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BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

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VOL. XLV.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1859.

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BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

A GLANCE AT "THE SITUATION."

Is "The Situation" so very bad?

There are two ways of answering the question: the one, by comparing it with what it was a year ago; the other, by direct examination.

Besides the claim which every New Year asserts, we are obviously compelled to fall back a whole twelvemonth in instituting any comparison, by the well-remembered fact that in January last the destinies of the country were under the control of a Whig Cabinet. If, after the introduction of Lord Palmerston's "Conspiracy Bill," one can suppose such a condition of things as The Situation Unaltered, it could only have remained so at the expense of the national honour, already compromised by the Whigs on the Neapolitan question, but *then* wholly committed by their base subservience to Count Walewski's dictation. Fortunately "the unassailable majority" of Lord Palmerston turned out a sham: the windbag collapsed on the very first pressure, and to men who understood the dignity no less than the real interests of the country was left the task of repairing the lamentable errors of their predecessors. Nobody, therefore, save those who lost office, its concomitant sweets and contingent advantages, can adduce the state of affairs at the opening of Parliament in 1858 as a "Situation" to be admired; anything, indeed, must be better than that! On the other hand, every question of difficulty bequeathed to us by the Whigs has been satisfactorily disposed of by the present government. The firm yet conciliatory attitude of Lord Derby immediately restored its true character to the relations which should subsist between England and France; while the prompt vigour of Lord Malmesbury at once obtained from the King of Naples those concessions which Lord Clarendon was either too timid or too subservient to demand. The Whigs, it seems, arrogate to themselves exclusive credit for the employment abroad of efficient public servants, and point especially to the policy of Lords Elgin and Canning respectively as the results of their political foresight. We will not attempt to deny the merits of either of those noble lords, but if, in China, Lord Elgin was a success, what are we to think of Sir John Bowring, whose errors made Lord Elgin a necessity? In India, too, setting aside for the moment the Delegate who has done his work so well, how, we may ask, would that delegate have been supported in the arduous task of restoring confidence in the British government to the inhabitants of Hindostan, if such a man as Mr. Vernon Smith had continued at the head of Indian affairs? On the converse of the question we need not dwell: Lord Stanley's Proclamation, which has already wrought such marvellous results, is of itself a sufficient reply. The management of our colonial possessions, under Whig superintendence, was always remarkable for the undisguised hostility which it evoked. How completely that feeling has subsided since the accession to office of a Conservative ministry is everywhere apparent. We now see a generous confidence on one side met by the most cordial acknowledgments on the other, and the mutual ties between the parent state and her numerous offspring strengthened in every direction. In the conduct of domestic affairs the same uniformity of progress has been developed. To use the words of a writer (whose very clever *brochure* is now lying before us),* in relation to the performances of the present ministry, "It has already won for itself a reputation. It has traversed a busy, energetic laborious session without a single reverse, with scarcely one solitary blunder. It has added various and important reforms to the statute-book. It has reorganised, and by reorganising consolidated the whole fabric of our Indian government. It has in a totally opposite direction driven home the wedge for the subversion of another monstrous anomaly in the conduct of the affairs of our vast and scattered possessions. For by resolutely summoning a new colony into existence, in the instance of British Columbia, it has secured to the empire a guarantee for the overthrow of the Hudson's Bay Company's monopoly, and for the opening up to Anglo-Saxon energies of our gigantic but hitherto neglected North American dominions."

But we are told that the *experimentum crucis* has yet to be made; the test by which Lord Derby's cabinet is to stand or fall remains to be essayed; the new Reform Bill is the implement by which the overthrow of the Conservative ministry is to be accomplished. Let this be so, but tell us a little more. Say from what quarter this pregnant mischief threatens! We scarcely apprehend it from Lord John, who, if he have a project, not addled by too long hatching, has no party. Certainly not from Lord Palmerston, who avowedly never had a project, and whom even Mr. Lowe admits to be without supporters. Have committee-room No. 11 a measure in preparation? But they have neither head nor tail, can do nothing of themselves, and assuredly won't do anything for the men whom their disaffection drove out of office. Is it to be the household suffrage scheme of Mr. BRIGHT—or BLIGHT—or whatever the truculent demagogue likes best to be called? Or is the danger to arise from within—from the incompleteness of the measure which the cabinet itself has undertaken to bring before Parliament? In this last question, without doubt, lies the hope of the Whig party, as represented, for the nonce, by the late Lord Advocate of Scotland, who tried to mystify his constituents at Leith the other day, by telling them that if Lord Palmerston had "*had time*," he would have brought in no end to a Reform Bill! But, since parliamentary reform must needs be, we see no reason why a bill as satisfactory to the country as anything that Mr. Bright or the Whigs can produce should not proceed from the men who are avowedly the most capable ministry that modern combinations have witnessed. We believe, moreover, that they will do so, and for that reason alone we have no fear for "The Situation."

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* The Derby Ministry. Routledge and Co.

Without having developed any very extraordinary features, the Literary "situation" during the past year has been satisfactory, and its present aspect is encouraging. The book of most mark in 1858 was, unquestionably, Mr. Carlyle's "Friedrich the Second," an instalment only—and in that respect a disappointment—but, so for as it went, a most complete and noticeable work, full of the peculiarities of the writer, but pregnant with rare information; at once a striking biography and a remarkable contribution to history. These characteristics manifested themselves also in Mr. Forster's "Essays," reproduced with large additions from the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews; and to the same category, as "Mémoires pour servir," belonged Mr. Sandford's "Studies of the Great Rebellion," and Mr. Massey's "History of England," with its shrewd observations on men, and its picturesque descriptions of manners. Mr. Merivale's valuable "History of the Romans," Mr. Froude's continuation of *his* "England," and Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilization," are works whose place is now well assured. An enduring value equal to that of its predecessors attaches also to the continuation of the "*Supplementary* Despatches of the Duke of Wellington," paralleled on the other side of the water by the commencement of a Napoleon series. Books of travel, seldom wanting to our literature, have been abundant—some of them of first-rate quality. In this class we may rank the concluding volumes of Dr. Barth's "Africa," so reliable in all its details; Captain Yule's "Ava," replete with the most curious descriptions; the Rev. Mr. King's "Italian Valleys of the Alps," teeming with interest in every page; Professor Piazzi Smyth's "Teneriffe," as picturesque as scientific; Signor Gallenga's "Country Life in Piedmont," a work full of fresh and vivid pictures; Mr. Clarke's "Peloponnesus," the vigorous truth of which somewhat rudely disturbs many a cherished illusion; and Colonel Walmesley's "Algeria," which pleasantly occupies a place midway between travel and narrative.

Amongst the biographical works of the year, Dr. Wiseman's "Recollections of the Four last Popes" are chiefly commended to notice by Signor Gavazzi's sharp and witty refutation, under a similar title, of every opinion, and almost every statement in them. Of the same degree of merit as an antidote—applying, however, to history rather than biography—is Louis Blanc's clear and crushing reply to the glaring inaccuracies and feeble twaddle of Lord Normanby's "Historical Revelations." Mr. Hogg's "Life of Shelley," not yet finished, is a work of such elaborate and unnecessary detail that we feel no desire to witness its completion; while of Mr. Trelawny's vainglorious "Recollections of the Last Days of Byron and Shelley" we refrain from expressing the opinion prompted by a just indignation. The "Life of Pope," by Mr. Carruthers, has, we trust, at last settled a question long disturbative to one eminent editorial mind: the fact whether the poet's great aunt or stepmother (we forget which) had a certain seat in a certain pew in Twickenham Church. The "Life of Watt," by Mr. Muirhead, *might* have been a work of general interest, but the bitter personalities with which the editor has stained his pages make one deeply regret that the task of writing the philosopher's memoirs should have fallen to the lot of one utterly disqualified from undertaking it by a temper so infirm and a mind so deeply prejudiced.

The best works of fiction during the past year are to be found amongst the serial publications. Sir E. B. Lytton, in completing "What will he do with it?" has produced his masterpiece; Mr. Shirley Brooks has exceeded all his former efforts in "The Gordian Knot;" and the progress which Mr. Thackeray has made with his "Virginians" justifies us in arriving at a similar conclusion. We can say nothing, of course, of Mr. Dudley Costello's "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady." Mr. Thornbury's "Every Man his own Trumpeter" will not go down the stream without being happily associated with the picturesque period of which it treats; and the fact alone that a great soldier could write a stirring novel will send many a reader to the "William the Conqueror" of the late Sir Charles Napier. A charming tale, "Maud Bingley," must not pass unnoticed. Neither must we omit to mention a clever story for boys by Mr. William Dalton, "The War Tiger." At the miscellaneous contributions to literature our glance must, of necessity, be rapid; but it takes in Mr. Gladstone's "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Ages," a work full of thought and scholarship; Mr. Ruskin's "Cambridge School of Art," disputatious and paradoxical, but overflowing with eloquent expression; Mr. Morley's "Bartholomew Fair," learned, accurate, humorous, and in the highest degree entertaining; and Mr. Fitzball's very amusing recollections of his dramatic career. The Indian Crisis furnished, as a matter of course, a large quota to the current literature of the year, which will be sufficiently recalled to memory when we mention the names of Gubbins, Rees, Anderson, Polehampton, Rotton, Birch, Bourchier, and Edwards. In poetry one name stands foremost—that of Miss Adelaide Proctor; Mr. Bailey's satire, "The Age," was an acknowledged failure, and we fear we can say little else of "The Courtship of Miles Standish," by the *facile princeps* of hexameters. On the other hand, Mr. Nicholas Michell's polished poem, "Pleasure," has achieved a merited success. Periodical literature may count amongst the gains of 1858 the new life which has been infused into the pages of the Literary Gazette since it passed under the control of its present accomplished editor: sound criticism, honest opinions, and brilliant writing, are the characteristics by which that publication is now distinguished.

With respect to the Dramatic "situation," we should be deeply ungrateful to Mr. Charles Kean if we did not offer him our most unfeigned thanks for the extraordinary efforts which he has made to render the period of his management at the Princess's Theatre an epoch in the Art which he loves so well and has illustrated by so much genius. That the season before us should be his last affords matter for deep regret, but to him, at least, there will be the consolation of its being remembered as the most brilliant in the annals of the stage.

The Combat of the Thirty.

FROM AN OLD BRETON LAY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

By William Harrison Ainsworth.

Here begins the Battle of Thirty Englishmen against Thirty Bretons, which took place in Brittany in the Year of Grace One Thousand Three Hundred and Fifty, on Saturday, the Vigil of Sunday Lætare Jerusalem.*

Fytte ye First.

I.

Seigneurs, knights, barons, bannerets, and bachelors, I pray,
Bishops and abbots, holy clerks, heralds and minstrels gay,
Ye valiant men of all degrees, give ear unto my lay.
Attend, I say, and ye shall hear how Thirty Englishmen,
As lions brave, did battle give to Bretons three times ten.
And sith the story of this fight I shall tell faithfully,
A hundred years hereafter it shall remembered be,
And warriors hoar recount it then to children on the knee.

II.

In stories where good precept with ensample ye unite,
All men of worth and wisdom take exceeding great delight;
Only envious knaves and faitours treat such ditties with despite.
Wherefore, without further prelude, I will now the tale recite
Of the Combat of the Thirty—that most memorable fight!
Beseeching Christ, our blessed Lord, in whom we place our trust,
Pity to have on those who fought, sith most of them are dust.†

III.

Before the Castle of Aurai stout Daggeworth‡ had been slain,
Worsted in a rude encounter with the Barons of Bretaigne;
But his death, as ye shall hear anon, proved a loss and not a gain.

---

* March 27, 1351. (New Style.)

† Some of the Knights engaged in the Combat of Thirty were alive when the author of the Lay wrote his Relation. Froissart mentions that he saw at the table of Charles V. several of these warriors, whose gashed countenances proclaimed that, "la besogne fut bien combattue,"—amongst others Yves Charruel.

‡ "Sir Thomas Daggeworth" (styled Dagorne in the Lay) "was appointed Commander in Brittany, by writ of privy seal, dated Reading, January 10,

For while he ruled within Aurai no tiller of the soil,
Nor any peaceful citizen the English mote despoil.
But when he fell, Pembroke* arose, a chief with iron hand,
Who Daggeworth's treaty broke straightway, and ravaged all the land.
"Now, by Saint Thomas!" Pembroke swore, "avenged shall Daggeworth be!
Such ingrate knaves as these to spare were sinful clemency."
And well he kept his ruthless vow, for when he took Ploërmel,
Small mercy did he show to those within his power who fell.
Sore wasted he the country round, until that happy day
When Beaumanoir, the Baron good, to Ploërmel took his way;
From Josselin Castle did he come to aid the hapless folk
Who groaned, unpitied, unrelieved, 'neath Pembroke's cruel yoke.
As Beaumanoir and his esquires the English camp drew nigh,
Full many a captive they beheld lamenting dolefully.
For some they saw chained hand and foot—some by the thumbs were tied,—
Together link'd by twos and threes—torment on every side.

IV.

When Beaumanoir and his esquires in Pembroke's presence stood,
Thus haughtily the mail-clad throng bespoke the Baron good.
"Ye knights of England, valiant sirs, I pray ye, list to me,
The helpless captive to maltreat is shame to chivalry.
And if the peaceful husbandman ye torture and ye kill,
Whom shall ye find your vines to dress—who will your granaries fill?
Trust me, brave sirs, ye do great wrong, and there an end must be,
As ye do hope for grace yourselves, of this severity."

"Baron de Beaumanoir," quoth Pembroke, "hold your peace,
For till our conquest be assured, these things shall never cease.
Question thereon there must be none. Now, mark well what I say.
A noble duchy in Bretaigne Montfort shall have alway—

1347."—*Fædera*. Daggeworth commanded the Castle of Aurai for the Countess of Montfort. His defeat and death are thus described by Froissart. "In the beginning of August in the year 1350, Raoul de Cahours and many other knights and squires, to the number of one hundred men-at-arms, or thereabouts, combated with the commander for the King of England in Brittany, called Sir Thomas Daggeworth, before the Castle of Aurai. Sir Thomas and all his men were slain, to the amount of about one hundred men-at-arms."

* Sir Robert Pembroke. The author of the Lay calls him Bomebourc, and the French chroniclers write the name indifferently Bembro and Brandebourg. Ormerod, in his Memoir of Sir Hugh Calverley, referring to the Combat of the Thirty, states that "the English commander at Ploërmel is supposed to have been Sir Richard Greenacre, of Merlay."

From Pontorson to Nantes—from Nantes to Saint Mahé.
This shall he have. But of all France crown'd king shall Edward be,
And so on every side extend our English mastery,
Maugre the boastful French, and their allies, perdy!"

Made answer then the Baron good, and stoutly thus did say—
"Songez un autre songe, messire, cestui est mal songé.
Not half a foot, Sir Robert, shall you advance that way.
A truce to idle taunts!—fanfaronades are naught,—
And those who loudest prate do least, as I've been taught.
'Twere best, methinks, adjust our difference in this way
By mortal combat in the field on some appointed day.
Thirty 'gainst Thirty, an you list, together we will fight,
Armed at all points, and on our steeds,—and Heaven defend the right!"

"Now, by my soul!" cried Pembroke, "I heartily agree
Unto your terms, and as you fix the combat, it shall be;—
Thirty 'gainst Thirty of the best of either company,—
And for the day—all days alike for fighting are to me!"

Whereat he turned him to his Knights, laughing disdainfully.

Then was the battle 'twixt them sworn, each plighting solemnly
His knightly word to use thereat no base superchery.
With one consent a day they named—it was the day before
Lætare[*] Sunday—when good men with gifts the altars store.
The Vigil of *Lætare* 'twas,—and would ye know the year?—
Fifty to Thirteen Hundred add, and ye shall have it clear.
Now to the King of Glory let us offer earnest prayer,
That those who fight for truth and right, He have within His care!

V.

With lightened heart to Josselin did Beaumanoir return,
Eager he was that all his knights the enterprise should learn;
And as the throng he thus bespoke, like fire their breasts did burn:

"Seigneurs and valiant knights, this day have I defied
Pembroke to meet me in the field—Thirty on either side—
And for companions in the fray we both may freely choose
Such as the lance and battle-axe, and dagger best can use.

---

[*] Mid-Lent Sunday, anciently called *Lætare Jerusalem*, because on that day the introit of the Mass begins with those words. "In the former days of superstition," says Brande, "while that of the Roman Catholics was the established religion, it was the custom for people to visit their Mother Church on Mid-Lent Sunday, and to make their offerings at the high altar."

Hence Thirty of the most expert amongst ye, sirs, I lack,
Proud Pembroke and his chosen men like bears and wolves to hack.
Trust me the fame of this emprise shall travel throughout France,
From Bourgoigne to the Switzer's land, from Milan to Plaisance.
How say ye, knights and barons bold?—will ye not have it so?"

With one accord they made reply—"Thirty with you shall go.
And when we meet them in the field these Englishmen shall feel
What weighty blows, and well applied, a Breton arm can deal.
Then choose the best amongst us, sir—Heaven grant good choice
you make!"

"Gramercy!" cried De Beaumanoir, "Tinteniac* first I take,
Next Guy de Rochefort, Saint-Yvon, and good Yves Charruel.
Caron de Bosdegas be mine, with Robin Raguenel.
Jean Rousselot, Geoffroy Du Bois, and valorous Arrel,
My life upon it each of ye 'gainst Pembroke will fight well.

"Thus far my knights I've ta'en. Esquires I next must choose—
Guillaume de Montauban, I wot, my quest will not refuse?
Alain de Tinteniac I claim, Alain de Keranrais,
Olivier, uncle to the last, and you, De Fontenay?
Tristan de Pestivien, and Louis Goyon brave,
With Hugues Capus-le-Sage, sans question, I must have.
Young Geoffroy de la Roche full soon shall knighted be,
Whose valiant sire to fight the Turk† hath sailed across the sea.
Poulard, Beaucorps, Pontblanc, ye twain De Trisquidys,
Du Parc, Mellon, and De la Marche,—ye all must come with me.
Jean de Serent I call on you, and Guillaume de la Lande;
And with Pachard and Monteville I shall complete my band."

Now all, whom Beaumanoir did choose, returned him thanks
straightway;
And for success upon their arms right fervently did pray.
Heaven guard them well!—and to their foes the disadvantage send,
That for Bretaigne the coming fight triumphantly may end!

VI.

Now turn we to the other side, and let us see what way
Haughty Sir Robert Pembroke chose his comrades for the fray.

---

* Two champions of this name fought on Beaumanoir's side—the Sire de Tinteniac and Alain. The Lord of Tintiniac obtained the prize of valour on the part of the Bretons.

† Budes de la Roche, father of the warrior mentioned in the ballad, fought at the Siege of Constantinople, and in Greece.

Sir Robert Knolles[*] he first did take—next Sir Hugh Calverley,[†]
With Richard de la Lande—three better might not be.
Hervé de Lexualen came next, Walton and Bélifort.
The last-named giant knight an iron mallet bore,
Its weight was five and twenty pounds—yea, twenty-five and more!

His list of knights complete, proud Pembroke next essayed
Esquires the hardiest to find, and thus his choice he made.
John Plesington he fixed upon, Repefort, Le Maréchal,
Hérouart and Boutet d'Aspremont, the stoutest of them all.
Richard and Hugues, Le Gaillard named, Jennequin de Betonchamp,
All these he took, and lastly chose Hucheton de Clamaban.
De Clamaban a falchion had as sharp as any dart,
Wherewith he fought as legends tell of royal Agapart,
Each blow lopped off a head or limb, or pierced right to the heart.

For men-at-arms of valour proved, Pembroke need not search far,
Within the English camp, I trow, a hundred such there are;
But he who holds the foremost place is resolute Croquart.[‡]

---

[*] "Sir Robert Knolles was but of mean parentage in the county of Chester, but by his valour advanced from a common soldier in the French wars under Edward III. to a great commander. Being sent general of an army into France, in dislike of their power, he drove the people before him like sheep, destroying towns, castles, and cities, in such manner and number, that long after, in memory of this act, the sharp points and gable ends of overthrown houses and minsters were called Knolles's Mitres. After which, to make himself as well-beloved of his country, he built a goodly fair bridge at Rochester, over the Medway, with a chapel and chauntry at the east end thereof. He built much at the Greyfriars, London, and a hospital at Rome for English travellers and pilgrims. He deceased at his manor of Scone Thorpe, in Norfolk—was buried by the Lady Constance his wife, in the Church of Greyfriars, London, 18th August, 1407."—*Weever's Funeral Monuments.* Sir Robert was created a Knight of the Garter by Richard II.

[†] This distinguished knight ("*Cavualay le vaillant, le hardy jouvencel,*" as he is styled in the Lay) was the eldest son of David Calverley (or Calveley), of Lea, in Cheshire. He first appeared as one of the combatants in the noted conflict described in the Lay; next at the Battle of Aurai, 1364; then as a captain of Free Companies in the service of Henry of Trastamare; and after other exploits too numerous to particularise, he ended his brilliant and adventurous career by founding a college at Bunbury, in his native county. "His body was interred in the chancel of his college, where his armed effigy reposes on one of the most sumptuous altar-tombs that his county can boast."—*Ormerod's Cheshire.* It has been asserted, but not proved, that Sir Hugh Calverley married a queen of Arragon.

[‡] Froissart relates that Croquart "had the reputation of being the most expert man-at-arms of the country, was chosen to be one of the Thirty that engaged against a similar number, and was the most active combatant on the side of the English. King John of France made him the offer of knighting him, and marrying him very richly, if he would quit the English party, and promised to give him two thousand livres a year; but Croquart would never listen to it. It

Next Gaultier Lallemant stands forth; and Guillemin-le-Gaillard;
Then Daggeworth, nephew to the chief, agile as is a pard;[*]
Helcoq and Isannay come next, and Jennequin Taillard,
Dardaine, Adès, Troussel,[†] and Rango-le-Couart,
De Gannelon and Helichon, Vitart and Mélipart.

Such were the Thirty Combatants on Pembroke's side enrolled;
'Midst them were twenty Englishmen, as Libyan lions bold,
Brabanters four, and Germans six;—and thus the list is told.
Furnished they were with habergeons, bacinets, and greaves, I ween,
And armed with falchion, lance and sword, war-axe and dagger keen.
To list their braggart talk would move the moodiest man to mirth,
Thirty to match them, it would seem, could not be found on earth.
By Christ, they sware, that Beaumanoir and his companions brave
To death were doomed, and all Bretaigne to Dinan they would have!
But Beaumanoir he boasted not, but reverently prayed
The mighty Ruler of Events a rightful cause to aid!

chanced one day, as he was riding a young horse, which he had just purchased for three hundred crowns, and was putting him to his full speed, that the horse ran away with him, and in leaping a ditch, stumbled into it, and broke his master's neck. Such was the end of Croquart." In the Combat of the Thirty, Croquart obtained the prize of valour on the English side.

[*] This young champion subsequently won his spurs, and as Sir Nicholas Daggeworth, fought during the Siege of Rennes, in 1357, in single combat with the redoubted Bertrand du Guesclin. "The terms of the combat," according to Froissart, "were to be three courses with spears, three strokes with battle-axes, and three stabs with daggers. The two knights behaved most valiantly, and parted without hurting each other. They were seen with pleasure by both armies."

[†] Called John Russel, in the Histoire de Bretagne.

THE GHOST OF SAINT PETER'S.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

I.

HOW A FRIGHTFUL APPARITION WAS SEEN BY ONE THOMAS MOWLES.

"A Specter, or Apparition," says Pierre de Loyer, in his "Treatise of Specters," "is an Imagination of a Substance without a Bodie, the which presenteth itself sensibly unto men, against the order and course of Nature, and maketh them afraid."

Thomas Mowles, who "flourished" so recently as last November, and who, I trust, still "flourishes"—whatever that verb implies—was not what is termed "a bookman"—that is to say, to the extent of reading De Loyer and other such recondite authors—though he was well enough versed in book-keeping, both by single and double entry; but whatever he may have lacked as a student of mystical lore was amply compensated by the large fund of superstition with which he was endowed, and he needed no treatise to explain to him that a spectre is a thing "which maketh men afraid."

