise without, although but the clatter of a falling leaf against the window.

An hour wore away. And then she became restless, pacing the room with impatience, and constantly walking towards the window, in the vain endeavour to penetrate the gloom without, unenlivened by the presence of even a single star. Yet suspense was not the only feeling expressed by her countenance. Her eyes sparkled; a breathing glow of warmth and excitement flushed her face: and a slight tremor pervaded her whole frame, extending also to her very respiration. Suddenly these emotions ceased. A footstep was plainly heard without upon the terrace of the *parterre*: it came nearer, and then there was a light tap against the window. She rose slowly, and opened the casement: in another moment Gaudin de Sainte-Croix entered the apartment.

There was no spring—no eager rush into each other's arms. Despite the intense passion which had the instant previous filled her silence and her thoughts, she now remained fixed, and mute as the grave. Neither did Gaudin speak a word, as he found himself before his mistress for the first time since his long and dreary immurement. But the looks on either side were those which wrapped each other in passion; and, by degrees, yet still in silence, and trembling, a hand or foot stole forward, until the two forms which contained those attached, but sinful souls, met in one long and clinging embrace.

"Gaudin! my adored one!" exclaimed Marie. But the concluding accents were hushed by the lips of her lover.

At length they broke from their waking dream with the start and unwelcome sense of reality that follows slumber. And then a sigh rose to Marie's lips far different from the acted sorrow and penitence of the last hour. Passion stamped sincerity and truth upon it.

"And can you mix grief, Marie, with the rapture of this moment?" asked Sainte-Croix in tones of deprecation.

"Gaudin!" replied the Marchioness; "this must be henceforth the only manner in which we can meet,—this stealthy, miserable game at hide-and-seek, the only way in which I can show my love, or repay you for your suffering."

The habitual distrust of Sainte-Croix's mind led him to turn one searching look upon Marie's face. But all there was real and confiding. All natures have their minutes of truth, however drilled they may be into daily lying. He was satisfied.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Do you remain here for ever?"

"No, Gaudin," answered the Marchioness; "but my father requires, as the price of his protection and countenance, that I should cease to know you."

The face of Sainte-Croix contracted so suddenly and fiercely that Marie started.

"What is it that frightens you?" he asked suddenly.

She hesitated a moment, and then she answered slowly, and somewhat sadly,

"Nothing."

"And yet there should—" retorted Gaudin: but he paused as abruptly as he had begun the sentence. "Have I not," he added in a gentler and more tranquil tone,—“have I not suffered enough yet to buy your devotion?"

There was "Bastille" in his look. The wily woman was overcome by the willier man of the world, as though she had been a girl. She clung to him, and pillowed her cheek on his bosom.

"I will leave you, if it be your wish," said Sainte-Croix, as he put her arms away. "One word of yours, and I leave you never to return, until—" and he paused slowly on the words, and uttered them bitterly and deliberately,—“until his death!"

Again she started; but Gaudin noticed it not, or was determined not to notice it.

"Shall we part?" he continued, and this time passion gave eloquence to the few words,—“for ever? And yet, if what you have told me of M. D'Aubray's determination be true, it must be so."

"Never! never!" cried Marie sobbing, as her clasp grew closer and closer round his neck. Had it been possible for Exili's soul to have been then and there present, how it would have exulted in the assurance of its second victim!

"Nay, this is weak, Marie. Let us bear the yoke which the world imposes with something like courage," exclaimed Sainte-Croix, with a malignant expression strangely at variance with the silken accents of his tongue.

"You may, Gaudin, if you choose," said the Marchioness, "but I cannot." And the tears were dried in her eyes as she spoke, as



The Spectator.



if by the fire that blazed in them. "If it tramples upon me, I turn : if it spurns me, I return loathing for loathing."

"And what good will that do you?" asked Sainte-Croix, as a sneer came to his lips, but vanished almost in its birth. Step by step he was leading her on to his purpose. "See here," he continued, as he took a packet from his cloak : "sixteen months ago I explained to you the power of this paper's contents : had you been then guided by me, you could have averted my long and dreary imprisonment."

"Gaudin!"

"You have deceived me, Marie. I imagined,—fool—idiot that I was!—that I was more to you than aught beside in the world; I now see how we stand towards each other. Farewell!" he added, with studied unconcern; "Paris is wide, and its beauties at present require but little courting. I release you from all ties—our *liaison* is over."

He advanced towards the window as he spoke. The Marchioness started forward, and caught him by the arm, exclaiming,—

"Oh! this is cruel, Sainte-Croix! Stop—but an instant. We have arrived at the brink of a fearful precipice,—a dark gulf is yawning at our feet, whose depth we may not penetrate. We are doomed to fall into it, but it shall be together. Give me the packet."

Sainte-Croix placed it in her fevered hand as she spoke. And then for some seconds not a word passed between them, and each remained gazing at the other as if they would have looked through each other's eyes to discover what dark passions were rising in their minds.

"Hark!" exclaimed the Marchioness, first breaking the silence in a low hurried voice. "The servant is coming. You must leave me, Gaudin. Leave all to me,—in a few days we shall be once more in Paris."

There was a hurried but intense embrace; as though their two souls sought to merge into one form, and Gaudin left the apartment in the same manner that he had entered it. The Marchioness retired from the window, pale, and tottering in her step; and had scarcely gained her seat by the fire, when Gervais, her father's attendant, entered the apartment.

"M. D'Aubray has rung for his wine, madame," said the man. "You have the tankard in the chiffonier."

"I will give it to him myself, Gervais," replied the Marchioness, with an assumption of indifference that was almost spasmodic. "You can go to bed. Nothing more will be wanted."

"I have told Michel to watch the terrain to-night, madame," continued the man. "He noticed some one prowling round the walls just as it was getting dusk."

"There is no occasion for that," replied Marie. "There is nothing out of doors worth their stealing, and very little within. Good night."

The retainer departed; and the Marchioness took the jug which the man had brought in, and poured it into an old cup of thin silver, embossed with figures, which might have been the work of Benvenuto Cellini, that stood on the chiffonier. And then, with a hurried glance round the room, she broke the seals of the packet

Sainte-Croix had left in her hand, and shook a few grains of its contents into the beverage. No change was visible; a few bubbles rose and broke upon the surface, but this was all.

Taking the tankard with her, she left the large room and went to her father's chamber. M. D'Aubray had retired to rest, and it was evident that sleep had just surprised him, as the lamp was still burning at the side of his bed, and a deed was in his hand that he had been reading. The Marchioness gazed at it, for a few seconds, with fixed regards. The traces of the late conflict with her feelings had departed, and her face had assumed once more that terrible and unfathomable expression which has been before alluded to, although a close observer might have seen the pupils of her eyes dilated, and a strange light coruscating in them.

She touched her father lightly, and he awoke with the exclamation of surprise attendant upon being suddenly disturbed from sleep.

"Is it you, Marie?" he asked. "What brings you here?"

"I have brought your wine, *mon père*," she replied. "The servants were up early this morning at work, and are tired. I have sent them to rest."

"Thanks — thanks, my good girl," said the old man, as he raised himself up in bed, and took the cup from the Marchioness.

"We want no taster," he continued, "to bear the attacks of hidden poison, with such a Hebe as yourself, Marie; and my old blood cannot spare a drop of this vitalizing draught."

A convulsive exclamation broke from the lips of the Marchioness, but it was not observed by her father. He drank off the contents of the cup, and then, once more bestowing a benediction upon his daughter, turned again to his pillow.

CHAPTER XV.

Versailles.—The rival Actresses.—The Discovery.

ANY one whom business or leisure had taken into the abode of Maître Picard one fine morning, a short time after his affair with the students, would have found the little *chapelier* in a wondrous state of flurry and importance; whilst his best costume was so covered with knots of ribbons and floating streamers, fixed to every available part, that he was a perfect marvel to look at, as he paraded about his shop, and attracted a crowd of *gamins* to peep at him through the wares in the window. In fact, for once Maître Picard had completely eclipsed the glory of the large red tin hat, with the bright pendants that hung over his door, and had whilome formed the object of the students' attack.

But Maître Picard was not the only person in the establishment thus finely arrayed, for his Gascon lodger, Jean Blacquart, appeared in a military costume of great effect, albeit it had been evidently made for one of larger proportions, and the long rapier pertaining to it somewhat interfered with the free progress of the wearer. But, when the weapon got between his legs, and threatened to trip him up, Jean kicked it on one side with great disdain, and strode up and down the shop, with the blade clanking at his heels, as though he had just thrust it through the bodies of a score of stalwart Antago-

nists, and was waiting to see who would be bold enough to come forward next.

The gossips of the Rue de la Harpe and Rue des Mathurins were well aware of the cause of this unwonted excitement. There were *portières* in those days, as at present; and they were just as garrulous. The old woman who kept the gate of the Hôtel de Cluny had heard the news from Maître Picard's housekeeper; and it was soon known in the Quartier Latin that the Garde Bourgeois of that division were to have the honour of waiting upon their monarch at Versailles that evening, where a fête was to be given upon an unusual scale of splendour; a large part of the gardens being covered in, and richly decorated, to accommodate the number of guests that it was expected would not find room in the palace; *—for the building as it then stood was comparatively small, being little more than the château built by the preceding monarch as his hunting-lodge, upon the site of the windmill purchased from Jean de Soissy.

Maître Picard had borrowed a horse from a neighbour,—a heavy Flemish animal, as plump as the bourgeois himself, which went its own pace, and would be put into no other. He would have hired a *voiture de place* to go in state; but, in the first place, the hire was somewhat beyond his means, and secondly, he thought a horse more warlike than sitting all the way to jolt upon a *haquet* or *patache*,—his ordinary species of carriage; so he determined to ride: and Blacquart was to be seated upon the pillion,—rather against his will, but a manner he still preferred to getting there as he could; for he had adopted his martial costume on purpose to creep into the palace under the wing of Maître Picard, and fell readily into whatever plans the bourgeois proposed.

They mounted amidst the cheers and admiration of the whole neighbourhood. But scarcely had they settled on their respective divisions of the horse's back, when Blacquart, drawing himself up to look imposing, overbalanced himself, and, together with Maître Picard, was shot over upon the ground. The girths had evidently been undone by one of the wicked students of the Sorbonne, who was standing near.

At length this was set right again, their pride preventing either of them from owning to be hurt, and they started on their progress, descending the Rue de la Harpe with great effect, and crossing the river by the Pont St. Michel. Maître Picard assumed a grave and steady bearing, becoming his dignity; but Jean Blacquart put on the airs of a gallant, winking at the windows when any pretty face appeared, or singing songs of chivalry and love in accordance with his dress.

It took a long time for Maître Picard and his companion to traverse the four leagues between Paris and Versailles. The road was filled with acquaintances journeying in the same direction; and with these the bourgeois would stop at almost every hostelry for a friendly cup, and sometimes two, in which the Gascon joined him, so that it was well nigh evening when they came to the end of the Avenue de Paris, at the gates of the semicircular outer court which then

* It is supposed that the *fêtes* of Versailles at the present epoch entirely owed their origin to a desire on the part of Louis XIV. to eclipse the splendour of his *surintendant* Fouquet. At one of the magnificent entertainments given by this individual, every guest invited was presented with a heavy purse of gold.

formed the entrance to the châteaux. There was great confusion and noise in the court. Numbers of heavy carriages, of the quaint fashion of the age, drawn by four, six, and even eight horses, nearly filled the area, besides soldiers, country-people, and lacqueys of the different guests. A richly-ornamented voiture, drawn by four cream-coloured steeds, preceded them up to the palace-door, whither Maître Picard insisted on proceeding mounted, although Blacquart had descended from his pillion, thinking such a position somewhat derogatory for a man of chivalric demeanour.

The people were running at the side of the carriage, and peeping into it. Maître Picard resolved to usurp his authority, to procure a better view for himself; so, rolling in some strange fashion from his horse, which he gave over to the care of a bystander, he put the crowd back, and cleared a way to the doors. Four females descended. The two first were elegantly dressed: the third wore a fancy costume, which had possibly attracted the attention of the mob; and the last was attired as a superior attendant. But all were handsome enough to draw the regards of the people towards them. As the first of these dames passed, Maître Picard made a low bow, and then drew himself up, and ruffled his plumes like a peacock.

"Who is that?" asked Jean Blacquart, who had come up to the Cour de Marbre, and was blustering his way through the crowd.

"An excellent lady," replied Maître Picard aloud, "and my good friend. It is Madame Scarron, the widow of the author who wrote the *Ecolier de Salamanque*. He was not a handsome man—Mass! lame, crooked, and paralytic; but he drew all the world to the theatre in the Rue de la Poterie."

A brilliantly dressed woman followed her, and the crowd expressed their admiration as she rustled past them.

"Stand back, fellow!" said Maître Picard, bustling. "Room for Madame la Marquise de Brinvilliers! Make way there!"

The Marchioness smiled and passed on; Jean Blacquart thought her regards were directed to himself, as he cocked his hat, and stretched forward his leg in an attitude.

"Poor lady!" continued Maître Picard aloud, for the crowd to hear him. "I know her well: she is separated from her husband on account of his debaucheries.—Ah! Mademoiselle Marotte Dupré!—permit me to free your dress from the step."

The beautiful actress passed on smiling, but without noticing the fussy little bourgeois, who perceiving that the next inmate of the carriage, although equally handsome, was but an attendant, fell back amongst the crowd.

It was indeed a strange quartette that left the carriage, although no one of them knew the position in which she stood towards another. Marie had returned to Paris, in consequence, as it was asserted, of the sudden and fearful indisposition of M. D'Aubray; who had, however, insisted on his daughter accepting the invitation to Versailles, were it only to establish her *entrée* into society. In such a position it was not desirous that she should go alone; and Madame Scarron, who was daily finding fresh favour in the eyes of the King, was selected as a species of *chaperone*. Marotte Dupré, who was to appear in the mask, and for whom Scarron had written some of his best rôles, was offered a seat in the voiture. And the

fourth was Madame's companion, who had lived with her for more than the twelvemonth—the gentle Louise Gauthier.

The carriages and *calèches* of every kind kept bringing up the company. Many were masked—many came on foot, but nearly all were accompanied by torch-bearers; and when the Cour Royale became filled with these last, the effect was most beautiful. And as dusk came on, thousands of lights burst forth in every direction. Every window was illuminated, as well as the gallery which connected the wings; and in the gardens long rows of lamps surrounded the basins and fountains, or quivered, by reflexion, in the water of the canal, then lately finished by Le Notre. Despite the advanced season, the grounds were thronged with the guests; temporary pavilions for jousting and dancing had been built up in the various alleys, and more especially in the Allée du Roi, where a large theatre had been erected: and in the Bosquet de la Salle de Bal, over which a vast tarpaulin had been stretched at a great height, inclosing even the trees,—which, from their sheltered position, still retained a great deal of their autumnal foliage,—columns of spouting water rose like crystal pillars round the amphitheatre, with brilliant lights so artfully contrived, that they appeared to be burning in the middle of the fountains; and others, in coloured shades, sparkled amongst the foliage as if they had been the enchanted fruit of Aladdin's garden, or twinkled upon the turf like glow-worms, until they were lost in the distance of the avenues. The very climate appeared to be subservient to the will of the luxurious monarch, for, although without the autumn was fast falling, yet in the park and gardens traces of the summer still lingered.

Maître Picard was everywhere, elbowing amongst the throng, followed by Jean Blacquart, who assumed the airs of a person high in command, and gave orders in a loud tone, whenever he fancied any of the ladies were looking at him. Of course they were never obeyed; but he conceived the effect was the same. At length, finding the company turning towards the theatre, the Bourgeois took his post near one of the entrances, and Jean stationed himself where he thought he might best attract attention.

The King and his suite had not arrived; and those who had already assembled were talking loudly, in which conversation Maître Picard also joined.

“‘*L'Impromptu de Versailles*,’ and ‘*La Princesse d'Élide*.’ Ah! I know them well,” he exclaimed, as some of the audience by him mentioned the names of the pieces to be represented that evening. “But they are nothing to those which have gone by. Think of ‘*Peleus and Thetis*.’”

“You saw *Peleus and Thetis*?” asked Jean loudly, in the manner of people anxious to draw out an acquaintance before company.

“Did I see ‘*Peleus and Thetis*?’” replied the chapelier. “*Mass!* I supplied the hats. They were shewn at the Théâtre du Petit-Bourbon. Think of the figures being arranged by Bouty,—the rhyme by Benserade, the scenes by Torelli, and the hats by me, Maître Picard, of the Rue des Mathurins!”

“It is twelve years back, *bourgeois*,” said a bystander. “The King was a mere boy.”

“And played himself in five dresses,” replied Maître Picard, “representing Apollo, Mars, a fury, a dryade, and a courtier. He wore my hats thrice in the ballet.”

"He had more attractions than the applause of the audience to make him play; so it was said," continued the other.

"He was desperately enamoured of the Cardinal's niece, Mademoiselle Mancini," said Maître Picard; "but she also wore one of my perukes as the Goddess of Music. The Cardinal brought two from Rome."

"Hats, bourgeois!"

"Mass! no — nieces. There was no need to go to Rome for hats whilst I was in Paris."

And Maître Picard evidently felt insulted, and contemplated saying something sharp; but just at this moment further conversation was arrested by a sudden buzz of voices, and that undefined movement which guides a crowd to one point of attraction. "The King! the King!" passed rapidly from mouth to mouth; and the next instant Louis the Fourteenth advanced through an irregular line of spectators, respectfully uncovered.

It was a brilliant *cortège*. In the prime of his age, his noble figure set off by the gorgeous costume of the day, and his keen, intelligent features tempered by that look of high command which seemed native to him, so well it sat upon his carved lip and lofty brow, Louis passed along, answering the salutations of the crowd with a slight, but courteous motion of his richly-plumed beaver, and pausing for an instant from time to time to address a whispered remark to Madame de Montespan, whose imperious beauty well entitled her to her place of honour on the King's right hand. After them came the less-distinguished suite of courtiers and court functionaries: and the mass of spectators, closing in behind them, crowded into the temporary theatre.

The auditory presented a brilliant *coup d'œil* of bright eyes and brighter diamonds, alive with brilliant costumes and waving plumes.

The King, with Madame de Montespan at his side, and those whose rank entitled them to the privilege, occupied the *fauteuils* in the front of the *parterre*, and the rest of the audience filled every inch of standing-room.

Jean Blacquart was in ecstasies. His blood boiled in his veins; and he felt a noble for the night,—in fact, almost as great a personage as Louis himself. His next neighbour—a garrulous old abbé,—mistaking the Gascon, in his curious military garb, for some distinguished visitor, took apparent pleasure in pointing out to him the notables present.

"You see that gay gentleman," he said, "who is leaning over his Majesty's chair, and whispering something to Mademoiselle de Montpensier?"

"It has brought the colour into her cheek through her rouge," said Blacquart. "I wonder what he was saying: I could perhaps produce a great effect with it."

"That's the Marquis de Lauzun," continued the Abbé. "He's in favour just now. *Ma foi!* he divides his time between the Court and the Bastille pretty equally. If all tales be true, La Grande Mademoiselle would not be sorry to grace him with another title than that of Marquis."

"And who is that pretty woman next to her?" asked Jean. "I saw her arrive, but could not hear her name."

"Ah! pretty you may say. There is more wit lying under that

calm, grey eye, than in De Montespan's sparkling black one. That is Scarron's widow. Madame de Maintenon they call her now. She will make her way."

"And, talking to her—"

"De Beringhen,—an honest man, they tell me, and a sincere friend of the King; more's the miracle! And that 's De Beauvillers, first gentleman of the King's bedchamber. How tired he looks!"

"There are two quietly-dressed men in the fourth row," said Jean, indicating the direction. "They are not gay; they look like a couple of crows in an aviary of bright-winged birds."

"They are Racine and Boileau," said the Abbé; "Louis has great taste in literature. I have a little poem of my own, which I hope to be allowed to present to his Majesty. Bachelier, his *garçon de garde-robe*, is a cousin of mine. I wish I could read it to you: I think you would like it."

Jean shrunk from the infliction; but luckily the curtain rose at this moment, and the "*Impromptu*" commenced. It was a satire on the courtiers who had ventured to criticise Molière's last production, and on the rival company of actors—the tragedians of the Théâtre de Bourgogne. The King laughed heartily at the bits; and when the great author, Molière himself, delivered the "tag," which contained a well-turned compliment to the monarch, Louis rose from his chair, and bowed to the actor: a condescension which displeased Jean's neighbour extremely.

"To think," said the Abbé, "of his paying such a mark of respect to a comedian,—a vagabond whom the church has excommunicated! A bad example, monsieur,—a bad example." And the Abbé shook his head.

The *comédie-ballet* of the "*Princesse d'Elide*" followed; and Jean was obliged to avow that it was dull enough for a court performance, although compressed. He was a little relieved, however, by the appearance of Estelle des Urlis,—the "Estelle" whom Theria had left so unceremoniously when he fled to Liége, and who had returned to the profession from which he had taken her. She played *Cynthia*, cousin of the Princess; and her costume shewed off her neat figure and pretty face to great advantage. Marotte Dupré, who enacted *Aglante*, her companion and friend, exchanged, as Jean observed, anything but friendly glances with Estelle, whenever the action of the piece brought them together.

"Would you like to visit the *coulisses*!" asked the Abbé, when the curtain fell at the end of the second act. "I have the *entrée*; we shall escape the crowd of the *salle*, and perhaps I may find time to read you my poem."

Jean shuddered at the prospect; but his wish to display himself braved even this condition, and he replied,

"With pleasure. I know some of the ladies of the company, and should be glad to exchange a few words with one of them."

He winked significantly as he said so; wishing to impress the Abbé with a notion that his acquaintance with the actresses was something very mysterious and improper.

Making their way with difficulty through the crowd, they left the auditory, and after some trouble found the "*entrée des artistes*," or stage-door.

The Abbé procured instant admission; and Jean, who was all

impatience to show off his martial dress to Estelle, took advantage of his companion's seizing the button of Chapelle, the friend of Molière, and noted epicurean, to slip away to the *foyer*, where he found, not Estelle, as he had expected, for she was on the stage at the moment, but Marotte Dupré, surrounded by a crowd of admirers, and flinging bright glances and *bon mots* amongst them with a prodigality that was rewarded by a constant accession to her circle.

Jean hovered about, in the vain endeavour to thrust his little body into the way of a stray compliment, but in vain, until the appearance of Mademoiselle Molière—as Amande de Béjart was called, though the wife of the great author-actor—drew away the greater number of Marotte's court to the more potent one of the handsomest and most *spirituelle* coquette of the stage. Upon this, with true Gascon assurance, Jean seized the opportunity of commencing a fire of high-flown compliments to Marotte, who, nothing loath, added fuel to the fire by her answers. In fact, he quite forgot Estelle, and was becoming helpless in the toils of her lively rival, when he was suddenly recalled to his responsibilities by a terrific box on the ear. He turned, and, to his intense terror, beheld Mademoiselle des Urlis, who had watched his flirtation until her woman's jealousy could bear it no longer. Tiresome as Blacquart's admiration was to herself, she could not see it transferred to Marotte, who, from her first appearance in Molière's comedy, seemed to have taken a malicious pleasure in rivalling poor Estelle alike on the stage and the *coulisses*.

"*Trou de Dieu!* that you were a man, Mademoiselle!" cried the Gascon, as red as a turkey-cock, and fumbling at his sword-hilt.

"Mademoiselle des Urlis is labouring under a misconception," said Marotte, with provoking coolness. She mistakes the green-room for the *Halles*,* and Monsieur for an old admirer. It is a souvenir she presents to you, Monsieur," she added, turning to the indignant Jean.

"*Fourbe!*" exclaimed Estelle. "Do not imagine I shall submit to your impertinence, as I have done."

"Impertinence! Take care, Mademoiselle," was Marotte's rejoinder.

"*Tiens!*" rapidly retorted Estelle. "*Voilà pour toi!*"

And she slapped Marotte's face, so that the room rang with the blow. Fortunately the crowd was gathered round La Molière, and did not heed what was passing at the opposite end of the apartment.

"A blow!" cried Marotte, springing forward; "this must be accounted for." And, whilst Jean gazed open-mouthed and utterly bewildered, she walked up to Estelle, and in a half-whisper said, "You can use a sword:—unless you are a coward as well as a coquette, meet me, when the comedy is over, on the *Tapis Vert*, opposite the fountain of Latona. Bring a woman for your second."

"*Soit,*" said Estelle; "I ask nothing better. This struggle must finish sooner or later."

At this moment the "call-boy," putting his head into the room, shouted, with the shrill nasal twang peculiar to his class, "Ma'amselle Dupré—Ma'amselle des Urlis!" and the rivals, obeying the summons,

* Or, in English, "Billingsgate."

passed on to the stage arm-in-arm, radiant with ready smiles, and commenced a most friendly dialogue. Jean, who heard the challenge imperfectly, could hardly believe his ears. He was too averse to fighting himself to believe in the possibility of women resorting to this plan of adjusting a quarrel—which, strange as it may appear to modern minds, was by no means without a parallel in the days of Louis the Fourteenth. However, it is probable he would have taken some step to prevent such a consummation, had he not been seized upon by the persevering Abbé, who, drawing him into a corner of the room, contrived to wedge him there with *fauteuils* whilst he read his new poem. Poor Jean groaned, and winced, and yawned, and sneezed, but in vain. On went the flow of the Abbé's rounded verse. He knew the value of a victim; and in the vernacular of the nineteenth century, was determined to take it out of him. Meanwhile, the play had terminated, and the guests who were admitted to the honour, had sought the Bosquet de Bal, where the orchestra was vigorously giving out the newest minuets and gavottes, under the experienced leadership of Lulli.

The *Tapis Vert*—the scene of the actresses' rendezvous—was a wide alley of smooth green turf, bordered by statues, fronting the terrace of the château, and the magnificent fountain of Latona. All the guests of the fête had been attracted towards the *salle de danse*, and the only sounds that mingled with the distant *fanfare* of the band were the sighing of the gusty autumn wind as it swept through the long avenues, whirling the reddening leaves to the ground; and the splashing of the numerous fountains.

There were two figures standing near one of the statues, and throwing their shadows athwart the moonlight: they were Marotte Dupré and Louise Gauthier, who, at the request of her friend, had accompanied her, without any knowledge of what was to take place. Marotte was in her stage-dress, over which she wore a *roquelaure*.

"But, what is the purpose of this rendezvous, Marotte?" asked Louise, as her friend uttered a hasty exclamation of impatience, and began pacing up and down before the statue.

"You will learn that in a moment, Louise, if Estelle keep her appointment," replied Marotte.

"Some one comes this way," cried Louise. "See—they are emerging from the shadow of the fountain."

"They are here at last—*Dieu merci!*" exclaimed Marotte. And, throwing off her cloak, she disclosed to the astonished eyes of her friend a pair of swords—not "stage" swords, but good serviceable rapiers.

"For the Virgin's sake, Marotte," said Louise, "tell me what you are about to do with those weapons."

"Only a duel between Estelle and myself. Nay," she added, seeing Louise start, "it is not the first time I have handled a hilt."

And, after trying the quality of the blades by bending them until they almost formed a circle, she went through a series of passes and stocades that would have done honour to a fencing-master. Louise was almost too bewildered for speech; but, with a woman's instinct she threw her arms round Marotte, imploring her to abandon her purpose.

But by this time it was too late. Estelle had come up, accompanied by a second in the person of Mademoiselle Duparc, an actress in Molière's company. The rivals bowed courteously to each other, and Estelle's second with perfect gravity saluted Louise, who was going wildly from one to the other, mingling tears, prayers, threats, ridicule,—but all in vain.

"Is it à l'outrance?" asked Mademoiselle Duparc.

"A l'outrance!" exclaimed Marotte and Estelle in a breath.

"You shall not murder each other, then!" shrieked Louise. "I will prevent it."

And before they could hinder her, she was off at the top of her speed.

"Quick! quick!" cried Marotte, "or she will give the alarm, and we shall be interrupted." At the same moment she threw herself into position, and Estelle did the same.

The combatants were well matched; but Marotte was the cooler of the two. Had it been a stage-fight, she could not have parried her rival's thrusts, and riposted more dexterously. It would have been ludicrous, but for the serious purpose of the affair, could a male spectator have seen the two young women in their theatrical costumes, which allowed free motion to the limbs, advancing and retreating, thrusting and parrying, with the skill of practised duellists.

"This for your cutting me out of 'Madelon!'" said Estelle, with a vigorous *flanconnade*.

"That for spoiling my last scene in the ballet!" retorted Marotte, with a thrust in *tierce*.

"Be cool, Estelle!" cried her second.

It was too late. Estelle had laid herself open by a furious lunge over Marotte's guard. Unable to recover herself in time, she received her adversary's point in the sword-arm; and, falling on one knee, lowered her blade in token of submission.

"This will teach you better manners another time, Mademoiselle des Urlis," said Marotte as she wiped her sword. "Ha! Louise has given the alarm, as I feared. Save yourself!"

She darted off through the trees which bordered the alley, as Louise, who had in vain sought Madame de Maintenon, came up, followed by some of the Garde Royale, and accompanied by the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, whom she had encountered passing along the terrace, on her way to the ball. They found poor Estelle faint and bleeding; whilst Mademoiselle Duparc was in vain trying to staunch the blood, which darted freely in jets from a wounded artery in her arm. With a severe reprimand, and a threat of the King's displeasure, the Marchioness consigned Estelle to the guards, who, raising her up, quietly turned towards the château, accompanied by her second and Louise.

They had scarcely departed, when, as she was about to turn on her way to the Bosquet de Bal by one of the cross avenues, a voice that thrilled her called, in a low tone, "Marie!"

A man advanced from the trees, and she directly saw that it was Sainte-Croix! His face looked ghastly in the moonbeams, and his eyes gleamed with a light that conscience made demoniac in the eyes of the Marchioness.

"You here!" she exclaimed.

"Where should I be but in the place of rejoicing just now?" replied Gaudin, through his set teeth, and with a sardonic smile. "I am this moment from Paris. We are free!"

"My father?" cried the Marchioness, as a terrible expression over-spread her countenance.

"He is dead," returned Sainte-Croix; "and—we are free!"

There was a pause, and they looked at each other for nearly a minute.

"Come," at length said the Marchioness;—"Come. To the ball!"

LINES ON THE DECEASE OF LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Worn out by toils that kept his brain at strife,
 Divorced by death from her who was his life,—
 Frantic, through prostrate hopes and desolate hearth,
 He struck the blow that sever'd him from earth.
 One burst of tyrant grief, not to be borne,
 Drove out all thought, and rush'd to what we mourn.
 Yet, ere the final act was wildly done,
 (That act which was eternity begun!)
 His parting reason, staying its sad flight,
 Had paid deep homage to the Lord of light!

Ye friends, who in his social joys had part,—
 Ye children, living off-sets from his heart,—
 Ye whom his wit and playful fancy charm'd,
 Or whom his love parental cheer'd and warm'd,
 Oh! do not, for that one last act, despair—
 Trust that God heard the antecedent prayer!
 What was itself *oblivion*, oh, forget!
 And, whom in life ye cherish'd, love him yet!

G. D.

THE SONG OF THE WITCHES ROUND THE WALNUT-TREE*
OF BENEVENTUM.

HAIL to thee,
 Weird walnut-tree!

All hail to thee! all hail to thee!

We are come, we are come, we are come from afar,
 By the glancing light of the shooting-star;
 Some from the south, and some from the north,
 From the east, and the west, we are all come forth,—
 Some o'er the land, and some o'er the sea,
 To hold our sabbath 'neath the weird walnut-tree,
 That tree of the awful and mystic spell,
 Where we dance the roundels we love so well.

The gentle witch of Capua, who comes of a gentle kind,
 Hath floated softly hither on the wings of the western wind;
 The gentle witch, whose witcheries the Capuan youth beguile,
 With her arching brows, and her cherry lips, and her everchanging smile:

But, though beautiful, and fair, and gentle she be,
 She must come and bend to the weird walnut-tree.

And Medea is here from her Colchian home,
 A dragon she rides through the white sea-foam.
 Look at her eye with its cold blue glare;
 As lief rouse a lioness from her lair.

But, though murderess and fratricide she may be,
 She must come and bend to the weird walnut-tree.
 And who is the seer with the locks so white,
 The wrinkled brow, and the eye so bright?

* The celebrated and immemorial rendezvous of the witches. The winged serpent attached to it was long worshipped in those parts.

His tottering limbs have been hither borne
 By a magic staff of the wild blackthorn,
 And from Vetulonia's halls wends he,
 To come and bend to the weird walnut-tree.
 Perimeda is here, with the golden hair,
 Beauteous, and blooming, and buoyant, and fair ;
 She has come in a car drawn by peacocks three,
 To bend at the shrine of the weird walnut-tree.
 And the fairy Calypso has sped from her home ;
 She has left her grotto and hyacinth flowers,—
 Her fruit-trees, and birds that sing all the day long,—
 Her gardens, and violet-scented bowers ;
 In a nautilus-shell, so pearly and clear,
 She has sailed from her isle in the Grecian Sea,
 To join in our mystic roundels here,
 And bend to the wondrous walnut-tree.
 Hecate, hail ! Hecate, hail !
 Far hast thou travell'd o'er hill and dale ;
 By the dead man's tomb thou hast stopped to alight,
 Where the Lemures gibber the livelong night,
 And the ghoules eat the corpse by the wan moonlight,
 For such are the scenes where thou takest delight.
 Hail to thee, Hecate, once and twice !
 And hail to thee, Hecate ; hail to thee thrice !
 The Queen of Hades' realm is here,
 Bow to her, wizard, and witch, and seer !
 But, though the Queen of Hades she be,
 She must come and bend to the weird walnut-tree.
 And Gerda has hurried from far Iceland,
 She of the ruthless and red right-hand ;
 A kraken has carried her o'er the sea,
 To come and bend to the weird walnut-tree.
 We are come, we are come, we are come from afar,
 By the glancing light of the shooting star ;
 Some from the south, and some from the north,
 From the east and the west we are all come forth ;
 Some o'er the land, and some o'er the sea,
 To hold our sabbath 'neath the weird walnut-tree.
 Then a song to the tree, the weird walnut-tree ;
 The king and the chief of trees is he ;
 For, though ragged, and gnarl'd, and wither'd, and bare,
 We bow the knee, and we offer the prayer
 To the weird walnut-tree on the mystic night,
 When we hold our sabbath 'neath the pale moonlight.
 Hail to Taburnus, that mount of power,
 And to Sabatus' stream in this witching hour !
 And hail to the serpent who twines round the tree,
 Whose age is known but to wizards three,
 Who was brought from the land of ice and snow
 By Saturn, in ages long, long ago,
 And who sucks the blood of one of our band,
 Whene'er 'neath the tree we take our stand.
 Hail to them each, and hail to them all !
 Ho ! come with a whoop, and a shout, and a call !
 Join hand in hand, and foot it full free,
 Let us bound and dance round the walnut-tree.
 Elelen ! Elelen ! Evoö ! Evoö !
 For the witches who leap round the weird walnut-tree.

C. H. L.

HARROWGATE.

BY HENRY CURLING, ESQ.

WHAT scenes of life have we not beheld at Harrowgate! what days of romance, and nights of revelry and excitement, have we not passed at the far-famed Dragon, even a quarter of a century back, when on that bare, Scotchified looking common, were assembled, in the huge stone-built halls, with their terraces and gardens, which constituted the hotels of the place, half the fashion and beauty of the kingdom; where the great sporting men of the day met; where mothers trotted out their daughters in all their charms, and country squires (who had mentally resolved to be unconnubial) learnt the trick of wiving; where fortunes were won by the turn-up of a card by old dowagers, whilst their "radiant and exquisite daughters" lost their hearts to some lord of sash and epaulette in the dance.

The Dragon at Harrowgate (in those days) was unlike any other *table d'hôte* of the time; it was more like some nobleman's seat, where the *élite* of the world of fashion had been invited to spend the summer months. A constant succession of guests were continually arriving and departing; and there were personages whose names were familiar amongst the aristocracy of the land, and where, consequently, in place of the pinched and crabbed manners of the present day, were to be found hearty old English manners, sociality, good feeling, and jollity.

But few perhaps of the present generation can recollect Harrowgate much before the period we are writing of, though, doubtless, there are some old stagers who can remember those choice and master spirits of the place who were wont to keep the table in a roar, when old Goodlad was host of the Green Dragon, during whose administration it was almost as impossible for a parvenu, or a party without four horses and liveried attendants to match, to gain a footing at the hotel, as at that time it would have been for himself to become member for a close borough.

At the Dragon in those days there was generally some prima donna who led the *ton*, some queen-bee of the hive who ruled the roast (if we may so term it), a sort of lady-patroness of high rank; to offend whom would be to subject oneself to be cashiered by the gay assemblage. Her glance of approval or rejection would, indeed, be certain either to sanction the introduction of a new-comer into the *crème de la crème* of the circle, or keep them at so uncomfortable a distance, that they would be frozen into the necessity of seeking the warmer climates of either of the other houses on the neighbouring common.

If we are writing our annals truly, and memory does not fail us, there were, in our time, four hotels at this celebrated watering-place, namely, The Dragon, The Granby, The Queen's Head, and The Crown. These houses bore the several nicknames of The House of Commons, The House of Lords, The Hospital, and the Manchester Warehouse. The Granby (which stood upon the heath towards the pleasant town of Knaresborough), and which, with its fine shrubberies and pleasant gardens, looked like some Yorkshire hall, was called The House of Lords. There the most staid and straight-laced, and

the invalided portions of the aristocracy resorted. The Dragon, again, which stands in the Ripon Road, just at one end of the common, pleasantly situated, with its garden and terrace, amongst the verdant fields, was yeleft The House of Commons. There the sporting gentry of the day, the great turf men, mixed up with a sprinkling of the aristocracy, and the old country families, together with parties from the north: Highland lairds, and rollicking blades from the Emerald Isle, met together year after year, and kept up one continued revel during the season; the assemblage being, almost without exception, formed of people of condition, and character in the island.

The Crown was called The Hospital, and was situated in what constituted the town of Low Harrowgate. In appearance it was not unlike a receptacle for the sick, and was erected close beside a well of the most fetid and foul-smelling water. This house was usually the resort of the water-drinking portion of the visitors, folks whose Bardolphic visages had caused a trial of this nauseous puddle to be recommended by the faculty. The Queen's Head was a long, irregular built Scotch-looking mansion, standing also upon the edge of the common, almost opposite The Granby; and, sheltered by a few tall trees, looked the diamond of the desert. This again was denominated The Manchester Warehouse, and was mostly tenanted by the trading portion of the company; the great Manchester millocrat, the rich pinmaker from Birmingham, the wealthy cutler from Sheffield, the iron-founder from Black Barnsley, the clothier from Leeds, and the moneyed man from Glasgow, Dundee, and Paisley; folks who dared not, at that period, attempt admission either into the Dragon or Granby, and who were hardly sufficiently assured in their position to venture even amongst the jewels of the Crown.

The Dragon was the house for those who came to seek for pleasure and amusement. Amongst the other diversions got up to beguile time, high play was constantly resorted to, and the card-room was usually filled with players at this period, with very little intermission during the twenty-four hours. There they sat—that infatuated and devoted clique—hour after hour in a recess to the right of the long room, which was called the "Tea-room." Some dozen tables were filled with the oddest of all the oddities of the play-men of the turf, the most celebrated sporting characters of that day, and perhaps the most determined amongst the gentlemen gamblers in England. They were also surrounded and attended, during their orgies, by a whole fraternity of betters,—men who, with cat-like watch, hovered over and sifted from table to table computing the chances, and calculating the odds of the different games.

So absorbed were some of the sporting part of the company in this vice, that we have known men pass a whole season in the card-room, with slight intermission, seated at those tables, morning, noon, and night. Whist constituted their world; and their utmost idea of happiness on this side the grave, consisted in four by honours and the odd trick. One or two of these devotees we remember, with parchment visage, and "lack-lustre eye," who would scarce give themselves time to eat, allowing but little for repose, and none for exercise. These persons would jump up at the sound of the dressing bell, make a hasty toilet, rush down stairs again, and even win or lose large sums in the short space of time before the bell again sounded for dinner. Whilst at table they would bolt their meals in a state of

feverish excitement, consequent upon their gaming propensities, make sundry high bets over their port and claret ; and then, again, when the tables were drawn, they would rush to the card-room, and, spending the watches of the night in play, refuse to move till the serving-maids of the establishment, coming down to set the apartments in order, forced them to their pillows.

We remember a lady of rank, who, after a life spent at the card-table, died with the pack in her hand. As regularly as the season came round, she drove to the Dragon with her lovely daughters, desired the postilion, after setting down herself and imperials, to take the young ladies into a boarding-school ; after which, returning the bow of the obsequious host, and shaking hands with the various parties she was acquainted with, she would walk straight into the card-room, cut in, and commence play.

We also knew a devoted son of the clergy, one of the finest preachers of the day, who was wont to treat his congregation with a sermon during morning service, upon the enormity of gaming ; after which, he would ascend his curricle, drive to the Dragon, and pass the entire remainder of the sabbath behind the closed blinds of the card-room, absorbed body and soul in whist, or setting the fee-simple of his living upon a turn of the dice-box.

We recollect a rich Indian nabob, who successively lost three fortunes at Harrowgate, Cheltenham, and Buxton.

It was, however, highly amusing (at this period) to take an occasional glance at the countenances of these devotees, and watch the ebb and flow of their several fortunes. Lady ——, who, I have before said, died at the card-table, would at times have her lap filled with bank-notes, which she had no leisure to count. This lady was wont to play frequently for a cool hundred a game, and at the same time bet with those near her table. Nay, we have heard, that on one occasion she continued playing two whole nights and days at piquet with a German noble, to whom she lost a large sum, when quitting the tables to join the company assembled at supper, after a ball, she nearly fainted from exhaustion and chagrin.

Quietly, and with determined perseverance, would the devoted slaves of this absorbing vice continue their incessant cutting, dealing, shuffling, and playing. Hour after hour through the day were the sun's rays excluded from their pallid features, and hour after hour, during the night, they pursued the same employment. The orchestra brayed out its joyous strains unheard or unmarked—the merry dance was kept up in the Tea-room, beside which they played—the waltz was ended, the supper over—and still, diamonds, hearts, spades, and clubs, seemed to afford renewed interest every moment.

Harrowgate, like many other watering places, has fallen away. It was in our nonage that we used to visit it in its palmy state ; during the chequered light of maturer years we have lost sight of that and other places of amusement. But once, we returned to this place after a long interval, and it seemed that we met the ghosts of our departed joys. A new race had sprung up,—mirth and jollity seemed banished. The roar of mirth no longer was heard at the tables. The card-room was deserted,—the billiard-rooms were empty ; and although there seemed a decent sprinkling of guests at the hotels, compared with the choice and master spirits of former times, the assemblage was a quakers' meeting: they appeared " to have lost all mirth, and

foregone all custom of exercise." It is indeed, as Mrs. Trollope observes, always *the who*, and not *the where* that makes the difference of enjoyments in a public place. The waters smelt as villanously as ever; the heather bloomed upon the common, where stood the various inns, but the spirit of the place seemed gone with its former visitors; the pegs had slipped, the music ceased, and Harrowgate (as a place of amusement) was naught.

In former days, the road before the terrace of the Dragon presented a most animated scene, being filled, after breakfast, with gay equipages—fours-in-hand, curricles, and tandems; whilst whole bevvies of ladies and attendant cavaliers were to be seen mounting their palfreys, to excursionize to the various places of interest in the neighbourhood; added to which, there was always some device or divertissement got up by the master of the revels, to pass away the long age between the morning meal and the dinner hour. At one part of the season, races were held upon the common, and if the running was not quite so good as at Newmarket or Doncaster, the fun was greater: the genteel attendance and elegant equipages on the course, made the scene gay and animated in the extreme. Most of the visitors at the different hotels were wont to drive to the heath, on such occasions; besides which, many of the gentry living around, made a point of frequenting these races. Almost all were known to each other, and the lone common, with its Scotchified belt of pines on one side, and the extensive and well-wooded view on the other, appeared like the scene in Scott's "Old Mortality," when Lady Margaret Bellenden and her party attended at the Wappershaw. Rural sports for the amusement of the more rustic gathering, were also carried on with some spirit after the races, and between the heats. Bumpkins were to be seen chasing pigs with soaped tails at one part, while strapping wenches ran a well-contested race for a chemisette; after which, rough-headed louts clambered up a greased pole for the leg of mutton which bid defiance to their efforts at its top. Then there were jingling matches, in which some nineteen fellows, being blindfolded, were started to catch the twentieth, whose eyes were uncovered, and who was accommodated with a sheep-bell tied between his legs. Men also were bribed to plunge their heads for half-crowns in tubs of water, till they were half-drowned, and subsequently to dive into bags of flour and grope for shillings, till they were half-choked. Besides there were many other rural sports and diversions, since refined away, voted vulgar, and forgotten.

We remember many specimens of the English Esquire of the old school too, who used to visit this watering place every season,—gentlemen with manners as peculiar to their day, and as refined, as their costume of a former century was quaint and characteristic—gentlemen of the Grandison school, who would keep their hats in the air whilst addressing a lady; and conduct her into a room, not tucked under one arm like a country lass at a hop, but hand in hand, as if just about to lead off in the *minuet de la cour*,—gentlemen, who would no more think of sitting down to dinner without donning their ribbed silks, than they would be likely to appear at breakfast out of their buckskins, buckled tops, quaint-cut blue coats, pomatummed side locks, and well tied pig-tails.

Others again there were, rough, eccentric humourists, hearty old bucks, rough and ready as Squire Western himself, and speaking in a

dialect as provincial as the clodpoles on their estates,—characters now no longer to be met with, and who seemed the last of their race. There were also several varieties of the Buck Parson, with here and there a representative of the Old Soldier of half a century previous to the Peninsular triumphs,—warriors who were majors on full pay when they cried for more pap “in the nurses’ arms,” and who were wont to set their squadrons in the field when the most arduous duties of the dragoon officer consisted in carrying three and four bottles beneath his belt nightly, with a proper and dignified deportment.

Many of the great sporting characters of the day also had seats in the vicinity of Harrowgate. These gentlemen would often drive over, mix in the amusements of the company, and carry off their friends to their homes. The great sportsman of his day (Thornton) brought his hawks upon one occasion, and flew them upon the common; after which he invited the assemblage to return with him to Thornville Royal, and entertained them with a degree of splendour not often seen in those days.

The Colonel, indeed, lived in a style of almost regal magnificence at that period; his hawks, hounds, and stud have perhaps never been equalled before or since. He was the wittiest man of his day, too; no table at which he sat but was in a roar from beginning to end of the feast, and his hospitality was exercised in a style peculiar to himself and his generous spirit; magnums of port and claret, holding a dozen bottles each, graced the festive board, and a loving cup revolved around, containing a dozen of champagne in its capacious depths. On these occasions there was no lack of amusement; the Colonel’s voice made the halls echo to the hunter’s cry, and as “his eye begot occasion for his wit,” his joyous spirit turned everything to mirth. The very spirit of fun twinkled in his laughing visage. He seemed as if he could have “jested in an hospital, and moved wild laughter in the throat of death.” Perhaps some of our readers may, even yet, remember the circumstances of the great sportsman’s removal from his hunting grounds at Faulknor’s Hall, upon the Wolds of Yorkshire, to his seat in Wiltshire, when he made a progress through the land like some cavalier of olden times upon the march. First came the huntsmen, whippers-in, and grooms with various packs of dogs, as celebrated in that county as the hounds of Theseus; next walked the falconers in their green attire, carrying the hawks hooded upon their frames; after them marched the trainers with a whole squadron of thorough-breds, racers, hunters, and hackneys; then followed the greyhounds in their cloths—that famous breed whose portraits are still to be seen—boat carriages, and equipages of every sort, together with terriers, water-dogs, and spaniels, accompanied by innumerable serving-men, dog-carts, and baggage-waggon bringing up the rear. We might indeed supply a volume of picturesque scenes in which the gay Colonel with his green hat, and his partridge-coloured coat, was an actor at Harrowgate; but the above must suffice.

LOVE'S VOWS.

Acme and Septimius, freely translated from Catullus.

BY W. B. FLOWER.

SEPTIMIUS took unto his breast
 Acme, the object of his love,
 And thus the winsome maid address'd :—
 "What shall I say my truth to prove ?
 Unless to thee, my own, I bear
 A love that borders on despair ;

"Unless I am prepared to give
 The deepest homage of my heart,
 Rejoice with thee for aye to live,
 But feel it pain and grief to part ;
 Unless I am as true to thee
 As fondest lover e'er can be ;

"Oh ! then in Libyan lands, alone,
 Or where the Indian sun doth shine,
 Some lion's prey, I would atone
 By death for treach'ry vile as mine."
 He spake—young Love beside him stood,
 Sneezed on the right, approval good.*

But Acme gently bent her head,
 And from her lips of rosy hue,
 Kisses of honey'd sweetness sped,
 To eyes all moist with love's rich dew.
 She kiss'd—then said, "My life, my love,
 I'd live with thee all men above ;

"For in this yielding heart of mine,
 How wildly burns love's quenchless fire !
 My warmth is greater far than thine,
 And keener far each fond desire."
 She spake—young love beside her stood,
 Sneezed on the right, approval good.

Omens so fair dispell'd all pain,
 A kindred transport fired each breast,—
 They loved, and were beloved again,
 And, knowing this, were doubly blest.
 He'd rather have fair Acme's smile
 Than Syria's land or Britain's isle ;

And she Septimius would make
 Her chief delight, her joy, her whole,
 And to her bosom fondly take
 The cherish'd image of her soul.
 Whom shall we find more rich in bliss ?
 Whose course of love so smooth as this ?

* In allusion to the old superstition, that *sternuere sinistram* was an unhappy (*infaustum*) omen, but *sternuere dextram* a happy (*faustum*) one.

THE LOST MANTLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE ; OR, THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

"How fares the night, Messires?" exclaimed Gaston of Orleans, brother of the Thirteenth Louis. The Duke, on starting from a reverie, looked around on his companions—a worthy group,—gentlemen of the household—dependants waiting the chance of court favour, and meanwhile flattering the foibles and extravagant fancies of their chief.

The party was sitting in the choicest saloon of our host of the *Jardin du Renard*, a house of rather equivocal reputation, open to the *bourgeoisie* and the public, somewhat in the style of a modern tavern with tea-gardens, yet with the reserve of private rooms for the use of the *noblesse*; boasting an excellent cook also at their service—all the means and appliances to make comfortable and happy, in privacy, the gay youth who found the court of the melancholy Louis dull, *triste*, and unsocial.

At the Duke's question, the Count de Rochefort sprang to the window. He was scarcely two-and-twenty; a laughing, singing, chattering dare-devil, who took a share in Gaston's foolery in the absence of conspiracy, insurrection, or other moving incident fitted to make life's pulse beat ardently.

"Dark beyond our best hopes!" cried the youth with animation; "but cold, very cold, if I may judge by the quick time of feet below."

"To the Pont Neuf!" cried the guests with one accord, courtier-like anticipating the wishes of his Royal Highness.

"To the Pont Neuf, gentlemen, with all heart," exclaimed the prince, rising.

Like a celebrated nobleman of the present century, the prince was much addicted to nocturnal adventures; his favourite *penchant* being an extravagant partiality for plucking off the cloaks and mantles of passengers on cold, raw nights, leaving the luckless victims, with bare shoulders, to the season's inclemency.

"Remember, Messires," continued Gaston, whilst the equerry, Alphonse de Voisin, adjusted the Duke's mantle, "my wager with the Prince of Condé is—ten thousand crowns, that we bring home, to-night, ten cloaks or mantles, captured without wounding the owners; that is, as our cousin expressed himself, without drawing the blood of the refractory."

"Your Highness may rely upon it, not a glimpse of bare steel shall enliven our dark watch," said De Rochefort: "but, with permission, shall we not first escort De Voisin to the Luxembourg, to wait on Madame and the lady Ippolita? That disconsolate face quite disheartens me—and he will surely be trapped by the *prévôt's* guard."

"And yet, in spite of our equerry's rueful visage," rejoined Gaston, glancing at the young man, "I have a presentiment he will be the hero of the night,—but *allons!*"

The doors of the saloon were flung open, the Duke and his associates, followed more leisurely by De Voisin, rushed down the stair-

case, preceded by the gay De Rochefort, whose rapier, as it successively struck each stair, kept time with one of the many snatches of song ever on his lips.

“Car ces campagnes étoient pleines
De voleurs et de tire-laines.”

The history of De Voisin, who partook not of the mirth of his friends, may be soon told. In spite of the gloom which shaded a handsome face, he was much a favourite with the Duke, to whom he had been page before he held his present appointment. Alphonse was two years older than the Count, without title, a simple gentleman,—simple, as many deemed in more senses than one, inasmuch as he lacked estate, and lacked, also, the effrontery and assurance necessary to gain one. Gaston's favour was shown by the anxiety he displayed to unite his dependant with a maiden of wealth, or heiress; but the youth, wanting power or inclination to simulate passion, suffered several chances to escape, and at length fell desperately in love with Ippolita Bassano; who was as poor as himself,—a lady of Italian extraction, now a *protégée* of the Duchess of Orleans, and brought up almost by charity at the French court. She was of noble birth, and would have been heiress of considerable wealth, but a repentant father, anxious to atone for persecution which had driven wife and infant daughter to seek refuge in a foreign land, died before he had legally attested his wishes, whilst a nephew assumed the title and domains by right of law and tenure, and the personal property under a testament of old standing. When the Marquis died, Orleans and his consort, ever ready to befriend their favourites, despatched a commission to Italy, charged with necessary instructions. The nephew's position was found impregnable. In course of inquiry, however, it was discovered, that the village notary, supposed to have had an interview with the deceased, had disappeared; and also, that the confidential valet of the late Marquis had fled the castle. Charged with theft by the heir, he was pursued with unrelaxing vigilance; but, by changing from city to city, herding under an assumed name with strolling companies of pantomimics, he had eluded search. This man was also sought by the commission, tracked to Naples, thence to Palermo, there totally lost sight of, having abandoned his engagement as soon as he heard tidings of pursuit and inquiry. So the bright hopes of the lovers died, and Alphonse, ever of a serious cast, buried a few months' sunshine in deeper melancholy; nor was there much wisdom in the mode of cure prescribed by his illustrious patron, who made him an unwilling, or at least joyless participator in all his mad frolics and adventures. But to resume:—

'Twas a winter's evening of a frosty January, when—etiquette for the nonce being banished—Gaston, with his mad, inebriate crew, emerged into the quiet streets. The night was dark, the air intensely cold, and would have been insupportable, but for the influence of deep potatoes; the few passengers passed shivering under their cloaks, offering to Gaston a temptation he could scarcely resist, of commencing operations on the spot; but he prudently yielded to advice, and was led to the famous Pont Neuf. Midway, in a wide recess or embayment, stood the equestrian statue of his gallant father, the Fourth Henry; here the heroic Gaston halted, and called a council of war. It was proposed to encamp behind the pedestal, make

sorties, singly or in detachments, till the requisite number of mantles were captured, and the unfortunate owners driven or beaten off.

"Away! away!" cried De Rochefort; "hide yourselves! I hear footsteps—I claim the first chance;—and mark! no aid, unless I need it."

They retired behind the statue, all save De Rochefort, who waited with impatience the approach of two figures, closely wrapped up. The night was not so dark, but that he could clearly distinguish that one was of the softer sex; her companion appeared a tall, robust man, likely to prove a rough customer. But the ardent youth, undeterred by danger, and bent on frolic, crept gently behind the female, and caught her in his arms, addressing the captive in the words of a popular *chanson*—

" Belle Aurore
Je t'adore,
Je t'honore, exhibe toi !"

But the lady, unwilling to submit to the ungallant proposal of parting with her cloak, screamed aloud; and De Rochefort was obliged instantly to stand on his guard, for her companion drew his rapier and commenced an assault. The Duke and his friends rushed from concealment, the former passionately exhorting De Rochefort not to slay, or even wound his adversary, or he should lose the wager. The lady clung to her protector, who, his wrath being kindled, seemed much moved to offensive warfare, notwithstanding the odds; but Gaston, trembling for the blood which might be shed, imperatively bade the man depart with his fair charge, under pain of being well flogged and beaten. He stood angrily at bay a few seconds, then retired with the female, growling like a sullen mastiff. The Count was called to a severe reckoning for the ungallant attack, and condemned to remain penitentially behind the pedestal, whilst the post of honour was taken by the royal leader in person, who upbraided De Rochefort for the loss of a cloak, which a more cautious attack would have wrested from the male passenger.

"We are still indebted to the Count," cried the melancholy De Voisin; "behold the prize!" And he held up to view the garment, which the man had thrown aside, that he might use his weapon with better effect, and had doubtless forgotten to resume in the excitement of the strange rencontre. A parley ensued whether it were won fairly, within the strict intention and spirit of the wager, which being decided in the affirmative, it was put aside as No. 1.

Something, or somebody, was now heard creeping along very gently on the opposite side;—a dwarfish-looking object loomed through the darkness, with slow pit-a-pat footstep, which awoke a strange superstitious fear in the Duke. He paused, held his breath, and allowed the figure to pass; but, conscious that well-merited ridicule awaited this unmanly fear, he suddenly dashed onward, and reaching forth his hand, grasped the collar of a greasy cloak. A shrill, startling cry pierced the air, the victim tried to escape, and, in the endeavour, the throat-band gave way, and the little body rolled on the stones. The noise brought forth the associate knights of the bridge, who found their leader standing over a decrepid old woman, who, with hands clasped, and on bended knees, was imploring compassion. In vain Gaston bade her begone, and take with her cloak and basket (she was a picker-up of bones, rags, and other trifles); the woman continued

shaking, trembling, praying for life,—that they would be content with her basket, which was all she possessed. The more the cavaliers crowded round the old crone, beseeching her to depart, the more frightened she grew; nor could they succeed in quelling her fears, till some money thrust into her palm spoke, too plainly to be misunderstood, the pacific intentions of the presumed cut-throats. The Duke retired from the fray, cursing his ill-luck, the delay, and the secret laugh in store against him. The affair looked much worse than De Rochefort's mishap, as no trophy was won; for the revellers scorned depriving such a wretched being of her only protection against the severity of the chill night air.

De Voisin, elected on the Duke's discomfiture to the post of honour, was more successful—uncovering with gentle force the next passenger, a Cordelier monk. The holy man gladly fled away, without the overgarment, amidst the vociferate exclamations of the party, who threatened to lead him prisoner to his own convent, and report him to the superior, for being in the streets at unseasonable hours. Before the next hero was posted, the lanterns of the municipal guard—appealed to by the aggrieved parties—were visible at the extremity of the bridge, and the Duke immediately ordered a retreat. The centre of the Pont Neuf abuts on the isle called *de la Cité*. Opposite the statue is an opening into the Place Dauphiné, in which Gaston and his friends sought refuge till the search was over, and the lanterns disappeared in the Quay de la Messagerie.

The outpost was again resorted to with various fortune,—several parting with their mantles readily; others, who showed fight, were driven off with cuffs and blows,—but in all cases avoiding use of the rapier. No. 9 was duly deposited, when Fortune once more grew unkind:—three passengers successively proved so wary and courageous, that capture of their cloaks was an impossibility, save at the expense of blood. Gaston grew angry; but the cold was even more powerful than anger,—his companions as well as himself were chilled, numbed, sick of the adventure. As the exhilarating vinous influence subsided, the cold invaded the region of the feet, toes, and fingers; and the Duke, in despair, exclaimed, he could hold out no longer, even though he lost the wager, but would himself carry the next cloak by a *coup-de-main*, blood or no blood.

The next cloak came presently into view, covering a poor shrinking wretch, pinched with cold, and perhaps with hunger, loitering a moment, whilst looking over the bridge, as though he were homeless, and contemplated a resting-place in the dark waters beneath. An easy prey, thought Gaston, and No. 10 is our own!

The Duke advanced rapidly, and, before the others were aware, by a singular dexterity, the result of long practice, succeeded in unfastening the mantle, and swung it over his own arm. The faint light indistinctly betrayed the worn, needy habiliments of the poor victim, who stood for a moment distraught with wonder at the sudden bereavement.

“Number 10!” shouted the Duke, turning on his heel. He had scarcely done so, when the stranger, with dexterity equalling his Royal Highness's sleight of hand, reached his arms over the Prince's shoulders, unfastened the jewelled clasp, and in another second was in possession of a garment a thousand-fold more valuable than his own. Gaston's mantle was of pearl-coloured velvet, according to the fashion,

reaching scarcely as low as the knees, lined with the richest silk, edged with a broad stripe of silver lace, over which ran festoons of pearls, the clasp glittering with diamond brilliancy. The Prince instantly felt his loss; but as the thief had fortunately taken flight towards the statue (probably wishing to escape to the south bank of the Seine), he called aloud to his friends. Foiled in his attempt to reach the suburb by the sudden appearance of De Rochefort in the centre of the road, the stranger instantly darted into the recess. Here he encountered De Voisin and several others, and would certainly have been captured, had he not, with surprising agility, overleaped the rail which skirted the pedestal, flew up the base like a cat, and passing under the horse's belly, sprang over the railing on the other side, dealing a severe blow on De Rochefort's shoulder, who attempted to stop him. The road to the faubourgs St. Jacques and St. Germain was now open, but the fugitive darted across through the avenue into the Place Dauphiné, pursued by Gaston and his companions, raising a terrific cry in his wake. Swift of foot, he bore away the pearly mantle in triumph; but he was hard pressed by the youthful blood of France, and it soon became apparent, he was ignorant of localities. Instead of losing his pursuers midst the intricacies which surround the *Palais de Justice*, he emerged on the *Quai des Orfèvres*, and turning to the right, found himself again on the Pont Neuf. Gaston, enraged at the loss and at being outwitted, had been foremost in the cry; but on reaching the bridge, was overtaken by De Rochefort, who apologized *en passant* for taking the lead of his superior—as usual, in a couplet from an old song—

“ A passage et à rivière,
Laquais devant, maître derrière : ”

to which the Duke, with more readiness than customary, replied, in allusion to the blow the Count had received,—

“ Choisissez donc, sans façon,
Souffrir joli coup de bâton.”

But De Rochefort, more stung by the blow than by the allusion to it, and bent on revenge, followed the thief with speed, quickened by angry feelings. 'Twas an extraordinary chase through the quiet deserted streets of the old city! On the one side, a crew of active, youthful revellers, flushed with health, exuberant spirits, and reckless audacity, opposed to a needy, ragged wayfarer,—a compound, indeed, as every difficulty proved, of the cat and the monkey, yet ever and anon failing in strength, losing ground, till fear of capture excited him to fresh exertions. Totally ignorant of localities, running into places without thoroughfare or outlet, driven to bay, he only escaped by climbing projections of houses, overleaping rails, vaulting over the heads of the astonished gallants, and regaining the open road, with that mad rout ever at his heels. The astonished citizens, awakened from slumber, gazed ruefully at the riot below, shaking their heads, invoking in vain the aid of an efficient police, such as Paris only in after years possessed. The weak municipal guard, again aroused to activity, found the rioters fled, when they reached the place of tumult. Nor were the person and proceedings of Gaston unknown;—it would have required moral courage beyond that of the *prévôt's* men to have taken his Royal Highness prisoner, or, in an extremity, to have faced the rapiers of his companions. So pursuers and

pursued had the city to themselves,—a clear stage for the poor victim, and no favour; for whilst he drooped and flagged with sinking heart and limbs, the revellers, whose joints had grown torpid during the cold watch on the Pont Neuf, now entered joyously into the spirit of the chase with renewed ardour and strength. How could even wonderful agility avail, when, perchance, on gaining the end of a street, where a favouring angle invited escape, or promised concealment, he there found remorseless pursuers, who, perceiving his route, had taken a shorter cut, and were now ahead,—only to be avoided by one of those surprising turns of skill and agility which had as yet preserved him from capture?

Partly by accident, partly by design—for the Duke grew tired, and requested the prey might be driven in that direction—the fugitive held on, with drooping frame, through the Rue de Vaugirard, wherein was situate the Luxembourg. As he reached the façade of the palace, which lay on the left, its walls affording no hope, he made up his mind to rush through the Rue de Tournon opposite; but, alas! three of his enemies were in view in that street. And now, as despairingly he resolved to thread the continuation of the Rue de Vaugirard, he again beheld defeat in several white mantles; then the gay, fashionable colour, which suddenly appeared in front. The poor wretch stopped short; on every side was capture, detection, a prison. The Prince's mantle was still in his possession,—but, would restitution make atonement? He had no hope of it! The pursuers were at hand,—and he summoned the courage of despair. An open window in the palace meets the eye; it is above reach, even of his skill—no!—for, suddenly twisting Monseigneur's mantle, he flung it over the projecting iron which lent support to a lamp, and bounding up with a spring, happily caught both ends, raised himself aloft, and the next moment was in the interior of the Luxembourg.

“Safely driven to earth at last!” exclaimed Gaston, arriving out of breath.

“*Jour de Dieu!*” cried De Rochefort. “I say, not found till bound, and scarcely then.”

A guard was hastily placed beneath the window to prevent escape; and the Duke, whose curiosity was excited to the utmost, entered the palace with his friends.

In a saloon occupied by her Royal Highness, huge oaken billets, propped by silver andirons, crackled and blazed cheerfully in the wide fire-place. Lofty screens, in a semicircle round the hearth, shut in the Duchess, and a few late-staying guests who awaited Gaston's return. Chief among these was the Prince of Condé (father of *Condé le Grande*), anxiously expecting the result of the wager. Near the Duchess sat a youthful, dark-eyed maiden, whose beauty and graceful deportment was enhanced by a slight shade of melancholy, which came and fled, never staying long; and in one whose character and history were less known, would have been deemed an artifice of coquetry. Such was Ippolita di Bassano.

Piquet had been abandoned, resumed, and again discarded for conversation and gay *badinage*; but the spirit of dulness usurped sway. The Prince was, perhaps, speculating on the event of his heavy wager; the Duchess, perchance, indulging in silent condemnation of Orleans' mad freaks; nor was Ippolita without excuse for thoughtfulness. But, be the cause what it may, an unusual pause ensued, and suddenly the

door of the saloon was heard to open. The face of the Prince brightened — it was Orleans returned; the eye of Ippolita sparkled, for in imagination she beheld Alphonse. The echo of a footstep followed the noise of the opening door; it advanced a few paces, then paused, and there was a dead silence. The guests looked at each other, as though asking what such strange behaviour meant. One of the Prince's gentlemen, catching the disturbed glance of the Duchess, arose, passed behind the screen, and returned, half leading, half dragging, a man in mean attire. His age might be eight and twenty; the face was haggard, care-worn, and distressed; his gaze wild and fearful; his eyes drooped beneath the strong light.

"A guest! but, I cannot announce him, for I know not the name," said the gentleman, smiling, as, in affected imitation of usher, or *seigneur-in-waiting*, he bent before the Duchess.