Thomas Mowles was the son of very respectable parents, who managed a wine and spirit concern, on a small scale, in a pleasant little watering-place on the coast of Sussex. Mowles the elder might, in his time, have had dealings with that adventurous part of the community who, at a very early period, embraced the doctrines of free trade—in its very widest sense; he might, peradventure, have profited by such dealings, without greatly endangering his local respectability; but whether he eschewed the aforesaid doctrines after his marriage, or whether the trade itself became, through the obstinate vigilance of government officials, more difficult to transact, certain it is that Mowles the younger was brought up in what is termed a straightforward line of business—a figure of speech which takes no notice of the secrets of the legitimate branch of the wine-merchant's calling. Country traders, especially those who deal in the juice of the grape (or elder-berry), are all of them more or less dependent upon some great house in London, and the suzerain of Mowles the elder was the well-known firm of Corkem and Bungley, of Saint Peter's-lane, in whose house it had always been his ambition to place his son. At the proper age, therefore, by the condescension of the great firm, Thomas Mowles was granted the opportunity of learning how the wine-trade was conducted in the metropolis, and by the time he was two-and-twenty he had risen to the eminent position of assistant-cellarman to Corkem and Co.

A word or two, now, as to the personal appearance of Thomas Mowles, and something as to his character.

Tall enough to have figured to advantage in the A troop of her Majesty's Regiment of Horse Guards, with thews and sinews to match, a redundant pair of drooping whiskers, and features expressive of that mitigated ferocity which characterises the countenances of most of the race of giants, Thomas Mowles might easily have passed, with a casual observer, for a fellow whom no danger could daunt, no difficulty deter. To those, however, who looked upon him with more considerate eyes, there was that in his aspect which did not betoken a ridiculous excess of hardihood, or an absurd persistance in striving against opposition; and they who drew this inference were not in the wrong. But people who are not physically valiant may, as a set-off, possess a large amount of moral courage, to the extent—as we now and then see—of making light of perils that are intangible: such are your tremendous free-thinkers, your daring casuists, your strong-minded doubters of accepted truths, a few of whom, as we wander up and down the world, are occasionally to be met with:—in a general way, very shortly after dinner.

But even to this class Thomas Mowles did not belong. He kept his own counsel as to the quantity of pluck he was prepared to show in the event of his being called upon to display it in personal encounter; but on the subject of preternatural influences he did not scruple to admit that he was—so far—"capable of fear." If, while he lived in the country, ocular demonstration had failed to "start" him, it was only because the opportunity had never offered: he had been quite ready to take upon trust every ghost story that was in circulation in his native place, and would no more have exposed himself to a churchyard visitation, than have marched, unsupported, to the attack of an enemy's battery.

However trite the remark, I cannot help observing that the malice of Fate is seldom more distinctly shown than when—as constantly happens—she places us in the position in which we are least capable of acquitting ourselves with reputation; when she exacts from us the performance of the very task to which we have the greatest repugnance. And this malice of Fate was never more apparent than in the treatment of Thomas Mowles.

I have already intimated that at the end of a certain term of drudgery in the establishment of Messrs. Corkem and Bungley, this young man was advanced to the responsible situation of assistant-cellarman. There was nothing in the promotion to complain of, as it was one of the necessary steps in his ambition's ladder; but before any one can safely say that he has realised a positive good, he must look at the conditions with which every earthly benefit is environed.

The elevation of Thomas Mowles was—not to use the word jocosely—hampered by one necessary condition—that of passing the greater part of his time in the wine-cellars of the firm. Now, the cellarage of Messrs. Corkem and Bungley had been constructed with only professional objects in view. Space for their enormous stock was one great consideration, and remoteness from the never-ceasing noise of London another. These were difficult things to find where they were most wanted—in the immediate neighbourhood of their counting-house—but they were found, and no cellarage in town could have answered the purpose better. Its locality requires description.

All who are familiar with this great city of ours must know that the parish church of Saint Peter's-in-the-Meadow is one of the most conspicuous objects in London. It yields in grandeur to the metropolitan cathedral, and in antiquity to the abbey at Westminster, but nevertheless it is a building to look at with some degree of satisfaction. Its well-proportioned portico, its lofty spire, and its general massiveness are points to be generally admired; but what constituted its particular merit in the opinion of Messrs. Corkem and Bungley was its situation. Like most London churches built before and during the last century, it was of difficult access, save to foot passengers; and when the spirit of architectural improvement descended upon us, some forty years ago, and the narrow winding lane, which also bears the name of Saint Peter, was widened, the approaches on every side were not so much disturbed as might have been expected. Certain courts towards the south and east, to which lyrical associations attached, were swept away, and gave place to a broader and more frequented thoroughfare; but on the north side of Saint Peter's a space remained untouched. It was a long, wide, and deep vault, running parallel with, and contiguous to, the spacious vaults of the church, and was sheltered still further to the north by a large parochial edifice that covered a great deal of ground, while overhead pedestrians only pattered along unheard. Nothing, therefore, could be quieter than the cellarage of Messrs. Corkem and Bungley, nor more suitable for their extensive dealings.

On the day of his induction as assistant-cellarman—a ceremony which took place at noon, in the presence of the firm—Thomas Mowles experienced only a feeling of elation, to think that so much good wine was placed under his supervision; but when the novelty of this sensation wore off, and the simple fact stared him in the face that he was destined to pass the whole of his days and a considerable part of his evenings in his employers' cellars, and that without tasting any of the wine which was under his control, some abatement of his exhilaration took place.

It was not, at any time, the liveliest mode of existence to be shut up underground, between damp walls, with the smell of mildew and sawdust perpetually in the nostrils, and go groping about with a flaring tallow dip stuck in a handle a yard long, and to know all the while that the busy crowd above were hurrying hither and thither, with the fresh air blowing in their faces and the bright sun cheering them on their way.

This, however, was the smallest part of Thomas Mowles's care, for so long as he knew there was daylight outside, so long as he heard the distant rumble of the dray and omnibus, so long as he had the companionship of the principal cellarman—a jovial fellow, John Bunting by name—he consented to his imprisonment without much repining. There were intermissions of solitude, also, caused by the arrival of clerks with orders, or of purchasers desirous of choosing their own wines, and then the never-ending process of scouring old bottles, filling new ones, corking here, tapping there, removing from this bin, transferring to that, and all the multifarious duties of the cellar, gave plenty of occupation to Thomas Mowles, and where that is the case a thousand cares glide past us unheeded.

But when the stirring business of the day was over, when jovial John Bunting had gone home to his wife and family and early tea, when the roar of the City had subsided and night came creeping on, while still there remained something—"the more work" of which Ariel complained—to do, then it was that Thomas Mowles felt the full force of his lonely position; then it was that he began to reflect on some of the special and uncomfortable peculiarities of Messrs. Corkem and Bungley's cellar. Intramural interment had been put a stop to, but the Act of Parliament failed to reach the past; it could do nothing towards clearing out the mouldering remains of mortality which were piled up, coffin over coffin, in the vast catacomb of Saint Peter's-in-the-Meadow, and in closest proximity to those dreary vaults ran the long range of the wine-merchants' cellarage; side by side with that which gladdeneth the heart of man lay death and all its gloomy horrors, the chapless skull and the joy of the banquet with only a brick wall between them! The contrast, to a contemplative mind alone, was striking, but to one of a superstitious turn it was appalling, and Thomas Mowles, the more he thought on the subject, the less he liked it. To ease his mind, or perhaps confirm his apprehensions—some people are so fond of knowing the worst—he used sometimes to ask John Bunting whether, during his experience as cellarman, he had ever "seen anything;" to which question honest John was accustomed to make answer, that "he had seen a many things in that there cellar—and rats was among 'em—but man and boy, for eighteen year or nigh, he had never come across nothing as nobody need to be afeard on."

It was in vain that Thomas Mowles pondered over these words; he could derive no consolation from them; the more he was left alone in the cellar the more apprehensive he became. Parties of a livelier turn than Thomas Mowles might have beguiled their solitary hours by revelling—in fancy—in the golden sherries and fruity ports by which he was surrounded, but his idealities were altogether different; even the thought of brandy failed to cheer him, for brandy was spirits, and spirits suggested images too closely connected with the adjoining vaults. Thomas Mowles was not one who found entertainment in reading, but had he been ever so disposed that way, he had no books at his command; there was no library in the cellar, nothing but the "Price Current," and there is not so much variety in that publication as to make its perusal a constant pleasure. He was obliged, therefore, to fall back on his own thoughts, and they invariably turned on gloomy subjects, which grew of darker aspect the further the winter season advanced.

One evening in November last, it was on Tuesday, the 2nd, the anniversary of the festival of All Souls, John Bunting had gone home to an earlier tea than usual, leaving Thomas Mowles alone in the cellar, where, according to general instructions, he was obliged to remain till eight o'clock. They have a desperate habit, in the parish of Saint Peter's-in-the-Meadow, of ringing the church-bells furiously on every possible occasion: no public event is allowed to go by unchimed, and when there is a dearth of public events the ringers set to work to keep their hands in. On such a festival as that of All Souls they were, of course, exceedingly busy; but their music, if they made any, was thrown away upon Thomas Mowles, into whose ears there penetrated only every now and then a loud, dissonant clang, which produced in him an effect the very reverse of harmonious.

Amongst the work which had been left for him to do that evening, was that of fetching from a bin at the further extremity of the cellar some wine that was required for early delivery on the following morning. In the frame of mind in which he then was, with the consciousness forced upon him by a calendar, to which he had referred to find out why they rang so fiercely, that this was the night of manumitted spirits—so country tradition had taught him—he felt more than commonly unwilling to perform this duty; yet he knew it must be done, and the longer he delayed the task the later would be his detention. He rose, therefore, at last, and with an empty bottle-basket in one hand and a candle in the other, proceeded on his errand. He passed, with tolerable composure, through the two or three first compartments, but as he got further away from the inhabited end of the cellar his courage began sensibly to diminish, and he felt more than half inclined to turn back; but inexorable Fate, assuming the form of the Firm, like the double-headed Austrian eagle, hovered before him and impelled him forward, between stacks of bottles dimly gleaming like the bristling guns of a battery, and through ranges of ponderous casks which his feeble light failed to illumine. At the entrance of the long avenue which he had to tread, he paused and raised his candle, to get a glimpse of the bin he was in search of, but all was dark and cheerless: he must go quite to the other end if he meant to fulfil his purpose. What harsh, wailing sound was that which came sweeping along the vault? He trembled, but recollected the ringers in the belfry, and advanced a few steps more, when again he halted. That peal was the last of the chime; everything now was still as the grave. The grave! An unhappy association! He was standing amongst graves! At least they were *there—there*—within a few feet of where he *actually* trod! A cold blast of air made him shiver. He sheltered the candle and peered into the space in front. Why did he tremble this time? Had his eyes or his fancy deceived him? Surely something flitted through the gloom! A figure in white raiment! May the Lord have mercy upon Thomas Mowles! His knees knocked together, his teeth chattered, but still he remained standing, transfixed with dread. It was no fancy, no ocular deception. The Thing strode across his path, nearer than before. It was of gigantic height, shrouded in the apparel of the dead. Another moment and it stood within arm's length. The face was ghastly pale, the hollow eyes shot forth a preternatural gleam, there was a grin of bitter mockery on the parted lips, it shook a menacing hand in which something glittered like a dagger; but more fearful than any other token, a gory track, as if the life-blood had suddenly welled from a death-wound, stained all the upper part of the shroud!

Thomas Mowles collected these facts in his disturbed brain, threw down his candle and bottle-basket, turned swiftly round, and rushed towards the haunts of men. Quick as lightning he closed the several doors of the cellar, and, in a few minutes afterwards, he was ringing at the bell—after trying half a dozen, one above the other, without stopping—that communicated with the floor on which John Bunting had his lodging.

II.

HOW THE FRIGHTFUL APPARITION WAS LAID IN THE RED SEA.

A REPRESENTATIVE of every one of the six bells came tumbling down stairs on hearing the vigorous summons of Thomas Mowles. The observation made by one lady with a baby in her arms may serve to illustrate the tone of his reception by all those whom he had unnecessarily disturbed.

"Drat yer for a fool," said she, "what do yer mean by coming and pulling people out of their beds in this manner? If yer wanted the second-floor front, why didn't yer put yer great stoopid head into the winder? You're tall enough, I'm sure!"

The last to arrive was the person wanted—John Bunting himself, with a long pipe in his mouth.

"Hello!" he said, "is that you, Mowles? Come up! Why, what's the matter with you?" he continued, as the assistant-cellarman followed him into the apartment already named. "You looks quite blew and shakes all over. Ain't you well?"

"Oh," replied Thomas Mowles, "I don't know."

"Not know!" echoed John Bunting. "Then I should say there warn't much to signify. Why, Tom, you seems scarified!"

"Well I may be, John," was the reply, "and so would you be, if you'd seen what I have!"

"Oh, my!" exclaimed a voice from behind a curtain which separated the sitting from the sleeping part of the room.

Interpreting the ex-cellarman's inquiring look, John Bunting pointed with his pipe over his shoulder.

"It's only my missus and the youngest," he said. "Well, what have you seen, and where did you see it?"

"In the cellar!" returned Thomas Mowles, shaking as if an ague-fit were strong upon him.

Four boys and girls of different ages, from ten to five years, contracted their circle round the fire, and fixed their wondering eyes on the last speaker: at the same moment a female face in a nightcap, with a certain amount of flowing drapery, and what looked like the back of an infant's head, intent on something, appeared at a fissure in the curtain.

"John!" continued the visitor, impressively, "I've seen a sperrit!"

Here the exclamation from the wearer of the nightcap became a faint scream, a further development of her person left no doubt as to her maternal occupation, and the four children huddled still closer together: as to John Bunting, he remained quietly smoking, looking steadfastly, however, at his excited assistant, whose tale was told at last. It was as terrific a picture as fear could paint. Murder was at the bottom of it—a murder committed in them vaults, most likely that very day twelvemonth; there was the murdered man—walking—in his grave-clothes—with a frightful gash in his throat—his eyes like two coals of fire—his hair standing straight on end—the bloody knife in his hand that did it—nothing was wanting to complete the description. The Spectre itself must have been satisfied with the accuracy of Thomas Mowles.

More so, perhaps, than John Bunting. He, however, heard the story to an end, and then, shaking the ashes out of his pipe, said he must have a look into it—Mowles must go back with him to the cellar; a proposition at which Thomas very visibly shuddered.

"Now this here," said John Bunting, rising, oratorically, to his legs, and addressing himself to the party at present wholly screened behind the curtain—"now, this here, Sally, concerns my employers. If it was known in the neighbourhood that anything had gone wrong in the vaults, it would do them a mischief in their business. Therefore, Sally, no noise on this here subject, leastways till you hears from me again! Come along, Tom. I'll carry the lantern."

Mrs. Bunting was in all things an obedient wife. In all things? If so, how did it happen that before her husband was a hundred yards from the house, every soul in it should know that a ghost had been seen that night in the cellars of Messrs. Corkem and Bungley, of Saint Peter's-lane? How did it happen, moreover, that in less than ten minutes after John Bunting and Thomas Mowles had left, a crowd should be assembled outside Saint Peter's-churchyard, with a strange whisper running through it, and wearing a stranger look of expectation as every one pointed to the vaults? Marital commands, it is to be feared, weigh, under *some* circumstances, only as dust in the balance.

Meanwhile, intent only on one object, and that was what he called "seeing it out," John Bunting had returned, with his reluctant companion, to the cellars. Alone, Thomas Mowles would never have ventured to descend again, but the cellarman's indifference to danger, if it did not quite inspire him with courage, relieved him at least from a part of his fear. Yet a qualm of deadly apprehension seemed to turn him inside out, like a glove, as John Bunting locked the entrance door inside and put the key in his pocket.

"Now," said the cellarman, setting down his lantern, and lighting a couple of "investigators,"—the name he gave to the long-handled cellar lights—"you take one of these, Tom, hold it straight afore you, and keep fast hold on it; don't go for to drop it whatsoever as may happen. You're strong enough, Tom—there oughtn't to be werry little difference between us in that there respect—but I think I won't trouble you with the feller to this here bung-mallet, lest you should hit me with it by mistake; so, if you're ready, foller me, and keep close."

This last injunction was quite unnecessary; John Bunting's shadow formed no nearer part of that individual than the person of Thomas Mowles.

Once more through the piled-up stacks where the ripening wine lay gathering age;—once more between the sturdy pipes, with their contents yet undisturbed; once more along the broad avenue where the choicest vintages were marshalled.

"This—was—the—the—place!" said Thomas Mowles, in a whisper scarcely audible.

"Well," said John Bunting, looking round him, "there ain't nothing wisible at present."

Nothing visible! Where is your eyesight, John Bunting? What is that object on the left hand—white, gathered up in a heap, close to the pipe of port in the corner—the light falls on it now? Ah, you see it—you rub your eyes, and adjure them! But you do not advance! Is the sceptic convinced? Is the scoffer silenced? Does that boasting heart quail at last? Hearts quite as stout have quailed before a vision less awful! See! It rises! With an unequal movement it nears the light! Ghastly indeed! The shroud torn and dripping, the lips parted as before, the threatening hand, the glittering——What?

Let John Bunting's self reveal!

"Blest if it ain't drunk, whatsomdever it is! It's been and tapped the 'Forty-seven' Port and helped itself with one of the champagnes!"

Before John Bunting could say another word, The Spectre reeled and sank to the earth at his feet; there was a crackle as of broken glass; and a hoarse voice articulated,

"Jol—ly! Dev'—lish j—j—j—ol—ly!"

* * * * *

The mystery of the Apparition was solved, next day, at the Bow-street police-court, where one Percival de Mowbray, *alias* Joshua Wilks, a tall, haggard, dissipated-looking man, was brought before the sitting magistrate, charged as follows:

"First. With having feloniously entered the vaults of the parish church of Saint Peter's-in-the-Meadow, and sacrilegiously stolen therefrom one linen sheet, value fourpence, the property of the churchwardens of the aforesaid parish.

"Secondly. With having burglariously entered the wine-cellars of Messrs. Corkem and Bungley, wine-merchants, of Saint Peter's-lane, and feloniously abstracted from a certain pipe or butt —— gallons (quantity not ascertained) of red port wine, their property.

"Thirdly. With being found in the aforesaid cellars of Messrs. Corkem and Bungley, between the hours of eight and nine o'clock, on the evening of the 2nd of November last, in a state of helpless intoxication."

Besides the police, who conveyed the prisoner to the station-house, the principal witnesses against him were Abraham Delves, the sexton of Saint Peter's-in-the-Meadow; John Bunting, the cellarman of Messrs. Corkem and Bungley; and Thomas Mowles, the assistant-cellarman.

The sexton identified, by the parochial marks, the sheet or shroud (produced) which was found on the prisoner's person, very much stained with port wine.

John Bunting deposed to the fact of having discovered the prisoner—to use his own words—"pretty nigh dead drunk in the cellar, a swimmin' in liquor, with a broken champagne glass in one hand and a bung in the other." Being asked if he could account for the prisoner's appearance in the cellar, he said he searched the premises after having secured the alleged delinquent, and found a grating in the partition wall between the cellar and the parish vaults which he had never noticed before by reason of its having been blocked up by a large cask that had stood before it, he supposed for some years, and had only lately been rolled away: this grating, which was very rusty and much worn, had been pushed in from the other side, and now hung upon one hinge.

Thomas Mowles confirmed the material facts sworn to by John Bunting. It was observed that he gave his evidence with great unwillingness.

The prisoner, being asked what he had to say in answer to the charge, merely replied that "*he was a gentleman, and had lost his way!*"

He was committed for three months, with hard labour.

I am happy to say that since the above proceedings took place, Thomas Mowles has become somewhat sceptical on the subject of Apparitions; a fact attributable partly to the remarks which fell from the magistrate's clerk, but chiefly to the strong-minded observations of John Bunting.

THE POSTERN-DOOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOAT-GRANGE."

I.

MISS CANTERBURY was sitting by her dressing-room fire one winter's evening in the twilight, when the chamber-door softly opened, and her sister came in.

"Olive," she exclaimed, "will you go into the drawing-room. Who do you think is there?"

"Who?" questioned Miss Canterbury, wondering what had put Millicent's face in a glow.

"Thomas Kage. He came down by the train. He wants to see you."

Millicent—or Leta, as they called her—sat down as she spoke, and Miss Canterbury prepared to descend.

"Are you not coming also, Leta?"

"No: I am not wanted."

"Your visit is unexpected," said Miss Canterbury, as she heartily shook hands with Mr. Kage, "but I am very glad to see you."

"My visit is to Millicent," he observed. "I have come to ask her to be my wife. I should have asked it long ago, but that briefs did not come in quick enough: they have taken a turn of late."

"And what does Millicent say?"

"Millicent ran away, and said nothing," he answered, with a smile.

"A good sign," laughed Miss Canterbury. "I fancy you and Leta have understood each other for some time," she added. "Is it not so?"

"Tacitly, I think we have. And I hope Millicent has understood why it was only tacitly. I was too poor to speak."

"Millicent's fortune would have helped you on, Mr. Kage."

"It is that fortune which has kept me from her," he replied.

"It need not. It is only ten thousand pounds."

Thomas Kage raised his eyes, bright with amusement, to Miss Canterbury's face. "*Only* ten thousand! A very paltry sum, no doubt, to the Miss Canterburys, reared to their hundreds of thousands, but a Golconda to a struggling barrister."

"*Reared* to their hundreds of thousands; yes?" retorted Miss Canterbury, with a swelling heart: "but not enjoying them."

Mrs. Dunn, once Lydia Canterbury, came to dinner: she was visiting another sister, Jane, who had married the rector, Austin Rufort. The three sisters, assembled at dinner, presented a marked contrast. Olive, lofty in mind, lofty in manner, tall and handsome; Mrs. Dunn, short and stout, and an inveterate talker; and Millicent, much younger than either, quiet and graceful.

"Mr. Kage," impatiently began Mrs. Dunn, the instant the servants had withdrawn after dinner, "who gave the poison to that child, little Tom Canterbury?"

"That is a problem I cannot solve," was his reply.

"I was abroad at the time of the dreadful occurrence, and I know nothing," she proceeded: "you were on the spot. Do tell me the particulars."

"He had been dangerously ill with inflammation of the chest, but was getting better; in fact, was nearly well," said Mr. Kage, "and his mother, Mrs. Dawkes, determined to take him to the Rock for change of air. That same morning, the one they ought to have started, he was found dead in his bed."

"And had died from a dose of opium. But now, who gave it him?"

"The facts were shrouded in mystery," continued Mr. Kage, "and the coroner's jury returned an open verdict. The nurse was perfectly trustworthy, and the child had not been out of her sight the whole of the previous day. She undressed him, gave him his regular medicine, and put him into his bed by the side of her own. She heard nothing of him in the night, and in the morning, when she came to take him up, he was dead."

"What was that medicine?" suspiciously asked Mrs. Dunn.

"Harmless, proper medicine, as was proved at the inquest. He had been taking a dessert-spoonful three times a day."

"Some one must have got into the bedroom and administered the poison, that's clear," said Mrs. Dunn. "The nurse, Judith, was trustworthy; I'll give her that due. She was one of the housemaids at the Rock, before we left it, or my father had made a simpleton of himself by marrying that flighty child, Caroline Kage. When the changes came, and the new baby was born, Judith became its nurse. Yes, she was to be trusted, but somebody must have got into the chamber while she slept."

"No one went in," said Mr. Kage.

"Oh, ay, I know it was so asserted," contemptuously returned Mrs. Dunn, "but the boy could not have found a bottle of laudanum in his bed, uncorked ready for use, and swallowed it down. It does not stand to reason, Mr. Kage."

"Judith deposed that she never left the room after the boy was in bed, not for one second. She put up some things that would be wanted for the journey in the morning, and then went to bed herself, the door being locked, and it was so locked when she rose in the morning, no one having entered."

"Well, all I know is, that poison cannot be taken into a child's stomach, without its being put there: and you are the first person that ever I heard say it could, Mr. Kage."

He glanced at Mrs. Dunn with a spice of merriment: but for the grave subject, he might have laughed outright. "Did I say it could?"

"Just as good—when you assert that nobody was near him but Judith, or went into the room."