The Prince arose in surprise, the ladies and her Royal Highness in undisguised alarm, which, in the illustrious hostess, changed to dismay when she beheld Gaston's mantle. Before, however, the Duchess could articulate her fears, the opposite door of the apartment was flung open, and the Duke, with his suite, rushed in; on seeing whom, the strange visitor dropped on his knees.

"Away with him to the court-yard!" cried De Rochefort; "if he stays a moment longer we must strew incense, and undergo purification."

The fugitive, who comprehended the fierce tone, though not the words of the Count, crept to the Duchess's feet for protection, with mute gestures imploring compassion. Her Royal Highness, recovering from fright, moved by the suppliant's appeal, made intercession in his favour, requesting to know who he was, and the reason of his abrupt entry.

"Who is he?" re-echoed the boisterous Gaston. "Everything by turns — a fox, a squirrel, a monkey, a hare, — just as it suits the purpose, though," added the speaker, eyeing the shivering, awe-struck wretch, "there is nothing of the wolf or boar in him; but, for all that, our cousin must acknowledge him the tenth mantle, worth ten thousand crowns!"

The slightest possible shade overspread the countenance of Condé, but gave place to a grave smile. The Bourbon was too high-spirited to betray vexation, and merely remarked that he yielded the point, although Monsieur—their new guest—still retained the garment.

"Why, this is mine!" replied the Duke, re-possessioning himself of the mantle; "De Rochefort has the entire number safe in the porter's lodge, where our cousin may count them as he passes; but I see you all anxious to know why we brought the *man* as well as the *mantle*. De Rochefort must tell the story, for I am out of breath."

So saying, Gaston flung himself into a seat, joining chorus in the laughter which the vivacious narrative of the Count elicited. When De Rochefort concluded, all eyes were turned on the stranger, who stood shivering near the fire, looking inquisitively at each member of the brilliant assembly, as though he only imperfectly comprehended the discourse.

"He must depart with a whole skin," said Condé; "he has well-earned immunity—'tis good forest-law."

"He is under my protection," observed the Duchess; "but the poor man is sick,—see, how pale he looks!" and Madame glanced at

a side-table whereon stood refreshments ; which De Voisin perceiving, handed the stranger a goblet of Burgundy, and a huge slice of cake, which vanished speedily before the ravenous, wolf-like appetite of the unknown. The Duchess, amused, glanced again at Alphonse, and the poor wretch was a second time supplied from the side-table ; and the viands were as quickly despatched as before.

" *Ventre St. Gris !*" exclaimed Gaston, starting up ; " this is holding out a premium for the *canaille* to commit robbery.—Hark ye ! sirrah ! your quittance is like to prove too easy ; ere we render your cloak, we must know your history. What induced you to seize my mantle ?"

The man replied in language made up of Italian and broken French, that he could not account for the impulse which led to retaliation on so mighty a seigneur ; he was no robber, although he had fled with the prize. The fancy was irresistible,—it came into his head, perhaps, as he had practised like feats on the stage.

" Ah ! a comedian," remarked the Duchess ; " he has better excuse for sudden fancies than one whom I need not name !" and the lady glanced at her liege-lord, who bore the reproof bravely, though his associates rather slunk from the gaze. Then addressing the stranger in Italian, she bade him continue his narration in that language, which they understood. The soft tones of the *lingua Toscana*, uttered by a sweet voice, fell soothingly on his ear ; tears came to his eyes, as he thanked her for the permission, for he was bewildered and sick—he had fasted since morning.

" *Corpo di Bacco !*" shouted Gaston ; " fasted since morn, say you ? and take such leaps ! I must try the system on the staghounds. But it grows late, and we have had a hard run ; the signor shall go free, with a few crowns to boot, when he has told us his name, birth-place, and what led him into France."

" My name," said the Italian, " is Giacomo, and I was born at—"

" Stay ! stay ! Signor," cried De Rochefort, " thy history, like thy feet, travels somewhat of the quickest. Hast no other name, Signor Giacomo ?"

" My master called me *Il Gnocco Giacomo*," replied the stranger, " my fellow-servants, *Lo Scioperoni Giacomo*, and the villagers, *Il ballerino Giacomo*,—that was when people were in good humour ; but when things went wrong, it was everywhere *scoundrel Giacomo !*"

" And so, scoundrel Giacomo," cried Gaston yawning, " took in bad part being called blockhead and lazybones, showed his master a light pair of heels, and fled to the stage. Well ! here are the crowns, and the porter will hand you a cloak, any one of the ten you prefer. And now begone ! You have tired me to death, and your history grows sleepy." And the Duke again yawned, threw himself back in his chair, and made sign to Alphonse to place wine within reach. De Rochefort and the others, seeing that Giacomo was to escape the ordeal of forced confession in the court-yard, the ceremonies of pinking with the point of the rapier, drenching with water, and other inquisitorial means of quickening a captive's memory, which might have afforded sport, participated in the Duke's *ennui*, and were on the point of leading off the Italian, when the Duchess interfered. Her curiosity had been excited without being satiated, and she detained the man a moment to inquire how long he had been in Paris. He replied, only since yesterday. And the cause of his coming ? To

this question, he answered not, but betrayed a confusion which piqued the Duchess to know more. She shifted the ground, inquiring the name of the master he had formerly served. It was, he said, the Marchese di Bassano.

"Bassano!" exclaimed her Royal Highness in astonishment.

"Bassano!" echoed Gaston starting to his feet.

"Bassano!" murmured Ippolita of that name—a name which was echoed in surprise by all. The Italian, who had seen himself like a showman, buffoon, or dancing-monkey, one hour the delight of a high-born audience, the next, almost the disgust of tired auditors, and to whom was gladly given *la clef des champs*—permission to abscond, was surprised beyond measure to find himself an object of intense interest to the volatile beings who now crowded so closely around him.

"Let him have air—he will be suffocated," said Condé, expostulating with his friends.

An explanation ensued, by which it appeared that the Italian had been valet to Ippolita's father; and although suffering much ridicule on every side from being unable to lay claim to any parentage or even patronymic appellation, was much beloved by the old Marquis, and on his death-bed, entrusted with a will in favour of Ippolita,—no other depository being deemed safe from the grasp of the nephew, then under the same roof. The faithful domestic was enjoined to convey the document to the hands of the Lady Ippolita, when a fitting opportunity presented itself; but the persecution and violence to which he was subjected by the awakened suspicions of the new Marquis, rendered the matter difficult. The notary disappeared no one knew whither, and the valet judged from that event, and from the continued searches throughout the castle, that the nephew had discovered the fact of a will having been executed, and he was obliged for awhile to bury the deed, and, finally, to save life and preserve his secret, to fly from the castle. More effectually to ensure disguise, he joined a band of strolling pantomimics, became an expert vaulter and harlequin; but even in the haunt and profession he had chosen, was tracked by the insatiate noble,—forced to flee from place to place, from company to company, to avoid the impending stiletto. After awhile, he thought he had obtained the wished-for obscurity and oblivion; but no,—repose was not of long duration. In Palermo, he was again, as he believed, tracked to his lair—he escaped thence by sea—was carried into Barbary by a piratical rover—exchanged for a captured Moslemite, and landed in Marseilles destitute and ragged. From that port he begged his way to Paris, with the intention of discovering the lady Ippolita, whom he knew to be under protection of the court, but was ignorant of her abode, or even the name of the Princess with whom she found a home.

"I cannot be blamed even by Madame," said Gaston to the Prince of Condé, "if our mantle-hunting leads to such results as this!" And he pointed to where the faithful valet, in tears, and at the feet of Ippolita, drew from his bosom the precious, long-stored document, and handed it to his young mistress, from whom he was to expect, as her father said, a reward for his fidelity.

"The face of De Voisin is two inches shorter since morning," remarked De Rochefort to his friends, as he beheld the equerry hovering around Ippolita, catching her smiles, and sharing the congratulations of the Duchess and her ladies.

We need scarcely add, that with the will in hand, a living witness to prove its execution, and attest his own and the defunct's signature, backed by the powerful influence of the French court, Ippolita recovered the wealth to which she was entitled, and made happy the poor enquery by bestowing her hand where her heart was already pledged. Giacomo, now *the fortunate*, was well provided for, and by no means regretted the wild pursuit at his heels, and the termination of the chase. His threadbare cloak, Mantle Number Ten, was preserved by Alphonse as a heir-loom, a trophy of fortune, and an omen of prosperity.

"SWEET MARY MALONE."

"Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the gazelle's,
Now brightly bold, or beautifully shy;
Wins as it wanders,—dazzles where it dwells,—
Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny
That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh,
Could I to thee be ever more than friend."

BYRON.

THERE 's a spell in the glance of sweet Mary Malone,
Whose charm no weak heart can defy;
And more precious by far than 'philosopher's stone'
Is the diamond that gleams in her eye.
Like the pole-star at night,
Clear, glist'ning, and bright,
That cheers and that guides the lost mariner home,
When out at sea,
Is that eye to me,
The bright, beaming, blue eye of Mary Malone!

Each poet has sung of his "Chlœ" or "Chloris,"—
Such heathenish names I disown;
The only fair goddess I love and adore is
My dear simple Mary Malone,
In form, or in face.
The goddess of grace.
Might, haply, excel her, I freely will own,—
But—that soft eye of blue,—
That bright eye of blue!—
She had not an eye like sweet Mary Malone!

How oft, mutely gazing, spell-bound, I've remained
On the light of thy beautiful face,
By its softening lustre allured—but restrained
By thy modest majestic grace!
Then thy dark, raven hair,—
Thy bosom so fair,—
Thy roses!—such never in gardens have blown:—
But—oh! that blue eye,
That loving blue eye!
'Twas *that* won my heart, my sweet Mary Malone.

'Hra Grra.

A WRIT OF ERROR.

BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

THE greater part of twelve months which had elapsed since the return of Reginald Lister from India, he had occupied in visiting the chief cities of Europe. He had quitted home at an early age to enter on the most eventful of all professions, in the most remarkable of all countries. But his return from Benares to the borders of Somersetshire was not an unmingled joy. He had lost in the meantime his father, a man of great erudition and unaffected benevolence; yet the increased sentiments of affection with which he was received by his surviving parent, seemed to assert she had taken in trust all the father's love, which was now added to the sum of her own maternal tenderness.

Reginald Lister, a graceful and accomplished young man, was at this time captain of dragoons, in the vigour of health, with a rent-roll of six thousand a-year. It will be scarcely a matter of surprise that, under the above circumstances, he should have resolved on revisiting no more the distant scenes of his military career, looking rather to the interesting obligations of that station which time and destiny had now allotted him.

About two miles distant from Lister Priory resided a Mr. Harlington, a retired placeman. He was a gentleman neither of mean family, abilities, nor fortune; but he had lately come into the county, having purchased a small estate contiguous to that of Captain Lister, the venerable house on which had acquired no inconsiderable interest in the eyes of its new possessor, by a tradition of its having been the scene of the deliberations of the romantic and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth.

But Mr. Harlington was a cold, unapproachable being. A proud, tortuous apprehension of morals constituted him severe and uncharitable to his neighbour, arbitrary and unparental in his family; but he had a ready pliancy to men in power, recollecting, without doubt, the counsel of Butler, that he who would climb the hill must bend his body. To those on his own level he was austere almost to offence; and in transactions with the world, held himself fully acquitted so long as he kept just clear of the demarcation of dishonesty. As to the word indulgence, it was a term utterly unknown in his vocabulary.

To wayward youth, or early indication of folly, this was a school perhaps not ill-fitted; but for two daughters, who constituted the family of Mr. Harlington, a system of prejudicial and unnatural discipline: but their generous spirit shot cheerfully up from this ungenial soil, and ripened and expanded into moral loveliness.

Catherine and Matilda were as nearly of an age as they could be without being the offspring of the same birth—a year only their difference; but their minds and passions, their hopes and beliefs, their joys and sorrows were positively one. In person, however, they contrasted, but with equal claim to beauty. Matilda was fair and meditative; Catherine dark and animated. Taste might falter which to choose; or the poet suspend his lay between the orient morning and the golden sun. Nature was glorified in both.

Hitherto there had been but little intercourse between the families of the Priory and the Harlington property. Mrs. Lister had not been

long a widow. Her placid disposition, not unmingled, perhaps, with a slight tincture of pride, evinced no inclination to make advances to her neighbours ; while Mr. Harlington, as he did not see any immediate advantage in forming the acquaintance, was equally chary of placing himself in a position, which might have been attended with the chance of additional expenditure in his mode of living, — for he was one who entertained opinions more freely than he entertained his friends. As to any gratification in which his daughters might participate, this was a question which never troubled him.

But the sudden return of the heir quite altered the case. Reginald naturally enough was a little curious respecting this new family, and it is not to be surmised that the reported beauty and accomplishments of the young ladies brought much repentance with this solicitude. Mr. Harlington now, for the first time, seemed to understand what was meant by the term *blessing of children*, in the quick apprehension which seized him that one of his daughters might become the means of augmenting his own aggrandisement.

All this, as the world goes, is no very new discovery ; and Mrs. Lister, who had too much penetration not to see that three visits from her son to Harlington within five days, could only arise from one cause, had too much sense to hazard a parental battle on the old, worn-out plea of a *belle alliance*.

The first interchange of civilities between these families being past, Mr. Harlington felt he was by no means called upon for any further extension of *bienséance*,—nor, indeed, was the state of things likely to be improved by any charm which his presence might afford ; besides, he also knew that whatever object he might personally have in this new intimacy, would be far better accelerated by leaving the elements to their natural effects. After three days, therefore, from the date of the acquaintance he was seen no more ; but, safe in his solitude — a territory which no one cared to invade, he resumed his usual occupations ; where, to do him justice, his time had never been abused, which some able pamphlets on the currency and colonial dependencies fully testified.

Reginald having now the privilege of visiting Harlington when he pleased, it does not appear the ladies threw many impediments in his way, as without doubt he was one of the most pleasing as well as most amiable of young men ; nor can we quarrel with the Captain himself, that he was suffering the prime of a London season to be fast vanishing without seeking the metropolis, when, in fact, St. James's itself could not match Harlington in human loveliness.

The character of Catherine it would be difficult precisely to express, because so rarely is it met with—certainly not by the term, “good spirits,” a temperament as wearisome as vulgar, but by an intelligence which threw a nimbus around her words and actions. It might have been “energy,” but that it was less physical : animation, to the letter ; but for excitement, there was none.

A noble sensibility, which the word “sentimentality” does but degrade, was the constitutional quality of her sister Matilda. For the wrongs of others she felt worthily, not sickly. Her forbearance was positively angelic ; it was the sanctity of the woman, not the weakness of the sex ; and beautiful she was as the rose of Sharon.

Reginald became devoted, but not infatuated. He felt an influence which the mind might feel without abandonment, and his conduct at

Harlington was a tribute of manly admiration, not intellectual feebleness. The business of the shire, the duties of the parish, the welfare of his tenantry, found him neither niggard nor neglectful; but, these avocations being satisfied, he rose like a bird upon the wing as the day reddens in the west, and away he flew to the shelter he had chosen.

Mr. Harlington was, notwithstanding, one of those who can be quite unimpeachable when they please,—a term which implies a very disagreeable person on most occasions; but who, for a special purpose, can exercise an art, which, like the fascination of the crotalus, is in fact its mystery of attack. On the instance of a dinner-party at the Priory, this gentleman exerted his most potent spell. His speech was oracular, but always to the purpose; positive, but correct; sententious rather than interlocutory—for he seldom bore a part in conversation, but summed up at intervals the observations of others, delivering himself in a sort of Amphyctionic tone; which, if it sometimes fell short of convincing some of the antique school, at least never failed inspiring the whole assembly with becoming awe.

From thistime Mrs. Lister was scarcely less charmed with her lovely neighbours than her son; and, although she was occasionally disturbed as to the *dénouement* of all that was now passing, yet surely no one was ever more enamoured of a cause of uneasiness, for the young ladies passed as many hours at the Priory as their father in his study—namely, about as many as the day contained.

At somewhat less than seven miles hence stood Forest Court, the property of an old friend of the Lister family; a beautiful and romantic spot, which, like many other memorable places in England, was much visited by those who had delight in research, and taste for the picturesque. A day was fixed by the Priory party for this excursion; a suggestion much to the satisfaction of Mrs. Lister, as the proprietor of Forest Court held a very high place in the esteem of that lady.

Reginald, with Matilda and Catherine, sought at once this scene of enchantment. The spot on which they stood was harmoniously favoured by nature and art to captivate the senses. A natural terrace commanded an extensive view over parts of several adjacent counties, whence the eye might trace the Saxon barrow and the Roman mound, which the chronicles of the land had preserved famous. It was a retreat indeed suited to the full wrought of every temper. The treillage, rich in the "immortal amaranth," the glorious azure of the bell-flower, and sweeter than Araby or Elysian shades, seemed formed for the first whisper of confiding love. The mellowing and varied tints which marked that broad expanse beyond; the inequality of surface,—here rich, there scathed—now enclosed, and here neglected,—teeming and fallow, told of man's chequered days, and spoke emphatically of human vicissitude; whilst the broad oak and towering beech which graced and sheltered the venerable fabric, under whose battlements the visitors were seated, might have awakened the first enthusiasm of adventurous youth, whose life was already his country's betrothed.

Here, more enviable than Adonis, who spent six months with Venus, and six with Proserpine, was Reginald at once with his two divinities, Catherine and Matilda. Amongst other recreations, he had been in the habit of reading to his fair friends; and many a favourite author had gained something in renown, by the impressive manner in which he justified their beauties. The poem which he had chosen for this morning was Milton's "Lycidas." Animated by his loved com-

panions, and inspired by the scene around him, Reginald recited this exquisite ode in a manner, by which he could not but feel he had accomplished that peculiar triumph, which a Siddons could so well appreciate, and her auditors confirm. Never had friends met with such unspeakable pleasure as to-day,—never separated with such a sincere interchange of the heart's best offering.

Two days—three—four—had elapsed, and Reginald was still a stranger at Harlington! Had he cause of less happiness? Had his regard, his affections, his love, (by whatever term his feelings might be named,) been invaded? Surely not; for the scene at Forest Court had been the constant dioramic vision in his thoughts; it had kindled him with joy, but consumed his peace; had charmed his imagination, but disquieted his bosom. Had he been told a week since, that he had no love for the sisters at Harlington, he would have maintained his affection with all the frankness of his conscious nature; but, were he now admonished of but *half* the tale, namely, that he loved but one, he would perhaps have faltered—yet by the falter, have confessed it more than tongue could verify. From that day his heart had pronounced fealty to its liege Matilda, and all his thoughts were vassal to her power.

Recalled now to a true sense of himself, as one who had been stunned by a sudden blow, Reginald read his story plainly in the volume of his fancy, and began to reflect soberly on reciting its most interesting chapter to her, where he would fain dedicate the work,—in plain, he thought seriously of confessing his love. Reginald was by no means of a vain disposition, yet it would have been equally an affected part, had he put forth any formidable doubts on his being an accepted suitor; but, notwithstanding this persuasion, as he was somewhat of a shy nature, he sheltered himself by making his confession by letter, rather than encountering the *malaise* of a verbal declaration of passion, which, though quite idoneous in comedies, is ever an awkward piece of business, well got over between life's real puppets. A sleepless night was the parent of this production; but, as all love-letters, like sea-fights, are pretty much alike, we shall forbear transcribing the outpouring of Reginald's malady; suffice it to say, we are quite sure sincerity lagged not one step behind anything which he pronounced; and this being concluded as much to his satisfaction as such compositions ever can be, the despatch was superscribed accordingly, "Miss Harlington."

The step being taken, Reginald was more at ease. He now wandered in those fields of contemplation, that country of a lover's musing, wherein he raised the structure of new solitudes, extending the boundary of hope beyond the bourn of self, and in the project of another's happiness enriched and fertilized his own. He weighed his happiness by the good he might extend to others, and valued his possessions as the instrument of his purpose. He dwelt on the renewed ambition which would fill his mind for honourable pursuits; of the fresh charm which the practice of virtue would afford him, by the approbation of a friend sweet as his own conscience. He looked forward to the new delights which would open on his literary hours, by an intelligence well-stored as his own, and by a patience greater, to doubts resolved and prejudices removed.

On the day following the mission of Reginald's letter, he prepared to make his visit to Harlington, and although no lover could surely have had fairer anticipations or more encouraging reflections, yet he

approached the house not without some nervous agitation, altogether the effect of his own temperament. Yet, to meet, to converse—to seal with the more hallowed accents of the lips that which the solemnity of his hand had written—to give again and to take a bond of faith—to call at once into mortal shape all the wondrous promise of a dream, was now the adventure of the happy Reginald.

He entered the house—the apartment in which so oft he had found himself assuredly at home. He was alone, and felt sensibly that he was so. At any other moment, he would have bounded into the shrubbery—the slopes—the conservatory—in gay pursuit of his absent companions, but his new position had filled him with awe, which his native diffidence had no power to repel. His heart beat audibly as his lips, whilst he pronounced again and again, “Matilda!” Reginald had now taken up some volume from the table, which might have been Arabic, for any perception which he had at that moment, when the door of the apartment opened, and he beheld—if so electric a gaze might be deemed beholding—and he beheld Catherine—Catherine Harlington before him! He stood, but the sense was that of reeling. A sudden apprehension paralyzed his whole state of man. Catherine! could it indeed be possible? more frightfully still, could it be really so?—his letter—his declaration of love—“Miss Harlington” was Catherine—Catherine; the elder?—Like Jacob, who would have married Rachel, had he taken Leah in mistake?

By the very nature of the interview, Catherine herself could scarcely be supposed perfectly at ease, and this not improbably prevented her perceiving the extreme distress into which Reginald had been plunged. With frankness, however, but with a dignity to be abated by no surprise, she approached the man who had presented himself her avowed suitor. Addressing him, she said—“Captain Lister, forgive me if my deportment should appear too little worthy the confidence with which you—if I am not—you will, I know, find some compassion for me, if a strangeness which this precise moment may have cast upon me—”

Reginald had yet perception enough to feel the unmanliness of his silence. Bewildered as to what he was about to utter, taking her now quickly by the hand, he said—“Do not, I entreat you, Miss Harlington, by such evidence of your understanding, prove how infinitely your sex rises above our own, when occasions demand an exercise of its best qualities. I am come—you see me—(poor Reginald by this time had lost all method)—this immediate interview, Miss Harlington, I have sought, in which I would disclose the counsels of my heart; and in *her* presence, I mean—”

“—Reginald—Captain Lister,” interposed Catherine, “that I had respect to your announcement of this interview, my presence here is sufficient to explain—that I have obeyed it with a hearty beating with an emotion which the term *joy* but vainly represents, my lips shall not for one moment hesitate to avow. In that full, most—most ample assurance which I have of your exalted nature, let me as little hesitate in pronouncing, I know I am beloved. That which a sense of my own feebleness could never have ventured to whisper, even in a dream, your uttered word has rendered proof against the world. Oh, sir!—spare me—this language is bold, unmaidenly—I feel it is so, though it never meet the justice of your reproof.”

Robbed of the very remnant of his purpose, Reginald was now powerless as a child. One manly effort might still have extricated him,

but the strength was not in him. "Catherine," he passionately exclaimed, whilst his own accents startled him as he spoke; "assure me again, the will of heaven is in this our meeting—that a wisdom greater than our own directs it. Give me again, and yet again, the assurance, which neither time nor thought shall ever question—Catherine—beloved!—Catherine, the chosen—" and he again clasped her hand fervently between his own.

A pause of some moments succeeded—that suspense into which overwrought emotion not unfrequently subsides. The face of Reginald was averted—a prostration of demeanour—of reason—but Catherine understood him not. At length, as though making an effort in the nature of extrication, she observed, with a smile, "Reginald, I have distressed you; we have distressed ourselves—why must it be thus? indeed it should not. God forbid I should be the means—"

Reginald here raised his eyes, and gazed earnestly upon her. Catherine continued—

"I have a little—I hope some gratification—nay, I know it will be so—for you, this morning. I am sure you will be pleased. Matilda has been sedulously employed in your behalf for many days, and has worked with her own hands, a little *gage d'amitié*, which she rejoices in the purpose of giving you. She must present it herself, for the offence is hers."

As pale, and nearly as cold as death itself, was the countenance of the bewildered Reginald. His unsteady eye rolled in a bust of marble. "Not this morning, Catherine," said he faintly. "To-morrow, to-morrow we shall meet again—yes, to-morrow, Catherine!"—and then somewhat abstractedly added—"What! with her own hands—and with the very threads, is the history of this day interwoven? But to-morrow, to-morrow, Catherine, I will return. This strange distempered scene shall be forgotten, and we will court the future in a thousand projects. Catherine, farewell! farewell, till then!" Reginald strangely hurried from the apartment.

It so happened, on this morning Reginald had ridden over to Harlington; and now quitting the house, totally oblivious that his groom was still in attendance with his horses near the entrance, he hurried forward on foot in the first direction which presented itself, and had already walked more than a mile before he discovered he was out of the direction of the Priory, and indeed completely at variance with any accustomed path. He halted. A slowly-drawn sigh gave him momentary relief. Seating himself on a fallen tree, he began to commune with his own thoughts.

"Why, what is this?" exclaimed he aloud. "How weak, unmanly, childish, has been my conduct!—to what a state of implication—to what a terrible responsibility am I bringing myself!—childish! why it would shame a child. Had I but pronounced one steady sentence of explanation—clad myself in the ordinary fortitude of a reasonable creature, this mere embarrassment, which is now become—I shall go mad with the very thought. What—what have I done? Alas! alas! rather what have I left undone?—now, now, 'tis too late—too late—too late!" shouting which, he arose, and pacing rapidly through the thick rank grass, appeared to invoke imprecations on himself.

"Yet Catherine loves me!" suddenly he exclaimed: "loves me—has confessed she loves me. Matilda could do no more—might, might, how less!—Matilda! how know I that Matilda loves me? nay,

more, her affections may be won—yet lost to me. Catherine! is she not noble, beautiful, accomplished?—where, where is that rank or state which would not kneel to Catherine? and shall I, then, like Theseus, reward my Ariadne by desertion? No, Catherine, no!” and he again paced the pathless waste with the strides of one measuring a disputed distance. Abruptly he stopped; an air of contempt again passed over him. “Coward! coward! ignoble, pitiful coward!” cried he; “with what scorn should I look upon another who would thus juggle with his conscience! Is it too late? why should it be too late? no, no! let me not lay up years of dissimulation and unavailing remorse by so idle a neglect. It *must*—it *shall* be explained; to-morrow—to-morrow the discovery shall be made.” Saying which, with a whirl of his limbs, he turned in the direct line of the Priory, which, from the position he was then in, might have been strikingly interesting to those who delight in steeple-chases, but an act of inglorious scramble to poor Reginald. In time, however, he reached his own home. The disorder of his dress was but the material exhibition of his mind—in fact, no unhappy devil hunted through a fair, could have exhibited a more pitiable plight than poor Reginald.

After a night in which dreams and visions were abundant, though sleep afflicted them not, he arose, and in a state of musing which he would fain account heroic and collected, he met his mother at the breakfast-table. Reginald was certainly in unaccustomed spirits, but which required much less than the penetration of Mrs. Lister to perceive were the result of effort. He spoke in a hurried and louder tone than usual—changed suddenly from one subject to another before arriving at conclusions. His object was to keep talking—to occupy the time—to do anything, in fact, to shut away the very object he affected to importune. He ran over the subject of some improvements which had long been talked of in the park. With the plan before him, he traced a variety of lines and demarcations, and had the labyrinth of his ideas taken impression on the scroll, Lister Park would have exhibited a maze in which Rosamond herself might have been safe to this day.

Under a like *prestige*, he fancied himself impatient to be gone. He looked indeed at the clock, as one might do, anxious for the hour; but Reginald was just as great a coward as yesterday. There was some delay in the arrival of his horses, at which, though he secretly rejoiced as a criminal at a reprieve, he assumed considerable anger, and now vaulting into his saddle, rode off at a speed which positively terrified his attendant. At this rate he reached Harlington, but by way of another demonstration of courage, instead of directly advancing to the house, he made a sort of *détour*, and, to the renewed astonishment of his groom, galloped away as though he had just found a fox.

After occupying ten minutes by this kind of reasoning in a circle, Reginald verily faced about, and delivering his horse, entered the house. On passing the hall, as though perfectly to understand his own mind, he repeated in audible terms—“Yes, this interview cannot—shall not fail me.” Being shown into the usual apartment, he precipitately advanced to Catherine, who was directly in his gaze, and, as though plunging at once into the mid-pool of his purpose, “Catherine,” said he; “Catherine, my beloved friend,—if yesterday my tone and deportment were strange—mysterious—you shall to-day be more amazed at the calmness of my spirit, and the method of my

speech. Catherine—" at this moment, raising his eyes, he discovered for the first time, Matilda within the *embrasure* of a window. Turning with a sudden flush, far less unaccountable than the deathlike paleness of Reginald, she advanced towards him. "Colonel Lister," said she; "if my poor welcome can add anything to the better reception you find at Harlington, believe me, it is most heartily yours. And now let me avail myself of the privilege which I believe I have; there—" continued she, throwing a chain of the interwoven hair of the two sisters round his neck; "and now, like the Emperor Augustus, you must wear the manufacture of your wife and sister."

If, yesterday, Reginald had exhibited appearances of mental wandering, his senses just now had evidently extended their ramble. His wit was no longer ready; and his state of man, like a tenantless building, was at any one's mercy.

"Reginald—Captain Lister," said Catherine in a hurried tone; "what is this? you are distempered—ill—'tis vain as cruel the disguise. Reginald, you must leave us; indeed you must return to the Priory—see—my father's carriage—it shall convey you instantly to your own home."

Matilda stood, bathed in tears.

"True," faltered Reginald, "I am indeed distempered; but believe me, for with all sincerity I speak it, your aid, Catherine—your counsel can alone assist me—never man spoke more truly:" saying which, he led Catherine through a second door of the apartment, which opened into the shrubbery. "Yes," said he, when they were now alone; "tell me, Catherine, is not that sorrow better which leads to patience, than the poor juggle which palliates evil but to nurse its power?"

"Ah, Reginald! wherefore such appeal?"

"Because you must testify the truth," was the reply. At this moment the speakers having turned down one of the slopes into the hollygrove, suddenly encountered the imposing presence of Mr. Harlington himself. Exultation was at his heart, but placidity in his countenance; and though he felt a great object of his ambition was near its accomplishment, yet his air of patronage underwent no change. Besides, should any misadventure interrupt the match, he might hereby be enabled to declare, the project had never met with his entire approbation.

Strange, but we are compelled to say, Reginald again felt relief from this interruption. It was his last selvage of opportunity, yet Reginald pusillanimously welcomed its invasion. Mr. Harlington's manner was gracious, but studied, and as misapplied under the circumstances of place and persons, as a full court attire at a harvest home. The conversation, however, became cheerful—even animated—whilst Catherine felt a most natural joy in this unexpected evidence of Reginald's restoration to his usual demeanour.

On their re-ascending the terrace immediately before the garden entrance to the house, Mr. Harlington turned to Reginald, and with an air which would have become a secretary of any department, requested to be honoured for a short time by the presence of Captain Lister in his study. Reginald immediately assented, and following this stately personage towards the chamber, once more assigned himself to the trusteeship of his guardian resolutions, and at last determined to make no other than Mr. Harlington himself the confidant of all his troubles! Casting a backward look, he beheld the two sisters

in the enlacement of each other's embrace, watching him with that aspect of holy angels, which is childhood's first lesson to invoke.

Reginald's state of mind prevented his perceiving Mr. Harlington's resumption of that *s'en faire accroire*, which, as he took his chair, and indicated to Reginald to follow his example, was perfectly overpowering.

"Captain Lister," said Mr. Harlington, after a most pregnant pause; "events in which our two families have a common implication, and in which my child and yourself appear more materially concerned, demand a few observations. That you possess my daughter's affections, I do not hesitate in confessing, is sufficient for me to entertain the question of this alliance; your name, character, and station, I feel ought—ought to make that sufficient."

These words were uttered, however, in that peculiar tone, as to imply it was altogether a speech of grace, and that it was yet possible Reginald's name, character, and station might not be sufficient to the expectations of so exclusive a personage as Mr. Harlington. Another interval of silence, and he proceeded:—"If ambition has ever borne a part in the counsels of my life, it has not been in making brilliant alliances for my children. I am content with honourable birth and unsullied reputation. To these, Captain Lister has an undoubted claim—I can have no disappointment to lament."

Bewildered as Reginald was by the gestation of his own unhappy plea, yet the insolence of this address tented him to the quick. His pride was for a moment freed from his sufferings, and he replied—"Humility, sir, must ever be the part of him who sues for a lady's favour; this, station can never render less becoming: but, sir, I fear I am yet wanting a sense of my further distinction, in being considered without taint or reproach in the estimation of Mr. Harlington."

To have misunderstood the nature of this reply was impossible, but Mr. Harlington was one never taken by surprise, and merely indicated by manner that he received the words in no other light than a simple assent to his own profound statements. In his usual equanimity of manner, therefore, he continued. "The probability of a near alliance between our families, I must confess, invests you with some claim on my confidence, and I therefore avail myself of the brief leisure at my disposal of announcing to you, that the hand of my younger daughter Matilda—" here verily the heart of Reginald knocked at his ribs—"has been sought by one who, I believe, has full possession of her will,—the son and heir of his Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Vienna, the Honourable Mr. Charles Bonner."

"Matilda!" uttered Reginald in a tone which would have startled any ears but those of Mr. Harlington. "Matilda!"

The jarring, incomprehensible state of Reginald's feelings now threw him into new excitement—dashed one moment to the earth, and now bounding with the strangest sensations of liberation. Incomprehensible!—but he appeared to have broken from an imprisonment to which the liberty of despair was a land of freedom. Matilda was lost—more—lost beyond hope. The barb was withdrawn from his festering sense, and though the wound might still be left mortal, its throes were deadened.

Wrapped in himself, Mr. Harlington remained totally unconscious of Reginald's emotion, and after another flow of sentences, which, like a fall of snow, soon buried all trace of matter beneath it, he ceased;

and once more alone, resumed his inquiry on Colonial Dependencies.

As to poor Reginald, he was puzzled, as though fancy, like a wicked Ariel, had caused him to "play these tricks of desperation;"—all had been a vision? his love for Matilda a mere delusion? for his whole soul, like a halcyon on the waters, floated free and peaceful.

The matrimonial intelligence above announced by Mr. Harlington, had in one sense some foundation, namely, in the determination of that gentleman; otherwise it was that by which the ears of Matilda had never yet been assailed, nor perhaps had ever passed the mental threshold of the Ambassador's heir himself. Some flighty, *chevaleresque* expressions of admiration and attention on the part of this young man towards Matilda, had fallen into the loom of Mr. Harlington's active policy, out of which he would fain weave a web "to catch as great a fly as Cassio." The alliance was desirable, and this was sufficient for Mr. Harlington; for he was one of those who understood the lawfulness of things by their events, holding, on this question, as the learned Dr. Fuller expresses it, "the wrong side of the book uppermost."

Captain Lister now formally represented to his mother his intended union with Catherine, and some urgent matters calling him about this time to the metropolis, the two young ladies passed the entire meanwhile at the Priory. Reginald had also, naturally enough, communicated Mr. Harlington's information in respect of his younger child—an intelligence which gave Mrs. Lister both uneasiness and surprise, for Mr. Bonner's reputation was by no means that on which she could congratulate her young friend, whilst his rare visits at Harlington were certainly the only feature of his conduct which could have been called "like angels."

In a few days Catherine and Matilda had returned to their own home. It was on one of those sultry autumnal evenings, when not a breath in the heavens relieved the labouring languor of the mead, and the rich tinted foliage appeared so still and fixed, as though the tendrils had been painted on the blue background of the sky, and a faintness rather than repose bowed down every living thing, when Matilda had retired to her chamber, whose treillaged lattice had been thrown open to give, not take, the only sigh which Nature at that moment seemed to breathe.

She had been occupied in drawing, and the materials of her employment were still scattered before her. The aspect from her chamber was well suited to melancholy thought.

"Phœbus' bright chariot now had run
Past the proud pillars of Alcmena's son."

The ripple of the stream, silver-tipped by the moon's beam, was in her own watery gaze; for tears stood in her eyes, and disquiet seemed alone to occupy the bosom of Matilda. The door of the apartment was partly unclosed—Catherine was at this moment advancing. She paused—fixed in mute attention. She listened. She could not be deceived,—it was a sigh she heard,—a sob—a heart-rending sob. Catherine approached nearer; and deeper still were the tones of agony which met her ear. The tears were Matilda's tears, whose figure, partly averted, Catherine now distinguished in the drooping utterance of woe. She was in the act of earnestly gazing on some object before her,—it

was a miniature,—evidently her own work, and the likeness, Reginald—Reginald Lister! Catherine still listened, for the signs of grief now broke into the more audible accents of speech.

“Be your days happy till their timely course merge into blessed everlastingness! Yes, Reginald, you have wisely chosen—one hast thou chosen, worthy thine own essential being, and who, by assimilation with thyself, can alone appreciate thine exalted worth. May happiness be your course, meeting no change but in its own variety of blessing! Yes, Reginald, Catherine has a kindred being, and will bear you fellowship in your own region of thought and fancy—one who has perception to define thy strangest imaginings, and a soul to partake your highest triumphs. Catherine, the counterpart of thy nature, must be the affianced of thine heart. Yes, thou hast chosen,—how wisely, this poor, poor stricken brain must freely witness. Her, Reginald, you have chosen,—yet, had it been otherwise—had this humbler—this less, less worthy—poor vain Matilda! Ah!—were I to speak it loud, though to deaf midnight, life, methinks, would pass from me with the word. Let my tears hide all,—my shame, my love, my utterance, my peace, on this blank earth. Go! be proclaimed the happy; but let Matilda’s counsel be secret, sacred. Go! be ye happy, whilst my widowed thoughts shall yet inhabit yon shadowed paths, there, there to invoke the past, and speak, and sit, and wander with him still. Beloved—adored Reginald! Indulge—indulge poor, vain heart in thy responsive throbs. Adored, beloved Reginald!”

The agitation, the dismay into which Catherine was thrown by what she had just witnessed, nearly denied her all power of escape. She was already sinking to the earth. By an effort she reached her own chamber, and there dropped upon a couch.

On the second day from the event above related, Reginald and Mrs. Lister drove over to Harlington. The intelligence which the latter had received respecting Matilda’s contract to Mr. Bonner yet more and more disturbed her, and though she was by no means of a temperament to busy herself in the affairs of others, she still felt that admonition in the present instance might possibly be the most timely offering she could make to friendship. With these views she went instantly in search of her young friend. Reginald and Catherine were left together.

“You disappointed us yesterday,” said he, with an air of playful reproach; “we did not see you,—an offence easily atoned for in any but yourself: in you, Catherine, it is indeed a serious charge; and upon my word you seem conscious of it, for I know not when I have seen you look so gravely.”

“Reginald,” replied she, in a tone which startled him, “those recent events which now cannot fail to be the great, sole burden of your thoughts, as mine, have, you will confess it, been already attended by moments of strange, inexplicable reservation—unnatural phantasies—”

“—Ah Catherine!” interrupted Reginald hastily, “these—these are indeed well merited reproofs. Sunken I am in my own esteem; keenly, sorrowfully, this wayward temper repents, and would, if possible, repair—”

“—Reginald, it is—it is thy patience I would demand,” interposed she, in accents almost of severity. “Inexplicable have been thy words, froward and fearful; but the vast volume of recorded things, has not a

page like *this*—none, none so strange, so unapproached, so violent as mine!”

“Catherine—in the love of mercy—justice—”

“—True—true,” again she passionately exclaimed, “’tis in the name of both I am called on, or to both am lost for ever. Reginald, I can never be thine—never, never, Reginald—for the altar of our plight would demand a sacrifice at which heaven itself would weep, and darkness cover all our days to come. Some, surely, will deem me mad, others, how noble!—some will denounce me unnatural, others, how heroic!—but these I neither fear nor covet; heaven knows ’tis not the world’s award that stirs me. For did you know the dire conditions of our nuptials—the fearful record of our rites—the knolling of the bell which will displace the sponsal peal—the altar which must become her tomb—”

“Her!—her tomb!—what rhapsody is this?”

“Ah! had it been *she—she*, Reginald,” continued Catherine, in deeper bitterness, “whom you could have — I had been content to watch thee at a distance, nor less have proved my faith and adoration. But she will die, Reginald, and oh! how worse than death, the memories which survive! Could you but have loved *her*—though wild my plea, and of which the wide world ne’er yet has given example; yet—”

“—*Matilda!*” ejaculated Reginald in accents of one distraught; “*Matilda!*” and his frame trembled as though pierced by an arrow.

“Loves you at the very price of life, and how surely will pay the penalty, heaven knows—heaven knows!”

Reginald, by an impulse almost as involuntary as the exclamations he had uttered, sprang from the couch on which he had been seated, and gazing for a moment on vacancy, clasped the extended hand of Catherine, whilst a confused sense of coming events broke on his imagination, and rushed wildly from the apartment.

Mrs. Lister, meanwhile, had rambled afield with her beloved Matilda. They had strolled through the pleasure-grounds, and were now reposing under that favourite alcove, which had so late been the scene of Reginald’s impassioned readings—a spot wherein Contemplation, like a true Sybarite, had wasted in indulgence, and Fancy wandered in its own creations.

In sincere congratulation of the unfounded tale, Mrs. Lister had addressed her chosen friend on that alliance which had been whispered with Mr. Bonner. “God grant,” she fervently exclaimed, “I may yet survive to behold one more worthy of you!” But they were no longer alone—the vision of hope was already clothed in mortal form, and Reginald himself at their feet. A stupor of enchantment held a momentary power over the gazers. Thought had no time for form—for question, all too brief. “My wife!—mine own!—mine own!” wildly he still repeated.

“*Thy wife!*” and she sank apparently lifeless into his arms.

* * * * *

The espousals were fulfilled—Reginald and Matilda were united. Mr. Harlington was a practical man to the very last, “non mihi res, sed me rebus committere conor,” was a maxim for which he had ever shown veneration; and, though his part was submission, yet his language was still dictatorial. Like Micah, the Ephraimite, Catherine had restored the stolen treasure, and by an act which stands to this day singly in the heroism of women, became, as the heralds say, a “Party per pale,” half wife and half widow.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN ;
OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER LIX.
THE SUBSTITUTE.

"Caution is the lower story of prudence."—LORD HALIFAX.

NONE but those who have bent beneath its burden, can estimate the weariness of his task whose office it is to watch over the spiritual improvement of the criminal, and to waste life in devising expedients for arousing and quickening the better feelings of a degraded nature. The many and grievous disappointments which an ardent spirit so circumstanced is compelled to sustain,—the perpetual combat he has to wage with dispositions enslaved, debased, and brutalized by vice,—the undisguised scorn of some, the hopeless indifference of others,—the apathy of most,—tell eventually, with fearful depression, upon a chaplain's efforts and energies. They unnerve, depress, and exhaust him.

This feeling had been mine for many months ; and, to be rid of it, I resolved upon a holiday. Held closely and keenly to my ceaseless round of toil by my *lay-bishops*—the magistrates ; restricted from absence from my prison duties, even for a single day, without their permission ; bound to take their pleasure, not only upon the period of my projected holiday, but also upon the substitute whom I purposed should officiate in my stead, my path was sufficiently beset by "lets and hindrances." But even temporary freedom was worth a struggle. So I boldly called for the minute-book ; entered therein my desire for a fortnight's *run* ; inserted the names of four clergymen, any one of whom would, in the interim, act for me ; and left the magistrates to select the party whom they deemed most efficient.

"A pretty warm discussion this will originate !" was Mr. Croak's remark as I called his attention to the entry, and desired he would submit it to the first visiting magistrate who inspected the prison : "Some lively comments, and truly agreeable personalities will be the upshot of this proposal."

He was right. The asperities to which my suit gave birth, and the unjust conclusions arrived at during its discussion, were as unexpected as they were marvellous. Five magistrates felt it their duty to take my request into grave consideration.

"A fortnight's leave !" cried the chairman, with a well-feigned air of surprise. "Would not a shorter period suffice ?"

"That question I thus answer,"—I spoke bluntly, for my spirit was chafed :—"This is the only request for leave which I have submitted to you for three years past."

"Oh !" returned he carelessly, "I merely threw out the remark by way of suggestion. I take no cognizance of the *past* : I have to deal simply with the *present*. Now, as to your substitute : Mr. Hicks, curate of Greybeach, is the first name on the list. Is there any objection"—and he turned towards his colleagues—"to *this* reverend gentleman ?"

"An insurmountable one on my part," said Mr. Cumberstone with energy, "*he is not sound.*"

"Pardon me!" I interrupted, completely mistaking the drift of this remark; "Mr. Hicks is a man in the full vigour of life, and his health is excellent."

"I am alluding, sir," said Mr. Cumberstone, with a look of grave rebuke, "to his professional, not to his physical health. He is not sound in his religious creed. I am credibly informed that he has very strong doubts upon the Twenty-second Article."

"Oh! dear! dear!" said Sir Henry Pettinger. "This is sad! very sad, indeed! Pass him over by all means. Read the next name."

"Mr. Leaver—the lecturer of Littletown."

"A Calvinist!" cried Mr. Wapshott; "a decided Calvinist; I know it for a fact."

"I for one," observed Mr. Cumberstone, with dignified solemnity, "will never permit a Calvinist to preach within the walls of this crowded gaol."

"He would play the very deuce with us," remarked Sir Henry; "he would tell the prisoners they couldn't help being the villains they are; that they *must* rob, and forge, and kill, and poach, whether they would or no. Bless my soul and body that will never do! Run your pen through his name, and announce the next."

"Mr. Rumph, of Nymbsbury."

"Tainted!" said the chairman, in a low, solemn voice.

"What, for treason?" cried Sir Henry, starting wildly to his legs; "something in the Despard and Thistlewood line, eh? Why, I thought fellows in their predicament were not allowed to go abroad? Shameful! Shameful! What *can* Mr. Cleaver be thinking of? Where is he? I'll have an explanation."

"*Tainted*," was the word I used said the chairman, repeating the term with emphasis; "tainted with radicalism."

"Oh! oh! I understand," said the baronet. "No matter! The same disease in a milder form. Cut him decidedly. The next man."

"Mr. Mears of Hunchburn."

"Voice too weak for the gaol, and principles too mild," exclaimed Mr. Wapshott. "We want a daring preacher; some one who will tell these outcasts boldly what they are, and where they're going to; that they are earning the worst of wages, and will soon be paid off in full."

"Mr. Mears, then, we are all agreed, is inadmissible," struck in the chairman, mercilessly curtailing Mr. Wapshott's homily.

"Yes, yes!" was the response.

"The next name?" cried the baronet.

"There is no other; we've exhausted the list. Mr. Cleaver"—continued the chairman—"have you any further proposition to make, or any fresh name to suggest?"

"I have very slight encouragement so to do," was my somewhat piqued reply; "but I will hazard the mention of a fifth clergyman,—Mr. Osterly of Prattlestream,—a mild, retiring, guileless man, to whom, I trust, there can be no objection."

"Mr. Osterly! Ah! yes! an inoffensive kind of being; never heard anything to his disadvantage that I can remember," said Mr. Wapshott musingly.

"Mr. Osterly, eh! I've some faint idea—some odd, some curious association connected with the name—yes! yes! I'm right. Our neighbour, Lord Eastington, has a decided aversion to him."

"If," was my reply, and I addressed it pointedly to the last speaker, who was Sir Henry, "every gentleman whom I propose as my temporary substitute be objected to; if I am to be in reality a prisoner, though nominally a chaplain; one course, and *but* one, is open to me. I must tender my resignation."

"Don't!—Don't do anything of the kind!" rejoined Sir Henry. "You have no idea of the trouble it would occasion us. We should have applications, and testimonials, and canvassing, and all that sort of thing, which is abominably annoying." He looked round, and continued, "No objection, I presume, gentlemen, to Mr. Osterly as a substitute *pro tempore*? None! Ah! I thought so. Pray enter his name in the minute-book. That makes the arrangement formal. I have said the worst I know of him. You will remember,—should that point ever be mooted,—that I distinctly told you our neighbour, Lord Eastington, had the greatest possible objection to him!"

But why?

CHAPTER LX.

THE MORAL PEER.

"No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt."

LORD CLARENDON.

LORD EASTINGTON was a noble of considerable notoriety and undoubted influence. He was a formidable foe; for he was rich and unscrupulous. He was a valueless friend; for he was essentially selfish. No man cared less for the reverses of those with whom he had been in habits of familiar intercourse; or more rapidly erased the fallen, the struggling, or the disappointed, from his remembrance. According to his political creed his sympathies should have been with the people; but no man viewed with greater harshness the failings of the peasant, or fell in more readily with the notion that a poor man ought to be a perfect character! The strictness with which the game on his richly-cultivated domain was preserved, the suspicion with which all intruders were scanned, and the severity with which all trespassers were warned, contrasted oddly enough with his public avowals that "the poor had certain rights, and that those rights ought to be secured to them." Rights! What rights? Woe to the unhappy farmer's son who was found lurking near his preserves! Woe to the luckless farmer's boy who was detected, sack in hand, gathering up the acorns which had dropped from the Eastington oaks! Woe to the thoughtless lad or lassie who, on an autumn morning, diverged from the main road to gather a handful of nuts within his lordship's tempting coppice! The pains and penalties of the law dogged their heels, and the portals of the county prison yawned to receive them. Their case, in truth, was desperate. From his lordship it was visionary to expect forbearance. He viewed all these delinquencies as grave offences: and, on their coming to his knowledge, was wont to exclaim, with kindling eye and angry frown,—

"What an immoral people we are rapidly becoming! Old English honesty is gone. The feeling of sturdy independence and strict in-

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tegrity which once distinguished the English peasant may be now sought in vain. The rights of property are daily more and more forgotten by the lower classes. A frightful state of things is approaching. What a grossly—what a deplorably immoral people we are insensibly becoming! John,—apply at once for a summons against these vicious people, and *teach them a lesson!*”

What his lordship's notions of morality really were, horribly perplexed divers of his dependents. The lady who presided over the domestic arrangements of “The Chauntry” was another man's wife. Beautiful, accomplished, lady-like in manner, and abounding in conversational tact, she did the honours of his lordship's table to his bachelor friends with an ease and self-possession that startled even the knowing ones. But *his* wife she was not! And yet Lord East-
 ington—if a few pheasants disappeared from his woods, or a few peaches from his walls—would work himself up into a towering passion, and inveigh against “the want of morality—the abominable and increasing want of morality among the lower orders!”

Vivacious Lord Eastington! it was quite clear he was a stranger to “Paley on the Moral Sense!”

And yet in his own opinion a greater benefactor to his country never existed. “What would become of this district,” was his self-complacent inquiry, “but for myself, and my determination to uphold the game-laws? Those laws, I contend, form one of the most judicious portions of our legal enactments. Their beneficial operation on the lower classes of the community,—calmly considered,—is amazing. Take my own case. Observe the many mouths I feed, and the many backs I clothe, and the many pockets I fill, because I am resolved that the game on the Eastington estate shall be strictly and efficiently preserved. My keepers, under-keepers, watchers, helps, and scouts, form a band exceeding fifty persons. Where would these men find bread but for me? Who, I should like to know, keeps them from the workhouse but myself? Whose purse enables them to bring up their families in unquestionable comfort? Mine. Who is it that lightens the poor-rates of each of the surrounding parishes, by finding constant employment for these fifty individuals?—I do. Another point. Calculate the benefit conferred on the petty tradesmen of this district by the weekly expenditure amongst them of the wages of these fifty individuals. And whence do these results—all of them beneficial—emanate? From my inflexible determination that game shall be found—and found in abundance—in the Eastington covers. I hold then, that the game-laws are a positive blessing to the working community; and that he deserves well of his fellow-men who enforces their observance to the utmost possible extent!”

The neighbouring magistrates, wearied to death with adjudicating on game informations laid ever and anon by Lord Eastington's keepers; the tenant-farmers, groaning under the expense of supporting by poor-rates the wives and families of those unhappy men who were imprisoned for poaching on the noble lord's manors,—would have come to a very opposite conclusion: but let that pass.

To the parish of Gareham—blessed by this sporting lord's residence and example—Mr. Osterly was appointed curate. His nomination was in every way satisfactory to the great landowner. The curate's habits were understood to be quiet and studious. He had

nothing, it was averred, of the sportsman about him—took out no licence—never shot—kept no dogs—never coursed. All points had been well considered; and my lord graciously intimated to Dr. Pokes, the rector, his opinion that in his selection of Mr. Osterly for his curate, the doctor had been, as usual, most judicious. But the feeling of satisfaction was unhappily not mutual. Mr. Osterly was disgusted with the domestic arrangements at “The Chantry,” and very early came to the conclusion that he would never accept the hospitalities there proffered him, while those hospitalities were dispensed by Mrs. Vandeleur. His determination was soon tested. An invitation to dinner arrived from “The Chantry.” It was declined. Another: that was waived also. A third: this too was met by a courteous refusal. He was then apprised that Lord Eastrington made a point of paying pointed attention to the officiating clergyman of his parish; and was desired to fix his own day.” Evasion was now impossible; he submitted: a day was named; and, with anything but pleasant feelings, he awaited its arrival. His reception at “The Chantry” was dignified and cordial. Its noble owner expressed much pleasure at seeing his clergyman *at last* within his walls. A small party,—the majority sporting men,—was assembled; and, in the centre of a group, laughing and talking with all the gaiety imaginable, was Mrs. Vandeleur. The curate thought—at least he felt—that there was but one course for *him* to pursue. There and *thus* he could not “sit down to meat.” A few moments for reflection were all he could command. But these sufficed to tell him that the servant of the Sanctuary should not tolerate shameless sin. Before dinner was announced he seized an opportunity of accosting Lord Eastrington, and begging permission to withdraw. His lordship,—many eyes were fixed on them during their brief interview,—was startled, and looked uneasy, but no word or gesture indicative of annoyance escaped him.

“He was sorry,”—he spoke calmly,—“very sorry to lose the advantage of Mr. Osterly’s society; but he would not ask the reason of this sudden change of determination; nor would he seek, for one moment, to detain him.”

The clergyman bowed, and withdrew; and in so doing, *virtually from the parish!*

Lord Eastrington ceased to attend church. He declared he “could no longer do so with comfort.” His household followed his example. This was only the beginning of sorrows. The land-steward gave the tenantry a *private* hint that his lordship was quite indifferent about their attending divine service *at present*. The hint was understood and taken. The church was speedily emptied. It was in vain that Mr. Osterly redoubled his efforts; and communed earnestly with his own heart, as to the points in which his ministry was faulty; and how its defects could be remedied. A hostile agency was at work, which met him in all directions—an agency powerful, subtle, and sleepless—an agency bent on his overthrow. The middle classes no longer seemed to welcome him into their houses. His visits were apparently dreaded. A brand was on his brow. He was obnoxious to their lord; and sooner or later his dismissal was certain. Even the poor seemed to listen to him less confidingly and cheerfully. He was spell-bound. An evil eye was upon him. His church deserted—his personal influence crippled—his ministry paralysed. Start not,

gentle reader, at these statements, or condemn them as over-coloured. The influence of a wealthy and unscrupulous land-owner within his own sphere is—whether for good or evil—overwhelming. Dr. Pokes now made his appearance on the scene. He animadverted in strong terms on the deserted appearance of the church; and on the disunion but too visible in the parish. He then expressed his profound regret that *his* curate should have incurred the displeasure of Lord Eastington. “That was, indeed, lamentable!”

“But unavoidable, under the circumstances,” Mr. Osterly rejoined quietly.

“I am given to understand,” said Dr. Pokes with ominous gravity, “that you insulted him!”

“There are plain, old-fashioned people in this very parish,” replied Osterly, “who are so unsophisticated as to think that his lordship insulted me.”

“When and where?”

The clerical subaltern then entered into details.

“And his lordship’s civilities were thus rejected—thus publicly, peremptorily, and decisively!” cried Dr. Pokes, with evident vexation. “Explanation is impossible. No intervention of mine can avail. The breach is irreparable. A most unfortunate invitation; and truly lamentable in its results!”

“How would *you* have acted, sir,” humbly asked the curate, “in my position? Would you have sat at table with that objectionable person?”

“Mr. Osterly,” exclaimed the rector with evident amazement, “what *can* be your notions of propriety? I that am a family man? I that have grown-up daughters? I that am so particular about my society—where I dine and with whom? You amaze me, sir, in supposing it *possible* that such an invitation *could* be given to *me*.”

“Our profession is the same,” returned Osterly meekly, “our vows are the same—our engagements the same.”

“Yes—yes, I know all that; don’t bore me with it,” returned the Doctor, somewhat peevishly; “but *you* are a single man—*you* are not hemmed in by petticoats. That makes a difference—a most material difference—all the difference.”

“You condemn my conduct, then?”

“I condemn you not: I praise you not. But I will have no war with Lord Eastington. The most convenient course, sir, will be for you to resign the curacy.”

“I think your suggestion harsh,” was Mr. Osterly’s reply; “and the more, since you affirm you do not blame my conduct.”

“I blame nobody,” cried the rector stoutly; “but I will not live in hot water with Lord Eastington; and I will not consent that my church shall be deserted. The proper course is—you must see it yourself—a resignation.”

“You sacrifice, then, your curate to your patron?”

“I sacrifice nobody,” persisted Dr. Pokes; “but I will not be sacrificed myself! A pretty life I should lead with Lord Eastington for my foe! Once more, I say, *good* Mr. Osterly *do* resign—*pray* resign.”

“I did so,” said the victim—he himself gave me the leading features of his history,—“and,” continued he, “thanks to the bounty of a deceased relative, without being wholly beggared by the act.

You can feel slight surprise that after such treatment I was in no hurry to seek another curacy ; nor can you wonder that, as the oppressor invariably feels a strong distaste towards the person he has injured, I am aptly described by your visiting justice as a party to whom Lord Eastington has a particular objection. But I will cheerfully undertake your clerical duties. My services may possibly be endurable at the gaol, though utterly distasteful at Gareham. At all events, *there* no dinner invitations await me ; nor can I give mortal offence by declining claret and venison. Consider, therefore, the matter of a substitute as settled. Away with ye! and enjoy your holiday while *your many masters are in the mood that you should have one!*"

CHAPTER LXI.

GAME PRESERVERS.

"The lust of dominion innovates so imperceptibly, that we become complete despots before our wanton abuse of power is perceived: the tyranny first exercised in the nursery is exhibited in various shapes and degrees in every stage of our existence."—ZIMMERMAN.

THERE must exist a class of men in this country to whom, strange as it may appear, unpopularity is grateful ; men who revel in the execration of their fellows, and glory in incurring a formidable share of public odium. Upon this principle may be understood the self-complacency of game preservers. A greater curse to a community cannot exist in an agricultural district ; and those most conversant with the poor—with their privations, habits, feelings, and temptations will be the first to exclaim, "If you wish to ruin a village population ; if you desire rapidly to introduce among them demoralization and insubordination ; if your aim be to brutalize them—to make them bad fathers and bad husbands—insolent to their employers and disaffected to their superiors—worthless and desperate—persuade some landed proprietor to come amongst them who is a stickler for the game laws, and resolved at all risks to have his covers strictly preserved."

The hatred with which such parties are regarded by the lower orders generally, is smothered, but intense. The clergy alone are cognizant of its extent. The game preserver is looked upon as a tyrant—cruel, implacable, covetous, remorseless. No argument that any clergyman can use—no representation that any clergyman can make—ever avails to convince the humblest of his flock that a convicted poacher is justly punished. "What!"—is the general and reiterated cry among the working classes—"What! send a poor fellow to gaol ; deprive him of his liberty for knocking down a wild bird of the air—one that flies in the open firmament of heaven—that was given to man for his use—that properly belongs to no one, but ought to be food common to all—make that a crime! Appoint a punishment for it!—and call it justice! It may be so—it may be so in man's judgment, but not in HIS who is LORD OF ALL!"

Woe be to that clergyman—damaged, utterly and irretrievably, will be his usefulness—who would venture to maintain in any labourer's cottage the game laws as a righteous enactment. To a plain man, moreover, it seems marvellous that the masses should submit so willingly to be taxed—and that right heavily—for the costly amusement of the few.

The labourer, be it remembered, from the moment in which he stands committed for an infraction of the game laws, proceeds onward, step by step, at the public expense. He is conveyed to gaol at the public expense: he is kept there at the public expense. The county feeds and clothes him. His family become instantly burdens on the public industry. The doors of the Union House are opened to them; and there they have to be maintained at the expense of their respective parishes.

What an equitable, honest, and reasonable arrangement! The many heavily burdened for the amusement of the few!

Now, surely, as game is preserved for the special amusement of the country gentry,—an amusement in which they will tolerate no participation on the part of the multitude,—common sense suggests that “the exclusives” are the parties who ought to pay “for their fun.” But then it is urged by those who hold Lord Eastington’s views, “Game is entitled to protection; and ought most fully to receive it because it is property.” Indeed! Has it the responsibilities of other property? Unless this can be established, there is manifest injustice in the conclusion that it ought to receive similar protection. In point of fact, game preservers inflict infinite damage on a community. They are, in many points of view, obnoxious to its welfare. Farmers incur heavy loss by the depredations of game. Labourers suffer injury by the want of employment, since it is a well-established and notorious fact that in any district where there is much game, it is an utter impossibility to have good farming. The community, as a body, is injured; first, by the destruction of food which game occasions; and next by the facilities and temptations to crime which game affords. An agricultural labourer earns nine shillings a-week. A single night’s poaching will bring him twenty. Is it wonderful that gaols require new wings, and that the crowded state of our prisons calls for a winter assize? The cause of this perpetual increase of misery and crime—where is it to be found? In the laws enacted and maintained for the amusement of the country gentry. These last are the parties who convert their fellow creatures into criminals. The disappointed poacher is, by rapid and easy progress, converted into a robber. Precluded by the vigilance of keepers, or by an unexpected augmentation of watchers from taking game, the agricultural labourer will enter his master’s fold, and take a sheep; or he will stealthily climb into a neighbour’s barn, and take his corn. A poacher’s calling and habits have depraved him. He has lost all sense of right and wrong. But who has caused this sad and wondrous change in his character? Let the game preserver supply the answer.

At a late hour, in a small but luxuriously furnished breakfast-room, looking over a sunny terrace into a noble park, sat a lady and gentleman. The latter seemed out of sorts, peevish, and irritable; and the former *distrail* and ill at ease, as if at a loss for a topic that would accord with the moody humour of her fretful companion.

“Make no further attempts to mislead me,” said the gentleman; “I heard shots in the Rectory Preserve about one this morning. My mind is made up on the point. I could not be deceived.”

“The night was very boisterous,” suggested the lady timidly; “and the wind among the trees—”

“Bore the sharp report of fire-arms towards my dressing-room. I

ought not to heed the sound, I admit," continued the speaker bitterly, "for it is of nightly recurrence, and my people seem thoroughly indifferent: They will probably attach to it more importance this day three weeks when I send them one and all adrift, as I shall do to a certainty."

His companion looked surprised, but hazarded no reply.

"I am surrounded by mercenaries," continued the speaker sarcastically, "mercenaries in heart as well as calling."

The rising colour of the lady proved this taunt did not escape her.

"The bond—" resumed his lordship—Lord Eastington was the speaker—"the sole bond acknowledged at the present day is that loathsome one—money."

The diatribe finished, he rang the bell smartly.

"Beamish, my lord, is below," said the servant who obeyed the summons, "and begs to see your lordship when you are at leisure."

"I am at leisure, now," said the peer, with that lowering brow, and in that muffled tone, which generally were the precursors of reproof and dismissal. Beamish, however, thought differently, for he stepped lightly into his lordship's presence, and looked up at his employer with a frank and well-assured air, as if convinced a welcome awaited his tidings.

"Any new disaster, keeper?" was Lord Eastington's inquiry, in a tone partly irritable, partly careless.

"None, my lord; rather the contrary. I have discovered a sly hand—a very sly hand—near home."

"Indeed!" and the peer's moody manner gave way to an expression of eagerness.

"I found, my lord, last night, a leash of birds, a pheasant, and a hare, in a cottage not fifty yards distant from the Forest Lodge Gate,—all of them, I'll be sworn, from *our* covers: in fact the fellow admitted as much; I teased it out of him."

"Good!" exclaimed his lordship; "and his gun?"

"That I found hid between the sacking and mattress of his bed; and for a poor man, a very tidy gun it is."

"Well and cleverly managed!" cried his lordship; "you shall find your account in this, Beamish: now for the name of the offender."

"Marcot, my lord."

"Marcot!" repeated the peer musingly: "Marcot! that man has had work—constant work throughout the winter. Want has nothing to do with *his* crime. What are his wages?"

"Nine shillings a-week, my lord; has a wife and four children; the eldest rising six. Rent, four pounds ten. Maintains an old mother besides."

"Nine shillings a-week!" ejaculated the peer solemnly; "nine shillings per week!" he repeated, as if lost in the contemplation of so enormous an income. "I shall treasure up this case in my recollection," continued the noble, with an air of profound reflection: "I shall advert to it in public: I shall, perhaps, submit it in detail to the consideration of the House. It supports the view I have always taken, that the agricultural labourer is not driven to become a poacher by want."

"Marcot says he was. He told me, my lord, with tears in his eyes, that he and his family couldn't live upon his wages, much more find house rent and firing out of them. Want, he says, made him a

poacher, and nothing else. He was starving; and took to the woods."

"A subterfuge—a vile, audacious subterfuge," said his lordship with dignity. "Poaching, Beamish, arises from loose notions of morality." Beamish made an acquiescent bow, as was his duty. "Want, the cause of poaching! Absurd! Immorality is its cause. It is spreading rapidly and abominably among the lower classes. It is lamentable to view the hold it gains on them. We are becoming an immoral people."

"We are, my lord," said Beamish humbly. His eye glanced at the lady opposite him, who looked disconcerted enough. His noble master observed the look and its result, and abruptly closed the interview.

Was it shame, or pride, or wounded feeling, or a determination to "sin on" that caused him to mutter, as the door closed on the confused keeper,

"That fellow grows saucy,—has an opinion of his own,—I'll be rid of him the first opportunity."

TOBACCO.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

LET poets rhyme of what they will,
 Youth, beauty, love, or glory, still
My theme shall be tobacco!
 Hail, weed, eclipsing every flower!
 Of thee I fain would make my bower,
 When fortune frowns, or tempests
 lower,
 Mild comforter of woe!
 They say in truth an angel's foot
 First brought to life thy precious root,
 The source of ev'ry pleasure!
 Descending from the skies, he press'd,
 With hallow'd touch, earth's yielding
 breast,
 Forth sprang the plant, and then was
 bless'd,
 As man's chief treasure!
 Throughout the world who knows thee
 not?
 Of palace, and of lowly cot
 The universal guest!
 The friend of Gentile, Turk, and Jew,
 To all a stay—to none untrue,
 The balm that can our ills subdue,
 And soothe us into rest!
 With thee—the poor man can abide
 Oppression, want, the scorn of pride,
 The curse of penury!