"Judith never left him: that appears to be a fact," observed Miss Canterbury. "The medical men thought the poison had been taken about evening time, did they not?"

Mr. Kage nodded.

"Mrs. Dawkes has been a fine gainer," rejoined Mrs. Dunn. "Tom Canterbury's splendid fortune fell to her——"

"Hush, Lydia," interposed Miss Canterbury. "However we may have felt disposed to cast previous reflections on Mrs. Dawkes, we can but have the sincerest sympathy for her, in her great misfortune. I believe she idolised the child."

"She was very fond of him," said Mr. Kage, "and her grief was pitiable to witness. She clung round me, and asked if I could not bring him back to life. I went up in the afternoon, as soon as I heard of it, and I found her almost beside herself. Major Dawkes had gone out, about some of the necessary arrangements, they said, and she was alone. She clung to me, as I tell you, in a sad state; I hardly knew what to do with her."

"She came down to the Rock, a mere skeleton, the day after the funeral," remarked Miss Canterbury. "We were shocked when we called upon her. She briefly told us the particulars, tallying with what you have now related, and said she should never overget the blow during life. I thought, as she spoke, that she little knew how time heals the worst pangs: but I fear my thoughts were too fast, for she does not recover either strength or spirits. She lives a secluded life, and her present husband's sister, Miss Dawkes, is with her."

"The major passes most of his time in London," abruptly remarked Thomas Kage.

"He passes it somewhere," replied Miss Canterbury: "he is rarely at the Rock."

"At any rate *he* has gained by the bargain," cried the incorrigible Mrs. Dunn. "It is a magnificent fortune for him to have dropped into, all unexpectedly, through the demise of a little stepson."

"It is his wife who has dropped into it, not he," remarked Miss Canterbury.

"As if he did not have the fingering of it," retorted Mrs. Dunn.

"Millicent," whispered Mr. Kage, as they stood apart, after retiring to the drawing-room, "I have had no direct answer. But I am easy; for I know the signs of rejection well, and you do not wear them."

"Have you been rejected—that you know them well?"

"Once. Years ago."

"By Caroline Kage," she whispered.

"Even so. I meant to tell you about it, Millicent; that I did love her. How deeply, matters not now: and has not mattered, ever since. She broke the spell too rudely."

"When she left you to marry my father: or, rather, his fortune; for that was what in truth she married. But she did love you, Thomas: I saw it then: and she has loved you, or I am mistaken, since my father's death."

He knew she had. But he was strictly honourable, and that love and its knowledge would be buried within the archives of his own breast for ever.

"Mr. Kage," interrupted Olive, "here is a note for you."

Mr. Kage turned, and a servant handed him a note on a salver. He wondered who could be writing to him there, and then. But when he looked at the superscription, he saw it was from Mrs. Dawkes.

"How can she have known you were here?" exclaimed Millicent.

"I saw one of the Rock servants at the station when our train arrived. He must have mentioned it to his mistress."

Mr. Kage opened the note. It contained an earnest request that he would go at once to the Rock—would return with the messenger.

With a word of apology to Miss Canterbury, Mr. Kage withdrew. Waiting for him, was Mrs. Dawkes's maid, Fry; and they proceeded to the Rock together.

"I hear your mistress is not in a good state of health," he observed.

"She's just in that state, sir, that unless a change takes place more speedier than it's possible, she will not last long."

He was deeply shocked, but he made no comment: though he could not but think there was something unreasonable in her thus grieving to death, for the loss of a fragile child. "Is the major at the Rock?" he inquired.

"No, sir. His sister is living with us. My mistress has been wanting to see you so much, sir, that she thought of sending to London for you: and she says it's nothing but a providence that has brought you down."

They approached the Rock, and when near the front entrance, Fry suddenly took a détour to the right. "This way, please, sir."

"This way!" echoed Mr. Kage. "Wherefore?"

"Missis don't want your visit to her known, sir," answered Fry, in a confidential whisper, "and I'm going to take you in by the iron postern-door in the south wing. A rare trouble I had to unlock it to-night, for it has not been used since the time of young Mr. Edgar Canterbury. It opens on a staircase, which leads right up to the rooms, and Mr. Edgar used to steal in and out that way, for his father was fond of keeping a tight hand upon him. Missis has changed her apartments, since last autumn, for those in the south wing."

"To whom does Mrs. Dawkes not wish my visit known?" he demanded, in astonishment. "To the servants?"

"To Miss Dawkes. You must not mind the dust on the stairs, sir."

It sounded mysterious, especially Fry's tone: but Mr. Kage asked no more.

Fry opened the small door, spoken of, and disclosed a narrow staircase, lighted by a hand lamp, placed on one of the stairs. He ascended, and, crossing the corridor at the top, was immediately in the presence of Mrs. Dawkes.

But, shocked as he had been by Fry's account of her state, far, far more shocked was he to see her. The room was small, but handsome, and she sat on a sofa near the fire: her features were white and attenuated, her cheeks and lips scarlet with inward fever, and a black circle was drawn round her wild, bright eyes. She did not rise from the sofa, but held out both her hands to Thomas Kage. He advanced and took them.

"Fry," said Mrs. Dawkes, bending aside to look beyond him, "stop in the room next the baize door. If she comes to it, call out to her that I am not visible to-night; but don't unlock it to answer her."

"All right, ma'am," answered Fry, leaving the room.

Thomas Kage still retained her hands, looking the pity he would not express: he thought her culpably wrong to give way to such grief. She gazed up into his face, with a yearning look.

"You said, years ago, in this very house, that you would, from that time, be my brother, my true friend. I have put aside the old feelings; I have indeed; but I want a friend. Will you be one?"

"You know I will, Caroline. Your true friend: your brother."

He relinquished her hands, and sat down by her.

"I have had a door put up: you might have seen it had you looked to the other end of the corridor; a green baize door that fastens inside. I made the excuse that the apartments in this wing were cold, and I would have them shut in from the draught."

It was not so much the words that struck upon Thomas Kage as being unpleasantly singular, it was the manner, the tone in which they were uttered. She spoke in a hushed whisper, and turned her eyes to different parts of the room, as if in dread of being watched from the walls.

"I think I dreamt of this evening; of your coming here," she continued; "I am sure it has been presented indistinctly to my mind. And I knew that I could not talk to you undisturbed, so I had the door put up: for that; as well as to keep her out—and him. She's a spy upon me. She is."

A strange fear had come over Thomas Kage as he listened. Was she insane?

"I know she is placed over me as a spy: I can see it, and so can Fry: but I am now in that state of nervous weakness that any great scene of agitation might kill me, so I do not exert my authority to turn her out. But I am the Rock's mistress, and I will be as long as I live: and I sent for the man, and gave my orders, and had the door put up. She does not know of that staircase."

"Caroline, you are feverish; your mind is excited," he soothingly said. "Can I get you anything to calm you, my dear?"

"I am no more feverish than usual. And as to excitement—let any one lose a child in the way I did, and see if their mind would ever calm down again."

"But you do very wrong to indulge this excessive grief. I must point out your errors, Caroline: you know I always speak for your good, your welfare."

"Oh yes, I know you have," she interrupted, in a tone of anguished remorse. "If I had but heeded you! You told me such a will ought not to be made; you told me the money would not bring me good. If I had but heeded you! You told me Captain Dawkes was not a fit husband for me——Thomas, I accepted him in a fit of angry passion; of pique against you."

"These events are past: why recal them?"

"Why *not* recal them? I am passing from the world, and I would not that you should think I go blindfold to the grave: though I may have lived blindfold."

"I ask you why you give way to this unaccountable sorrow. It is a positive sin, Caroline, to talk of grief sending you into the grave. Your child is better off: he is at rest: he is in happiness."

"I am not grieving for him. I have learnt to be glad that he went before me."

"Then what is all this? You are seriously ill in mind, as well as in body: what distress is it?"

"I have inherited a touch of papa's complaint: you know he was thought to be consumptive. I was very ill when Tom died, and the shock of that prevented my rallying. In short, it is that which has killed me."

"The grief?"

"No, not the grief."

"The shock, then?"

"No, not the shock. It's the wretchedness altogether. Then things are preying upon me; things which I cannot speak of: and whenever *he* is at the Rock I am in a dreadful state of nervousness; and her being here angers me and worries me."

Mrs. Dawkes's words were by no means intelligible to their hearer: though he had dismissed the fear for her sanity.

"I do not comprehend the half of what you say, Caroline. What things are they that prey upon you?"

Mrs. Dawkes shuddered. "I tell you I cannot speak of them. Thomas, will you serve me?"

"Certainly I will. What is it that you wish me to do?"

Mrs. Dawkes glanced over her shoulder, in apparent dread of being heard, and then bent towards her cousin and spoke: but in so low a tone he could not catch the words.

"I—want—a—will—made," she slowly repeated.

"Have you not made one since the child died?"

"No. No."

"Then it is right and proper that you should. And without delay."

"Will you contrive that I shall do it? Will you help me? Will you take my instructions, and get it executed?"

"My dear, what ails you?" he rejoined. "The shortest way, the best way, is for you to send for Mr. Norris and give your instructions to him."

"That is the very thing I cannot do," she said. "She—Miss Dawkes—is keeping guard over me, to see that I don't make one."

"Caroline, how can you have taken these ideas in your head?" he remonstrated, reverting again to the doubt whether her nervous state did not border on insanity. "A woman, with the immense property that you possess, is bound to make a will."

"If I die without one, everything goes to my husband. Money, and land, and the Rock. Everything goes to him."

"Of course: if you leave no will."

"Then do you not see, now, why he does not want me to make one; *why he will not permit me to make one;* why he puts his sister here, to watch over me that I don't make one, while he is away on his own pleasures?"

"I hope not," Thomas Kage replied, gravely. "Major Dawkes must feel that he has little right to the whole fortune of Mr. Canterbury."

"He has no right to it, and he shall not have it," she vehemently broke forth. "Oh, Thomas, Thomas," she continued, changing her tone to one of wailing, "why did I not listen to you, when you begged me not to suffer the money to be so left—not to inherit it, contingent on the death of my child?"

"Hush, Caroline. Do not, I say, recal the past."

"What possessed Mr. Canterbury to make so dangerous a will? what possessed my mother and me to incite him to it?" she cried again. "I wish it had been burnt: I wish the money and the Rock had been sunk at the bottom of the sea."

"It was an unjust will, bordering, as I think, upon iniquity: but why do you call it a dangerous one? I do not understand the term, as applied to Mr. Canterbury's will."

"Do you not understand it?" she pointedly asked. "I sit here, in my solitude, in my terrible nervousness, and dwell on many things, real and unreal, on the past and on the future; and I have fancied that you foresaw how it might become dangerous, that day when you so earnestly warned me against suffering it to stand; when you seemed buried in visions of time to come; and when I asked what the visions were, you answered that your thoughts had gone roaming without leave."

He remembered it well: he did not choose to say so. "We were speaking of the real, Caroline, not of the ideal," he resumed. "I am unable to comprehend your position. You are mistress of this house and of its servants: why not act as you please in it, and *be* its mistress. Send for your mother here, and——"

"*My* mother!" interrupted Mrs. Dawkes. "Don't you know that she is ill? She had a stroke of paralysis in the autumn, and lies in her bed, childish. Little good has the money brought to her."

"I am sorry to hear it," he replied. "But to return to yourself. If the presence of Miss Dawkes is unpleasant to you, politely request her to terminate her visit. Try and shake off this nervousness, my dear; for nervousness it is, and nothing else."

"If I only stirred in the matter, if I only said to her, Go, it would bring *him*: they are acting in concert."

"What if it did? Though he is your husband, he cannot take from you your freedom of action. The house is yours, the money is yours, and he has no legal control whatever over either."

"But there would be dreadful scenes, I say, and they would shatter me: and besides," she whispered, with a shudder of horror, looking again apprehensively around, "I might be poisoned."

"Oh, Caroline!"

"Tom was, you know," she continued, staring at him with her wild eyes. "And I must make the will first."

Was she wandering now? Mr. Kage wondered.

"I wish to leave this wretched fortune—wretched it has been to me and mine—to its rightful owners: I wish to repair the injustice that was committed on the Miss Canterburys. Will you advise me whether Olive——"

"I cannot advise you on the disposal of your money," he interrupted, in a voice of alarm. "Neither will I inherit any of it, neither will I be the executor. Leave it as you think well yourself: I must decline all interference."

"Not advise me! What can be your motive for the refusal?"

"The motive is of no consequence, Caroline."

"Tell me the motive: the dwelling, else, on what it may be, will worry me for days and nights. Thomas, do tell it me."

"I am engaged to Millicent Canterbury," he replied, in a low, unwilling tone.

She looked down on her clasped hands, and did not speak. But for the crimson that rushed over her face and neck, he would have thought she did not hear.

"Well, be it so," she said at length. "Thomas, I am glad to hear it: or I shall be, when the first of the news has a little passed. You could not have chosen a better girl than Leta. Indeed I am glad of it: I am not so selfish as to wish you not to marry."

"You see, therefore, why I cannot, and will not, advise, as to leaving money to the Miss Canterburys," explained Mr. Kage. "Individually, I would prefer that you did not, for it may be the means of separating me from Millicent: on the other hand, they have claims on their father's estate. I cannot advise or interfere."

"Chivalrous and honourable as usual! You are too much so, Thomas. Had you been less so——"

"What then?" he asked, for she did not continue.

"This conversation never would have had place, and my child would be here, and I should not be dying."

What she said was too true; and he knew it.

"How can I get a will made?" she resumed.

"Let Mr. Norris come to you in the way I have done to-night, and take your instructions."

She appeared to catch eagerly at the suggestion. "So he might! I had not thought of it. The fact is, it was only when I heard you were in the neighbourhood, and I was worrying to contrive how I could get to see you alone, that Fry suggested the opening of the postern-door. Yes, yes, Norris is honest, and I will send for him. I shall leave my husband nothing, Thomas."

"Leave him nothing! Nothing? Is that justice?"

"Justice and mercy too. I leave him my *silence;* and that is more mercy than he deserves. He poisoned my child."

"Hush!" rebuked Mr. Kage.

"He poisoned my child," she persisted.

"Caroline, this is an awfully grave charge."

"It is a true one. I have known it all along. I knew it when the coroner's inquest was sitting: I knew it when you all went to put him in the grave. He had a bottle of laudanum in his dressing-room, but I believe none in the house, save myself, had noticed that he had it, and lucky for him they had not. That laudanum bottle had been there for weeks, untouched, but it was missing from its place the evening before Tom died. I looked for it, and it was gone; I wanted some to put to my tooth: was it not strange that that very night, of all others, I should have looked for it; and but that night?"

Mr. Kage made no reply. He was as one lost in thought.

"I went to bed early that night, at eight o'clock, and, after I was in bed, I got up to fetch the laudanum bottle from his dressing-room. It was not there. I was thunderstruck at its absence, because I knew it was always there. Soon afterwards he came in, and when he saw me he started, like a guilty man, and hurried something under his coat as he went into the dressing-room. It was the bottle: I remembered it afterwards: and the next morning it was in its place, no one but himself having gone through my room that night."

"Allowing all this—I cannot disbelieve you—how could he have administered it to the child? Judith never left him."

"He did not administer it. Judith gave the poison."

"Judith!" uttered Thomas Kage.

"Judith: but not intentionally. She believed, poor woman, when she gave him his dessert-spoonful of mixture that evening, that she was giving him his proper medicine. The mixture bottle was taken away, from the nursery mantelpiece, and the laudanum bottle substituted, while Judith had brought the child down stairs to me, and the nursery was empty. Afterwards, when the evil was done, and they had gone into the night-nursery, the bottles were changed again, and he came sneaking down with the poison in his hand, little thinking I had been looking for it. I saw the next morning that some had been taken out."

"Were the bottles alike?"

"Exactly alike: green glass bottles; and about the same quantity of stuff in each, and the colour of the mixture and of the laudanum tallied. The labels were not alike, and Judith cannot read writing."

"*Ah!*"

"'Tincture of Opium. Major Dawkes,' was on the one: 'The Mixture. Master Canterbury,' was on the other. Judith came to me in distress, a few days after we arrived here, and said she must confess something that was preying upon her mind. It was, that after she had given the dessert-spoonful of mixture to the child that last evening, she was putting in the cork when her eye fell on the words of the label, and she thought they looked different; not the same she was accustomed to see; but she had concluded it was her fancy, and put the bottle on the mantelpiece again. The next morning, when she looked, the old familiar writing seemed to be returned to the bottle. Can you wonder," added Mrs. Dawkes, in an altered tone, "that *I* have lived in fear—in nervous dread—that I dare not provoke an open rupture with him?"

"Did you do well to conceal these circumstances?" inquired Mr. Kage, in a low tone.

"Had I known them—had they presented themselves to my mind at the moment of my boy's death, I should inevitably have proclaimed them to the world. But Fry was hasty with her opinion that he must have died in a fit, and I adopted it, in my wild grief. When the doctors had held their *post mortem* examination, and declared the cause of his death to be opium, then the truth flashed upon me: in a confusion of ideas at first; but, little by little, each distinct point grew, and stood out with awful clearness."

"He came down to my chambers that night, asking me to advance some of the child's money," murmured Thomas Kage.

"Oh yes, that was a part of his cunning scheme; to divert suspicion from him: and his stopping out all night, that was another," bitterly responded Mrs. Dawkes.

"Did you ever hint at your suspicions to him?"

"Only once. I could not: my very heart sickened, revolted against it. On the day of the inquest, after it was over, he came in to condole with me—hypocrite!—and I suddenly said to him, 'That bottle of laudanum, which you keep in your dressing-room, was away from it the evening before Tom died: where was it?' He turned as white as ashes; his lips were ghastly and tremulous; as they strove to say it was not away from it, so far as he knew. That look alone would be sufficient to prove his guilt. I said no more: I only gazed steadily at him, and he turned away. I could not be the first to accuse him: he had been my husband: had any one else done so, I should have said what I knew. I came down here the next day, with my dreadful secret: he comes sometimes, but we have lived an estranged life ever since: and she is here—my keeper."

Mr. Kage leaned his head upon his hand.

"Yes, I am here with my dreadful secret," she reiterated, "and he is living in a whirl of gaiety, of sin. I sometimes wonder whether it is burdensome upon him also, in the silence of the accusing night."

"A dreadful secret, indeed!" he echoed, wiping his brow. "Caroline, why did you tell it me?"

"Not for you to accuse and betray him; not to repeat again: when once this conversation is over, you can bury it in the solitude of your breast, and leave him to his conscience, and the future. But I could not go to my grave, without telling you what has sent me there."

Mr. Kage sat thinking; thinking over the chain of events from their commencement. The foolish marriage of Mr. Canterbury with this young girl; the unjust will; the dangerous clause of the fortune reverting to her, should the child die! Yes, dangerous; Mrs. Dawkes had called it by its right name; dangerous, should she marry a needy and unscrupulous second husband.

"Oh, but it was an awful temptation!" he exclaimed aloud; "awful, awful to such a one as Dawkes. Poor man!"

"You say, 'poor man!' You pity him!"

"Not his guilty weakness in yielding to it; not his wicked sin: but I pity him for his exposure to the temptation. Better that Mr. Canterbury had left his money to his daughters, after the child; better he had left it to the county hospital."

"Did you think of this horrible contingency when you urged me, almost with a prayer, not to inherit after my child?"

"Do not recur to what I thought," he sharply cried, as if the question struck an unpleasant chord within him. "I am given to flights of fancy, and don't know what I may have thought."

Mr. Kage rose, took her hands as before, and bent over her. "I shall come in state to the front entrance to-morrow, Caroline, and pay you a formal visit: as though we had not met since you left London."

"Since the day of my boy's funeral," she repeated. "Do so: she will be in the room all the time: there's no chance of any visitor being allowed to see me alone. Good night, good night; we shall not meet many times in this world."

"Caroline," he lingered to whisper, an anxious look arising to his own face, "are you prepared for the next?"

"I think of it as a rest from weary sorrow; I think of it as a loving place of pardon and peace: I wish I was better fitted for it."

"Why do you not send for Mr. Rufort?"

"She would not let him come: not to see me alone."

"She must let him: she shall let him."

"Let me get the will made first, and I shall be more at ease."

"Good night, my dear child. Keep up your spirits."

Mrs. Dawkes touched a bell, and Fry came flying out of a room at the end of the corridor, one close to the new baize door. Thomas Kage saw the door as he looked that way. Fry conducted him down the dusty stairs, and out at the rusty door; and he went on his way, lost in pondering over what the night had brought forth.

II.

ONCE more a stately funeral issued from the Rock. It was in May: Mrs. Dawkes had lingered longer than expected by herself, by her medical attendants, or by Mr. Rufort, who, towards the last, had been much with her. A telegraphic message, sent by his sister, apprised Major Dawkes that the end was at hand, but he did not hurry himself to obey it, and arrived when the closing scene was over. Mr. Rufort put into his hands a note left by his wife: it simply gave directions for her funeral, mentioning those she wished to attend it, and desiring that the Miss Canterburys should be at the Rock the day it took place.

Major Dawkes was all suavity. Had his late wife wished that the whole parish should be there, he would cordially have invited them. The magnificent mansion, with its costly appendages, and eight or ten thousand a year, was a golden nugget for Major Dawkes to have dropped into—and that there was any doubt that he had dropped into it, never for the faintest shadow of a moment crossed his mind.

"You see now the utility of my taking care that Caroline made no will," he observed to his sister, complacently rubbing his hands. "She might have been bequeathing part of the money to those Canterbury women. I shall set you comfortably up for life, Harriet."

The funeral of Mrs. Dawkes issued, we say, from the Rock. Upon its return, after leaving her in her silent home, several of the followers re-entered it. Major Dawkes a little wondered why they did so, for he supposed their business to be over, but he politely marshalled them to the library. In that room sat the four daughters of the late Mr. Canterbury; Olive, Mrs. Rufort, Mrs. Dunn, and Millicent. Mr. Norris, who had come up with the gentlemen, addressed Major Dawkes.

"Shall we proceed now, sir, to read the will?"

Major Dawkes looked at him. "Whose will?"

"Your late wife's, sir."

"Mrs. Dawkes made no will."

"Pardon me, major: Mrs. Dawkes executed a will, all in due order. She wrote to me a few days before her death, stating it would be found in the large drawer of this bureau, quite at the bottom, beneath the leases and other papers."

The lawyer touched a piece of furniture as he spoke, but the widower smiled with incredulity. "When and where did she execute it, pray?"

"In this house, some months ago," replied Mr. Norris. "I made it."

Miss Dawkes spoke up, in a somewhat intemperate tone. "Mrs. Dawkes made no will in this house; and you never were here, Mr. Norris."

"I beg your pardon, madam. I came here and took Mrs. Dawkes's instructions, and when the will was prepared I came again, and brought witnesses with me to attest her signature."

He spoke so calmly, in so matter-of-fact a tone, that the major was startled. He turned a look, full of evil, upon his sister.

"It is false," she cried: "it is a conspiracy concocted amongst the Canterbury family to deprive you of your rights. I will pledge myself to the fact that Mrs. Dawkes made no will: she could not have done so without my knowledge."

"Your not having been cognisant of this is easily explained, madam," returned Mr. Norris. "Mrs. Dawkes became possessed of an idea that she was not quite a free agent in her own house: she therefore caused the baize door to be erected, which you know of, to shut in her apartments, and she unfastened the small postern-door in the south wing, which opened to them, and so admitted her visitors. You can inquire of her maid, or the butler."

"The postern-door?" gasped Miss Dawkes: "I did not know there was one."

"Possibly not: you are a stranger here, and the door is very much hidden by trees," remarked Mr. Norris.

"The shortest way to settle it, is to look in the drawer and see if there is a will," interrupted Mr. Carlton, of the Hall. "I am told that I am one of the executors."

"You are," said Mr. Norris. "And Lord Rufort is the other."

Lord Rufort sat still in his chair, too stately to be moved by that, or by any other information, and there was a pause. "We wait, sir," he said to Major Dawkes.

Major Dawkes was at bay. "My lord, there is no will. I will equally pledge myself to it with my sister. It will be useless to examine the place."

"As you please, Major Dawkes," said Mr. Norris. "The will was made, and signed, in duplicate; and I took charge of the other copy. 'To guard against possible accidents,' Mrs. Dawkes said. I have it with me."

Major Dawkes, foiled, and doubly at bay, searched for the key and opened the drawer. There was the will. He could have gnashed his teeth, but for those around. He sat down, and bit one of the fingers of his black kid glove. "She may have left half the money away from me, after all!" thought he.

The will began by premising that no person whatever was a party to its contents; that it was her own uncounselled act and deed, biased by a sense of justice alone. There were a few trifling legacies to servants and friends: and then Mr. Norris cleared his throat, and Major Dawkes was red with expectation.

"I bequeath this mansion, the Rock, and all that it contains, plate, furniture, books, pictures, to Olive Canterbury, absolutely. I bequeath the whole of the money of which I may die possessed, the lands, the houses (save and except the Rock), to the four daughters of my late husband, George Canterbury, to be shared by them in equal portions. I bequeath to Thomas Kage my gold watch and chain, with the locket, key, and seal attached, and I beg him to accept them as a token of gratitude for his unvarying kindness to me and his solicitude for my welfare. And I bequeath to my present husband, Barnaby Dawkes, the sum of five-and-twenty pounds, wherewith to purchase a mourning ring, which he will wear in remembrance of my dear child, Thomas Canterbury."

Such, shorn of its technicalities, was the will.

Major Dawkes sat, a pitiable object to look upon, the perspiration breaking out in drops over his livid face: was it his entire disinheritance, or the peculiar allusion to Thomas Canterbury, that caused his skin to wear that deathly hue? He was a ruined man: yesterday he stood on a high pinnacle, vaunting in his wealth and position; to-day he was hurled from it, and hurled from it for ever.

He felt reckless. "I dispute the will," cried he, in his desperation. "Mr. Norris, you will take my instructions, preparatory to setting it aside."

Mr. Norris smiled. "You forget that I am solicitor to the Canterbury family."

"Why you might just as well tell the sun not to shine, as try to set aside a plain will like that, major," cried Mr. Carlton. "Though I sympathise with your disappointment, Dawkes," he added, "and cannot imagine *how* you could so mortally have offended your wife, as to be cut off with nothing."

"Very strange indeed!" remarked Lord Rufort. And "Very strange indeed!" murmured everybody else, with the exception of Thomas Kage.

The Honourable and Reverend Mr. Rufort stepped forward, and held out a small parcel towards Mr. Kage. "It is the legacy mentioned in the will," said he: "Mrs. Dawkes gave it into my charge to convey to you." And Thomas Kage rose and took it, a vivid flush of bygone recollections dyeing his face.

"I wonder you had not a better memento than that; a good legacy, for instance," exclaimed the unceremonious Mr. Carlton to Thomas Kage. "You were her nearest relative, save her mother."

"When my brother gives his opinion that the will has been concocted, he only states what is no doubt the fact," interposed Miss Dawkes. "Perhaps you were one of her advisers in it, sir."

"Indeed no," returned Mr. Rufort, to whom the lady had spoken: "I had nothing to do with the will in any way. Mrs. Dawkes once said to me that her pecuniary affairs were settled, and that is all I ever heard. Had any one asked me, previous to this hour, to whom her fortune was most likely left, I should have answered, to her husband."

"Major," whispered Mr. Norris, as there was a general rise to leave, "you *will* give up possession at your earliest convenience. Not at your inconvenience, you know: Miss Canterbury would not wish that."

"Give up possession?" Ay, give up possession of all: his day was over. He watched their carriages drive away, and entered upon his *future*: a future compassed about with the stings of guilt and remorse. What had he gained by his dark deed? Not the golden Utopia he had promised himself, but poverty, and guilt, and shame. His wife gone, her money gone, and the Rock gone; all the good things were gone from him for ever: and he tore his hair, in his wild rage, as the thought came over him that, *but* for that dark deed, he would be rejoicing in them yet.

Thomas Kage alighted at the house of Miss Canterbury, with herself and Millicent. "Shall I come in?" he asked.

"Shall you!" echoed Olive: "why should you not?"

"What has passed this morning, bars my right to do so: at least, on the previous footing," he continued, when they had entered. "Millicent," he added, going up to her, "this is a cruel blow, for it ought, in justice, to deprive me of you. But it is only what I looked for."

"What now?" cried Olive.

"I have got, by dint of scraping and saving, a thousand pounds laid by in the bank, to purchase furniture, and such-like: Millicent is now worth something like a hundred thousand. How can I, in honour, still ask her to become my wife?"

Millicent Canterbury turned red and white, and hot and sick, and finally burst into tears. Olive, on the contrary, felt inclined to laugh.

"It is the first time I ever heard a rising barrister—looking forward to the Woolsack, no doubt, in his own vain heart—say that a hundred thousand pounds was a thing to reject, or quarrel with. Would you have liked it to be a million, sir?"

"Miss Canterbury!"

"Ay, Miss Canterbury, indeed! Look at Leta. I dare say she has had her visions, as well as you: the Lord Chancellor and his wig rule England, and she rules the Lord Chancellor, may have been one of her ambitious flights for the far-off future. No slight temptation to a young lady, let me tell you: and now you want to upset it all!"

"It is the money which upsets it."

"Poor child!" cried Olive, advancing, and stroking Millicent's hair, "you have cause for tears. He says he will not give you a home now, and I am sure I will not give you one; I won't harbour a rejected and forlorn damsel at the Rock."

"What am I to do?" he quickly asked.

"Do!" echoed Miss Canterbury, in a different tone. "Ask Millicent. Money separate you! What next? I never was ashamed of you till now, Thomas Kage."

She left the room; and the next moment Millicent was sobbing on his breast, and he holding her to it. Separate, indeed!

"Mrs. Dawkes's will, in a different way, is as strange a one as my father's," observed Miss Canterbury to him. "Can you account for it?"

"I do not wish to account for it," was the evasive reply of Thomas Kage.

"I think with Mr. Carlton, that it is very strange she left nothing to you. But I have a suspicion you stopped her doing so."

"I told her I would not accept it, if she did."

"But why?"

"The money, in point of right, was not hers to leave: and what claim had I on Mr. Canterbury's property? No, I would not have accepted a shilling."

"Well, you *are* honourable!" exclaimed Olive, looking at him. "But to think that our own money should have come back to us!" she continued. "It did not bring, altogether, luck or happiness, to those to whom it was left."

"Indeed it did not," warmly replied Thomas Kage: and he knew it, far better than she did. "Be assured of one thing, Miss Canterbury: that an unjust will never prospers to the inheritors. All my experience in life has proved it to me."

And be you assured of it also, reader, for it is a stern truth.

UP AMONG THE PANDIES:

OR, THE PERSONAL ADVENTURES AND EXPERIENCES OF A FERINGHEE, BEING SKETCHES IN INDIA, TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

PART II.

A SHIP is not a pleasant place while the process of disembarkation is going on. There is a creaking of blocks and tackle, a perpetual chorus of "Walk away with it, lads," and "Lower 'andsomely," and a chafing of ropes, and a great many solo performances on a shrill metallic whistle by the boatswain—not to speak of the imminent risk one runs of unexpectedly and gracefully strolling (without the aid of steps or ladder) into the lower hold, *viâ* one of the many hatchways which are conveniently yawning open, or the scarcely less agreeable possibility of receiving on the top of one's head one of the many descending bales of goods, varying in weight from one hundred-weight to a couple of tons. All sorts of people on all sorts of business, and some on no business at all, flock aboard; there are coolies black and shiny, and innocent of garments as of any attempt or intention to overfatigue themselves by physical exertion; there are Asiatic tailors, who talk the most extraordinary English, and dispose of inferior articles at fine full-grown prices; there are men who insist on following you all round the ship, and thrusting into your face dirty pieces of paper, containing the information that the bearer, Bohwahl Sing, or Pultoo Bux, served Ensign X Y Z in the capacity of khitmutghar for three days, during which lengthened period he gave unprecedented satisfaction. There are various officers of high standing in certain important military departments who are busily performing that arduous duty entitled "superintending the disembarkation of the troops," which means——No, I shall not say what it means, but they have nice new gold-lace caps, and "staff peaks," and faultless coats, and well-cut trousers, and altogether look so smart and spruce that it really is a pleasure to see them. Then there are gentlemen oily of manner and unctuous of speech, who converse with you gaily and affably on any subject you may desire, answering all your questions with a playful urbanity, and greasing the wheels of conversation with a fluent lubricity which is positively charming, and finally putting into your hand the creamiest of cream-laid notes, on which you have the discovering that "Messrs. Varnish, Tact, and Co., having for many years been honoured with the agency, &c. &c. &c., of a very large number of officers belonging to her Majesty's and the Honourable East India Company's services, respectfully beg to solicit the favour," &c. &c. &c. Then there are friends, visitors, relations, and acquaintances to whom, of course, you extend your hospitality, and invite down to the saloon to have something to eat and drink, to which they all respond with one stereotyped phrase, "Well—I—d'you know—I—thank you—I think—ar—aw—I *should* like a glass of beer." And down you go, and very soon find out that they are not only good for a glass, but a bottle, to say nothing of a plate or two of sandwiches. Yes, all these people, all these sayings, doings, noises, and nuisances are inseparable from occasions of this sort; but this period of purgatory, like everything else, must have an end, and the moment arrives at last when, having seen the last round of ammunition, the last knapsack, and the last man stowed into a boat, you descend the companion-ladder, bid farewell to the ship, and steer towards the shore.

Oh, for the pen of a Boz! oh, for the pencil of a Leech! to describe as they deserve the humours of this landing! O lover of the ridiculous, where are you now? O! caricaturist, bring hither thy sketch-book, and portray to the Western world the scenes we here beheld. Ah! I fear that one canvas could scarcely show all we then endured—the haggling with rapacious boatmen, how they eventually kindly consented to be satisfied with about five times their legitimate fare; the pushing through the dense crowd of noisy idlers, who surrounded us, who blocked up the way, who hung upon our footsteps, who wanted to bear us perforce to their palanquins, who shouted to us, who thrust their goods into our faces, who fought with one another, who volunteered their services, and who, by their importunity, succeeded at last in ruffling the serenity of our ordinarily placid tempers, and causing expressions more pithy than parliamentary to issue from our lips; in vain one grew angry, in vain one implored, in vain one stamped, and pushed, and fought; like bees gathering at the mouth of the hive did these human birds of prey—these black and naked tormentors—crowd round us and cling to us; the confusion of tongues was worthy of Babel's palmiest days, and indeed it was in this, our ignorance of the language, that our chiefest misfortune lay. So desperate did I become that my mind temporarily wandered, and a wild hallucination predominated that, in the absence of any intimate acquaintance with the Hindostanee tongue, maybe I might employ French with a mollifying effect, with which language I therefore plentifully interlarded my conversation, not unfrequently throwing in a round German phrase which I thought must be decisive; but—*mirabile dictu!*—my "mille tonnerres" and most guttural "der Teufel" alike fell harmless and ineffectual upon my foes, till, in despair, I resorted to the usually infallible physical force. As well might I have attempted to empty the Hooghly with a teaspoon as to disperse this vilest and most tenacious of mobs. What was to be done? I tried to humour them; with a sickly smile I examined the articles they had for sale. Good Heavens! what should I—who had peg-top unmentionables of the most immaculate Bond-street and Conduit-street cuts, in the originating of which a hundred master-minds had thrown a loose rein upon the necks of their imagination, and in the execution of which the edges of a thousand pairs of skilful shears had grown blunt and dull—who had coats which knew not a wrinkle, and waistcoats which clung to me like wax—what should I, I say, who possessed such garments as these, want with the inferior straight-cut Calcutta-made imitation Sydenhams with which these harpies strove to tempt me? The ghost of the great Stultz seemed to rise before me at the thought, while shadowy shapes, with the faces of Poole, and Sandilands, and Besche, and Matheson, and many another immortal, seemed to group themselves around, with looks more of sorrow than of anger, as they bent their eyes upon me. Why, again, should I fritter away my money on paste jewellery, on bad cutlery, or worthless imitations of English goods? What could I possibly do with a bottle purporting to contain Harvey's Sauce at that time in the morning? Why, when I was carrying a pith helmet in my hand, should I want another?—why should I now yield to the seductions of bad Parisian knick-knacks, when the most glittering baubles that the Palais Royal could produce had hitherto failed to tempt me?—and why, oh! why should it be necessary for me to invest a rupee in a live tortoise, which one of these Hindoo pedlars pressed upon me as indispensable to a stranger arriving in India?

And suppose we get into a palanquin, and in this very peculiar and Oriental conveyance enter the "City of Palaces," and form an opinion of its interior. Away we go, our two palanquins abreast—jog, jog, jog, grunt, grunt, grunt, from the bearers—across the Chowringhee—jog, jog, jog—and in a very few minutes, as the clowns say at Christmas, "Here we are!" It is hardly necessary to go twenty yards to discover that the City of Palaces is likewise a city of incongruities, and it would be rather a nice question to decide as to whether it looks most like Belgravia, with a few palaces hired for the occasion, and dropped down into the middle of an inferior Irish village, while some inquisitive mosques and minarets have strolled up to assist at the ceremony, or whether Constantinople has not wandered by mistake to Wapping, picking up the principal faubourgs of Paris, together with the *London Docks, en route*. Stately houses are jostled in the most discourteous manner by insignificant little hovels, which look as much out of place as a pickpocket would in the House of Lords, but which, nevertheless, elbow their gigantic neighbours with a free-and-easy, self-possessed air charming to behold; and it would warm a Frenchman's heart to see the liberté, égalité, et fraternité existing among these vagabondish cabins, who appear to glory impudently in their democratic and republican propensities. Owing to the nature of the climate and the baneful effects of the sun, goods are not here exposed in the shop-windows as in England, hence the streets bear more the appearance of rows of large private houses than immense "emporiums of wealth and commerce," and this, though perhaps improving the town by giving it a more West-endish look, quite does away with the gay and variegated aspect, the play of colours, which so greatly adds to the attractiveness of French and English cities; and I think, on the whole, what with the indiscriminate mixture of splendour and indigence—the absence of those flower-beds of merchandise which to us as a "nation of shopkeepers" should have a peculiar charm—the pre-Adamite nature of the oil-lamps wherewith the town is lighted, and the general obsolete, out-of-date appearance of many objects which greet the eye in a drive *through* its streets, that Calcutta is painfully disappointing to the eager stranger, who, having surveyed from shipboard with charmed gaze its fair and promising outline, finds himself brought at last face to face with the less pleasing details.

For the last half-hour our path has been through streets in all the benighted vandalism of the dark ages, among scenes painfully illustrative of the uncouth and untutored taste of the East; through squalid narrow slums, in which civilisation has stagnated; past low ill-built houses, reeking with impurities, and fevers, and vile stenches; while buying, selling, coming and going, and passing to and fro, pours along the dark stream of noisy, bustling humanity, which floods to overflowing these living sewers. Here and there does some tawdry, gaudily-painted mosque dazzle the unaccustomed eye, but it is like the flash of lightning, which renders yet more palpable the darkness of the night—a bright, brief flicker, which is straightway passed. High above all this rises the jargon of tongues, many, confused, and loud; and if the reader can picture all this to himself, he will form a tolerably correct idea of the native portion of Calcutta. But see! a little further on, and as our palanquin turns a corner, the beautiful buildings in the neighbourhood of Government House, with the vast proportions and high dome of that palace itself, break upon our view; the Chowringhee, gay and glittering as ever, spreads out before us, and we are once more sunning ourselves in the bright noontide of civilisation and refinement. The change has been as rapid as it is curious; it is like coming suddenly from a dark room into the light, and the sense of oppression which has weighed heavily upon us is at last replaced by one of calm enjoyment.

There are very many subjects connected with Calcutta on which I would willingly touch, were it not that I am fearful of wearying my readers with matters of so little interest to them as the luxury of the clubs, the vastness of the hotels, the public offices, and how the science of circumlocution is preached therein; the almost total absence of theatres and theatrical amusement, except when a few ambitious amateurs make occasional wild efforts to immortalise themselves; the post-office, the prevailing feature of which, at first sight, is chaos—and, indeed, I have heard that this same feature grows more deeply impressed on people's imaginations the longer they remain in the country—but for myself, I must confess it has not been so, the feeling most indelibly planted within my breast is that of awe and admiration, for on first going into the Calcutta post-office I was overwhelmed, not with civility, not with letters which had been lying *perdues*, but with wonder—wonder that people in India ever received their letters at all; and, as I found, on proceeding "up country," that I actually received about one letter out of every four, and one newspaper in every eight despatched to me—which ratio still continues—a feeling of respect and admiration, deep, but I think deserved, came over me for the master-minds of those *baboos* and functionaries who had extricated these welcome little documents from confusion worse confounded.*

At the time I landed in Calcutta (December, 1857), though all immediate panic as to the outbreak of the mutiny in that city had subsided, and the good folk had left off sleeping in the fort and other available strongholds, there were still ample signs of its existence. The native sentries (belonging to disarmed regiments) were entrusted only with that formidable and murderous weapon a ramrod, which they made faint efforts to shoulder, after the manner of a musket, when saluting an officer, thereby presenting an appearance savouring more strongly of the ridiculous than the sublime. Occasionally little excitements were got up by some highly imaginative gentlemen, fixing in their respective minds' eyes a certain day as the one on which the natives were to rise in deadly hostility, and expressing their melancholy convictions of this fact to the public at large, and the government in particular, thereby giving some extra occupation to the troops in the shape of night alarms, patrols, and constant admonitions to be "in readiness to turn out at a moment's notice;" in fact, the sea of English society at Calcutta was still swollen by the storm which had ruffled it so boisterously a short time back, and it heaved now and again with a heavier swell than usual. But there were sadder signs than these of the fury of the blast, which one met at every step, in the shattered, drooping shrubs which it had stripped of twig and branch—in the sturdy oak, whose every bough had been torn from it, leaving the parent stem all desolate and bare—in the tiny budding blossom, blighted and alone, so young that it knew not its loss, and cried impatiently, from time to time, for the mother whom it was never more to see on earth, and when asked its name, gave the only one it ever heard or knew, "Mamma's Pet."* These mutely told the tale of woe—told it more eloquently than cold words, or the pen of howsoever ready a writer ever could—on the pale, careworn faces, on the deep mourning, on the sad forms;—look on these if you would read such lines of bereavement, and suffering, and sorrow, as would melt a heart of stone. Still down country poured this melancholy stream—day by day did fresh mourners arrive—faces more haggard still, more pale and tearful, saddened Calcutta by their presence, preparatory to leaving the land in which they had borne and lost so much, and returning to seek for peace and repose among the calm scenes and pleasant homesteads of old England.

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* To the English gentleman in Yorkshire or Northumberland, who at that distance from the metropolis sits down to a perusal of the *Times* the same day that it is published, it will appear almost incredible that a letter I wrote from Allahabad to Futtehghur (not more than two hundred miles) was over *sixty days* in reaching its destination, having, I believe, visited *en route* Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay!

There are few things more striking to a person just landed in India than the extraordinary and unbounded confidence which English people appear to have in their native servants, who, to use an unclassical expression, walk, "quite promiscuous like," in and out of one's room all day—noiselessly, certainly, for there are no shoes upon their dusky feet to creak and disturb you—but the very presence of these white-clad figures flitting about one prevented me for some time from feeling that placid sensation of "at home" and retirement which every man at times must long for and seek to obtain in the privacy of his own chamber. But after a time one becomes accustomed to this; one finds a troop of domestics indispensable, and one thoroughly appreciates the removal of that restraint which is a sort of bugbear in England—the fear of talking before the servants, and of John Thomas retailing, for the benefit of Sally the housemaid and Robert the groom, your eloquent remarks on poetry, politics, or the fine arts, minus the *h*'s; then, again, from time immemorial, it has been the custom to entrust your "bearer" (or valet-de-chambre) with entire control over your purse; he takes possession of the unwieldy bag of rupees containing your pay for the preceding month, he doles out to your manifold attendants their wages, he pays your bills, he settles all monetary transactions, and, in fact, acts *in toto* as your treasurer. Now, to the suspicious young son of Albion, who arrives in India with ideas redolent of Bramah locks and patent safes, this custom is a hard one to fall into. He consults some old Indian, who says, "Oh yes! it's all right. Your 'bearer' will cheat you a little, but he will not allow any one else to do so;

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* This is related as a fact of a little child who was the only one of his family rescued at the outbreak, and whom nobody knew, and who was too young to give any other account of himself than the touching one I have mentioned.

whereas, if you keep your own keys, opportunities will never be wanting for him to pilfer; and his reply on your frantically crying to him for 'my ducats! oh, my Christian ducats!' will be, 'What should I know? Sahib keeps his own keys, how can I then guard his money?'" So, acting upon this advice, griff resigns his keys with a half-sigh and a feeling of regret, which, however, soon dies away as he becomes daily more Hindostanee-ised in his ways of thinking and acting.

"Hurrah! the order is come for us to proceed at once 'up country' by bullock-train—to join the army!" How I jumped up from my bed, threw my cheroot and the fag-end of my reflections on Indian customs and peculiarities to the winds when I heard these words! for stirring events, and deadly strifes, and glorious victories were now convulsing that portion of India familiarly known as "up country," and to join Sir Colin Campbell's splendid force, to share its laurels and its toils, was the acme of every soldier's ambition.

It is no small feat to pack for a campaign of indefinite length so that the whole of your personal baggage shall not exceed 100 lbs. in weight—such being the allowance for each officer travelling by bullock-train. No small feat, did I say? it is an impossibility! Your portmanteau alone weighs about half that, and when you fill it with shirts, socks, boots, brushes, coats, and all the manifold et cæteras, why, 200 lbs. would not turn the scale against it; not to mention a camp bedstead and some pounds' weight of saddlery. In despair you unpack it, and ponder over the contents. What is there in that heterogeneous collection that you can dispense with? Shirts? no. Boots? certainly not. Towels? how can you do without them? So finally, in despair, you repack the portmanteau, having reduced its weight by, perhaps, one shirt, two pairs of socks, and maybe a boot. Now for shutting it: a healthy, athletic, nail-breaking, finger-pinching amusement, which occupies you for some time, and when flushed, breathless, and with dishevelled locks you accomplish it, you probably discover, carefully placed on a side-table ready for packing, your pocket-handkerchiefs, tooth-brushes, and half a dozen articles equally indispensable.

Howrah—the terminus of the East Indian Railway. I wonder what the frequenters of the Great Western would say, if, one fine morning on going to Paddington station, in the place of the lusty, fustian-clad porters, they were to find the platform swarming with naked Hindoos—I wonder what my friends the cabbies would say if hansom after hansom were to drive away with a nigger fare in it—I wonder what the epicures, who grumble at the refreshments provided at Wolverton, Paddington, and Euston-square would say, if they were forced to enter a dirty little place and pay innumerable rupees for sandwiches, which, judging from their appearance, would be likely to meet with a favourable reception from no one except, perhaps, the members of an antiquarian society, as being curiosities in their line of business—I wonder, in fact, what our good friends at home would say if Howrah, with its cheerless appearance, the absence of all that bustle, hurry and scurry, which, with our English notions, we consider as inseparable from a railway station, with its semi-European character, with its snorting locomotives, typical of civilisation and science on the one hand, and the black, naked natives, impersonations of barbarism, on the other, were to open business in London one fine morning! Probably, as I did, they would take their seats in the train slightly bewildered, and with a dreamy, nightmare-ish sort of feeling coming over them; a whistle—no mistake about that—you wake from your reverie to find yourself spinning some twenty-five or thirty miles an hour over a dead level country, which, as far as the eye can reach, scarcely appears to rise or fall an inch —flat, flat, flat for miles, and miles, and miles, but rich with vegetation. On you go—getting such a jolting as few people who have not travelled out of England have experienced—dazzled with heat and glare, blinded and choked with dust, suffering in the region of your digestive organs from the effects of the superannuated sandwiches, and rousing yourself ever and anon to look out of the window, when you find the scene so unchanged as almost to tempt you to believe that you have not moved a yard for the last half-hour;—flat, flat, flat as a billiard-table, wearisome to gaze upon, and you pine even for a friendly ant-hill to relieve your eye, and break this almost maddening smoothness of country;—flat, flat, flat—heigho! but neither stale nor unprofitable, if one may judge from the natives at work among the numerous crops of rice, and corn, and "dâl," labouring on in the scorching sun with bare heads and shaven crowns, scarcely deigning—whether from excess of apathy or industry I cannot say—a glance of stupid wonder as we jolt and rattle past them,—now a wood or a piece of jungle—now a wide tract of sand, glaring, glistening, and white—now a half dried-up "jheel"—now a paddy-bird frightened at our approach, soaring up into the air—now a covey of small green parrots similarly employed—now a garden—now a green—now a desert—now a few bullocks in the agricultural interests—now a mud hovel, and now a solitary palm-tree—here a rice-field, and there a few isolated tufts of high grass,—these are the objects which in their turn attract one's attention during this monotonous and weary journey, and these seen only through the glassy, glaring film of sunlight, which glitters and plays about them in all the brightness of an Indan noon, and which causes one's eyes to blink and water painfully as they encounter it.