Companion of his lonely state,
 He is no longer desolate,
 And still can brave an adverse fate
 With honest worth and thee!

All honour to the patriot bold,
 Who brought, instead of promised gold,
 Thy leaf to Britain's shore!
 It cost him life; but thou shalt raise
 A cloud of fragrance to his praise,
 And bards shall hail in deathless lays
 The valiant knight of yore!

Ay, Raleigh! thou wilt live till Time
 Shall ring his last oblivion's chime,
 The fruitful theme of story!
 And man in ages hence shall tell
 How greatness, virtue, wisdom fell,
 When England sounded out thy knell,
 And dimm'd her ancient glory!

And thou, O leaf! shalt keep his name
 Unwith'rd in the scroll of Fame,
 And teach us to remember;
 He gave with thee, content and peace,
 Bestow'd on life a longer lease,
 And bidding ev'ry trouble cease,
 Made summer of December!

EARLY YEARS OF A VETERAN OF THE ARMY OF
WESTPHALIA,
BETWEEN 1805 AND 1814.

IN hours of severe trial and visitation the following sketches were traced for my amusement. I was blind during three years, and could therefore only relate what was then committed to paper by a faithful hand. But now that, through the goodness of Providence and a skilful oculist, my sight has been restored, my first occupation is to put these scattered leaves in order, and offer them to the public, since they contain a true picture of circumstances, in a most eventful period, which may not perhaps be without interest for the reader. My younger comrades may hope that for them too, as once for me, such a time of deeds and daring, at their years so ardently longed for, may as unexpectedly arrive. Should that happen, I trust they may not meet with the like hardships and contrarieties, that crossed my path; and my elder comrades will surely feel themselves called back to the past in this memorial. From all I would desire indulgence for any deficiencies in the following narrative and representation of events, and hope, besides, that the reading of these sketches may fill up an idle hour agreeably.—BAUMANN.

I was born at Cleves, where my father was a counsellor, and superintendent of the Consistory. I was so unfortunate as to lose him in my childhood, but had a careful guardian in the late Provost Offelsmeyer, through whose influence I obtained, in 1805, a commission as cornet in the dragoon regiment of Frederick Landgrave of Hesse. Enthusiastic for my new profession, and with a lofty sense of its dignity, I set out for my garrison, and from Wesel to Munster travelled under the surveillance of an intimate military acquaintance; for my relations would not permit my first flight into the world to be made without the protection and counsel of an experienced person. This officer had his sergeant-major with him in the stage-coach, and being a very kindly man, he treated the old soldier in the following manner. Wherever we stopped for our repasts, he made him sit at table with us, as I still vividly remember, on account of the many laughable scenes it occasioned. In the coach, where at that time smoking was practised without animadversion, he filled his pipe simultaneously with the captain, and not one moment later or earlier, permitted himself to light it,—nay, he went so far as to extinguish his own pipe the very instant when that of his superior was set aside. Moreover, he held himself continually in an erect military posture, spoke only when spoken to, and therefore never for a moment erred against that severe subordination, according to which the inferior in those days stood in a servile relation to his superior. But it was during dinner at Cosfield that what was ridiculous in our stiff fellow-traveller came out in its full colours; and it was all I could do to observe silence, and keep my countenance. For the universe he would not have sinned against propriety, and, utterly ignorant of the usages and manners of the higher classes, he had nothing for it but to imitate, with extreme minuteness, each and every movement made by the Captain. If the latter took up a glass, he did the same, like him he handled his knife, fork, and napkin, but did it all as if under arms, and with the most steady official mien.

Captain von B——'s favourite dish was fricasseed turkey, and he liked the head in particular; therefore, if one fell to my share, I failed not to offer it to him: whereupon the Sergeant-major, as if determined not to be outdone in courtesy, immediately imitated me; but, unluckily, the Captain was already provided with two of those dainty bits. What may seem surprising is, that since the dinner had been only prepared for, and laid before three persons, there should have been occasion to decapitate so many of those innocents, as one after the other made its appearance, so that the whole might be called a fricasee of heads: however, its flavour to our palates was delicious,—thanks to the then construction of stage-coaches, which seemed intended to create a most voracious appetite.

In this manner we arrived at Munster, where Captain Von B—— handed me over to my guardian, who, after the preparations necessary for my new appointment, sent me on with the least possible delay. My road, in this second part of my journey, lay by Paderborn and fair Cassel, to Fritslar, my first garrison,—one of those petty, insignificant towns in which formerly the cavalry used to be quartered. The townspeople, through long years upon the most intimate terms with the garrison, were immediately made acquainted with every circumstance of general interest; and the arrival of a new officer—a foreigner besides—occasioned no small stir in the narrow circle, and furnished conversation for the day, both to old and young. Soon after my arrival I was presented to the General, and afterwards, by the Chef d'Escadron, to the old Quarter-master, Behbein, in order to be fitted out in a military manner, which was the commencement of my tortures, as will appear from the following description:—First of all, the glossy curls of my hair, which formed no slender part of my boyish vanity, were—O Vandalism of former times!—shaved off from the front part of my head; the back hair was, contrary to the present mode, left long, and gathered together into a stiff queue; to which ornament, since mine was not of the requisite length, a pitched cord was appended, by which means the tail obtained its due length of twelve inches. Besides this half-savage ornament, my ears were surmounted by two sumptuous curls, which, suitably pomatumed and waxed, made the crowning adornment of my sixteen-years-old head. At first my queue was very rebellious; in spite of all my attention, it never would hang perpendicularly, and I often discovered it comfortably reposing upon my shoulder. When this important part of my toilet was ended, next came the adaptation of the leathern small-clothes, which, rubbed with wet pipe-clay, were to be drawn on before they were dry, that they might sit the better; and then followed the stiff boots, overtopping the knees. Deep ruffles set off the pale-blue uniform, with facings of silver lace, and a mighty frill, blowing itself out below the stiff collar. And there stood the bold dragoon, in all his magnificence! When Behbein, busy and important, added to the above-mentioned glories hat, sabre, cane, and belt, the latter ornamented with a silver buckle and the golden lion, I contemplated, in pride and pleasure, my thus ornamented person, in the small looking-glass hanging in my chamber. But this survey of myself, however gratifying, could not long suffice me; I must make the change which had come over me apparent to the whole town; and with this purpose hastened towards the staircase; but, alas! the force of nature could no further go, the villanous boots made it clearly impossible for me,

after the first step, to make a second, and the more I stormed, the more Behbein laughed, till at length, taking small side-steps, as children do when going down stairs, and, by dint of a little slipping and sliding, I happily reached the bottom, and walked, with a beating heart, into the street. My expectations were not disappointed: all eyes were fastened upon me; those of the young men from envy or admiration, of the young women from curiosity, while the elder people half smiled, which pleased me so little, that I only forgot it in the flattering sympathy of those of my own age. The General, meantime, praised my equipment, and said, "Oh, you will soon grow accustomed to it;" and several officers came, in a friendly manner, to meet the new-comer, to the great joy of old Behbein, who was partial to me from the beginning of our acquaintance.

The first period after my entering the service was filled up by learning to ride; then followed instructions in the use of the sabre and carbine. After the course of fourteen days, I was declared capable, for the first time, to mount guard, and, according to the regulations of that time, as a private. I held the first number for guard—that is to say, from eleven till one; and since it was known in the town that the Cornet was to be upon his first guard, there was a general muster of the inhabitants, that they might hear him call the "turn out." When guard was relieved, their intention was to make game of my shrill, unformed voice, in relieving the guard; but I had foreseen this, and contrived accordingly to be myself among the laughers; for as soon as it struck one o'clock, out issued from behind the sentry-box a loud, thundering "Turn out!" which was not paid too dearly for at eight groschen, all it cost me to gain over the powerful voice of one of our dragoons, who had kept guard with me. About three o'clock appeared, according to established custom, several sergeants, then called carbineers, who came to offer their congratulations upon my first guard, and consequently to be treated by me to beer and tobacco, which they smoked out of long clay pipes. I next mounted guard as lance-sergeant at the outposts, where I then received the visits of several non-commissioned officers; and the third time, finally, as non-commissioned officer myself; upon which occasion, after being congratulated by the five sergeant-majors of the regiment, I begged leave to offer them a glass of wine and some tobacco, handsomely set forth upon a pewter dish. The friendly deportment of these veterans towards one who, in their opinion, was of good promise, made me not a little proud; for it must be considered, that these men had served from thirty to forty years—many had fought in America, and later, in Flanders; and their stately figures, their entire subordination to their superiors, and the eventful histories they could recount, necessarily made a profound impression upon my youth and inexperience.

Aided by the friendly adjutant of the regiment, my military education advanced rapidly; the instructions given me in riding, in handling my arms, which at first only threatened destruction to my next neighbour, bore their fruit, and in four months after entering the service, I had the honour of bearing the standard of my regiment. The moment I dared to take possession of this consecrated palladium, my joy was so intoxicating, that I certainly would not have exchanged my lot with any staff-officer of infantry.

Thus I lived on, as is usual during peace, in my small garrison,

kept my guards, and I remember still with pleasant emotion my old Behbein, who shortened by his visits their tedious uniformity, which I was careful to repay in kind when his turn of duty came. This veteran had also fought in America, Flanders, &c.; and from half words and hints thrown out by the others, I discovered that in the latter country he had once been sentenced to run the gauntlet.

I should very willingly have heard something more about it from himself, but it was long before I could venture to touch upon the subject, until once, when his glass and pipe had made him particularly communicative, I hazarded the inquiry, saying, "Tell me, Behbein," (making a short pause, for I was in doubt as to the rejoinder,) "I hear that you once made a little excursion in Flanders—" accompanying my question with a suitable gesture. As I expected, the old man was powerfully excited; with a face redder than scarlet, he arose from his seat, stood in a military attitude, crying out with stentorian voice, "Who told you that, young gentleman?" I pacified him as well as I could, assuring him that I meant no harm, nor intended to cause him any annoyance, but only sought to discover in what manner so exemplary a soldier could have drawn upon himself such a severe punishment.

"Oh! as to that," replied he, "I have not much to complain of in regard to the pain it gave me, for my boots and ——— obtained more stripes than my back; the punishment was, in fact, only *pro forma*: however, since the principal fact is known through these rascally tale-bearers, I will relate the rest to you, Cornet; nevertheless, with respect be it said, I would not counsel any other person to remind me of the occurrence. And so," continued he, drawing himself up into a perpendicular height, "I was upon duty, and visited the public-houses to see whether everything was in order. Scarcely had I entered when I heard those Flemish swine abuse and deride the Hessians, and especially our most gracious Landgrave, in a downright awful manner. I reproached them for it, and might have been a little warm; whereupon the clowns attempted to collar me: however, before they knew where they were, I drew my sabre, and made just a little slap at him who was trying to lay hold of me, when off goes his hand. I was thoroughly frightened, though in my time I had seen many a limb chopped off: however, I made an honourable retreat and thought the matter would be hushed up; it proved otherwise though, for satisfaction was demanded,"—and here he drew himself up even more perpendicularly—"and I was doomed to the fate you mentioned. The townspeople, however, saw nothing of what was going on; the General ordered a close ring to be formed, and the dragoons, as I have already told you, struck so lightly, although they made a show to the contrary, that I indeed felt nothing except the shame, which was for that reason the more burning." My old friend was greatly affected by this recital; I became as silent as himself, and resolved never to recur to the subject.

I soon began to pass my time very agreeably in the hours of relaxation from duty; the Adjutant had introduced me to the *Ressource*, and as I had learned to play at ombre when a boy at home, I became a very welcome *locum tenens* when one or other of the party was prevented from taking his place. In time I had more than I liked of this honour; for, since I did not play upon my own account, but for the absentee, one of the parties was sure to be displeased with me, whether I lost or won. Piquet amused me much more; I played that game when on

guard with my good old Behbein, who made it a point of honour to repique me, although we never played for money.

Another amusement interested me in a far greater degree—namely, visiting a spinning-parlour, the place of *réunion* for many of the prettiest maidens in the town, who met to hear and relate, by the hum of the spinning-wheel, various histories, and in particular those of ghosts and goblins. The young Cornet was very successful in such narrations; and if it sometimes happened that the thread on the reel snapped suddenly by some sly management of his, the merriment did but increase, and the sole punishment inflicted upon the offender was, that he should relate a new terrific story. I did not come off so well upon another occasion, where my petulance brought upon me a severe rebuke from my superior officers.

There lived in the town a man, a broker by trade, who often relieved us poor fellows when in need, with the loan of a few crowns. This man, whose acquaintance I soon made, had enticed me into the purchase of a pair of leathers, as of something remarkable, and so they proved—remarkably bad, and as yet they had not been paid for: he came one day and asked for his money, when I endeavoured to make him take off something from the price of his bad merchandize; this he refused to do, and I was obliged to pay his whole demand. Out of revenge, I contrived to pin upon the back of his coat a rabbit's tail which I chanced to possess, and then let him go his way. I ran to the window in order to watch the result of my revenge; and presently saw my man arrive in the market-place, and walk across it with rather a swinging gait, which kept the appendage to his back in a perpendicular position. All the passers-by laughed; but nothing was said until he came opposite the guard-house, when a dragoon called out, "Hey-day, shepherd!"—no unsuitable name, on account of the fleecy addition to his coat—"what the deuce is that which you wear upon your back?" The broker quickly laid hold of the insulted part, jerked off the rabbit's tail with an imprecation, and stared about him for awhile; then, suddenly a light seemed to break in upon him, and turning towards my dwelling he made a threatening gesture with his hand, and called out, "It's the Cornet who has played me this trick, but he shall pay for it." I had withdrawn from the window previously to his menaces, and heard them first from my superior officers.

Quite unexpectedly we received orders to take up cantonments near Cassel; the cause of this soon became known to us. Marshal Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo, now King of Sweden, quitted the electorate of Hanover, and marched with his *corps d'armée* by Cassel and Bamberg, into Austria, for the campaign of 1805. At Sangershausen, on the frontier, our regiment, with the hussars, was drawn up, and there I surveyed the passage of the nobly equipped and disciplined French troops, (equipped, no doubt, out of Hanoverian contributions,) who, for their bearing and the brilliancy which surrounded them, were absolutely dazzling. The next day the Marshal showed himself also, but his horse unluckily fell with him as he bowed his head to enter the electoral château.

This Marshal impressed me with so much the more respect as I knew already how he had fought on the Rhine and in Italy, and that he was as remarkable for his talents as for his bravery. We were then appointed to observe the marching through of the French troops, to prevent disorder, &c., and thus we stood over them like sentinels; but the next

year brought about changes which we little dreamt of. I, for my part, had severe duty, from two in the morning, when we rode out on horseback, until ten at night, besides the frequently occurring salute with the heavy flag, which was, for my young strength, a small fore-taste of the toilsome days awaiting me.

When the passage of the French was at an end, we returned back to our old garrison and our old idleness, which I heartily longed to change for a freer, more active life, as is the case too at present with our young officers. I therefore heard, with lively joy, that our regiment was to march into Hanan to levy contributions.

Here was at least a change of scene; the march pleased me wondrously, as well as the exchange of our everyday life for what appeared to me so new and busy. Our place of abode, too, offered many pleasures; it was in the so-named free jurisdiction of Hanan, and was invested by the Elector with a force for levying contribution, because the youth of the district had refused entering the service of the sovereign under whose government this jurisdiction had only lately been placed. Our treatment was excellent; every non-commissioned officer received tenpence a-day, and every private fivepence; the officers were on free quarters, and allowed considerable table-money besides. These reprisals soon overcame all opposition; so that after the expiration of some weeks we left the neighbourhood, not for our garrison, but, conformably to the circumstances of the times, through Hanan for Gellenhausen. Here extraordinarily good quarters were allotted to me in a water-mill, adjacent to the town, whose zealous catholic owners had for a long time afforded hospitality to a French emigrant priest, as to a highly honoured guest. This gentleman was very glad that I could converse with him in his mother-tongue, and the partiality which he on that account evinced for me, imparted itself in such a degree to his hosts, that they let me want for nothing.

The comfortable bed, however, which I obtained through this attention, held me prisoner sometimes beyond my appointed time, and I omitted oftener than was right to go my rounds. Notwithstanding I made my report each time to the Adjutant at the accustomed hour, that "nothing new had occurred in my quarters." For a time all went on well, but the Adjutant—I know not how—became aware of my negligence; and when I again, with a bold forehead, came to bear witness to the health and good behaviour of my subordinates, he observed, shaking his head, "That surprises me; you certainly have not properly visited them: Sergeant Richter is lying sick in his quarters"—they were in a distant part of the town;—"make haste to the surgeon, and send him off to the invalid."

Conscience-stricken, I ventured not the smallest observation, but thought only to repair my fault by making the greatest possible haste, resting not until I had found the surgeon and seen him on his road to the sick man; whereupon I returned to my quarters. Here, seated in my great arm-chair, I was complacently surveying a row of little pictures of angels which I had strung upon a pack-thread, exactly over the stove, and which danced about with the motion of the mill machinery, when all at once in rushed the surgeon, who, red with cholera and a hot walk, threw himself upon a chair opposite, and thus in a rage addressed me, "I would you were in heaven, young sir, with your sergeants, to send me in this boiling heat to the other end of the suburbs; and when I reach the quarter there sits the fellow in heart's content

over a portion of brandy and sausage enough to make even as healthy a man as himself sick. What the deuce put such thing into your head?" I soon perceived that the Adjutant had set a trap for me, into which I had blindly fallen; but to have dragged the poor surgeon in with me gave me great concern. I ruefully stated my case to him, and prepared myself to be well reprimanded—as fell out in the sequel—by the Adjutant, as well as by the captain of my company. In future I was more careful.

 THE CONSUMPTIVE.

MOTHER! sweet mother! my poor heart is breaking,
 To see thee thus mourning so sadly for me,
 And sooner I shall my last slumber be taking,—
 I fain would delay, to be longer with thee.

Thy greeting is now in the language of sorrow,
 That once would delight me with accents of love;
 And the smiles that at times thy worn features will borrow,
 But the pain of awaking them bitterly prove!

Oh, why art thou changed? Is thy child less endearing,
 That thus she is chiding the tears from thine eyes?
 Or canst thou mistrust the fond looks she is wearing,
 To tell thee what thoughts in her bosom arise?

Forgive me, sweet mother,—I would not distress thee,
 Or doubt an affection so true as thine own;
 And long may the spirit in yonder land bless thee,
 When the bird thou hast cherish'd hath thitherward flown.

I know that my days on this fair earth are closing,
 That the glow on my cheek but betokens decay,
 Like the flower that seemingly fair is reposing,
 Though slowly within it is wearing away.

I feel my strength fail me; but light is the burden
 That Fate could impose, were it only on me;
 But, mother, though glory itself is the guerdon,
 I turn from the thought, and cling closer to thee!

My dreams are of heaven,—its beauties unveiling,
 Invite me to wander and taste of their bliss;
 But sudden I see thee, and love then assailing,
 O'er shadows yon region while thou art in this!

I hear the glad hymns from the side of still waters,
 That angels are tuning to welcome the blest;
 And, though I would join God's worshipping daughters,
 While thou wert all lonely, could I be at rest?

Ah, mother! how happy 'twould be, if together
 We journey'd away from this valley of tears,
 And blending our hearts in communion for ever,
 We knew not a grief, with no cause for our fears!

But should it be will'd that I enter before thee
 The portals of darkness that leads us on high,
 My spirit, unfetter'd, will then hover o'er thee,
 And thou wilt be conscious thy child is still nigh!

MR. YELLOWLY'S DOINGS.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

IN his elbow chair, by the side of the fire, with the newspaper in one hand and the bell-rope in the other, sat Mr. Yellowly, a gentleman just so far advanced in life as to make the suspicion reasonable that the remainder of the journey was not likely to prove so pleasant as that which he had gone through; and who, accordingly, if such a thing might have been, would willingly have walked back two or three stages.

And yet, neither the aspect, speech, nor manners of Mr. Yellowly were such as to lead one to the conclusion that he had been particularly well-treated on the road. On the contrary, to judge from these, it might have been supposed that wherever he had put up he had *been* "put up," and that he had not so much been taken in to bait as taken in to be baited. He was very morose, impatient, and crusty: laughing, however, a good deal, (if a short, dry, husky chuckle may be called a laugh,) but ever at wrong times and seasons; as though the man were bound by a covenant to laugh during his lifetime as much as his neighbours; with a special proviso in his own favour, or rather for his own satisfaction, that he might make up his allotted quantity of laughter on occasions upon which none of his neighbours would have dreamt of moving a muscle.

A word concerning his person. He was very tall; but an ugly stoop of the shoulders lessened his height. He was exceedingly thin — so thin, that he must have inherited the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to in right of his bones, which even now were large and strong enough to maintain any right belonging to him. He was terribly pitted with the small-pox, and was of an adust complexion; and he had large ears, which no audible sound could escape, and small eyes, from which no visible object was hidden.

The newspaper did not seem to yield him much satisfaction. "Pish!" "Stuff!" "Absurd!" fell from him at intervals. "Here's a fellow broke his leg down a fire-escape! Ha! ha! ha! Insured, too. He should send in the surgeon's bill to the office. The Phoenix must pay him who nicks the fees. Ha! ha! Well done X 97! Always use your baton across the head of an Irishman before you take him into custody. It reminds him of home."

Mr. Yellowly threw down the paper, and rang the bell violently. The landlady obeyed the summons on the instant.

"At it again, old Yellowly!" said she, wiping her hands upon her apron as she ascended the stairs: "what a man it is!—always on the foot for him — up and down — up and down — up and down, all the blessed day long."

She opened the door. "Good morning, sir!" with a curtesy invariably accorded to "furnished" lodgers.

"Come in, marm," said Mr. Yellowly testily; "don't stand in the passage. I can't bellow to make myself heard out there. Now, marm; you were telling me of the people on the second floor—the young man and woman, and brat—"

"A sweet child!" cried Mrs. Lettsum.

"How do you know? have you ever bitten a piece out of him?" cried Yellowly with a sneer. "Ha! ha! a sweet child—sweet! Pah!" with an explosion that made the landlady start. "Well, I ask you, marm (the *marm* very broad), whether you think they're honest?"

"Honest! why you haven't missed nothing, sir?" cried Mrs. Lettson. "La! sir! you've given me such a turn!"

"Yes, you spun round terribly. Such a turn!—pish!" exclaimed Yellowly. "No, I've missed nothing yet. What d'ye think of 'em? Do they owe you much?"

"Well—they're back in their rent nine weeks come Monday," answered Mrs. Lettson; "but I can't but say, I think they'll pay me as soon as they can."

"Ha! ha!—Why?"

"Why, sir, because I like the looks of both of 'em, and the sweet—leastways, the little baby, too."

"Ho! ho! ho!" said Mr. Yellowly with emphatic regularity of cadence, and after casting up his hands and eyes, he enjoyed a hearty private chuckle over against the bell-ropes.

During this piece of self-indulgence on the part of Mr. Yellowly, Mrs. Lettson, who had no small faith in her oratorical powers, was seriously arranging her withered flowers of rhetoric.

"Well, sir," she began; "I am free to confess—"

"Free to confess—free to confess!—Bah!" interrupted Yellowly. (Let us add, and no wonder. Since Mrs. Lettson has taken the phrase into favour, let us hope we shall never again hear the wretched slang in the House of Commons.)

"Free to confess," pursued Mrs. Lettson, who was not so easily to be bullied out of so genteel a mode of speech—"when Mrs. Barrett first took my rooms, I did expect they'd have brought a deal more goods along with 'em—nothing but a bed and bedstead, a few chairs and an old table, and a pictur' or two of Mr. Barrett's own painting. Lud! how the bits o' things did jump about the great big van they'd hired, as it came trundling down the street."

"The fresh air had given 'em spirits, marm," said Yellowly.

"He! he! he! I suppose so. Well, sir, Mrs. Barrett and the baby came first, before the goods, and she told me a long pedigree—how they'd been once all right and comfortable; but Mr. Barrett had accepted bills for a friend, and had had to pay two or three, and they were hunted to death about the rest; but I should be sure of my rent, and—"

Mr. Yellowly had been paying little attention to this speech. His eyes were directed towards something at the door, and having slyly divested his foot of one slipper, just as Mrs. Lettson had arrived at the point at which we paused, he launched it with malicious energy towards the object which had attracted his attention. A loud yelp and a scouring along the passage attested the triumph of his skill.

The landlady would have resented this unprovoked assault upon her highly-favoured and ill-favoured canine domestic, only that in all cases of "*Lettson v. Yellowly*," she held a three-guinea weekly brief against the plaintiff, and was by no means disposed to throw it up. She could not, however, conceal a tinge of displeasure, with an "O sir! how could you?"

"What the devil, marm, do you mean by always bringing your dog

with you," cried Yellowly, "as though you took me for a rat or a badger?"

"I never knew a dumb animal more harmless and unoffensive than him," said Mrs. Lettsom demurely.

"A dumb animal! I wish he were mute. He makes a devil of a noise. I'll have him in a noose or the water-butt before long. I hate the pudgy, dapper beast. He's out-grown his jacket—curse him! and has got a patent perpetual-motion appendix."

"Lud! what's that, sir?" said the landlady, laughing.

"A tail always wagging," replied the other fiercely. "Go up-stairs to Mr. Barrett, and ask him if he'll breakfast with me. No—first go down-stairs, and boil three or four what-should-have-been-long-before-this, old cocks and hens,—the *new*-laid eggs. Tell Barrett not to keep me waiting."

Mrs. Lettsom departed to fulfil her mission, muttering, "An old badger! and so you are; and an old bear, too. I *won't* boil the eggs first—old fool!"

Mr. Barrett himself answered the knock at his door, and received the message. It seemed to cause him considerable surprise. First, he passed his hand across his chin, intimating that he was not shaved—then cast his eye upon the sleeve of his old coat with a shake of the head, significantly expressive of his knowledge that it *was* old, and then turned towards his wife, as though he took it for granted (as was indeed the case) that these signs had been understood.

Mrs. Lettsom also was not unaware of their import. "O! bless you; don't mind him," said she; "he won't care how you look—not he."

"Think not?" said Barrett, with a dubious brow.

"Not a bit—not a bit. I'll tell him you're coming."

"With my compliments," said Barrett, calling after her, and putting himself forthwith under his wife's transforming hand, who presently brushed his old coat, stuck up his hair, arranged the folds of his stock, sewed on a button to his waistcoat, and dismissed him with tolerable confidence in his exterior.

Mr. Yellowly saluted his visitor, as he entered the room, with a kind of grunt. "If I were to say, Barrett, I'm *happy* to see you, I should tell a lie, which I don't mean to do," said he, with a mock bow and a wry face. "I'm not sorry you're come, though; for I want my breakfast. Sit down—no; just pick up that slipper,—that's it—thank'ee. I caught Master Pincher at last—hang him! I'd long had my eye upon him."

At this moment Mrs. Lettsom appeared with the toast and eggs.

"Now, Barrett," said his host, "fall to. I want to speak to you; but not now. Mum's the word at munching time, eh? What the devil are you laughing at?"

"Nothing, sir," said Barrett hastily.

"You're like the rest of the world, sir," observed Yellowly; "to laugh at nothing is to lay a trap for the tooth-ache."

"A strange old blade, this," thought Barrett, taking an egg.

When breakfast was at length dispatched, and the tea-things removed, Mr. Yellowly took two or three turns about the room, listened at the door, and then came and sat down directly opposite his visitor, staring him full in the face, for a space of some moments.

"Mr. Barrett, I have something to say to you. But, stay—first—

you're not very well off, are you? you havn't riches up-stairs that you roll about in, have you? you don't weigh yourself every morning with gold, do you? come—you're cursedly poor, eh?"

Barrett was a good-natured fellow, but he didn't altogether like these sudden interrogatories, the eager querist looking the while as though he only awaited the opening of his mouth to jump down his throat. He, however, smiled it off, saying—"Excuse me, sir, you are a little abrupt. I am not quite a Rothschild certainly; but—"

"Nearly related to him?—No! I'm very sorry to hear that; but, however—"

"Why, sir, should you suspect that I am so cursedly poor, as you call it?" asked Barrett a little more gravely.

"Why," replied Yellowly, turning his head from side to side, and spreading out his hands,—“when a man takes a second floor, and brings his bits o' things dancing all the way in a great big van—that's old Dame Lettsom's story under-ground—”

"I see it is, sir," exclaimed Barrett, greatly chagrined—"you are an excellent mimic. But, let me tell you, Mr. Yellowly—"

"That I said too much, and so I did," cried the other:—"there—shake hands."

It was impossible to be offended with this old fellow; Barrett tried, but he couldn't, and so he gave it up as a hopeless task.

"As to second floors," he said lightly—"I don't know what to say. Man, Mr. Yellowly, is like a balloon."

"The deuce he is!" cried Yellowly with some asperity—"like a balloon! Bah! D— it, he's a great deal more like a baboon. Like a balloon!"

"I mean, sir," explained Barrett in some confusion, "as to the second floor. The less ballast he has, the higher he goes."

"Very witty. Ha! hee!" said Yellowly—"I hope the laugh was to your liking. Like a balloon! If your wit were a parachute, Barrett, you'd break your neck, and people would say, 'Well done!' But now to business. Do you know, sir, that I'm a very charitable man?"

"Mr. Yellowly," cried Barrett rising, "this is too much. You ask me to breakfast with you, and insult me upon my poverty. Charitable man, sir! Charity, sir!—"

"Stop a moment, will you?" cried Yellowly, as Barrett stalked towards the door. "Bless the fellow! do you think I'm going to give you any of my money? not I, assure yourself of that. Come back. You shan't have a farthing of mine, I give you my honour. Won't that tempt you? Sit down."

Barrett did so with a very bad grace, waving his hand deprecatingly. "I mustn't hear a word of it, sir."

"You shan't if you would, I can tell you," exclaimed Yellowly. "I say, I'm a very charitable man—a very benevolent man—a good man. Now, I've a large fortune, and I think of leaving it to one of the hospitals. Now, after my death, when the trustees come to know what a huge sum I've bequeathed to their institution, don't you think they'll be anxious to possess a portrait of their munificent benefactor? My portrait drawn to the very life, eh? Now, if the trustees of Guy's, you see—the trustees of Guy's—"

There was something in the name of that respectable founder, taken in connexion with the portrait of the queer-looking fellow before him,

that was too much for the risible muscles of Barrett. He was fain to arise abruptly, and to walk to the window. Mr. Yellowly availed himself of that opportunity of enjoying a hearty laugh at a card-rack on the mantel-piece.

Barrett was the first to resume the discourse. Presenting a face of extraordinary richness of colour, he said, returning to his seat, "I beg pardon—this vile cough of mine—you were saying—"

"My portrait for Guy's—yes. Well, you paint portraits, don't you? You draw fellows with their hands in their waistcoats, books on the table, and a red curtain behind 'em—looking as they never looked—in clothes they never wore—with a monstrous shadow of their noses on one cheek, and O Lord! *suck* frill and collar!"

"I do paint portraits," said Barrett, his eyes brightening, "and I am sure I shall be very happy—"

"To paint mine," interrupted Yellowly; "well, where's the hindrance? Here are you. Here am I. Bring down your brushes and your paints, and your—confound me, if I know the names of your things. But what's the figure to be, eh?"

"That you must yourself decide," answered Barrett,—“whether a whole length, or a half length, or—"

"Hang your half lengths, and your whole lengths," cried Yellowly, "I mean the figure—the price—what's the price?"

"Well—for a mere head—"

"Yes, that's it: how much a head?"

"Five guineas."

Mr. Yellowly bent his brows, and looked sternly. "I'll have him," said he. "Bring down your paints. It's not very much for a good likeness. When I was a young fellow like you, Barrett, I've spent more than that over night, and had no likeness of myself next morning. I'll have him."

"Have at you, then, ugly old sinner as you are," thought Barrett, as he vanished from the room. "I'll do him brown—ha! ha! I *must* do him brown, if I mean to paint a likeness."

"I like that youngster," said Yellowly, when the other had retired. "There's something animated—manly about him. Strange, that all fellows with empty pockets don't hang themselves. Poor devil! Happy rascal!"

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Barrett had been on tenter-hooks of extreme powers of tension—"torn by conflicting emotions," as the novelists say. She was sensitively aware that they were nine weeks "back in their rent." Could Mrs. Lettsom, solicitous for specie, but deficient in moral or physical courage, have engaged the gentleman in the parlours as an auxiliary towards ejection? Was her James really taking a peaceable breakfast, or having a colloquial set-to with Mr. Yellowly? The recent tameness of aspect of Mrs. Lettsom did not seem to favour the latter supposition; but she had heard her mother say, "You should never judge people from appearances," and, now she thought of it, there was something strange in Mrs. Lettsom's manner. She looked confused. A back garret and a series of banyan days were making themselves exceedingly conspicuous in the pretty little woman's imagination, when her husband appeared, to resolve her doubts. "Well, James—"

"Well, Anne. The strangest original below that ever kept himself clear of a mad-house."

"What has he been saying?" urged the wife—"has he been complaining of us, or of the child? Has Mrs. Lettsom—"

"Nothing of the kind, my dear. He's our good angel in the shape of an ugly old man. He wants his portrait—a five-guinea job; and if I don't take him off with photographic suddenness, may this hand accept bills till Doomsday. Vexatious!" he added suddenly. "I've no canvas that will suit him. It won't do to paint out that glorious bit of Cnyp; that grey horse is worth a million. No—it won't do."

"What would a new one cost?" faltered Mrs. Barrett.

"More than could be raised out of our joint pockets," answered the artist. "I have some fifteen pence."

"And I only two shillings in the world."

Barrett tapped the side of his nose sagaciously, and proceeded to a trunk, whence he drew forth an article of wearing apparel, which with some skill he compressed into a still smaller bulk, and deposited in his pocket.

"What, once more, James?" exclaimed his wife—"O dear! dear! when is this to have an end?"

Barrett answered with a knowing wink, and disappeared, returning in about half an hour with the required canvas in one hand, and a small card in the other. "That makes up the pack," said he, presenting it to his partner; "lay it with its fellows. New for Yellowly. I wish the face were mine to ask him for the money before the face were his; but I can't do it."

Mr. Yellowly's favourable opinion of the artist was made manifest in his deportment towards him, when Barrett came down furnished with all the accessories of his art. The old gentleman rendered himself up to his direction without a grunt or even a murmur; and sat for more than half an hour as motionless as a statue, with exemplary patience and constancy. During his first sitting, he succeeded in extracting from Barrett a relation of the leading incidents of his life, including a succinct account of the transactions which had reduced him to his present perplexity. With regard to these, it seemed that Barrett, at one of the taverns in the vicinity of Covent Garden, had made the acquaintance of Mr. Francis Loosefish, a gentleman of the most insinuating affability of address, and that the acquaintance had soon mellowed into an intimacy, which as shortly ripened into friendship. Loosefish, it appeared, was unfortunate in a most crabbed and unaccommodating uncle, who with fiend-like tenacity had grasped and still retained a large sum of money to which he (Loosefish) was entitled under his father's will. Yes—this base, inhuman Grindley, the sole executor, was nefariously withholding a small but sufficient competency which paternal affection had bequeathed. But the talons of the law were now fixed upon the unprincipled sinner, and he must perforce refund. Meanwhile, would Barrett accept a few bills for him in order that he might lubricate the wheels of justice and accelerate its speed—the money to provide for which would, to a dead certainty, be extracted from Grindley long before they came to maturity? Who could refuse so reasonable a request—made, too, by a friend

"Who talk'd of his Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,"

and predicted that Barrett would, at no distant period, be dubbed R.A., and be as familiar with the aristocracy as a professional perusal of their faces could make him? Barrett complied with a great deal of

pleasure. Unhappily, however, the wheels of justice got, as usual, into a rut, from which the shoulder of Loosefish was unable to extricate them; that high-souled plaintiff was himself cast into prison, where he now pined—the bills fell due. Barrett paid as long as he could, and was then compelled to change his lodging, charging the landlady on no account to make known whence he had removed. Mr. Silas Carp, attorney-at-law, had, nevertheless, recently discovered his retreat, and was now “entering up” against him, with an inflexible resolution to have his purse or his person.

“Upon my soul, Barrett,” cried Yellowly, when the artist had finished his story; “it strikes me forcibly that you’ve acted very much like a fool. This Loosefish is a knave—my life on’t he’s a vile knave.”

“You’re mistaken, my dear sir,” replied Barrett, “you are, upon my word. He’s a very high fellow, is Loosefish; but, unfortunately, he doesn’t know how to regulate his affairs. No, I esteem—I respect Loosefish. Poor fellow! I wish I could assist him in his distress.”

“Ugh!” said Yellowly; “he’s assisted you to your’s, at any rate. But have you no relatives, young man, no friends to do anything for you?”

“Why, no,” answered Barrett; “my marriage offended my father, the best friend I have in the world, and it’ll be some time before I can bring him round. If he did but know my wife—”

“Ha! ha!” cried Yellowly, “in that case, he’d give you up his house and lands, and retire to a cottage on the estate that happened to be vacant. What did you marry for?”

“For love, of course—head a little more that way, sir,—that’ll do.”

“For love! Ho! ho! You’ve run through it all since your marriage, I suppose?”

“You’re wrong, sir,” said Barrett. “Love has wings as well as riches; but it’s a bird that affects the nest.”

“Pretty and comical,” observed Yellowly, with much seriousness. “Your wife’s relations?”

“Poor as bad times and worse payments can make ’em. Sad, pinched things, with names over shop-windows, who drive crazy trades that break down with ’em, and pitch ’em into the *Gazette* every now and then. Let me see,” continued Barrett; “my wife has, or had, an uncle, (I wonder whether the old vagabond’s dead!) who might, if he would, set us all straight; but, if he’s alive, he’s too far off to be of any service at present.”

“Where is he?” asked Yellowly.

“In India—Bengal or Madras, I forget which. Yes, if he’d send us over a lac of rupees by some trusty *hurdwār*; if Old Pepper—but, my dear sir, pray resume your former position. What the deuce! Mr. Yellowly, what’s the matter?”

“Nothing!” cried the old gentleman; “a pain in my back. Well, Old Pepper—”

“I say, if Old Pepper would transmit us some money, all might be well.”

“Why don’t you write to him?” observed Yellowly. “What’s his character? Perhaps he may turn out to be white pepper.”

“I don’t know,” answered Barrett. “My wife’s mother—”

“Her name?” asked Yellowly abruptly.

“Martin: well, she used to tell me—”

“Used to tell you—then she’s dead?” exclaimed Yellowly.

"Ah poor soul, three years ago. She used to tell me he'd been a wild dog in his youth, and so I suppose he's a strict saint in his old age, and gives nothing lest a bad use should be made of it, as the shocking old sinners say."

"And why should you suppose anything of the kind?" demanded Yellowly sternly. "Do wild young dogs always change into strict saints?"

"Mostly, I fancy," replied Barrett; "their past vices conjure up Old Nick, and their present virtue serves to keep him at bay. He has 'em at last, though."

"Well, I think we've had enough of your painting for this morning," cried Yellowly—"I'm tired. Your work looks rather awful at present."

"We shall bring him out before we've done with him," returned Barrett. "To-morrow morning, sir?"

"Yes, have another touch at him to-morrow."

Barrett took his leave, and ascended to the second floor, to report progress to his wife. No sooner was he gone than Yellowly jumped out of his chair, and endeavoured to get up a laugh. A more complete failure has been seldom witnessed. His whole frame shook, and he was fain to lean against the mantel-piece. "Astonishing!" he said, "this is, indeed, astonishing. Dead! no wonder my inquiries after the dear creature were unsuccessful. Poor Nan! poor Nan!"

In the course of the afternoon Barrett had occasion to go out. Yellowly saw him pass the window, and, after waiting a few minutes, went up stairs to the second floor and knocked at the front door. It was opened by Mrs. Barrett.

"Is your husband within, ma'rm?" asked Yellowly closely scanning her features. "I wanted to speak to him about my portrait."

Mrs. Barrett answered that her husband was out. Yellowly hardly caught the words. He had stooped down, and was endeavouring with the blandest face he could assume, to propitiate the child, who had come to the door with his mother, but who now ran away frightened at the uncouth physiognomy of his volunteer playfellow.

"Naughty boy!" said his mother; "come and shake hands with the gentleman, do. He's very shy of strangers, sir."

"I fear marm," said Yellowly, "that's because you *bogeyed* him too much when he was a baby."

"No, indeed, sir."

"I'm glad of it. Isn't your name Anne, marm?"

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Barrett, thinking him as queer an old fellow as her husband had reported him.

"Well, tell Barrett I want him when he comes in. Good bye! Her very image!" he continued, as he returned to his parlour; and it was observed by Mrs. Lettsom, when she next waited upon him, that his eyes were very red, and she accordingly prescribed gruel, and his feet in warm water.

The portrait proceeded rapidly to completion. When it *was* completed, the old gentleman, after *pishing* and grunting a good deal, swore it was a shocking good likeness, paid the artist his five guineas, had Mrs. Lettsom called up for her approbation of it, then placed it on the floor with its face to the wall, and sallied out. He made it his business to inquire of Mrs. Lettsom in the evening whether she had heard anything from the folks above stairs.

"They've paid me three guineas and a half, which is seven weeks of the ten," said the landlady. "It went quite against me to take so much, but Mr. Barrett would have it."

"You mean Barrett would make you have it," said Yellowly.

"Well, didn't I say so?" retorted Mrs. Lettson. "Mr. Barrett is a very philanthropic—"

"Hang your pills and your tropics, you old fool," cried Yellowly; "go down to your tropical kitchen fire, and give a pill to that dog of yours, or I will."

From this day forth, for many successive days, Mr. Yellowly was absent from his lodging a great deal, frequently, when at home, taking up his portrait, laughing heartily at it, and apostrophizing it as one of the most cursed old vagabonds in existence. At length, one morning, having borrowed a law-list, he sought out the address of Mr. Silas Carp, and bent his way to that gentleman's offices. Being shown into the solicitor's private room, Mr. Yellowly stated without ceremony the business he had come upon, which was to take out of his hands the two acceptances of James Barrett, by paying their amount, with such law expenses as had accrued since the bills had been dishonoured.

Mr. Silas Carp was a young practitioner, of a very slender make, with a very prim pale face, light hair combed across the forehead, and brought in a semi-curl over the left eyebrow, and a white cravat of adequate stiffness and exquisite nicety of fold. He looked like one who had just returned from, or was that moment going to, a meeting at Exeter Hall. This sudden and unexpected payment of debt and costs impressed Mr. Silas Carp with a sentiment of respect not only for Mr. Barrett, but for his agent in the business. He sought out the required documents in a twinkling.

"May I inquire whether you are related to Mr. Barrett?" he said, receiving the money, and handing the papers.

"You may," answered Yellowly. "I am not."

"A friend, perhaps?"

"That might be inferred by a person of less penetration than Mr. Carp," said Yellowly. "A friend may induce you to accept bills for him, but you'll never find an enemy who will take 'em up."

"Then to you Mr. Barrett is indebted for this seasonable assistance?" cried Carp with warmth. "Ah, sir! if the world were like you—"

"It wouldn't be a very good-looking world, Carp, though it's a little older," said Yellowly.

"Full of spirits," said Carp; "delightful to see the wisdom of age and the joyousness of youth so happily blended. I was about to say, sir, if the world were like you there would be little need of the gentlemen of my profession. Would it were so!"

"Why, what would you do?" said Yellowly, rising.

"I should do my best in any sphere, sir," said Carp.

"Sphere! what the deuce do you mean by sphere?" cried Yellowly testily. "*Sphere!* Well let it pass. I suppose I've done as well in my rhomboid as though it had been a crescent or a triangle."

"Very pleasant!" said Carp, looking by no means so, and leading the way to the street-door. "Will you give my compliments, sir, to Mr. Barrett, and tell him how rejoiced I am this unpleasant affair has been so happily settled. I have seen Mr. Barrett on several occasions, and an excellent young gentleman he appears to be. But young men will be young, sir."

"Will be old, you mean, if they live," said Yellowly.

"True, sir, true. If I can be of any service at any time to him, or to yourself, sir," suddenly added Mr. Carp, "command me. A well-wisher to everybody, I would, if I could, be a benefactor to all."

At this moment an urchin walking up the steps, besought attention to his lucifers, which he carried before him on an old tin tray, raked probably out of a dust-hole.

"Give him sixpence," urged Yellowly; "he's a little one to begin with. Try your hand."

Carp returned a sickly smile. "Haven't I told you before, my man," said he, addressing the boy, "that the street-keeper has his eye upon you? Be off, you young dog!"

"What! without a sixpence?—no," cried Yellowly, tossing one to the boy. "There—go along."

"You're wrong, sir—very wrong," observed Carp; "this town is full of impostors."

Yellowly gave a grim laugh, and took the solicitor by the shoulder. "You're very right," said he, whispering in his ear, "but don't let it go further."

Chuckling, inwardly at first, but, as he proceeded, openly and without restraint, Mr. Yellowly made for the nearest coachstand. "Now, over to Loosefish," said he. "Do you think I dare trust myself in one of these young hackney-coaches?" singling out with his eye a rather decent-looking cab. "He's skittish, I suspect. Not so the animal, however. If that horse could be tried before Judge Jefferies for sedition, *oats* wouldn't appear against him, I'll answer for it."

So saying, he hailed the vehicle, and was in course of time set down at the Queen's Bench.

On inquiry of the turnkey, Mr. Yellowly was made acquainted with the lodging of Mr. Loosefish; but before he could resort thither, an officious captive, who was hanging about, presented himself, and acquainted the querist that the gentleman he required to see was at that moment taking a salubrious airing in the racket-ground. Thither Yellowly, preceded by his informant, at once repaired.

He found Mr. Loosefish in earnest conversation with a person, who, it required no second inspection to discover, was, like himself, a visitor. Yellowly therefore stood aloof, just close enough, however, to indicate that when the other gentleman had said his say, he himself wanted a word or two with the prisoner. That self-possessed person was evidently aware of the purport of such proximity; for he waved his hand two or three times, and nodded and smiled at intervals with prepossessing benignity.

"Now, Finch," said Loosefish, "thou man whom my soul holds most dear—thou mainstay, thou pillar against which I lean, and which withdrawn floors me—do this further gracious act for your oppressed friend, and his gratitude, deep as the ocean, boundless as the wave—"

Finch cut short the heroic strain by inquiring calmly whether the other "heard anything wink."

"Hear anything wink!" cried Loosefish; "my auricular outfit is not sufficiently exquisite of sense to enable me to hear with distinctness the downfalling of the visual membrane of any known animal extant; but—"

"Stuff! gammon!" said Finch.

"But," pursued Loosefish, "I might probably have heard the scaly

eyelid of the dragon of Wantley descend when, hushed in grim repose, he saw Gaffer Giles and his dame bringing themselves towards him by way of breakfast."

"I'll tell you what, Loosefish," said Finch, thoroughly proof against any cachinnatory affection, "you have treated me most scandalously, and you know it; and now to have the impudence to ask me for a further loan—"

"Do you hear anything *weep*?" demanded Loosefish. "You do not. I snivel in by-places, in corners; and sport the humid eye and the red nose on my truckle-bed."

"You're a villain!" exclaimed Finch; "but I'm up to you now. I was soft once; but—good morning!" And the victim abruptly strode away.

"Soft, once," muttered Loosefish, "but now, downy as the feathered owl. How I have improved that man! Ungrateful rascal! My venerable friend,"—turning to Yellowly,— "you would speak with me. What can I do for you?"

"Ugh!" said Yellowly; "you should say 'how,' not 'what,' sir. *How* can I do for you? you mean. I come on the part of Mr. Barrett—"

"Barrett!" exclaimed Loosefish: "and how is my friend, my Tintian? But first: whom do I see before me? Are you his uncle? If so, I rejoice. No nominal uncle with the Lombard arms of the Medici, three gilded pills of giant size; but a real, *bonâ fide* father or mother's brother. Are you a Grindley? Poor, dear Grindley!"

"What!" cried Yellowly; "*dear* Grindley! the sole executor under your father's will; the unnatural relative?"

"He has told you all that, has he?" said Loosefish, a poor relation of a blush faintly shewing itself on his cheek, and disappearing instantly. "I am sorry he exposed his weakness: but no matter. How is my friend?"

"What matters it to you, sir, how he is?" cried Yellowly, disgusted. "I want to learn from you whether, when you got the bills of Mr. Barrett's acceptance discounted, he received any portion of the proceeds?"

"My dear sir!" returned Loosefish, raising his brows. "Can wisdom ever condescend to folly, and ask vain questions? He did not. No shilling of that serviceable cash reached his hands, unless it came into them in the course of miscellaneous and wide-spread circulation."

"Mr. Loosefish! Mr. Loosefish!" said Yellowly, edging away from him in horror. "You are the most unprincipled person it was ever my misfortune to speak to. How, sir! do you know what it is to take advantage of the good-nature of an inexperienced and honourable young man; to reduce him, with a wife and child too, to distress,—indifferent to his, to their sufferings, to—"

Loosefish interrupted him:—"Thou oracle!" said he; "thou moral book in a strange, old-fashioned binding! in which I read worthy and weighty matter! How I reverence you! Excellent guide—exemplary instructor of youth! How is your good lady? How is *Mrs. Trimmer*?"

"D—n you, sir! what do you mean by that?" cried Yellowly, enraged. "Who is *Mrs. Trimmer*? I have heard enough of you to know your atrocious wickedness. I have done with you. It is useless

to bid you reflect; to expect you to repent;" and the old gentleman turned to go away.

"Stay!" cried Loosefish; "the expectation that an empty man can repent is itself empty. I have bowels, I assure you. Give me a good dinner, and I'll see what can be done. Have you a stray sovereign—a crown—a shilling about you?"

"I have not," replied Yellowly, walking on.

"Then," cried the other, taking him by the shoulder, and gently urging him towards a contiguous place of refreshment, "stand a pot of imperial Barclay. By the way, I think that Barclay must be the Captain Barclay of pedestrian celebrity. Do you ask me why? Because the porter walks down one's throat with such astonishing facility."

"There, take that, and let me go," said Yellowly, almost awed by the sublime impudence of the man, and he thrust half-a-crown into his hand. "I sincerely hope, Mr. Loosefish, I may never see you again."

"If you did but know me!" observed Loosefish, turning into the tap. "Farewell, benevolent stranger! Bye, bye, my patriarch!"

Yellowly hobbled into the cab which had been in waiting for him, directing the driver to take him to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where his solicitor resided.

"This villain, this Loosefish," he muttered to himself on the way, "thinks himself a very fine fellow, no doubt, and believes mankind are to be taken in by an unblushing face, and a levity of tongue. If I had the punishing of these rascals, who think swindling, wit, and a candid confession of it, humour! It's the vile comedies and farces which I have seen when a young man, that make these shameless and inhuman scoundrels. They see a fine fellow in a laced coat do the most dirty actions, and get applauded, laughed at, and rewarded for them, and come away thinking that to take in a tradesman, and to cheat a friend, is to be a thorough man of the world, and a gentleman."

Yellowly had a prolonged conference with his solicitor, at the conclusion of which he caused a certain legal instrument to be drawn up, and borrowing of his legal friend a clerk and a servant out of livery, went away with the three in exceeding high spirits.

Having reached his own lodging, he requested his two auxiliaries, to whom he had given due instructions on the road, to wait in his back parlour till he required their assistance; and calling up Mrs. Lettsom, he directed her to go forthwith to Mr. Barrett, and tell him that he (Yellowly) wished to see him immediately. Barrett obeyed the summons on the instant.

"You needn't go, Lettsom," said Yellowly; "shut the door. Perhaps you may be wanted. Now, sir," turning to Barrett—"I hope you've none of that foolish pride which some young fellows think so becoming, and all old fellows know to be such cursed stuff; but if you have, I can't help it. I've been to Silas Carp, and retired the bills that have caused you so much trouble—taken 'em up, paid the money for 'em and all expenses, and here they are, and now you're free again."

"Lord! what a charming clandestine purceeding!" began Mrs. Lettsom.

"Hold your foolish tongue, woman!" cried Yellowly imperatively.

Barrett could not speak for some moments. "Upon my soul, Mr.

Yellowly," he said at length, "your noble generosity affects—overcomes me. How could I have looked to find such a friend?"

"Stay! stay!" cried Yellowly; "I mean to have my money back one of these days."

"In course you will, sir," said Mrs. Lettson—"that's what the gentleman intends, we're all sure. It's very improb—bob—(the word was a little too hard for the landlady)—"

"Silence!" cried Yellowly.

"I shall only be too happy, when I have the means, to repay you, sir," said Barrett. "Meanwhile, my thanks are all—"

"Enough!" interrupted Yellowly. "Now, to show you I'm a man of business, here's a paper—"taking one from his pocket—"drawn up by my solicitor. It is an acknowledgment of your debt to me, and of your willingness to pay me when called upon. You do not object to sign it?"

"My dear Mr. Yellowly!" exclaimed Barrett. "Mrs. Lettson, where's a pen? O sir! with what pleasure—"

"Don't you think he'd better read it, marm, before he signs it?" observed Yellowly to Mrs. Lettson, who was advancing with the ink-stand.

"Why, no—no occasion in life, sir," returned the landlady, "the document being professionally—"

Yellowly cast up his eyes and dumbfounded the speaker.

"Not I," said Barrett, taking the pen, and seizing the paper. "It's all right. If you knew how grateful I am, sir," signing the paper and handing it.

"Stop!" cried Yellowly, "those gentlemen in the back parlour should have witnessed the signature. Call 'em in."

The gentlemen entered, looking exceedingly grave.

"You ought to have witnessed this, my friends; but Mr. Barrett acknowledges his signature." Barrett bowed. "Do you know, sir," continued Yellowly, "what you've signed?"

"A paper," answered Barrett, "which—"

"A bond in judgment!" exclaimed Yellowly sternly.

"What's a bond in judgment?" asked Barrett.

"An instrument people sign whose judgment's in bond," cried the other. "Take him away, my friends."

Here the two "gentlemen" unceremoniously laid hands upon Barrett.

"What does this mean?" he enquired in astonishment.

"Take him to prison," thundered Yellowly. "Away with him to the lock-up house. I'll bring him to his senses."

"And have you been such a fiend—" began Barrett.

"Yes, I have been such a fiend," echoed the old gentleman.

"—As to entrap a man by a show of kindness—of friendship. Fool that I was to have believed you! I might have seen in that detestable face of yours—"

At a signal from Yellowly, the speaker was hurried from the room, thrust struggling into a coach, and carried away incontinently.

Mrs. Lettson, on the first discovery of Yellowly's wickedness, had sunk into a chair, and tried vigorously to accomplish a fit of hysterics; but a natural tranquillity of mind being unfavourable to such excitements, her success was by no means proportionate to her efforts. She found utterance when Barrett's removal had been effected.

"Oh! I wish there was some one to undo my stays," said she—"Lord! Yellowly, how could you be such a inplackible man?"

"Get up, and don't make yourself an absurd woman," cried Yellowly, whispering something gingerly into her ear, and sending her away to have another coach called, in a state of extraordinary mental elevation.

Mr. Yellowly now mounted the stairs, and telling Mrs. Barrett to put on her things, and to get the boy in out-of-door order without loss of time, to accompany him to see her husband, who was unavoidably detained in — Street, waited on the outside of the door, and discharged injunctions as to speed from time to time through the key-hole.

They were now in readiness, and in the coach; and in a few minutes were set down at the door of a very handsome house. Yellowly led the way to the drawing-room, and gently thrusting Mrs. Barrett and the child into the apartment, himself followed, with an air of the most unseasonable gaiety.

Barrett was pacing the room distractedly; but, on beholding his wife, came towards her, and welcomed her and the child with a mournful smile, making her acquainted with the description of house he was in, and of the cause and agent that had brought him to it.

Yellowly, somehow, could not very well endure the reproachful eye of Mrs. Barrett, but he soon recovered himself.

"And so you 're come, sir," said Barrett, "to witness my distress—to gloat over my misery?"

"Pray don't irritate him, dear," urged Mrs. Barrett.

"Yes, here I am," said Yellowly. "A rather pretty place this for a lock-up."

"It is a pretty place," answered Barrett bitterly; "and pretty work you've made of it; and a pretty price I shall have to pay for the pretty place—if I *can* pay it. Hang me if I do, though! Mr. Yellowly, you have done a most ungentlemanly—a most cruel act. But I never was deceived in you—never. I knew you from the first—I did, sir. You surprised me by your seeming kindness, and I was for the moment deceived; but I knew you."

At this Yellowly—a sofa being at hand—threw himself upon it, and laughed loudly and heartily.

"Look at the inhuman villain," said Barrett, "absolutely revelling in my misfortunes."

"Hilloh! what did you say?" cried Yellowly, starting to his feet. "Villain! Do you know whom you call villain? Do you know who I am, sir?"

"I do well, sir."

"You don't at all, sir," cried Yellowly;—"I'm old Pepper."

"Old Pepper!" cried Barrett, shrinking back.

"What! my uncle Pepper!" exclaimed his wife.

"Yes, I took old Yellowly's name and fortune thirty years ago, and here I am. Come, girl, and give your uncle a kiss."

Mrs. Barrett did so; without first kneeling, however,—an impropriety not to be pardoned by those who recognise histrionic modes of emotion. Nor was the little boy better "up in his part." Seeing himself in a very fine place, and having once or twice been to other fine places, by a natural association of ideas he inferred that the present was a fine place where the good things of this world were to be

had on application; and being presented to the old gentleman, he muttered something about cakes, as articles he wished placed forthwith at his disposal.

"My dear sir," cried Barrett, when the first excitement had a little evaporated, "how can I apologise? But, first, what does all this mean?"

"It means," said Yellowly, "that this house and its contents, and wherewithal to support them, shall be your's, if you'll solemnly promise that you will never again accept an accommodation-bill. I have discovered Loosefish to be a worthless scoundrel. What do you say?"

"I'm overwhelmed a second time," returned Barrett. "What do I say? I solemnly promise, of course."

"I must have your hand to it," said Yellowly; "here's a piece of paper. Sign your name at the bottom, and I'll fill it up afterwards."

Barrett laid hands upon a pen, and took the paper.

"No," said he, flinging down the pen. "Not a second time. Hah! Yellowly!"

"That has saved you!" cried the old gentleman. "Now I have hopes of you. Ring the bell for dinner."

Need I say more? Barrett still lives in — Street.

"THINK YOU SUCH THINGS ARE?"

"LITTLE dweller in the mountain,
Tell me where the fairies lurk;
Is yon plashing rill their fountain?
Is yon magic ring their mark?"

Then grew her face like morning's radiant star;
Then said she, "Think you, stranger, such things are?"

"Oft, in winter's fire-side hours,
Would my grandsire of them speak;
Oft, when summer brought us flowers,
Vainly I their home would seek,
When gray-capp'd morning to awake us crept,
Or parting day on evening's bosom wept.

"Gorse and fern I sought among,
But no tiny form was there;
To an fro the heath-bell swung,
But there chimed no fay-taught air.
I found a leaf once, like an elfin car,—
But tell me, stranger, Think you such things are?"

"Would that in yon crystal rill
I could see their white wings shining!
Would that on the moonlit hill
I could see their dancers twining!
Think you such lovely things existed ever?—
Yet, no! 'twould break my heart if you said '*Never!*'"

"Would I lived in other days!
There was once a brighter earth;
Hearts were warm, my grandsire says;
Fairer faces shone with mirth!
And yet—a pleasant world it seems to me;
Heaven only, I should think, could fairer be!"

JANET W. WILKINSON.

OUTPOURINGS.

BY D. CANTER.

LIBATION THE FIRST.

Early Dramatic Reminiscences. — Pope. — His *Gourmandise*. — His Kindness to Kean. — Kean's Gratitude.

MY earliest recollections of the drama are vague and indistinct. I remember old Drury Lane, with its dilapidated front, temporary entrance, vast *salons*, long-drawn corridors, and pier-glasses, decorating the pillars which supported the boxes. I remember Kelly and Miss Pope, too, in *The Duenna*, Suett in *Dickey Gossip*, Wroughton in *Mr. Oakley*, Wewitzer in *Moses*, and the late Duchess of St. Albans in *Lydia Languish*. I incline to think I must have seen Quick somewhere. *Certes*, a quizzical little figure, bouncing about in a court suit and bag-wig, now flits before my imagination. Cooke I perfectly recollect. His harsh, sharp tones, ascending into the *false* *falsetto*, still ring in my ears. So do the *aitches* of his rival, Black Jack, with the shower of hisses which accompanied it. Then there was Holman in *Hamlet*, Lewis in *Jeremy Diddler*, Jack Bannister in *Lenitive*, Barrymore in *Osmond*, Harry Johnstone in *Rugantino*, and Pope in *Henry the Eighth*.

This latter dwells in my boyish recollection as a personable man well put up, somewhat formal and pompous in his address, with a loud voice and blustering jocularity of tone, which made one imagine he had just come from acting, or rehearsing, the uxorious Harry,—the only part in which he was tolerable. I used frequently to see Pope at Tooting Lodge, the residence of Mr. Oakley, a gentleman well known for his devotion to Shakspeare and the fine arts, at whose table I was in the habit of meeting some of the most distinguished artists, actors, and literary characters of the day. This gentleman subsequently moved into the mansion occupied by the late Rees Goring Thomas, in Tavistock Place, where he gave *conversations* and private theatricals; of which more, when I come to speak of Mathews.

I saw a good deal of the Popes at Tooting Lodge. Pope's second wife was Mrs. Wheatley, the widow of the academician, herself one of the best flower-painters of her time. She was a fine, showy woman, whose cheeks emulated her roses, and derived their bloom from the same source. She made Pope an excellent wife. Pope was very fond of romping with her daughter by her first marriage, and calling her "Jack," the wit of which I could never perceive.

Pope's love of good-eating is well known. Like Quin, he was the *gourmand par excellence* of his tribe. Fate, in making him an actor, spoilt an excellent alderman. Pope not only liked good things, but consumed them in great quantities. To him, a bad dinner was a serious misfortune. He *couldn't* dine on indifferent fare. Even a deficiency in the adjuncts discomposed him. This fastidiousness rendered Pope a troublesome inmate in a moderate establishment, where there were a large family and several dinners to

dress, as was the case at the Lodge—particularly as our host himself was anything but an epicure.

Pope, in his over-anxiety to ensure a dinner to his taste, has been known to stretch the privileges of friendship to their utmost limits, if not a little beyond. Power used to relate the following with great unction:—

Pope one morning met Street, the editor of the *Courier*, who asked him to dinner. The former, after accepting the invitation, anxiously inquired what fish had been ordered.

“Oh! cod,” answered Street, who was in a hurry.

“Cod, my dear fellow? cod?” repeated Pope, looking exceedingly blank.

“Yes; I’ve just ordered it at Taylor’s. Good-by—half-past five—you know—don’t forget;” and with this unnecessary injunction, Street left him.

At dinner, to the latter’s surprise, a **TURBOT**

“Smoked upon the board!”

“Aha!” exclaimed Pope, rubbing his hands, while his eyes sparkled in joyous anticipation; “what do you think of *that*, Street? Is he not a magnificent fellow?—*mag-nif-icent!* ‘Gad, you ought to be very much obliged to me! I saw the mistake you had made this morning, and resolved to rectify it.”

“Mistake!” echoed Street, still more mystified.

“Ay! ordering cod, my dear fellow, cod,” continued Pope, contemptuously; “when it has been out of season these three weeks. Fie! fie! how came you to commit such a blunder? I saw you were not aware of what you had done, so I—ha! ha! ha!—I took pity on you. I went to Taylor’s after you left me, explained how matters were, and ordered him to send you that turbot there, for which, ha! ha! ha! you ought to be very much obliged to me, my dear fellow.”

Street acknowledged the obligation, internally resolving to be even with the epicure the very first opportunity.

Shortly after, Pope again dined with Street. Lord Yarmouth,* Betty,† and Power, made up the party.

An aitch-bone of beef followed the fish.

“Gentlemen, you see your dinner,” said Street.

They all vowed it was excellent, but partook sparingly, with the exception of Pope, who really liked the dish.

“Gentlemen, you don’t eat,” said Pope, sending up his plate for a third slice; “let me prevail upon you to follow my example. Ah! capital! glorious! a dish worthy of the great Heliogabalus! Ah! the fat absolutely melts in one’s mouth, and, gentlemen, gentlemen, you don’t know what you’re losing! Street, Street, my dear fellow, you’re not taking any yourself! Why, nothing on earth’s comparable to such an aitch-bone of beef as this!”

“What! not a haunch of venison, Pope?” suggested Lord Yarmouth slyly.

“A fine fat Treasury haunch!” pursued Power.

“In prime order!” cried Betty.

“Done to a turn!” rejoined his Lordship.

* The late Marquis of Hertford.

† The Young Roscius.

"Hot and smoking!"

"Cherry sauce!"

"Melting fat!"

"Oh! glorious! glorious!" exclaimed Pope, rubbing his hands in an ecstasy; "say no more, lads, say no more! Egad! there you have me. Ay, ay, sirs! such a haunch as *that* indeed!—I admit it. 'Tis a feast for the gods! the *ne plus ultra*, the—the very *ultima Thule*, sirs, of all good living. Nothing—no, nothing, *can* go beyond such a haunch of venison as you describe."

"Pope, try another slice," said Street, who had sat silent during this discussion.

"No, no, I thank you," replied Pope, pushing away his plate with a sigh, in the fulness of his content; "no, no, I thank you, my dear boy, I've done admirably—admirably!"

"Just this little."

"No, no, I thank you, couldn't indeed—haven't a chink left—no—couldn't dispose of the liver-wing of an ortolan, my dear boy, if my life depended on it—ha! ha!—couldn't, really."

Street nodded. The remains of the aitch-bone were removed, and a *fine fat Treasury haunch, in prime order, done to a turn, with cherry-sauce, smoked* in its place. And,

"Who can paint the *gourmand* as he eat!"

A prime cut, with the necessary adjuncts, was placed before him. He tried to eat—vain attempt! alas! he had too truly declared *that not a chink was left*. The knife and fork fell from his reluctant grasp. Casting a look of reproach at Street, that would have made his fortune on the stage, he reclined over the back of his chair, and, covering his eyes with his hand, fairly wept.

"Then burst his mighty heart."

It is certain that Pope, in the earlier part of his career, was a great favourite with the public; *why* it was difficult to conjecture. Possibly, he was indebted for this to the gracefulness of his person, and the distinctness of his declamation. At the period I speak of, he was a *vox et præterea nihil*,—a mere ranter, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing;" who delighted in tearing a passion into tatters, and "writing his name in large letters at the back of the one shilling gallery," as poor Harry Kemble used to phrase it. One night when Pope was indulging in this propensity, at the Crow Street Theatre, a wag set the house in a roar, by calling out, "Louder! blood-and-oons, man! why don't you do it louder!"