A short time is allowed for tiffin at Burdwan, when bell and whistle warn you once more to take your place, and, whisk! you are off again. Still over the flat, monotonous country you rumble and roll along—rice-fields, hovels, palm-trees, and wastes of sand, palm-trees, hovels, and rice-fields, with a one-two-three-four precision, which, combined with bottled beer consumed at Burdwan, at last has a narcotic effect, your doze being somewhat disturbed by a mosquito, who has taken a first-class ticket to Raneegunge, and by the feeble efforts of one of your comrades to manufacture a joke or riddle at the expense of the *black guard* attached to the train, but which, when he delivers himself of it, after much labour, proves *singularly* unsuccessful, and with an irritable "Pshaw!" you turn to the window again, hotter, dustier, more uncomfortable than ever, and wondering with savage impatience what the deuce those bullocks can mean by eating dust, for there appears to be little else upon that parched plain, where a dozen of them are placidly grazing. As we approach Raneegunge some hills become visible, and our spirits pluck up a bit accordingly; and by the time the break is put on, and its peculiar odour—which, by the way, is agreeable, as reminding you of England—becomes apparent, our temper has improved considerably, while we almost become amiable as the train draws up alongside the platform.

V. D. M.

THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE.

Without wishing to be guilty of any truism, we believe that all civilised nations join in the opinion that the one great purpose of life is having a good dinner daily. It is all very well for the sage to decry the axiom "dùm vivimus vivamus," and earnestly point out the necessity of directing our thoughts to more important matters; but, after all, there is great truth in many of the opinions put forth by the eminent Soyer as to civilisation and cookery advancing hand in hand. The untutored savage will satisfy his simple wants with "boiled missionary," but, once initiated into the blessings of European cookery, he makes a great step in advance, and appeases his appetite with roast pig, which travellers tell us is prepared with some degree of pretension. We are happy to notice that in our own benighted country much progress has been recently made, and that the culinary sermons of Ude, Francatelli, and Soyer have not been thrown away. We are convinced that one may dine in London, at some few houses, without having the fear of dyspepsia before one's eyes, and it is now possible to escape the once inevitable roast-beef, which Britons had a mystic belief was somehow inseparably connected with their national supremacy. Strange to say, though, the Crimean war did not show any falling off in the prowess of our officers, although they had abjured the use of brandied port in behalf of claret, and rendered themselves what the fine old fellows of the last century would have contemptuously termed milksops. If the Anglo-French alliance has borne no other fruits, it has at any rate introduced us to many new and valuable dishes, which are decidedly beneficial to the health, and can no longer be ridiculed as kickshaws only suitable for the allonging and marchonging Frenchmen. Still we have great cause to lament our inferiority. We may search in vain for a café in London which supplies our wants so well and cheaply as the Parisian restaurants, and too many of us are confined to the satisfying though monotonous exchange of a steak for a chop. Nor will this be altered until we condescend to take a lesson from the French, who, in this as in many other matters, manage better than we do; and we humbly submit that the first step in advance would be the elevation of cookery into a science. How many learned men across the Channel have devoted their attention to the kitchen as the best pharmacopœia, and written learned treatises to show that peculiar diseases require peculiar dishes?—just as a German doctor, when called in to attend you, will gravely suggest that you should smoke Varinas instead of C'naster, or *vice versâ*. But the subject of culinary medicine is one of so important a nature, that we shall be fully justified in examining more closely into what French *savans* have done for the improvement of the national health.

The author from whom we derive our details (it is needless to add, a Frenchman) approaches his grave subject by a profound lamentation at the want of gastronomes in the present degenerate age. He allows there are still great eaters among us, gourmets, gourmands, and even gastrolâtres, whatever they may be: but the true gastronomes, the men who laid down laws, and enjoyed the double honour of being men of merit and of a delicate taste, have departed from among us. "In the present day," he laments, "each man isolates himself; each man only thinks of proceeding individually to the lofty and solemn operation of dining." In former times, which may be emphatically called the good times, it was not so: the physicians were regarded as very learned, but, at the same time, excellent table companions; and they have, in some degree, maintained the reputation, although unjustly. Without going back to pre-Adamitic epochs, we find that the famous Chirac, physician to the Regent, was a celebrated gastronome. In spite of his grave studies, he devoted himself considerably to the kitchen: a sauce à la Chirac became renowned, which has since remained in grateful remembrance, being, as was said afterwards of the sauce Robert, the only sauce with which it would be excusable to eat one's father. At that day, too, there was a rich and sybaritic Doctor Sidobre, who discovered a fricasee whose reputation was for a long time kept up in the "high kitchen." It was even asserted at court, and among the old councillors of parliament, that the ducks au Père Douillet, a very celebrated and admired dish, were due to Sidobre, but this interesting problem has never been satisfactorily solved.

During the eighteenth century the gastronomic physicians were numerous and remarkable. Among the celebrities of the age were La Mettrie, who died of indigestion (probably on the *sui sibi gladio hunc jugulo* principle), and who gained the applause of the great Frederick; then Bouvart, the eminent practitioner; Sylva, physician to Voltaire, and inventor of the rissolettes à la Pompadour; and Bordeu, in spite of his gout and all he says about physicians loving good cheer. Of course we can only quote the most celebrated, whose merits have survived to the present day. It was at this period that Maloët, an old ruined physician, said to one of his confrères, "How can I help it? My means only allow me *two* indigestions a week." When the Revolution broke out, the luxury of good eating had attained its apogee in France. But what was to be done? On one side, the customs of the ancient republics were praised excessively: the black broth of the Spartans was in high honour—in books. On the other side, the manners loathed any radical reform. In truth, the ardent promoters of equality, the apostles of a frugal and philosophic life, continually visited well-served tables at private houses, or at the most famed restaurants of the day, such as Beauvilliers, Robert, Février, &c. Still, there were some ardent republicans who added the word sobriety to the national motto, and went into enthusiastic fits about the radishes of Cincinnatus. They formed, however, but a minority, and many violent patriots, especially during the earlier years of the Revolution, yielded themselves unhesitatingly up to the pleasures of eating. It was all very well for Danton to affirm that champagne "effeminised" patriotism, but he was not listened to, and himself swallowed this perfidious beverage at the clubbists' orgies. Camille Desmoulins used to say that a good dinner was only a degrading sybaritism; and at Mirabeau's table, reproaching himself for the luxuries he had indulged in, he inflicted a succession of *meâ culpâs* on his own chest by the help of a skewer. According to him, republican virtues were not cultivated with a fork; but this commissary of the lantern was far from putting his own maxims in practice, and preferred a well-covered board to the repasts of the true sans-culottes. A fresh proof we take it that, in France, though the heart may be republican, the stomach can never be so. Still, we must allow that, during the disastrous Reign of Terror, true gastronomy disappeared. To keep a man-cook would have been an insult to the majesty of the people, and persons would have undoubtedly sacrificed their heads to satisfy a delicate stomach. But, during the Directory, there was a glorious change; and there were many men of high position, like Barras, for instance, who seemed to live only to satisfy their palate, and with whom "living was eating, and eating living." The physicians distinguished themselves greatly during that gastronomic era. We may add that learned societies were founded to give subscription dinners, at which the rules of moderation were not always observed. Thus Doctor Gastaldy, after having fed hugely, ordered a large plate of macaroni. A lady remarking on the circumstance, he replied to her, "Madam, macaroni is heavy, but it is like the Doge of Venice; when he arrives, all must make room for him and leave a clear passage." It was not, however, till the reign of Napoleon that the noble science of gastronomy made any real progress. The Emperor, whose favourite meal was a dish of haricot beans in oil, for political reasons favoured the return to sumptuous repasts, and a perfect cuisine. Then, too, the famous "tasting jury" was established, and Grimod de la Reynière published his *Almanach des Gourmands.* Many physicians distinguished themselves by their skill in gastronomy: some even were renowned for their discoveries, for the famous soup à la Camerani was owing to a doctor who, through an excess of modesty, desired to remain anonymous. Corvisart, first physician to the Emperor, was a refined and talented gastronomer, and you could notice in him the harmony of a great talent and a good stomach. Owing to his professional reputation, patients visited him at all hours of the day; but when he was at table, when he had said solemnly to his housekeeper, "I am only at home to the Emperor"—which meant that Napoleon was the only patient having a right to summon him—no sum of money would have induced him to interrupt his dinner. Next to Corvisart comes Doctor Gastaldy, whose reputation was so thoroughly established that he was unanimously chosen as perpetual president of the Tasting Club. The choice was so just that Gastaldy died on the field of honour, for while artistically dissecting a Strasbourg paté he was struck by an apoplectic fit. Among other gastronomic physicians of the glorious period of the first Empire, we may mention Menuret, author of an excellent work on Paris, and discoverer of a scallop which attained immense renown; and Tartra, celebrated for his treatise on nitric acid, and his vast gastric abilities. Nor must we forget Gall, the phrenologist. On his reception into the Society of the Caveau Moderne, says an historian, a dish was served up to him consisting solely of the brains of game, fish, and poultry, and he was asked if he would like to feel the skulls of these ladies and gentlemen. The savant unwrinkled, and replied, with a laugh, that he must feel the bodies in the first instance, and that at his table his system was never isolated—a reply which was found excellent and conclusive.

In the present day there are no gastronomers *par état;* and this change the author from whom we are quoting attributes to the rapid spread of Broussais's doctrine that everything which excited the stomach might influence it. At any rate, when this theory was in full swing the consumption of wine in France was diminished by more than 200,000 hectolitres. People took to drinking water, a régime which certainly has its advantages according to the Spanish proverb, inasmuch as *mucho vale, poco cuasta*, but, otherwise, it is unphilosophical, anti-social, and even anti-medical. Then, old Noël, who was both a doctor and a wine-merchant at Rheims, said, full of comic fury, "In fact, I cannot understand the inhabitants or my confrères of Paris: they all have their stomachs lined with amadou, and catch fire from a spark." The rest of our author's remarks are so touching, that we must allow him to speak in his own language:

> Gastronomy is, in fine, the expression of a refined and distinguished organisation, and in this respect no one can become a gastronomer at will. Montesquieu was right: Polixenes and Apicius took with them to the table many sensations unknown to us other vulgar eaters. What is the result? if gourmandism is attainable at all ages, gastronomy is only produced very late, at a very advanced period of mental development. But, if society be agitated to its depths, the majority of good tables disappears, and with them elegant manners, *intimate* relations, and those nutritive revelations of the stomach which, by the aid of delicious wines and a cup of exquisite coffee, go straight to the brain, to warm it and stimulate it, and endow it, in short, with a species of second sight. And believe me when I say that everybody is a loser by it, those who have little or nothing even more than the rest, for the superfluities of the rich man ever go to profit the poor; and there is never a great repast which does not secondarily furnish a livelihood to many poor persons. Nothing, then, is more evident than that gastronomy, like the fine arts and the *belles lettres*, like everything allied to the intelligence and delicate sensations, always announces progress. Henrion de Pansey, the grave jurisconsult, rightly said, "I shall not believe in civilisation till I see a cook in the Institute." Nothing is more self-evident than that the fire of sedition is incompatible with the fire of a high and learned cuisine. The pleasures of an elegant table demand a time of peace, gay spirits, and the luxurious leisure of a world which nothing troubles or disquiets. One thing is certain, that whenever the worship of gastronomy makes its appearance in society, if it can count fervent apostles, the nation may hope and rejoice, for this is a certain sign that the social body is being cured, and a symptom of a return to peace, prosperity, and order.

Our readers must not believe that we are passing a poor jest on them by quoting from the *Almanach Comique* or *Charivari*. On the contrary, this memorable sentence appeared in the grave pages of the *Moniteur* prior to the *coup d'état*, and was evidently meant in all seriousness. It goes far to prove one assertion, that gastronomy is regarded as a science in France. The writer is no less than Dr. Réveillé-Parise, well known for his works on the digestive functions, and we cannot do better than examine another of his dissertations, as containing much valuable information on the *vexata quæstio* of oysters. For lovers of the mollusk we have the gratifying intelligence that the worthy doctor regards it as the digestible food *par excellence:* it is the first step on the ladder of the table reserved by Providence for delicate stomachs, sick persons, and convalescents. Experience has so fully demonstrated this fact, that no festival is held, no dinner given worthy the attention of connoisseurs, unless the oyster figure in the first rank. In truth, it seems as if the oyster were intended to prepare the stomach for the sublime functions of digestion; in a word, it is the golden key to that paradise which is called an appetite. The Romans, our masters in everything, sought this mollusk with peculiar attention. "We cannot say too much," writes Pliny, "about the oysters that figure with so much dignity on the tables of our rich men." We must not suppose that the *gourmets* of Rome were satisfied with the oysters obtained by hazard on the coasts of Italy. Like us, they desired them plump, fresh, fine, and of an exquisite flavour. Sergius Orata, Pliny tells us, was the first to lay down oyster banks in the vicinity of Baiæ, in the time of Crassus. The same worthy also discovered the way to impart a delicious flavour to the oysters of the Lucrine Lake. At the present day this lake has utterly disappeared; even the Président des Brosses, that talented and caustic traveller, when trying to see this lake, was forced to express his disappointment in the following words: "It is only a wretched swampy marsh. Those precious oysters of Catiline's grandpapa, which in our eyes soften the horror of his grandson's crimes, are metamorphosed into wretched eels gambolling in the mud. A great ugly mountain of ashes, coal, and stones, which thought proper to rise up in one night like a mushroom in 1538, reduced this poor lake to the state in which I describe it." Further on our traveller adds: "Pliny was no fool when he said that the oysters of the Lucrine Lake were only fashionable because those of England were till then unknown—but where the deuce had he eaten of them?" It is certainly the fact that, from the earliest ages to the present, the oyster has enjoyed a reputation that has endured through revolutions and the overthrow of empires: time could not destroy it, for whatever is useful and beneficial to humanity will be always revered. We know that Franklin, who was only acquainted with the useful, preferred a turkey to an eagle, and assuredly no one could blame him for it. So much is decided, that the oyster is a species of food combining the most precious alimentary qualities. Its meat is soft, firm, and delicate. It has sufficient flavour to please the taste, but not enough to excite, to surfeit, or attain that frightful limit of the gastronome, "it is too much." Through a quality peculiar to itself it favours the intestinal and gastric absorption, mixing easily with other food, and assimilating with the juices of the stomach it aids and favours the digestive functions. There is no alimentary substance, not even excepting bread, which does not produce indigestion under certain given circumstances, but oysters never. This is a homage due to them. They may be eaten to-day, to-morrow, for ever, in profusion; indigestion is not to be feared, and we may be certain that no doctor was ever called in through their fault. It is said that the celebrated Dr. Hecquet used to embrace cooks through sheer gratitude, but it could not have been on account of oysters. Of course we except cooked oysters; but this is only an exception which confirms the general rule, for where should we find the barbarian that would eat them?

The truffle has been exalted through all time; an English poet even gave it the appellation of the "subterranean empress;" that distinguished gastronome, the Marquis de Cussy, declares it to be the diamond of the kitchen. Though we would not venture to gainsay the eminent qualities of this precious tubercle—for, should we not thus raise the whole civilised world against us?—still, who would dare to eat truffles continually? Our author knows a doctor who never fails to be called in at winter by his patients, who are attacked by "truffleism," as he terms it. This is a peculiar state of irritation and difficult digestion. You reach that profound mortification of the gourmand, of dining without pleasure or appetite. At times the danger becomes greater, which caused an amateur to say, after an imprudent debauch on truffles, "Four dinners more and I should have been one less." Still, the qualities of the truffle are of such high order that it has become a potent seducer in the regions of politics and diplomacy, by exciting at once the ambition and the appetite. The oyster does not possess these qualities, but, on the other hand, it burdens the stomach no more than the conscience. We scarce perceive its presence, and still it has satisfied the taste, appeased the stomach, and calmed that nervous impatience which every hungry man experiences internally. When Malherbe said that he knew nothing better than women and melons, we cannot conceive that the Norman humorist could have forgotten the oysters. All persons cannot agree with women; some find melons indigestible, but who refuses oysters? But such is the ingratitude of man, that the oyster, lord of the kitchen, that delicious and beneficent testacea, is classed in the lowest grade of intelligence, and regarded as the prototype of ignorance. "Stupid as an oyster," they say. We are bound to add, "ungrateful as man;" an assertion certainly more true than the other. "The oceanic oyster," said a philosopher of the last century, "situated on a bank or a rock, which the sea covers and uncovers alternately, if it opens its valve at low tide loses its water, and sometimes perishes a victim to its imprudence; those that escape *comprehend* that it is only good for them to open their lips at high water, and through this employment of their intelligence they preserve their health, fortify their constitution, and prolong their life." After this, dare we say stupid as an oyster! an anathema which could only be the result of the most evident want of logic or the blackest ingratitude. For our readers must remark that, independently of their delicate and nutritious meat, oysters supplied the ancients with their Tyrian dye, and that they again manufacture those pearls which, sought with so much care and danger, are employed to adorn grace and beauty. (Upon our veracity this last sentence is almost too much for us, and the joke is that the good doctor evidently means it all.)

Besides their valuable digestive qualities, oysters supply a recipe not to be despised in the liquor they contain. It is produced by the sea water they have swallowed, but which, having been digested, has lost that peculiar bitterness of salt water. The oyster water is limpid, and slightly saline in taste. Far from being purgative, like sea water, it promotes digestion. Some physicians have endowed it with a multitude of extraordinary properties, none of which it possesses, however. It has been compared to the waters of Vichy and Plombières; but this is chimerical. The only thing certain is that the water in the oysters keeps them fresh, prolongs their life for some time, until it is destroyed in our stomachs, or until the oyster has been transformed into a portion of ourselves. As for the condiments to be eaten with oysters, tastes differ; true amateurs eat them as nature has made them, for they fear the loss of their exquisite flavour. Some persons, however, prefer a little pepper and lemon juice, which destroys any purgative effect they may possess, and which some highly susceptible stomachs suffer from. It is a moot point whether milk promotes the digestibility of oysters; at any rate it does not require a beggar's stomach to digest the mollusk. Still, our author knew a gouty person who cured his disease, as far as it could be cured, by an abundant use of oysters and milk; but, as the latter might have produced the effect alone, the fact is not conclusive. Another point is, whether it is necessary to drink wine with oysters, and if white is preferable to red? As Mr. Addison sagely remarked to Sir Roger de Coverley, "there is much to be said on both sides."

In France, considerable attention is devoted, and very wisely, to the service of the table, for every sense should be pleased at a good dinner. In former days the dining-room used to be perfumed, but now the only sweet fragrance is that of well-cooked dishes, and the natural flowers placed on the table. Before dinner the under butler should prepare all the condiments ready to hand, and place four glasses on the table for each guest: one for sherry, one for water, the third for Bordeaux, and the fourth for champagne. The plates, forty centimetres apart, should have the napkins laid on them, folded in the German fashion, with a roll inside. According to the number of English guests present, will be that of the salt-cellars; in addition, there must be a stove to warm the plates, and an abundance of clean glasses. The maître d'hôtel has charge of the wines, which are labelled, and then handed round. If the soup happen to be turtle, iced rum-punch is indispensable; in any other case sherry will serve your turn. The Sauterne accompanies the oysters and removes of fish. The Saint-Julien is handed round with the fruit. With the entrées, and up to the dessert, Château Margaux and Château Lafitte alternate with dry and sparkling champagne. Port and ale go with the cheese. Rhenish and punch are advisable beverages with the games. In addition, the table should be garnished with labelled decanters, containing Beaune, Chablis, Grave, or sherry: the Sauterne should be slightly iced. The dessert wines are Pacarete, Frontignan, and sherry. In summer, light wines are preferred; in winter, generous wines. The candles are lighted ten minutes before serving, then the iced water and hors d'œuvre are put on the table. All the waiters, in white gloves, take the places assigned them, and while the dinner is being placed on the table a servant hands round the vermuth in the salon; then the maître d'hôtel, *for whom the folding-doors are opened by two footmen*, announces in a clear voice that the "dinner is on the table." And here we must make room for a profound reflection:

> Whatever may be our natural temperament, if ever we enjoy an agreeable moment, it is when a work leaves our hands completed, and enters on the world with its native grace, like a young man quitting his paternal home. We translate this joy by the words—*le dîner est servi.* At present we are at table; another series of operations commences, equally difficult and more rapid. They must, in the space of an hour, place beneath the eyes of the guests all that has been combined for them as the result of ripe reflection. If these preparations are imperfect, all that has been prepared will be so also. The maître d'hotel cannot act here alone; he must be backed up by the whole of the service. How many times has an almost irreproachable dinner fallen through at this decisive moment? We may mention an almost inevitable imperfection: when the dinners cause a number of clever men to meet together, there is sure to be confusion and

disorder. In fact, the sparkling conversation distracts the attention of the domestics, and they listen to the remarks instead of handing the dishes round. When the guests enter the dining-room there is always some embarrassment in finding places, but, as a general rule, the Amphitryon should display his tact in arranging the guests, and not leave it to chance.

THE DOORS ARE CLOSED, AND THE SOLEMN SACRIFICE COMMENCES.

There are two ways of serving a dinner: the servants either begin with the ladies or with guests pointed out beforehand. The service is indifferently in the French or Russian fashion, although the latter appears to us the inferior. In the French system, everything is put on the table, and it would be perfect if the dishes did not grow cold. Even warm plates, with spirits of wine, the best method, do not produce a sufficient heating power. In the Russian mode, each entrée, each joint, or entremets, arrives in its turn, perfectly hot and with a proper sauce. The oysters are first handed round: they are accompanied by bread and butter à la Hollandaise, and lemons cut in half, from which the pips have been removed. Then the maître d'hôtel serves and sends round the soup. If there are two sorts they are mentioned, and the guests have which they prefer. This course generally produces some slight confusion, but it is soon over. Two hot dishes of hors d'œuvre then go the round; and they are served at either end of the table at opposite points. You begin with the lady seated to the right of the master of the house, who is always served last; the lady of the house is not bound by this rule of etiquette. These hors d'œuvre* precede the fish. The latter is cut up on two long dishes, warmed beforehand; each piece is accompanied by sauce and potatoes à la Hollandaise. This remove is never placed on the table. If there is a second hors d'œuvre, it is served round while the joints are being cut up, and the interval caused by this interesting occupation is thus satisfactorily filled up. This, however, does not take place when the cook is able to quit his arduous duties for a while and come to carve in an adjoining room, where his proper warming-dishes and plates are in readiness. He then pays due attention to his gravies, which he could only do imperfectly before, as it was necessary to send up the joint to look pretty. Lastly, the maître d'hôtel has the dishes handed round, and that important functionary takes charge of the entrées. Those which are warmed up require great precautions, that they may not reach a state of ebullition, which, we need not say, would be fatal. If the cook cannot attend to the carving, the maître d'hôtel should take lessons from him beforehand as to the most delicate cuts. Fraternity is most necessary between them for the good of the service. On this depend the reputation of the table and that of the waiting-men. In the service à la Française, when the last entrée is being handed round, which is frequently cold, the second course is in readiness to be substituted for the first. The roast is served first, unless there is some extraordinary dainty, which then takes the place of a hors d'œuvre. The salad accompanies the roast, as well as punch à la Romaine. The silver plate is changed for a china one when any of the guests only eat salad. The second course goes on like the first, in the rotation determined by the cook according to his bill of fare. Cold plates must be kept in reserve for entremets, such as jellies, bavaroises, &c. If there happens to be a soufflé or a fondu, the cook should be warned at the moment when the last hot entremets is being handed round. It is always better that the guests should wait for the soufflé than the soufflé for the guests; for by the former will it gain in beauty and succulence. At this moment, the hors d'œuvre are taken off the table, without removing the salt-cellars. When the second course is ended, all the silver plates are removed and china put on, to serve the cheese, accompanied by butter, chesnuts, and salted Turin loaves (pains de Turin salés). Port wine and ale are handed round; the dessert plates are then put on the table as well as the glasses, which have been arranged beforehand on a waiter. To facilitate the process, the wines are only put on the table after the dessert; but, if there before, they are merely placed temporarily in the centre of the table. If the dessert is not on the table, the butler orders it to be put on in regular rotation as it has been laid out in an adjoining room. If pineapple happen to be in the dessert, care must be taken that it is not cut into too thin slices. While the ices are being got ready, some dishes of pastry may be handed round. The latter should be placed on the table for a moment and then served round, accompanied by wafers. After these, a dish of sugar-candy may be produced with good effect.

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* In our perfect ignorance of culinary terms we consulted a celebrated Anglo-French dictionary for the proper equivalent for this word. Imagine our disgust when we only found "kickshaws." What a shameful profanation!

Unless the order has been given to hurry on the dinner, the finger-glasses are not brought in except on a signal from the host, who alone has the right to interrupt the conversation. The guests rise, the chairs are withdrawn, the folding-doors are rapidly opened, and closed immediately, lest the smell of the dining-room might penetrate into the salon. In the same way, care must be taken not to extinguish any lights or lamps in the dining-room. The lady of the house must be specially careful during the dinner not to address a servant in a loud key; all that relates to the service having been arranged beforehand, this could only be necessary in the event of any fault being committed; and then to notice it would be drawing attention to it, while, otherwise, it remains almost always unnoticed by the majority of the guests. The coffee is handed round in the salon; ten minutes later the liqueurs are served; Schiedam is preferred by the English, cognac and kirschwasser by the French and Russians; curaçao, anisette, and maraschino by the Italians and Spaniards. We may add that a table of fifteen to eighteen persons is that where the eating is the best, as a hygienic dinner ought not to last more than an hour and a quarter. And now for a final quotation on this grave subject:

> When all these conditions are satisfied, when to this are added a dinner worthy of Carême, and guests worthy of the dinner, assuredly, on leaving the table and recalling these varied joys of sight, taste, smell, and that lively and talented chat produced by any pleasant excitement, no one will be so bold as to deny that, next to the enjoyment produced by study and serious business, the most amiable and true is that which a good dinner secures us.

Strangely enough, although the French have so much right to boast of their cuisine and the magnificent dishes they have produced, all the writers on gastronomy appear to pin their faith on one man—Carême. Although England has known many distinguished French artists who deserved well of their country, they are ignored in favour of a man who disappeared from the stage when our readers were unheard of. There is something humiliating in this national weakness, as if the art of cookery could only produce one regenerator—one kitchen Mahomet, in so many years of intelligent labour. Though Vatel stabbed himself because the fish had not arrived, and thereby certainly gained a station in the Temple of Immortality, he has been degraded from his pedestal in favour of Carême. Hear what Löwe Weimars says of him, and blush if you can for the ingratitude of Frenchmen, whose whole history has emanated, so to speak, from the kitchen. Ask M. Dumas what lost Napoleon I. the battle of Waterloo save a miscreant poulet à la Marengo, which disturbed his digestion and destroyed his combinations. Carême, however, deserves a good word from us, and we will therefore quote the article *in extenso.*

THE WORKS OF CARÊME.

"Le Maître d'Hôtel Français; or, a Parallel between the Ancient and Modern Kitchen, considered in the Relation of Dishes to be served, according to the Four Seasons, at Paris, St. Petersburg, London, and Vienna." By Carême, &c. &c.

"Le Pâtissier Royal Parisien; or, an Elementary and Practical Treatise."

"Le Cuisinier Parisien."

"*L'Art* de la Cuisine au Dix-neuvième Siècle."

"Le Pâtissier Pittoresque." Adorned with 128 Plates by the Author.

"Le Principal de la Cuisine de Paris."[*]

I transcribe in their integrity the titles of the different works by Carême, because they give an idea of the *ensemble* of his labours, which form a *corpus doctrinæ.* The first of these works, which are so interesting, and whose success is so general, was divided by the author into five parts. Antoine Carême, who served nearly as many influential men as Talleyrand did powers, develops in it the *carte* of the dinners as he wrote in turn for George IV., the Court of Austria, the Emperor Alexander during his stay in Paris, or for the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle. It is difficult to embrace more completely at one glance all the varieties of his art than Carême has done in this picture, or rather this immense gallery, of the products of these kingdoms, furnishing what common fellows call their subsistence, and men of taste their pleasure. If I interested myself in the least about individuals who seek in the art of the kitchen anything else than the happiness of dining, I would add that it is not indifferent to have under one's eyes the *carte* of the dinner for the King of England, of the Emperor Alexander, and Monsieur de Metternich, on a given day of a given year: could we not then obtain the key to more than one transaction? and could we not explain the mansuetude of the Russian autocrat in the conventions of 1814, by the excellence of Carême's blanc-mangers? One of the tables, especially, brings the water into your mouth. It is a "menu en maigre" of seventy dishes, worthy of being served up to a conclave, and to be eaten by papal candidates. What indulgences would have rained on the head of Carême in the time of the dainty Leo X., and what gratitude is due to him in our own! What would the bishop say if, on leaving the conferences for the Holy Week, he found on his table a cucumber soup à la Hollandaise, croquette of sturgeon with truffles, fish puddings à la Richelieu? Or Monsieur, the Archbishop of Toulouse, landed opposite a gélatine of eels with crawfish butter, or a rôti of teal à l'orange (for teal are orthodox, owing to their amphibious nature)? How I like to see in Carême that simple and masculine assurance of a man who fully comprehends the importance of his mission, and who knows that the art of the cook is a matter neither common nor easy. "If my age does not permit me to describe myself as a pupil of the first house of the ancient nobility," he says, modestly, in his preface, "I may add, without vanity, that I was educated in the midst of the men of that time. Under M. Richaut, the famous sauceman of the Condés, I learned that difficult art of concocting sauces; at the grand fêtes given by the Hôtel de Paris, and under the orders of M. Lasac, I learned the advantages to be derived from cold dishes (la belle partie du froid); at the Elysée Napoléon, under the auspices of MM. Robert and Laguipière, I also learned, and I dare to say it, the elegance of the modern kitchen and the ensemble of a great administration. Since the regeneration of the art, I have been constantly employed at dinners and great fêtes; hence, I have been able to see much, make fruitful strides, and I have drawn profit from them." It is necessary to have read carefully the "Maître d'Hôtel Français" to understand all the modesty of these words, apparently so haughty. I say it sincerely, and putting aside the eternal pleasantries attaching to the subject of the kitchen, that in Carême's work there are a rare erudition and a peculiar genius. He has preceded his table of modern *cartes*, as he understands them, by a treatise on the old kitchen, which has demanded profound researches, and announces a true love for his profession. Nothing can be more curious than a *carte*, found by Carême I know not where, and served in 1745 to Louis XV. by one Héliot, ordinary "groom of the mouth" to the dauphiness. This dinner was entirely of beef! From the shin-of-beef soup au naturel, down to the briquet of ox brains with lemon, nothing but this rustic and citizen animal figured on the monarch's table. Carême states that a cook of Marshal Davoust, when Governor of Hamburg, during the siege of that city, produced a dinner all of horseflesh. But he adds, very judiciously, that necessity compelled him, and that he deserved praise, while the cook to the dauphiness, author of such a melancholy dinner, was only an ignorant and second-rate man. As to myself, all the descriptions of old dinners quoted by Carême appeared to me disgusting, and I shall own sincerely the contempt inspired in him by fillets of beef *à la* boot-heel, soups *à la* wooden-leg, and other such atrocities.

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[*] N.B.—Any gourmand may obtain these works for the modest sum of 7*l.*; somewhat more than the best edition of Walter Scott would cost.

The "Patissier Royal Parisien" is a book dictated by the feeling which gained Juvenal immortality—indignation. I might note the Latin verse so well known, but I have as much horror of a quotation as of a cold hors d'œuvre. Carême could not see, without a profound disgust, that men, utter strangers to the art, allowed themselves to publish cookery books to satisfy the miserable speculations of a publisher, and dared to announce an eating-house-keeper as the father and restorer of the modern cuisine. A single sentence enables Carême to reply to these compilers. "Your kitchen," he says, further on, "is to a great kitchen what your pastry is to mine." I can best furnish an idea of the universality of Carême's genius, by saying that, not satisfied with giving his advice as to the execution of the dishes, he has added to this treatise an orthographical vocabulary of words so frightfully metamorphosed by the practitioners. The "Cuisinier Parisien" is dedicated to the manes of the great Laguipière, who died during the disaster of Moscow, which cost us one hundred thousand men and fifty cooks. "Oh, my master!" Careme exclaims, in his dedication, "during life you were persecuted, and at last died in the most cruel agony, amid the icy cold of the North." "Oh, Laguipière!" I am tempted to exclaim in my turn, "what a destiny was yours!—you who fed so many people in your time, fated to die of hunger at last." Carême, in conclusion, must be regarded as the legislator of the great kitchen. His labours as theorician, sauce-mixer, pastrycook, and chemist, place him at an immense height above those who preceded him in this career. His works will be read, as they were eaten, with avidity, and his name will be placed among those superiorities which expire and never have their room filled up; with the *queue* of M. de Narbonne and the white nightcap of Carême, the last courtier and the last culinary artist disappeared from the gaze of France.

We are pleased to find French writers expressing a more favourable opinion about English cookery than was formerly the case. It is quite true that the progress of the table has been very tardy among us. It remained for a long time rude and clumsy beneath our foggy sky, whose misery good cookery would probably ameliorate. Still, a French writer is prepared to allow that progress has arrived with that solid English richness which opulent Europe is now striving to imitate. We no longer strive, as formerly, to furnish a specimen of the riches we possess, but to give in a pleasant meeting destined to our friends the measure of our taste and generosity. England has at length begun to understand that at table polished fraternity embellishes existing relations as it adorns language. The most perfect models of the English table exist in the splendid London clubs. There the doctrines of M. de Talleyrand, as to *savoir vivre*, or of the marquis of Louis XV., are kept up in perfection. The old English appetite has disappeared: it is no longer large and brutal: it no longer consists in cutting off and swallowing. It is still sharp, but there is a decided disposition to reanimate life at the true sources of dining and conversation. What a blessing is that analytical cookery which may preserve to the state for ten or fifteen years longer a celebrated minister, an orator, a sailor, or a charming actress? But our progress is in a great measure owing to the inimitable Soyer, who rendered the Reform Club a model of the mansion of a rich man, rather than a camp where chance assembled delicate adepts for a few moments. It must be borne in mind, too, that the much greater intercourse with France that has obtained during the last ten years has done very much to diminish our national prejudices, and we accept with becoming gratitude the good things offered us by our gallant allies. Not that we can ever hope to equal them; we are not naturally cooks, like every Frenchman, and the Crimean war amply testified the bad policy of not instructing our soldiers at least in the rudiments of the noble science. Yet several of our noblemen have worthily held their own even in Paris, and their dinners have created considerable sensation. For instance, we may quote the description of a dinner given by Lord W., at the Rocher de Caucale, under the presidency of a general officer. The dinner was served at six o'clock precisely. Each guest was handed six Marenne oysters, and then six spoonfuls of soup. Of the latter there were two sorts: one of clear crab, very delicate; the other, spring soup—the latter producing the first great sensation. There was a moment, though, when the success of the dinner was imperilled: an inexperienced maître d'hôtel tried to serve between the two courses punch à la Romaine, instead of a sorbet au rhum. A cloud collected on the countenances of the guests, but it was soon dissipated by the tact of the Amphitryon. A single glass of Madeira and one of vermuth restored some slight joy to their countenances. Among the specialities noticeable, was a ham roasted on a spit, and resting on a bed of spinach; there were also gélinottes, arrived that morning straight from Scotland. The French guests were in ecstasies, and allowed there was some hope of improvement in brumous England when a scion of a noble house could thus appreciate the necessity of carefully studying the art of dining.

At a period when good wine is not to be had at any price, and we are exposed to all the naughty tricks of our wine-merchants, who mercilessly torture us with Gerupiga and rhubarb champagne, it makes one's mouth water to read of the stores Louis Philippe had collected in his cellars of Neuilly, Eu, and the Tuileries. At the revolution, the cellars of Neuilly were found to contain 74,000 bottles, but only 1200 were saved; 224 casks survived out of 1500 originally there. The cellars at the Château d'Eu were justly praised: they greatly improve Burgundy, but Bordeaux does not succeed anywhere on the coast of the Channel. At the sale of the wines the prices realised were, however, very small, in comparison with their value. First-rate Madeira and sherry only reached 5fr., and Johannisberg in the wood, a present from Metternich, only fetched 6fr. 50c., to the great disappointment of all the amateurs. The average price of the best growths of inland and foreign wines did not exceed 3fr. We wonder what became of all these dainty wines, and whether any of them are still to be met with at the same prices.

Our space warns us not to continue this interesting subject further, else we had much to write still about good eating and good drinking. We have shown, however, we believe, that Paris is still the capital of good cheer, and that all improvement among ourselves must emanate from that centre of gastronomic intelligence. But even there many complain of the degeneration of the art: there are no men who devote their lives to the welfare of their fellow-men, or study fresh combinations of cookery which may render their names immortal. They could not have a better time to continue their researches. Europe is in a state of profound tranquillity, and any new culinary discovery would be hailed as an event. May we then hope that some apostle may speedily spring up and strike out fresh lights in this glorious profession! There is a noble field now left open, and we have still so high an opinion of the French, in spite of their recent relaxation in their exertions, that we confidently believe they will duly appreciate the importance of their mission, and render Europe happy by one dish more.

MY CANARY WHO CARES FOR NOTHING.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

ROSE-LEAVES blow about the lawn,
Red and white the blossoms vary,
Golden tassels fringe the lime—
Careless sings my pet canary.

Rose-leaves blow about the sky,
Red, and sweet, and clear; the fairy
Swings on the laburnum chain—
Careless sings my pet canary.

Little sister went to sleep
In the churchyard, dearest Clary!
Though we cry, he sings all day,
Carelessly—our pet canary.

A LEGEND OF SAINTE-BARBE.

I.

It was the 5th of July, 1839, a glorious summer day, when the Turkish fleet lay at anchor in the Dardanelles. Above the other vessels towered the *Montebello*, once a French ship of the line, but sold some years previously to Sultan Mahmud by Louis Philippe, to serve as a model ship. She had not only retained her original name, but there were many other marks of her nationality to be noticed, which reminded a visitor of la belle France. A large portion of the crew had entered the Turkish service, and instructed the Turkish sailors, who assuredly required the lesson. The present captain had been second lieutenant in the old times: he was an excellent sailor, educated at the naval school at Brest, and so attached to the old hooker that he could not bear to part from her. Hence, with the permission of the Prince de Joinville, he had entered the Turkish service, where he held the rank of bey, and was known as Rifaat Bey, although the French sailors called him, as before, Captain Sanglade. The oldest inhabitant on board the *Montebello* was the gunner, Pierre Selèvre, who had really grown up with the ship. He knew her while still on the stocks, and had watched, with growing interest, her gradual conversion into a noble man-of-war. While she was building, it was his delight to visit every portion of her, and his ambition was to take the first voyage in her. At length she was all ready for sea, and was intended to fight the English. Lists were opened, and volunteers asked to join her at Toulon. You may be quite sure our Pierre was one of the first at the office, and his wishes were gratified—he joined the *Montebello*.

There was one gloomy spot in the gigantic ship which Pierre watched with jealous glances of affection. It was a dangerous place, but that enhanced the charm. It was at the very bottom of the hold, far below the waterline, and carefully separated from the rest of the ship by iron-plated doors: a lantern, that stood in a vessel of water, was the only light, and this could only be opened and trimmed from the outside. It was a gloomy spot, and Sainte-Barbe a name on board the *Montebello*, which made even the most courageous man feel uncomfortable. Pierre, however, delighted in the magazine, and as he earnestly requested the post of gunner, he soon received the keys, and became sole lord of this dark and dangerous spot. As gunner of the *Montebello* Pierre had visited every part of the globe. The *Montebello* was launched in 1781, and in 1837, when she was handed over to the Turkish commission at Smyrna, he was still gunner, though seventy-five years of age. He had gone through many perils; the worst of all, perhaps, when the *Trocadero* blew up, and hurled a mass of fire on board the sister ship. So long as the danger lasted, Pierre stood at his post, but when as the fire was extinguished he sank down in a fit, and it was a long time before he could leave the hospital.

There were two great days in Pierre's life: one, when he received the cross of the Legion for his fifty years' service; the other, when the Prince de Joinville patted him on the shoulder, when the ship was handed over to the Turks, and said, heartily, "Bravo, gunner!" The old sailor looked up tearfully to the tricolor flag, which was so soon to be removed, and a peculiar feeling overpowered him. How often had he seen the ensign changed!—first, the lilies of Louis Seize; then the tricolor of the Republic; next, the Imperial flag; and then again the lilies; and then, for only eight weeks, the eagle again; then the lilies once more, and then the tricolor came back; and now, the *Montebello* was to hoist the crescent flag of the Sultan. Well! well! he would do his duty as he had always done; he had a new master, but that was no reason he should shirk work; and Pierre Selèvre entered the Turkish service after all only for the sake of the dear old ship, from which it would have broken his heart to part.

For a time the *Montebello* was stationed off Beshiktash, for Mahmud was very proud of her; but in 1838 she joined the fleet in the Dardanelles, to take part in the festivities accompanying the accession of Abd-ul-Medjid.

II.

Two gentlemen made their appearance on the quarter-deck of the *Montebello*: the one was Captain Sanglade; the other, who wore civil clothing, was a young man of about thirty, and his features revealed a great amount of intelligence.

"I assure you, my dear Lattas, this is the place for a man to make his fortune," said the captain, in his quick, sailor manner; "great things will take place here soon, and any man who has the luck to be mixed up in them will be made for life. The bow will not endure the pressure much longer."

"You really believe that it will come to a great war, in which the European powers will take part?"

"I am certain of it. If the powers seriously mean to maintain the integrity of Turkey, they cannot hold off much longer. Suppose we examine matters calmly. Let us leave out of the question the reports that roused such alarm yesterday in Stamboul, that the Seraskier had been beaten at Nisib by the Egyptians, but does not Mehemet Ali's power increase daily? What will not this man yet effect, if he continues his progress and fortune still adheres to him? There are many persons who can remember Mehemet Ali as a trader in a dirty Cairo shop. The French occupation of Egypt made him take up arms, and you should gain an example by him, my dear Lattas."

"I fear lest French obstinacy will paralyse the English and Austrian exertions to maintain the integrity of Turkey," said Lattas, thoughtfully.

"No, no," Sanglade violently interposed. "I am sorry to be forced to side against my own country, but I see no good resulting to France from this conflict. The want of chivalry in helping a rebel against his lord will yet be bitterly avenged! If the news of the defeat be confirmed, the misfortune will prove of incalculable benefit to the young Sultan, for the great powers must interpose at once."

"I cannot explain this inactivity of the fleet during the struggle on the Euphrates," said Lattas, gloomily. "A diversion would have proved of great service to the cause of the Sultan, as it would have checked the advance of the enemy."

"Don't warn me of that!" the captain cut him short by saying: "I fear we are all bought and sold here! You have no idea of the intrigues that are going on. The capudan-pasha is a deadly enemy of the vizier, Chosrev Pasha, and will not hesitate at any step which can destroy him. I am no alarmist, but I would wager that something wrong is intended with the fleet. There are too many signs of it, I am sorry to say."

"What could be done with it?" asked Lattas.

"It could be surrendered," the captain said, angrily; "it is not so far from the Dardanelles to Egypt, and Heaven grant we may not be forced to make the voyage."

"And you believe that the fleet could be betrayed so easily?"

"What can we do? Don't you see how cleverly the *Montebello* has been placed between two Turkish ships of the line, whose captains are creatures of the capudan-pasha? When the order is given to weigh, and the *Montebello* dared to refuse, she would be blown out of the water. Yes, yes, dear Lattas, I know these fellows; they are capable of anything. If we are betrayed, though, I will restore the *Montebello* to the Sultan, so true as my name is Sanglade. Whenever you hear that a trick has been played with the fleet, go to the grand vizier and tell him Captain Sanglade foresaw it, but could not prevent it, as he is compelled to obey the orders of the admiral so long as he is not openly guilty of treason. But, when he is once convicted, Sanglade will bring the *Montebello* back to the Dardanelles, or else blow her up!"

"And you wish me really to tell the grand vizier so?"

"Without hesitation, as soon as you hear that we have weighed anchor. For the capudan-pasha can only lead us from here direct to Mehemet Ali. And, as regards yourself, dear Lattas, strive to join the army. Demand an audience of the grand vizier, and refer to me. Tell him that we formed an acquaintance at Smyrna, while I was still attached to the French navy. I will give you a letter of recommendation, and point out your qualifications as a draughtsman and engineer, and add my honest opinion that you are peculiarly qualified to form a staff for the Turkish army."

"During my forced idleness in Stamboul, I have employed myself in drawing a plan of the city. Suppose I were to offer it to the grand vizier, it might serve as an introduction."

"Capital! do so, and your ability will be proved at once. When you have once joined the army you cannot fail of success, and then perhaps we shall meet again, it may be, under arms on the Syrian coast."

The captain had scarce spoken ere a shout was heard, "Boat ahoy!" and in a moment after an officer came up the side. The captain joined him, and they had a short conversation. When it was ended, Sanglade looked very pale and disturbed. He rapidly approached Lattas, and shook his hand almost convulsively, and whispered, "Go—go, Lattas. I have just received a notice which must drive all the blood out of my cheeks. Oh, these stupid creatures! they can only see the signal flags, and cannot dive into their secret meaning. So soon as the capudan-pasha has joined his ship—and he is expected every moment—the anchor will be weighed. Three days ago we received a command to hold ourselves in readiness, and no man was to be allowed leave. But now, go to the grand vizier—do not hesitate a moment—repeat to him what I have told you just now—you cannot have a better chance. But do not forget one thing: Captain Sanglade is responsible for the *Montebello*, and will bring her back, no matter at what cost, so soon as the treason is accomplished."

He shook hands heartily with Lattas, who went down the side and entered the caïque which was awaiting. Within a quarter of an hour the admiral's flag was hoisted on board his vessel, and the fleet saluted. This was followed by an order to weigh anchor, and before night the Turkish fleet was well out of the Dardanelles. It was the 5th of July when Achmed Fevzi Pasha took the fleet from Stamboul against the express orders of his imperial master, and on the 14th he handed it over to the rebellious vassal Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt and Syria.

III.

MORE than a year had passed away. Mehemet Ali had been continually victorious, and the Turkish Empire was threatened with dissolution, when the envoys of the great powers commenced their conferences in London, intended to maintain the integrity of Turkey.

It was the 3rd of November, 1839. An enormous mass was collected on the Gulhané square. All eyes were fixed on the Kiosk of Tulips in the seraglio garden, where the youthful Sultan had just made his appearance. His intelligent face was pale, and his mature form seemed to deny the fact that he was only sixteen years of age. He was dressed in uniform; the red collar was embroidered with diamonds, a white ostrich plume fluttered above his fez, and a blue cloak hung down from his shoulders. The band struck up, the troops presented arms, and shouts of welcome were heard from a thousand throats. In a clear, harmonious voice, the Sultan read the hatti-sheriff, which will be for ever known by the name of Gulhané. From this day forth the Turkish Empire became an integral member of the European state family. The Sultan retired amid the joyful shouts of the assembled people.