Pope was originally a portrait painter, a profession he continued to exercise. In spite of his foibles, he was a warm-hearted, benevolent man, an agreeable companion, and much respected by all who knew him. He was among the few who noticed and encouraged Kean during his soul-sickening struggle "to set his foot before the float," previously to that memorable night, when, contrary to the expectation of the green-room, he burst upon the town a meteor of surpassing brilliancy. Kean amply repaid the obligation. He not only invited Pope to his table, but insisted on the latter's being included in the engagement when he went to Dublin, where he played for Pope's benefit to the largest audience ever known within the walls of the Crow Street Theatre. Nay, more, and what perhaps pleased Pope as much as the four hundred and

forty-four pounds produced by his benefit, Kean delegated to him the *onus* of supporting the respectability of the partnership, which Kean's habits rendered irksome. And well Pope bore the burden. Twenty thousand dinners were daily dressed in Dublin, and these were at his command. Pope's only uneasiness could have arisen from the impossibility of his eating them all. But, alas! we are not *ubiquitous*, like the late Mr. Larpent, whom Theodore Hook proved to be *in four places at once*. Besides, as Guloseton says in *Pelham*, "appetite must wait on digestion; man can dine but *once a-day*."

LIBATION THE SECOND.

Mathews.—His theatrical Bias.—His Merits as an Actor.—His Power of concealing his Identity exemplified.—His Irritability.—His Moodiness if he did not engross the Attention of the Company.—Whimsical Instance of it.—His Jonathan W. Doobikins, and Annoyances in America.

OBSERVE that tall, thin, upright figure, with a hitch in his gait. There is a nervous irritability, a shrinking from recognition, a quickness in the searching glance he darts from side to side, which arrests your attention. Who can he be? He makes a half *pi-rouette*. You catch his quaint comic features, and find your *vis-à-vis* is Charles Mathews.

Is alas! we can say no longer, though in some respects he survives in his son.

O rare Charles Mathews! There must be heaven-born actors as well as heaven-born ministers, and Mathews was one. On the stage he was in his element, no nervousness, no irritability, no shrinking from recognition *then*. On the contrary, he was delighted with his reception, his eye sparkled, his spirit kindled, he entered on his task *con amore*. Task! it was no task to him. He revelled, luxuriated in it. The stage was his "Rabelais's easy chair," and he was the Rabelais of the stage.

You might have articulated Mathews to fifty professions, apprenticed him to fifty trades, but he would have been an actor at last.

Quaintness constituted Mathews's distinguishing characteristic. His features were quaint, his voice was quaint, there was a quaintness in all his movements; and this quaintness was, in all respects, original and peculiar, and withal extremely comic and diverting, enriched, as it was, by a humorous expression in the eye, and about the eyebrows, which gave great point and piquancy to what he uttered. To this he joined a sound judgment, much feeling, surprising flexibility of feature, strong powers of observation, a keen perception of the ridiculous, great volubility, considerable vocal powers, untiring industry, unrivalled versatility, and, above all, an unbounded enthusiasm for his art. All Mathews wanted was *force*. Had he possessed this,—could he have given *greater breadth* to his acting, he would have been the most effective, as he was, beyond all question, the most highly-gifted comedian of his day. Those who recollect his Falstaff, Scapin, Don Manuel, Sir Guy Staunch, Ollapod, Lord Duberly, Goldfinch, and Sir Fretful Plagiary, will readily subscribe to this. In farce there was no description of character, with the exception of the gentlemanly rattle, for which his person disqualified him, that he

could not top. His entrance was like the raising of the footlights, it exhilarated the house. "Here's Mathews!" exclaimed every one, and prepared for laughter, and laugh they were sure to do, until their sides ached.

How many wretched after-pieces has Mathews saved by his individual exertions!—fertilizing what was barren, rendering pleasingly grotesque what was common-place. His humour was inexhaustible, and as ready as inexhaustible. Like the purse of Fortunatus, he could draw upon it with the certainty of meeting the demand. I have known him improvise whole scenes. I remember reading, or rather attempting to read, "Killing no Murder," after seeing Mathews play Buskin; but found, fortunately for the author, he had scarcely spoken ten lines of the part. Yet critics have denied Mathews any merit as an actor,—nay, even stigmatized him "as the vilest buffoon that ever disgraced a stage."* And why? Because he was a mimic. As if being a good mimic prevented his being a good actor; or the faculty of imitating what was excellent in others neutralized or precluded the possibility of his possessing what was excellent in himself!

Mathews appears to have entertained an erroneous opinion on this subject himself. In the prefatory address to his first *At Home*, he observes, "The best authorities have characterised the drama as the mimic art, and I humbly conceive that, without mimicry, there can be no acting." The drama is *not* the mimic art,—if mimicry be an imitation of particular individuals. The characters in a play are fictitious, or historical personages scarce less so. Nor is it true "that without mimicry there can be no acting." Many of our best actors are no mimics, but act entirely from their own conception, without reference to any individual, otherwise it would detract from their originality. How often has Young been blamed for adopting John Kemble as a standard! Be this as it may, Mathews was an admirable mimic. He could not only imitate the voice and manner of any individual, but, in some degree, his features also,—nay, even transfuse himself, as it were, into the very mind of his prototype; adopting his ideas, and becoming, for the time being, actually his double! Perhaps there is as much merit in this as in any dramatic personation whatsoever.

But it is as a monologist that Mathews most excites our admiration—I had almost said, *wonder*. In this department of his art he has never had an equal. None of his predecessors possessed such requisites, or employed the requisites they possessed to such advantage. Foote's Tea Parties were, no doubt, sufficiently pungent. The Lecture on Heads, too, is good, as far as it goes; so is Bannister's Budget. The entertainments at *Sans Souci* probably surpassed them all. But none of these could, for a moment, compete with the *At Homes* of Mathews, which were perfect epitomes of their time; more comprehensive and regular in their plan, of infinite variety, admirably organized, and so arranged that every species of talent Mathews possessed was brought into full and efficient play, and to the best advantage. The little farce which concluded these *At Homes*, and in which Mathews played all the characters, was altogether novel, and never attempted by those who preceded him.

Innumerable stories are told of the pranks Mathews delighted to

* "Theatrical Inquisitor."

play under different disguises and in different characters. No doubt there is much exaggeration in these. I was myself sceptical as to Mathews's power of concealing his identity from persons to whom he was known. I happened to mention this to Peter Coxe, who assured me the following instance occurred under his own observation.

"I was invited," quoth Peter, "to dine at the Piazza Coffee-house to meet a select party, among whom was Mathews. The room we dined in had two doors. Mathews sat on the right hand of our entertainer, by whose desire I seated myself next to Mathews. During dinner, the latter mentioned that an acquaintance of his, an obstinate, opiniated old bachelor, whom he had known in the north was now in town, and that he was exceedingly apprehensive this person, who was intolerably rude and overbearing, would find him out, and force himself on the company. After dinner, Mathews made himself exceedingly agreeable, and we were all in the acme of enjoyment, when the waiter, entering, announced that an elderly gentleman was below, inquiring for Mr. Mathews.

"'What's his name?' asked Mathews in great alarm.

"'He didn't say, sir. He says he knows you are here, and he must see you.'

"'Old Thwaites, by —!' cried Mathews, starting up;—'knew he'd ferret me out.'

"'Stay;—what sort of a man is he?' said our entertainer.

"'Has he a brown great-coat on?' demanded Mathews.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Green specs?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Scratch wig?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Stoops a good deal, and speaks in a north-country accent?'

"'Exactly, sir; you've—'

"'Ah! I knew it,' interrupted Mathews, shrugging up his shoulders, and shooting to the stair's head.

"'I tell you I know he's in the house, and I *will* see him!' vociferated a voice on the stairs.

"'Say Bannister's taken ill—I'm gone to the theatre,' cried Mathews, rushing in, seizing his hat, and bolting.

"He had scarcely made his exit at one door, when Old Thwaites appeared at the other. The latter's appearance corresponded in every respect with the description given by Mathews.

"'Where's Mathus?' demanded he, abruptly, in a strong north-country accent. 'I know he's here,' continued he, hobbling into the room, and looking sharply around, 'and I must see him.'

"'Mr. Mathews *was* here, sir,' replied our host, with more politeness than I thought the occasion called for; 'but he's just gone to the theatre, and—'

"'That won't pass with me,' interrupted Mr. Thwaites, rudely. 'I know he's in the house;—you can't bamboozle me. I know he doesn't play to-night,—I've ascertained that. So here,' continued he, putting down his hat and stick, and seating himself in the chair Mathews had just vacated, 'here I stay until I've seen him.'

"We all stared at this.

"'You're quite welcome to stay, sir, as long as you please,' said

our entertainer, coolly. 'But what I tell you is the fact. Mr. Ban-
nister is taken suddenly ill, and—'

"'It's a lie, sir!' interrupted Mr. Thwaites again; 'it's a d—
lie, sir!' repeated he, striking the table with his fist until the glasses
jingled again, 'and you all know it,' concluded he, looking fiercely
around.

"Of course, we all rose at this.

"'Pray, gentlemen,' said our entertainer, 'be seated, I beg. As an
elderly gentleman,—as a friend of Mr. Mathews, Mr. Thwaites is
privileged to—pray resume your seats, gentlemen.'

"We obeyed; though I confess I felt strongly inclined, in spite
of his years, to kick the intruder out.

"'So you know me, do you?' proceeded Mr. Thwaites, filling
out a bumper; 'Mathus mentioned me, did he? Pah! what rot-
gut stuff! what beastly wine! I wonder you can drink such rub-
bish. Pah!—nothing but sloe-juice and cyder. But anything—
anything's good enough for you cockneys,' added he, with a sneer.
'Ha! ha!—curse me if I think you know good wine when you
get it.'

"Some of us ventured to dissent from this. But Mr. Thwaites
stuck to his assertion, and maintained it with so much rudeness,
that it required all the tact of our entertainer to preserve order.
No matter what subject was started, Mr. Thwaites was sure to ren-
der it the theme for discord; until at length, the patience of the
company becoming exhausted, we rose *en masse*, and were on the
point of forcibly ejecting the intruder, who, pulling off his wig and
spectacles, disclosed the features of Mathews himself!

"I had for some time suspected this. My proximity to the sup-
posed Mr. Thwaites enabled me to detect a horse-hair attached to
the wig, which, passing under Mathews's nose, entirely changed the
expression of his countenance. But no other person, except our
entertainer, who was in the secret, had the slightest suspicion of the
cheat; the admirable manner in which Mathews supported his as-
sumed character, but above all, the celerity with which he returned,
so completely altered in his appearance, precluding the possibility
of his being identified."

Perhaps a more amusing companion than Mathews never existed;
though it must be confessed his excitable temperament sometimes
rendered him the reverse. Like most wits, he could not bear a rival
near the throne. If he did not engross the sole and undivided at-
tention of the company, he sat silent. A certain wicked wit, now
no more, took advantage of this one Sunday at Stanmore, where
several members of the Lyceum company, as was customary during
the season at that theatre, were dining with the manager.

Mathews, who occupied the post of honour next to Mr. Arnold,
was in high spirits. He was telling some of his best stories with
happiest effect, as repeated bursts of laughter from those in his
neighbourhood testified.

"Hang it! let us get up a laugh here," cried P—, who, with
Wrench, Pearman, and some of the juniors, sat without ear-shot at
the lower end of the table. "I don't see why those bigwigs should
have all the fun to themselves."

"What the plague are we to laugh at?" said Wrench.

"Oh! anything—nothing," answered P—. "What signifies *what*

Servant answers door.

Mathews (forgetting he's in America). Is your master at home?

Servant (indignantly). I have no master! (*Walks off.*)

Mathews. Whew! there she goes again. I've set her republican back up. What a nuisance! This is the way they always serve me. Really, I beg her ladyship's pardon—ha! ha!—always forget—no *masters*, no *mistresses* in America—all independent—all ladies and gentlemen here. Well,—must announce myself as usual, I suppose. What a bore!—no, no,—shan't occur again—shan't—poz! (*Goes in, and shuts door.*)

Next day, Mathews calls again.

Mathews (forgetting as usual). Is your master at home?

Servant turns on her heel, and walks off.

Mathews. Oh, d—n it! this is intolerable! They call themselves *helps*, too,—*helps!*—ha! ha!—That's monstrous good—amazingly funny—ha! ha! *Helps*, indeed!—one way of *helping* a man, certainly, turning up "her right honorable nose," and walking off in this sort of—Well, now I *am* determined (*takes out tablets*) I won't get into this scrape again. (*Writes.*) "Mem.—No *masters* or *mistresses* in America, except in the slave States." There,—that settles it.

But, alack! when Mathews called again, he forgot all about it, and the same scene was enacted *da capo*.

There was an old woman, too, who bored him exceedingly. This person, who had a figure like a feather-bed, never saw Mathews without detailing her complaints to him. One day, after running through the catalogue as usual, she added,—“And then I was took with a pain in the small of my back, sir.”

“In the *small* of your back, ma'am!” interrupted Mathews, losing all patience; “in heaven's name, where can that be?”

Mathews was thrown by a skittish horse. A few days after, Incledon met him mounted on a fresh purchase.

“Hallo, Charley!” cried the former, “are you sure that new Bucephalus of yours is safe?”

“Oh, certain,” replied Mathews; “I took good care to ascertain that before I bought him.”

“How did you manage that?”

“By sawing him well under the tail with the bridle,” answered Mathews.

DANDYISM AND GEORGE BRUMMELL.

[Impressed with the idea that Beau Brummell's biographer (Captain Jesse) has been too matter-of-fact, has treated his hero too much in the national spirit, and given his countrymen a kind of straightforward delineation of his character, rather than a philosophical analysis of it, M. d'Aureville, whom we beg to introduce to the reader, has presented us with a disquisition both profound and metaphysical, which enforces us to smile at its laborious trifling, while we admire the ingenuity of the author. "It is the Dandy," he observes, "we would discuss, his influence, and social position; what signifies the rest?" We wish we could afford room for more of the "metaphysical aid" which M. d'Aureville has brought to the rescue, or, rather, to the elevation of the character of the unhappy and ill-fated Beau. What is given, however, furnishes a fair specimen of our author's analytical acumen.]

George Brummell, born at Westminster, was the son of W. Brummell, Esq., private secretary to Lord North, who, like the son of his *protégé*, was now and then a dandy himself, and slept contemptuously on the ministerial benches during the most virulent attacks of the opposition.

After his fall, Mr. Brummell retired to the country, where he lived in the indulgence of that opulent hospitality, the spirit and force of which are understood by Englishmen only. Here Fox and Sheridan visited; and one of the earliest impressions of the future dandy was received while listening to the inspired sallies of these fascinating and intellectual men. By these was he endowed; but they gave him but half their power, the most ephemeral of their faculties. There cannot be a doubt that, living as Brummell did amongst these wits, whose casual conversation was as excellent in its way as their parliamentary displays, and whose pleasantries was eloquence, those faculties were gradually developed which subsequently rendered him one of the first *conversationalists* of his day. In 1790 he was sent to Eton; and there the pains he bestowed upon his dress, and the cold languor of his manner, gained for him the nickname then in vogue; he was called *Buck Brummell*, for *dandy* was not yet the *mot*. His popularity at school was equal to Canning's; but that of the latter arose from the ardour of his soul, and the kindness of his disposition, while Brummell's justified and illustrated the words of Machiavel, "the world belongs to cold hearts." From Eton he went to Oxford, where he had also a share of that success to which he was destined; and on leaving the University on the death of his father, he entered the army as cornet of the 10th Hussars. People have taken a world of trouble to explain the Prince of Wales's sudden fancy to him, and anecdotes are told touching this sudden partiality which are not worth repeating. What is the use of all such gossip? It was impossible that he should not attract the attention of the man who was said to be more pleased with, and prouder of his own distinguished manners than of his elevated rank and the brilliancy of his youth, which he sought with such anxiety to perpetuate.

At this period the Prince was thirty-two, and handsome, — of the

lymphatic and frigid handsomeness of the Hanoverian race, but sedulous to animate and enliven it by dress, and to distinguish it by manner. Scrofulous in mind as well as body, but at least possessed of grace, the first and last virtue of courtiers, George the Fourth recognized a part of himself in George Brummell, the sound and enlightened part; and here is the secret of the favour that he shewed him. Are there not friendships that arise from corporeal qualities, from external grace, in the same way that love arises in the soul from a spiritualized and secret charm? Such was the friendship of the Prince of Wales for the young cornet of hussars. Thus the inconstant favour which glanced at Lord Barrymore, Hanger, and others, rested on Brummell only in all the impromptu of caprice. He was presented at Windsor, in the presence of the most imperious fashion, and displayed all that the Prince esteemed in human nature,—youth, combined with the self-possession of a man that knew life, the most crafty and resolute mixture of impertinence and respect, and lastly, the genius of dress, the whole being protected by a ready power of the liveliest repartee.

From this moment he found that he stood in high estimation: he, the grandson of a shopkeeper, was selected in preference to the noblest youths of England, to fill the place of *chevalier d'honneur* on the marriage of the heir-apparent with Caroline of Brunswick, and was at once surrounded by distinguished people, with whom he mingled on the most familiar footing. So far, there was nothing extraordinary; he was only lucky: he was only born, as the English say, with a silver spoon in his mouth. For him, emphatically, there existed that incomprehensible thing called "our star," which often decides our fate without either reason or justice; but what is more surprising, and what justified his good luck, he did not throw his chance away; the spoiled child of fortune, he became that of society; he entered upon his reign without anxiety, without hesitation; with a confidence that amounts to a conscience. Everything concurred to establish his singular power, for no one opposed it. In a society where connexion is valued more than merit, and where men, in order that each may maintain his position, wear an impenetrable shell of reserve, Brummell attracted to himself, even more as admirers than rivals, the Dukes of York and Rutland, the Earls of Westmoreland, Sefton, and Chatham, &c. &c., politically and socially people of the first class. The women, like the priests, are always on the side of the strongest, and from their vermilion lips went forth their admiration; they were the trumpets of his glory, and he suffered them to be no more: and here is Brummell's originality—in this he differed essentially from Richelieu and all other men formed to captivate women;—he was not what the world calls a libertine, and his vanity never suffered from his virtue.

In a country like England, where pride and baseness united create prudery instead of modesty, it was piquant to see a man so young, possessing every seductive power, conventional or natural, punish the women in their pretensions, and check himself just at those limits of gallantry which they did not set up to be respected;—and Brummell effected this without calculation or the slightest effort.

No illusion of the heart, no impulse of the senses, enervated or suspended his decrees; besides, being the autocrat of opinion, a

word from him, whether of praise or blame, was everything. In England, in a London fog, the woman most deeply in love, while adjusting a flower or trying on a dress, thought far more of Brummell's opinion, than of pleasing her lover. A Duchess (and it is well known what arrogance is allowed to a title in the drawing-rooms of London) in the middle of a ball-room, warned her daughter, at the risk of being heard, to be careful of her movements and expressions if Brummell should perchance deign to speak to her; for at this period of his life he still mingled in the crowd of dancers in those balls where the most beautiful hands remained unengaged waiting for the offer of his. Later in life, intoxicated with his position and conscious of his powerful prestige, he remained only a few minutes at the door of a ball-room, scanned the party at a glance, criticised it in a word, and disappeared; thus carrying out the principle of dandyism, "remain in a company till you have produced your effect and then depart." Enveloped in this *éclat* and sovereignty of opinion, his youth, which augmented his fame, and the engaging but impassive spirit that women at once curse and adore, there is not a doubt that he inspired violent and opposite passions, unbounded love and inexorable hate.

But to resume; Alcibiades, though a pretty fellow, was a good general; but George Bryan Brummell had no military ardour, and did not remain long in the 10th Hussars; perhaps he entered it with a more definitive object than was supposed, to be near the Prince of Wales, and to form the connexion which lifted him forward. It has been falsely said that the uniform must have fascinated him, and turned his head; but this is to identify the principles of the dandy with the feelings of a drum-major: a dandy, who stamps his signet upon every thing, ought necessarily to hate a uniform. For the rest, and on subjects more important, it is Brummell's fate, now that his influence is departed, to be falsely judged and condemned: while he lived, the most refractory submitted; but now the dominant prejudices render the analysis of such a person a difficult psychological experiment; the women will never forgive him for having been as graceful as themselves, nor the men that they were not so graceful.

Self-dependence makes the dandy, otherwise there would be a legislature, a code, of dandy laws, which there is not; every dandy is an *oseur*, but an *oseur* of tact, who stops in time, and finds, between originality and eccentricity, Pascal's famous point of intersection;—is it a marvel, then, that Brummell could not submit to the restraints of a military life, and the enforced sameness of an uniform? To say the truth, he was a detestable officer, and Captain Jesse, his admirable chronicler, gives many anecdotes of the irregularities of his hero; he broke the ranks in the manœuvres, and neglected orders, but the Colonel was under the spell and could not be severe. In three years he was a captain, when his regiment was suddenly ordered to Manchester,—a destination so abhorrent, that the youngest captain of the finest regiment in the army told the Prince of Wales he could not leave *him*; a politic device, under a show of friendship, and better than talking about London—for it was London that he loved. The pearl of dandyism to be dropped at Manchester—a manufacturing town! it is as bad as Rivarol at Hamburgh. He saved his glory—his renown; he re-

mained in London, and took a lodging in Chesterfield-street, opposite George Selwyn. His fortune was not equal to his position; many of the nobility and gentry lived in a luxury that would have annihilated his, if that which does *not* think could annihilate that which does. Brummell's luxury was more intellectual than brilliant, and was another proof of the soundness of that mind which left scarlet to savages, and afterwards invented the great axiom, "To be well-dressed there must be nothing remarkable about you." Bryan Brummell had saddle-horses, and an excellent cook; he gave exquisite dinners, and the guests at his table were as choice as the wines. Like his countrymen of those days he loved to drink to excess. Lymphatic and nervous in that languid English existence, the *ennui* of which dandyism only half escapes, he sought the excitement which is to be found only in wine. Solemn humbugs, and all the *myopes*, who have said or written anything about him, have represented him as a dolt without either head or heart, and to reduce him still lower, have tried to degrade the age he lived in, saying, that it had its follies. Fruitless pains! they can never maintain that English society from 1794 to 1816 was nothing but a society in decay. The great epoch of Pitt, Fox, Wyndham, Byron, Walter Scott, all at once to be nothing because it echoed the name of Brummell! Brummell, then, had something in him worthy the attention of a grand epoch; his tailors, Davidson and Meyer, who insolently endeavoured to establish themselves as the authors of his reputation, did not hold that place in his estimation which was assigned them. At the time of his first appearance, the moment when the democratic Charles Fox introduced red-heeled shoes* into English drawing-rooms, Brummell, with a genius for externals, might well be occupied with the toilet in all its forms. He knew its power over men who professed to despise it; afterwards, however, he relinquished the study, preserving only what experience and observation justified, an irreproachable style,—he discarded colours, simplified the cut of his clothes, and wore them without thinking of them. He has been represented as purely physical, yet he was, on the contrary, intellectual, even in his style of face; he shone more by expression than correct features. His hair, like Alfieri's, was almost red; and a fall from his horse in a charge had injured the Grecian outline of his nose; his *air de tête* was superior to his face, and the tones of his magnificent voice rendered the English language as beautiful to the ear as it is to the eye or the mind.

Such was the dandy George Brummell. We who dedicate these pages to him knew him in his old age, and there was still that about him which had distinguished him in early life. He was a great artist in his way, and he pleased with his appearance, as others do by their works. He drew from its torpor a society horribly *blasée*, learned, and the victim of all the wear and tear of the customs of an old civilized country. But, to do this, he surrendered not a hair's breadth of his personal dignity. Even his caprices were respected. Neither Etherege, Cibber, Congreve, nor Vanbrugh could have introduced such a personage into their comedies, for ridicule could

* A mistake on the part of our clever essayist. This was one of the follies of Fox's youth. He was no beau or dandy during Brummell's reign.

never reach him ; and he could not have escaped it by force of tact, and braved it by dint of self-possession, if he had not been sustained by power of mind,—a buckler which carried a dart in the centre, and changed defence into aggression. Irony is a species of talent which dispenses with every other: Brummell possessed it in an eminent degree, and used it in a manner that chilled the self-love of others, even while he flattered it. Like all dandies, he liked better to astonish than to please—a very natural preference ; but it carries men to great lengths, for fear is the grandest species of astonishment. On this declivity where was one to stop? Brummell alone could determine. He measured out equal doses of terror and sympathy, and of these he compounded the magic philter of his influence. His indolence would not allow him to go into raptures ; besides, to go into raptures is to be impassioned, to be impassioned is to value something, and to value something is to acknowledge your own inferiority. But of coolness he had *du trait*, as we say in France. This man, too superficially judged, had so intellectual a power, that he governed more by his air and manner than by his words, and this explains why he has left so few dicta. Moreover, his sayings, as reported in the memoirs of the times, are either too highly seasoned, or are allied to insipidity, and one feels in them the harsh influence of the briny genius of the nation who box and get drunk without coarseness, when we French, under such circumstances, would lose all refinement. These sayings, I repeat, charged with electric fluid, are untranslatable. Find me the correlatives of the English words *wit*, *humour*, and *fun*. Brummell cared only for present pleasures, and was paid by fortune in the coin he best liked. Society gave him all the happiness it could command, and for him there was no greater felicity. He was not like Byron, who thought that the world was not worth one of the joys it costs us. From his eternally intoxicated vanity, the world had subtracted nothing. From the year 1799 to nearly 1814 there was neither rout nor fête in London at which the presence of the great dandy was not accounted a triumph, or his absence a catastrophe. At the balls at Almack's, at the meetings at Ascot, everything bowed low to his dictation. He was the chief at Watier's Club, of which Lord Byron, Lord Alvanley, Mildmay, and Pierrepoint were members ; he was the soul (must we say so?) of the famous Pavilion at Brighton, Carlton House, and Belvoir ; and intimate with Sheridan, the Duchess of York, Erskine, Lord John Townshend, and the sensuous and singular Duchess of Devonshire, who was a poet in three languages, and with her patrician lips kissed the London butchers, to secure votes for Charles Fox. It is said that Madame de Staël was distressed at not having pleased him : her all-powerful volatility of mind was repulsed by the frigid soul and eternal pleasantry of the dandy,—of that freezing impersonation who had such excellent reasons for laughing at enthusiasm. Another woman, Lady Hester Stanhope, the Arabian Amazon, who broke from English routine and European civilization at a gallop, to refresh her feelings in the dangers and independence of the desert, after years of absence, cared only to remember, of all the civilized beings she had left—George Brummell.

Let the power of Brummell's influence be decided by its duration. From 1794 to 1816 there are two-and-twenty years. In the moral,

as in the physical world, whatever is light is easily displaced; and when he was obliged to leave England, the interest he had concentrated upon himself was not exhausted. In 1812 and 1813 he was more powerful than ever, notwithstanding that his fortune was much injured by play. But there was another reason for the decline of Brummell's influence, his quarrel with the Regent. The Prince began to get old; *emboispoint*, that polypos which lays hold upon beauty, and slowly kills it, had seized upon him; and Brummell, with his imperturbable pleasantry, and that savage pride which his success inspired, had sometimes laughed at the powerless assiduity displayed by the Prince in endeavouring to repair the ravages of time. The immensely corpulent porter at Carlton House was called Big Ben, and Brummell transferred the sobriquet to his master, designating Mrs. Fitzherbert by the Italian diminutive of *Benina*. Such audacious derision pierced the souls of this vain pair; and Mrs. Fitzherbert was not the only woman of those who surrounded the heir-apparent who excited him to take offence at the jest. The story of the bell is apocryphal; but were it not so, and however outrageous it might be, no isolated fact was so likely to cause his disgrace as the thousand little darts sportively, and at brief intervals, launched at the Prince's affections. What the husband of Caroline of Brunswick tolerated, the lover of Mrs. Fitzherbert and Lady Cunningham could not endure; and had they endured it, and had Brummell been allowed with impunity to wound the feelings of the favourites, the Prince would not have borne the attack on his own person, his real *moi*. But neither the rancorous aversion of the Prince nor his reverses at play had yet (in 1813) shaken his position, and the Regent saw with bitterness a half-ruined dandy proudly struggle with him for influence. Anacreon Archilochus Moore, whose Irish bitterness could well select the words that would cut sharpest, put into his sovereign's mouth the following lines:—

“Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill
To mortal, except, now I think on't, Beau Brummell,
Who threaten'd last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut me, and bring the old King into fashion.”

A proof that his power was yet unshaken was furnished in the same year by the heads of Watier's Club, who, in preparing to give a grand ball, seriously discussed the propriety of inviting the Regent, only because he had quarrelled with Brummell! But the Beau, who mixed impudence even with his generosity, positively insisted that the Prince should be invited. No doubt he enjoyed, by anticipation, the idea of receiving the Amphytrion, whom he visited no longer at Carlton House,—of meeting him face to face in the presence of the nobility of England. But the Prince lost himself in this interview; he forgot his character of an accomplished gentleman, and did not even recollect the duties which hospitality imposes on those who receive it; and Brummell, who expected to oppose dandyism to dandyism, replied to the sullen hauteur of the Regent with the elegant coldness which rendered him invulnerable.

Of all the clubs in England, the rage for play was greatest at Watier's; *affreux scandales* took place there; and there, intoxicated with gingered port, these *blasés*, these spleen-devoured fashionables, went every night to kill their mortal ennui, and rouse their Norman

blood,—(that blood which never circulates freely but when taking or pillaging.)—by risking the most splendid fortunes on a single cast of the die. Brummell was neither more nor less a gamester than the others who moved in this charming pandemonium, and he lost immense sums with that indifference which, on such occasions, is to the dandy what grace in falling was to the dying gladiator of Rome. But his associates could better afford their losses; and he, though cool and clever, could do nothing against his luck. In 1814 the foreign potentates arrived in London: their appearance inflamed the gambling mania. This was a disastrous moment for Brummell. He grew savage with fate, and was beaten; he applied to the Jews, and was swamped. It is said, but not ascertained, that he compromised his character on this occasion; and he had, unfortunately, the dangerous power of dignifying a base action by the manner of doing it. At last, however, the hour in which a man is as nothing to any one else,—the hour of misfortune, arrived. His ruin was consummated; he knew it: with dandy apathy he had calculated, watch in hand, the time that he ought to remain on the field of battle, the theatre of the most wonderful social success that a man of the world ever had, and he determined to show no humiliation at the close of his career. On the 6th of May, 1816, after dining on a fowl from Watier's, and drinking a bottle of bordeaux, Brummell wrote hastily and hopelessly the following note to his friend, Scrope Davies:—

“MY DEAR SCROPE,

“Lend me 200*l*. The banks are shut, and all my money is in the 3 per cents. It shall be repaid to-morrow morning.

“Yours,

“GEORGE BRUMMELL.”

The reply was Spartan in brevity and friendship:—

“It is very unfortunate, but all *my* money is in the 3 per cents.

“Yours,

“SCROPE DAVIES.”

Brummell was too much of a dandy to be hurt at this answer, and, as Captain Jesse sensibly remarks, he was not a man to moralize upon it. There was a cruel dryness in Scrope's answer; but it was not vulgar; between dandy and dandy their honour was safe. Brummell perused the note, and dressed stoically for the opera. He was as a phoenix is on the pile,—unlike in this, that he knew he should never rise from his ashes. To see him, who would have known him for a doomed man? That night he was at Dover, and the next in France. After his departure, the elegant furniture of a man of fashion gone to the continent was sold by public auction; the purchasers, his friends, were the most fashionable and distinguished of the English aristocracy, and they all paid like Englishmen for what they wanted.

In his expatriation his old acquaintances came nobly forward to aid him, proving most forcibly the powerful impression he made upon all who knew him. He was pensioned by the men he had pleased, as the writer or orator of a party often is; and this, in English society, carries no idea of degradation with it. But, stranger

still than this rare gratitude, his ascendancy was not destroyed at a stroke by his departure. Brummell was as much thought of in the drawing-rooms of Great Britain in exile as when there "in presence;" public attention crossed the sea, and reached him on the opposite shore. Fashionables made frequent pilgrimages to Calais; and Brummell, as proud as ever, preserved all the external habits of his previous life. Lord Westmoreland invited him to dine at three: he declined to eat at that hour. Though he did not affect misanthropic or aristocratic haughtiness, his manner was so grand, that it attracted but few of those with whom chance brought him in contact; nevertheless, in spite of his reserve, he was not so adverse to advances when made in the form of a good dinner. But this sensuality, common enough amongst wits, rendered his vanity more intractable; but his incomparable self-possession covered and excused everything. "Who is that bowing to you, Sefton?" said he to his friend on the public walk. It was one of his honest provincial countrymen, with whom he was to dine that very day, and who was bowing to *him*. He lived many years at Calais; and, in spite of his vanity, doubtless suffered many a secret trouble under it, and one of the chief must have been the want of conversation. *On parle plusieurs langues, mais on ne cause que dans une seule.* In this dearth of excitement, and perhaps not knowing how to exercise his dormant faculties, he painted a screen for the Duchess of York. This Princess, after fortune betrayed him, extended to him a friendship which threw a shade of tenderness over his arid existence. He never forgot her; and it seems, but for a promise to her not to reveal the secrets of the Regent's life, he would have written his memoirs, and repaired his fortunes, for the London booksellers offered him immense sums as the price of his indiscretion. This considerate forbearance penetrated not the stubborn and impervious selfishness of George the Fourth; and when he passed Brummell in the streets of Calais, he felt not even that species of emotion at meeting the companion of his youth, which is an impulse common even to vulgar minds. But Brummell's indifference was equal to the King's; had it been otherwise, he would not have been Brummell. He preserved that discreet silence which is the good taste of pride. But debt and misery came on together, and he commenced the descent from exile to poverty spoken of by Dante, at the foot of which he found a prison, alms, and a mad-house wherein to die. The office of consul at Caen was but a momentary check to his progress on this course, for it was very soon abolished. His residence in this town was one of the longest phases of his life; and the French *noblesse*, by their reception and considerate attentions, must have softened, though they could not save him, the anguish which tortured the last days of his existence.

DISCOVERY OF THE OREGON BY DRAKE AND VANCOUVER.

VARIOUS and profound have been the philological researches of learned men at Washington in the investigation of the origin of the name of OREGON, applied by the people of the far West to that portion of the north-west of North America occupied by the British, but claimed on the grounds of "priority of discovery, examination, and occupation," by the inhabitants of the United States. This great controversy is yet undecided;—perhaps it will for ever remain uncertain whether the word is of Indian extraction, or whether, under the name of Oregon, we have not disguised the Hibernian patronymic of O'Regon or O'Regan! The proper designation of the territory is NEW ALBION. Sir Francis Drake formally took possession of the country (as we mean to prove) on behalf of her Britannic Majesty Queen Elizabeth, of happy memory, giving it the name of New Albion. It is so styled by our old voyagers and geographers: and we see no reason why New Albion it should not still be called. The Americans have very dexterously given the land a *new name*;—at one dash of the pen they would obliterate the British *title*!

The territory now the subject of such grave discussion between Great Britain and the United States lies on the shore of the Northern Pacific Ocean. It is bounded on the north by Russian America, at 54° 40' N. lat. On the east, the Rocky Mountains, the lofty summits of which are covered with perpetual snows, form its natural limit. The Pacific is its western boundary. The possessions claimed by Mexico, which extend to 42° N. lat. skirt the southern bounds of New Albion or the Oregon. A distinguished American authority, whose work has been printed by the Government of the United States, gives the following outline of the natural and political divisions of the country:—

The North-west Coast is the expression usually employed in the United States at the present time to distinguish the vast portion of the American continent which extends *north of the 40th* parallel of latitude from the Pacific to the great directing ridge of the Rocky Mountains, together with the contiguous islands in that ocean. The southern part of this territory, which is drained almost entirely by the Columbia River, is commonly called the OREGON. The territory bordering upon the Pacific *southward* from the 40th parallel to the extremity of the peninsula which stretches in that direction as far as the Tropic of Cancer, is called *California*,—a name of uncertain derivation, *formerly applied by the Spaniards to the whole western section of North America*. By the Florida treaty concluded in 1819, between the United States and Spain, a line drawn along the *42nd parallel of latitude*, from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific was fixed as the *northern limit* of the Spanish territory, and the southern limit of that of the United States in Western America. By subsequent treaty between the latter power and Mexico, the same line was admitted to separate the possessions of the two republics—Mexico taking the place of Spain. The Mexicans, accordingly, claim the country as far north as the 42nd pa-

rallel; but the Russians effectually bar the exercise of any Mexican authority beyond the Bay of San Francisco, near the 38th degree, by means of their colonies and garrisons in that quarter, established in 1812, and ever since maintained in defiance alike of Spain and her republican successors. By the Convention of 1824, between the United States and Russia, it was agreed that the Russians should make no settlements on the coast of North America or the adjacent islands south of the latitude of $54^{\circ} 40'$, and the United States should establish none north of that parallel. By the convention of 1825, between Russia and Great Britain, it was in like manner stipulated that the British should occupy no place on the coasts or islands north of $54^{\circ} 40'$, and that the Russians should make no settlement south of the same latitude. Thus two lines of boundary appear on the map of North-west America, running completely across it. One *northward*, from the latitude of $54^{\circ} 40'$, to the Arctic Sea, as settled between Great Britain and Russia; and the other, southward, following the course of the 42nd parallel, from the Pacific to the Rocky Mountains, as agreed upon between the United States and Mexico. Of the intermediate region no part has been as yet definitely assigned by convention to any one nation. *The Americans claim that portion north from the 42nd parallel; and the British claim that south from the other boundary line—each party to an undefined extent, but so far as to secure for itself the large and valuable country drained by the Columbia River.**

It is stoutly denied by American writers that Sir Francis Drake, in his renowned voyage round the world, A. D. 1577—1580, visited or discovered the disputed country, or sailed further north than the 43rd latitude. We join issue with our Transatlantic opponents, and contend, that if the question is to be decided with reference to "priority of discovery, examination, and occupation," (as they allege.) it must inevitably be decided in favour of Great Britain.

It is admitted on all hands that the country of New Albion was discovered by the English Captain Drake, acting under the lawful commission and authority of the Crown. The question is, what were the precise limits of New Albion? Our first authority is that of an unprejudiced foreigner—Humboldt, who *places New Albion on the map between 43° and 48° N. lat.* Humboldt visited North America about 1798. That the said New Albion comprised the Oregon territory, is tacitly admitted in a standard work of considerable value, published at Philadelphia in the year 1829—"The Encyclopædia Americana:"—"New Albion: This is the name given to an extensive tract of land on the North-west Coast of America. It was originally applied by Sir Francis Drake, in 1578, to the whole of California, but is now, by recent geographers, *e. g.* Humboldt, confined to that part of the coast *which extends between 43° and 48° N. lat.* Cook discovered it in March 1778. In 1792, Vancouver visited this coast, made a very diligent inspection of all its parts, and gave a most interesting account of them. Vancouver's chart of this region is still the best. *The most authentic account of a part of New Albion* is to be found in "Lewes's and Clarke's Expedition to the Sources of the Missouri, 2 vols. Philadelphia, 1814." These travellers visited the Columbia River.

* Greenhow.

Our next argument is drawn from some maps which can be consulted in the British Museum. In the American Atlas by Thomas Jeffereys, geographer to the king, printed A. D. 1775, and necessarily drawn some years previously, *the land designated New Albion is marked and coloured nearly as high as 46° N. lat.*; showing the mouth of the "River of the West," which corresponds with the Columbia River.* Captain Cook left Nootka Sound on the 26th of April, 1778, the first time he visited this part of the North-west Coast. Before Cook's time, therefore, Englishmen looked upon the North-west of America, as far as 46° N. lat., as part of New Albion, discovered by Drake, and a British possession. What answer can the Americans make to this fact? Will they venture after this to bring forward the discovery of Gray, in 1792, as a title to the country? Passion, rapacity, and ambition, may render them reckless;—our appeal is to matter-of-fact and the unchanging principles of justice! In a map by H. Moll, geographer, 1742, New Albion is marked to the north of California Proper, (which shows that New Albion was not considered identical with California, as American writers state,) and the land is traced indistinctly to the north-west.

Let us now refer to another authority before the Boundary Question was agitated, the "Model Republic" was in existence, or Cook and Vancouver had sailed into the Pacific. The "Biographia Britannica," A. D. 1747, speaking of the gallant Sir Francis Drake, says,—*"Thence he continued his voyage along the coasts of Chili and Peru, taking all opportunities of seizing Spanish ships, or of landing and attacking them on shore, till his crew were sated with plunder; and then coasting North America, to the height of 48°, he endeavoured to find a passage back into our seas on that side; which is the strongest proof of his consummate skill and invincible courage; for if ever such passage be found, this, in all probability, will be the method: and we can scarcely conceive a clearer testimony of an undaunted spirit than attempting discoveries after so long and so fatiguing a voyage. Here, being disappointed of what he sought, he landed, and called the country New Albion, taking possession in the name and for the use of Queen Elizabeth."*

Well might our enthusiastic poet, Thomson, sing,—

A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flamed thy spirit high!—But who can speak
The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?

Burney, a companion of Captain Cook, states in his voyages, that "The part of the American coast discovered by Drake is to be reckoned as immediately bearing north of Cape Mendicino, and extending to 48° N. lat.;" consequently, including the Oregon territory.

We now come to the consideration of the important and much controverted narrative of the Rev. Francis Fletcher, chaplain on board Drake's ship during his voyage to the North-west Coast of America. We have here the best possible evidence that the nature of the case admits of—the testimony of an eye-witness of the events related, who reduced his observations to writing. His manuscript, curiously il-

* In a clever pamphlet by Mr. Thos. Falconer, of Lincoln's Inn, it is stated, that in old *French and Spanish* maps all the land north of 38° N. lat. is described as New Albion.

lustrated, is preserved in the library of the British Museum. Its substance is accurately stated in a work published by Drake's nephew, "The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake;"—which nephew had conversed with his uncle on the subject of his voyages, and indeed published a book entitled, "Sir Francis Drake Revived," which had been perused by Drake himself prior to publication. Further, there is the strongest possible presumption that Fletcher's MS. was seen and examined by our hero. Is it credible that the commander did not see the narrative of his own exploits, written on board his own ship, — at least, written from notes made on board? We find that he actually revised the little book already mentioned; and it must require a large amount of American scepticism to doubt that Drake was acquainted with the material facts respecting his own movements recorded in the "World Encompassed."

"From Guatulco we departed," says the Rev. Francis Fletcher, "the day following, namely, April the 16th, setting our course directly into the sea; whereupon we sailed five hundred leagues in longitude to get a wind; and between that and June 3rd, one thousand four hundred leagues in all: till we came in 42° N. lat. wherein the night following we found such an alteration of heat into extreme and nipping cold, that our men in general did *grievously* complain." After dwelling more particularly on the temperature, Mr. Fletcher goes on to say, "The land in that part of America, bearing further out into the west than we before imagined, we were nearer on it than we were aware, and yet, the nearer still we came unto it, the more extremity of cold did seize upon us. The fifth day of June we were forced by contrary winds *to run in with the shore, which we then first descried, and to cast anchor in a bad bay*, the best road we could for the present meet with, where we were not without some danger by reason of the many gusts and flows that beat upon us; and which, if they ceased and were still, at any time, immediately upon their intermission, there followed most vile, thick, and stinking fogs, against which the sea prevailed nothing till the gusts of wind again removed them, which brought with them such extremity and violence when they came, that there was no dealing or resisting against them. In this place there was no abiding for us, and to go further north, the extremity of the cold (which had now utterly discouraged all our men) would not permit us, and the wind being directly against us, having once gotten us under sail again, commanded us to the south whether we would or no. *From the height of 48°, in which we now were, to 38°, we found the land, by coasting it, to be but low, and reasonably plain; every hill (whereof we saw many, but none very high,) though it were in June, and the sun in the nearest approach, then being covered with snow.*"

Mr. Fletcher here distinctly states that Drake discovered and anchored off the coast as high as 48° N. lat. The Americans labour very hard to shake the credibility of his testimony. He is accused of having made a statement "*intentionally untrue.*" But, to serve what end? No conceivable motive can be assigned to the reverend gentleman for publishing what he must have known to be false. It is contended that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for any vessel in two days to pass through six degrees of north latitude, with the wind from the north and north-west. This is a mere

pettifogging objection: nautical men answer it by saying, that if Drake's course were shaped to the north-east, with the wind a-beam if blowing from the north-west, it was quite possible for him to have sailed from five to six degrees in two days. The Americans, however, contend that Fletcher's narrative is contradicted by the statement of Pretty, one of Drake's crew, in the "Famous Voyage of Sir Francis Drake;"* for that *on the 5th day of June*, according to Pretty, they were at the 43rd and not the 48th degree. But, on examining the passage in the "Famous Voyage," we think it will be found to corroborate, and not to contradict, the statement of the chaplain:—

"The fift day of June, being in fortie-three degrees toward the pole Arcticke, being speedily come out of extreame heate, wee found the ayre so colde, that our men being pinched with the same, complained of the extremity therof AND THE FURTHER WEE WENT the more the colde increased upon us, whereby we thought it best to seeke land and did so, finding it not mountainous but low plain land, and we drew back again without landing til we came within thirtie-eight degree towards the line. In which height it pleased God to send us into a faire and good bay, with a good wind to enter the same. In this bay we ankered the seventeenth of June," &c.

There is certainly, at first sight, an apparent discrepancy of two days between the two accounts; but the words, "*the further we went*," qualify the statement in the "Famous Voyage." They show that Pretty spoke loosely; they do not *negate* the assertion that they were as high as 48°; but prove positively that they were *farther* than 43°.

Great stress is laid on Fletcher's account of the climate and weather on the 3rd and 5th of June. Our antagonists say that such cold weather never is experienced in those latitudes, and aver that Fletcher's account is therefore fabulous. But, as to the fact of the intense cold on those particular days, Fletcher's statement in the "World Encompassed," is fully corroborated by Pretty's in "The Famous Voyage:" both historians, differing on minor points, agree in describing the weather as intensely severe. Fletcher's veracity, therefore, instead of being impeached by the observations of Greenhow, and other Americans, is but more fully established. As to the phenomena described by Pretty and Fletcher, it may be observed that navigators now alive have experienced weather as severe on the third of June, in precisely the same latitude in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The Rev. Mr. Fletcher's account bears internal evidence of its truth and accuracy on the point in dispute. He states that they "searched the coast diligently even unto the 48th degree, yet they found not the land to trend as much as one point in any one place towards the *east*, but rather running on continually to the north-west, as if it went directly to meet Asia." This statement fully agrees with the geographical facts now known to all the world; but it was totally at variance with the notions current in the reign of Elizabeth. Drake sailed northward with a view of discovering a passage to the north of Canada, by which he could return homeward. It is preposterous, then, to suppose that the undaunted seaman would stop short

* See Hakluyt's Collection, A. D. 1598-1600.

at 43° N. lat. John Davis, the celebrated navigator, and discoverer of Davis's Straits, who was one of Drake's contemporaries, and who had frequently conversed and corresponded with Drake, whose statements may therefore be confidently relied on, in his work, "The World's Hydrographical Discovery," published A.D. 1595, in Hakluyt's Collection, says, "Sir F. Drake was entered into the South Sea; he coasted all the western shores of America until he came to the septentrional latitude of 48°, being on the back of Newfoundland." Will any reasonable man believe that Davis made such a statement without taking the pains to ascertain its accuracy? He had access to official information. The events he records occurred in his own life-time. He was personally deeply interested in every circumstance bearing on geographical discovery; and he was intimately acquainted with the great hero, Drake. But we have the authority of another contemporary writer of high authority, Admiral Sir William Monson, the author of the "Naval Tracts," to sustain our position that the Oregon territory,—which the Americans assure us was first discovered by some person named Gray, in 1792,—was included in New Albion. He says, "From the 16th April to the 15th June Drake sailed without seeing land, and arrived in 48°, thinking to find a passage into our seas, which land he named New Albion." The chiefs on the coast formally surrendered the sovereignty to the Queen of England.

"Before we went from hence," says Fletcher, "our General (Drake) caused a post to be set up on shore—a monument of our being there—as also of her Majesty's and her successors' right and title to the kingdom; namely, a plate of brass fast nailed to a great and firm post: whereon is engraven her Grace's name, and the day and year of our arrival there, and of the free giving up of the province and kingdom, both by the King and people, into her Majesty's hands; together with her Highness's picture and arms in a piece of sixpence, current English money; underneath was likewise engraven the name of our General," &c.*

"Soli rerum maximarum Effectori,
Soli totius mundi Gubernatori,
Soli suorum Conservatori,
Soli Deo sit semper gloria!

We confidently leave the case here, believing that no man who candidly and fairly examines the evidence we have brought forward on this point, will rob Sir Francis Drake of the honour of having discovered the disputed territory on the North-west Coast of America, or deny to Great Britain whatever rights may accrue from *priority of discovery*.

Pretty concludes his narrative with the following significant paragraph: "*It seemeth that the Spaniards hitherto had never been in this part of the country, neither did ever discover the land by many degrees to the southwards of this place.*"

In 1778, Captain Cook visited New Albion; he reached the coast in 44°, and anchored for some time in Nootka Sound. The whole

* For a description of the enthusiasm with which Drake was received by the whole nation, on his return home from his voyage, see the old chroniclers Hollingshed, Camden, Purchas, Stowe; also Ben Jonson, Cowley, and Mr. Barrow's interesting Life of Drake.

coast was then unoccupied. SPAIN HAD NEVER MADE A SETTLEMENT NORTH OF CAPE MENDICINO. Consequently the original right of England, given by Drake's discovery, was still valid, never having been abrogated by the occupation of the land by another power. A considerable part of the coast was surveyed by Cook. In 1792, Captain Vancouver, under the lawful authority of the British government, sailed to New Albion, for the purpose of surveying the coast and formally taking possession of the country—*with a view to occupation*—in the name of his Britannic Majesty. After taking possession of Nootka, and while engaged in the survey of the coast, Vancouver met an American merchant-vessel, the "Columbia," commanded by Gray, who mentioned that he had entered the bay of the river now called Columbia River. The Americans desire to persuade the world that the discovery of the mouth of a river—after the coast adjoining has been discovered, taken possession of, and surveyed—amounts to the "discovery" of the country! Suffice it to say that Gray was a private trader, was not an officer of the American government, did not pretend to take possession of the country, and had no power to do so. Vancouver immediately entered the river, which he called the Columbia; he ascended the river nearly one hundred miles, and examined the whole country. The sovereignty of England was publicly declared; and intimation given of her intention to occupy it. The English did occupy it, and have continued to occupy it ever since. A settlement was made by the Hudson's Bay Company in Nootka; and settlements were subsequently made by the North-West Company on the Columbia River. One or two attempts were made by American citizens to form establishments for the purpose of pursuing the valuable trade in fur, but they were failures. When Farnham^a visited the Oregon territory, he found there sixty who were citizens of the United States, "or were desirous of becoming so:" but the same writer gives a list of twenty English settlements in that country!

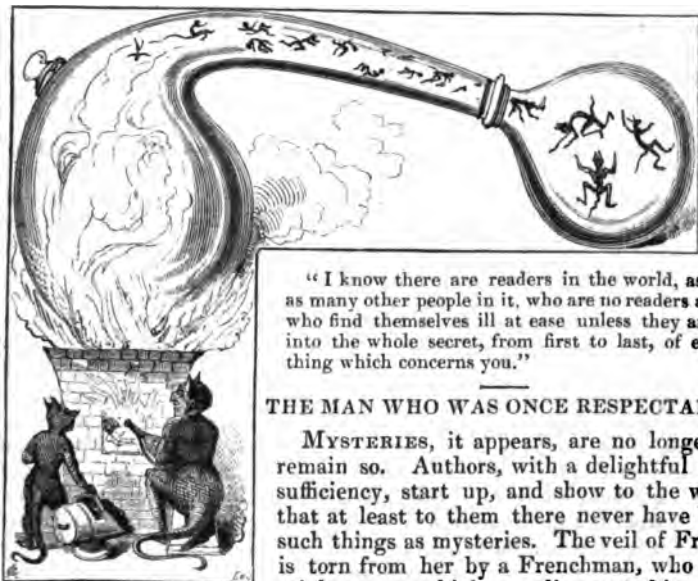
We shall not now enter into questions arising from the construction of TREATIES,—they have been very successfully discussed by Mr. Falconer. We abstain from the political considerations respecting the importance of the Oregon territory to England, with reference to our trade in the Pacific; to the fur trade around the Columbia River; to our possessions in Canada; or to communication with China and the East Indies. The description of the physical characteristics and productions of the soil, of the aboriginal inhabitants, and of the pursuits of the British settlers, we must leave for a future opportunity. For the present we confine ourselves to the question of the *original discovery* of the Oregon, or New Albion; and we fearlessly submit that the honour belongs to Sir Francis Drake! "So now at length," to conclude in the words of an Elizabethan panegyric, "our countryman, Sir Francis Drake, for valorous attempt, prudent proceeding, fortunate performing his voyage round the world, is not only become equal to any of them that live, but in fame farre surpassing."[†]

^a See his highly interesting work on the Western Prairies, reprinted in London, 1840.

[†] Stowe's Chronicles.

OUTLINES OF MYSTERIES.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.



"I know there are readers in the world, as well as many other people in it, who are no readers at all, who find themselves ill at ease unless they are let into the whole secret, from first to last, of everything which concerns you."

THE MAN WHO WAS ONCE RESPECTABLE.

MYSTERIES, it appears, are no longer to remain so. Authors, with a delightful self-sufficiency, start up, and show to the world that at least to them there never have been such things as mysteries. The veil of France is torn from her by a Frenchman, who certainly pays no high compliment to his country, by exposing vices of the most hideous character, and which certainly are much better hidden both from the young and the old. The moral to be drawn from melodramatic vice and virtue is very questionable. This mysterymania has crossed the Channel. Authors are manufacturing vices by the gross in their mysteriously-situated garrets; their only perigrination to discover them being from the before-mentioned garrets to the publisher's, and thence to some favourite rarebit and stout house.

The pen must be magical indeed that could truly lay open even the mystery contained in an omnibus rolling the length of Fleet Street. What a romantic tale might we hear, could we influence the little gentleman in sober brown, who sits opposite to us, to tell the story of his love's ambition! To behold him now, you would marvel that he was once the recipient of the tender emotion. What a tearful tale of enduring affection and want might that care-worn woman unfold who is sitting beside you in the rumbling vehicle, and whose tattered shawl is tightly drawn round her slender frame. Look upon all the faces around you, and you behold in each a history. You know full well that each there could contribute something to the great mystery-monger. Our grandmothers knew this when they said, "There is a skeleton in every house," — *i. e.* a mystery. What a pretty collection of skeletons might we get were we to knock at ever door in one of our fashionable streets, and demand their individual skeleton, as the dustman does his dust! What literary cart would hold them? What steam-press would be able to print their wonderful unfoldings? Yet we see "The Mysteries of Paris," "The Mysteries of London;" but who really is capable of lifting the veil, and showing the dark reality?

We, more modest, grasp but at outlines of characters which may be seen daily by everybody, and which with pen and pencil we will endeavour to delineate. The subject of our present paper is very common, but very mysterious: his living is a fact; but the how, the when, and the where, the mystery. Look upon him, jaunty even in his rags, hugging himself in the belief that the rent under his arm and the patch on his shoe are not seen, and that his patent ink reviver shows not his rusty brown. His hands are gloved; but his finger-tops, ragged, and open to the winds, he endeavours to hide by burying them in his palms. His stick, too, — his constant companion, — he fancies gives him an air of respectability. Being perfectly innocent of anything in the shape of a great-coat, he laughs most contemptuously at the effeminacy of those who coddle and muffle themselves up; and discourses most eloquently of good and refreshing breezes, which he eulogises as better than all the broad-cloth in the world. He is frequently in wet and chilly days seen, apparently waiting for a friend, near the fires of public-offices (where they do keep fires). Speak to him, and you find that his manners are gentlemanly, his language classic and correct; and, if your manner towards him be deprived of all pretension to superiority by reason of your well-span jet-black coat, he forgets his outward man, brightens up, withdraws his glove with the air of a gentleman, takes a pinch from your box, as if his suit was just glossy from Stultz, and talks himself back to the strain of his prouder days; his bow on leaving is perfect, though his fragile hat becomes less so from the polite exertion. See him now, dining in yonder retired public-house; that small screw of paper, hardly large enough for another man's salt, has contained his dinner. Of what? — that is the mystery! He is forgetting himself and his condition in the newspaper; and, under the influence of spirituous liquors, his imagination revels in the idea of the certainty of his becoming principal mover in some splendid achievement. Look upon the small gin measure close to his elbow — there is the mystery! We remember him the gayest of the gay, the kindest of the kind, surrounded by friends, blessed with an amiable wife, and a happy home; but drink — that accursed plague-spot — poisoned all his bliss. He treated it as a joke. He had taken too much — nothing else! The care of a fond wife scared the tempter for a time, or hid its baneful influence from his friends. She died. Causes innumerable were pleaded to himself for seeking temporary oblivion. He walked to the Exchange with a flushed cheek, and unshaven chin; he who was once the neatest man there. His friends lectured him for his neglect, and were soon fearful of, and ultimately declined entrusting business to a man not answerable half his time for his actions. His memory, treacherous in affairs of consequence, soon caused his rapid descent. Still friendly hands grasped his; friendly purses opened, until the most attached saw the futility of rendering further assistance. For a time he contrived to live upon scanty earnings by arranging accounts, balances, books, &c., till at last the resources obtained by these means were, through the fascinating destroyer, entirely stopped up.

One bitter night a person was shown into my room. A shivering object, addressing me by name, startled me by showing something like the features of my old friend. A few months only had elapsed since I last beheld him; yet his pale pinched features and glossy eye seemed to be the work of years. He apologised for troubling me; but begged to show me some specimens of paper and pens, which he drew from an

old blue bag, saying he travelled on commission for a stationer (an old friend), who had trusted him with these samples. I told him to be seated, regretting that I could not give him an order for things supplied regularly by my own stationer.

"My good friend," said he, feeling in his tattered waistcoat pocket, and producing a single halfpenny, I have walked all day with only that in my pocket. I have come two miles out of the way, with the hope that you would assist me."

I did so; but of what avail? I only gave him the power of sooner destroying himself.

Our next meeting was more extraordinary. I was sitting in an omnibus, close to the door, when a hand was thrust into the window with a small packet of polished cards, with steel engravings, and a voice in the most bland tone recommending the wares in the following style:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, will you allow me to present to your notice a wonder even in this day of wonders? These cards, in themselves gems of art, represent the Houses of Parliament, St. James's Palace, the residence of her most gracious Majesty, the new Royal Exchange, and the statues of our glorious victors, both naval and military. You have no need, I assure you, now to travel far for wonders, when you can take these home at a penny each! Ladies, buy the residence of your Queen, who so well represents your amiable sex on the throne; we are governed by a woman, and who—"

Here his eloquence was cut short by the brown paw of the conductor grasping the window-ledge, and exclaiming in a rough voice,

"Now, lushy Jim, come off the step; our time's up, so mizzle!"

He shuffled away; but the voice could not be mistaken,—it was that of my unfortunate friend.



Passing up Fleet Street one wretched night, I beheld him fighting his way through a host of sturdy young fellows, to gain the door of a newspaper-office, to which there was a tremendous rush to get some second edition, his white hair streaming about his face as he anxiously looked round for a chance to obtain an entrance thither, whither, doubtless, as a newspaper runner, he had been dispatched for some paltry remuneration. He fought fiercely, for his darling bane would be the reward of his exertions. I stood for a moment in pity, remembering what he was, when one of the roystering boys, upon whom he pressed in his excitement, struck his tattered hat over his eyes. I turned sorrowfully away as I heard the boisterous mirth proceeding from the crowd at this exploit.

The great mystery of this man's present life is, that he lives from halfpenny to halfpenny day after day, appearing the same half-ragged object, but with a bearing as if his eye were stone-blind to his outward appearance. The gentlemanly demeanour, when sober, is natural; when intoxicated, brutal and unnatural as the excitement that causes it. Often have I seen him late at night crawling along, and talking to himself in a light and joyous tone, as if addressing persons about him in the solitary street. Perhaps the demon he worships transports him back to the scenes of his former happiness, in which he revels for the time, unconscious of his debasement, awaking only to the truth upon some cold door-step. Is it to be wondered at that he rushes back, when he has the means, into the embraces of his destroyer?

This man is only one of a large class who enter the fascinating ring from all quarters, high and low. Every day do we mysteriously miss some one; but soon another poor wretch starts up in his place, to toil for the few crumbs that were his portion. Where does he die—in the streets? No one knows him! He has outlived all friendship; or, perhaps, entering the workhouse, lays down his staff, losing for ever in the mass of wretchedness all traces where he lingered out the last remnant of his existence.







Der Herr und Frau. Angula

THE MARCHIONESS OF BRINVILLIERS,
THE POISONER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
A ROMANCE OF OLD PARIS.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

CHAPTER XVI.

The Grotto of Thetis.—The Good and Evil Angels.

As the Marchioness and Sainte-Croix entered the covered room in the Bosquet de la Salle de Bal, it presented a most brilliant spectacle. The whole of the company had adjourned there from the theatre in the Allée du Roi, and many were now dancing on the almost polished turf of the circular *parterre*. Others were seated on the steps, also of turf, which surrounded the Salle in the manner of an amphitheatre, except for about an eighth of its circumference, where several fountains of sparkling water shot up nearly to the roof, falling back again to tumble over the steps, which here were of bright pebbles and shells, with an agreeable murmur, until they reached the basin beneath. The roof was of deep blue, strained tightly upon poles, which were high enough to overtop the tallest trees, and an artificial moon had been constructed in it with consummate skill; whilst stars of brilliant pieces of metal hung by short invisible threads from the ceiling, and as they caught the light on their different facets with the slightest vibration, had the appearance of twinkling.

Jean Blacquart was there, as well as the Abbé, who having found him a listener to his poem, had never once left him since the victim was caught in the *foyer* of the theatre. The Gascon, of course, did not dance, being only admitted to the Bosquet by virtue of his assumed office of guard, under the auspices of Maître Picard; but he talked so largely, and indulged in such remarkable rhodomontades as to whom he knew and what he had done, that the Abbé set him down for some distinguished officer, and was more than ever determined to keep by his side.

Louis was not dancing. He was seated on a platform, slightly elevated from the ground, at the edge of the fountain; and was dividing his attentions between Madame de Montespan, who was still at his side, on his right hand; and another lady on his left, who had now joined the royal party. She was very lovely, although a close observer might have perceived that she was slightly marked with the small-pox. Her skin was delicately fair, and her beautiful flaxen hair clustered in heavy ringlets, less showery than generally worn according to the fashion of the time, over her forehead and neck. Her eyes were blue, swimming in softened light; and her countenance was overspread by a regard so tender yet so full of modesty, that she gained at the same moment the love and esteem of all who gazed upon her: and yet, when the occasional lighting up of her features as the King addressed her, died away, they became pale and sad. Her smile was followed by a pensive expression, which accorded but ill with the festivity around her.

" Ah, times are changing !" said the Abbé, as he gazed at her ; " and that fair lady's reign is nearly over. I question whether La Montespan, with all her witcheries, will love him half so well though."

" Who is it ?" asked Jean.

The Abbé appeared slightly astonished at the ignorance of his new acquaintance, as he replied,

" Who could it be but Louise de la Vallière ? Ah ! hers was a curious destiny. Picked out by Louis to cover his attention to his sister-in-law Henriette, she has supplanted her. But it does not seem likely that the *liaison* will last much longer. Montespan has his heart."

As he spoke, Mademoiselle de la Vallière rose from her seat, and crossed over to speak to Madame de Maintenon, who was sitting on the parapet of the basin that received the water from the fountain. She limped as she walked along, and Jean saw that she was lame.

" She seldom dances," continued the garrulous Abbé, " on account of her defect ; and so she does not care always to be present at the balls. I can conceive the reason of her not being at the play."

" How was that ?" enquired the Gascon.

" Because the King's sentiments appear to be somewhat changed since our Molière was commanded to write the *Princesse d'Elide*. He was then madly in love with La Vallière, although at the time she resisted all his entreaties. What else could these lines mean ?"

And Jean flinched, as the Abbé again commenced a piece of declamation, quoting from the piece in question in a monotonous tone of dulness suited to the subject.

" The homage which is offer'd to a countenance refined
Is an honest indication of the beauty of the mind ;
And scarcely possible it is, if love be not innate,
That a young prince should come to be or generous or great :
And this above all other regal qualities I love,
This sign alone the tenderness of royal hearts can prove !
To one like you, a bright and good career we may pressage,
When once the soul is capable of loving, at your age.
Yes, this immortal passion, the most noble one of all,
An hundred goodly virtues training after it can call ;
The most illustrious actions are engender'd by its fires,
And all the greatest heroes have experienced its desires. " *"

Jean bowed respectfully at the termination of each line, as if he fully concurred in the sentiments it conveyed, but was very glad when it was over.

" Ha ! the music has ceased," said the Abbé ; " and there will be

- * " Le tribut qu'on rend aux traits d'un beau visage,
De la beauté d'une âme est un vrai témoignage ;
Et qu'il est malaisé que, sans être amoureux,
Un jeune prince soit et grand et généreux,
C'est une qualité que j'aime en un monarque,
La tendresse du cœur est une grande marque ;
Que d'un prince, à votre âge, on peut tout présumer,
Dès qu'on voit que son âme est capable d'aimer.
Oui, cette passion, de toutes la plus belle,
Traîne dans son esprit cent vertus après elle,
Aux nobles actions elle pousse les cœurs,
Et tous les grands héros ont senti ses ardeurs."

MOLIERE.

a masque, and some fire-works on the Bassin de Neptune, and the *étang* beyond. That will be also a trial for La Vallière. The last fêtes at night were in her honour, and they are going to use the old machines newly decorated. It will be a *renaissance* of the *Île Enchantée*."

The company retired to the banks of turf which surrounded the Salle de Bal, Louis, and a few immediately attached to him, only remaining below, amongst whom were of course La Montespan and La Vallière. When the floor was cleared, a cavalcade of heralds, pages, and squires, all richly clad in armour, and dresses embroidered with thread of silver and of gold, marched into the Bosquet, the music of Lulli's band of twenty-four violins being exchanged for that of martial instruments. When they had taken their places, a large car, made to imitate the chariot of the Sun, was slowly moved into the ball-room by concealed means, conveying the Sun, surrounded by the four Ages of gold, silver, iron, and brass; the Seasons, the Hours, and other mythological characters. On arriving opposite the point where Louis was sitting, the colossal machine halted, and Spring addressed a complimentary oration to the King, involving also some flattering sentences for Madame de Montespan and Mademoiselle de La Vallière—but more especially for the former. When this had finished, the young person who had played the character of Spring, descended from the car, and having offered some rare bouquets to Louis and his favourites, took her place amongst the company. She was the only performer in the masque who did this, being the lovely Françoise de Sévigné—the daughter of Madame de Sévigné—now about eighteen years of age. She had been requested, on account of her extreme beauty and propriety of expression, to play the part,—since, in the fêtes at Versailles, it was not usual for the "*dames de la cour*" to figure.