While the excited populace were slowly retiring from the garden, a young and thoughtful man was hurrying along the streets. He, too, had been present in the Sultan's suite; he wore the uniform of a Turkish colonel, and we are already acquainted with him, as we met him on board the *Montebello* with Captain Sanglade. Since that time Michel Lattas has gained distinction, and bears the name of Omar Bey. Chosrev Pasha, the grand vizier, had recognised his pre-eminent abilities, and gladly accepted his services, and, at the time we meet him again, he is hurrying to his powerful patron, who has invited him to an interview in his apartments at the new palace of Tchiragan. He entered his caïque, which glided past the suburb of Beshiktash. His eye could not fail to rest on the plateau of Hunkiar-Skelessi, where a tall monument marks the spot occupied by the head-quarters of the Russian army in 1833, to protect the capital against the Egyptians. Here, too, the celebrated treaty was signed by which the Porte bound itself to close the Dardanelles against all but Russian ships. Next came the marine arsenal and a gloomy building, at whose barred windows wretched beings, with chains round their necks, were fastened to the walls; a fearful stench exhaled from the house, and the howling of wild beasts might be heard, for just opposite the madhouse was a building filled with lions, bears, wolves, and foxes. These beasts mingled their shrill yells with the cries and moans of the maniacs, who were much worse off than their savage neighbours, for if the latter were fettered, they did not wear the chain round their necks, and could move about in a much larger space.

On entering the palace, Omar Bey proceeded to the splendid apartments set aside for the grand vizier, the walls of which were composed of mirrors, and adorned with lustres and candelabra. Chosrev Pasha received him with great affability, and they were soon engaged in a serious conversation. The colonel explained his views as to the best way of attacking the Egyptians, while the vizier listened with evident satisfaction.

"The Egyptian army in Syria is 60,000 strong," said the colonel. "We must strive, in the first place, to separate it, and a landing on the Syrian coast would have immense results, if we had only sufficient ships to effect it."

"The allies will lend us theirs. England and Austria have determined to interfere energetically for the protection of Turkey. Terms will be offered the viceroy; if he reject them he will be compelled to yield by force. In that case, your advice as to the operations to be carried on will be of great value. The Sultan has already sent orders to Selim Pasha to collect an army, that we may be ready for any eventualities. You will be attached to it as chief of the staff, and land with it wherever may be deemed most advisable. You will receive your appointment at once, and, I trust, will prove yourself worthy of the high character given you by your worthy friend, Rifaat Pasha, of the *Montebello*. In the mean while we will wait and see whether he keep his word, and bring his ship back to the Dardanelles."

The last words were uttered rather humorously, and accompanied by a good-tempered laugh.

"So much is certain, that Captain Sanglade will never lead his ship to fight against the allies of the Padishah!" said the colonel, haughtily.

"He must bring her back to us: we can use her," Chosrev replied, with a smile of satisfaction. "Well! perhaps you may see him somewhere on the Syrian coast, and you can tell him so. Farewell."

IV.

THERE were two persons present in the cabin of the *Montebello*, which vessel lay in the roads of Alexandria. The gunner, Pierre Selèvre, was standing before the captain, who looked at him fixedly, and then asked him:

"How long have you served on board the *Montebello*, gunner?"

"Fifty-eight years, captain."

"Long enough to assume that some one will soon relieve you in the Sainte-Barbe."

"I am aware I cannot last much longer," said the gunner, coolly.

"Console yourself, my friend. It may be that Providence has reserved the greatest deed of your life for this last hour."

"I do not understand you, captain."

"Do you love the *Montebello*?"

"As my life!"

"Well, then, sacrifice your life for her."

"I do not understand you, captain."

"To whom does the *Montebello* belong?"

"To his highness, the Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid."

"And where is she lying?"

"In the roads of Alexandria. God forgive it!" the gunner muttered, as he gnashed his teeth.

"And where ought she to lie?"

"In the Dardanelles, if I had my way, captain."

"I am of your opinion, gunner. But when we agree as to the place where the *Montebello* ought to lie, we must do our part to bring it about."

The gunner looked at the captain half-doubtingly, and said naïvely, "Do your share, captain."

"Well remarked, gunner. I intend to do so, and reckon on your assistance."

"Has the magazine anything to do with it?"

"Certainly; Sainte-Barbe shall lead us back to the Dardanelles."

"I am sorry once more not to understand you, *mon capitaine*."

"You shall understand me directly. Will you obey me blindly if I put you in the position which I think best suited to restore us our honour?"

"I never held any other post than that in the magazine."

"You shall keep it."

"Then I am at your orders."

"But you must leave the *Montebello*."

The old man felt as if he had received his death-blow. He muttered, in his agony, "Leave the *Montebello*—I—after nearly sixty years' service! Oh no, captain, that cannot be—it really cannot."

The old man shook his head with great sternness, and looked at the captain sternly.

"Reflect, gunner, what meaning such a refusal has from your mouth. It is left entirely in your hands to restore the Padishah his fleet."

"What do you say?" Selèvre exclaimed, violently, and his eye flashed fire as he watched the captain's lips. "What was that I heard? I, the poor harmless gunner, have it in my power to restore the Sultan his ships! You are jesting, captain."

"I am not jesting," said Sanglade, with an earnestness in his voice which dissipated every doubt. "It is as I say to you, and because it is so, I ask you, Gunner Selèvre, will you obey me, and go whither I send you?"

The gunner looked down gloomily. "Leave the *Montebello*. Oh, what agony!" he muttered. "That is as much as giving up all I hold dear. But one more question, captain: shall I see the *Montebello* again?"

"When you have taken her from the roads of Alexandria and still live."

"And where is my post till then?"

"In the magazine of the Turkish flag-ship."

"Still in a magazine; that is some consolation."

"You have decided, then? You will bring back the *Montebello* to her duty?"

"I will obey, though I do not understand."

"It is quite enough for you to obey, Selèvre. You will, then, quit the *Montebello* this day."

"This day?" Selèvre repeated, with a sigh, and an unwonted moisture gathered in his eyes.

"You will proceed on board the flag-ship, and ask to be removed to another vessel. Make any excuse you please to explain your sudden aversion for the *Montebello*."

"My aversion! Oh, what a falsehood!"

"Say you have been badly treated, and request to be appointed to another ship of the line. Produce the brilliant certificate I will give you, and they cannot refrain from making you gunner of the flag-ship, a post which is now vacant."

"And when I am gunner of the flag-ship, what then?"

"Then you will stand under the orders of the first lieutenant of the *Montebello*, M. Cardieux."

"But how can Mosseu Cardieux give me orders from aboard this ship when I am on another?"

"You may be quite calm; M. Cardieux will be at your side. He will be appointed to the flag-ship like yourself, and you will obey his orders blindly, just as if you were still aboard the *Montebello*. Do you understand me, Gunner Selèvre?"

"Perfectly, captain."

"And you will act as I have directed you?"

"I will obey you now, and Mosseu Cardieux afterwards."

"Very good. I thank you, gunner; in a short time the Sultan will probably thank you too—if thanks have any value for you, as the magazine of the flag-ship has a very slippery floor, on which a man can easily fall and break his neck."

The captain looked fixedly at the gunner, who returned the glance with equal firmness, and only remarked, "It's of no consequence, captain."

"Then you can say good-by to the *Montebello*."

The gunner left the cabin, and a few minutes later the first lieutenant entered it.

"Do you know, my worthy lieutenant, that you no longer belong to the *Montebello*?" the captain said, as he entered.

"I will not hope——" said the lieutenant, turning pale.

"But you must hope, my dear lieutenant, for a good fruit will spring up from bad seed, if God and Sainte-Barbe do their part. Here is your appointment to the flag-ship."

The captain handed the lieutenant a paper, which the latter accepted with visible dissatisfaction.

"Come, take it, my good acting-captain. Is it not better to command the flag-ship than to be lieutenant on board the *Montebello*? The flag-ship has given up its captain to the Egyptian fleet, and the capudan-pasha entrusts it to you temporarily. This ought to flatter you, though it seems to me as if there were a design to get the Frenchmen out of the *Montebello*, and thus isolate her?"

"Believe me, captain, I would sooner remain as I am."

"Be calm, my dear friend, and listen to me. When the fleet left the Dardanelles, I took an oath that I would restore the *Montebello* to the Padishah, or perish with her. I have awaited a favourable moment for a long time, and it has at length arrived. The Egyptian fleet has sailed to carry reinforcements to Ibrahim Pasha, and now we have a chance of moving. At this moment you are appointed providentially captain of the flag-ship. Will you understand me, Cardieux, if I tell you that I now hope not only to restore the *Montebello*, but the entire fleet to the Sultan. We shall liberate ourselves from this disgraceful position—if you understand me."

"I do understand you, captain," said Cardieux, solemnly, and offered Sanglade his hand. The latter shook it heartily.

"Now explain to me how you wish me to set about it," Cardieux said, after a short pause.

Their conversation lasted an hour, and when they parted the certainty of success was reflected from their faces.

V.

The great ensign of the capudan-pasha floated from the mainmast of the flag-ship as a signal that Admiral Achmet Fevzi Pasha was on board, which was not often the case, as he preferred usually remaining on shore at Alexandria. As soon as the salute had been fired, the acting-captain Cardieux proceeded to the magazine. By his side walked the aged gunner, Pierre Selèvre. The two men entered the gloomy spot which all shunned, and the wire-enclosed lamp threw a dim light on the piled up cartridges and black-looking powder-barrels. The captain cast a hurried glance around, then thrust away the book the gunner presented him, and said, in a quiet whisper,

"I have not come here with you to verify your accounts; we have more important affairs to attend to. You remember the reason of your leaving the *Montebello*?"

"My poor ship; shall I ever forget my loss?"

"Give up all such desponding thoughts, gunner; honour is appealing to you, my worthy veteran!"

"Honour! I listen, captain?"

"Why did Captain Sanglade send you aboard the flag-ship?"

"If I am not mistaken, to obey your commands, captain."

"Well then, gunner, you will not leave the magazine from this moment."

"Very good, captain."

"You know my negro lad? Well, if between now and the next twelve hours he taps at this door, and says to you, '*The captain orders the gunner to hold himself ready*,' you will blow the ship up!"

The gunner turned pale, and fell back a step.

"You understand me?" the captain asked, coolly.

"I am trying to understand you," the gunner muttered.

"And you will do what I order you?"

Selèvre thought for a moment, and then said, with energy, "I promised Captain Sanglade to obey you blindly in all things; I will keep my promise like an honest man. But, allow me one question, captain: What will happen if the negro does not tap at the magazine door within twelve hours?"

"Then you will be gunner on board the *Montebello* again to-morrow!"

An exclamation of joy escaped from the gunner's lips.

"I leave you now, gunner, and reckon upon you. So soon as you receive the order——"

"The admiral's ship will have ceased to exist a minute after," the gunner interrupted the captain in a firm voice.

"Good!" the latter said, and left the magazine to proceed to the cabin of the capudan-pasha. On the way he was joined by the negro lad, who was waiting for him. He said to him, "Come with me, and do not let me out of your sight. While I am in the admiral's cabin, lay yourself at the door, and do not move. When I come out, no matter if alone or in the company of any one, do not quit my side. If I put out my hand and give you a paper, you will hurry with it to the magazine, and give it to the gunner, who will open on your tapping with the words, 'The captain orders the gunner to hold himself ready.' You understand me thoroughly, my boy?"

The boy nodded his head, and they proceeded together to the admiral's cabin. The capudan-pasha was reclining on a splendid ottoman, and smoking his chebouque, when Cardieux entered. He greeted the captain with a condescending nod, and made a sign to him to take a seat. The captain, however, paid no attention, but said, seriously,

"The officers and men of the fleet of the Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid have entrusted me with an honourable mission by desiring me to be the interpreter of their wishes to his mightiness the capudan-pasha."

"What are these wishes, Captain Cardieux?" the admiral asked, after staring with some amazement at his visitor.

"The officers and men of the Sultan's fleet request his mightiness the capudan-pasha to lead them back to the Dardanelles, which is their proper place."

The admiral let his pipe fall in his surprise and alarm. He moved restlessly on the divan, and regarded the captain with widely opened eyes.

"My officers and men request that I——" the admiral stammered.

"Will lead them back to Stamboul and their sole lord and master the Sultan," the captain filled up the sentence, in a firm, bold voice.

The admiral shook his head, and muttered, "I will consider the matter."

"The mighty capudan-pasha will pardon me if I contradict him. No consideration is required in this case."

"But if I say it is necessary?" the admiral shouted, and looking at his subaltern furiously.

Cardieux remarked, without feeling the least alarmed, "Then I should answer, to my great regret, that it is too late for consideration."

"Too late!—why so?" the admiral asked, restlessly.

"Because we have considered, and arrived at the conclusion that we must, in any case, return to the Dardanelles. If the capudan-pasha will not lead us thither, we must do it for ourselves."

"Mutiny and revolt!" the admiral said, savagely, as he rose.

"Nothing of the sort; it is merely a requital for the treachery that brought us to Egypt, and handed us over to the viceroy."

"And who was the traitor?" the admiral asked, in a hesitating voice, as he strove to look the captain boldly in the face, and cause him to pause in his reply. But Cardieux answered undauntedly,

"The capudan-pasha, Achmet Fevzi, was guilty of the treason, and we now ask him to expiate it by leading us back to the place whence he brought us."

The admiral stopped for a moment, dumb with passion, and then moved toward the door.

"Not a step—not a movement, or I will shoot you," the captain explained, in a tone of authority, and drew a pistol from his pocket, which he presented at the admiral. He fell back a step in alarm.

"Mutiny and murder, then!" he muttered.

"Everything is permissible against treachery. But let us understand each other, admiral. While the fleet demands to return to the Dardanelles, we are all unanimous in lightening the task for you. Order us to go to the Dardanelles, restore the ships to the Sultan, and you shall have the entire credit. The Padishah will receive you graciously, and pardon your treachery, as you have expiated it by a good deed."

"And suppose I do not accept your proposal?" the admiral inquired, anxiously.

"Then I shall kill you, and assume the command of the flag-ship alone," the captain answered, coolly.

The admiral sat silent in his indecision. The pistol in the captain's hand gave his words an unmistakable effect. And without, he fancied every man a mutineer, every hand ready to second the pistol of the captain, who spoke in behalf of all.

"And suppose I decide to carry the fleet to the Dardanelles, what will happen in that case?"

"Then we shall obey the capudan-pasha, who will give his orders through me. I will remain by your side till we have left the roads of Alexandria and are steering for Stamboul."

"I cannot leave Alexandria like a fugitive," the admiral objected.

"Yet you left Stamboul in that way?"

The admiral was silent.

"Will you yield to the general wish, and order the anchor to be weighed?"

A heavy sigh escaped from the terrified man, and at last he muttered, "Be it so!"

"I thank you, admiral. But, in order that you may claim the whole merit of the deed, and have witnesses at Stamboul that you acted from your own free will, you must appear with me on the quarter-deck."

"I will follow you," the pasha said, despondingly.

"Before we go, one word more, admiral, the last bold and open one I shall say to you. I have put up the pistol. Without, I have a more certain guarantee that you will do your duty, and place no obstacle in my way as captain of the flag-ship."

"And that is?" the pasha asked, in a hesitating manner.

"In the invisible connexion between myself and the magazine."

The admiral turned pale involuntarily.

"A word, a movement on your part calculated to arouse my suspicions, and I blow the flag-ship up. Will you be pleased to give orders to weigh anchor?"

The pasha nodded his silent assent, and the two men proceeded on deck. Within five minutes the flag-ship was one mass of signals, and the fleet prepared to start once more for the Dardanelles. Great was the surprise felt, but this was soon changed into a feeling of unbounded delight. As for Captain Sanglade, it was the happiest day of his life when he sailed past the flag-ship, bound for Stamboul.

While all this was going on above, the old gunner, Pierre Selèvre, sat, far, far down in the magazine, waiting with some nervous excitement for what might happen. But hour after hour passed away and nothing came. Only one remarkable circumstance had occurred: the ship was evidently in motion, and was bounding merrily over the waves. The gunner could notice this fact even in the depths of the magazine. He did not trouble himself with much thought as to how this had been brought about. He was pleased that it was so, and a sort of joyful foreboding whispered to him that he had a considerable share in the sailing of the ship. And again hour after hour ran by, but the ship did not rest. Suddenly—the gunner had certainly been sitting more than twelve hours in the magazine—steps were heard without, and some one rapped at the door. The gunner jumped up in agitation. He took one step forward, but then stopped, as if nailed to the ground. Suppose the order had now arrived to blow the ship up? Selèvre was overpowered by the fearful idea: his legs tottered beneath him, and he leaned against the door. Again a rapping was heard, and this brought the gunner to his senses. He shook off all his nervousness with a violent action, and opened the door. A joyful "Ah!" burst from him when he saw Captain Cardieux's good-humoured countenance.

"You are relieved, Gunner Selèvre," said the captain.

A stone seemed to fall from off the gunner's heart. "The ship will not be blown up?" he asked.

"God forbid! we are bound for the Dardanelles. If you go up aloft you can see the *Montebello* steering merrily in that direction."

"Long live the *Montebello* and her brave Captain Sanglade!" shouted the gunner, proudly and joyfully.

Such was the story I heard some two years back on board a Turkish man-of-war laid up in ordinary above the new bridge at Stamboul. It was told me by a Frenchman still serving the Sultan, who was acquainted with all the facts, and was very proud of the distinguished part his countrymen played in the affair. I believe the story is not generally known, and I have therefore no hesitation in imparting it to my readers. Whatever their opinion may be as to the truth of the tale, they will unite with me in agreeing that *si non è vero, è ben trovato.*

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

A MODERN STORY.

By Dudley Costello.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE SEARCH.

The landlord of "Piccadilly's White Bear" had not overrated the sagacity of Mr. Detective Wormwood. An hour's conversation with Monsieur Perrotin supplied that acute officer with all the preliminary information he required, and he drew upon his own resources for the rest. These resources were ample, and he soon satisfied himself that the person he was in quest of must be found within a particular radius, London and its environs being mapped out in Mr. Wormwood's experience with even more than postal accuracy. For a time he pursued his search alone, but when he had exhausted certain districts, and narrowed the field of inquiry, he made Monsieur Perrotin his companion.

"While we both of us makes use of our legs, Mounseer"—John Wormwood adhered to the old form of pronunciation—"you must keep your eyes open, for the purpose of identifying of this here chap, in case we happens to stumble on him in our walks. Don't let e'er a one go past you without taking of his measure, only mind you don't look straight *at* the parties, leastways into their eyes, for then th[illegible] looks into yourn and the game's all up; they knows directly if they're wanted, and out of sight they dives in less than no time, and ten to one you never sees nothing of 'em again as long as you live! Lord bless you, identification ain't noways difficult, if ever you have, what I call, *really* known a man. I once, in a crowd, saw nothing but a hat and the up-and-down motion of a pair of shoulders, and the next moment I had as good as a fifty-pun' note in my pocket: never ketched sight of his face till he turned round and found hisself grabbed."

It was a relief to Monsieur Perrotin's melancholy to accompany the Detective, and together they roamed, late and early, through all the likeliest suburbs, till Chelsea, Hammersmith, Kensington, and Bayswater had been thoroughly sifted, and then they prepared to explore the rural region which covers London on the north-west.

"There's two ways of playing at hide-and-seek, Mounseer," said Mr. Wormwood; "there's the social dodge, when you goes and mixes yourself up with the metropolis—this here London of ours, you understand; and there's the solitary dodge, when you keeps away from it altogether. If it's a personal matter, and you has friends that will help you to keep it dark, my advice is, stick to the bricks and mortar; but if others is in it, don't trust to no friendships—folks is tempted sometimes, and does queer things to save their own bacons—but go and take a walk into the country and keep yourself *to* yourself: then nobody can't peach on you, if they're ever so minded. Now this precious Mister Yates's line ain't in no respect a town business: barred up winders ain't popular, 'cept among sheriffs' officers, and London streets is too condoocive of gaiety to the feelings to soot them as has the care of lunattics; they chooses outside sittuations, where nobody can't overlook the premises or hear what's going on in 'em, places as don't rise the sperrits, but otherwise keeps 'em down, such as the neighbouringhood of semmetries, gas-works, and such-like establishments. Therefore, Mounseer, if you've no objection, we'll try the St. John's Wood side to-day. Ah, that was a reg'lar place once! I remember the time when you might see the inmates a-grinning at you over the walls at every turn; but these here revolutions abroad—you'll excuse me, Mounseer—has so filled The Wood with forriners, no other madmen ain't to be met with in that there quarter."

"I go where you please, mon cher Monsieur Vermoud," replied the docile Frenchman, "so that it encourage the hope to find my wife. Yes, I could meet her now with a more pleasant face than yesterday, for good news was arrive this morning. I hear of the dear boy's safety!"

"Ah!" said the Detective, "how came that about, if I may make so bold?"

Monsieur Perrotin produced a letter addressed to Rachel by Walter himself, which had been forwarded by Monsieur Verneil: it contained a full account of all that had befallen him from the time of his misadventure in the forest up to the period of his recovery; indeed, it went further, for there was a hasty postscript which said: "I have seen *her* again! Oh, Rachel, if you were only here—you, and another for whom I yearn—I should want nothing to make me happy. Come, dearest Rachel, come as quickly as you can!"

This postscript not being intelligible to Monsieur Perrotin, he did not read it to Mr. Wormwood, but nothing else was omitted, and the Detective declared he was very glad to hear it was all right with the young gentleman.

"I hope," he said, "Mister Yates will soon be boxed, as well as them two froggified French rascals—no offence, Mounseer, in calling of 'em by that name—if a man's a rascal it don't signify whether he's French or English; I'm sure our chap deserves it as much as they do! Now, which shall it be?" continued the Detective, as Monsieur Perrotin and himself were proceeding along Baker-street; "shall we turn to the right or the left when we gets to the New-road, or go straight forward? I'm agreeble to ayther, for when one's not acting on information it's all luck, and as you don't know this part of the town, your opinion can't bias or incommode in any way."

To this appeal Monsieur Perrotin replied in favour of a direct route.

"That will take us right through The Wood," said the Detective; "so be it. We'll walk easy, just as if we had business that warn't very particlar. Foggy weather, when it's not too thick, is useful in my profession: this here Baker-street always has enough of it when fogs is going about; we shall have it more clearer when we gets further on!"

Clearer it was, but still misty and damp, and "The Wood," as they went through it, presented no very cheerful appearance, the rime dripping from the trees like a shower-bath; neither did the country look much more inviting, when the last row of houses was left behind. To beguile the way, however, Mr. Wormwood discoursed of his own personal reminiscences, and had some singular story to tell in relation to every subject.

He it was who captured the man that murdered his friend—there—in the lonely pathway, beside the high park wall; when the last fatal duel that ever was fought took place, he (Mr. Wormwood) came up in time to help to carry the colonel's dead body into the public-house they had just passed; in a pond to the left, after five days' search, he found the great box of plate made away with by the butler who lived in the large house on the top of yonder hill; he could point out the exact spot at which he took off his hat to a gentleman riding by, the owner of a noble mansion in one of the finest squares in London, the very day before he arrested him for forgery; there was scarcely a person they met or an object they saw that did not revive in the Detective's memory some anecdote of crime.

In this manner they proceeded, the one talking and the other listening, till they reached an open space crossed a short distance before them by the road that leads from Hampstead to Hendon. Mr. Wormwood stopped here and leaned his back against a milestone while he pointed out to Monsieur Perrotin one of his remarkable sites.