This portion of the masque having finished, the various mythological personages descended as well, but it was only to bring in a number of long tables, which they placed before the company on the lowest turf-benches of the amphitheatre. These they spread with cloth of gold, and thus gave the signal for another large piece of mechanism to enter, representing a mountain, on which were seated Pan and Diana. When it stopped, these deities opened various parts of it, and, aided by the others, brought out an exquisite collation, which they placed upon the tables, the music playing all the time. At the first sight of the banquet the Abbé bustled off to find a place at the tables; and Jean Blacuart, not wishing to lose the caste which he imagined he had acquired, and knowing that he could not join the feasters, turned upon his heel into the gardens, to see if anywhere he could discover Maître Picard.

Few who had seen Marie de Brinvilliers, as she mingled in the dances which had been taking place before the appearance of the pageant, would have conceived that any other feelings but those of mirth and excitement amidst the glittering throng by which she was surrounded, were paramount in her bosom. There was the same kind expression—so terrible in its quietude had her heart at that time been laid open,—the same sweet features, almost girlish in their contour, (for although she was now thirty years of age, she could well have passed for eighteen,) which all admired so much. And when she smiled, the witchery that played around her rosy mouth,

as her parted lips displayed that most beautiful set of teeth, whose dazzling whiteness had been the theme of more than one court epigram, captivated by its spell all who came within its magnetic influence. Of all that lovely throng of women who graced the court of Louis Quatorze—the bevy of fair dames, so many of whom swelled the conquests of that heartless, selfish, *roué* monarch—the Marchioness of Brinvilliers was the most fascinating. And this fair creature, who now, in the light of her peerless beauty, of which she seemed unconscious, moved gracefully in the dance—this fearful woman—had broken up a home; deserted her children at an age when a mother's guidance was all they needed, with an unnatural indifference towards her offspring that one might have sought for in vain amidst the lowest animals; and adding parricide, as a *coup* to her already dark career, was yet but on the verge of the terrible line she had marked out to be pursued. Woman, in her love and gentleness—in her ministering care and patient endurance, when all the holiest attributes of her sex exist in her character, approaches far nearer to the angel than her companion, man. Alas! it is equally true, that in the absence of these characteristics she sinks far deeper in approximating to the demon!

Gaudin de Sainte-Croix had studiously avoided Marie in the Salle de Bal. The reports which had crept about Paris rendered them both cautious, for the present, of their deportment, although they were about to set all restriction at defiance. Whilst she was dancing, he had walked out into the gardens of the palace, that the night air might come cold and refreshing upon his brow, fevered with the events of the last few hours. He had told her, as he left, where she would find him when the dance concluded; and he now sauntered towards the rendezvous in question.

There formerly existed in the gardens of Versailles, at the right angle of the central body of the palace, where the north wing now stands, a fountain and cavern of marvellous construction, called the Grotto of Thetis. The chapel at present occupies its site, built by Louis in 1699, when, under the influence of Madame de Maintenon, his pursuits changed from those of the most unbridled licentiousness to the extreme of devotion. The statues which it contained, with some fragments of its structure, may be seen, at the present day, by the visitor to Versailles, in the *bosquet* of the Bains d'Apollon. Three arcades, closed by iron doors of exquisite workmanship, formed the entrance to this grotto, on one of which a representation of the sun, gilt and highly polished, was so artfully contrived as to catch the rays of the real setting sun, and throw an almost magic light into the interior. All the artists that Louis XIV. had about him were employed in turn to ornament this delicious retreat. Perrault had designed the architecture, and Lebrun the figures, with the exception of the principal group, which was by Girardon, still existing, and representing Apollo attended by his nymphs, in the midst of the sheets of water flowing on all sides over rock-work of mother-of-pearl and coral.*

* A Siamese prince, rejoicing in the name of *Tan-oc-cun-erivi-saravacha*, who formed part of the Siamese embassy in 1684, thus speaks of this group, in a "letter to a friend:"—"Tu sais quel est le mortel que ce dieu représente: quant aux nymphes, si tu connaissais comme moi l'histoire secrète de la cour, tu comprendrais sans peine à la place de qui on les a mises là. Je ne trouvais pas d'abord que cela

It was in this retreat, lighted by a few illuminated shades, which cast a subdued warm light upon the groups of statuary and plashing water, that Gaudin awaited the Marchioness. Nor was he long in expectation. Little time elapsed before Marie's step was heard upon the terrace, and she entered the grotto. Gaudin took her hand and led her to a seat. There was still no trace of emotion from the late terrible intelligence: her hand was cool, and her step equal and unflinching. On the other hand, Sainte-Croix was pale and agitated: he might have felt less than the Marchioness, but his outward demeanour was a clearer index to his feelings.

"Why do you not speak, Gaudin?" asked Marie, as her lover had remained some minutes in silence: "and you are pale as this cold marble! What has occurred?"

"It is the ghastly light of the lamp," said Gaudin. "I am well—quite well—could I be otherwise when all has prospered?"

"I will tell you what you are thinking of," returned the Marchioness, as she riveted her basilisk eyes upon Sainte-Croix: "I should be but a poor enchantress if I could not read your inmost thoughts. It is the reaction of your spirit, Gaudin. The cord has been stretched too tightly, and it has broken;—you know that a fearful tie has now bound us to each other, and for the first time you feel that I am a clog upon your free actions."

"You are mistaken, Marie," replied Sainte-Croix with energy, although every word of the Marchioness thrilled through him. "I may call Heaven to witness—"

"Heaven!" exclaimed his companion, interrupting him, and clutching his arm with nervous force, as a sneer played over her beautiful lips,—“do not invoke that power again, Gaudin: what have we to do with Heaven now? I put as little faith in your protestations made before it, as you do in its testimony to your truth.—We are both without its pale,” she added coldly.

"What can I say, then, that you will trust me? Is there any oath I can take that will give my asseverations weight with you, Marie? How will you believe me?"

Gaudin half knelt before her as he spoke, and the large drops of agony stole over his brow. He saw that the Marchioness was trying her power over him, now that they had been so fearfully bound to each other,—that she was playing with his feelings, until they could be broken, and rendered servilely subservient to her will.

"What oath will you have me take?" he continued, as he threw the whole intensity of his soul into every word. "Marie!—answer me, I implore you,—if not from love, from pity at what I have undergone. If you will not think of me as I believed you did, look on me as an animal that was in pain and suffering from an evil you had caused. What means this fearful revulsion of your feelings?"

He grasped her hands whilst he spoke, until the Marchioness felt them as though they had been in a vice of hot iron. But she returned no answer. That fearful aggravation which woman can exert with such crushing power,—that frigid and apparently insensible demeanour, the colder in proportion as the heart she has drawn into her toils is anguished and convulsed, was driving Gau-

fut déraisonnable, parceque je pensais que la polygamie régnaît en France comme à Siam."

din to distraction. "Marie!" he again cried, "do you not believe in the love which I bear for you?"

"It is not love, Sainte-Croix," at length she replied. "A *liaison* like ours has little love to nourish its continuance; passion and jealousy can be its only ties of endurance, and sooner or later it must end in misery. It is my turn now to say,—let us part, for ever."

"Part!" cried Gaudin rapidly,—“never! What fearful change has passed over your feelings? How can I assure you of my truth, Marie. Think on what I underwent for your sake in the gloomy cells of the Bastille. Look at me now—at your feet, so blindly, servilely in your power, that I could hate myself for such concession, had not my reason taken flight before your influence over me. Be satisfied with the crime—by committing which both our souls are lost—as a sufficient safeguard of our future attachment; if you will take no more human assurance. Believe in me, if not from truth, from mutual guilt, and reign my sole, adored one.”

Subdued by his overcharged feelings, his head fell upon the lap of the Marchioness as he uttered the foregoing words with wild and impassioned energy, and he burst into tears. It is a strange sight, that, of a man weeping: and when Marie saw a man like Gaudin de Sainte Croix thus overcome and at her feet, she was for the moment affected. But she returned no answer; and would have remained silent until her companion in guilt and passion again spoke, had not a sudden interruption diverted her attention. A short hurried moan, which, low as it was, teemed with anguish, sounding from the group of figures as though one of the statues had uttered it, caused her to start affrighted from the coral bank on which she was seated. Sainte-Croix also heard it even through his excitement, and started to his feet; whilst the Marchioness rushed immediately behind the statues to discover the cause. There was another cry of alarm, and she returned leading forth Louise Gauthier. The girl had sought a retreat from the glare and tumult of the crowd within the grotto, previous to Sainte-Croix's arrival, and on his approach had retired behind the statues to conceal herself, imagining until he spoke, that he was some loungee who had entered merely from curiosity, and would soon depart.

The calm expression on the features of the Marchioness for once gave way to a withering look of hate and jealousy. Gaudin started back, as the words "Louise Gauthier here!" burst almost involuntarily from his lips; and then, paralyzed by the sudden apparition of the trembling Languedocian, he remained silent.

The Marchioness was the first to speak.

"So!" she exclaimed, quivering with emotion, in a voice almost stifled by her anger; "this was the reason that you named the grotto for a rendezvous, and it appears I came too soon. There—take your latest conquest—the servant of Madame Scarron. She is yours,—we meet no more."

With a glance of contempt at Louise, she threw her arm away, and, impelling her towards Sainte-Croix, was about to leave the grotto, when Louise caught hold of her robe and tried to draw her back.

"Stop, madame," she cried, "you are wrong. I was here by accident,—on my soul, and by our Lady, this is the truth."

There was an earnestness of appeal in her voice that caused the Marchioness to stop. And perhaps her asseveration might have derived additional force from the manner in which she called that power which the others dared not look to, to witness her sincerity.

"But you have met before," said Marie, after gazing at Louise for an instant with the strangest of expressions; "you know each other."

"It was long ago," replied Louise despondingly, as she looked at Sainte-Croix: "I would not have sought him; and yet, after what I have heard,—for not a syllable of your conversation has escaped me,—perhaps Providence sent me here, to save him—to save you both."

As she spoke she advanced towards Gaudin, and took his hand. There was no attempt on the part of the Marchioness to stop her. Her curiosity was singularly roused as she watched the progress of this strange interview.

"Do not speak to me, Louise," exclaimed Sainte-Croix, with averted face, and struggling with his feelings. "Leave me, I beseech you."

"I am going to leave you, Gaudin," she replied; "and I shall never trouble you more. I did not willingly intrude upon you now, for I knew that all had long since passed away between us,—even the recollection of what once was. I am sorry that we have met."

"You have my thanks for this interposition, girl," said the Marchioness, "for my eyes have been opened through it.—Monsieur de Sainte-Croix," she added coldly to Gaudin, "there is little confidence, it appears, between us. I should be sorry to come in upon an old attachment. This *lady* can still be yours."

"Heed her not, Marie," cried Sainte-Croix, after a powerful effort to master his feelings. "I had no other motive in concealing this from you, than the wish to spare your feelings. Believe in me still. This has been madness—infatuation—call it what name you will, but you are the only one I ever loved."

And he advanced towards the Marchioness; whilst Louise, pale as death, gasped forth hurriedly,

"This is indeed cruel; but even now you have yet to learn what woman can put up with from affection. You know your secrets are in my possession."

"You threaten us!" said Marie furiously.

"Far from it," replied the other: "I would save rather than destroy you.—Gaudin! I am ignorant what fearful influence has spell-bound your better feelings; but I know that such is not your nature. Have I the slightest power—discarded, heart-broken as I am—that can snatch you from these fearful toils?"

"Our absence will be remarked," observed the Marchioness coldly to Sainte-Croix: "let us rejoin the court."

"Hear me," cried Louise, seizing Gaudin's hand, "for the last time perhaps on earth—hear me, Gaudin. By the recollection of what we once were to each other, although you scorn me now; and the shadowy remembrance of old times, before these terrible circumstances, whatever they may be, had thus turned your heart from me, and from your God. There is still time to make amends for all that has occurred. I do not speak for myself, for all those feelings have

passed ; but for you alone. Repent, and be happy,—for happy now you are not.”

Gaudin made no reply, but his bosom heaved rapidly, betraying his internal emotion. Once he turned towards Louise Gauthier, as if to speak : the words died on his tongue.

“This is idle talk,” said the Marchioness, as she drew Sainte-Croix to her side. “If you would not be taken for our accomplice, girl, you will keep silent as to what you have heard. Sainte-Croix, you are stupefied by this person’s raving. Will you not come with me, Gaudin ?”

She seized his hand, and, rapidly changing the tone of anger she had adopted to one of softness and affection, gazed tenderly at her lover, as her fair countenance resumed its tranquillity, and her eyes, beaming with gentleness and light, looked into Sainte-Croix’s, with an expression that thrilled his very soul.

“Marie !” cried Gaudin faintly, “take me where you list. In life, or after it,—on earth or in hell, I am yours—yours only.”

A flush of triumph passed over her face as she led Sainte-Croix from the grotto, leaving Louise Gauthier clinging to one of the statues for support,—so pale, that she might have been taken for another figure of the group, but for the violent emotion that agitated her slight and trembling frame.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Gascon goes through fire and water to attract attention.—The Brother and Sister.

DURING the stormy interview we have just narrated, the festivities were proceeding with unflagging splendour. The repast in the Bosquet de la Salle de Bal had finished, and the company were now thronging along the Tapis Vert, towards the Bassin de Neptune, whereon some magnificent fireworks were to be displayed. Beyond this the canal was illuminated by coloured lights placed round its edge, and quivering in the water by reflection ; and a number of small boats, similarly decorated, passed to and fro, until they were almost lost in the distance. A species of vast tent, open towards the water, had been erected at the extremity of the Tapis Vert for the reception of Louis and his court : the inferior guests, who were not supposed to be sensible of any difference of temperature, stood about upon the grass, wherever the best view of the *feu d’artifice* was to be obtained,—for to witness this portion of the fête the people were admitted to the gardens indiscriminately ; the royal guard, however, forming a sufficiently impregnable barrier to keep them from intruding too closely upon the presence of the monarch and his favourites.

Amongst the crowd was Jean Blacquart, who had escaped from the Abbé, and, having discovered Maître Picard, was pressing forward to obtain a front place, where his martial dress and gay ribbons could be seen to the best advantage, even at the risk of being pushed into the basin. Several of his old acquaintances were near him,—*bourgeoisie* of the Quartier Latin, and students at the schools. Amongst these latter Philippe Glazer had mounted on to one of the urns, which stood on pedestals surrounding the basin, for the double

purpose of obtaining a better view of the exhibition, and addressing, from time to time, those amongst the crowd whom he knew, and a great many more whom he did not; and, as the court had not yet arrived, his verbal tournaments with such as he chose to joke with, or at, produced great mirth amongst the bystanders.

"Maître Picard," cried Philippe, "take care of your feather; you are burning it against the lamp."

The little *bourgeois*, who was below, turned hurriedly round, and took off his hat to look at it. Of course nothing was the matter. The people began to laugh.

"Pardon, *bourgeois*," continued Philippe; "I mistook your red face for a flame, as it was reflected in your halberd. I forgot you had been used for a lamp yourself before now. Do you remember the '*lanterne*' in the Rue Mouffetard? I'm afraid the rain almost put you out."

"*Polisson!*" cried Maître Picard very angrily, as he recalled the adventure. "I shall trounce you and your graceless fellows yet. You will all come to the gallows."

"Of course we shall, — the day you are hung," replied Glazer. "You may count upon our attendance."

There was another burst of laughter from the bystanders, and Maître Picard waxed wrathful exceedingly. He turned the halberd upside down, and made a blow at Philippe with the long wooden handle of it. But the student, as he was perched upon the urn, caught up his sword in its scabbard, and warded off the blow, so that it was turned on one side, and the pikestaff descended with all its weight upon the head of Jean Blacquart, who was directly underneath, crushing his fine hat, and nearly sending him into the water.

"*Ohé, messieurs!*" shouted Philippe, without giving the *bourgeois* time to recover himself. "The King! the King! He is coming to the pavilion."

"The King! the King!" echoed the people, imagining, from Glazer's elevated position, that he could see what was going on. Maître Picard immediately bustled through the crowd, and the mob pushing after him, effectually prevented him for the time from returning; which, however, he attempted to do as soon as he found the announcement was a false alarm.

"That was a spiteful blow, Blacquart, and, of course, done on purpose," continued Philippe to the Gascon, who was, with a rueful countenance, re-arranging his hat. "Maître Picard is jealous of you."

"The women certainly do come to the shop very often when I am sitting in the parlour," replied Jean, whose temper was smoothed at once by what he considered a compliment. "Madame Beauchesne, the young widow of the Rue Hautefeuille, is smitten, I am sure: but, betwixt ourselves, talks to Maître Picard as a cloak to her true sentiments. Mass! what a neck and shoulders she used to display!"

"And why does she not now, Jean?"

"*Pardieu!* the curé of Saint Etienne-du-Mont attacked her suddenly during mass, for going to church '*gorge découverte*.' He told her from the pulpit that such display was wrong, for priests were mortal after all. How the congregation shouted again with laughter!"

"I will swear that you are here to captivate some of the court-ladies," continued Theria.

"Nay, hardly that," replied the Gascon conceitedly, as he cocked his hat, and drew himself up as high as he could; "although I did fancy De Montespan eyed me as I stood by the door in the theatre. She has a goodly presence."

Glazer was about to make some reply, calculated to draw forth a fresh outpouring of Jean's Gascon conceit, when he was interrupted by a stranger, who advanced hastily towards the spot where Blacquart was standing, and at once addressed him. His dress was little suited to the festival. He wore large riding-boots, which were dusty, as though he had just come from a journey. His dress, too, was disordered; his hair carelessly arranged; and his general appearance sufficiently marked to attract attention amongst the gay crowd about him, even in the semi-obscurity of the illumination.

"Are you on guard here, monsieur?" he said to Blacquart, scarcely noticing his eccentric accoutrements, which might have prevented him from asking the question.

Jean was flattered at being evidently taken for a real soldier. He boldly admitted at once that he was.

"Can you tell me if the Marchioness of Brinvilliers is at Versailles this evening?"

"She is," returned Jean. "I saw her arrive with Madame Scarion—De Maintenon, as they now call her. And not ten minutes back she crossed the Tapis Vert on the arm of M. Gaudin de Sainte-Croix."

The stranger uttered a subdued oath, as Blacquart pronounced the name.

"Which way were they going?" he asked quickly.

"Towards the pavilion," answered Jean. "I have no doubt you will find them there by this time."

The new-comer returned no answer, but turning hastily away, passed on to the pavilion, which had been erected at the edge of the basin. It was hung with lamps, and he could discern the features of all the company who were assembled in it. His eye ran anxiously along the lines of plumed and jewelled head-dresses, until at last his glance fell upon Marie and Sainte-Croix, who were seated in a corner of the building near one of the entrances. He started slightly as he saw them; and then hurriedly tracing a few lines upon his tablets, he pointed the Marchioness out to one of the pages, who were in waiting at the pavilion, and told him to give the message to her. The boy immediately obeyed his orders. As the Marchioness read the note, her features underwent a rapid change; but the next instant they recovered their wonted unfathomable calmness; and, whispering a few words to Sainte-Croix, she rose from her seat, and left the pavilion. Gaudin waited until she had quitted the building, and then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, followed her.

As she reached the outer entrance, she found the stranger waiting to receive her. It was her brother. She held out her hand to greet him; but he refused to take it, and retreating a step or two, raised his hat, as he received her with a cold salute.

"François!" exclaimed the Marchioness; "what brings you here! Has anything happened to our father? Tell me!"

"He is *dead*, Marie!" replied her brother, with a solemn earnestness, that would have shivered the feelings of any other human being but the one he addressed. "I have left the body not an hour and a half ago, to bring you the intelligence in the midst of the heartless glitter of Versailles."

"Dead!" repeated the Marchioness, feigning the same surprise with which she had received the self-same words from Sainte-Croix such a short time previously. "Dead! and I was not there!"

"No, Marie!" returned François d'Aubray; "and I come to find you at Versailles—in this licentious court, not with females in whom you might have confided your reputation, after what has already occurred; but with the man by whose wretched acquaintance with you the last days of your father's life were poisoned."

Marie started at the words: could it be possible that the cause of death was suspected?

"Ay, poisoned," continued her brother, "as fatally as though real venom had been used, instead of this abandoned heartlessness."

The Marchioness breathed again.

"To whom do you refer?" she asked coldly.

"To Monsieur de Sainte-Croix," replied her brother.

"Who is here to answer any charge you may have to make against him, monsieur," interrupted Gaudin, who just now joined the party.

"You shall have the opportunity afforded you, monsieur," replied François d'Aubray: "but this is neither the time nor the place.—Marie, you will return with me immediately to Paris."

"With you, François?"

"This instant! I have your father's dying words yet echoing in my brain, committing you to *our* care. Are you ready?"

"Surely the Marchioness de Brinvilliers is her own mistress?" observed Gaudin, scarcely knowing how to act.

"She will obey me, monsieur," replied the other. "Come, Marie; you know me."

As he spoke, he seized his sister's arm, and bowing to Sainte-Croix, drew her away.

"You still live in the Place Maubert, I believe," he continued: "you will receive a message from me in the morning. *Viens!*"

He spoke in a tone of authority that Marie felt was only to be disputed by an instant encounter between François and Sainte-Croix, where they were then standing. So, throwing an expression full of intense meaning to Gaudin, she allowed her brother to lead her along the Tapis Vert, towards the entrance of the palace. Gaudin saw them depart, and then going to the stables, had his horse resaddled, and rode at a desperate pace back to Paris, passing the *calèche* in which the Marchioness had been placed by her brother on the road.

Meanwhile, the King and his immediate suite had arrived at the pavilion, and the fireworks were about to commence. Water-serpents and floating pieces of fire were already whizzing and spinning about on the surface of the basin; and one or two men had crossed the water from the opposite side of the fountain to the well-known group, where they were arranging the cases for the grand bou-

quet. Philippe saw this from his perch upon the urn, and determined to turn the Gascon's vanity to some account.

"Your dress is really very handsome, Jean," he observed. "It is a pity that its beauty is lost in the mob."

"I think so myself, indeed," replied Blacquart; "but I have been allowed no opportunity of shewing it off. At court everything goes by interest; and—hem!—I can excuse a little jealousy on the part of the Garde Royale."

"Now, if they will let you light the *feu d'artifice*," said Philippe, "you will be seen by everybody."

"But how can I get to do it?" asked Blacquart.

"Come with me," said Glazer.

And tumbling from his post, purposely, on the head of Maître Picard, who had returned to his position, he shot amongst the crowd, before the bourgeois could contrive to aim another blow at him, and, followed by Jean, got to the other side of the fountain. Here he claimed acquaintance with one of the artificers, who, it appeared, had been under his care at the Hôtel Dieu with an accident; and, by his interest, Jean was furnished with a link, and directed what to do, being inducted into the group along a slight temporary bridge of boards.

In the interim before the grand piece was lighted, Jean arranged and re-arranged his cloak and hat a hundred times; and when at last he applied the light to the quickmatch, and the horses began to blow out fire from their nostrils, apparently in the centre of the water, and the points of Neptune's trident also went off in a brilliant discharge of sparks, Jean was in ecstasies. The people applauded; all of which he took to himself, and would even have bowed in return to them, had not the presence of the King restrained him. But he felt satisfied that, in the glare of the fire, he was plainly visible to all, and this for the time consoled him.

But his evil genius was about to triumph. A number of changes had taken place in the bouquet, when suddenly, and simultaneously from every point of the statues, a column of fire shot up high in the air, and fell again in a shower of flame upon the group, threatening to exterminate the Gascon in its descent. His first impulse was to retreat to the planks, and get to the edge of the basin; but a formidable blazing wheel, forming the back-work of the entire piece, cut off his flight, so that he was driven back again. Thicker and thicker fell the flakes, as the tawdry dabs of lace which hung about his dress caught fire; and his thin, half-starved feather, which gained in height what it lost in substance, also took light. Philippe Glazer, who had foreseen all this, set up a loud huzza, in which those near him joined: the remainder fancied that the figure of the Gascon, as he danced amidst the glowing shower, was a part of the exhibition, and intended to represent one of the allegorical personages who always figured in the masques and tableaux of the period. But at last, he could bear it no longer. His cloak was just bursting into a flame, when, in the agony of his despair, he threw himself into the basin, amidst the renewed hilarity of the spectators, including Louis himself, who, with La Montespan, and even the pale pensive La Vallière, was more amused than if everything had gone on in its proper way.

The reservoir was not very deep, but the Gascon had lost all

self-possession, and he floundered about like a water-god, to the great detriment of so much of finery as yet remained, until he got near enough to the edge of the basin for Maître Picard to hook him out with his halberd, and drag him half-drowned and half-roasted to dry ground.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Rue de l'Hirondelle.

ON the southern bank of the Seine, touching the water-boundary of the Quartier Latin, and running parallel with the river from the Place du Pont St. Michel, which is situated at the foot of the bridge from which it takes its name, there is a dark and noisome street, bordered by tall gloomy houses, and so narrow in its thoroughfare, that the inhabitants on either side of the way can all but shake hands with each other across the footway—for carriages could not pass. It is called—for it exists in all its pristine squalor and wretchedness at the present day—the Rue de l'Hirondelle. The pure air can scarcely penetrate to its reeking precincts; the way is choked up with offal, and things flung from the houses to decay in the streets. The houses are tenanted by the lowest orders, and the dirt of ages has been suffered to accumulate on the walls and passages: in fact, it bears some resemblance to the miserable portion of the "Rookery" still left in London; with the exception, that this Rue de l'Hirondelle is narrower and darker. Gloomy at all times, yet at night the thinly scattered lamps scarcely illuminate its entrance; and he would be a bold man, indeed, who chose to pass along it alone. And in the seventeenth century, before the introduction of street-lights, when the poverty of its inhabitants would not allow them to place lanterns before their doors, it was always in total darkness, even when bright moonlight fell upon the quays and open places.

It was the evening of the funeral of M. d'Aubray, the father. The night was stormy, and the wind howled over the city, as if bearing on its wings the spirit's wailing for the dead, and crying for retribution. Few cared to be abroad: the few lamps had been extinguished after struggling against the blast, and were not relighted: and one window only in the Rue de l'Hirondelle gave token that the houses were inhabited.

In a miserable room of one of the worst-conditioned houses—so ruinous in its appearance, that large black beams crossed the street from its front to the opposite side of the narrow street, to prop it up from falling and crushing those who might be below,—there were two persons seated at a small fire. In one of them, any person who had once seen him could have recognised the Italian Exili, although his imprisonment had left traces of its privations upon his face. His features were more wan: his hair was grizzled, and his eyes had sunk yet deeper, glaring from the bottom of the orbits with riveting intensity. His companion was dressed in a fantastic costume of old black velvet, with a capuchin cowl, which, when worn over his head, nearly concealed his face, and his head was now buried in it,—less, however, for privacy, than to shield himself from the cold draughts of air that poured in through the broken, ill-fitted windows. On a rough table before him were pieces of money, of all

degrees of value : and these he was counting, as he put them away in a box heavily clasped with iron.

"Sorcery is still thriving," said the latter personage, "and we have had a good day. Here are twelve pistoles from the Demoiselle La Varenne, who came to-day suspicious of her new patron, M. Chanralon, the Archbishop of Paris. He has taken up with the Marchioness de Gourville."

"The sister of the *maréchal*?" asked Exili.

"The same. Ho! ho! ours is a brave court!" continued the other with a derisive laugh. "Better be magician than superintendent at the Gobelins. Here is a piece of gold from the same *clique*. Pierre-Pont, the lieutenant of the Gardes-du-corps, is crazy with jealousy for La Varenne. He came to-day for a philtre: he will come for poison next."

"Hush!" exclaimed Exili: "the very echoes linger about these walls to repeat themselves to the next comers. I find liberty too sweet to run the chance of another sojourn in the Bastille, where Sainte-Croix would too gladly see me—curses wither him!"

"He will be here to-night," replied Lachaussée—for such was Exili's companion—"to have his wound dressed. M. François d'Aubray is an expert swordsman, and the Captain found his match on the Terrain last night."

The ex-superintendent alluded to a duel which had been fought on the preceding night on a lonely piece of waste ground behind Notre Dame, frequently chosen for such engagements from the facility of escape which the river on all sides afforded. Gaudin had met the brother of the Marchioness—the *suites* of the rencontre at Versailles,—and had been wounded. He had taken Lachaussée with him as an attendant; for that person, since the affair in the catacombs of the Bièvre, had been leading but a sorry life during Gaudin's imprisonment, and was now assisting Exili in professing the art and mystery of a sorcerer. The cause of the Italian's release from the Bastille was never publicly stated, though many knew it. Threatened revelations, which would deeply have affected those high in position in Paris, procured his discharge within a few days of Sainte-Croix's liberation; and once more thrown upon the world of the great city, he had, under his old cloak of an alchemist, set up for a magician. He had encountered Lachaussée ready to assist him, or to avail himself, in fact, of any chance of livelihood that might turn up; and linked together as they, in a measure, were, by the affair of the Croce Bianca at Milan, had become trusty partners; for the bondages of crime, despite the evil natures of the allies, are firmer than those of honour and friendship. Exili, with the deeply-vindictive and unforgiving disposition of his countrymen, desired only to be revenged upon Gaudin for his arrest and confinement; and Lachaussée, knowing that he was in the power of Sainte-Croix, as long as the letter announcing the crime at Milan was in his possession, was equally anxious for his downfall. More than once he had counselled Exili to instil some poison into the wound as he dressed it, that might have induced an agonizing death. But the Italian patiently awaited his time to pounce, as an eagle would have done, upon his prey. He wished to play with his victim, secretly sure that he would eventually fall miserably, through his agency—and not alone.

"Twenty crowns more," said Lachaussée, as he swept the re-

maining pieces of coin into the chest, "and that from the armourer's wife of the Place Dauphin to shew her the devil! It is lucky her courage did not fail her until after she had paid her money. We should else have been terribly put to our wits to exhibit his highness."

"Unless our interest with M. de Sainte-Croix could have produced Madame de Brinvilliers," answered Exili, as a ghastly smile flitted over his sallow countenance—a dull and transient sunbeam playing upon the face of a corpse.

"And we shall have more money still," said Lachaussée, taking no notice of Exili's speech. "I know two customers who will come after curfew this evening. Witchcraft is flourishing."

"The infernal powers grant that it may not turn round upon us," said Exili. "Recollect, within four days of each other, that César and Ruggieri were both strangled by the devil—at least, so goes the story."

"The solution is easy," returned Lachaussée. "They boasted of favours granted by the great ladies of the court: 'tis a dangerous game to play."

"At all events, the fall of Urban Grandier was mortal. I have no wish to be roasted alive like him. Hist! I hear some one coming up to our room."

A mastiff who had been reposing silently at Exili's feet, having a strange contrivance fastened on to its head, in the manner of a mask, and representing a demon's face, in order that the vulgar might take it for his familiar spirit, uttered a low growl: and the sound of approaching footsteps, stumbling up the rugged staircase of the house, was plainly audible. The next moment Gaudin de Sainte-Croix knocked at the door, and was admitted to the apartment.

"Your unguent has marvellous powers of healing," he said to Exili, after the first salutations. "I am already cured, although the wound had an ugly look."

"I could have put the hurt beyond any leech's skill to cure, by anointing the blade with some pomander of my own make," said Exili. "It would send such venom through the veins, as soon as it pierced them, that human aid would be of little avail. Your wasp stung you smartly as it was; but you see I cured you."

"Unlike the wasp," said Sainte-Croix, "he still retains his sting about him."

"Then render it powerless," replied Exili, fixing his eyes steadfastly on him. "You can do it: more obnoxious insects than François d'Aubray have fallen by our means. The earth has this day enfolded one in its cold dark shroud—the deed and the victim are hidden together."

"A second would excite suspicion," replied Gaudin, perceiving the drift of his words.

"A second, and a third, and a twentieth might pass away with equal secrecy," returned Exili. "Look you, Monsieur de Sainte-Croix,—when men have played with life and death as we have done, even to the perdition, the utter, hopeless ruin of their souls, in whatever state may follow this short fever of worldly existence,—when the triumph of the hour that passes is all our passions crave, and the purity of that which has gone, the misery of the time which is to come, are alike spurned from consideration and forgotten in the wild and heedless recklessness of the present,—in this position

they should have no secrets: all should be in common between them."

"I have kept nothing from you," said Gaudin.

"I do not say you have," continued Exili; "it is to the effusion of my own most hidden knowledge I allude. All that this great city holds of rank, beauty, and power are my slaves. I give the succession to the thirsting profligate, or remove the bar that keeps the panting lover from his idol. These fools and butterflies come to seek me as they would a mere drug-vendor, and little think of what I may have in store for them. There is not one particle of the venom in their crystal drinks which I cannot call back to its tangible state; and when I die, I shall leave the process of the tests behind me, to confound the latest poisoners. But until then, as chemical art at present stands, the traces are inscrutable. Your way is open before you."

As Exili finished speaking, he turned on one side as if to overlook the contents of a small retort that was bubbling over a spirit-lamp at his side; but his gaze was still directed towards Sainte-Croix.

"You would have me send this François d'Aubray to join his father?" said Gaudin, after a minute's pause.

"He is coming here this evening," observed Lachaussée, "and ought to have been here before this."

"You have not given him any of the Aqua Tofana?" asked Gaudin, with a look of alarm.

"Calm yourself, *mon capitaine*," replied Exili with a sneer. "He will not come for poison, but a philtre; and that not for love, but against it. He does not fear the glance of an evil eye: he wishes to turn aside the magic of a fond one."

Those high in position in Paris at this epoch, no less than the humblest and least instructed inhabitants of the city, were accustomed to place the blindest confidence in the predictions and potions of the various fortune-tellers and empirics with whom Paris swarmed, under the names of alchemists, magicians, and Bohemians. The court set the example of belief; and the common people, ever ready to imitate its follies, readily fell into the same superstition. Links in the chain of the wonderful system of espionage which ran through the entire population,—the universal corruption of all classes, especially valets, mistresses, and confessors, which Richelieu had effected,—the astrologers gleaned important information respecting the inhabitants, which they were ever ready to place at the disposal of the best paymaster. The higher orders sought them eagerly, paying them as long as they served a purpose; but, when this was over, a *lettre de cachet* consigned them to the Bastille, and they were generally found strangled in their cells, the murder being attributed invariably to the devil.

"Hark!" said Lachaussée, whose ear had been on the alert to catch the slightest sound; "I can hear some one approaching."

"It should be Monsieur d'Aubray," replied Exili. "He must not see you here, however," he continued, addressing Sainte-Croix. "Step within this cabinet, and you will doubtless find out the feelings of his family towards you."

Gaudin caught up his hat and sword, and had scarcely concealed himself, when the brother of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers entered the apartment.

THE MASQUERADE.

"PRAY, Mr. Pudmore, what kind of an affair is a masquerade?"

"A masquerade, Charles, is a place where Pleasure and Folly play at hide-and-peek in a thousand ways, and all of them either childish or culpable. A masquerade is a resort of the *profanum vulgus*, the low and little-minded. It is a temple of Momus, where nonsense is freely offered as the sacrifice; a house of call to which fools go to make a noise, and to stare at their own image reflected in each other. *There* buffoonery passes for humour, and ribaldry for wit; and there Decorum dies, amid the screams of the fiddle and the groans of the bassoon. Intellect abhors the utter fatuity of such a scene; while virtue shrinks back aghast from its contamination!"

This was not exactly the kind of explanation that Charles Forester sought to obtain from his tutor; but Mr. Pudmore was a bit of a moralist, and hence those ethical touches that predominated in the picture. Shortly after the above passage of discourse a separation for the space of a fortnight took place between tutor and pupil; the former departing for a visit to some friends at Hammersmith, and the latter quitting the paternal roof for London, to see an uncle and aunt, who breathed the air of Duke Street, St. James's. It was at the full tide of the London season, when Fashion holds her congress to transact the affairs of gaiety, and give laws to her gregarious thousands. Life seemed everywhere endued with double action; the streets were swarming; domestic interiors were full of bustle, and tongues were tremulant with talk. This state of things, however, made no impression on the household of Charles's uncle and aunt, which was as dull as if London had been Leamington.

On the tenth evening of his visit Charles was seated alone in the parlour, so spirit-worn as to be without energy enough even to snuff the candles, which were dimly burning and profusely guttering, as if weeping tears of fat at the dreary state of things that prevailed around. It was ten o'clock. "Aunt" had retired more than an hour previously, to be bedded and grueled for a cold; and "uncle" had been away since the morning on distant business, which would detain him till the following day. The force of dullness could no farther go; and Charles's young heart rose with something like resentment against its persecuting pressure. A sudden thought flashed into his mind as he threw down an untasted book, and rang for the supper-tray. It was the very night which he had seen advertised as that of the grand masquerade to be given at the Italian Opera-house! What if he should break bounds, and venture within the enchanted circle? Mr. Pudmore, it was true, had roundly denounced the whole thing as a mass of evil; but might he not, in his virtuous indignation, have been less just than he intended to be? Might not his description, too, have been drawn from mere report? At all events, there *must* be some *fun* in the thing; and, as for the harm, there could not, for once in a way, be so *very* much of that; and so, hey for the experiment!

Reason, when employed either by very young gentlemen, or by ladies in general, instead of taking short, sober, and regular steps,

jumps like a flea, and thereby comes to conclusions of some kind or other with astonishing rapidity. Having thus arrived at his resolution, Charles made a confidante of the servant in attendance, and having obtained the accommodation of a latch-key, that useful little mediator between late hours and one's own bed, the young adventurer stepped lightly forth, and was presently advancing with a promoted pulse towards the scene of his anticipations. A huge convexity, with protuberances that parodied human features, caught his eye at the door of an illuminated magazine in the Haymarket. He entered—purchased a black domino, to obscure his identity—and was soon within the echoing walls of the great house of revelry. The diversions were in high force; for it was a special gala night, under the auspices of that great circulator of the bottle, Charles Wright of sparkling memory, who was at that time in the strength and full flavour of his repute. To afford the utmost scope to the entertainment, the pit had been raised by a new floor to a level with the stage; whilst all the available resources of the house, in chamber, ante-chamber, and lobby, were thrown open. Music, rich and joyous—lights in festooned and coloured variety—odours from many a floral distillery—a temperature of oriental elevation—and a living, moving mass of figures, “chequered with all complexions of mankind”—helped to make up a scene, the first impression of which, in its mazy totality, was so bewildering, so absorbing, that it was some time before Charles was either able or inclined to individualise with any distinctness, the objects which composed it. His senses were taken captive, and he wandered about in a kind of dreamy state, the sudden effect of compound attraction upon simple inexperience. How splendid appeared the costumes which appared the fitting forms around! how happy the voices which buzzed and whispered about, and came on the ear blended in a sweet confusion with the strains of the floating music! What a quantity of assembled female beauty! how fair the faces in full display! but, above all, how exquisite *must* be those to which the little black dominoes permitted only a half-revelation! With regard to these latter, indeed, it seemed as if all the lovely *mouths* and *chins* in London had been somehow collected for that occasion. “What nice, charming creatures!” thought Charles. His pleasant reverie was a little disturbed by a rap on the head from behind, given him at random by a skipping-rope, with which an overgrown young lady in a pinafore was “making a lane” for herself through the crowd, under the character of a hoyden or tom-boy. Scarcely was this small accident over, when he was almost thrown down by a hoop, which was obeying the impulses of another young lady, whose animal spirits were in a like ascendancy. “Rather less than polite!” thought he—but he passed on, concluding it was a part of the fun.

Among the most striking of the fancy dresses—and one which was really sumptuous—was that of a Spanish grandee, who was exciting no little attention by the ostentatious display of his figure and his finery. This individual wore his own face outermost, with the exception of a superinduced nose, which feature, on being unceremoniously meddled with by a Dutch peasant-girl, gave way under the insult, and disclosed the full physiognomy of one who stood to Charles's father in relation of a debtor, and had recently made special plea of poverty and a large family, in explanation of non-pay-

ment. "What a splendid pauper!" said Charles to himself, as he turned away.

The sports proceeded—the animation of personal movement, and the agitation of tongues and trombones increased—groups of dancers, far more active than either graceful or orderly, bobbed up and down from the undulating surface of human heads—and Pleasure, "the reeling goddess with the zoneless waist," made her pervading presence more and more evident. Our young novice, as he continued to survey the motley scene through the loop-holes of his dark visor, began to find that some of the *mouths* and *chins* were not quite so exquisite, for, in truth, their dazzling impression was partly due to the contrast afforded by the black dominoes. The happy voices, too, seemed less happy as their purport became less indistinct. Of the "winged words" which flew about in copious volleys, a very small proportion betokened any connexion with common sense, and a still smaller with wit—though the attempts at the latter, which were by no means infrequent, were aided expressly by a party of ultra-comic professors from one of the minor theatres.

A confused rush of people towards one spot next attracted Charles's attention. Penetrating as well as he could into the bustle, he heard the term "pickpocket" in free circulation, while several persons were compressing within their grasp a masked and cloaked figure, who was struggling and protesting innocence. The mask was roughly torn from his face: painful to view was the opposition presented by the real, fear-whitened features to the grotesque ruddiness of the mask; and much amazed was Charles to recognize one who had been, two years before, a valued and exemplary servant in a family that was intimate with his own. Charles was about to yield to a strong impulse, and stand forward as the advocate of what might be oppressed innocence—when lo! the *corpus delicti*, the missing pocket-book, fell palpably out from beneath the man's dress, and put an end to the hope of interference in his behalf.

The gravity of the reflections furnished by this incident did not, of course, improve Charles's interest in the levities that were going on around him. He grew tired of such incongruous associations as Edward the Black Prince bandying jokes with Punch and Judy—or a Virgin of the Sun exchanging compliments with Jack-in-the-Green—or even (though not so wholly incongruous) Julius Cæsar congratulating the Marquis of Granby on the possession of a head as bald as his own. The heat, which had become little short of intolerable, made the endurance of a covered face an act of positive fortitude. Besides a full-blowing band in the body of the house, there was another in a contiguous saloon, forcing its rival claims on the distracted ear; and the general *jar* was promoted by a strange variety of interjected sounds from all quarters. In his attempts to make a partial escape from the commotion, Charles puzzled and paced about till he found he had strayed into the outer precincts of the supper-room. There, hilarity was high within, and the lustre of many lights was vivid. Presently the portals were further expanded, when there issued forth into the antechamber—could it be? with that flushed face, that staggering step?—yes, it was—it was Mr. Pudmore himself—Mr. Pudmore in the two-fold predicament of being "*Bacchi plenus*," full of Wright's champagne, and "*non sine candidâ puellâ*," not without signs of feminine company.

Shocked and distressed, his pupil shrank back to let him pass, and then stood transfixed in rumination on the strange discovery. *Here* was enmity betwixt precept and practice! Here was a pattern shewn wrong side outwards! "Ah!" thought the newly-instructed tyro, "I have seen and heard more than enough for one night's experience;—I will remain here no longer."

As he sought again the centre of the saturnalia for his purposed exit, a couple of Amazons, whose bulk and behaviour marked them for more than Amazonian, were busy at a fistic encounter, in which some heavy blows and hard epithets were exchanged before authority could step in to "deracinate such savagery." He hastened to quit the temple of discord, stripped the black anti-respirator from his face, and felt the purer atmosphere of the streets at once a reproach and a relief.

Charles Forester was far from being enough of a casuist to be able to weigh and determine the amount of moral evil that might belong to the sort of entertainment he had just witnessed; yet he could not help feeling, on the whole, that the Pudmorean picture had done no *very* great injustice to the scenic original; and that one visit to such an exhibition might well enough suffice for a life. His boyish and imprudent frolic had, however, as it turned out, brought him some little advantage; for he had learned from three breathing examples, that there are masks in real life far more deceptive than any which are worn at a masquerade; and he had obtained, in particular, from his own unconscious tutor, a practical illustration of the difference between a moralist and a moral man. The lesson was disagreeable, but might be useful.

On his return home to Uxbridge, Charles made no mention to his parents of the masquerade affair, being anxious to avoid injuring his tutor, though he could not now respect him as before. As for that correct Latinist himself, he was greatly mortified on being informed by his pupil that he had *seen*, but should not *sing*, his late metamorphosis; nor did his mortification much abate until it found vent in a little bit of malice against poor Charles Wright, whom he chose to connect, in the way of cause or agent, with his own lapse. Mr. Pudmore, like Martial, had a turn for epigram; and the wine-merchant, it should be observed, had about that time prosecuted unto damages a literary journal, which had committed the mistake of treating his wines as *compositions*. Mr. Pudmore thereupon penned a quartrain, as follows:—

"Wright boldly writes up, "Wright's Champagne," as his;
Yet Wright denies to wage the right to quiz.
Wright's wrong; for, if Wright *made it not*, I 'd fain
Ask what right Wright has to write *Wright's* Champagne?"

With this effusion, of which he could not refrain from giving Charles a private copy, Mr. Pudmore threw off in part his uneasiness; but from that period he became less prone to indulge in the loftiness of moral declamation; and would rather lower than raise his voice whenever, in teaching elocution to his pupil, he had to deal with a passage of that character in an ancient or modern author.

G. D.

THE PLUM-PUDDING.

TOWARDS the end of the last carnival, M. Aubertin, a rich banker retired from business, sat at his fireside with his friend, M. de Marans. It was about midnight; M. Charles Aubertin, the son, and the ladies of the family had mentioned in the course of the evening their intention of visiting the masked ball at the Opera-house, and, in fact, had gone thither for an hour or two. The conversation soon became enlivened between the two old cronies.

"My dear Aubertin," said M. de Marans, "I cannot comprehend the obstinacy with which you persist in opposing the union of your son with Madlle. de Morris, who is a young person all perfection, if such exists, tolerably rich, and of a family quite unobjectionable. Then, to all appearance, they love each other, and—"

"It is not I, my friend, who throw any obstacle in the way of this marriage; it is Madame A."

"I know it; but what are her reasons?"

"Ha! ha! reasons? reasons?—you know as well as I do she will not give any."

"Listen, Aubertin; you are a reasonable as well as a prudent fellow; you have ever been so. I have never seen but one fault in you, which has often clouded your good qualities, and that is jealousy."

"Ha! jealous—I am no longer so. You have seen my wife depart for the opera ball, without my being tempted to accompany her."

"I believe you; she has turned the corner of fifty! Then I do not think you are any longer jealous. I am not sorry to perceive that you have been so during twenty years at least, as this long jealousy has put your love to the proof."

"Yes, I have been very fond of my wife."

"That fondness," resumed M. de Marans, "which I am far from blaming, has permitted Madame Aubertin to assume a great empire over you, and just now she abuses it."

"You believe me, then, very weak?" exclaimed M. Aubertin.

"So weak," replied his friend, "that you know not even the motive of your wife's refusal."

"Who has told you so?"

"You yourself; but, since you know it, tell it me, then, and at least let it be probable."

"It is very consistent."

"Let us see."

"It is about a plum-pudding."

M. de Marans drew back on his chair. He looked attentively at his friend, and appeared to seek in his eyes the fatal sign of his being about to take leave of his senses. The countenance, however, of M. Aubertin was calm and mild, although somewhat cast down.

"Yes, a plum-pudding."

"Come, come," resumed M. de Marans, "let us talk seriously. Are you joking?"

"Not at all. You know that it is my favourite dish, and that it is not only offensive to the palate of my wife, but she cannot suffer to see it on the table. She would die with hunger rather than taste a morsel of it."

"I know that; but what has that to do—"

"It was necessary to call her repugnance to mind before relating to you, as I am about to do, what passed at my house, now nearly two-and-twenty years since."

"At the time when you had your fit of jealousy?"

"Precisely. My wife was then about eight-and-twenty. I was still in business; we received much company; M. de Morris visited us very often."

"The father of her whom your son wishes to marry?"

"Just so. If you had known him in those days, you must recollect that he was a handsome cavalier, amiable, lively, and whose assiduities might well give cause for jealousy,—and so did I become jealous."

"I know you were," said M. de Marans; "I recollect it all, my friend. I would lay a wager, for all that, that this jealousy had no just foundation, and that you mistook for realities the phantoms of your unsound mind."

"You would lose, my dear A., did you make any bet of the kind."

"I defy you to prove it."

"Nothing is more easy."

M. Aubertin got up from his seat, and went to knock with the back of his hand on the wall of the parlour: the wall gave a hollow sound.

"You know," said he, "that there once was a certain Denys at Syracuse, who made use of similar means to arrive at the secrets of his friends; a king of England copied him, and they called this hiding-place '*The King's Ears*.'"

"Truly?"

"Yes; in the early days of my marriage I constructed there a small recess, the existence of which no one ever suspected, and from whence was heard all that was said in the parlour. I got into it by a door skilfully concealed; and, when they thought me far away, there I was snug."

"What indelicacy! Aubertin, I should never have thought you capable of it."

"You are right. I do not seek to defend myself. But recollect that I had a beautiful wife, that I was jealous, and that I am telling you the story of a plum-pudding. Besides, I assure you it is more than ten years since I set foot in that hiding-hole, and I have even lost the key of it. I could then follow at will the progress of the passion of M. de Morris, and his course of seduction with my wife. I listened every day to the lover becoming more tender,—the beloved wife at first opposing her love for me, then her duties, her regard for her son, the same of whom it is this day a question if he shall be married or not to the daughter of the seducer: and M. de Morris urged his love, which would be eternal; he offered his fortune, his entire life; he would carry off my wife—conduct her to the world's end! One day, at length, his passion no longer knew any bounds; it burst forth in reproaches at not being loved in return, and Madame Aubertin said to him in broken accents and in tears, that she would not deliver to him the secrets of her heart; but that perhaps he had nothing to complain of, and that it was possible he was not the only one unfortunate. In a word, she gave him to understand, that I was the only obstacle to his happiness; and that, were I *hors de combat*, she should be happy to acknowledge his love and devotion."

"Indeed!" exclaimed M. de Marans.

“It was at least what M. de Morris understood her to mean,” continued M. Aubertin; “upon which he exclaimed, that I had been created to render him the most unfortunate of men: he reiterated that, without me, his life would glide away smooth and happy; and though he had not dared to avow all his hatred, nor express in precise terms the charitable wish of seeing my widow put on her weeds, he said sufficient for Madame Aubertin to stop him, by observing, that I was her husband, and that those were wishes and words which she could not listen to. They separated in sadness, and I came out of my hiding-place—what was to be done? My rival was loved, or at least on the point of being loved. Never did a jealous mortal suffer as I did; during two days I harboured a thousand projects in my mind. On the third day a servant came and knocked at my door. ‘Who’s there? What do they want with me?’ said I.

“‘It is the cook, sir, who wishes to speak to you,’ said the servant.

“‘My cook! what can he want with me?’

“‘He has perhaps some favour to ask of you,’ said my wife. ‘Go to your room and receive him.’

“‘I have nothing to conceal from you,’ replied I to Madame Aubertin; ‘especially with my domestics. Let him come in.’

“The cook entered—pale, grown thin, and with a mysterious air, which is the index of some impending catastrophe.

“‘What has happened to you, Rigaud?’ said my wife to him, whom this *figure renversée* had terrified.

“‘Ha, Madame!’ replied Rigaud, his cotton cap in hand. ‘If you but knew—’

“‘Speak, Rigaud!’

“Rigaud had received a letter without a signature, in which he found a bank bill of a thousand francs, and the promise of a like sum, provided he would put in his plum-pudding—a dish that was to be prepared for me alone—the contents of a *small* phial, which was joined to the letter. He was assured that it would only render the plum-pudding more palatable.

“The honest cook gave me this letter, and drew from his pocket the phial of which he had been speaking. I took the phial. I examined the contents of it, and on pouring out some drops on a bit of sugar, I gave it to a little dog that my wife was very fond of, to eat. Scarcely had the poor animal touched the poisoned food, when his limbs became stiff, his eyes began to wander, and he soon fell dead on the carpet.

“‘Oh heavens! it is poison!’ exclaimed my wife; and throwing herself into my arms, she bathed my face with her tears.

“The cook, motionless from fear, prayed of me to accompany him to the commissary of police, to make his declaration there; but I, calm, and with *sang froid*, praised the fidelity of Rigaud. I acknowledged that I owed my life to him; and giving a bank bill of a thousand francs to replace that which had been promised to him, I recommended him to pay attention to my plum-puddings. When I was alone with my wife, she began to weep,—she overcame me with marks of her love.

“Another in my place might have been curious to assist at the first meeting of M. de Morris with my wife. As for me, I knew Madame Aubertin so well,—I had so well seen all the horror which the projected crime had inspired her with, that I was certain that an inter-

view would never take place. In short, Madame Aubertin—terrified at a passion, the violence of which had led to a cowardly attempt to poison me—managed to let M. de Morris know that he would no more be received at her house; the latter piqued at this conduct, very soon contrived to get married himself.”

“ Ah !” exclaimed M. de Marans, “ the story you have just related to me is fearful ; and I am no longer astonished that Madame Aubertin should dislike to be connected with him. That which surprises me most is, that you do not share her aversion and her contempt for M. de Morris.”

“ For M. de Morris !” replied M. Aubertin, “ why ! do you believe he wished to poison me ?”

“ And who, then ?”

“ Ha ! It was I myself ! Yes ; it was I who wrote a letter to the cook, and who sent the poison.”

“ You—you—Aubertin ?”

“ Not a doubt of it. M. de Morris, while looking upon me as the only obstacle to his happiness, suggested to me a thought that I put into execution, and which delivered me from a dangerous rival. It has cost me a pet dog and two thousand francs ; but I do not find that paying too dear for recovering one’s lost tranquillity.”

“ But you have calumniated an honest man—”

“ Who wished to dishonour me. My wife, besides, is the only one who can have any suspicion of it—but then I was jealous. This day, now that twenty years have rolled away since this adventure took place, and I see no more with the same optics that I did then, I blush at my conduct, I accuse myself as you do. You understand, however, that I cannot either disclose this secret to my wife, nor disapprove her conduct.”

“ And your son will be unfortunate. Madlle. de Morris will never marry him whom she loves, because you have calumniated her father !”

At this very moment the door of the parlour opened, and in came Madame Aubertin.

“ You there, Madame ?” said the husband to her, looking at the clock, which was on the stroke of one. “ I thought you were at the opera ball ?”

“ No, sir,” replied she “ I have requested my son to accompany the ladies there ; and I have profited by the leisure it has afforded me to reflect on the marriage proposed to us. I have changed my mind, sir ; I now give my consent to that union. I cease to oppose it.”

“ Truly, Madame ?”

“ Yes, sir ;” continued Madame Aubertin. “ *A propos*, here is a little key which I have perchance found within these four days ; does it not belong to you ?”

M. Aubertin took the key, cast a sly look upon it, and put it into his pocket blushing.

“ My friend,” said M. de Marans, “ the ears of Denys of Syracuse, and of James of England have risen in judgment against you !”

The husband lowered his head ; his secret was discovered. He was taken, after twenty years, in the trap he had laid himself !

Fifteen days afterwards, his son Aubertin was wedded to Madlle. Julia de Morris.

LITERARY RETROSPECT BY A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

 ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM! The name, as I utter it, with a mournful solemnity, revives—not the dusty regions of the grim metropolis—not the saloons of art, nor the aristocratic bustle of the “private view,” nor the studio of Chantrey, nor the scarcely less complete repose of the fire-side of Wilkie—no! It conjures up images of the sweet, clear Nith, breaking and brackling over its stony bed, as it hastens to the Solway, laving, as it goes, the banks whereon Burns wandered, and where the youth of Cunningham was passed in day-dreams of those high imaginings which bespeak an old age of celebrity.

He was born somewhere in Nithsdale; I cannot say where. I don't mean to be a biographer. I hate the race!—an egotistical, self-seeking, mendacious class of writers, who let you into all that you do not want to know, and cheat you of those vital inquiries—those researches into the heart—those speculations which you would give worlds to answer. Biographer! The very name implies a certain portion of self-deception, and bespeaks a wilful blindness to defects, or a depraved determination to do what is called justice: which justice consisteth in disclosing the littlenesses, the foibles of the dead man,—ripping up his every day delinquencies, or candidly revealing his pecuniary distresses. Who was ever satisfied with the biography of any friend? Who ever knew the portrait when it was drawn and hung up for the satisfaction of publishers? Who ever did not wish that the loved and lamented one had been left alone in the dim obscurity of a nameless grave? Let me touch on one or two bright exceptions. I do not deny the excessive, odious merits of Boswell; but wish you to know men as they are? Read the Life of Crabbe, by his son; or of Cowper, by Southey. There stand the poets—not sitting for their pictures with a book in one hand, a ring on the other—but in their every-day dresses, with their every-day feelings, their mild, and child-like failings, (the weaknesses of angels' natures wedded to mortality), their sorrows, their sympathies, their errors, touched with a true but gentle and respectful hand, are engraven on the memory of the heart for ever—that is, if you peruse the volumes slowly, and in calm moments—not at the will of Hookham, nor of Cawthorn—not under the ban of those awful ministers to intellect; no: half-a-sovereign will purchase these treasures to the lovers of portraiture; don't borrow, don't hire—have them, to hold and to keep, to be yours, and to be enjoyed whilst you have eyes to read, or a heart to feel.

For there are the real men—Cowper, the suffering, the stricken, the delicately-vain, the somewhat over-petted idol of woman, the religious enthusiast, the rigid moralist, the weak, the erring, the penitent, stands before you. You behold him in his season of hope,—hope chequered with many shadows. You fancy you hear him laughing and causing to laugh with the fair cousins, who—Lady

Hesketh the one, the loved and lost one of his heart the other—were his destiny; and you trace him, with an intellect more and more frequently obscured, reason's light flickering more and more, until at last all is dark. Oh that a fate so similar should have been his, the noblest of all modern prose-writers, who penned the domestic romance of Cowper's history! Oh that Southey's age should have ended in the gloom of that intellectual night which his magic pencil portrayed—a saint-like sympathy pervading the whole—when he wrote the *Life of Cowper*. There is one passage (I must hasten from this engrossing subject) which, let any one who has never known the mystery of fond and hopeless attachment, read, without tears. I, with my autumnal hair, my grown-up nieces, that villanous thing that would even call me “great uncle,” could it speak,—even *I cannot*. It is the *true* tale of Cowper's life darkly hinted forth in the elegant egotism of Hayley's narrative, but told with simple pathos by Southey. The cousin is beloved—the dire malady, hereditary perchance, visits the poet. The first fatal attack of insanity blights him for ever. The conscientious father, Lord Cowper, forbids the engagement—the lovers separate. Years afterwards, when all intercourse had long ceased, when those once all-in-all were dead to each other—dead, but without the resignation that follows real death,—when nothing but a few exquisite lines, written with that subdued feeling which touches more than passionate sorrow, had referred to the mind unstrung, the jarring chords which none but his Maker's hand could restore,—when all hope, every wish even, perhaps, again to meet, were gone,—the poet receives from some unknown hand the present of a desk, costly and commodious: he guesses the giver and is silent, but the gift spoke volumes of the wounded and constant heart “fixed in its love, though hopeless,” which had chosen this means of considering the comforts of the library of one who was never supplanted in her remembrance by a happier lover. No! the wounded spirit, the humble fortunes of the poet were never saddened by her choice of any other being. They met not! a tacit agreement that any interview, even when time had softened all lights and shadows of their destiny, *must* be painful, might be injurious, was never broken—perhaps by the dead father's wise decree—

“And she, through hopeless years of doubt and pain,
Fix'd in her choice, and faithless, but in vain,”

had but the poor consolation of knowing that her sister, Lady Hesketh's tenderest cares watched over him—and of thinking that when he wrote upon that desk, he would remember *her*. The father was right—the event proved that Cowper ought never to have married; but *why* did they not meet again, when the calmness of a friendship with the tenderness, without the hopes of love, had succeeded to the impatient fondness of youth? I leave the tribes of prudent fathers and anxious mothers to answer the question.

I recur, as from a painful dream, to the remembrance of Cunningham. In the south of Scotland, in that region which bears the name of Nithsdale, or, as the native pronunciation has it, Niddesdale, he was born. I have an impression that his father was a stone-cutter in Dumfries; but the family could trace their descent from a good old stock, and could say, with Bishop Watson, that their mere ancestors

were "neither hewers of wood, nor drawers of water;" for that exalted Christian Bishop by no means laid aside his pride of birth on the altar of humility.

I cannot expatiate in true biographical style, if I would, on Allan Cunningham's origin; I never thought to inquire about it. He was the last man to require birth—the last on whom the adventitious gifts of fortune could cast a lustre. That he wandered in his childhood,—emerging from the town of Dumfries, (or dwelling, I have a notion, in some hill-side farmer's cot during a portion of his youthful days,) to where the lowly farmstead of Ellisland is immortalized by its having once been tenanted by Burns is certain. He must have rambled many a day—indeed, I have heard him describe the scene—to a secluded seat, almost overhanging the river Nith, which Burns called his Hermitage, and in which many of the sonnets of that poet were written. It is now half grown over, as you approach it, with long grass, and the lower branches of trees obscure it; and I almost defy you, without a guide, to find the spot. Beneath it, on a sort of plain, around which murmurs the Nith, lies a fair white house, seated in what is called the Friar's Carse, or (for Cockney readers,) meadow. The Friar's Carse inhabitants—for so the place is called—were Burns's nearest neighbours in his days of decline and coming ruin at Ellisland: and here, too, wandered Allan Cunningham—and these local associations, and these woodland haunts gave to the rising poet the food for his fancy, whilst they furnished also to him whose sun was well-nigh set, the library of the book of Nature. Retiring from Ellisland, Burns would shelter himself from the cares of his unsuccessful farm, in the Hermitage; and for hours, nought but the mournful symphonies of the wood-pigeon, or the thrush's noon-day song would disturb the reveries of a mind over which sorrow held its poetic sway. And here, too, the youthful hopes, and the virtuous affections of Allan Cunningham were indulged in pensive, but not mournful rambles, as his tall and majestic figure might be seen some Sabbath evening, perchance, emerging from a winding path, and standing by the river side.

The Friar's Carse has been immortalized for a reason even nobler than its proximity to Ellisland. Its last tenant has given to its unpretending features, its low site, its simple and sylvan beauties, an interest to every compassionate heart. I must first expatiate one *little* minute on the Friar's Carse. Its present proprietor is Mrs. Crichton, the highly estimable widow of Dr. Crichton, who long was the neighbour of Burns at Ellisland. Dr. Crichton died, and bequeathed to his widow a considerable sum of money to be employed as her judgment directed, in any charitable work. After much deliberation, she established the Crichton Institution—a lunatic establishment for the unfortunate of all classes. It stands upon a hill above Dumfries; the rich pay—the poor are received gratuitously; but all are soothed, relieved, if possible—all are benefited to a certain extent by the munificence which framed the Institution. A kindly spirit dwelt in that Friar's Carse, whereon Burns perhaps may have gazed from his Hermitage, with a somewhat of that soured and mistaken spirit of which his great mind was susceptible. He felt his inferiority of station. Allan Cunningham rose above it. The place, therefore, nourished two poets. It is full of what, in publishing parlance, would be called "their remains." The most

touching memento of Burns lies, however, in the house in which he died, in Dumfries. I rather think they have named the street, Burns Street. You leave the heavy, over-loaded churchyard, full of vulgar monuments of baillies and burgesses, and proceed, asking some matron with unwashed hands, to shew you the way into a narrow street. A bare-footed girl assures you "she is living there"—"she kens the verra hoose." You follow her, and turn into a dwelling wherein that incomprehensible sensation of infinite dirt around about you, in the air, on the floor, on the clothes and person of every one, is coupled with the remembrance of Burns. I wonder with what sensations Allan must have seen the spot!

To me it was indescribably mournful. I ascended three low steps, and, sooner than I expected, stood in the room where Burns died. It is a small, low apartment, corresponding to one similar in size on the opposite side of a narrow passage. A bed (unmade, of course, though it were noon-day), stood in one corner—not the poet's bed. Of him, not a vestige remains, save one:—not a stick of his is left—not a chair,—not a drinking-cup,—not a table,—not even a foot-stool, or a door-mat. Nothing is there in that house of dirt and wretchedness except one thing, that he ever touched, looked upon, or spoke of. The bell which he was wont to ring, and a dirty cord by which it is sounded, still are there. It is enough. No matter *what* object recalls to you the dead; perhaps the simpler the better. I looked at the bell—its occupation gone—for the present occupants of that house are below the ringing bells. I could fancy the poet's emaciated hand, as he stretched it out from his death-bed, to summon aid to the often repeated wants of the broken-hearted invalid. I dared not to sound it. It would have struck upon my ear like a knell; but the mute remembrance spoke to my fancy of long, weary hours of slow consuming disease, in that chamber so close upon the street,—so near to the inhuman sounds of Scottish female voices,—so humble,—so comfortless, and now, so loathed, if not forgotten. I gave the shoeless lass, who stared at me with all her eyes, a sixpence with a grudge, and quitted the house, repeating with a groan his own mournful words:—

"Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,—
How quick Time is flying, how quick Fate pursues!
How long we have lived, and how long lived in vain!
How little of life's scanty space may remain!"

I wandered down by the quay, passing through the foreign-looking streets of the town in disgust. Could not the good burgesses of Dumfries for pity's sake have bought up the humble furniture, once the poet's—the bed which his creditors threatened to take from beneath him as he lay dying—the old arm-chair of his wife? Would not some twenty or thirty pounds have done it all, and have left the last hour of Nature's darling as it was when his excellent widow sank to rest, cherishing her fond pride of him to the last? I am answered—they did not so; and the best and most touching memento of a great man—his daily habitation, his books, his chair, his Bible—are dispersed, heaven knows where! whilst a lumbering monument which he would have spurned and satirized had he been alive, rises within the churchyard of St. Michael's.

I have heard it remarked that Allan Cunningham bore some slight

resemblance to Burns in countenance. I do not believe it: they resembled each other only in the fervent and innate poetic feeling,—only in the simple tastes and lowly origin. Nature, through his ancestry, endowed Allan Cunningham with a powerful, stalwart frame,—a body that would have borne armour with ease—a chest broad—an arm strong—limbs that seemed made for immortality, or at all events, for old age. I lived to see him lay his hand on that arm of iron, and say, with faltering voice—“ My arm—I cannot use it now !”

In the essential characteristics of their minds, Burns and Cunningham differed entirely. Burns was a creature of self-indulgence—Allan, of principle, and consequent wholesome restraint. The romance of Burns's fancy was fevered and sullied by passion. The purity of Cunningham was the same in the season of his youth as in the chastened period of his hallowed and respected age. In fact, although they have often absurdly been compared, there is no parallel to be drawn between these two men, either in character or in genius. In genius, indeed, Burns was one of the few—Cunningham of the many. Burns was of the few who are lent for a while to irradiate their century—to blaze, burn, expire. Allan, one of the many, endowed with high poetic taste, but not with the genius that rushes, like the torrent, over every point and pinnacle of craggy rocks, leaving such an impression on the mind as never dies. Cunningham was like the gentler Scottish *burn*, the streamlet whose clearness scarcely hides the green moss as it flows with a delicious sound, making the banks verdant as it passes, descends the miniature cascade, flows on, and is forgotten.

To his powerful frame, a head of suitable proportions was Nature's gift to Cunningham. An ample forehead, deep-set, thoughtful eyes, that beamed with kindness when he spoke, broad, Scottish cheeks, homely, yet characteristic features, an unelevated nose, a mouth wide and smiling,—these were the lineaments of the poet. I have sometimes thought, as I looked at him from the length of a drawing-room, a crowd of London men with their canes and chapeaux, and of London bare shoulders and ringlets intervening, that he had the air of an old Covenanter, and might have emerged just then, and been in good-keeping with the place, from the Souter's Hole in Crickop Linn, the scene of Balfour of Burleighs' supposed escape, and the scene, too, of many a meeting, and many a preaching of the poor Covenanters, when they clung to the rocks, and were fired upon by English troopers. *There*, indeed, should Allan have been placed, his fine bald head, the locks combed down on either side, as he wore them, his form riding amid the dark crevices of those overgrown rocks, or bending above the winding stream, wearing its way into deep and tortuous channels as it wanders. There,—where Walter Scott, lead by the accomplished owner of the Linn, long mused, stood apart—noted the minutæ of the place in his mind, and again and again reviewed the singular windings of the Linn; and, finally, placed in the Souter's Hole, or seat, whence the Souter, or cobbler, preacher of the Covenanters, used to harangue his congregation, clothing the sides of the chasm—there he placed Balfour of Burleigh in his cavern. The very curved tree by which he climbed, bends still over the Linn,—for taste, the love of nature, the love of history, have preserved the Crickop Linn to the re-

membrance of Scott, of his Covenanters, of Balfour of Burleigh, and even of Allan Cunningham.

For here, *his* footsteps must also have lingered. 'Tis not a day's journey, nor half a day's from Dumfries; and to such scenes, that form, and that face, and the mind which animated them, were far better adapted than the saloons of London.

Do not mistake me: I mean not that Allan Cunningham did not grace the drawing-room—he *did*. Amid all that was frivolous, much that seemed like heartlessness, much that was over-fine, much that was tame, his calm countenance and imposing stature rose in wholesome contrast. It reminded you that something there was stable—that *all* was not folly. It was like viewing an ancient, well-built tower, that had stood the work of time, and could stand the brunt of future ages, amid a crowd of gimcrack villas, every angle of which announced premature decay. In deportment, Allen was staid, dignified, and not without condescension. His was the manly bearing of conscious intellect. There was no assumption; there was no subserviency. I defy any man to have insulted, or looked him down,—any woman, even though she be of the half-aristocratic breed, which is ever insolent, to have said a pert thing to him. Nature had ennobled him: he was not merely a gentleman; at her bidding he was something more. I have seen him in the crowds of Kensington Palace, where the Duke of Sussex lent his royal grace to charm and to enliven even the dull and proud, stand like an isolated oak amid a thicket of saplings. I have detected the littleness of passing as a mere acquaintance, the helpmate of Chantrey; but he was not long isolated. "Come here, Allan," said the Duke to him one evening, passing his arm through that of the poet: the crowd drew back—the Prince of the Blood and the son of the stone-cutter passed on: but Allan's calm and innate dignity received no shock. His eye glistened, as it ever did when a kind thing was said or done; but his Covenanter-looking head could carry the intoxicating draught of royal favour, and feel no ill effects.

The first time I saw Allan Cunningham was when I visited Chantrey's studio with two wilful cousins of mine, now grave mamas. They vowed they would be introduced to him; I washed my hands of the transaction. They declared that I should introduce them: I protested I could not—I had never seen him. They were young, handsome, and determined. What could I do? As we entered the gallery, out spoke the elder to the attendant of the chamber, "Pray is not Allan Cunningham, the poet, here?" The man hesitated: after a moment's reflection, "Yes, ma'am, Mr. Cunningham. Do you wish to see him?" "Tell him," cried my younger torment, hanging on my left arm, "some ladies from—whose name shall we say?" looking at me.—"Oh!—from Mr. Wilkie,—wish to see him." Hereupon ensued a parley: "My dear —, how can you? Suppose he should not know Mr. Wilkie; besides, I do not feel at liberty to use Wilkie's name." "Hush!" cried L—, (I won't betray, even to her daughters, the grave matron who would be shocked if the very youngest of them were to do the like,) "Hush! Who is this grave man in a pinafore coming towards us?"

Covered with a sort of apron, or pinafore, such as good, old-fashioned cooks used to put on while cooking, a small chisel in his hand, his face wearing a puzzled look, and emerging from behind a

half-finished monument, came forth Allan Cunningham. There was that in his manner which rebuked assurance; but as I muttered, blushing for my own weakness, blushing for the effrontery of my fair cousins, the name of Wilkie, his countenance relaxed into a smile. "Ah! Wilkie? He's away to Scotland," was his answer. Possibly he might have been away to New Zealand—I had not seen him for these three months. "These ladies," I muttered in reply, "were so desirous of seeing you, Mr. Cunningham;" he bowed his stately head slightly. "There are some very pretty things here," he returned in his broad Scotch—the broadest Scotch—a Scotch never diluted by the slightest approach to English—a Scotch just intelligible, and that is all.

He led us, as he spoke, to some of the unfinished productions of Chantry. As we conversed, and the enthusiasm of my companions broke forth; and as, inch by inch, we betrayed that we had gone partly, only, to see the sculpture, chiefly to see the poet, he warmed into friendliness. The fame of a poet was nearest to his heart. His occupation under Chantry, by no means an uncongenial one, as I have understood, could not alienate the early rambler over the classic scenes of Ellisland from his true love. Exquisite are Cunningham's early productions; and when I knew him he was still a poet.

The acquaintance thus fraudulently formed, became one of those which never languished, although often interrupted. Worthy of being born in Nithsdale, worthy of dwelling in the same country whence Lucy Countess of Nithsdale issued forth, the heroine of domestic life, at the peril of death, to rescue her lord, Cunningham had a steady, constant, Scottish heart. The English may be warmer than the Scotch, but they are more capricious. Cunningham was always the same—at least to me; his name is coupled in my memory with that of L. E. L., of Wilkie, and Chantry, and many of less note, but of pleasant memory. One touch more; let me rub up my palettes for the last shades, and then let the memory of this good man rest, as far as my pen is concerned, unmolested.

I have described his appearance; I have attempted to describe his expression of countenance: it is far more difficult to give any notion of his conversation. It was not brilliant, but emphatic and original; never overbearing in argument, yet he knew how to maintain his point with Scottish determination. He never said a discourteous thing; he never uttered a vulgar remark. Religion, virtue, sincerity were never outraged with impunity in his presence. I do not know that I ever felt quite easy with Allan Cunningham. Perhaps, to speak humanly, partly because he was so tall. I felt I was looked down upon. I always entertained a deep respect, not only for his intellect, but for his height. Conversation, like a shuttlecock, rebounds from battledore to battledore, when the players are well matched; but could not act upon a church steeple. Another drawback was, not only that Scotch accent, but that Scotch mind. Our North-o'-the-Tweedites have no notion themselves, good folk, how uncommonly unlike they are to English people. Beginning the world upon porridge, instead of bread and milk, the same dissimilarity goes on through life. They are endowed with extra powers to pronounce those hard names which drive one mad, and with ears framed to understand each other

when they speak their head-cracking language. They are lovers of anecdote, and even of long stories; and it requires an apprenticeship to listen to them with effect. When I say, therefore, that Allan's discourse was peculiarly Scotch, I need no further describe it.

The last time I saw him was in Chantrey's studio; we spoke of L. E. L. "I loved her," he said with emphasis; "Mrs. Cunningham had a vast respect for her too." His voice faltered, his speech was even then slightly impaired by a shock of that malady which laid that tall form low,—his arm, his left arm, was enfeebled. The axe was laid to the root of the tree—*his* days were numbered. "Puir lassie!" he said, the tears moistening his eyes "why did she go?" He uttered the words with that deep feeling with which *her* fate inspired all who were worthy of remembering her. The gallery was silent, the hour was early, there was something solemn in his tones. Little, to speak generally, was Allan Cunningham shaken by the attack which had paralysed his arm; his form was still erect. Wilkie was then living; he had heard from him;—he was "well." In a year or more that gallery, so silent then, was still as death; for Death, pointing to the unfinished works, said, "Stop there!" Chantrey had been summoned by imperative decree; Wilkie was no more.—Cunningham, ere yet the marbles had received their last touches from his hands, ere he had obeyed the behest of his friend that all should be completed, had yielded up *his* spirit at his Maker's call.

SCORN NOT THE POOR MAN'S LOVE!

BY WILLIAM JONES.

SCORN not the poor man's love!
Ye know not where its strength doth lie,
Who live beneath a shadeless sky;
Ye cannot fathom woe so deep,
Whose eyes are yet unused to weep;
Heart bound to heart, through trials
keen,
That ease and wealth have never seen;
Soul knit to soul—taught by distress
To seek heaven's aid for wretchedness!

Scorn not the poor man's love!
To him—it is his only wealth,
His stay in sorrow or ill health;
It is the sole unwither'd leaf
That bears the tear-drops of his grief;
It is a benison of good,
To cheer his hours of solitude!
Let other brows be chill,—while one
Regards him still, he is not lone!

Scorn not the poor man's love!
Long hath he toil'd to keep that ray
Unquenched, uninjured by decay.
In youth, when strength would aid its
light,
His shed, though lowly, knew no night;
For virtue, peace, and truth were there.
What cared he for the rich man's gear?
In age, though weaker, worn, and dim,
It yet hath gleams of joy for him!

Scorn not the poor man's love!
The russet garb looks mean beside
The gay habiliments of pride;
The features wan, with deep lines
traced,
Ill suit the mien by beauty graced;
But poverty subdues not love,
Nay, rather doth its freshness prove.
God's presence is with those whom earth
Discards because of humble birth!

Scorn not the poor man's love!
To us, untouch'd by want's rude breath,
We have no woes akin to death;
We tread life's *flow'rs* beneath our feet,
To him the wildest *weeds* are sweet;
And lovely to his simple taste
Are those we cast upon the waste;
For nature is but one small span
Of beauty—to the toilsome man!

Scorn not the poor man's love!
It is a firm and holy tie,
Bless'd by the meek one's God on high!
Devoted, chasten'd day by day,
The bow above his troubled way!
His refuge from the proud man's hate,
His stay, when all seems desolate,
The sharer of his hapless lot,
The guardian spirit of his cot!

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN;

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER LXII.

A GHOST STORY.

“If life be miserable, to live is painful; if happy, to die is terrible: they both come to the same thing.”—BRUYERE.

No school-boy on the eve of “long Midsummer holidays,” was guilty of wilder and more extravagant exultation at making his farewell bow to a rigid tutor, than I at escaping, for a fortnight, from the gloom and horrors, the clank of bolts and bars, the distrustful air of suspicious turnkeys, and the habitual scowl of a growling gaoler—fixed features in a prison scene.

To fair and fertile Devon, with its sunny hills and land-locked bays—glorious alike in climate and scenery—rich in orchards teeming with produce, and valleys smiling with verdure—did I hurry, an eager and well pleased wanderer. Rest would I—such was my firm resolve—for a few hours at Exeter to muse amid the sombre aisles of its time-honoured cathedral; revel in the measured chant of its unequalled choir; and note the havoc which time and change had wrought in a city so loyal and so fair. The “Capital of the West” was soon before me.

There stood Northernhay, with its grateful shade; but where was Samuel Frederick Milford, Esq., with his elaborate harangues on “the expediency, and propriety, and necessity of its preservation?”

The hum of busy tongues still resounded from “The Grammar School;” but where was Dr. Bartholomew—the terror of truants—with his sonorous voice and portentous frown? and “Cy. Coombs,” the unrivalled maker of “everlasting cricket-balls,” bats that “never wore out,” and hoops that never chipped? had he at length forded the stream, and gone to “the pleasant hunting-grounds” beyond it? The peal from the cathedral tower sounded full and musical on the breeze. The vergers, as of yore, preceded the dean; a little band of surpliced choristers, with their merry faces and heedless steps, followed, helter-skelter, after him: but the eye sought in vain for little Canon Heberden, with his thin, reedy, squeaking, penny-trumpet voice, which we godless school-boys made such vain attempts to mimic,—and for jolly Precentor Bartlam, who used literally, not figuratively, to *fill* his stall, and look the while the very type and image of a well-fed, good-humoured, happy churchman. Old familiar faces, too, were missing. Fore Street was alive with the stir and hum of human life and human enterprise: but where was Cooke, the saddler,—the loyal and the humorous—with his matchless “Bulletins,” the spelling so original, the politics so ultra-tory—so devoted an adherent to my Lord Rolle—such an uncompromising antagonist to Lord Ebrington! And Flindell, of *The Western Luminary*, so cruelly forgotten by the party which he so faithfully served; as a public man so shrewd, severe, and keen; in private, so

kind, placable, and generous:—these active spirits, had they passed to another and purer sphere?

While thus busy with the past, the bells of a neighbouring church rang out a muffled knell; a funeral procession hove in sight, and filed slowly down the street. An array of mourners it unquestionably was not; there was not one lugubrious face amongst the party. Some were chatting busily in a low but animated under tone; others gazed on the upturned faces of the surrounding throng, manifestly amused with the sensation which the *cortège* excited. Others looked around them with a self-complacent stare, which, if truly interpreted, said,—“Here am I! bearing my part, and doing my best! What would a procession be without me?” On more than one face sat a sneer and a grin, easily resolved into—“What a farce the whole affair!” Midway in the procession one or two middle-aged gentlemen might be discerned who sneezed, pursed up their lips, and frowned,—did their best, in fact, to look decorous, thoughtful, and impressed; but no tear, no groan, no sob, no sigh could be detected: it “was an agreeable funeral to attend,” as the late Mr. Tulk of Wellingborough—no mean authority in such matters—observed on a somewhat similar occasion. “It was a very comfortable funeral,”—Tulk *loquitur*—“to have anything to do with. No display of vulgar emotion; but everybody happy, conformable, and sociable—as people ought to be on such occasions.”

Worthy man! I wonder if his own funeral was arranged *secundum artem*! How it must have grieved him that he could not conduct it in person!

“Some public character, I presume,” said I to a by-stander; “at least, I infer as much from the attendant crowd.”

“A rich man,” was the reply.

“Left sixty thousand pounds behind him,” added a sullen artisan; a Chartist, I suspected, from his sour, dissatisfied visage; and a drunkard from his slovenly attire.

“Began business with fifty shillings;” chirped a young, merry-looking apprentice.

“And never gave away, during life, to man, woman, or child fifty pence,” chimed in the Chartist: “Oh! he was a worthy citizen; and the poor may well weep his loss!”

“Ha! ha! ha!” chorussed some half-dozen listeners, who evidently understood and enjoyed the irony of the remark.

I turned away.

“They wrong him,” exclaimed a grey-headed old man, following me up with feeble step, and eagerly claiming my attention,—“he was not wholly and altogether bad. He had his feelings. We were boys together some sixty-two years ago; sat on the same form, and spelt out of the same horn-book; and when troubles and losses brought me down to the parish workhouse, he did not disown me, as many did. No: to the last day of his life he allowed me sixpence a-week. God bless him for it! It was a help to me—a great help; and when folks try to blacken his memory, I will always, while I’ve breath, relate the good I know of him.”

“He was a bold, bad, unscrupulous man,” ejaculated a stranger, who had overtaken us; and who, while struck, and even pleased, with the warmth of the aged speaker’s manner, did not hesitate to correct him—“successful, if you will, in his schemes to the last:

but," added he with emphasis, "deterred by no dread of consequences—present or eternal—in the prosecution of his projects. Ah! a frightful secret lies buried with him in that coffin."

"God alone," returned the old man reverently and humbly, "reads the heart, and can unveil its secrets. We all need His mercy. But he that's gone befriended me; and again I say, God bless him!"

"What might be the nature of the offence to which the deceased rich man was suspected of being privy?"

"My way," responded my new acquaintance, "lies through Northernhay up to St. David's Hill. If you have leisure, can accommodate your pace to mine,—I walk but slowly,—you shall have the outlines of a story which, if you relish the supernatural, may, perhaps, recur to you on some dreary winter's evening."

"No pace too slow, and no walk too long, if accompaniments to a ghost-story," I rejoined; and onwards wended we our way through the shades of Northernhay.

"Some years ago," said my companion, "three ladies, sisters, of the name of Paulet, arrived in Exeter in search of a permanent home. That they were gentlewomen, their manners, address, habits, and conversation amply testified. That they were poor, their unwearied inquiries after a detached house, of limited dimensions and very moderate rent, sufficiently indicated. Many a pretty cottage was inspected by them, admired, and declined. The amount of rent was the objection. At length success crowned their search. There was a small, old-fashioned dwelling, in a narrow street leading from Bartholomew's Yard, for which the proprietor was desirous to secure "*a reasonable and responsible*" tenant. A *reasonable* tenant he or she must be who would "ask for no alterations; subject the owner to no outlay; require no papering and painting at the landlord's cost; but take the house as it was." A *responsible* party, moreover, inasmuch as he or she "would be expected to pay the rent quarterly,—punctually—aye, to the very day." To all these conditions the sisters were ready to subscribe: and what charmed the penurious landlord into a conviction that they were "most eligible parties" to deal with, was their ready tender of a year's rent in advance. Such evidence of respectability and good faith was irresistible! That gloomy, isolated, sunless dwelling became the Paulets' home. Whether from pride, or from wounded feeling, or from bitter disappointment, or from the pressure of poverty, which they cared not to expose to the cutting comments of others, the sisters shunned society. The few overtures made them towards familiar intimacy they unanimously repelled. "It is our wish," remarked the elder sister, Joanna, to a lady who called at the cottage with the avowed intention of cultivating the acquaintance of its inmates,—"*it is our wish to lead a life of perfect seclusion. We came hither for that purpose. We have no offering to make to society; ask nothing from it; care nothing about it.*"—"What was to be done with such unmanageable beings? Who could comprehend them? What could be made of them? They should live on a desert island!" So thought the rebuffed lady-visitor, when, to her infinite surprise, and long before her catalogue of questions was answered, the Miss Paulets rose, and coldly, but courteously, curtsied her out of their humble dwelling. And yet, in despite of their

narrow resources, the freezing coldness of their manner, and their apparent antipathy to their kind, these isolated women conciliated respect. The petty meannesses but too often committed by those whose resources are ample, they systematically scorned. Delay and evasion in money matters was shunned by them. Debt they abhorred, and credit they declined accepting. Their sole dependant, —a poor widow who thrice a week went to help them in their household duties—they kept no servant,—averred that by none of her employers was she ‘so kindly and liberally treated as by the sister ladies; and that Miss Penelope Paulet had the heart of a queen.’ Their charity was less open to observance. It was necessarily limited, and rarely forthcoming. But when bestowed, was effective, discriminating, and invariably adequate to the object it was meant to accomplish.

“Meanwhile, it transpired, by means of the postmaster—Mr. Aust then ruled the world of letters at Exeter,—that the Miss Paulets received very frequently packets franked by a marquis. Moreover, a remark from worthy Robert Russell,—would that all bankers had the high principle, kindly feelings, and manly frankness of that exemplary man!—was overheard on one occasion to the effect—that he had ‘twice a year to make these retired ladies a small money payment on behalf of some Lord—he forgot the name—and he supposed *that* didn’t much matter, so long as he held the money!’ So that proud, and reserved, and distant, and disdainful as was the bearing of the two elder sisters, they stood well with the community. The tradesmen declared they were ‘*safe*,’ and described them as ‘born ladies;’ while the poor asserted that the Miss Paulets ‘minded well *where* they gave their money; but that to whom they were friends they were rare friends:’ and crowned this description by the wish ‘that all the ladies’ sixpences were seven-shilling-pieces.’

“It was about this period—some three years subsequent to their arrival in Exeter—that a professional man from London sought them out, with reference to landed property in Antigua, on which they maintained they had a claim. The then possessor of the estates wished to sell them wholly or in part; but could give no title without the individual consent and attested signature of each of the three sisters. The eldest—Joanna—was the first on whom Mr. Wheedle essayed his powers of persuasion. He assured her in the most silky phrase, that her signature to the deed which he produced was a mere matter of form; that owners of the estates in question neither she nor her sisters could ever be; that the present holder was the rightful possessor; that his claims were unassailable; that no injury could possibly result to either of the Miss Paulets by the course now recommended—a course which common courtesy, and the received usages of society, and Christian feeling alike dictated.’ Miss Joanna Paulet laughed. ‘And you are really,’ said she, referring to his card, ‘Mr. Wheedle, of No. 22, Gray’s Inn?’ Mr. Wheedle made an affirmative, and, as he conceived, most gentlemanly bow. ‘And have undertaken this long journey’—in those days it was a journey: a five-and-forty hours’ affair!—‘to tell me this monstrous—fable?’

“Mr. Wheedle professed himself ‘rather surprised.’

“Miss Joanna declared she was ‘*immoderately* so.’

“ And again her long and bitter laugh shook the assurance of even the brazen-faced Mr. Wheedle.

“ ‘ Madam,’ re-commenced that worthy, ‘ I am wholly unaccustomed to a reception like yours. Mine is a righteous errand. Believe me, as a man of honour believe me——’—‘ I believe you to be nothing of the sort!’ was Joanna’s running commentary.—‘ My feelings towards you,’ persisted Mr. Wheedle, ‘ are those of unqualified respect: indeed, I entertain for you all a deep, a very deep interest.’—‘ Persons,’ added the lady, sarcastically, ‘ whom you have never seen before to-day; who are perfectly powerless; who have no agencies or stewardships to bestow; who can in no way serve you, advance you, or enrich you! For shame, sir, your insincerity is too apparent.’—‘ You will not listen to my statements;’ said the gentleman complainingly.—‘ I have; till nauseated with their subterfuge.’—‘ Then I will at once relieve you of my presence, expressing, as I well may, my painful sense of your unjust suspicions’—‘ They are more than suspicions,’ remarked the lady firmly; ‘ they amount in *your* case to convictions.’

“ Mr. Wheedle made his exit hastily and angrily; and returned, so the sisters fancied, to town. Their impression was erroneous. They were strangers to the vile subserviency—the utter want of self-respect which characterised the party they had to combat. They comprehended, most inadequately, the efforts which an unscrupulous man will make to sustain a sinking cause. Unabashed by his late rebuff, and resolved to make a further attempt to ensnare these impoverished women within the meshes of his net, Wheedle wrote the following morning in the most deferential terms to Miss Joanna; apologising for any warmth which he might have betrayed during their recent interview; stating that his errand to Exeter would be incomplete unless he ascertained the decision of her sisters as well as of herself, upon the proposition he had had the honour to submit to them; and requesting five minutes conversation with Miss Penelope and Miss Maud Paulet before twelve that morning. While the sisters were deliberating what reply it became them to return to this persevering schemer, he, quickly following up his messenger, presented himself before them. All he asked for on this occasion was ‘ a hearing—a calm and patient hearing.’ His tactics had apparently undergone no very material change. He represented to the two younger sisters as he had done to the elder, that ‘ their signature was a mere matter of form’—‘ Then why trouble yourself to ask for it?’ exclaimed the two elder ladies in a breath. He assured them ‘ that the sale of the estates could be accomplished without their assent.’—‘ Why consult us, then, on the proceeding?’ was Penelope’s puzzling query.—‘ You may retard and perplex us, ladies; beyond this you are powerless: is it just or generous to harass and annoy those whom you cannot dispossess?’

“ ‘ Justice and generosity,’ exclaimed Penelope, ‘ are terms which from your lips sound oddly enough, considering the party whom you represent and the persons whom you are addressing. You know full well that we hold a bond for seven thousand pounds on those Antigua estates; a sum which our late father was imprudent enough to advance, and which we have vainly sought to enforce.’

“ ‘ The bond in question is so much waste paper,’ exclaimed Mr. Wheedle bluntly.

“ ‘As attorney to the present possessor you are not likely to admit its validity;’ was Miss Penelope’s dry comment.

“ ‘That has never been questioned till this moment,’ remarked, somewhat timidly, the youngest sister, Maude, who now for the first time took part in the conversation: ‘we believe it to be unassailable; and shall therefore abide by it.’

“ ‘And now permit us to hope,’ interposed Joanna quickly, ‘that our communications on this subject are ended. We refuse, one and all, to sign.’

“ ‘I have then another proposition to submit,’ observed the unwearied Mr. Wheedle, drawing a fresh breath: ‘and I do so on my own responsibility. You are misled, ladies, shamefully and grievously misled by your legal advisers; but on that point delicacy prevents my dwelling in detail. To prove to you, beyond dispute, that my intentions are friendly, I will bind my client to pay you, jointly, an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, with benefit of survivorship, on your affixing your signatures to the deed I again submit to you.’

“ ‘All or none,’ was Joanna’s quick rejoinder: ‘I am now more firmly convinced than ever that we claim, rightfully, this property.’

“ ‘But may never be able to assert it—at least successfully,’ whispered Penelope: ‘shall we ask time for consideration? This annuity scheme seems promising?’

“ ‘Spurn it—’ cried Joanna fiercely; ‘spurn it as the last desperate effort of a defeated trickster.’

“ ‘It would relieve us,’ said Maude, in a low, timid tone, which indicated the subjection in which her elder sisters held her,—‘it would relieve us from much that is painful, humiliating, and oppressive; and give us many comforts which we are now compelled to forego:—among them—’

“ ‘The satisfaction of feeling that for a mess of pottage we have sold our birthright!’ cried Joanna; thus finishing the sentence after her own fashion.

“ ‘It would restore us in a measure to society,’ persevered Maude in a plaintive voice.

“ ‘And you, probably, to your peasant lover,’ suggested the elder lady sarcastically: ‘your eagerness is now intelligible.’

“ ‘Sister, have I deserved this? Can you suppose—’ Tears filled up the sentence, and Maude hid her face and wept.

“ ‘Your prolonged conversation is, I trust, favourable to me,’ cried Wheedle, raising his face from a sheet of paper which he had been most industriously scratching for twenty minutes: ‘I have reduced my proposition to writing: you will see how binding I intend to make it on the party whom I represent.’

“ ‘That labour, sir, we will spare you. In my sister’s name and in my own I decline an annuity. No compromise. The bond—principal and interest; or—the estate!’

“ ‘You might as well expect the kingdom of the Two Sicilies,’ was Mr. Wheedle’s parting exclamation.

“ But his visit left behind it memorable consequences. The attachment of the sisters seemed shaken. Maude was frequently in tears. And their occasional attendant heard more than once the most piteous entreaties from the younger lady—who, it appeared,

was sister only by the father's side to her stern companions—for kinder, and milder, and more merciful treatment.

“ ‘Say that you will give him up,’ was the remark which the ‘help’ overheard one morning addressed by Miss Paset to the weeping Maude—‘Say, that you will abandon this low-born lover—that you will never see him again,—say that you will forget this unworthy attachment—that the past shall be to you as a dream,—say this, Maude, and never will I again refer to this hateful subject.’

“ ‘I can give no promise,’ was the scarcely audible reply; ‘I am no longer a free agent.’

“ ‘What!’ shrieked rather than spoke the elder lady—‘am I to infer that there has been a promise given, or implied, on your part?’

“ ‘Sister!’ said Maude beseechingly, ‘hear, before you condemn me. Mine, you well know, is a wretched home. Poverty is the least evil it presents to me. Perpetual misconceptions, perpetual upbraidings, ceaseless and bitter reproofs from Penelope and yourself await me. Differing from you both on the subject of the annuity, I have incurred your displeasure to an extent which it is now hopeless to appease. A humble home has been offered me. I have accepted it. I am sure it will prove a happy one: and in a few weeks I shall remove to it.’

“ ‘Be not too sure of that,’ muttered Joanna, in a voice indistinct from suppressed emotion;—then in a clearer and firmer tone, ‘and whither does your peasant husband intend to take you?’

“ ‘To a house that is his own; surrounded by his own land. A peasant he is *not*. Wholly independent of his father, and with means—small I grant you—at his own command; his proper title that of Yeoman.’

“ ‘Be it so! A yeoman. And with a muddy intellect rudely cultivated; with manners formed on the most approved model of his boorish ancestors; with a memory stored with associations drawn from the plough-tail and the threshing-floor—you deem a yeoman a fitting mate for one descended as yourself?’

“ ‘What boon has my affinity to a noble house ever procured for me?’ was Maude's *naïve* inquiry. ‘Has it secured me from the pressure of poverty, from humiliation, from insult, or suspicion? Urge me no further, sister; my mind is made up. I marry this man.’

“ ‘You never shall!’ was Joanna's hoarse and scarcely audible rejoinder.

“ ‘Let it not,’ resumed Maude, ‘be a subject of dispute between us! and, above all, let not, I intreat, I implore you, let not the last days we pass together be embittered by recrimination and reproach!’

“ ‘You will never hear me allude to this subject again!’ said the elder lady with frightful calmness;—‘henceforth, and for ever, I am silent.’

“ ‘Bless you! bless you for that expression!’ said Maude, as she kissed her sister with uncontrollable tenderness; and then rushed with light step and gladdened air from her presence.

“ Joanna watched the retreating figure with stern and resolute eye, and when the door closed upon the agitated girl, rose, and

waved her hands with a menacing air towards heaven, as if she defied the Being who reigns there to defeat her determination. Frightful was the expression of that infuriate countenance. Exhausted, at length, by the vehemence of her emotions, she tottered to a seat, and sank into a deep and painful reverie. Hour after hour passed unheeded. The shades of twilight fell around her, but she knew it not. The curfew chime rang from the old cathedral tower, but she heard it not. The repeated inquiry at her chamber door of the alarmed Penelope alone terminated her lengthened deliberations. Pale was she as marble when she came forth; feeble was her step, and rigid were her features. No common mental struggle had she recently passed through; its nature could be but darkly gathered from the stifled ejaculation—

“ ‘It shall never be! No! it shall never be!’

“ Within the next fortnight Maude Paulet quitted Exeter. Her sisters remarked, in a cursory allusion which they made to the subject, that ‘she was gone to a distance on a visit to a friend.’ Few cared to inquire about a being so apparently powerless, and so palpably poverty-stricken. Mrs. Jessop—the lady whose advances were so summarily repulsed, and who never forgave the slight—what woman would?—was the only creature who seemed at all inquisitive on the subject. She sneeringly remarked that ‘Miss Maude Paulet had started for Antigua in search of an estate.’ The sally was pronounced good; was patronized and repeated; and so slightly does the million discriminate between assertion and fact, that ere long it was fully believed by all those who had any knowledge of the parties, that ‘the youngest sister had sailed for the West Indies to urge a forlorn claim to some disputed property.’

“ A smile of inconceivable satisfaction lit up the elder woman’s eye when this finished *morceau* of invention was repeated as fact to her.

“ Inquiries from another quarter were at hand. Maude had been absent about a month, when the sisters were told that a person from the country desired a few minutes’ conversation with them.

“ ‘His name?’

“ ‘Nelson Kingdon.’

“ ‘Kingdon! I have no recollection of the party—none whatever!’ exclaimed Joanna: ‘do you remember the name, Penelope?’

“ ‘Kingdon!’ ejaculated the party appealed to—‘never visited a family of that name in my life!’

“ ‘There must be some mistake.’

“ ‘On the gentleman’s part, clearly;’ observed Penelope with emphasis:—‘but admit him.’

“ The anxious, restless, conscious look of each speaker was strangely at variance with her deliberate assertion.

“ A young man of modest and rather prepossessing appearance entered the room; bowed deferentially, though somewhat awkwardly, to each lady, and then commenced a nervous apology for intruding upon their leisure.

“ Miss Paulet interrupted him.

“ ‘If,’ said she sarcastically, ‘your errand concerns us, no apology is requisite; if it refers solely to your own interests none will serve you.’

“ ‘ It concerns each of us more or less,’ said the young man earnestly ; ‘ but myself principally and mainly.’

“ ‘ Be brief, sir,’ said Joanna coldly.

“ ‘ Give me, then,—such is the favour I ask,—give me the present address of your youngest sister ?’

“ ‘ A reasonable request ; and one that commands attention—coming from the lips of a perfect stranger ;’ remarked Penelope with ironical emphasis.

“ The young man’s colour rose and deepened till face and brow were crimson : then, after a vain attempt to conceal his irritation he added, somewhat petulantly—

“ ‘ No stranger would care to ask such a question ; much more to ride thirty miles to have it answered. But a stranger I am not ! Your sister is my plighted wife. Again, I ask, where is she !’

“ ‘ Ha ! ha ! ha ! Your plighted wife, say you ? A droll avowal indeed ! Excuse the amusement it affords me.’

“ And Miss Paulet again indulged in a short bitter laugh.

“ ‘ Why should you dispute my statement ?’ said the young man angrily ; ‘ or suppose that I would seek your presence purposely to utter a wilful untruth ?’

“ ‘ Because your assertion carries its refutation along with it !’ exclaimed Penelope : ‘ my sister had too much self-respect to countenance the attentions of a party in a station of life so immeasurably inferior to her own ; too nice a sense of propriety to contract an engagement unsanctioned by her family.’

“ ‘ We know her too thoroughly,’ remarked Joanna, with that air of dignity she could so well assume, ‘ to credit for one moment the assertion of any man that she had carried on clandestine communications with him.’

“ Kingdon turned from one speaker to the other with kindling eye ; evidently writhing under the imputations which the language of each lady conveyed.

“ ‘ You consider me then an impostor ?’ was his eventual inquiry.

“ ‘ A very shallow one,’ observed Penelope ; ‘ your statements are unsupported ; and we entirely discredit them.’

“ ‘ And these documents also ;’ asked the lover, tendering a packet of papers for the elder lady’s inspection : ‘ are they forgeries ? I maintain them to be letters from one deservedly dear to you : do you pronounce them fictitious ?’

“ ‘ I am not able to judge of documents by cursorily glancing at them,’ said the wary Joanna ; ‘ leave them with me for an hour ; and you shall have my opinion.’

“ The young man hesitated. His manner implied distrust. Joanna caught this and proceeded :

“ ‘ Once satisfied that these letters were written by my sister, and that they bear out the construction you desire to place upon them, no information which I possess shall be withheld.’”

“ Still Kingdon hesitated. He balanced the apparent candour of the speaker’s declarations with her previous hostility ; and the upshot was, an evident disinclination to trust his adversary. Joanna’s next sentence duped and decided him.

“ ‘ My sister’s address as a matter of course will be disclosed

to you : why, under such circumstances, should I desire to withhold it ?'

" ' Yours for one hour—for one hour only,' repeated the young man earnestly, as he reluctantly parted with the precious manuscripts.

" The lady's reply was ready.

" ' I understand you. At the expiration of that interval, you return and claim them.'

" The young man withdrew.

" It was with a smile of painful and hidden meaning that Joanna glanced over the letters confided to her, and then tendered them exultingly to Penelope. With a sigh the younger sister waived their inspection ; the elder then deliberately consigned them to the flame, and watched their destruction with a gay and joyous air, as if the spectacle was, in no slight degree, agreeable to her.

" ' What have you done ?' exclaimed Penelope : ' he will return and claim them ; and how will you answer him ?'

" ' With a calm avowal of the truth.'

" ' But these letters were never yours ! They were Kingdon's property ; and he is entitled——'

" ' To their ashes. There they lie. He is welcome to them. I dispute not their possession.'

" While this taunt was leaving the unfeeling woman's lip, Maude's anxious lover, punctual to his appointment, again stood before her.

" ' You have read the letters, and are satisfied with them. I hope ; nay, I am sure that it is so.'

" ' As to declaring myself satisfied with documents,' said Joanna sternly, ' which speak only of folly and absurdity, no such avowal can be expected from me. I admit them to be my sister's writing. I recognise her hand ; and own that certain passages bear out your assertion that—that—' the admission seemed to choke her—' that she favoured your—your—pretensions.'

" ' You will then give me her address : I wish to write to her immediately.'

" ' Her address, as a matter of course, shall be forthcoming ; unavailing as it may be. No letter can now reach her in England. She sails for the West Indies the day after to-morrow.'

" ' Sails ! Why ?—Whence ?—For what ?'

" ' Am I obliged, sir,' returned the lady with cutting coolness, ' to disclose to you all our family arrangements ?'

" ' No ! no !' said the young man wildly : ' but this separation cannot be voluntary. She has not been a free agent in the matter. Of that I feel confident.'

" ' Solve the riddle, sir, after your own fashion,' remarked Joanna carelessly.

" ' She never would thus desert me,' continued the young man vehemently, his breast heaving with emotion,—' never of her own free will !—without a word of explanation and farewell ! I know her better ! Force has been used : and falsehood too. But I will see her. I will see her if on this earth. That is my fixed resolve.'

" ' And one—considering the distance between Exeter and Liverpool—rather difficult to carry out !' was Miss Paulet's comment.

" ' Liverpool !' said Kingdon despairingly—' the distance indeed is disheartening : and the time of sailing near. But I will attempt

it. I will leave home to night. It is still possible that I may succeed. Adverse winds may delay the vessel's departure?'

"He looked imploringly at Miss Paulet, as if anxious for her confirmation of his hope.

" 'I hazard no opinion,' was her reply to this appeal; 'and I volunteer no counsel.'

" 'But you will fulfil your promise, and say where your sister may be found?'

" 'In Renshaw Street: the number I forget. It is either 6, 16, or 60.'

" 'And her letters?'

" 'Are *there*?' Miss Paulet pointed as she spoke to some ashes on the hearth.

" 'Burnt! nay; this cannot be your meaning? 'Tis a jest, though a cruel one! Burnt! No: you could not have consented to an act so dishonest and so treacherous!'

" Miss Paulet keenly eyed the agitated speaker, the smile of triumph which played upon her countenance intimating the satisfaction with which she watched his misery.

" 'Give me the letters;' cried Kingdon passionately: 'I will not be trifled with: I insist on their being restored to me.'

" The lady replied with unruffled composure—'They are before you: no obstacle on my part is interposed to your resuming possession of them: take all or any of them you will.'

" 'Oh! that you were a man!' exclaimed Kingdon: 'I would punish you to your heart's content for such deliberate treachery.'

" 'Clown!' responded Joanna, 'do you imagine that those records of a foolish sister's weakness I would ever permit to pass out of my possession? Do you suppose me fool enough to connive at any third party ever reading them? Learn to know human nature better.'

" 'I desire little further knowledge of *your* nature,' said the young farmer bluntly: 'the sample you have shewn me is not very encouraging.'

" 'You will be rather late for Liverpool,' observed the imperturbable Joanna.

" The young man started; and as he moved quickly towards the door, observed, with a reproachful glance towards his tormentor—

" 'Thank God! thy sister does not resemble thee!'

" 'Liverpool, Joanna? Liverpool!' repeated Penelope, as the door closed upon the angry lover: 'what motive induced you to fix on Liverpool as the place of *rendezvous*?'

" 'One satisfactory to my own mind; and which the result will amply justify. Not another word on the subject this evening.'

" The bondage in which a strong mind holds a weak one kept Penelope silent.

" Some ten days after this conversation a white-headed, venerable old man made his way to Miss Paulet, and premising that his name was Kingdon, told her with tears in his eyes that he had very heavy news to relate concerning his son.

" 'Nelson?' said Joanna quickly.

" 'No other.'

" 'What of him?'

“ ‘He has been snapped up by the press-gang at some port—I forget the name—a long way off,—what took him there I could never learn,—and shipped on board “The Queen Charlotte.” She is going “foreign;” and is to be out three years. I’ve seen the last, I take it, of my poor lad!’

“Tears, which the old man tried vainly to repress, trickled slowly down his furrowed cheek.

“ ‘And you know this to be fact?’

“ ‘I have made it out but too clearly,’ was the reply. ‘Woeful news! It will hasten my end, and break his mother’s heart.’

“ ‘Why should it?’ observed the lady. ‘Your son will be properly taken care of, and have an opportunity of seeing many strange sights and remarkable places.’

“ ‘Poor consolation this, ma’am, for a father at threescore and ten who has lost his only son—a son who was the prop and stay of his old age!’

“ ‘Pooh! Nonsense! Your son’s involuntary absence from England will enlarge his ideas,’ pursued Joanna, ‘sharpen his observation, divest him of his prejudices, and do him infinite good.’

“The patriarch, as he bowed himself off, thought the view the lady took of his ‘troubles’ ‘comical and not over kind:’ what estimate would he have formed of her, had his dulled ear caught her joyful *aside* to Penelope—

“ ‘You hear this? Pressed! sent on board a man-of-war commissioned for foreign service; to be absent three years. Nothing could be better!’

“ ‘O sister!’ returned Penelope: ‘I cannot forget the past, or view events as you do. Remember—for there is truth in it—the old saw we read yesterday in the worm-eaten volume—‘Cunning pays no regard to virtue, and is but the low mimic of wisdom.’

* * * * *

“The winter wore slowly and drearily away. Nothing was heard of Kingdon the sailor; and early in the new year the old man—broken-hearted, it was said, for the mishap of his son—paid the debt of nature. The spring brought a change—an unexpected and material change—in the sisters’ fortunes. The owners of the encumbered estate at Antigua found that, anxious as they were to part with their property, they must, prior to submitting it to competition, dispose of Miss Paulet’s claim. The encumbrance was heavy, but unassailable; no legal quirk could rid them of it. Justice for once was done to the absent and the helpless. The mortgage was cancelled—principal and interest; and these hitherto impoverished and dependent women found themselves suddenly rich.”

ST. SILVESTER'S NIGHT.

BY MRS. ROMER.

Doctor. You see her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Aye, but their sense is shut."

Macbeth.

ON St. Silvester's night there was a ball at court. The Grand Duchess, followed by her first maid of honour, Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein, had just entered the gallery where the band of the *Kranwinkel* regiment was stationed. The appearance of that young lady produced a much greater sensation than that of the Grand Duchess herself, and various were the remarks and criticisms that were uttered as she advanced.

"It really is too great a liberty!" exclaimed Madame de Rothenwald, "to appear at a court ball in a simple muslin dress, without lace, without jewels, and with nothing in her hair — it is too bad!"

"Such things were not done in my time," said the old Countess de Nollingen, who had been mistress of the robes during some former reign. "The late Grand Duchess would never have permitted it. But, indeed, courtly etiquette was quite another thing then, and we should very soon have taught an impertinent girl like Otilie de Wolkenstein, to know who and what she was."

"Aunt," interrupted the youthful Stephanie, "have you remarked the bouquet that Otilie carries in her hand? A large bouquet of magnificent moss-roses."

"What are you thinking of, little fool?" replied Madame de Nollingen; "moss-roses on St. Silvester's day! You are surely mad; why such things are not to be found even in the Grand Duke's hot-houses."

"Stephanie is right, however," rejoined Madame de Rothenwald; "I have seen Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein's bouquet, and I am curious to know who can have given it to her."

"It can only be the Hereditary Prince," said the ex-mistress of the robes with a gesture of impatience.

"Oh no, aunt! it is not he; and if Otilie does not take care, the Prince will slip through her fingers. He is already more than half in love with Lady Emily."

"What! with the English girl whose ringlets reach down to her waist?" asked Madame de Rothenwald.

"The same. She talks about dogs and horses to him; and it may be that Otilie will find in her a dangerous rival. After all," continued Stephanie, "I think I have discovered the mystery of the bouquet. On Sunday evening, at the Grand Duchess's card-party, Otilie said before Major Ebersdorf, that she would give the world for a bouquet of moss-roses on New Year's-day. Now you must know that there is living at Dilsheim an old American, enormously rich, who spends all his fortune in the cultivation of rare flowers;

and moss-roses are as common with him in the month of January as in the month of June."

"Well!" interrupted Madame de Nollingen, "and what does that prove?"

"Wait a little, aunt. Major Ebersdorf left F—— last evening, and only returned this morning just in time to resume his service with the Grand Duke."

"And you believe," said Madame de Rothenwald, "that Frederic was galloping over the country all night in order to go and look for roses at Dilsheim for the Wolkenstein? Why, he could not do more were he in love with her!"

Stephanie burst into a fit of laughter.

"My dear Madame de Rothenwald, what can you be thinking of? Have you not observed that for the last four weeks he dances the cotillon with no one else? Have you not yet found out that he is distractedly in love with her?"

"Mademoiselle Stephanie," said Madame de Nollingen, "it would be just as well if you did not meddle so much with other people's affairs; you are too prying and too gossiping by far—both of them intolerable faults in a young girl."

"My aunt never scolds me until she has got me to tell all I know," murmured Stephanie.

"If Ebersdorf really loves Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein," resumed Madame de Rothenwald, "that explains why he has, notwithstanding the reiterated desire of the reigning family, constantly refused to marry Henrietta de Frankenthal. It was only two days ago that the Grand Duke, who is very desirous that the marriage should take place, gave the Major to understand that the Star of the Pelican would be conferred upon him the day on which he became the husband of the Frankenthal."

"And he refused!" interrupted Madame de Nollingen.

"He asked four days to consider of it."

"Four days to consider whether he should accept the Star of the Pelican or not! To think of reflecting upon such a favour when one is only five and twenty! Good heavens! when I remember that my brother only obtained the Little Cross at thirty-nine, and the Star at fifty-six years of age; and that my husband, the late Count de Nollingen, got the Grand Cross only ten days before his death, when he was seventy-five, and after he had been successively cupbearer, grand chamberlain, and intendant of the Court Theatre. Ah Madame! times are changed indeed!" And the old Countess rose and proceeded to shuffle off her indignation in one of the card-rooms.

Madame de Rothenwald passed her arm through Stephanie's, and drew her towards a quadrille that was just forming. "It is strange, however," she observed, "there is Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein dancing with the Grand Equerry, and opposite to her are Ebersdorf and the Frankenthal."

"Because his Royal Highness has commanded Major Ebersdorf to dance the first *Française* with Henrietta. But did you observe Otilie's look when she perceived her *vis à vis*? I am certain she is furious, and that Frederic will pay dearly for his quadrille, for she detests the Frankenthal."

"Do you think, then, that she loves Ebersdorf?"

"She—the cold and haughty Otilie? She will never be in love

with any one; but even if she were, she would rather die a thousand times than allow it to be seen. My belief is, that she only wishes to subjugate Monsieur Ebersdorf, as she does all the men that approach her."

"In that case she will find a match for herself, for Ebersdorf's character is to the full as untameable as her own. Love between two such beings would be a mortal combat between the pride of each."

Ottolie de Wolkenstein, the object of the preceding conversation, seemed to have been created to realize the ideal type of feminine dignity. Nothing in ancient sculpture could be found more classical than the form of her head, or more irreproachably pure than the outline of her features. Her magnificent fair tresses were parted on a brow of queen-like beauty; the proud glance of her eyes and the habitually disdainful expression of her mouth seemed to imply that nothing existed upon earth worthy of so rare an assemblage of charms. Brought up at court under the eyes of the Grand Duchess, who treated her with almost maternal affection, Ottolie at an early age found herself the centre of attraction for the little circle by which she was surrounded. Her extreme loveliness, joined to her high position, brought to her feet all the distinguished men in the grand duchy, from the Hereditary Prince downwards. The brilliant success she obtained in society, the adoration and the envy that followed her whithersoever she appeared, soon smothered in her bosom the germs of love and sensibility which are inherent in every feminine nature, and augmented to an extraordinary degree the thirst for domination which is equally a characteristic of the sex. For Ottolie, to live was to reign, but to reign over all with the same despotism. Too cold to be able to appreciate tenderness in another, she sought not so much for exalted and profound love as for a complete devotion to her will—a perpetual homage offered at the shrine of her *amour propre*. Notwithstanding the disdain with which she repaid their pursuit of her—perhaps even on account of that inexorable disdain—Ottolie was ever surrounded by sighing aspirants and despairing lovers. No man could approach her without losing his heart, and yet none among them could define the exact nature of the strange fascination exercised over their feelings by the haughty fair one. Some pretended to attribute it to magnetic influence; others to her air of regal serenity, which they compared to a beautiful lake in whose pure and transparent waters is reflected the azure of a cloudless heaven. Others again fancied that the secret charm lay in the sound of her voice—that fresh and silvery voice whose tones could melt the most stubborn to her will. But although they could not discover the cause, they did not feel the less the effects of her power of charming, and all continued hopelessly to adore her.

When the quadrille was over, the Grand Equerry attempted to conduct Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein to her place; but the crowd prevented them from advancing, and they found themselves forced to remain stationary immediately behind the spot occupied by Lady Emily and her mother.

"Indeed, Emily," said the latter, "I cannot comprehend why you have refused to dance the cotillon with Monsieur de Thalheim?"

"Because I am almost certain of dancing it with the Prince."

"With the Prince? what! has he already engaged you?"

"No; but he asked me just now if I had seen the Grand Duke's stables; and he afterwards inquired whether I was fond of dancing the cotillon, and upon my replying in the affirmative, he added: *and so am I too*. So you see, mamma, it is almost as good as if he had engaged me."

The mother shook her head incredulously. Otilie, who, thanks to her knowledge of English, had understood all, resolved to thwart the plans of Lady Emily.

"With what favoured mortal are you to dance the midnight waltz,"* asked the Grand Duchess of her favourite, with a smile, when at half-past eleven the first bars of "*Der Frosinn mein ziel*," that pearl of Strauss's waltzes, burst from the orchestra, Otilie had scarcely time to name Major Ebersdorf, when he appeared to claim the fulfilment of her engagement.

Those who have not passed some time in Germany, can scarcely form an idea of the effect produced by those delicious waltzes, with their electrifying changes from melancholy to gaiety—from melting tenderness to martial animation—which by turns intoxicate and subdue the charmed listener. The inspiration with which they are played can only be equalled by the enthusiasm with which they are danced. At a German ball, the music and the dancing are not two separate things, but two inseparable parts of a whole; and this renders the performance of the German national dances not merely a mechanical recreation, but a passion and a sentiment. Delightful as is the music of Strauss's waltzes, it does not *alone* constitute their peculiar charm; the jingling of spurs, the rustling of dresses, the measured cadence of light feet, are as necessary to impart their true zest to them, as the instruments of the orchestra itself.

At the stroke of midnight, the waltz was suddenly interrupted; the orchestra saluted the new-born year with joyous *fanfares*, and everybody exchanged smiles and kisses. In the midst of the universal gaiety, Frederic sought to profit by the sweet privilege accorded to all in this long-sighed-for moment, and inurmuring in a tremulous voice some scarcely intelligible words, he bent down to imprint his lips upon Otilie's fair forehead; but she, starting suddenly backwards, and blushing with anger, measured him from head to foot with the air of an offended sovereign. Ebersdorf, amazed and confounded, could scarcely command sufficient *sang froid* to say with a forced smile:

"It appears to me that you owed me that, at least, in exchange for my roses."

"In that case I beg that you will take them back; give them to whoever you please; I care nothing for them."

"Otilie!—"

"Monsieur Ebersdorf, I am ignorant of what can have given you a right to call me thus."

Frederic bit his lips.

The waltz recommenced, and terminated without another word being exchanged between them. When Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein returned to her seat, she occupied herself in examining through her

* The waltz danced at midnight on St. Silvester's night is the object of every dancer's predilection throughout Germany, because at the first stroke of the clock which announces the last hour of the year, each cavalier is privileged to kiss his partner.



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lorgnon, first Lady Emily, who with visible impatience was trying to catch the Prince's eye, and then Major Ebersdorf, who, seated by Mademoiselle de Frankenthal, was whispering in her ear with unwonted animation; when the Hereditary Prince himself, in full-dress, his chest covered with the broad flesh-coloured ribbon of the order of the Pelican, walked up to her in all his splendor.

Scarcely were the first salutations exchanged, when Otilie, who well knew the weak side of the illustrious personage, said: "Permit me to inquire of your Highness how Sultan is going on?"

The royal countenance became radiant at this touching proof of condescension in one so little accustomed to shew any. He seated himself by her, and hastened to give her the most satisfactory details about the health of his favourite horse. Finding himself listened to with such winning attention, the illustrious heir-apparent became confidential and diffuse. He deigned to unfold to his fair listener his vast plans for bringing about a general amelioration in every branch of the administration, and informed her of his determination to ask his august father to give new parade uniforms to all the officers of the Grand Ducal army, on the occasion of an approaching review, although their regulations stipulated that they should only have them renewed every three years, and they had worn their present ones scarcely two years and a half.

"But, indeed," observed his Highness, by way of a wind-up to the argument, "the officers' uniforms are really too threadbare."

Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein exhibited such perfect complacency, she listened with such marked interest to the royal confidences, that the Prince, enchanted by his success, requested, before quitting her side, the honour of dancing the cotillon with her.

Otilie, as she accepted the engagement, darted a glance of triumph at Lady Emily, and another at Ebersdorf, who continued in conversation with Mademoiselle de Frankenthal.

Only four days before, Otilie had promised to dance the cotillon on St. Silvester's night with Frederic. Deeply as he had just been wounded by her, the Major's politeness, and perhaps another sentiment which he was less desirous at that moment of avowing to himself, led him to hold to his engagement; and at the moment the cotillon was forming, he approached her, coldly, it is true, and reminded her of her promise.

"You must excuse my bad memory, sir," she replied with an air of disdain; "but having completely forgotten the promise which you have taken the trouble to remind me of, I have just engaged myself to another person."

Frederic trembled with rage.

"May I have the honour of knowing with whom?" he inquired endeavouring to appear calm.

The Prince at that moment advanced to present his hand to Otilie; and in the same instant Lady Emily and her mother crossed the gallery and withdrew.

"Monsieur Ebersdorf, do me the favour to lead off the cotillon," vociferated the Prince; and Frederic immediately placed himself with Mademoiselle de Frankenthal on the left of his Highness.

Chance and the endless figures of that capricious dance decided that, during one of its changes, Otilie and Frederic should find themselves almost alone and side by side for several instants.

"I thank you for the lesson you have given me, Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein," said Ebersdorf in a tone of contempt; "you have placed yourself too high or too low for what I had once contemplated, and it only remains for me to rejoice that you should have opened my eyes before it was too late."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"That I have nothing further to say to the Prince's favourite!"

Before Otilie could reply to this outrage, her royal partner had returned to his place by her side; but for the first time in her life the imperious beauty felt herself profoundly humiliated. Her habitual calm deserted her; stifling the anger that caused her heart to throb almost to bursting, she sought to conceal her agitation under a semblance of levity foreign to her nature; and during the whole time of supper, seated by the Prince, and the object of his marked attentions, her excessive gaiety was the cause of general astonishment and animadversion.

On the morrow, at the Grand Duke's levee, Major Count Ebersdorf asked his sovereign's permission to marry Mademoiselle de Frankenthal, adding to his request a second demand—that of being immediately employed upon foreign service. The Grand Duke, delighted to behold the accomplishment of this long-wished-for union, consented to everything. Four days afterwards Frederic was married in the presence of the court; and charged with a special mission for St. Petersburg, he quitted F——, with his bride and his dispatches.

* * * * *

A year, which had been more than usually fertile in interesting events for the city of F—— rolled by. The hereditary prince had married a Princess of ——, upon which occasion numberless fêtes were given at court; the Grand Duke had instituted a civil order of merit, the first result of which was to set all the privy councillors in the grand duchy by the ears. The director of the royal concerts having found a better appointment elsewhere, had eloped with the prima donna, to the great scandal of all the world. The master of the Grand Duke's hounds had been disgraced for having said that Napoleon was a man of genius; and Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein fell desperately ill of a malady which baffled the skill of the court physicians. Some said that she had taken cold at Major Ebersdorf's marriage, for scarcely had she returned home after the ceremony, when she was seized with shiverings, the precursor of a fever which confined her to her bed for six weeks; others said that she had a heart complaint, and founded their belief upon the fact that, whenever agitated by the least emotion, she fell into hysterical fits, during which she would press her hand violently upon her heart, as if to repress the palpitations which at those moments threatened to suffocate her. Dancing, and above all waltzing, had been rigorously forbidden to her, and her life had nearly paid the forfeit of breaking through that interdiction, in order to waltz at the ball given for the Prince's marriage. Since then she had ceased to accompany the Grand Duchess in public, and she had even obtained permission not to appear in the private circle, for she could not hear the music of a waltz without melting into tears.

The closing year had once more brought with it the fête of St. Silvester, and the ball given at court on that night resembled all

the balls that had been given on the same anniversary for the last ten years, except that on the occasion in question Count Ebersdorf, who had arrived only three days before from St. Petersburg, appeared there with his wife. Otilie, suffering more than ever, was confined to her bed; and the Grand Duchess wishing, before she descended to the state apartments, to say good night to her beloved invalid, had gone into Otilie's chamber to embrace her, but found her wrapped in so profound a slumber, that she left the room without waking her.

An animated waltz had just commenced. Ebersdorf, who formed one of the privileged little knot of courtiers by whom the Grand Duke was surrounded, respectfully waited until His Highness had finished speaking of a famous rabbit-hunt which he was about to organize, ere he permitted himself to go in quest of his partner. Suddenly a general movement in the ball-room became evident; the waltzers paused, the orchestra became silent; the persons who were seated rushed from their places to ascertain what was going on, and groups of ladies and gentlemen suspended their conversation, and directed their wondering glances towards the object that had caused this sudden interruption. A female form, lightly clad in white, rapidly glided through the gallery, and with a gesture causing all who impeded her progress to fall back, she walked up to Ebersdorf, who at the sight of her started as though he had beheld a spectre.

"Frederic, come and waltz," said she, in a tone of voice so ineffably sweet that the charmed ear hung entranced upon her accents; "this time you must waltz with me."

"Otilie!"—It was all that he could articulate, so conflicting and intense were the emotions that mastered him.

"For the love of heaven, Count Ebersdorf," interposed the Grand Duchess's physician, after attentively examining Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein, "do not contradict her; do all that she asks of you; and, above all, do not awaken her. *She is asleep*; and to be suddenly roused from the state she is in, would in all probability kill her."

Frederic trembled as he contemplated the fair phantom that stood before him, like a haunting regret for the irreparable past. That superb organization, faded by sickness, and broken by sorrow;—those large blue eyes, whose abstracted gaze appeared to be fixed upon some invisible object;—that regal brow, over which the angel of death seemed already to have spread the shadow of his wing;—that haughty Otilie, who, pale, white, and inanimate as a beautiful marble statue, had thus come in her slumber to visit the scene of her former triumphs;—all, all appeared to him like a dream—an illusion of his senses,—something too painful for reality. He shuddered as he felt the contact of the icy hand that grasped his own.

"Come, then," repeated Otilie; "what are you waiting for?"

Ebersdorf followed her mechanically, and the waltz recommenced. Light as the perfumed breeze of morning, ethereal as a spirit from the shades below, she appeared to float upon the air rather than to dance, and none could hear the sound of her footsteps.

When the waltz was over, she led her partner towards the principal window of the gallery; "It is too warm here," she said; "let us

breathe the fresh air;" and, throwing open the window, stepped out upon a large balcony that overlooked the palace gardens.

The ground was shrouded in its virgin mantle of snow, and a cold wintry moon lighted with pale effulgence the silent magnificence of the scene: all was still; even the wind slumbered among the leafless branches of the trees, and upon the earth and in the skies no sound broke the mute melancholy of Nature.

"How calm is everything around us!" said Otilie, seating herself upon a stone bench, and making Ebersdorf place himself by her side. "Do you see the willows that fringe the lake below? Do you hear Ophelia and Desdemona weeping beneath them? I, too, have often wept during the last year. Oh Frederic! how much have I suffered! But it was only at the price of sufferings like those that the happiness I now enjoy could be obtained. How sublime is this happiness! In my despair I blasphemed my Creator—I no longer believed in his goodness; but, since my peace is restored, He has shed his holy light and warmth upon my erring soul. I hear the celestial melody of the stars,—I behold the portals of eternal life opening to receive me,—joys divine surround and envelope me like a garment of light! Frederic, my beloved, place your hand upon my heart. Can you feel it?—that poor heart, whose sick throbbings they all pronounced to be disease? It panted to be near you; but you were too far away. Now that I feel you *here*, it is calm."

"Miserable wretch that I am!" exclaimed Ebersdorf, forgetting the doctor's precautions in the violence of his despair; "all is over for me! Oh! happiness, hope, existence—lost, lost for ever!—all sacrificed to my pride!"

"Pride!" repeated Otilie slowly; "it is that which has made me suffer so much—pride and jealousy. And why, then, did you dance with the Frankenthal?—why did you appear to speak to her with such pleasure? Jealousy had taken possession of my soul, and you saw it not; my heart was bursting, and you thought not of it! Where are the roses you gave me? It seems even now that I inhale their perfume again; and the kiss I refused you—ah Frederic! if you knew all I then felt! Tell me that you never loved *her*—answer me, Frederic, did you love her?"

"Never!" he replied, in a voice hollow from emotion.

"And did you always love *me*?"

"More than my life!" and the tears that gushed from his eyes attested the truth of his asseveration.

"Oh! what a prospect of happiness and love is opening upon us!" continued Otilie, gently laying her head upon Ebersdorf's shoulder. "We shall pass through life leaning on each other for support. Oh God! I am too happy!"

She ceased to speak, yet her lips continued to move, although no sound issued from them; slumber appeared to be stealing over her, when suddenly the first notes of a waltz were heard, and Otilie, as though touched by an enchanter's wand, sprang to her feet.

"Do you hear, Frederic? It is the midnight waltz—the same that was played last year—*Der Frosinn mein ziel*—the waltz I best love! Henceforward you must dance it with me—always with me!"

And, leaning upon Ebersdorf's arm, she re-entered the gallery.

With a bound she traversed the double row of waltzers, and, taking her place, commenced dancing with an impetuosity that admitted of no pause, flying round the circle as though driven by a whirlwind. "Quicker!" she exclaimed at each turn—"quicker!" And the orchestra precipitated its measure until Frederic could scarcely keep pace with the frantic movement. Midnight struck—breathless, exhausted, extenuated, Otilie sank back in his arms.

"The kiss—which I refused you," she murmured, gasping for breath, "that kiss—take it now!"

"Otilie, my life! my only love!" exclaimed Frederic in frenzied accents; and, straining her passionately to his heart, he joined his lips to hers.

A piercing shriek rang through the gallery, as Otilie, breaking away from Frederic's embrace, fell in violent convulsions at his feet.

"Good heavens! Count Ebersdorf, you have awakened her," exclaimed the Grand Duke.

"The danger is over now," said the doctor; "nobody will ever awaken her again!"

THE FALLING STAR.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

"FATHER! a star is flown!
To another home in yon radiant zone:
It pass'd away like the lightning's gleam,
Sudden and bright in its transient beam.
Over the clustering orbs on high
The meteor flash'd,—and I know not why,
But I mark'd it fade with a thrill of fear,
Far in the depths of the darkness drear.
Whither, O father, is now its bourne?
Will that star of glory again return?
Why hath it fled from its lofty height?
Will it no more gladden the brow of night?"

"My child, thou hast seen
How shades 'midst the beautiful intervene;
And God has writ in his good intent
Such truth on the wondrous firmament;
For the comet's path, and the falling star,
The season's round, and the changeful air,
All speak alike of a Wisdom man
Can fathom not in his life's brief span!
The wand'ring orb in yon starry land
Was guided thence by its Maker's hand.
We cannot tell where its course may be
In the boundless range of Infinity!

"Sweet child, let it raise
Thine heart in love, and thy voice in praise;
May it lead thy thoughts to a fadeless clime,
Unknown to sorrow, unmark'd by time!
The things we cherish on earth decay,
The best soon droop from our sides away;
The ties are broken that bind us here,
The greenest leaf of our hopes will sear!
The star departed from yon black zone
Tells us to trust in our God *alone*,
And there from the changes of earth and skies
Our spirits immortal and pure will rise!"

EARLY YEARS OF A VETERAN OF THE ARMY OF WESTPHALIA,

BETWEEN 1805 AND 1814.

AFTER remaining some months in Gellenhausen, we marched back to Cassel, because the threatening posture which affairs took after the battle of Jena, made it desirable to draw several regiments of cavalry together in the vicinity of the capital. We did not break up without regret, in so far as regarded our social position; for we youngsters had met with a kind reception in some of the best families of the place, and made many a cherished acquaintance, now painfully to be renounced. Before reaching Cassel, however, its fortunes as well as ours, were decided; for the French, under Mortier, took it by surprise, and the Elector was constrained, since half the town was already captured, to flee out at an opposite part. In our quarters in Upper Schwerin, we had not the smallest apprehension of such a vicissitude, though many reports, always contradictory, kept us in perpetual expectation of extraordinary events. During many days and nights our saddles had not been taken off; we stood, sat, and slept with our sabres buckled on, our pistols and carbines loaded. Early in the morning of the 1st of November (All Saints' day), the regiment was suddenly called out, and to our great alarm, we were, without any reason assigned to us, instead of being marched forwards, ordered to fall back to our former garrison at Frizlar. The march took place, not as usual, in exemplary order, but in the most disorderly haste; and upon our arrival at Frizlar, the colours were taken to the guard-house, instead of to the General's quarters, according to custom. After this command followed another—to deliver up our arms: it was like a clap of thunder to us. I cannot describe what I felt; let my comrades place themselves in that time and in our circumstances, and picture to themselves the scene which after such an order must necessarily ensue in a corps, who, in rooted fidelity to its sovereign, and unchangingly devoted, was ready under whatsoever circumstances, at home or abroad, to shed the last drop of its blood in his service. And now must they, and I with them, without a struggle or a blow, offer up their weapons which they had so long bravely exercised, and by means of which I had looked forward to running an honourable career, or to die with them in my hand for honour and renown! Imprecations against such a fate—against the blighting disgrace—were heard on all sides; outpourings of useless rage contrasted with those of real despair, and scalding tears gushed from the eyes of grey-bearded warriors; but all this availed us nothing. We officers retired with heavy hearts to brood in solitude over our lost hopes, and the dreary, aimless future; but the dragoons remained in the market-place, and now first gave vent to their hitherto restrained wrath: in the highest degree enraged, they shattered their weapons into a thousand pieces—those weapons which they had now no prospect of exercising with honour: the stocks of the carbines and of the pistols were broken short off, the blades of the sabres splintered; and when all was done, they turned dejectedly homewards, singly or in small parties. About two-thirds of the men took their horses with them; having some means for their support the others were left on the spot. The inhabitants of the town, who until

now had only seen us in the regular performance of our every-day duties, appeared planet-struck on beholding our disorganized return, and the strange doings in the market-place on one of their most solemn festivals. They would not trust their eyes nor believe what they saw; there was a running to and fro, a string of questions, a general consultation of what awaited themselves, which no words can describe; and the tranquillity out of which they had been awakened, as by the wand of an enchanter, only returned in a certain degree when the regiment, completely disbanded, dispersed itself through the country: at least, they then for the first time, with their fears and anxieties, returned back to their houses.

I can relate nothing further of what occurred in the town; for, I too, left the place within two or three days, after having given up my precious, well-beloved steed, which was amongst the best in the regiment. My intention was to go home to Wesel, where my mother lived, in order to consult with my family as to my future mode of life; so carrying my light baggage in a haversack, I set out on my road to Frankenberg, where I met with the kindest reception in a family of our intimate acquaintance. Here I laid aside my uniform, as my way was through a country in possession of the French troops; and, soon resolved, I got a passport made out for me as a painter's boy—acquired the terms of the trade—and my coarse, dark-blue jacket did me such excellent service in the handling of it, that in the course of a few hours my face and hands acquired a tinge which might have put to shame a master in the craft.

Followed by the cordial good wishes of my acquaintance, *per pedes apostolorum*, and, true to the motto of the Wandsbecker Almanac—"Omnia mea mecum porto"—I quitted the frontier of the territory where I had once anticipated a successful future, cast out of my chosen calling at seventeen years of age, and without a prospect of being replaced in it. These early bitter experiences disturbed me, in truth; however, God be thanked, they overwhelmed not my courage. More sad and severe ones followed them; yet, praise be to Providence, I maintained my hopes and my reliance upon it. Fine as the weather had been at my departure, it became stormy at the dawn of the next day; between intervals of snow and rain, the tempest raged in short, violent gusts; whilst on I went,—all natural objects looking dead about me,—by the solitary footpaths, pursuing my way with a heavy, sorrowful heart, over hill and dale, or struggling against the storm. Many a towering height had been left behind me,—one hour passed after another,—yet my eyes could not spy out one sheltering roof to repose under after my wanderings. The wind was so strong, that I could no longer keep my feet upon the high ground, for which reason I hastened towards a large tree standing somewhat in a hollow, which promised me some defence against the fierceness of the tempest. Without looking up, and covering my face as much as possible with my handkerchief, I was trying to attain my object, as the sound of a human voice struck my ear, which in my desolation seemed to me like a voice from heaven. I looked up, and saw sitting in the hollow of the tree now close to me, a man dressed like the peasantry of the country, who called aloud to me, "What! what! How came you here, my lad, and, without a bit of a stick, too, in your hand, in all this storm?" I sat down by him in his asylum, and when I was able to draw breath a little, he divided bountifully with me the contents of

his basket, which were excellent, even without the zest imparted to them by my sharp appetite. They consisted in a rich provision of sausage, bread, and cheese, which I helped him to consume, and at the diminution of which he looked truly gratified. Meantime our conversation went on in its peaceful course. I discovered, to my great joy, that my companion was a letter-carrier from Werle, going to Arnberg as well as myself, and I hoped, therefore, for some time, not to lose sight of him or his basket. He was surprised to see such a youngster wandering about alone, inquired where my journey was to end, and promised to provide for me as well as possible during the time of our travelling together; this the simple, honest man did, and discreetly too; for since, as carrier, he was closely acquainted with the whole country round, he knew, also, the best places to stop at, and led me by the direct road, in the continuous bad weather, in three days to Werle, where he lived. Here I was absolutely obliged to partake with him in his modest dwelling of a dish of eggs and bacon, before he brought me to the inn, and as, upon our separation, I wished to give him in money a recompense for his trouble and attention, he would accept of none; but, on the contrary, when I had discovered myself to him, offered to furnish me with some, if I needed any to carry me on. I was, however, sufficiently provided, nor would I under any difficulties have accepted such a sacrifice.

I now set out for Stermbeck, where my nurse was married, from whom I was sure of a kind reception; but in order to arrive there, I was obliged to traverse the high road upon which reinforcements were marching to the French army, and in the inn at Camen, I found, as I expected, the whole room filled with the French; but I walked boldly in, determined to interfere with them as little as possible, and with that intention sat down with my bread and cheese and a glass of beer in the farthest corner of the spacious parlour. It soon occurred to me that the young hostess was observing me fixedly, and she then called off the attention of her French guests to some insignificant circumstance which was passing in the court, on which account they all immediately quitted the parlour, which thus during a few moments was entirely empty. The young hostess advanced hastily towards me, and said, taking my hand, "You are Frits B—: I cannot mistake." Astonished, indeed half alarmed, I immediately assented; however, she soon tranquillized me by saying, "Have no uneasiness, I will not betray you. I knew you in a moment, notwithstanding your disguise; for during several years I saw you every day. I am the daughter of the baker at Ham, who lived opposite to your boarding-school, and many is the cake you have had from us." We had a hearty laugh, as well at my terror on her addressing me, as at recollections of that time—she taking care, however, that none of the soldiers might remark on their entrance that we were acquainted. She informed her husband of my history, who forthwith became interested in it; and after treating me to the best—an attention which at my years was highly acceptable—he brought me himself next morning early through the Lipper Heath, and on taking leave urged strongly upon me a loan of money to aid me on my journey; I was touched by his kind offer, but did not avail myself of it.

After a very tiresome and fatiguing walk I reached Stermbeck late in the evening, found out the house of Madame Gottfrinks, and was welcomed by the true-hearted soul with expressions of joy, which in these our times are rare enough in her class. At first she did not

recollect me, as we had not met for seven years ; but when I said to her, " Ah, Mariék, hast thou then forgotten thy own Fritz ?" she fell upon my neck in a torrent of tears, to which succeeded her astonishment, that her dear Fritz, her dear son, should have grown so tall and strong. Here, after the repose of a few days, I recovered from the fatigues of my nine days' walk ; the good woman did all she could to make my abode in her house as comfortable as possible, and during this time took a journey to Wesel, that she might inquire into the state of affairs there, and inform my dear mother of my near arrival. It was arranged that I should enter the maternal home as a young student.

I left, therefore, my respectable painter-costume at my old nurse's ; and, after three days' rest, set out as a pedestrian for Wesel, where I was, before long, pressed to the heart of my dear, my long on my account anxious mother. Certainly this period—during which, after so considerable an absence, I rejoiced in the affection and society of that tender parent—was infinitely happy ; nevertheless, at the end of some weeks, I felt the necessity of a more active mode of life—above all, of returning to the profession which I had been constrained to forego in so unexpected and painful a manner. The accounts we had of the state of the Prussian army, and the results therefrom, became day after day more unfavourable, and therefore more exciting. Hamelin, Nimburg, and Magdeburg had already fallen ; to them followed, within a short space of time, the remaining important fortresses of Prussia ; and when we became fully aware of Blucher's capitulation at Lubeck, and of Prince Hohenlohe's at Breslaw, to remain at home was insupportable. I agreed with a youthful friend and schoolfellow upon a plan for joining stealthily the Prussian army, then on the Polish frontier ; and thus place ourselves under the standard to which our birth called us.

I left Wesel for Munster, where my above-mentioned friend resided with his family. Unfortunately, a short time previous he had written to me in detail upon our plan ; this letter the ever-watchful French police had broken open, copied, and then, resealed, and dispatched it to me ; and so, upon my arrival at Munster, I was laid hold of by the *gend'armes*, and quite unexpectedly lodged in an empty chamber of the guard-house forming a part of the *Hôtel de Ville*, of historical memory, on account of the peace of Westphalia in 1648. Before my door, before the windows of my chamber, stood sentinels ; my baggage was closely inspected, my knife and tinderbox, besides all my money, were taken away. As is usual, various reports arose as to the causes of my arrest : some made me out a Russian spy ; others maintained, upon good grounds they affirmed, that I had been hatching a plot against the life of Napoleon, and the like fables. It is not surprising, therefore, that in order to know so important a person, at least by sight, there should have been daily a crowd of people assembled before my windows ; this was in some measure an amusement to me, but, alas ! not a very lasting one. The adjuncts to my imprisonment were not calculated to console me for my mischance : a bench like those in a guard-room, a table, and a stool, composed my furniture. But with all my privations I could not at any rate complain of solitude, for out of every corner and crevice issued in unbroken train whole troops of the prettiest little mice, in order, as lords of the manor, to claim their tribute out of my provisions. Their effrontery suited nowise my unspoiled appetite, and with a couple of plates I contrived a trap for

them, into which fell many an unhappy mouse ; these I threw every morning to my trusty shoe-black, whose thirst for my acquaintance was not yet quenched, and who, when all the rest had forsaken me, made a point of visiting me daily under my window.

I was permitted to receive my meals from the family of my friend ; but all my food was carefully examined by the guard, that no intelligence nor anything suspicious might reach me by that means. Meat, bread, and cakes were subdivided, and a police-officer took a spoonful of my soup at every meal. I was allowed only one such spoon and a blunt fork. All, according to their notions, was safely ordered, yet I managed to circumvent their vigilance and long-sighted regulations ; for I succeeded in transmitting to my friend a billet from me, and in the following manner. Lieutenant Von Poblotszky had been arrested at the same time with me, and it was essential that we should agree in our answers in the examination to which we were to be submitted upon an approaching day, and I wanted to come to an understanding with him upon this point. My friend had been one of a body of troops that capitulated in Hamelin, but I had entered into no engagement with France, and was not, therefore, near so culpable. As I said before, his mother sent me daily, breakfast, dinner, and tea, and I knew that her two grown-up daughters, charged with all the cares of her small housekeeping, would naturally attend also to the cleansing of the utensils : upon that I grounded my plan. Since I had neither pen, ink, nor paper, I sought about for substitutes, and soon found them in a piece of dry tobacco paper, which served gloriously for my letter, a splinter of wood for my pen, and a good scratch with the same in the fingers of my left hand, afforded a provision of the finest red ink that could be desired for my purpose. When all I had to intimate was by these means written, I enclosed the billet in several folds of old paper, and pushed it into the spout of the tea-pot, which I did not see carried away without agitation. All happened as I had foreseen ; the eldest daughter washed my tea-pot, and becoming aware of some impediment which her endeavours could not remove, called upon her sweetheart, Lieutenant Von Wrede, who was present, to assist her. He, who knew where the tea-pot came from, was struck by the incident, (he was skilled in such practices, being an old Lubecker ;) by means of a little stick he set the spout free from its extraneous contents, and ran, full of joy, with his discovered treasure into another room. The next day Poblotszky obtained the billet, and I my answer in as mysterious a manner, but a more clever one, since female adroitness contrived and executed it. Our cake was, as usual, split in two, but on this day lined with slices of meat ; the crumb was removed from the cake, a little note slipped in, and then the crumb replaced. Truly the notes ran some risk of being eaten up, but were rescued in time luckily, since mine to Poblotszky contained an important intimation, and I, in turn, was glad to find it had not been intercepted. How often have we laughed since over a cake prepared in like manner, thinking of those far more important ones and of those anxious moments ! After the lapse of some days, I was admitted to my examination, which was accompanied by all the ceremonial due to the rank of an officer. General Courbonville, chief of the *gens d'armes*, was president, and the court was composed of twenty-one members—a bad sign for me, as it was a court empowered to award life or death. The proceedings were in the French language, which I was master of, and

therefore I declined an interpreter ; but having avowed that my intention had been to join the Prussian army, the examination soon closed. Upon my making this confession, I saw a lively alarm in the features of the hearers, which gave way to emotions of compassion, as it might well be supposed that my youth and inexperience alone had led me inconsiderately to make such a reply. The President now observed, that " an officer who does not keep his parole of honour, whether friend or enemy, deserves death ; and you are that person, sir ! "

I answered that this observation could not apply to me, since upon the disbanding of our regiment, I had not in any way given my word not to serve against France, nor was under any engagement to that country. This deposition I was called upon to prove ; but in spite of my youth and inexperience, I felt it was safer for me to stand merely upon my defence, and demanded, therefore, that proof should be offered to the contrary.

At my second examination, which shortly followed, things presented a better aspect. I saw by the court that my case stood not so badly, particularly as I had used the precaution to indicate Cassel as my birthplace instead of Cleves—for Cleves was at that time under French dominion,—and thus I should have had the intention of serving against my own government. The judgment of the president was then made known to me ; it was to this effect :—that my deposition had been found correct—that is to say, I had not given my word of honour, and therefore was not to be shot, as would otherwise have been the consequence. The conclusion informed me that my case would be considered at head-quarters, from whence the final judgment was to be awaited.

Notwithstanding the happily-ended crisis which had held my life in jeopardy, there was no change in my manner of life, except that my fatherly guardian, Provost Offelsmeyer, obtained permission to visit me. This worthy man cheered me up by word and deed ; but could not conceal from me that the decision of my fate might yet be a long time retarded. In fact, several weeks passed by in annoying uncertainty and deadly *ennui* ; until at length, one morning very early, it was imparted to me that I was to be taken to France as a prisoner of war. At the same time the order was placed before me ; it came from Pultusc, and was signed " Alexander Berthier." This decision was like a thunderbolt to me : perhaps, like so many others, I should be dragged into the heart of France ; there, disregarded and forgotten, to while away the best years of my life inactive and useless. The observations of my guardian rescued me from my despair ; he represented to me how changeable good and evil are in life, and that my fortunes, too, might brighten up when least foreseen by me. This conversation so strengthened me under my misfortune, that I began the preparations for my journey in better spirits. It took place next morning with all the honours of a grand retinue ; for a crowd of people assembled to witness the departure of so important a personage as report described me to be, and the accompaniments of it might well justify their notions of the matter, for the arrangements to my escort would have sufficed for the *surveillance* of half-a-dozen such criminals as myself. In front of the guardhouse, where the soldiers stood under arms, I found a postchaise and four, attended by a non-commissioned officer and four *gensd'armes* on horseback ; in the carriage was a quartermaster, who announced himself as my companion and guard—shewed me his loaded

carbine, and, opening the pan of it, pointed out the powder to me. We thus arrived at Wesel, where I was assigned a quarter in the citadel until further orders; but, through the entreaties of my mother, I obtained the favour of passing three days in her house, though only in company with, and under the *surveillance* of, my quartermaster, who in time made himself known as a well-educated young man of good family. He naturally met with the friendliest treatment from my mother, and shewed himself so sensible of it, that he as little as possible disturbed our intercourse.

The delay allowed us only too quickly passed by, and I parted from my beloved mother after a sorrowful adieu, the bitterness of which was increased by the presentiment that we should never meet again in this world. Never more have I seen her face light up with joy on meeting me—never more felt my heart revive by her inexhaustible affection. She died during my imprisonment; her last thought, her last words were directed to me. Through the commandant's kindness, I obtained a relay to Cologne, but which I exchanged for two places in the stage-coach. Here, to my great regret, I was separated from my companion, and entered the French territory accompanied by a single *gend'arme*; he was exchanged at every post, and received for his attention to my worthy person five francs, had moreover his meals, and the second place in the coach. I was allowed to stop one day at Cologne, and, by permission of the humane commandant, without the *surveillance* of the *gens'armes*, upon giving my word of honour to appear at the appointed time. I then obtained a relay of four horses to Coblenz, which was at that time a great indulgence for a prisoner of war. And here my favourable star seemed to decline; relays were henceforth out of the question, and only as a peculiar favour I was granted a wretched saddle-horse from one post to another, and I had to pass the nights in the prison, or pay a high price to the governor of it for a room to sleep in. My road lay through a country particularly interesting and agreeable to a youth who had not too far left behind him the tales and narratives of childhood—namely, through the so-called Valley of Martyrs, in which the fair Genofesa lived and suffered, and which has in later times obtained a second bad renown in the cruelties of Schinderhanna. I know not what appearance that part of the country now has, but formerly it was highly romantic; hill and dale were delightfully intermixed, and although these may remain the same, yet surely those venerable clumps of old trees which then adorned them must have disappeared.

When I arrived at Luxemburg, it was made known to me by the fort adjutant, that this for some time was to be my abode; and I learned also that between thirty and forty Hessian officers were detained here as hostages, among them the Prince of Solms Brauenfels, who formerly commanded the Hessian regiment of hussars, as also my own colonel and the captain of my company. I was put into the Fort St. Esprit, which I durst not leave nor even walk upon its rampart, although the position of this small citadel made every attempt at flight impossible. I tried to establish myself as comfortably as was possible in my iron-grated chamber, and the *ennui* of the few first days soon vanished in the society of the Commandant of the place, Monsieur Mackin, who became a kind sympathising friend to me. I was very well off besides, for though the allowance was only 29 francs 15 sous a-month, yet all provisions were so cheap, colonial produce excepted, which at that

time I dispensed with easily, that one could live exceedingly well upon this moderate revenue. In an enclosed corner of the fort the convicts were kept in custody—a revolting community, in whose vicinity I felt myself quite uncomfortable, and whose deeds were served up to me regularly at dinner and supper by Feron, their superintendent, with whom I boarded. These criminals wore iron chains in form of braces, which joined on to another encompassing the body, the last ending in a chain twelve feet long, to which was fastened a six-pounder cannon-ball in an iron box. In this condition they worked and slept, and truly were not to be envied; but they well deserved a heavy punishment for their crimes. In any attempt to escape they were immediately recognisable, for every fourteen days their heads were closely shaved, while on the contrary, the beard was allowed to grow free and unhindered, which gave them a terrific appearance. In the course of a few weeks, my life, at first so monotonous, became much more varied and agreeable, through an acquaintance with an inhabitant of Luxemburg, Mons. Cherion, a well-informed man, who possessed within the fort a garden and summer-house; in the latter was a tolerable collection of books, which he placed entirely at my disposal. I made no inconsiderable use of them, and became thereby quite familiar with the best French authors, and this in a certain measure made me forget my beloved family, and calmed my longing after liberty and an active profession. The French officers, too, were friendly, and visited me frequently—for in those days it was remarkable, and to them therefore interesting—that, as they said, “a German should understand French, and even that he could read it, young as he was.”

About two months after my arrival at Luxemburg, the great powder explosion took place which laid great part of the town in ruins. Upon the 7th of June, 1807, a violent storm arose, which discharged itself upon the fortress into a powder magazine, situated on the so-named Rahm, a part of the breastwork, then containing about a hundred quintals of gunpowder, placed in a tower hewn out of the rock, and the first story of which was built of square-cut stones. The noise, the commotion, and the universal terror were as fearful as the havoc brought about by the storm. The whole lower town of Grand, which lay exactly under the Rahm, was shattered, and one hundred and twenty-six corpses were taken out of the ruins and rubbish, as soon as some review could be made of the terrible calamity, which during an hour enveloped the whole neighbourhood in smoke and dust. On the eastern side, too, of the upper town, all the windows were broken in the churches and houses; and stones from the magazine even reached the opposite suburb of Parfontal. One of them glanced by a young woman who was rinsing clothes at the brook, and whilst it carried away the whole front of her face as if cut off by a knife, it left her skull uninjured, so that she might have been a long time in torture if the surgeons had not come to the relief of her appalling anguish by opening her veins, thus procuring for her a more speedy dissolution.

ENNOBLED ACTRESSES.

BY MRS. MATHEWS.

“ Shall those who pursue a profession which requires education, knowledge of the world, profound acquirement, elevation of mind, and every gift of nature, be the objects of continual humiliation? Shall they in no respect be on an equality with the rest of the public? What! shall the monarch who commands me to appear before him, the author who submits his productions to me, the public who come to hear and applaud me, all have their rights and privileges, and yet I possess none? I am obedient to the authority placed over me, I add new beauties to the characters entrusted to me, I enable the public to pass their hours agreeably, and I am rewarded by contempt! The disgrace which is attempted to be attached to the profession of the stage is a reflection upon the nation that suffers it.”

MADAME CLAIROM.

OF all the *cants* that now pervade a minor portion of periodical criticism, that which affects disdain of actors is surely the most inconsistent and ungrateful; since the most emphatic contemner of the man and his vocation,—he whose pen has been exercised during the morning in writing down the bitterest contempt of the artist and his art, may be seen in the evening laboriously elbowing his way, sometimes at the peril of life or limb, through a stubborn and offensive crowd, in eager solicitude to witness a display of those talents, the very existence of which he has perhaps previously denied, or at least questioned; or if at any time compelled to join the popular voice of praise, it follows that in proportion to the admission of his own enjoyment of the acting, the more implacable is his animosity towards the actor.

There is something in this more than natural, and philosophy *might*, we think, find it out.

It is pretended by blind detractors, that the lives of actors and actresses are consequently and *necessarily* immoral. Actors are not supposed to be exempt from the frailties of their fellow-men; their follies, vanities, and vices are in common: but to say that they are *more* depraved than any other class, is most illiberal and unjust. The wisest and best have encouraged the stage. That “majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom,” Dr. Johnson, not only wrote for it, but held intimacy—nay, friendship, with an actor: many divines have also contributed to the literature of the Drama, and held fellowship with its professors. Vice will creep into a theatre, as well as into other buildings made with human hands; and “where’s the place whereinto vile things sometimes intrude not?” However individual prejudice may refuse to admit the public benefit derived from a theatre, that place of concourse and refinement has “done the state some service,” and which the state acknowledges by its legal sanction and general patronage. To attempt to convince these pseudo-moralists that actors are partakers of the *good* as well as the bad qualities of our common-nature, would be a bootless task; but to the unprejudiced and fair-judging, a brief counter-statement, while we are upon the subject, may not be deemed intrusive or blameable; and we venture upon the theme, albeit “unmusical to Volscian ears.”

The interior of a London theatre is composed of a very nume-

rous and varied class of human beings. Those visible before the curtain form but a small number compared with those behind it, whose silent labours uphold the building in an equal degree, and, numerically and conductively considered, are of as much importance to public gratification, as are the actors themselves. The various members of this body are of all degrees and temperaments,—the ignorant and well-informed—the rich and the poor—the master and the servant. Many of these humbler aids have been bred within the walls of a theatre, and know no other school of morality for six days out of the seven; yet a more orderly set of people are not to be found labouring for their weekly pittance in any public establishment in the kingdom. If the atmosphere of a theatre necessarily engender vice, and render its morals worse than those of people who congregate in other public buildings, how is it that vice's usual concomitant—*crime*, is so seldom heard of? How is it that, in the "volumes of report" which reach us through the columns of the public press, we so rarely see a member of this much-abused body cited in the daily registry of depravity, outrage, and murder? Years elapse without *one* instance of such delinquency being laid bare by judicial inquiry; and yet these people hold no patent of exemption from legal correction: so far from it, the actions of such persons are more exposed and open to detection and comment than others. If on the stage an actor give offence—refuse or fail to fulfil the just expectation of his audience; if he forget his assumed character in public, summary vengeance clamorously overtakes him: if he forget his private character, society is open-mouthed in his condemnation; and, if he trespass against the law, the law will surely be his schoolmaster.

It is too true, that we have more than once heard of an actor having incurred the disgrace of being for a certain portion of time *sent to Coventry* by his brethren and the laws of propriety; but we never yet heard of one being sent, even for a septennial season, to any penal settlement by the laws of his country; and further, there is not, we believe, a solitary instance on record, of an actor or actress,—though they may have died many times in public upon their own stage,—having made their final exit on the platform of the *Old Bailey* or elsewhere. Let these negative, but surely not inconsiderable evidences in favour of the children of Thespis, and of the innoxious tendency of stage representations to demoralize the professors, in some measure relax the animosity of the indiscriminate censorer; let him "bind them as a sign upon his hand, and they will be as frontlets before his eyes" when he takes up his critical pen.

Or better than this,—let him, if he can, make acquaintance with such men as Charles Kemble, Charles Young, (they may be met with in the best society,) Mr. Liston, or others of our pattern actors. His dislike to the fraternity will then vanish into thin air, and he will thenceforth join in Barry Cornwall's eulogium on the profession generally; or at least adopt that gentleman's recorded opinion of the actors themselves, namely, that "*they are an active and intelligent body of men, and beyond comparison the most amusing company extant.*"

Having said thus much for the "poor player," our more immediate concern is with the feminine portion of the community. From these fair flowers we would form a garland to be placed over

the mirror of the young actress on her first entrance into a theatre, as an incitement to virtue, and to remind us how advantageous, even in a politick point of view, it is to have regard to private character. D'Alembert truly observed, "that the chastity of actresses is more exposed than that of any other women; but then," he adds, "the glory of the victory ought to be the greater." We further quote from him (for we love *authorities* in all cases) an opinion, that "grant but distinctions to virtuous actresses, and their order would be the most severe of all with regard to morals." D'Alembert's speculation referred, of course, to his own countrywomen, but it applies equally to ours; and in calling the reader's attention to the history of those females who, by their beauty, talents, and private merits, have severally attained rank and station, out of a profession little congenial to *any*, after the glow of early enthusiasm has passed away, it will appear, that from the moment of such elevation, their conduct and character have been remarkable for every active moral quality. Not a solitary case of an actress, exalted by her husband's rank, and sharing with him the general privileges of his high position, can be adduced, of one, so distinguished, having disgraced it. In reference to our purposed *chaplet of flowers*, culled from the theatrical *parterre*, and transplanted by noble hands to "a more removed ground," we must regret that our first specimen, *first* by chronological claim of precedence and right of rank, is not presented in such perfect odour to the moral sense, as we hoped it would be when we selected it as a sample of the whole. The goodly blossom did not, it seems, escape a partial canker; but, as in fuller bloom it attained a great and permanent lustre, we must not throw it aside, (indeed our wreath, without it, would be incomplete,) remembering that in Persia the rose is not considered worthless until it has lost its "hundred leaves;" and that in our own country the judicious lapidary does not cast away a splendid diamond, because he has detected in it *one flaw*.

Having premised thus much, we at once present to our indulgent reader Her Grace

THE DUCHESS OF BOLTON,

(THE ORIGINAL "POLLY" IN "THE BEGGARS' OPERA.")

The person so long known and celebrated under the name of *Miss Fenton*, was the daughter of a Mr. Beswick, a lieutenant in the Navy, and was born in 1708. Shortly after her birth, her mother married a Mr. Fenton, the keeper of a coffee-house at Charing Cross, who sensibly considering it more reputable to all parties that his infant daughter-in-law should bear his name, rather than that of her father, our heroine was thenceforth, until the period of her own marriage, known only as *Lavinia Fenton*.

The last two centuries have not, perhaps, produced a more striking instance of the caprices of fortune, than in the history of this remarkable person,—of obscure birth, bred up in the bar of a public coffee-house, afterwards placed upon the boards of a theatre, and ultimately raised to the first rank of the country.

It is recorded that in childhood the little *Lavinia* evinced precocious talents, with extraordinary faculties and acquirements. Amongst other natural gifts, she was found to possess a clear and

melodious voice, and gave with this a decided evidence of a musical tendency and taste. As she increased in age and stature, her genius developed itself in equal progression, and obtained for her such notice as might be expected from the publicity of her situation, in which her great abilities could not fail to attract the attention of the *habités* of the coffee-room. So much general praise, added to his natural shrewdness, at length suggested to her nominal father the prospective advantages that might ensue from a proper cultivation of these native powers; and it followed, that efficient masters were engaged to instruct the young Lavinia in various branches of polite education, especially in music.

In those days the Italian school of singing was little known, and less practised in England, a well-executed English *ballad* being considered the perfection of vocal excellence. In this style, then so popular, Lavinia was carefully trained; and, if we may rely upon the opinion of the best musical judges of her day, and the great reputation she obtained, Miss Fenton must have greatly excelled all contemporary singers. Her exceeding quickness of acquirement and her extraordinary talents were so loudly proclaimed by her father's patrons and friends, that the report of her varied excellence reached the ears of the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, who eventually engaged her, — not, as it appears, exclusively for operatic performances, for she made her *début* in the character of *Monimia*, in Otway's play of "The Orphan," in the year 1726, she being then eighteen years of age. The experiment was as successful as the *débutante's* most sanguine friends and admirers could anticipate, and her improvement was so rapid, that Miss Fenton might very soon be said to be *the fashion*. Attractively accomplished, and handsome in person, it remained but to know her rigid propriety of conduct *off the stage*, to seal her favouritism with "the town," and win for the young actress universal praise, as well as substantial profit. In those times presents were the usual medium by which the good opinion of the public was evinced *out* of the theatre for performers of merit; and of such, actresses might boast without the least disparagement to their private reputation. Costly gifts were then considered but oblations at the shrine of genius and virtue, and the recipients displayed them not only without any impeachment of their moral conduct, but without the slightest imputation of sordid or servile condescension.

With such generally distinguishing manifestations of admiration, it will not be doubted that Miss Fenton attracted more particular proofs of her admirable qualities. Amongst her many professed adorers appeared a young man of very high rank, but not of equally exalted principles. This person made every effort that wealth and libertine passion could suggest, to draw the young actress from her honest, though public labours, into the privacy of vicious ease; and, in return for the sacrifices he required on her side, he proposed to surrender all his town-pleasures (*i. e.* vices), and to retire with her into the country, upon any terms, short of marriage, that she might dictate.* This offer was soon the talk of the

* Here let it be noted by the prejudiced reader, who may have been told of the curtailed immorality of the *side-scenes*, that in almost all cases of falling off in female conduct and character, the temptation and the tempter come from *without* the walls of a theatre; such persons are mostly strangers to the profession, unversed in the habits of actors, and, consequently, unvitiated by their baneful association.

he kept his word, proving himself throughout his life a man of such "uncoined constancy" that neither in word nor act was he ever known to deviate from that deep and fervent affection which had led them both into so indefensible a position. For twenty-three years, the most valuable portion of her life, Miss Fenton was strictly devoted to privacy, lost to society, and her own approval, residing with the Duke more like a respected wife than a mistress. Such was her external propriety of demeanour and conduct, that—apart from the crime of attaching herself to a married man—she provoked no malice, neither excited open reproach from those whose strict principles could not fail to condemn her situation, and shun her society.

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In this disposition of the Duchess's money there certainly was a great disproportion; but who can say whether it was unjust or not? In such cases, man sees the act, God the motive. This person, by his entire devotion to his noble patient, had probably made serious pecuniary sacrifices, past and prospective, in order to give his undivided attention to her peculiar case. This the Duchess doubtless considered, and at the so sudden approach of death, perhaps in the fulness of her gratitude, gave more than, in greater vigour of mind as well as body, she might have deemed necessary. The witty chronicler of this effect of "Poor human ruins tottering o'er the grave," implies but a mental falling off; yet his remark was unkind. As to the legacies left by the Duchess to her sons, they were probably as much as they wished and expected, and more than their fortunes required. But we all know the responsibilities of an established wit; once acknowledged a wit, his fancy is slave-bound "for aye." Whether as a talker or writer, he has still a character to sustain; like the face of a confessed beauty, his mind must always be seen *en beau*.^{*} Walpole *would* not tell any story without a *point*, and in the absence of any other, the *Pollyhood* was irresistible, though candour might have spared it.

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The Duchess of Bolton was buried at Greenwich with all appropriate honours, in the year 1760, at the age of fifty-two.

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atical, when in modern, and more enlightened times, the results of "Tom and Jerry," and "Jack Sheppard's" introduction upon the stage, are remembered. But, to return to our theme.

The impression made by Miss Fenton in *Polly*, both by her singing and acting, was most powerful. Her popularity had reached its apex, and the manager, Mr. Rich, in order to secure her future services, was induced to increase his former liberality; and a second offer, of double the amount of her previous salary, presented to the young actress an income so truly magnificent, that she was dazzled into a prompt acceptance of—*thirty shillings* per week! Read this, ye *prima donnas* of the nineteenth century, and bless your stars, which in these "hard times" enable you to exchange your notes for gold.*

The abilities of Miss Fenton cannot be disputed; the universal panegyrics of the time, and the anxiety of the managers to monopolize her services, assure us that no actress or singer could, at any period of the drama, be more popular. Not a print-shop nor fan-shop but exhibited her handsome figure in her *Polly's* costume, which possessed all the characteristic simplicity of the modern Quakeress without one meretricious ornament; and the stage presented her in this style of dress for sixty-three consecutive representations of the same character, when the theatre was crowded in every part by her admirers: indeed, so painfully was she importuned and pursued by her numerous lovers, that it was deemed expedient that some confidential friends should guard her nightly, home after her performance, to prevent her being hurt by the crowd or *run away with!*

And did this young and interesting woman remain insensible to such evidences of her power over the hearts of mankind—inflexible to all her admirers?—was she so devoted to public praise and single blessedness as to be unmoved by the passion she inspired in so many?—did she, it may be further asked, continue that virtuous career for which before, and from her *entrée* upon the stage, she had been so distinguished? Such questions may naturally arise, and must be answered truthfully, though reluctantly: the integrity of biography is tested by them, and must not be forfeited. The time had indeed arrived when love,

"Swift as an arrow from the Tartar's bow,"

reached the heart of Lavinia Fenton. From the earliest representations of the opera, a noble occupant of the stage-box nightly gazed in undisguised admiration upon the fascinating *Polly*, who, as he in after times often declared, first captivated him by her plaintive and engaging manner of addressing her father, *Peachum*, in the song of "O Ponder Well!" There is much reason to believe that long before any definite declaration was made by this nobleman to Miss Fenton, their reciprocal feelings were carefully suppressed, in the consciousness on both sides that their passion could not with ho-

* It is worthy of remark, that in the year 1728 a first-rate singer, according to play-house pay, which means the actual nights of performance, could command no more than *forty-five pounds* annually; whilst we have it on record that a first-rate singer (Mrs. Billington) in the year 1801 was deemed worthy of an arbitration between the rival managers, who each contended for the *privilege* of paying her *three thousand pounds* for the season, with the addition of a clear benefit! This was singing to some tune!

nour be revealed. As for the young actress, she regarded her noble lover as Helena viewed Bertram, but as "a bright particular star, in whose radiance and collateral light she must be comforted, not in his sphere—he was so much above her."

Still did she nightly appear, and as often did her enamoured lover take his accustomed place, whence he "gazed on the fair who caused his care," till, at length, it became evident not only to him, but to other frequenters, that the songs in which the sentiment was applicable to her particular feelings were sung in a faltering voice and with a tremulous air; especially that wherein Gay's heroine exclaims—

"Alas! poor Polly! alack and well-aday!
Before I was in love, every month was May!"

Alas, *Poor Polly!* may be echoed by our reader. She was deeply, dangerously attached. Her friends became alarmed; her unsuccessful suitors despaired; and her manager, not the least *interested* of the general observers, saw his treasure escaping. Admonitory age was not slow to warn; jealousy to reprove; nor envy, as well as prudence, to condemn. But "when love's strong passion is impressed on youth, neither counsel nor wisdom can remove it;" and after all the glorious triumphs over feeling and circumstance—the season of her probation finished—heart-touched, she surrendered the good name so long and virtuously sustained, and at the close of the theatre in July, left *self, friends, and all, for love!*—resigning all mastery over her better nature to become the mistress of a *married man!** On the first certainty of what had long been dreaded, "infinite tongues" were busy in conjecture as to what probable compact Miss Fenton had made with her noble lover under these deplored circumstances, as it was understood she did not mean to return to the stage; and Swift, writing from vague report, says, in a letter, dated July 6th, 1728:—"The Duke of Bolton has run away with *Polly Peachum*, having settled four hundred per year on her, during pleasure, and upon disagreement, two hundred more."

Whether any such terms existed could never be ascertained, for no "disagreement" or separation took place. The Duke was not merely *in love* with Miss Fenton, but, as his after conduct proved, really *loved* her. It is equally evident that her devotion to him was of equal measure and weight. Their mutual attachment—sudden and unpremeditated—was coeval with their first meeting, and though no oral confession on either side was made for some time after, yet when two hearts spontaneously join, they *will* discourse, though tongues were out of use, and speak their own meaning. The Duke had, in truth, no occasion to *make love* to Miss Fenton, he found it ready-made; therefore it required no "oaths (those servants of deceitful men)" to bind him; and we are not disposed to add a feather's weight to her trespass by imputing to her the more deliberate infamy of haggling for the price of her dishonour. We have previously shewn that she was proof against such bribes, and it is therefore more natural, as well as charitable, to suppose that no sordid conditions were annexed to her self-sacrifice; and when he, a suitor, cried—

— "Say thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere,"

* If any extenuation may be received for such a violation of sacred commandment, it may be urged that this nobleman had been virtually separated from his wife before he became attached to Miss Fenton.

he kept his word, proving himself throughout his life a man of such "uncoined constancy" that neither in word nor act was he ever known to deviate from that deep and fervent affection which had led them both into so indefensible a position. For twenty-three years, the most valuable portion of her life, Miss Fenton was strictly devoted to privacy, lost to society, and her own approval, residing with the Duke more like a respected wife than a mistress. Such was her external propriety of demeanour and conduct, that—apart from the crime of attaching herself to a married man—she provoked no malice, neither excited open reproach from those whose strict principles could not fail to condemn her situation, and shun her society.

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THE DAMNED SOULS.

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

The Turks have a belief that in the crew of "the never-resting *halcyon*"—(*yet kovan*), the souls of the damned perpetually wander.

"On the Dardanelles, and especially on the Bosphorus, the passing and re-passing of the little brown birds, the '*halcyons voyageurs*,' or '*âmes damnées*,' is incessant. They are never seen to pause in their course, and are rarely known to rest; but they bend their heads down, and pick up their food as they skim along the surface of the water in their everlasting flight."—COUNTESS GROSVENOR'S *Yacht Voyage in the Mediterranean*, vol. i. p. 278.

THEY have quitted human life,
Passion's never-ceasing strife,
Hope, and hate, and empty folly,
Joy, and grief, and melancholy,—
But they find no rest,
Though the flesh hath lost the hold
That it had on them of old :—
Why are they unblest ?

Were they number'd with the great,
Envi'd sons of power and state,
Robed in garments brought afar,
Deck'd with gold of Istakar,
And the diamond's blaze ?
Were they rank'd among the poor,
Suppliant at each wealthy door,
All their weary days ?

There are both :—the hungry grave
Gathers sultaun, gathers slave ;
Rich and poor alike fall low
Before Azrael's dreaded bow,
In its destined hour ;
All must pass Al-Sirat's ridge,
And, escaped that dizzy bridge,
Bend to Monkir's power.

These were of each class and clime
From the very birth of Time,
Who perversely went astray,
Leaving Virtue's narrow way
For an evil path.
Upon earth they had their will ;
Mourning now, they quaff their fill
Of the cup of wrath.

For they made a boast of sin—
Eblis reign'd their hearts within,
And his bidding foul they wrought,
To themselves with ruin fraught,
And a dire dismay ;
Therefore, from communion thrust
With the spirits of the just,
Damn'd souls are they.

Hell is not confined to space :
It pervadeth every place

Banks of the Yore.

Throughout wide creation's bound
Where a guilty wretch is found,
In his heart contending ;
'Tis remembrance of the past,
Join'd with sense of woe, to last
Ages never ending.

Neither do those lost ones dwell,
Always pent in dungeon cell
Of that sad and rueful pit
Where the fiends in torments sit ;—
They revisit earth :
Wandering with the wandering bird,
Still their wailings may be heard
Where they sinn'd with mirth.

Ne'er does the "*yet kovan*" rest,
Never does she build a nest ;
On the wave she springs to life,
Rock'd amid its stormy strife,
On its breast she dies ;
And with her, although unseen,
Writhing under tortures keen,
A doom'd spirit flies.

Oh ! more dreadful such a lot,
Thus reviewing each loved spot,
Vex'd with agony undying,
Whence there is no hope of flying,
Than to lie fast bound
By an adamant chain,
Fix'd for ever to remain
In hell's depth profound.

This the damned souls endure,
Smitten with a vengeance sure,
For the laws of Allah broken,
Guilt imagined, done, or spoken,
For the Prophet's word unpri'd,
For the Holy Faith despis'd ;—
Men of pious heart,
When the "*yet kovan*" flits by,
Fervent pray, with downcast eye,
They may be prepared to die,
And find a better part.

SKETCHES OF LEGENDARY CITIES AND TOWNS.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

HEREFORD.

HEREFORD, though it has the character of being peculiarly dull,—an accusation generally brought against cathedral towns,—is so finely situated, so handsomely built, and its glorious church so magnificent, that I can scarcely agree that it deserves to be so designated:—at least, to a visitor, the place is full of interest; and the pleasure it can afford in its charming walks, and the sublime aspect of one of the most perfect specimens of early architecture in the kingdom, cannot fail to enlist a stranger in its cause.

The best view of the town is from a rising ground on the road to Ross, whence the majestic tower of the Cathedral and the spires of the other venerable places of worship appear to great advantage. It reminds me of Bourges, the position of the town being not unlike, although Hereford certainly has the advantage in some respects, standing higher, and in a more beautiful country. The golden vale of Hereford, through which runs its sparkling river, is in spring one mass of many-coloured flowers, which enamel the luxuriant meadows as far as the eye can reach; the hills are everywhere covered with coppice-woods, and waving corn-fields spread out their riches in gorgeous display. The hop—that most beautiful of all twining plants, the rival of the vine—here vies with Kent in richness, and throws its graceful garlands over wide tracts which they adorn, sharing the fame of the celebrated orchards, whose produce has illustrated the name of Herefordshire.

In the season of blossoms, the apple and pear-trees in this county present a wilderness of bloom; and, when these are matured, the rich aspect of their crimson and gold fruit makes the stranger imagine that he has strayed into the jewelled region where Aladdin sought his lamp. No wonder that Merlin the bard was enamoured of his unrivalled apple-trees, and laments the destruction of his orchard by an enemy in the most moving strains; for the inexpressible beauty of these valuable and ornamental groves is greater than any other can present: the orange itself, in spite of its perfumed flowers, sacred to wedded love, and its fruit of sunny glow amidst its shining metallic leaves, is scarcely so attractive.

What riches are in these extensive and lovely orchards!—whether the apples be the *golden pippen*, the *redstreak*, the red, white, and yellow *musk*, the *foxwhelp*, or *dymock-red*, or those called the *ten commandments*, that furnish the “juice divine,” whose praises are sung by Philips in inflated measures, and by the Norman poet, Basselin, in strains worthy of Anacreon. No wonder that the exquisite liquor produced by this immortal fruit, famous from all time, should, as the poet of cyder exclaims, be loved by “the peasants blithe,” who

“Will quaff, and whistle, as their tinkling team
They drive, and sing of Fusca's radiant eyes,
Pleased with the medley draught.”

Nor is the perry, furnished by the luscious pears of this county, less to be boasted—whether produced from the squash, the oldfield, the

huff-cap, the barland, the sack and the red pear,—parents of most of the *champagne* enjoyed as genuine in England.

To the tyrant Henry the Eighth, or rather to Harris his fruiterer, England chiefly owes the riches of her orchards; and in the time of Charles the First, to Lord Scudamore of Holm Lacy,—that fine old seat in the neighbourhood of Hereford, this county is indebted for becoming, as Evelyn says, “in a manner, one entire orchard.”

Greater is the wealth its trees yield than if the whole ground were strewn with such gems as were once found by a peasant of one of the villages, who turned up with his spade a coronet adorned with diamonds. The astonished swain, scarcely crediting his senses, and dreading too strict inquiry in his immediate neighbourhood, repaired to Gloucester, where he offered the glittering treasure to a goldsmith, who, well aware of its value, immediately gave the sum of thirty-one pounds for it, sending away the finder intoxicated with his good luck. The goldsmith hastened with his prize to London, where he readily secured his gain by getting from a jeweller two hundred and fifty pounds; nor was it long before it was again disposed of, producing a profit to the last seller of fifteen hundred guineas. It is unknown to whom that jewelled crown belonged; perchance to the gallant, the good, and unfortunate Ethelbert, who might have worn it when he set forth in bridal array to woo the fair daughter of Offa of Mercia, and the cruel Queen Quendreda. Full of hope and love, did the young and pious prince journey towards the towers of Sutton-Walls, and gaily did he enter the portals, which seemed

“Bursting from their hinges to receive him;”

—cheerfully did he return the greetings of his royal host and hostess, unmindful of the scowl which followed his steps as the Lady Macbeth of Mercia muttered words like these:—

“The raven itself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of this king
Under my battlements.”

Lovely looked the innocent girl whose beauty had lured the prince to her father's halls, a prototype of Margaret de Valois, while her hateful mother was planning a massacre, and the sweetest notes of the harp had been awakened to speak the welcome of the honoured guest. Even to the door of his sleeping-chamber was the unsuspecting Ethelbert attended with friendly care; and when he closed his eyes, it was to dream of his future bride, whose smiles had shone on him throughout the happiest of his days.

Where was the great and good Ethelbert the next morning? When did he return to his capital blooming and happy as he left it? How shall those questions be answered?—alas! a mutilated corpse was cast into an obscure grave in a wood near Sutton-Walls; and, after a time, a gorgeous funeral procession took its mournful way towards Hereford, supposed to conduct the remains of the young King of the East Angles to his last home,—the sorrowing monarch Offa having the sad task of announcing to his subjects the sudden death of their chief, his intended son-in-law. Splendid was the tomb erected by the remorse of Offa over his body, which he afterwards caused to be secretly carried to the church and placed beneath the pile of sculptured

stone; and it was then that miracles began to prove how pure was he who slept beneath.

More and more did Offa tremble at the deed his own ambition and his wife's persuasion had urged him to; and, in expiation, he showered heaps of gold upon the spot where Ethelbert was laid, until in process of time, the magnificent Cathedral of Hereford rose in commemoration of his deed of blood and his repentance. For centuries did the pious from all lands repair to the shrine of Ethelbert, and long was his tomb held in veneration, and the feet of his statue—clothed "in his habit as he lived,"—kissed with devout zeal by pilgrims innumerable. But a period came when shrines, and altars, and sculptured fanes were defaced and trampled on, and in the universal wreck, the statue of King Ethelbert disappeared.

It is only within a few months, owing to the indefatigable zeal and good taste of the present Dean of Hereford, under whose auspices the beautiful Cathedral is rising like a phoenix from its ashes, that, closed up in a wall amidst a heap of delicate columns, which have long been concealed by rude buildings and thick plaster, the effigy of the murdered king was found, almost entire, beneath the altar where pious honours were formerly paid him. The statue is now placed on a pedestal, the pillars restored, and the whole charming group brought to light in all its simple grace, adding a gem to the many treasures which daily appear since the clearing away of loads of rubbish, which the bad taste of modern times had suffered to accumulate, and disfigure the exquisite architecture of one of the finest ecclesiastical buildings in Europe.

There are no remains of the once strong walls of Hereford, which encompassed it on three sides, the fourth being defended by the river Wye, which now flows pleasantly beneath its beautiful public walk, where stood the Castle, a powerful structure, whose very site can with difficulty be traced. The six gates, too, are gone: the Wye-bridge-gate, the Friar's-gate, the Eigne*-gate, the Wide Marsh-gate, Bishop's-gate, and St. Owen's-gate. Not one of the "fifteen embattled towers" which extended along the walls for "a goodly mile," and which Leland says were "right well maintained by the burgesses of the town," now remains: a fragment of wall and a few doorways belonging to some shabby cottages, alone show that a strong building once existed near the spot, where the citizens now promenade at their leisure, and enjoy the views from the delightful public walk called the Castle Green, at the entrance of which is a board placed with the request that "*Ladies will not wear pattens on the gravel walks.*" What scholar of the College, unwitting of the altered manners of the age since our grandmothers stalked along in such uncomfortable conveniences, drew up this appeal in the intervals of his studies, does not appear, but it is worthy of Domine Sampson himself. It would be indeed most "cruel and ungrateful" for any hoof to deform these agreeable walks

"For sauntering age, and whispering lovers made."

In the centre of a fine lawn of great extent, where was once perhaps the tournament-yard in the days when Edward the Second's cruel Isabella kept state at Hereford Castle, is now a pillar erected to the memory of the glorious achievements of Nelson: though still un-

* The Eigne is a small river.

finished, it appeared to me singularly elegant ; but, in a conversation I entered into with

“ Old Adam’s likeness set to dress this garden,”

I found my taste at once condemned,—the rural critic lamenting that, instead of the classically shaped urn which surmounts the column, the figure of the hero “ *in full armour, with his sword by his side,*” had not been placed there.

As such monuments are intended to speak to the hearts and memories of the people, perhaps he was right in some degree.

The elms are of great size which are planted in majestic rows along the walks, and a fine broad terrace, always dry, surrounds the whole space. This promenade is certainly a successful rival to the Quarry at Shrewsbury, which it excels, in being less exposed to damp, owing to its superior height above the river, and because of its terrace, which commands a much more extensive view. The trees are of the same age, and equally luxuriant ; but, from being thinner, do not cast so heavy a shade, or occasion so much closeness as the majestic avenue of the Quarry leading down to the Severn, whose fault is its over-growth.

The castle-keep was of peculiar strength, having “ in the outer wall ten semicircular towers, and one great tower within.” It was found of great service during the wars with the Welsh, and also in those civil contentions which long desolated England.

Here, the haughty Earl of Leicester, who, after the battle of Lewes, had usurped all the authority of the state, kept the king, Henry the Third, and his gallant son Edward, in reality prisoners, though they possessed the semblance of liberty ; and from these towers, doubtless, young Edward watched for the signal of Mortimer, which, displayed on Tillington Hill, was to warn him that his friends were ready to receive him, if he ventured on flight. Edward accordingly looked anxiously towards the mountains, and when he saw a cavalier mounted on a white horse waving his bonnet as he rode along, he knew the time was come. He had obtained permission of Leicester to exercise himself in a meadow called Widemarsh, on the north side of the town ; and having fatigued his guard by his feats of horsemanship, he suddenly urged his steed to the utmost, and rode off with the rapidity of light, crying out to his keepers that, having enjoyed their society long enough, he was now going to change it for another scene. The astonished men-at-arms instantly spurred after their charge, but they were soon aware that the Cliffords and Mortimers were on their path, and that pursuit was in vain. On Dinmore Hill, conspicuous from the terrace of the public walk, he was received by his friends with banners displayed, and conveyed in safety to Wigmore Castle.

Edward, when king, did not forgive the unfortunate Welsh prince, Llywelyn, his connexion with the revolted Leicester, and cruelly did he exact the forfeit of his conduct. The town of Hereford saw frightful punishments inflicted on the gallant Welshmen who fought for the independence of their country, which, once entirely subdued, the defences of the Castle were allowed by degrees to decay, being no longer of importance.

The ill-starred favourite of Edward the Second, the younger Spencer, perished in Hereford before the eyes of the cruel queen, who had no mercy on her weak husband. Here was raised by her order, a gallows fifty feet high, on which the beautiful minion of royalty met

an ignominious death; and here, too, was executed Owen Meredith ap Tudor, the husband of Catherine of France, after the fatal battle of Mortimer's Cross: his body was buried in the church of the Grey Friars, now no longer existing.

Great struggles took place here during the wars between Charles the First and his Parliament, and the town was alternately in possession of either party. The bravery of the inhabitants under Scudamore, who defended the town, besieged for a month by the Scotch auxiliaries, was rewarded after the Restoration by a new charter and an augmentation of arms, with a motto expressive of their valour and fidelity.

There is still a spring of water in a lane leading from the site of the Castle to the Cathedral, which was once dedicated to St. Ethelbert, and said to be possessed of miraculous virtues; but, with the faith in it, the power has ceased, though it is still found useful by the neighbouring inhabitants.

Hereford was once full of monastic institutions, of which there are now few remains. St. Guthlac's Priory of Benedictines stood where now rises the Gaol and House of Correction; and of the Black Friars nothing is to be seen but a beautiful cross, or stone pulpit, which might be a precious ornament in a fair garden, like its counterpart at Shrewsbury. This graceful ruin is of hexagonal form, open on each side, and surrounded by a flight of steps decreasing as they ascend. Within is a fine pillar supporting a rich roof, through which the now mutilated cross rose majestically above the embattled tower. Ivy clings round the trefoil arches in luxuriant garlands, and an elder has forced itself within, and twines round the central pillar, clasping the stone in its firm embrace. This pulpit stands in the neglected garden of some cottages attached to the antique building called Coningsby's Hospital,—a dilapidated but picturesque place, still maintained, according to the original foundation, for the benefit of decayed soldiers and servants. Sir Thomas Coningsby was the founder in 1614, and built this hospital for "old servitors," on the site of one that had stood for many centuries, and belonged to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. There is something very interesting in this old hospital for aged and infirm servants, and men who have done service to their country, and may be supposed to prefer ending their days in their native county, rather than in one of those founded by benevolence in some distant quarter.

The company consists of a corporal, or governor, who must have been a soldier; a chaplain, and ten servitors. Six are required to have served in the army for at least three years, and must be natives of Herefordshire, Worcestershire, or Salop. The owner, *in fee*, of the fine old mansion called Hampton Court, in Herefordshire, is considered and styled the Commander of the Hospital, and the servitors always address him by that title "in memory of those worthy governors who once presided over the military society of the place."

The generous founder enacted, that each servitor should be provided, on his admittance to the fraternity, with "a fustian suit of *ginger colour* of a *soldier-like fashion* and seemly laced: a soldier-like jerkin, with half sleeves: and a square shirt half down the thigh, with a *moncado*, or Spanish cap: a sword to wear abroad: a cloak of red cloth, lined with red baize, and reaching to the knee, to be worn in walks or journeys: and a gown of red cloth, reaching to the ancle, lined also with baize,

to be worn within the hospital: and on the first of Pentecost, every alternate year afterwards, a similar cap and jerkin to be given to each member, the whole to be, for ever, of the said fashion."

I observed one of the servitors sitting on a bench at the entrance of his door, and his dress certainly displayed both yellow and red, nor was he without a red cloak, but the whole of his appearance was so slovenly that it was difficult to make out clearly "the fashion of his garments."

Great care was taken by the founder that the inmates of this hospital should be sufficiently supplied with provisions: one item appears rather more liberal than judicious, and, it might be, that its effect had produced the careless garb and demeanour of the individual I beheld: "*two full ale quarts of beer a-day*" seems rather more than is altogether necessary to keep up the strength of the servitor; but to this he has a right, if he desires it.

Neither the house nor the gardens seem to be very neatly kept, and there is a ruinous air about them which accords somewhat too well with the ruins of the Black Friars' cells, scattered about in the neighbouring gardens. This part of the town, however, seems in a much better state now than it was a few years since; for most travellers describe the suburb as filthy in the extreme, which is not the case now.

There are many charitable institutions in Hereford of ancient date, and amongst them is a modern-antique row of buildings, originally erected in 1231, and still called St. Ethelbert's Alms-houses. Ten poor people are here provided for, and each has a pretty garden extending to the stream, which once formed part of the castle fosse: some of the ancient stone ornaments of the former building are still preserved, and adorn the front of the houses, the form of which is as like the original as could well be, and the whole presents a venerable and interesting aspect.

One of the most striking objects in Hereford is the Town Hall, a fine old building, built in the reign of James the First. It stands in the centre of the High Town, and has an imposing effect; three ranges of pillars of solid oak, nine in each range, support the fabric, and though it has been greatly altered, owing to the upper story being considered unsafe, it is still a very good specimen of the age at which it was erected. Close to it, and occupying a very conspicuous position in the street, is a single house, which once formed part of a street called the Butcher Row. It is most elaborately carved and decorated from the roof to the ground, and must have been beautiful in its day; this house is religiously preserved and repainted every three years, to preserve the brightness of its stripes, and render it ornamental. There are a few others of the same kind in different parts of the town, but whole streets have been cleared away to make room for modern improvements. Many of the names of the streets tell of their antiquity, though their destination is altogether changed. May-lord's Lane no longer witnesses the gambols of the hobby-horse and morrice dancers; and Packer's Lane is not appropriated to any particular calling. Outside St. Owen's Gate is St. Giles's Hospital, established in 1290, for "*Fryars Grisey, or Savignian Monks,*" and made an alms-house, probably for lepers, in Richard the Second's time.

Widemere, or Widemarsh, tells its own tale, and was, doubtless, once a mere swamp, without the North Gate.

Pipe Lane no longer shows the house where a lovely creature first saw the light, whose changeable fortunes made her a fruit-girl, an

actress, and the mother of a royal child. The lively, witty, charming, and generous Nell Gwynn was born in this obscure nook, which nearly joins the episcopal palace of which her grandson, in after times, became the proprietor. Of all the favourites of the most profligate court in Europe, where women of the highest rank strove for the distinction of dishonour, Nell Gwynn was the least guilty. She had neither birth, instruction, nor example, to have guarded her against the dangers into which her beauty led her, and, but that the knowledge of wrong is innate, she had every excuse for her laxity of conduct, which could not be accorded to those ladies who envied her position, and strove to share it. Of none of them is it recorded, as a veil that might cover the multitude of their sins, that they used their powerful influence over a careless and weak, but occasionally kind-hearted monarch, to assist the poor and right the injured. Chelsea Hospital stands an everlasting memorial of the benevolence and generosity of Nell Gwynn; and rightly has it been said that "her errors have vanished in the blaze of her munificence."

At the bottom of Widemarsh Street there are several projecting houses of antique appearance, whose upper stories hang over the foot-way; and here was once the Angel Inn, where a young lieutenant of horse was quartered in the year 1717. With him was his young wife, who, having arrived after a fatiguing journey from Lichfield, where they usually resided, was taken ill, and the result was her presenting her husband with a boy, who was no other than the friend of Dr. Johnson and the wits of his age; the admired of all his countrymen, and the boast of the drama,—David Garrick.

When James the First paid a visit to Hereford, he was received at Ingeston House, in the neighbourhood, the seat of a gentleman of much consideration,—Mr. Sergeant Hoakyns, who entertained him most royally; and, in order to prove to the king the salubrity of the air of this district, he caused a morrice-dance to be performed before him, which was executed by ten old men and women whose united ages amounted to a thousand years. No doubt this was just the sort of pastime to suit the taste of his refined Majesty, who must have been highly delighted with the exhibition.

The Cathedral of Hereford, the boast of the country, is now under repair, and the works are directed by a judicious admirer of art—the present Dean being a man of singular taste and judgment. Much that has formerly been done in the way of improvement is being cleared away, and, by this means, whole ranges of beautiful arches, and pillars of exquisite beauty, long covered with brick and mortar, are coming to light; brasses of the most splendid kind, monuments, windows, and columns are rising from the rubbish of years, and emancipating themselves from the thralldom of ignorance, which has concealed their beauties under a mask of plaster from year to year.

The Lady Chapel is exquisite, and, when entirely restored, will be most beautiful. St. Cantilupe's aisle is full of graceful columns and Saxon arches, and a perfect maze of splendide architecture opens upon the sight in the various chapels which adorn this once gorgeous edifice, where enough remnants of painting and gilding remain to show how splendid it must have been in early days. Nothing can, however, exceed its present confusion; and many years, and the expenditure of large sums of money, will be required before it presents an aspect of its former self, and before service can be performed beneath its roof.

The remains of cloisters, once very extensive, show them to have been extremely grand, but so demolished, that to restore them seems almost impossible.

The College, with its cloisters a hundred feet long, has a gloomy, monastic effect; the oak rafters of the roof are curiously carved with the figures of animals in grotesque profusion.

There are several other churches in Hereford, and all, both old and new, have an imposing appearance, and add grace to the aspect of the town.

The neighbourhood of Hereford, owing to the vicinity to the Welsh borders, abounds in ruined castles, and, within a drive, are many abbeys extremely interesting. The venerable remains of Clifford Castle, in one of whose now mouldered towers the beautiful Rosemond was born, stand conspicuous on a lofty hill. Dore Abbey, once the retreat of a learned body of Cistercian monks, remarkable for their literary attainments as well as their piety, has much to interest in its present renovated state, though its glories have long departed. There is scarcely a hill which was not formerly crowned by a fortress; but most of these have, in the course of time, been swept away.

The once redoubted Castle of Wigmore, possessed by the haughty and independent Mortimers, who disputed the rights of England's monarchs as Lords Marchers, and whose descendant, Edward the Fourth, conqueror at the terrible battle of Mortimer's Cross, became himself the sovereign, is now a majestic ivy-covered ruin, even in decay preserving its grandeur, and dominating the country over which it reigns.

A dependent abbey nestled beneath its shadow, in whose holy precincts the mighty lords, returned to dust, were laid, at length, in peace. All this part of the country was under the dominion of the Earls of March, and is called Wigmore Land.

Vestiges of Roman and British camps also exist in great numbers; and the Roman town of Kenchester, or Magna-castra, about three miles from Hereford, may furnish all the museums in the country with relics of that wondrous people.

At Netherwood was born the imprudent and impetuous Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who could not brook reproof even from his sovereign,—an enamoured woman, and perished in his youth on a scaffold, leaving his royal mistress a prey to regret and remorse.

Traditionary spots abound in every direction; the ill-fated Ethelbert and the treacherous Offa offering subjects at many a village and on many a hill: and legends of the middle ages are sufficiently rife hereabouts. Amongst others, there is a strange story told, explanatory of the figure of a huge green dragon with expanded wings, represented on the walls of the church of Mordesford.

It seems that there existed here, in times of old, one of those monsters which might be considered altogether as fabulous, did not the researches of geologists bring daily to light huge bones of animals, whose elongated necks and gigantic and fearfully-shaped heads and bodies singularly resemble the fairy-tale descriptions handed down to us of such. This "loathly worm," this "winged serpent," this "dragon huge and grim," was accustomed to disport himself on the banks of the rivers Lugg and Wye, at the spot where their waters meet. His cave was on a forest-crowned height above the floods, and he would sally forth, in his moods, and desolate the country for miles, sparing neither man nor beast. No knight was found at length hardy enough to offer

him combat—so many having fallen in encounters with him, torn by his talons, or poisoned by his breath. A malefactor, doomed to die, was the hero for whom the accomplishment of the adventure was destined. He offered, if his life were granted him, to attack the enemy; concealed himself in a brake till the dragon came down to the river to drink, then set upon him in a lucky hour, and succeeded in slaying the scourge of the country. But, while his grateful fellow-citizens were preparing to reward him for the service he had rendered them, the champion became aware that the pestiferous breath of his monster antagonist had poisoned him, and it was soon evident that he must die. He was borne to the neighbouring convent, and surrounded by the holy brotherhood, whose prayers soothed his departing soul till he expired. Masses were instituted for him, and the representation of his adventure was painted on the church.

It is singular that a similar tradition is often repeated, not only in various parts of England, but abroad; probably, it owes its origin to the monkish custom of figuring heresy under the form of a serpent or dragon. The Druids are frequently named, both in the Welsh triads, and other ancient writings, as serpents, from their worship as well as from their supposed evil lives; and all disbelievers of every nation may come under the head of dragons, and worms of different kinds. It is, however, not impossible that these tales are other than allegorical, and that some strange and fearful animal did really exercise a power which was with difficulty destroyed; for, even in modern times, in mountainous and wild countries, bears and wolves have been known so to desolate a district, that a party of determined hunters have at length been obliged to set forth on an expedition of extermination.

Another story is told of this part of Herefordshire, which is recorded to have occurred in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when, according to several historians, who appear to tremble as they write, a hill called *Marclay* began "to walk" in a most surprising and awful manner. Camden relates that the hill "rose as it were from sleep, and, for three days, moved on its vast body with a horrible noise, driving everything before it to an *higher ground*."

Fuller goes further still, asserting that no less than twenty acres set forth on their travels for fourteen hours, and ascended eleven fathoms, *up hill*, leaving a chasm four hundred feet wide and five hundred and fifty long. Little less marvellous is the version of Sir Richard Baker, in his "Chronicle of England:"

"In the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth a prodigious earthquake happened in the east parts of Herefordshire, at a little town called Kinnaston. On the 17th of February, at six o'clock in the evening, the earth began to open, and a hill, with a rock under it, making at first a great bellowing noise, which was heard a great way off, lifted itself up and *began to travel*, bearing along with it the trees that grew upon it, the sheep-folds, and flocks of sheep abiding there, at the same time. In the place from where it first moved, it left a gaping distance forty foot broad and fourscore ells long: the whole field was about twenty acres. Passing along, it overthrew a chapel standing in the way, removed a yew-tree planted in the churchyard from the west to the east. With the like force it thrust before it highways, sheep-folds, hedges, and trees, made tilled ground pasture, and again turned pasture into tillage. Having *walked* in this sort from Saturday evening till Monday noon, it then stood still."

All this wonderful relation resolves itself into the fact, that here a landlip of considerable extent occurred; and for the twenty acres read *two*: nor is there any ground for supposing that its motion was opposed to the laws of gravitation, or that the hill was so ambitious as to attempt the ascent of another hill, though, like Burnham, there is no doubt that it did move.

At no great distance from Hereford is the ancient town of Leominster, the name of which is fancifully derived, by some *learned* historians, from a very remarkable circumstance that happened to Merwald, king of the Marches, who is said to have either met a *lion* near the town, or to have had a vision of such an animal, and who, in remembrance of his escape, or his terror, founded a monastery for nuns on the spot. But from the latter event, as a more probable derivation, some accounts are satisfied to allow the town to have been called, from the Welch *Llanllheny*, meaning church and nunnery. The Danes destroyed this famous convent, which was rebuilt; and not long after the beautiful Abbess Edgiva forgot her vows for love, and listened to the sighs of Swain Earl of Hereford, with whom she fled to

“Some bright little isle of his own;”

disgracing her name and her order, and causing the banishment of her rash lover. It is recorded that Swain, after a time, was permitted by his father, Earl Godwin, to return to his kingdom; but history tells nothing of the fate of the fair creature, who, imprudent and frail,

“Set, like stars that fall to rise no more.”

The church of Leominster is a fine one; and, amongst other charitable institutions, there is an almshouse, founded by the widow of a man who, it was said, gave away the greatest part of his estate during his life, and experienced the fate of Timon from his ungrateful friends. His statue, holding a hatchet, was placed in a niche over the entrance, with the following quaint and ludicrous piece of advice inscribed above it:—

“Let him that gives his goods before he be dead,
Take this hatchet, and cut off his head.”

Owen Glendowr took possession of Leominster; and in a dungeon, now a stable, in Church Street, confined Mortimer Earl of March, whom the chance of war had placed in his hands. Glendowr also plundered the church of much of its riches, and levied heavy contributions on the monks of the priory.

The circumstances of the imprisonment of Mortimer are thus detailed:—Owen, provoked at the injustice which he had experienced from Lord Grey of Ruthyn, took up arms to recover possession of an estate, of which he had been deprived by that nobleman. Henry the Fourth, totally regardless of the justice of the case, sent assistance to Grey, and then began a fearful contest, which ended by Glendowr's desolating the domains of Grey, who advanced from Wigmore to give him combat. The two chiefs are said to have struggled hand to hand; and to this fight Hotspur is made by Shakspeare, to whom all traditions were familiar, to allude, when he addresses the king, in answer to his refusal to ransom Mortimer, then captive to the victor Glendowr:—

“Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sov'reign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true
Needs no more than one tongue for all those wounds—
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,

When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour,
 In changing hardiment with great Glendowr.
 Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
 Upon agreement, of sweet Severn's flood ;
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp'd head in a hollow bank,
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants."

By refusing to ransom Mortimer at this time, Henry committed a great error,—which was, however, caused by his jealousy of the Earl of March, who had a good right to the crown of England after the resignation of Richard the Second. The consequence was, that Mortimer and Glendowr agreed to take part with each other, in conjunction with the Percies of Northumberland ; and thus the whole country became a scene of slaughter, till the battle of Shrewsbury decided the fate of Wales and England.

There is a tradition current in Wales, that Owen Glendowr died at the manor of Monnington, in Herefordshire, which then belonged to one of his married daughters. After his last battle with the English at Pwll-Melyn, the wizard Glendowr, as usually happened when his cause went wrong, disappeared, and wandered about the country, concealing himself as he could. Some assert that he died in Heywood Forest of famine ; others, that he stayed with one of his daughters at Kentchurch, where he was said to have taken refuge ; and a place was long shown which had served as a stable to those wonderful horses of his, on which he was commonly believed to take journeys through the air. After his supposed death, a singular character appeared, called by the Welsh, Sion Cent, or John of Kent, wearing the habit of a Franciscan monk, whose supernatural knowledge, and secret deeds of power, caused it to be shrewdly suspected that the Welsh prince had assumed this garb, and changed his name, in order to end his days in peaceful though dangerous and mysterious study.

Near the fine old town-hall, or Brother Close, of Leominster, are still remaining a few of the striped houses which formerly were conspicuous and numerous, and which, appearing singly in ancient towns, serve to tell tales of former days, and add interest to the streets, now generally *improved* into common-place, and rendered unattractive to the lovers of historical recollections.

BALLAD.

THEY say thou art not beautiful,
 But I have found thee so,
 And cannot think that Heaven hath
 smiled

Upon a lovelier brow.
 Thine eyes have not the specious light
 That glistens to betray ;
 But saintly as the stars of night,
 As changeless, too, their ray.

They scoff'd me when I said my heart
 Was firmly knit to thine ;
 Through all the scorn they could impart,
 I vow'd to make thee mine !

They thought thy lowliness of birth
 Would turn me from my will ;
 But one alone I knew on earth,
 The best and dearest still !

They say thou art not beautiful ;
 But, sweet one ! could they find
 A spirit dove-like as thine own,
 Confiding, true, and kind,—
 An angel who hath sooth'd to rest
 My youth's ungovern'd sea—
 And how could one like *these* be
 sought
 Than beautiful to me !

A GARLAND OF MAY FLOWERS.

BY THE IRISH WHISKEY-DRINKER.

“Que por Mayo era por Mayo,
 Cuando los blandos calores,
 Cuando los enamorados
 Van servir a sus amores,” &c.

Old Spanish Ballad.

“Here they are! blowing, growing, all alive!”

Old London Cry.

I CONFESS a great, perhaps an extreme partiality in many things to the Old Style; and in this spirit, whilst other people fancy with Murphy and Co. that on the first of June, New Style, they have just bade farewell to May, I feel that we have yet a fortnight of “the merry month” to get over. Whether being of this opinion lengthens by so much the road to the grave, as well as renders it more flowery and pleasant, I leave it to the metaphysicians to determine; but I know this much, that I never wish to part with good company until I can't help myself. I should not, however, wish you to fancy that I am one of those untiring, past-midnight wassailers who, when you remind them that some two or three of “the small hours” have floated by on their way to eternity, will say to you, “we are only beginning to spend the evening.”

Who is there in these latitudes that forgets the First of May N.S., eighteen hundred and forty-four? Surely you would not have called that the first day of even a hyperborean summer? One shudders at the recollection of its dreary, joyless morning, ushered in by a keen-shaving, cold-blooded north-easter, which, later in the day, and throughout the evening, blew men's hats off in all directions, and most tiresomely, most unblushingly, disconcerted the ladies' dresses. The breaking-up of the seasons last year, some politically weather-wise people said, was indicative of the breaking-up of parties and the links of old opinions which had bound men and their fathers before them for centuries together. Parties have been breaking-up ever since; indeed, a wonderful revolution has taken place in our political world: whilst at the same time the seasons, so far, of the year eighteen hundred and forty-five, considering the slight “backwardness in coming forward” on the part of Spring, and this wretched rainy month of May, have been by no means as pleasant as might have been expected. The same persons who connect human events with signs in the heavens, may attribute the complete *bouleversement* of old party opinions on all sides to the appearance of so many comets lately. To explore to its fullest extent this doctrine of concurrent eccentricities would require the powers of Maynooth Grant* and Lord Ross's monster telescope combined together.

Independently of such *apropos-de-bottes* considerations, the season which has just commenced to reign is in no respect worthy of the rich numbers of the highly favoured shepherd of the Doric reed:

* I don't mean the anti-six-in-a-bed Grant, but *the* Grant who, *par excellence*, ought to be called “Maynooth Grant,” for his wonderful account of that far-famed institution. Everybody recollects Mr. Fox Maule's quotations in Parliament from his philosophic and eloquent countryman, and Serjeant Murphy's witty rejoinder.

"From brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
 Child of the sun, refulgent Summer, comes
 In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depths:
 He comes, attended by the sultry hours
 And ever-fanning breezes on his way;
 While from his ardent look the turning Spring
 Averts her bluish face, and earth and skies
 All smiling to his hot dominion leaves."*

Alas! and if the first morning of Summer, New or Old Style, had been bright, and beautiful, and glowing,—if it had been as glorious as ever blessed the May-day worshippers in the golden age of simplicity, who amongst us would have saluted it as of old? We have no gathering of the May-dew now. No maiden leaves her soft couch at early dawn to bathe her face in the elixir of beauty. The young men of the village no more go forth with the lark "a-maying," singing the while—

"Come, lads, with your bills,
 To the wood we'll away,
 We'll gather the boughs,
 And we'll celebrate May;

We'll bring our load home,
 As we've oft done before,
 And leave a green bough
 At each pretty maid's door."

The Queen of the May, her garlands of the rose and hawthorn, her merry rustic train, the May-pole, the pipe and tabor, the morris-dancers, all are gone. The May-day comes to a money age and utilitarian generation without welcome, and departs without regret. To be sure, they sling garlands into the hill-streams in some remote parts of Wales to this day; and in some very primitive spots in Ireland the poor peasant gives a grim smile at the cowlips and daffodils which his three-quarters starved little ones, clad in "rags—Irish rags," have flung over the May-bush at his cabin-door. The railroads will penetrate Wales and Ireland too, and is such a prospect to be lamented? Quite the reverse. If it is to be, it must be, and the sooner the better. Let us hope, at the same time, that this cutting-up of the country in all directions will not cut up the good old feelings of the people also; that sordid selfishness may not assume the appearance and attributes of civilization, and the steam-engine be looked upon as by far the best poem of the age.

There is nothing, I firmly believe, in this world as bad as it is said to be, or as it might be, and that is a comfort after all for the pilgrims after the humane and beautiful. The times are not altogether so unsympathizing as they are painted by some morbid moralists, nor has the poetry of the human heart fled back as yet to heaven.

There are plenty of those yet amongst us who can mingle in the memories of by-gone days, and the scenes which they call up, singing out with ourselves in the heart-stirring lines of old Chaucer's Arcite,

"May, with all thy flowers and thy green,
 Right welcome be thou, fairè freshè May!
 I hope that I some green here getten may."

And having lit upon the "green" in some sequestered spot, let us, sympathizing spirits together, two or three, or half a dozen, throw ourselves on the grass, and lounge and listen to the birds as they carol in praise of May, or emulate them with the fresh sparkling songs of the old fathers of poetry.

* Thomson.

“ It fell once in a morrow of May,
 That Emilie, that fayrer was to seen
 Than is the lillie upon the stalke green,
 And fresher than May with floures new,
 For with the rose colour strofe her bew.
 I not (wot?) which was the fayrer of them two.
 Ere it was day, as was her wont to do,
 She was arisen, and all redy dight;
 For May will have no slogards a night.
 The season pricketh every gentill hert,
 And maketh it out of their slepe to stert,
 And saith, Arise, and do May observaunce.
 This maketh Emely to have remembraunce
 To done honour to May, and for to rise.
 Iclothed was she fresh for to devise;
 Her yellow hair was braided in a tresse,
 Behind her back a yard long, I gesse;
 And in the garden at sun uprist,
 She walketh up and down, as her list.
 She gathereth flowers, party white and reed,
 To make a subtell garland at her heed,
 And as an angell heavenly she song.”

There is one fair being above all others whom I should most particularly wish to be my Emilie on the first morning in May. It is unnecessary to mention her name; nay more, it would be unkind, as to do so would cause vain regrets, as well as excite jealousies. This much, however, I may say, that although she has a pretty fancy of her own, and a cultivated mind, she is, alas! a little fonder of Morpheus than the Muses. I have no doubt, notwithstanding, that unless she wishes herself to be called “the eighth sleeper,” she will “open her eyes, and her heart likewise,” to the following invocation slung together for her especial benefit and entertainment:

“ Farewell winds and wintry weather!
 Mistress, let us go together
 Forth into the fields, and pay
 Due observance unto May.
 On the breezy hills we go;
 For once no daily care shall find us;
 Where the city sleeps below,
 Wear and tear we leave behind us.

Stretch'd upon the springing grass,
 Lazily the day we'll pass,
 And, with half-shut, dreamy eye,
 Look upon the cloudless sky;
 Or along the river side,
 Through its silent meadows strolling,
 Moralize till eventide,
 As we mark its waters rolling.

If beneath a bank they flow,
 Where the lowly spring-flowers blow,
 While o'er head the eglantine
 And the clustering maythorn twine,

On whose sprays the wind doth breathe,
 Lover-like, with soft caresses,
 There we'll linger while I wreathe
 Garlands for thy sunny tresses.

And I'll sing thee many a rhyme,
 Framed in honour of the time;
 Or in thought I'll Arcite be;
 Thou a fairer Emilie.
 Or I'll crown thee Queen of May,
 Though no village maids, advancing,
 Greet thee with their joyous lay,
 Or are round the May-pole dancing.

Thus in olden time they paid
 Homage to the bounteous Spring,
 And reviving Nature made
 The object of their worshipping;
 Thus they met her earliest smile,
 Glad and thankful welcome giving,
 And forgot life's load awhile,
 In the mere delight of living.”

I have sent a present of May-day flowers to another of my fair friends. If it speak the language of good advice, and have a good effect, I shall be well rewarded indeed. No matter about the little “compunctious visitings.” That's the lady's affair, not mine. Beauty, wealth, station, hosts of admirers, all that sort of thing,—and heigho! she's a confounded flirt, and particularly delights in smashing Irish-

men. There is one consolation, however, for the afflicted, *i. e.* she is not growing younger.

AD NEEERAM.*

“Quas bona Flora rosas Paphiis collexit in hortis,
 Excoluit tenerâ quas Cytherea manu,
 Has tibi jam lacrymis roratas mittit Alexis,
 Atque inopem his animam floribus implicitam.
 Accipe! sic fas est niveas ornare papillas;
 Sic fas est comptam nectere crinitiem.
 Floris honos brevis est, brevis est et gloria formæ;
 Et formam et vernam carpe Neeera diem!”

TO NEEERA.

“A rosy gift I send to thee; within the Paphian grove
 Sweet Flora cull'd these choicest flowers, nursed by the Queen of Love.
 Their leaves are dewy with my tears, and round their stems, for thee,
 I've bound the cords of my poor heart, my heart of misery.
 Take them, and wear them in thy pride upon thy breast of snow,
 And wreath them carelessly among thy tresses' golden flow.
 The flow'ret's pride, the grace of form, they bloom but to decay;
 Enjoy thy gifts, proud beauty, whilst thy life is in its May.”

But what an irresistible invitation is that of Herrick to Corinna! She must, indeed, have been a “sweet slug-a-bed,” if she resisted it and hugged her pillow till the bell grew tired of ringing for breakfast. Although very beautiful, and one of the fairest productions of the Hesperides, it is, perhaps, a little too long; but this may perhaps be indicative of the fact, that the poet's mistress was not a quick dresser, and I believe there are very few young ladies who are.

“CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING.

“Get up, get up, for shame! the blooming morn
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
 See how Aurora throws her faire
 Fresh-quilted colours through the aire.
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
 The dew bespangling herb and tree.
 Each flower has wept, and bowed towards the east
 Above an hour since, yet you are not drest,—
 Nay; not so much as out of bed,
 When all the birds have matens seyde,
 And sung their thankful hymnes; 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation, to keep in,
 When as a thousand virgins on this day
 Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

“Rise and put on your foliage, and be seene
 To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and greene,
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care
 For jewels for your gowne or haire;
 Fear not, the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you;
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
 Against you came, some orient pearls unwept.

* These not inelegant lines, I have reason to suspect, were written by the renowned Peter Dens in his younger days, and before he contemplated celibacy. I would not, however, advise any of the Anti-Maynooth orators to bring this bit of Latinity also too seriously against him; as an acquaintance of mine, a classical archaeologist of high reputation, attributes them to the Bishop of Donnybrook, who, before *the* Dean of St. Patrick's time, reigned over the world of Irish wit.

Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Waah, dresse, be brieft in praying ;
Few heads are best, when once we goe a-maying !

“ Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, marke
How each field turns a street, each street a parke,
Made green, and trimm'd with trees ; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch ; each porch, each doore, ere this,
An arke, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't ?
Come, we 'll abroad, and let 's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying :
Come, my Corinna, come, let 's goe a-maying !

“ There 's not a budding boy or girle, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deale of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatcht their cakes and creame
Before that we have left to dreame ;
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth ;
Many a green-gown has been given ;
Many a kisse both odd and even ;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye. love's firmament ;
Many a jest told of the keye's betraying
This night, and locks pickt, yet w' are not a-maying.

“ Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmlesse follie of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our dayes run
As fast away as do's the sunne ;
And as a vapour or a drop of raine,
Once lost, can ne'er be found againe,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night ;
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let 's goe a-maying !”

But if you want something short and sweet in the way of an invocation, I'll give you one, such as might be sung in Tempe by the banks of the Peneus. It is an unpublished fragment—quite unpublished, I can assure you, so you need not go to the British Museum to hunt it up.

Ἄνοτά, καὶ θαλαμὸν λίπ', ἐπίχρονιος πέλει ὦρα,
καὶ πάλαι ἔκρωσεν περὶ δῶ λακέρυζα κορώνη,
βομβοῦσιν δὲ μελισσαι ἐπ' ἀνθεσιν ἢ δ' ἐπὶ δενδροῖς,
Ἄγρότεροι δ' ἐριφοὶ σκιρτῶσιν γηθοσυνῶν κήρ.
Ὡς γλυκερὸν, ὡς λάμπρον ἰδ' εὐδίων ἡμᾶρ ἰδεσθαι !
Ἡ ῥ' ἐγαθὴ Τύχη ἔγγυς. ἔπει ἀγαθὸν πελεῖ ἡμᾶρ !
Ἄνοτά, καὶ πλοκάμους ῥύθμιζε, γυναι περικάλλες !

Ἀνοτὰ, καὶ φρένα τίρπ, αὐραΐσιν ἐν εἰαρινῆσιν!
 Ὁρχέεται, τὸ σοι ἄρτι κάλους μὲν ἐπέπνεϊ ὄνειρους,
 Εὐκελαδὸν μάλα νῆμ' ἀκτίσιν ἐν ἡελιοῦ
 Ὡς γλυκερὸν, ὡς λάμπρον ἴδ' εὐδιον ἡμαρ ἴδεσθαι!
 Ζοὶ φέρει εὐτυχίης γε, γυναῖ, περικαλλεα δῶρα.

My fair friends will find the English of the above in the following exquisite little matin song by Joanna Baillie, although that lady did not know six words of Greek, and in this consists the droll curiosity of the thing.

“Up! quit thy bower, late wears the hour,

Long have the rooks caw'd round thy tower,

On flower and tree loud hums the bee,
 The wilding kid sports merrily;
 A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,
 Shineth when good fortune 's near.

“Up! lady fair, and braid thy hair,

And rouse thee in the breezy air;
 The lulling stream that soothed thy dream

Is dancing in the sunny beam;
 And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,
 Will waft good fortune on its way.”

When Young England made a courteous and gentle request of Beauty a year or two back to get up and go a-maying, and, giving the poor and the lowly a holiday, make them forget awhile, if not be altogether reconciled to the hardships of their lot, Young England got laughed at by the granite-faced cast-iron-hearted people as a boy patriot, or nick-named as worse, a mischievous intermeddler with “the order of things,” an enemy to “the progress of society.” The woods, the meadows, and the streams, are all alone now at early May-day dawn; they are left to themselves and their freshness, to the caroling of the birds, and to some solitary dreamer like myself to say with Sannazaro so musically—

“O dolce primavera, o fior novelli,
 O aure, o arboscelli,
 O fresche erbetto,
 O piagge benedette,
 O colli, o monti,
 O valli, o fiumi, o fonti,
 O verde rivi,
 Palme laure ed olive,
 Edere e mirti;
 O gloriosi spirti
 De gli boschi;

O Eco, o antri foschi,
 O chiare linfe,
 O faretrate ninfe,
 O agresti Pani,
 O Satiri e Silvani,
 O Fauni e Driadi,
 Naiadi ed Amadriadi,
 O Semidee,
 Oreadi e Napee,—
 Or siete sole!”

Thus sweetly turned into his mother tongue by Leigh Hunt :

“O thou delicious spring, O ye new flowers,
 O airs, O youngling bowers;
 Fresh thickening grass,
 And plains beneath heaven's face;
 O hills and mountains,
 Valleys, and streams, and fountains;
 Banks of green
 Myrtles and palms serene;
 Ivies and bays;
 And ye who warm'd old lays,

Spirits of the woods,
 Echoes and solitudes,
 And lakes of light;
 O quiver'd virgins bright,
 Pans rustical,
 Satyrs and Sylvans all,
 Dryads, and ye
 That up the mountains be;
 And ye beneath
 In meadow or flowery heath;—
 Ye are alone!”

The Italian poetry of Sannazaro is but little known in these countries, and his Latin less. With respect to the former, the portion of it to which he chiefly owes his continental celebrity is the Arcadia, a delicious melange of prose and verse, far more readable and intelligible

than Sir Philip Sydney's, of which I never met the man or even the woman yet who asserted having made a clean straightforward perusal. If there be one bold enough to make the assertion, I shall willingly award the lady or gentleman the May-day first prize given by the people of Temple Sowerby, in Westmoreland, to the person who can come down with the greatest *thumper*.^{*} As regards the Latin poetry of Sannazaro, it is my deliberate judgement, that no classical scholar should sleep easy on his pillow without having read "De Partu Virginis," the Piscatorial Eclogues, his epigrams, which form one of the most exquisite bouquets in the modern Latin anthology, his amatory epistles, which have all the warmth of the love lays of Tibullus without any of their grossness, his Sapphic odes to the Villa of Mergeline and the Fountain therein, the latter of which, perhaps the choicer of the two, has been exquisitely paraphrased by the Venerable Father Prout, and the former translated by myself. The following effort of his muse, "On due Observance of the May," to which I venture to subjoin a somewhat free translation, is one of the best specimens of his soft glowing style and pure Latinity.

CALENDÆ MAII.

"Maius adest; da sarta, puer; sic sancta vetustas
 Instituit; prisca sic docuere patres.
 Junge hederam violis, myrtum subtexa ligustris;
 Alba verecundis lilia pinge rosis.
 Grandia fumoso spument crystallæ Lyæo:
 Et bibat, in calices lapsa corona meos.
 Post obitum non ulla mihi carchesia ponet
 Æacus, infernis non viret uva jugis."

THE MAY-DAY.

"'Tis May! merry May! Boy, the summer-wreath bring;
 Bring flowers of the fairest that grow in the clime;
 Brave welcome like this to the May morning,
 Our forefathers gave in the good old time.
 In the wreath let the ivy and myrtle combine;
 The dew-sparkling violet its sweetness disclose;
 Let the meek little privet-flower gently entwine
 Round the snow of the lily, the blush of the rose.
 'Tis May! merry May!

"A bowl of the largest, boy, fill, fill it up,
 Red foaming, bright flashing with generous wine;
 Should my garland fall in, let it drink of my cup;
 Let it drink to sweet Nature, its mother divine.

^{*} There are, or used to be, three prizes, — the first a grindstone, the second a hone, the third an inferior sort of whetstone, for three successful candidates of different degrees in the art of *anti-truthfulness*. "There is an anecdote," says a writer in the *Every-day Book*, "very current in the place, of a late Bishop of Carlisle passing through in his carriage on this particular day, when, his attention being attracted by the group of persons assembled together, he very naturally inquired the cause. His question was readily answered by a full statement of facts, which brought from his lordship a severe lecture on the iniquity of such a proceeding; and at the conclusion he said, 'For my part, I never told a lie in my life.' This was immediately reported to the judges, upon which, without any dissent, the hone was awarded to his lordship, as most deserving of it; and, as is reported, it was actually thrown into his carriage." There are some of our public men whom I would advise not to go through Temple Sowerby on the May-day. I mean those amongst them with whom, "in" and "out," are the little moral thumb-rules to measure truth and falsehood—*verb. sap.*

When I'm dead, and old Æacus sums up my case,
 For me he'll allow no full measure to flow;
 No vine ever bloom'd in that desolate place,
 No grape ever smiled in the regions below.
 'Tis May! merry May!"

Did you ever hear of the origin of the Floral Games of Toulouse? If you did, it was no doubt in some prose account or other, very unworthy of the subject. The old French ballad story, "Le Roman de Clemence Isaure" is a very scarce, and, between ourselves, a very so-so affair. This sad eventful history has been lately chronicled in immortal verse, as it ought to be, under the influence of lobster-sallad and pine-apple punch, by one of the best makers living of both. More than one fair virgin that I know, if she had the distribution of the prize in her hands, would willingly give him the golden violet for his pains.

CLEMENCE ISAURE.

"Brightly shine the rays of morning on the towers of fair Toulouse,
 Brightly on a summer garden glittering with a thousand hues;
 Close beneath the city walls, that rise above it frowning grim,
 Lies the garden freshly smiling, with its walls and alleys trim;
 There the marigold is blooming, nods the eglantine o'er her head,
 And the air is rich with odours from the lowly violet bed,
 And the blush-rose there is clinging to the tower grey and cold;
 Unto what would ye compare them, clinging rose and tower old?
 On the wavy golden tresses of a beautiful demoiselle,
 On her brow and flushing cheek a sunbeam tremblingly doth dwell;
 Fain, I ween, 'twould wander further to her breast of virgin snow;
 But the flowering linden branches o'er her form their shadows throw.
 There are none of beauty brighter through the sunny realm of France,
 None so maidenly and pure as Isaure's daughter, fair Clemence.
 Shrinking half, and half advancing, timidly she looks around,
 Now a moment backwards glancing, now her eyes upon the ground;
 You may well-nigh hear her quicken'd heart within her bosom beat.
 Stirs the wind the linden branches? No!—her lover's at her feet.
 'Haste thee, haste thee from the city, get thee hence without delay;
 Put on, put on thy armour quickly, linger not upon the way.
 Thou may'st rue a moment wasted, e'en the passing of a breath;
 For my father's sworn an oath that he will track thee to thy death.
 There is strife between our houses, and a wrathful man is he;
 Sooner would he see me dying at his feet than wed to thee.'
 Then a violet she gather'd, stooping to its lowly bed,
 A marigold, and eglantine, as it nodded overhead,
 'Flowers three I give to thee:—bear the violet in thy crest,
 Charging in the foremost battle, heart on fire, and lance in rest;
 Keep the flower I love the best, the eglantine, while true thou art;
 And the marigold, for token of the grief that wrings my heart.'
 From the city gates advancing, man and horse for war array'd,
 With pennons spread and spear-heads glancing, gaily pours a cavalcade.
 At their head there rides a gallant, all in burnish'd armour drest,
 And with his snowy plume he bears a violet in his crest.
 He hath gather'd his retainers, and he speeds him to the north,
 Where the power of France is met to chase the island Leopard forth:
 Many a valiant knight is there, and many a lady's favour worn;
 But ever foremost in the battle is the lowly violet borne.

"Brightly shine the rays of morning on the towers of fair Toulouse,
 Brightly on a gallant army, glittering with a thousand hues;
 Round the leaguer'd city thickly rise its tents on every side,
 Save where the bright Garonne reflects tower and wall within its tide.
 There the hot assault is raging, there the arrows fly like hail,
 Rattling quick on helm and hauberk, blazon'd shield and twisted mail.

Loud ringeth out the merry shout, 'St. George for England ho! advance!'
 Loud from the rampart peals the cry, 'For France! Denis Montjoye for France!'
 Many a soul from earth is sped, and many a gallant deed is done,
 Ere shrink the wearied citizens, and the barriers are won.
Here the cry of battle sounds not, all is soft and still repose,
 The husbandman pursues his labour, and his net the fisher throws;
 None other living thing there is without the city walls in sight,
 Save that across the plain there spurs right furiously a lonely knight.
 Soil'd, and dint by many a blow, the burnish'd steel wherein he's drest,
 But still untouch'd, he proudly wears a faded violet in his crest.
 'Now, warder! quick, let down the bridge, withdraw the bolts—for France am I;
 An' if I'm on the losing side, I'll strike a stroke before I die!'—
 'Strike in, Sir Knight! we're one to ten, and at the least thou'lt honour gain;
 But fain, I ween, I would have seen a score of lances in thy train.'
 O'er the bridge and through the portal rapidly the knight has sped,
 And, striking deep his gilded spurs, full eagerly his way doth thread.
 Many a woman terror-stricken, many a flying churl he meets—
 'The strife is done, the walls are won!—the foe! the foe is in the streets!'
 Still swerves he not, but grasps his lance, and tries his sword within its sheath,
 His teeth are clench'd, his eyes gleam forth like fire his aventayle beneath;
 So he wins the summer garden where his love he sadly left,
 By her father's bitter hatred of his dearest hope bereft.
 Through its well-known postern-gate with madly hurrying pace he stept—
 Too late! too late!—the storm of strife but now across its lawns hath swept.
 Many a ghastly relic's there, the fury of that storm to prove;
 But still the peaceful flowers smile on amid the wreck, like woman's love!
 Anxiously he looks around him, moving on amongst the slain,
 That he may some clue discover to the knowledge he would gain;
 Till, a bowshot further onward, fast there falls upon his ear
 The strife of war, the clash of swords, the dying groan, the victor's cheer.
 O'ermatch'd, hemm'd in, a little band fights on, you scarce might count a score;
 And on their leader's shield there gleam the haughty bearings of Isaure.

"Faintly shines the evening sun upon the towers of fair Toulouse,
 Faintly on the summer garden, glittering with a thousand hues:
 Mournfully the fair Clemence is straying there among the dead,
 For she hopes to find her father ere life's latest spark be fled.
 No longer beats that gallant heart, no longer sternly flash those eyes!
 Soon, yet, alas! too late, she finds him cold and lifeless where he lies,
 And lovingly beside him stretch'd, hand clasp'd in hand, and breast to breast,
 That other sleeps whose batter'd helm still bears the violet in its crest.
 Oh! 'twas a piteous sight to see, as o'er the dead that maiden hung,
 How fast the tears ran down her cheeks, how frantically her hands she wrung.
 Now to her lover's corpse she clung, now kiss'd her father's lips so cold,
 Even like the blush-rose clinging to the tower grey and old.

"From that time forth she slowly pined, hour by hour, and day by day,
 Or e'er the earliest May-flower died to those she loved she pass'd away;
 And she hath given her father's lands, and many a golden merk beside,
 That gentle hearts may tune their lays in honour of the brave who died.
 And, ever as the May returns, a loving contest there they hold,
 And in the victor's flowering wreath they bind a violet of gold."

Pierre Caseneuve, in his "Inquiry into the Origin of the Floral Games at Toulouse," argues from an infinity of data that they were instituted about a couple of hundred years before the fair Clemence flourished. In reply to this, I have only to say, that if she was not the foundress of the gentle sports, she ought to have been; and this species of answer in other respects I commend to all those who wish to smash everything like a stupid controversy.

Whilst on the subject of love and murder, I cannot help quoting the following not ungraceful trifle, from the forthcoming second volume of the "Arundines Cami; or, Reeds of the Cam." It has been

upset into Latin elegiacs by the head-master of E—, for the same work ; and I was to have had a copy of these longs and shorts, in time to interweave them with my May Garland ; but, somehow or other, the editor of the " Arundines " forgot me, amidst the warm and very startling theological controversy which has just sprung up in his classic locality. The lovers of the silver-fork school of poetry must not turn up their noses at what they may fancy a vulgar provincial lilt. With equal justice might they sneer at Robert Burns, or Barnes, who has not long since written some poems in the Dorsetshire dialect, equal in beauty to the happiest efforts of the Ayrshire ploughman's muse.

THE ROMANCE OF WILKINS AND DINA.

- " 'Twas of a lickèr marchint who in London did dwell,
He had but one darter, a most beautiful young gal.
Her name it vas Dinar, just sixteen years old,
And she had a large fortin in silvyer and gould.
Sing ri fol de rol, &c.
- " She had twenty thousand when her mother should die,
Which caused many lovyers to sigh and draw nigh.
As Dinar was a hairing of herself in the garding one day,
Her fayther cum to her, and thus he did say—
Ri fol de rol, &c.
- " ' Go dress yourself, Miss Dinar, in your bridal array,
For I 've met vith a young man so gallyant and gay ;
I 've met vith a young man of ten thousand a-year,
Who swears as he 'll make you his love and his dear.'
Singing ri fol de rol, &c.
- " ' O fayther, O fayther, I am but a child,
And to marry this moment is not to my mind ;
But all my large fortin I 'll freely give o'er,
If you let me be single for one year or more,
To sing ri fol de rol, ' &c.
- " ' Go ! go, boldest darter,' the fayther replied ;
' Since you refuse to be this nice young man's bride,
I 'll give your large fortin to the nearest of kin,
And you 'll not reap the benefit of one single pin.'
Singing ri fol de rol, &c.
- " As Villikins was vallikin in the garding all round,
He seed his dear Dinar lying dead upon the ground,
With a cup of cowld pison a lying by her side,
And a billy-doo vich said as how for young Villikins she died,
Singing ri fol de rol, &c.
- " Then he kissed her cowld corpus a thousand times o'er,
And he call'd her his jewel, though she was no more,
And he tuck the cowld pison, like a lovyer so brave,
And young Villikins and his Dinar lie buried in one grave,
Singing ri fol de rol, &c.

MORAL.

- " Now all ye nice young laydies don't go to fall in love, nor,
Like villful Miss Dinar, go for to wex the gov'nor ;
And you cruel peerints, ven your darters clap eyes on
Young men like young Villikins, remember the pison.
Singing ri fol de rol, &c."

THE ALTERED MAN.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

A MELANCHOLY story, certainly, is rather out of place in these pages ; but yet, after the fancy has been tickled, the heart often feels a pleasure in being touched. After much laughing it is a relief to sigh. When we have been hearing a number of jigs, we like something pathetic—a song of blighted love, or a mournful dirge. There is a joy, albeit mingled with sadness, in the sentiment of compassion ; and we invite all readers of feeling, but particularly a certain class of young men, to mourn over the ensuing little tale. It is a record of the fate—the unhappy fate of one with whom those youths will sympathise. May they take warning by his example ! but the end, not the beginning of a narrative, is the proper place for its moral.

Tom Sparshott was a handsome young fellow of four-and-twenty. The favourite of nature and fortune, he possessed a house and grounds, with an income of some thousands a-year, a good figure, and regular features. He had a fine ruddy complexion, the result of health and exercise ; short black curly hair, dark hazel eyes, an aquiline nose, and an excellent set of teeth. We mention these things because they—in part, at least—gave him an interest in certain eyes. Alas ! but let us not anticipate. He stood, by his own account, five feet ten without his shoes ; and, on the same authority, weighed exactly eleven stone.

Tom was a good shot, and an excellent rider. In all sports, terrestrial and aquatic, he was a proficient. At quoits—at skittles—few could come near him ; and we are confident there was never a better oar in the Leander Club. Had he been an ancient Greek instead of a young Englishman, he would have carried off every prize at the Olympic Games ; as it was, he had won cups without number,—at trotting-matches, pigeon and sparrow shooting, steeple-chases, and similar contests.

He kept what he called a trap, that is to say, a dog-cart ; a cob, two hunters, and various animals of the canine species. Seldom was he seen unattended by one of these attached creatures. He lived well and jovially ; his table—when he dined at home—was surrounded by congenial spirits—all of the masculine order ; for Tom Sparshott as yet was a jolly bachelor. And there they sat, where among more substantial viands were mingled the broiled bone, the grilled drumstick, and the devilled kidney ; and they pledged each other in the red, and the yellow, and the sparkling wine, and drank the nut-brown ale from the pewter tankard. Tom could empty one at a draught. And their talk was of guns, and dogs, and horses.

Absorbed in manly and athletic sports, the soul of Tom Sparshott disdained the desk and the library—yet he read a little. He perused *the Racing Calendar*—the *Sporting Magazine*. He wrote too. He regularly made up one volume annually—his betting-book. He also addressed frequent queries concerning fishing-tackle, double-barrels, likewise four-year-olds, black-and-tans, and other quadrupeds, to sporting newspapers, in letters which he signed “ Snorkey.”

We said that Tom Sparshott was a bachelor. Yes. It was his boast. He was a bachelor—and a bachelor he declared he would remain. He would never be tied up—not he ! And certainly he adopted the most hopeful plan to enable him to maintain that resolution ; for he never, if he could help it, went into the society of the

fair. Not that he had not an eye for female beauty—far otherwise. When, in the course of a ride, he delighted to take a draught of beer, he could behave with great gallantry to a pretty barmaid. But in a drawing-room he had nothing to say, in a ball-room nothing to do—his one sole deficiency in agile accomplishments being dancing. He could not stand the *badinage* of beauty, and yet he was a match for any man at bawdying gibes with an ostler. The heart that shrunk not at a spiked fence, quailed before the gaze of a fine lady. Oh—hang it! he couldn't understand her nonsense. That was what he said.

After as good a day's hunt as the county—Berkshire—had ever seen, a lot of the most capital fellows in that county dined at Tom Sparshott's. They sat down, rough and ready, in their boots and knee-shorts, and coats of red and green—Tom at the head of his table, which was laid in the drawing-room, doing the honours. Tom's was the sort of drawing-room, for him! No gimcracks or filligrees; no pianos or ottomans lying about in the way. The walls were hung with plates of setters and pointers in action, and fac-similes of horses standing bolt upright, with publicans or horse-dealers pointing out their perfections, and gentlemen with their hands in their pockets looking on. On a side-board, under a glass-case, stood a silver jockey mounted—a prize that Tom had successfully ridden for.

The lads were all of Tom's age, except one; a hale old boy, who sat on his right hand. This was a thorough-going old English 'Squire; and it was pleasing to behold him sanctioning with his countenance and example the peculiar conversation and demeanour of sporting youth. Long they sat, loud they talked, noisily they sang; and they drank a quantity of wine that few but those who truly hunt can carry. At parting, the old 'Squire, whose seat was in the vicinity, whispered an invitation to Tom to come and dine with him the next day.

Accordingly, on the day following, Tom Sparshott, with a feeling of inward satisfaction and a keen appetite, both arising from what he called a good morning's work, namely, the beating of much cover, and the bagging of a great deal of game, duly presented himself at Nagley Hall, the mansion of Corduroy Toppes, Esquire. He had dressed for dinner in a coat something like a Quaker's, except that it was light-green, had a collar, and was graced with steel buttons; in a remarkably long waistcoat of a light-buff material striped with lilac; and in trousers of drab, to which were added gaiters, and the sort of shoes called Oxonians. This costume was completed by a silk neckcloth, of a hue resembling the sky, only that it was diversified with round white spots. From a little side-pocket in his coat depended a short gold chain with a seal at the end of it, indicating the place in which he carried his watch; and the limited extent of shirt-front which he displayed was decorated with a breast-pin, of which the head was a model, in enamel, of a pink-striped jockey's cap garnished with gold spurs. This was Mr. Sparshott's usual dinner dress—though it is due to him to say that he would not have put it on had he expected to meet ladies; and therefore, when he found himself at Mr. Toppes's in a party where there were half-a-dozen of them, attired as above, whilst everybody but himself was, to use his own phrase, "full fig," he felt considerably disconcerted.

"Never mind, my boy!" said the 'Squire, as Tom stammered an excuse for his habiliments. "You couldn't have expected to meet petticoats at an old bachelor's. But, you see, I've got my niece Bessy down from town, and I wanted a few girls to meet her. Bessy, lass

come here! This is my young friend, Tom Sparshott. Tom—my sister's daughter, Miss Denham."

The damsel to whom the blushing Tom now scraped the carpet, was a pretty and very elegant girl, apparently about two or three-and-twenty. In fact, however, she was a little older than that; but a lively manner, and excellent taste in dress, prevented this circumstance from being apparent. On her introduction to Tom Sparshott, she bestowed on him an agreeable smile, and looked affability at him from a pair of fine blue eyes; so that he was emboldened to say, "How d'ye do?" adding, not exactly "Miss," nor yet "Ma'am," but an indistinct something which might have been understood for either.

"Well, Tom! what's the news?" asked 'Squire Toppes.

"Um—" answered his young friend. "Not much. You've heard that Dawkins wants to sell his mare?"

"Eh? No!" replied 'Squire Toppes. "How much?"

"Fifty. But I'm told she shies."

"Ah!" observed the 'Squire; "then that's no go. Bessy—Mr. Sparshott here, is the best judge of a horse in the county."

"Are you, Mr. Sparshott?" inquired the young lady.

"Middling," answered Tom with modesty.

"Then," returned Miss Denham archly, "as uncle means to buy me a pony, I shall beg you to choose it."

The hearty old gentleman laughed at this playful hint; whilst Tom Sparshott told the fair speaker that he was sure he should be happy to be at her service any day. Here, dinner being announced, the company descended from the drawing-room, where the above conversation had taken place. Tom, in imitation of the other gentlemen present, offered his arm to the lady next him—that is to say, to Miss Denham, and by consequence was placed by her side at table, the head of which was occupied by an ancient female relative, who was also the housekeeper of Mr. Corduroy Toppes.

Under circumstances such as the present, it was customary with Mr. Sparshott not to open his mouth, except for the purpose of putting something into it, any more than he could help. Accordingly he sat and held his tongue, notwithstanding many temptations to the contrary which were furnished by his fair neighbour in observations addressed to a lady opposite on the pleasures of a country life. Yet he was very nearly joining in once, when she exclaimed with enthusiasm that she should like a good gallop over the downs. And the probability is that he would have remained silent till the ladies had, as he mentally phrased it, bolted, had not one of them, a married dame, before mentioned as sitting opposite, begun to rally him on his taciturnity.

"Miss Denham," said she, "I am sure Mr. Sparshott is in love."

"Ah! Am I?" said Tom, helping himself to a potatoe.

"Oh!" exclaimed the young lady; "Mr. Sparshott is too sensible for that."

"I should think I was," observed the young sportsman.

"But don't you sometimes feel," pursued the elder lady, "that you would want a companion?"

"I've plenty of companions—jolly dogs," answered Tom.

"A nice dog," remarked Miss Denham, "is really quite a companion."

"Do you like dogs?" Mr. Sparshott could not help asking.

"Oh yes!" she replied.

"What sort of dogs?"

"Oh!—those dear little spaniels—or, stop—what are those fine large fellows, with black curly hair, that carry sticks, and go into the water?"

"Newfoundlands?" suggested Tom.

"Yes; those are what I mean. I think they are such faithful, attached creatures!"

"Make capital retrievers," he observed.

"Do they?" said she, as if she understood what he meant.

"I believe you," said Mr. Tom Sparshott. "Do you like setters?"

"Yes."

"Pointers?"

"Oh! very much—the dear pets! I should keep quite a pack of all sorts if I lived in the country, and have a place on purpose for them, and a man to take care of them, and all."

This speech so highly raised Mr. Sparshott's new acquaintance in his estimation, that he really considered her worth talking to, and he proceeded to edify her with a description of his canine establishment, recounting, in detail, all the pointers, setters, spaniels, terriers, and other dogs of which it consisted, with their several sizes, conformations, colours, and characteristics intellectual and moral. From time to time she interrupted him with questions and remarks, which he really thought very acute. Dogs led to guns and shooting, with all their ramifications of patent-breeches, double-barrels, copper-caps, and cartridges; and next came horses, entailing an elucidation of the turf, and a very extensive exposition of veterinary surgery. In the mean time Tom had become so much at home with his fair listener, that he more than once asked her to take wine, handed her plate, helped her to different things, and really behaved as the gallant reader would do, if similarly seated at a dinner-party. Occasionally, by accident, she dropped her handkerchief, and he actually picked it up for her. Indeed, they soon became on such terms of familiarity, that at dessert she unaffectedly told him, like a good fellow, to peel her an orange, and, when he had done so, gave him half of it.

When the ladies retired, Tom looked after her over his shoulder as far as the door, and, as she disappeared, gravely nodded his head,—an involuntary gesture,—the external sign of a conviction that she was "one of the right sort." Mr. Sparshott, it is true, admired her principally for her mind, such as he conceived it to be; but her graceful figure, bright eyes, chesnut curls, and nice features, were "points" which had no little influence on his opinion of her.

We have said that Tom was a good-looking young fellow. Whether it was solely on this account or not that Miss Denham treated him with such marked favour, is uncertain; but it should be stated that she was aware of his worldly circumstances; that her own expectations, as she had brothers, were moderate; and that she was at an age when young ladies, who have only their charms to depend upon, will, if they are wise, endeavour to make the most of their time.

Bessy made a stay of some months at the Squire's, and Tom, during that period, had frequent opportunities of seeing her. Their intimacy went on increasing, till at length, when he called in of an evening, it was a common thing with her to mix his brandy and water for him, and to light and hand him his cigar. He now began to go to parties where he thought there was a chance of meeting her, and at these he would sit in a corner of the room, where she came every now and then to talk to him, or to bring him a book, of the sort that he liked, to

read during the quadrilles. Then she worked a cigar-case for him, and once she mended his shot-belt. Things having come to this, it will not appear surprising that the relation between the parties became ultimately decidedly interesting. Yes; such was the fact. The sportsman was winged, to say no more, at last.

Her visit being ended, Miss Denham returned to town. A melancholy, perceived, and of course derided, by all his friends, now seized on Tom. He was sometimes seen dawdling about in the fields—without his gun; he would wander by the river-side with no fishing-rod; nay, he would even roam among the woodland solitudes by moonlight, when, not being a poacher, of course he could have no intent to destroy game, but where, by mistake, he was once actually collared by his own gamekeeper.

After having gone on in this way for some weeks, he all at once mysteriously disappeared. What had become of him was a secret; but, as Mr. Corduroy Toppes, when questioned on the subject, smiled and winked his eye, it was presumed to be known to that gentleman. The fact was that Tom had gone to London. He could struggle with his feelings no longer; and he went to throw himself at the feet of Bessy, and offer her his hand, his heart, and worldly estate, real and personal. Handsome, young, moneyed, of course he was accepted at once.

There is a street leading out of Grosvenor Square,—there is a house in that street with a foreign name on the door; within a week after Tom Sparshott's acceptance,—for the lawyers interposed a brief delay between that and marriage: and oh what a settlement was made during that interval on Bessy!—within a week after he had thus committed himself, could an eye have penetrated the recesses of the house in question, it would have beheld Tom, even Tom Sparshott, taking a lesson in the Polka of a Frenchman!

In process of time Tom returned into the country. His friend Wilkins went to call on him. Wilkins was shown into the drawing-room—how changed was that drawing-room! The plates of horses and grooms had quitted the walls, which had been newly papered, and adorned with sentimental pictures; delicate rose curtains garished the windows, in which stood costly exotics; where fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, and boot-jacks were formerly standing or lying about, stood china vases, of no manner of use whatever; on a new rosewood table in the centre of the room lay elegantly-bound volumes, all red, and green, and gold, and a large illuminated album. A grand piano occupied nearly one side of the wall. The air, once redolent of the mild havannah, now breathed eau-de-cologne and rose-water. By a sofa, on which reclined a fashionably-dressed lady, sat an interesting young man, in a costume strongly resembling Prince Albert's,—as it appears on the backs of the music-books. He appeared to have been reading the last new novel, which he was holding in his hand, to the lady. On Wilkins's entrance he rose, and gracefully begged to introduce Mrs. Sparshott to him. Could it be possible?—yes, it was Tom Sparshott!

Wilkins could scarcely believe his eyes,—he said he started as if he had been thunderstruck; but there were the same features, though composed; the familiar voice—but subdued and silvery. It *was* his old friend Tom—and Wilkins was going to slap him on the back; but a deprecatory gesture prevented him. Mr. Sparshott desired him to take a seat; and he sat on a chair of white and gold with a cushion

of crimson. They entered into conversation, which Tom himself turned from his once favourite subjects to Almack's and the Opera; to the confusion and discomfiture of poor Wilkins, who did not know one from the other. Then Mr. Sparshott rang for refreshment. It came—in the shape of sweet biscuits and some foreign wine. Where was the baked ham?—where the beer?—and ah! where the vessel of pewter to hold it, which would once have stood on that tray? This was too much for Wilkins; and he boldly said he should like some malt liquor, which was sent for; but not till Tom had looked inquiringly at his lady. And it was brought in a porcelain mug.

Mr. Sparshott took Wilkins over his grounds to show him the improvements he had made. These included the alteration of his stables to make room for a larger coach-house; and the demolition of his kennel, on whose site there was in course of erection a conservatory. Tom asked his friend to stop and dine with him. They took a small quantity of claret after the meal; and then went up to tea—actually to tea! After which, Mrs. Sparshott sat down to the piano, and sang some Italian airs, whilst Tom stood and turned over the leaves for her. Again, at times, Wilkins almost disbelieved his senses, when they told him that that correct young man in black, with his white waistcoat and neckcloth, was Tom Sparshott. Smoking was clearly out of the question; and he accordingly took leave at an early hour, with a load on his spirits that made him feel quite melancholy. The evening had been so “slow!”

He said that Tom, on inquiry, expressed himself happy, but in a tone rather of resignation than of gladness; and that his face wore that pensive expression which we often observe in reformed characters.

Once again he saw Tom, accompanied by his lady, passing by a skittle-ground. He stopped and looked wistfully over the palings; but a slight though sudden pull at the elbow seemed to tear him from the spot. He looked back, however, over his shoulder, and Wilkins thinks he must have seen him (Wilkins) making a grimace at him.

Wilkins saw him yet once more. It was at a family tea-party. There was Tom, once the free and easy—now the sober and demure—handing toast and muffins around to a circle of ladies. And this was the whilom noisy, rattling, dashing *varmint*, “Snorkey!”

Such was the end that this fine young fellow came to! He gave up his shooting; Mrs. Sparshott insisted on it. She would not let him stop out all day, and come home and go to sleep in the evening. He discontinued his hunting; she would not allow him to risk his neck. He no longer had his jolly parties; she could not endure a set of rude, riotous bears. His dogs he got rid of; she thought them disagreeable. He kept, indeed, a pair of horses, and a handsome carriage—for that she approved of, but she would not allow him to drive. She would rather that he would sit with her. And she made him go to church and take a book with him, and find out the lessons for her, and attend to the service.

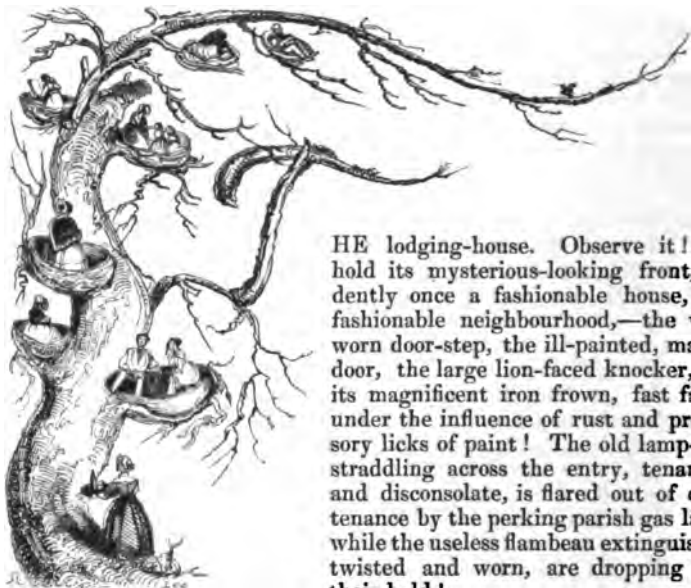
What was he to do? Destitute of any other resource, he was obliged to betake himself to books and study; and thus the jolly Tom Sparshott of other days, became, in the eyes of all the rollicking young blades in the neighbourhood, converted from a “brick” into a “spoon.”

Alas, poor Sparshott! Alas, poor Snorkey! Beware, young sportsmen, beware of beauty! or one of these days you may be bagged like him.

GLIMPSES AND MYSTERIES.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THE LODGING-HOUSE.



HE lodging-house. Observe it! Behold its mysterious-looking front, evidently once a fashionable house, in a fashionable neighbourhood,—the wide-worn door-step, the ill-painted, massive door, the large lion-faced knocker, with its magnificent iron frown, fast falling under the influence of rust and promissory licks of paint! The old lamp-iron, straddling across the entry, tenantless and disconsolate, is flared out of countenance by the perking parish gas lamp; while the useless flambeau extinguishers, twisted and worn, are dropping from their hold!

The kitchen windows, that once were kept in continual blaze by roaring and hospitable fires, are melancholy and dusty: the rusty grate—the joint property of the whole house—has its magnificent swallow crammed with bricks, leaving but merely room for a small portion of fire to cook with. Why, in former years its cheeks would have burnt with shame and indignity at so miserable a blaze! The whole kitchen has a musty and underground smell, proceeding from the continual dab washes going on at the convenience of each occupant. The parlour, although second in importance, being nearest the door, we will speak of first. The blinds are dwarf Venetian: they were once green, but being wet-wiped for a long period, have got into a kind of pea-soup colour, with an irregular arrangement of ribs. The windows are cleaned up, as far as the lower frame is concerned, but the upper are neglected, which give a very dubious colour to the supposed white-holland blind that reaches down only that length—being one of the many lodging-house delusions, where they are furnished. The apartment is large and dingy, of no particular colour; the furniture few and far between, with a mirror of unpleasant reflections. The door looks, of course, into the passage or hall, in all lodging-houses: this, I believe, is always the same; being neutral ground, it is very much neglected,—the charwoman, from her hanging her old bonnet and ragged shawl upon the hat and cloak rack, appears to be the per-

mited possessor. Pattens and clogs grow, I believe, in the dirt of these passages, as I never by any chance missed tumbling over something of the kind. The floor-cloth is perhaps one of the most curious efforts of genius displayed by the landlady, who is always contriving to place some hole somewhere else, so you are never certain which trips you up: this is more wonderful, since you cannot form a most distant idea of how it could be taken up or put down. The before-mentioned parlour is occupied by a young married couple, who have ventured into matrimony with a perfect reliance on chance, never having possessed any prudence or furniture. The bride still delights in all her virgin finery, and sets dressed all day and reads novels until the return of the male delinquent, who fancies, with the other deluded one, that his trifling salary will be always enough, and that matrimony altogether is rather a delightful leap. Their domestic economy is entertaining in the extreme; loins of mutton composed of four chops,



and half-legs, which are somewhat difficult to be recognised by family men: the red and white ordered in the delirium of the honeymoon, under the ancient names of Port and Sherry, have long since vanished, but the bottles remain under the sideboard as a warrant of respectability; in lieu of which, however, the galvanic pot of pewter reigns paramount, and the bride finds out that the "angelic man" smokes! A penny havannah does much to destroy poetry!

The lady, as yet having no family cares, may be seen in her little cottage-bonnet and neat morning dress, trudging briskly with her husband early in the morning to see him part of the way to business:

—as almanacks would say, “about this time much real happiness may be expected.” Here we leave the young couple, and turn round a gable in the passage, and enter the back parlour, occupied by the widow of an officer—if we may judge by the military miniature over the mantel-piece, and an old epaulet-box which contains her front or afternoon ringlets. She is a massive woman, with a voice of command, and a sweep in her train—splendid under any other circumstances, but ridiculous in the occupant of a back-parlour. The servant of the house has a decided horror of her, her orders being continual and authoritative, as if the poor slave was her own private property;—the Sidonian tones which she brings to bear upon an order for two ounces of ham, but not much fat, and the half pint of porter drawn with a head, is grand beyond conception. Her morning costume is peculiar, though not picturesque; for, while dusting her quarters, she puts on what she terms her stable-dress—here she is:



Having introduced you to the lady, I leave you to fight it out, and walk gently up stairs; they are rather dark, being further obscured by the blind of the staircase window, which is a red-brown landscape, with a very autumnal tint: the beautiful arrangement of this does not strike you at first, and is only discoverable by the full opening of the street door. The stair carpets are shabby. We are on the first-floor; this is the respectable part of the house, that doesn't know the parlours or the second-floor; here the landlady herself—terrible to the

garrets—leaves her dignity at the door, and condescends to dust the ornaments for her lodger.

The occupant is a little lady under the shadow of widowhood, with an annuity and a body-servant—a young girl done into an old woman by the aid of apron, broad-bordered cap, and high dress; her child-like features, peeping from amidst the matronly frills, have a decided comic effect, laughable in the extreme,—that is, if we dared laugh at anything appertaining to the first-floor lodger. The lady has long discarded the weeds, which choked up the blossoms of her beauty, and takes in the *Belle Assemblée*. (In fairness to any aspirant for the annuity, we must say that the lady is much past her kittenhood.) She believes, however, that she is still young enough to embarrass herself with linen-drapers' and mantua-makers' bills. Poor creature! she flutters out one day in an arophane bonnet, and the next day is forced to swathe her poor old jaws in flannel, attributing the misfortune to some tooth which has been gone many a day. She is one of a large class who war against time, fighting and scratching against grey hairs, till they are out of breath; as if Time were a tax-gatherer, who would consent to call again. She is the idolatry of the landlady on account of the certainty of dividends.

Proceed we up stairs. The stair-carpet is older, and more worn, and ends at the next landing. The second-floor is reached! here we find two front rooms, where equality is established,—this is the only part of the house where it is so.

The right-hand room is occupied by an aged woman, of lady-like manners, and her daughter: the room is neatness itself; the window-curtains are unmatched in the neighbourhood for whiteness. By a small table, placed in a favourable light, you perceive a fair girl occupied with some water-colour drawings, with a bouquet of flowers as a study. She is an artist, and by her exertions adds to the comfort of her mother, who raises her eyes from her book to look with fondness upon her daughter's occupation. The light streams through her fair ringlets, as she stoops over her labour of love, and gives almost an angelic transparency to her soft features: she turns her head, and returns the love-look with interest! She speaks! How beautiful does reverence and affection make the voice sound!—Close the door, we have no right to listen even to the secrets of the pure and innocent!

The next room is filled by the voice of childhood; a little rosy face peeps from the door, and with the instinct of infancy, that knows where love is to be found, beats with his tiny hand upon the fair artist's door, to summon her as his playmate; the young mother follows him, and seizes the young truant, and carries him back to his own quarters: here is another infant sleeping in its cot; the needle-work laying upon the table, and everything about the room bespeaking order and industry. A few toys are scattered upon the floor, belonging to the elder child, who, hiding behind the window-curtain, frowns his displeasure at his detention. A transparent shade over a table, placed in one of the window recesses, covered with tools, shews the absent husband to be an engraver.

Further up still, we come to the garrets. Much abused rooms! stigmatised locality! refuge of the destitute, maids-of-all-work, and poets! we approach you with fear and trembling! Take care you don't knock your head against the shelving ceiling, or your shins against the superannuated bedstead, which, too old even for a garret-

lodger, is thrown out to cumber up the narrow space left by old trunks, handboxes, and all the collected rubbish of the concern. Four black doors stare you in the face ; the one on the right is occupied by a great mystery ! It is a tall dark man, with a beard blacker than his coat. His trousers are of a circumscribed kind, with guiding straps, and Blucher boots, which are always at loggerheads with the bottoms of the aforesaid nether integuments : he is supposed to be connected with the press, penny or otherwise, as he uses much ink and paper, and is particularly busy in the murder-season. Although literary, he is not looked upon with any respect by any in the house, except the maid-of-all-work, as he fetches his own beer, and saves her much trouble by making his own bed, which is effected—it being a turn-up—by giving it a turn or shake as he lowers it at night, or rather morning ; for he has a latch-key, and is frequently heard at blue daylight, miscounting the stairs, and breathing very hard. He is perfectly unknown to the tradesmen who supply the house, he being in the habit of catering for himself, slightly varying his diet between saveloys and bread and cheese, bringing them home in a quiet way in his pocket.

The next door—stop!—you must not go there!—that's the girl's room.

The next has for a very long time had no occupant but the wind, which has given the door a delirium tremens, much to the annoyance of the literary man, who rushes out and tries to stop its noise with a last week's number of crimson crimes—which only makes it shake the more.

The last is the den of the landlady herself, who, with a rapacity peculiar to the genus, lives in all sort of discomfort, for the sake of profit, and who would, if she could find a customer, let this her last hold, and live in the outhouse. You must guess at the interior of this room ; its comforts are composed of things rejected by everybody in the house. I would show it you, but dont like to disturb her ! for, *entre nous*, I owe her a quarter's rent !

SONG.

A **P**ROUD land is England ! None prouder, I ween,
 The chief among nations, of ocean the queen ;
 So wide in dominion the sun owns her sway,
 For, dimless in glory, it knows not decay ;
 But smiling for ever o'er mountain and vale,
 Though far, 'tis the voice of a Briton cries—" Hail !"
 The sea yieldeth tribute, its pearls are her own ;
 Earth brings forth its treasures from zone unto zone.
 How proud, then, is England !—none prouder, I ween,
 The chief among nations, of ocean the queen !

A proud land is England !—nor scornful the boast,
 While her children are firm as her rock-shielded coast,
 With the pure wreath of honour entwined on her brow,
 She will ever be foremost, as first she is now !
 What the sword has achieved, let the sickle retain,—
 With a world for her sceptre, what more could she gain ?
 Should the foeman assail, there are stout hearts will prove
 That the lion, when roused, hath no trace of the dove !
 How proud, then, is England !—none prouder, I ween,
 The chief among nations, of ocean the queen !

INDEX

TO THE SEVENTEENTH VOLUME.

A.

Altered Man, the, by Paul Prendergast, 626.
Anecdotal Gatherings, by R. B. Peake, 225.

B.

Ballad, 615.
Ballyragget, by the Irish Whiskey-Drinker, 229.
Barker's, W. G. J., Damned Souls, 604.
Beattie's, William, Monody on the Death of Thomas Campbell, 95.
Benefits, the, of Smoking, 156.
Blanchard, Laman, Lines on the Decease of, by G. D., 443.
Boruwalski, Joseph, a Memoir of the celebrated Dwarf, by Catherine Hutton, 240.
Boys, the, of Kilkenny, by the Irish Whiskey-Drinker, 34.
Breeze, the, upon the Ocean, by William Jones, 155.
Brinvilliers, the Marchioness of, the Poisoner of the Seventeenth Century. A Romance of Old Paris, by Albert Smith; the mountebank of the Carrefour du Châtelet, 1; the boat-mill on the river, 8; the arrest of the physician, 15; the students of 1665, 105; Sainte-Croix and his creature, 112; Maître Glazer and Panurge discourse with the people on poisons—the visit of the Marchioness, 116; Louise Gauthier falls into the hands of Lachausée, 209; the catacombs of the Bièvre, 213; the revenge of Sainte-Croix, 218; what further befel Louise in the catacombs of the Bièvre, 317; Maître Picard prosecutes a successful crusade, 326; Exili spreads the snare of Sainte-Croix, 331; Gaudin learns strange secrets in the Bastille, 425; le premier pas, 429; Versailles—the rival actresses, 434; the Grotto of Thetis,—the good and evil angels, 533; the Gascon goes through fire and water to attract attention—the brother and sister, 540; the Rue de l'Hirondelle, 545.

VOL. XVII.

C.

Brummell, George, and Dandyism, 514.
Campbell, Thomas, Monody on the Death of, by William Beattie, 95.
Canter's, D., Outpourings, 505.
Carlizts, the, at Bayonne, 125.
C. H. L.'s, Plaint of Sappho, 58; Sappho and Phaon, 129; Invocation to Erinna, 239; Song of the Witches round the Walnut-tree of Beneventum, 443.
Close, the, of the Old Year, 1844, by H. B. K., 21.
Clumseetrunk, Mynheer Van, 156.
Confessions of De Loude Chiselham, by C. Whitehead, 70.
Consumptive, the, 489.
Cooke's, Henry, Notes of a Loiterer in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, 99.
Corunna, the Retreat to, from the Recollections of the Rifleman Harris, edited by Henry Curling, 277.
Costello's, Louisa Stuart, Sketches of Legendary Cities, No. III., Bath, 168; No. IV., Monmouth, 265; Ross, Tintern Abbey, Chepatow, 349; Hereford, 605.
Crockford and Crockford's, by Perditus, 142. 251.
Crowquill's, Alfred, Glimpses and Mysteries:—the Author, 357; the Lodging-House, 632; Outlines of Mysteries:—the Man who once was respectable, 529.
Cunningham, Allan, 557.
Curling's, Henry, anecdotes of the Peninsular War, from the Recollections of the Rifleman Harris, 277; Harrogate, 445.

D.

Damned Souls, the, by W. G. J. Barker, 604.
Dandyism and George Brummell, 514.
Departed Great, Literary Retrospect of the, by a Middle-aged Man, 83. 182. 289. 361. 567.
Discovery of the Oregon by Drake and Vancouver, 522.
Drama, a Glance at the, 421.
Droop not, my Heart, by William Jones, 308.

A A A

E.

Early Years of a Veteran of the Army of Westphalia, between 1805 and 1814, 483. 586.

Ennobled Actresses, by Mrs. Matthews:—The Duchess of Bolton, 594.

F.

Falling Star, the, by William Jones, 585.
Fête, the, of Peterhoff, by Mrs. Romer, 22.

Flower's, W. B., Love's Vows, from Catullus, 450.

G.

Gaol Chaplain; or, a Dark Page from Life's Volume:—drink, 45; the knavish treasurer of a popular charity, 52; advice gratis, 56; a righteous treasurer, 191; no will! hurrah! 197; the legatee, 310; juvenile delinquents, 312; the newspaper man and the Right Honourable George Canning, 413; party and the press, 417; Mr. (now Lord) Jeffrey and printer Willison, 418; the substitute, 473; the moral peer, 475; game preservers, 479; a ghost story, 565.

Garland, a, of May Flowers, by the Irish Whiskey-Drinker, 616.

G. D.'s lines on the Decease of Laman Blanchard, 443; Masquerade, 549.

Glimpses and Mysteries, outlined by Alfred Crowquill:—the Author, 357; the Lodging-house, 632.

H.

Halifax Murder, the, by an Infantry Officer, 401.

Harris's, Rifleman, Anecdotes of the Peninsular War:—the Retreat to Coruna, 277.

Harrowgate, by H. Curling, 445.

H. B. K.'s Close of the Old Year 1844, 21.

Hearts, the, of Old, by William Jones, 304.

Hensburgh, the Siege of, by John Ryan, 337.

Hope on, by William Jones, 276.

Horæ Academicæ, by Littlego, 316.

How to serve out Cupid, a lay and a legend for All Fools' Day, by the Irish Whiskey Drinker, 338.

Hutton's, Catherine, Memoir of the celebrated Dwarf, Joseph Borowlaski, 240.

I.

Invocation to Erinna, by C. H. L., 239.

J.

J. M. W.'s Song of a Sea Nymph, 249.
Jones's, William, Men of Old, 69; the Breeze upon the Ocean, 155; 'Tis long since we have met, Old Friend! 167; Ballad—Sleep on! Sleep on! 181; Hope on! 276; the Hearts of Old, 304; Droop not, my Heart, 308; the Labourer's Song, 378; the Death of Sombrenil, 423; Tobacco, 482; Scorn not the Poor Man's Love, 564; the Falling Star, 585.

L.

Labourer's, the, Song, by William Jones, 378.

Ledbury's Polkaphobia, 305.

Littlego's Horæ Academicæ, 316.

Lost Mantle, the, by the author of "Henri Quatre," 451.

Love's Vows, from Catullus, by W. B. Flower, 450.

M.

Malibran, the Aide-de-Camp, 134.

Masquerade, the, by G. D., 549.

Matthews's, Mrs., Ennobled Actresses:—the Duchess of Bolton, 594.

Matrimony, a Discourse of, by Jeremiah Singleton, 285.

Men, the, of Old, by W. Jones, 69.

Middle-aged Man's Literary Retrospect of the Departed Great, 83. 182. 289. 361. 557.

N.

Notes of a Loiterer in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, by Henry Cooke, 99.

O.

Opium Smoker, the, 65.

Oregon, Discovery of by Drake and Vancouver, 522.

Outlines of Mysteries, by Alfred Crowquill, 529.

Outpourings, by D. Canter, 505.

P.

Peake's, R. B., Post-bag, 59. 138; Anecdotal Gatherings, 225.

Perditus's Crockford and Crockford's, 142. 251.

Plaint, the, of Sappho, by C. H. L., 58.

Plum-Pudding, the, 553.

Polkaphobia, the:—A little News of Mr. Ledbury connected with the Polka, 305.

- Pomare, Queen, an Imaginary Poem, by W. B., 42.
- Post-bag ; or, Eccentric Correspondents, by R. B. Peake, 59. 138.
- Prendergast's, Paul, Wet Blanket, 395 ; the Altered Man, 626.
- R.
- Raymond's, George, Writ of Error, 461.
- Romer's, Mrs., Fête of Peterhoff, 22 ; St. Silvester's Night, 577.
- Ryan's, John, Siege of Hensburgh, 337.
- S.
- Sappho and Phaon, by C. H. L., 129.
- Scattergood Family, the Fortunes of the, by Albert Smith ; an unexpected party visits Mr. Rosset's arena, 89 ; the last appearance of Mr. Fogg—the return home, 201 ; the latest intelligence of everybody—conclusion, 204.
- Scorn not the Poor Man's Love, by William Jones, 564.
- Sick Man's, the, Request, by W. B. F., 33.
- Singleton's, Jeremiah, Discourse of Matrimony, 285.
- Sketches of Legendary Cities, No. III., Bath, by Louisa Stuart Costello, 168 ; No. IV., Monmouth, 265 ; Ross, Tintern Abbey, Chepstow, 349 ; Hereford, 605.
- Sketches of Spanish Warfare, 134.
- Sleep on ! Sleep on ! by William Jones, 181.
- Smith's, Albert, Fortunes of the Scattergood Family, 89, 201 ; Marchioness of Brinwilliers, the Poisoner of the Seventeenth Century ; a romance of Old Paris, 1. 105. 209. 317. 425. 533.
- Smith, the Rev. Sydney, 379.
- Sombreuil, the Death of, by William Jones, 423.
- Song. A Proud Land is England ! 636.
- Song of a Sea Nymph, by J. M. W., 249.
- Song, the, of the Witches round the Walnut-tree of Beneventum, by C. H. L., 443.
- Spanish Suttler, a, 127.
- St. Silvester's Night, by Mrs. Romer, 577.
- Sweet Mary Malone, by *HEA OWEN*, 460.
- T.
- They say Thou art not beautiful, 615.
- Think you such Things are ? by Janet W. Wilkinson, 504.
- 'Tis long since we have met, Old Friend, by William Jones, 167.
- Tobacco, by William Jones, 482.
- W.
- W. B. F.'s Sick Man's Request, 33.
- W. B.'s. Queen Pomare, an Imaginary Poem, 42.
- Westphalia, early Years of a Veteran of the Army of, 483.
- Wet Blanket, the, by Paul Prendergast, 395.
- Whiskey Drinker's, the Irish, Boys of Kilkenny, 34 ; Ballyragget, 229 ; How to serve out Cupid, 338 ; Garland of May Flowers, 616.
- Whitehead's, Charles, Confessions of De Loude Chiselham, 70 ; Mr. Yellowly's Doings, 490.
- Wilkinson's, Janet W., Think you such Things are ? 504.
- Writ, a, of Error, by George Raymond 461.
- Y.
- Yellowly's, Mr., Doings, by Charles Whitehead, 490.

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