"Half an hour ago, Mounseer," he said, "I was mentioning of the business at Chalk Farm, when one officer killed another, his own brother-in-law, 'cause of a difference between 'em that ought never to have been; well, there was just as bad a thing happened not a couple of hundred yards from the spot we're now standing on, and no better reason for the shedding of blood in this case than the other. It warn't in my time, though, but my father's; he was what they used to call a Bow-street runner, Mounseer, and saw a good deal of life in his day. Him and me never come along this road, which it was a favourite walk of his, without his setting down just where I'm a setting at this moment, and telling me the very same story that I'm a going to tell you. There warn't so many clubs then as now, but in them they had there was a deal more gambling. Whether it was cards or dice my father couldn't say, but money was lost one night that led to angry words between two gentlemen, and out of that come a horsewhipping and a meeting with pistols; and him that had the horsewhipping wasn't shot at, but got a nickname which, p'raps, was worse. Now in this here affair the second to the gentleman that gave the whipping was a well-known nobleman, and it behoved him some little time afterwards to call the other by his nickname, meaning no offence, but only for fun, whereupon he turned round quite hot and peppery, and said something the nobleman couldn't stand, and nothing would do but satisfaction. Golder's-green, this here very place, was the ground they chose, and here they met one morning in Febuary, the last day of the month my father said it was, and face to face they stood only six paces from each other, and at the signal given both of 'em fired and down dropped the nobleman,—it was nigh the clump of rushes there just in front of that gig you see coming along the road from Hendon—and when they picked him up they saw there wasn't no hopes of saving of him, for the ball had lodged right in the middle of his vitals. So they picked him up—the gig is coming this way, there are two in it, a man and a boy—and carried him to the nearest house, and two days afterwards he was dead, that nobleman was, and if I'd been one of the jury that set on his body I should have given as my werdict, 'Died by the visitation of nonsense,' which all duels is, and a good thing it is they're all done away with."

Monsieur Perrotin had been standing with his back to the high road while Mr. Wormwood was speaking, only turning his head to notice the spot where the duel was fought; but the sound of wheels close behind him as the Detective finished his story made him look suddenly round. An exclamation rose to his lips, but he suppressed it, and instantly resuming his former position, he raised his finger and shot a glance at the driver of the gig, a sturdy, square-built man, dressed like a sort of gentleman-farmer.

"You don't mean it?" said Mr. Wormwood, under his breath.

Monsieur Perrotin nodded in reply.

"Certain?"

Monsieur Perrotin nodded again.

"He's out of hearing now: you may speak up," said the Detective.

"That is the man," returned Monsieur Perrotin. "I swear at him."

"That won't do no good, Mounseer, you must swear *to* him!"

"*It is* what I will say. The person in the boghey is Yate."

"I shall know him again, Mounseer, his face was towards me; and an uglier face I have seldom seen. Now the question is, where did he come from? The roads is dirty and his wheels was clean, only a splash or two on the body of the gig; he can't have been out long, nor live far off. Let me see: he came on to the Green from the Hendon side; we must take that direction. You'll excuse my not answering of anything you may remark, Mounseer, till I opens my mouth spontaneously."

Mr. Wormwood followed the gig with his eyes till it was out of sight, and then, turning, struck into a path which led across the Green to the angle where it joined the Hendon road, Monsieur Perrotin keeping close at his side. The entrance on this side to the long, straggling village is pleasant in summer from the shade it offers, but in the winter its aspect is rather gloomy. They passed several houses the situation of which was too exposed to suit such a person as Mr. Yates, but at length the Detective paused to examine one that was separated from the road by a deep ditch and high palings, both of which seemed to run all round the garden in which it stood; the trees that screened it on all sides were very thickly planted, and many of them being evergreens, little of the house was visible; there were two entrances, with a wide space between, but the first they came to was padlocked, and the path that led from it inside was mildewed and untrodden; the second gate appeared alone to serve for admission, and on a wicket beside it was a discoloured brass plate bearing the inscription of "Rose Cottage."

"Not an onlikely place, this," said Mr. Wormwood; "but we mustn't be in no hurry. Let's look for a public; we may find out something there."

Half a mile further and the effigy of a grey swan, bearing beneath it the name of J. Tubbs, announced the village inn. They entered, and Mr. Wormwood called for a pint of "dog's-nose," and while it was being prepared he entered into conversation with the innkeeper.

It was, he observed, a nice, tidy sort of village; were there any houses to let, now? He was looking out for one, not too large, but big enough for a family of six or eight, with a spare bedroom or two. Did Mr. Tubbs know of such a thing? Well, Mr. Tubbs couldn't exactly say what might please the gentleman; what some people fancied others mightn't to; Hendon was a biggish place, more nor a mile long; there was houses of all sizes to let, mostly at the furthermost end; he didn't know of none thereabouts, except the beer-shop over the way, he meant what had been the beer-shop, for he was thankful to say the late properietor was sold up, and a greater scamp——Mr. Wormwood, cutting short an episode which might have proved as long as the village itself, here interposed by saying he had remarked a place called "Rose Cottage," which did not seem occupied; did that happen to be vacant? Mr. Tubbs smiled and shook his head. He rather thought the gentleman wouldn't ever like to be an inmate of Rose Cottage—not just then. Oh yes, it was occupied, hadn't been empty since he'd lived in Hendon, warn't likely to be, so long as there was folks as stood in need of other folks pertecting of 'em, and keeping of 'em out o' harm's way—the gentleman understood him, no doubt. Rose Cottage was what they called a private establishment; it was an oncommon quiet one; nobody know'd nothing of what went on inside of it; he didn't; if beer was drunk on Mister Yates's premises none of it went from the Swan.

This was enough. Mr. Wormwood repressed an anxious movement on the part of his companion, said he should look round him, lingered a few minutes over his "dog's-nose," talking quietly of the weather, and so forth, and then wished Mr. Tubbs good morning.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE RESCUE.

WHAT Misery had been Rachel's since the night when she was carried off by Matthew Yates!

It was not enough that he had succeeded in securing her person: his object also was to ascertain the motive which had taken her into Yorkshire, and extract from her every particular of Walter's history of which he was himself ignorant. But cajolement and menaces, resorted to by turns, were alike ineffectual: deep as was her depression, Rachel's resolution was unyielding, and not a word would she reply to the ceaseless questionings by which she was assailed. On the other hand, her tears and petitions were equally unheeded. Sympathy from her own sex she found none, the Keeper's wife being of as harsh a nature as her brutal husband, and no resource remained save earnest prayer, and the trust she reposed in a merciful Providence.

Besides being baffled in his expectations, another cause of annoyance arose for Yates. No tidings reached him from Auguste Mercier, who, long before this, he thought, should have succeeded in the object for which he went to Paris. Had the fellow deceived him? or had he failed in his project? He was unable to answer either question, and the trouble of uncertainty was added to other reasons for disquiet. At last some intelligence arrived, but not of a kind to make him thankful for learning it.

It was conveyed to him by a paragraph in the *Times*, which was thus worded: "We learn from *Galignani* that a singular case of attempted murder and abduction is about to be tried at the forthcoming assizes of the department of the Seine Inférieure, the intended victim being a young Englishman whose private history is said to be associated with various romantic incidents, in connexion with which the names of more than one English family of rank are mentioned. The actual perpetrators of the outrage are already in custody, but if the alleged confession of one of them—not the principal—is to be credited, the source of the plot will be traced to an agent on the other side of the Channel. We forbear from saying more at present, lest the ends of justice should be thereby frustrated."

Matthew Yates turned pale as he read this passage. The plot, then, had failed, but who was the delator? "Not the principal!" To whom had Mercier, in his folly, confided a secret of so much moment? By the mention of "English families of rank" it was plain that the statement was no vague conjecture. If Mercier *had* attempted murder, contrary to the instructions given, why did he pause half way? Better have done the job completely, and then there would have been none of this *tell-tale* evidence. Had Mrs. Scrope taken his (Yates's) advice from the first, the child its mother thought was dead need never have lived to trouble them! The allusion to an English agent made him tremble. It was no new feature, in the relations between the two countries, for the police of France to seek assistance in London. How did he know that they were not already on his track?

If Yates had followed his own inspirations he would at once have sought safety in flight, but he was withheld from doing so by more than one consideration. In the first place, he feared to stir, even on his own account, without the authority of Mrs. Scrope, and in the next he was dependent upon her for the means of doing so. He was a man of dissolute conduct and expensive habits, and large as had been the sums received by him from time to time from his patroness, he never had money at command: at this moment he was almost entirely without resources.

Mrs. Scrope's commands had always been that Yates should in no case write to her when it was possible for him to make a personal communication, and, after consulting with his wife, the Keeper determined to go down to Scargill Hall, fixing his journey for the day after that on which he was seen by Monsieur Perrotin and the Detective. It was for the purpose of gleaning further information from the French newspapers, if it were to be obtained, that he went into town, a foreign house near Leicester-square, a low sort of *café* and reading-room, being one of his haunts; at this place he had given his address, under a feigned name, when he parted with Auguste Mercier. While he is on his errand we return to Hendon.

"What must now be done, Monsieur Vermoud?" asked the Teacher of Languages, when he left the Swan with the Detective.

"Reconniter the premises, I think, Mounseer, as well as we're able to," was Mr. Wormwood's reply. "It's a place, I should say, where no strangers is admitted except on business, and as my business and theirs is different, I don't expect they'd let me in if I was to call and leave my card. Still there's nothing like trying."

Arrived at the gate which he had already scrutinised, Mr. Wormwood tried to open it.

"Just what I thought," he said. "Shuts on a spring, no doubt. Outside bells are scarce here, seemingly; but there's spikes and tenter-hooks in plenty: look at 'em, Mounseer, how they runs along the tops of the palings, like sharks' teeth, only crookeder. Nothing rips up the inexpressibles or makes such nasty jags as them tenter-hooks. I've the marks of two or three about me to this hour! We'll let the front of Rose Cottage alone, there's too many thorns!"

An adjoining field afforded an exit from the road, and availing himself of it, Mr. Wormwood approached the house by the side, followed closely by Monsieur Perrotin. As the Detective had originally supposed, it was fenced in all round. One point, however, at the back seemed of easier access than any other part, and here Mr. Wormwood took counsel with his companion.

"It's a shivery kind of a preposition as I'm about to make," said the Detective, "but if you didn't mind passing an hour or two along of me in this here plantation, I fancy something might turn up, as the newspapers say, 'to our adwantage.' As there's lots of leaves on the everlastings, we don't run much risk of being seen, particlarly at this time of the year, when it gets dark so soon. Shall I give a leg, Mounseer, or take one?"

This last inquiry referred to precedence in crossing the fence, and as Monsieur Perrotin was less skilled in scaling barriers than Mr. Wormwood, he accepted that gentleman's assistance, and, by dint of some manœuvring, managed to get over the palings without damage either to his integuments or his person. The Detective was equally successful, and at last they both stood safe and sound within the precincts of the domain.

"We shall do pretty well now, Mounseer," said the officer, "perwided there's no dawgs. If, by misfortune," he continued, pointing to the butt-end of a pistol which peeped from a side-pocket, "one should set upon us, he must be silenced with this here, though I'd rather keep *my* barker quiet for the present."

With great precaution the two then stole into the plantation, till, through the openings of the branches, they got a tolerably good view of the house. It was a very plain, square building, suggesting very little of the "Cottage" and nothing of the "Rose:" only one window, on the ground-floor, allowed daylight to enter, the rest were all closed by French shutters, painted so dark a green as to look quite black. Monsieur Perrotin gazed wistfully at the *jalousies* and heaved a deep sigh.

"Well, Mounseer," said the Detective, in a low voice, "it's natteral that you should feel for her sittuation, poor thing, but you must keep up. We'll have her out of that, please God, before we're very much older! Why, what's this? Not a dawg, exactly, but a kennel, and a pretty big 'un! He must have been a goodish-sized annimle as lived in it. There ain't no recent marks, so I conjecters the owner's dead, which is all the better for us. What do you say, Mounseer, to setting down inside this here concern while I takes a peep at the house? You'll be warmer there, and more out of sight!"

Waiving what was derogatory in the proposal, and feeling that dignity must occasionally be sacrificed to convenience, Monsieur Perrotin crept into the kennel, and found no difficulty in assuming a tolerably comfortable sitting posture. I wish to say nothing disrespectful of the excellent Teacher of Languages, but truth obliges me to admit that, from the grimness of his aspect, as he sat there thinking of the villany of Matthew Yates, the mistake might have been pardoned of supposing that the kennel's late tenant was still watching at his post.

Meantime Mr. Wormwood, keeping on the blind side of the house, crept close to it, and began a very minute inspection. He was absent about half an hour, and then returned as carefully as he went.

"It may be a female woice as I have just heard," he said, "but if so, the lady is troubled with gruffness, and, drawing of it mild, I should say she was a bit of a wirago. But you needn't to fear, Mounseer, it was only woice; no wiolence other than bad langwidge. Stooping down in the porch, with my ear to the keyhole, I could make out that she was coming down stairs grumbling considerable, and every now and then turning round with a threat at somebody as wouldn't answer her: a lady of course can't swear, it's not becoming, but what this here one let out sounded wery like oaths. She expected her husband home soon, she said, and then she promised to 'give it her'—you understand what that means—but we must perwent her. As there seems to be nobody else in the house but Madam and this man's wife, I fancy it won't be a difficult matter: only we must keep a sharp look-out."

The Detective now squatted down at the edge of the kennel, and continued to talk in a low key to Monsieur Perrotin, explaining what was to be done when the time for action arrived. Another half-hour went by and it became perfectly dark, the outer gloom corresponding well with the desolation of the place where Rachel was confined. Suddenly Mr. Wormwood ceased speaking, and pressed his companion's arm. A quick-stepping horse and a pair of light wheels were coming along the road, and the pace slackened as it drew near Rose Cottage, a token that Matthew Yates was returning.

"Come along, Mounseer," whispered the Detective; "place yourself where I told you, on the right hand of the porch, I shall be on the left; as soon as the door is opened, rush in and seize the female while I tackle the gent her husband—the boy we needn't to mind. Hark! he's at the gate. He's telling the boy to take the gig on somewheres—where he puts it up, no doubt. Well, it's one less, and them imps of boys is sometimes troublesome."

The ambush was laid as directed: presently the wicket closed, and Yates was descried approaching on foot. He came straight up to the porch, on either side of which, concealed behind two wide-spreading box-trees, the Detective and Monsieur Perrotin were waiting, and tapping twice at the door gave a shrill whistle: there was a movement inside, a heavy bar was taken down, then a chain-bolt withdrawn, and the door stood open. At that instant, just as Yates's foot was on the threshold, the strong hand of Mr. Wormwood seized his collar from behind, with a sudden swing he was thrown backwards on the ground, and before he could recover himself the Detective's knee was on his breast and a pistol at his head. Simultaneously with this attack Monsieur Perrotin darted through the open doorway, and confronted Mrs. Yates, who stood in the passage with a light.

"Wretched woman!" he cried, "where is my wife? I make you prisonare!"

The exclamation was unlucky, for it told the story of the scuffle beyond the porch: with the utmost presence of mind Mrs. Yates fell back a step, and lifting the heavy candlestick struck the Frenchman so violent a blow on the forehead that he staggered and nearly fell. At the exclamation he made and the extinction of the light, the Detective turned his head and slightly relaxed his hold of Matthew Yates, who, quickly perceiving what had happened, exerted all his strength, dislodged the officer, recovered his feet, and before the other could seize him again, disappeared in the darkness. To secure the only advantage they had gained, Mr. Wormwood forced back the door which Mrs. Yates was trying to close; he raised his pistol to the ceiling, fired one barrel, and by the light of the explosion caught a glimpse of Monsieur Perrotin's antagonist as she fled along the passage; he then heard a distant door bang, and all was quiet.

Not long, however, for the Teacher of Languages, raising his voice to its highest pitch, began loudly to clamour for his wife, and "Rachel! Rachel!" resounded through the house. A faint cry responded from above, and again Monsieur Perrotin called for her.

"Just half a minnit," said Mr. Wormwood, "and we'll find her: there's nobody here but ourselves. I never travels without my tools."

A blazing lucifer-match supplied the key to his meaning, the fallen candle was relighted, and together they rushed up-stairs. Directed by the cry they had already heard, the Detective desired whoever was within to stand away from the door, and dashing his whole weight against it, the lock gave way, the thin pale face of Rachel was seen, and in the next moment she was locked in her husband's arms.

THE WITS OF PARIS.*

Paris is the city amongst all others where there is most pretension to wit, whilst in reality stupidity is held highest in esteem. Each having the same pretensions, none can excuse its monopoly by others; and hence it is that Paris is the last place in the world for any one to live by his wits. As in many other countries, the stupid get on the most readily, for the best of all reasons, because no one likes to employ another who is cleverer than himself. Hence it is, also, that only persons of the most modest abilities ride in their carriages. When Privat laid his complaint before the police magistrates of an attempt at robbery, every one sympathised with him. But when the same celebrity asserted that he had been robbed of 7 fr. 50 cent., doubts arose on all sides. No one believed that Privat could have had 7 fr. 50 cent. in his possession. There are literary Privats in other capitals besides Paris.

Men of wit, however, have their revenge for these their social disadvantages. The weaknesses, the absurdities, the pitiful incapacities of the foolish rich are legitimate game to them, and luckily the season is always open. Nay, they actually traffic upon these surface elements of Parisian and most other society. "I might," said M. Roqueplan to an interpolator, "have engaged Cruvelli for 50,000 fr., but that would not have answered. I gave her 100,000 fr., and then all Europe was obliged to come and hear her!" When the Variétés was on the verge of bankruptcy, Bouffé was engaged for 100,000 fr. The foolish rich only esteem a thing by what it is supposed to cost. In other matters, as their wine, their esteem is in proportion to what they have to pay. Wine-merchants, who sometimes bottle a little wit in their cellars, profit by this weakness.

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* La Vie à Paris—Chroniques du *Figaro*—précédées d'une Etude sur l'Esprit en France à notre Epoque. Par P. J. Stahl. Auguste Villemot.

It is now well known that the wondrous Rachel had, under the pretext of tragedy, a mission to Russia, the object of which was to rid the enemy during the late war of all the loose coin that was in circulation. Hermione acquitted herself conscientiously of this task; she took away with her 700,000 fr., not to mention that when the circulating medium became almost extinct, she also took away all that could be easily converted into money, in the shape of pins, rings, bracelets, and other jewellery. Even young Raphael, her brother, succeeded in carrying off 400,000 fr. Rare example of patriotism at so tender an age!

Why are people so partial to balloon ascents? The secret is, that they always tacitly hope to see an accident. When Von Amburg said to Harel, of the Porte Saint-Martin, that he managed his beasts so as to give a perfect sense of safety to the spectators, "That won't do," said Harel, "you must leave a probability of being eaten up one day, or nobody will come to see you." The story of the man who followed Van Amburg all over the world not to miss that critical day, must have been got up by some home or continental Barnum. Thus it is that the majority are, to use a French term, being continually "exploités" for the benefit of a few.

The wit who preys upon the public is the first to perceive the weak points, not the public—it is too much interested in deceiving itself to think of deceiving others. One night at the Porte Saint-Martin, the play being the "Life of a Comedian," M. Barrière made a tremendous onslaught on "Les Filles de Marbre." The house was electrified, all the Arthurs present applauded vehemently, while the servile public hissed the upper boxes, where were a few of those who would not have been there had not their ungrateful accomplices also been there to denounce them. Even a "fille de marbre" cannot sin without being helped a little.

What would men of wit, from the feuilletonist to the Barnum, do but for the foolish rich? They would be reduced to the dilemma of the editor who proposed to rise from a Bacchic entertainment to proceed to his offices:

"Why are you in such a hurry?" interposed Anténor Joly.

"Because, if I don't go," replied the editor, "the journal won't appear."

"Stupid!" said Anténor. "How can it be a journal and not appear?"

There is no difficulty out of which talent will not find the means of extricating itself. It is questionable, however, how far it would have paid to have supplanted a journal by a *mot*.

Yet what does not a *mot* often lead to in Paris?

"You are getting a belly?" said an intimate friend one day to Arnal.

"Well, what of that? so long as it's not yours," replied Arnal, "it does not concern you."

But still Arnal's rotundity went on increasing till a piece was penned especially for the circumstance, entitled, "Le Mari qui Prend du Ventre," and in which the fun consisted thus:

Arnal is supposed to be a happy married man, when one of the ever-dreaded confraternity of wits reveals to him the unpleasant fact that past 90 kilogrammes *un mari est toisé.* From that moment Arnal passes the day in getting himself weighed wherever he goes. There is not much in such a plot, yet did Arnal make it go down with clamorous applause.

There is at the same time a great deal of chance success in Paris. The public will not have the same thing over again. Some time back a workman was buried under a slip of earth. For eight days nothing was talked about but Dufavel. Was he alive? had he been heard? does he get his "bouillon" through the leathern tube? when will he be extricated? When at length he was rescued, people embraced one another in the streets and opened their purses. "Dufavel" was introduced to the public at the Ambigu-Comique—most ambiguous comedy it was: he was the giraffe, the hippopotamus of his day. But some time afterwards five workmen were placed in the same predicament as Dufavel had been, only they could not get any bouillon down to them. Their names were never mentioned; the public had had enough of being buried alive, and took no interest whatsoever in their fate. To have proposed a play on the subject would have brought down the broom-handle of the establishment on the head of the witless miscalculator of his time. The public were at that moment occupied, besides, with a blind man's dog, whose master being dead, the animal used to go, bowl in mouth, by himself to the old place. The public took so to the dog that it died of a surfeit, and twelve thousand francs in gold were found in its mattress!—at least, so the inheritor said.

The wits of Paris are not necessarily belligerent. When the war broke out in the East crowds of clever men congregated in Constantinople. They were, however, more wanted on the Danube, and were applied to accordingly:

"But," they said, with a unanimous voice, "has not the *Times* its correspondent on the Danube, and does not that suffice for us all?"

"It had; but, alas, he had been taken by the Russians and shot!" was the ready reply.

"Indeed! The prospect for a man of letters is not then a very agreeable one?"

"But he shall be revenged?"

"No doubt, and we will remain here to do justice to the details."

The sympathy that binds the wits of Paris together is of various origin. In the instance of volunteers for the Danube there was great unanimity; so also in the instance of a journey to New Orleans. A clever projector had undertaken to convey an opera troop to the marshes of the Mississippi. One day, during a brief respite from sea-sickness, the party met on deck. One began to hum:

"O Mathilde, idole de mon âme!"

Another:

"Rachel, quand du Seigneur"—

"Amis, la matinée est belle,"

joined in a chorus of three.

"What is this?" they exclaimed; "five tenors in one troop! We have been deceived!" They hurried to the impresario: "Treachery!" they exclaimed; "you solemnly promised that *I* should be the only tenor of the troop."

"Gentlemen, calm yourselves," quietly replied the director. "During the first week that we shall be in New Orleans two will have fallen victims to the yellow fever, two will have died of rehearsals, and the one that survives will be the tenor without a rival."

From that moment cordiality reigned on board. Among true artists, the only chance of keeping down the fever of rivalry is to hold out the hopes of the rivals' death.

Even the clever men of Paris are sometimes puzzled. We remember the time when why the cabmen were always taking umbrellas to the depository of lost objects, and never any purses, became a matter of grave conjecture. But the nature of the objects occasionally advertised as found in the streets excited far greater wonder. One day it was a harp, the next an arm-chair. What could a harp or an arm-chair be doing in the streets? and how could a person lose a harp or an arm-chair? This was a nine days' wonder, and nine hundred explanations of the mystery were volunteered. The one that met with the greatest favour did not emanate from a man of wit—it had a good, honest, bourgeois origin:

"Mais, monsieur," said the bourgeois's wife to her husband, as he was undressing himself, "when you went out this morning you had a flannel waistcoat on."

"True," replied the worthy citizen; "I must have left it at my *solicitor's*."

The incorruptibility of the feuilletonist may be judged of by the following fact: A director was vaunting the success of a new piece—

"Why," he said, "the very check-taker is rubbing his hands: put that in. Tell the public that the check-taker is rubbing his hands with glee."

"I cannot, sir."

"Cannot! Why not?"

"Because, sir, the check-taker has only one hand."

The comedian Grassot was so successful in the time of the late war at the Palais Royal, that some of the frequenters of that charming theatre entertained serious apprehensions that he had been subsidised by the Russians to inspire a false confidence. This Grassot was as vain as he was successful as an artist. Meeting Bressant one day, he said to him:

"Really this cannot last: all the women take you for me, and you abuse of a likeness which you owe to a shameful freak of nature. Make a mark upon your nose, or I shall be obliged to take legal proceedings against you."

At the very time that the good citizens of Paris were so anxious about Russia, the mischief-making wits were actually telling the enemy how to get more recruits. In Russia an Israelite without a passport is pressed into the service. He who denounces him, on the contrary, is exempt. Hence the Russians used to beat the Jews, rob them of their passports, and then denounce them. "Now," said the wits of Paris, "incorporate every othodox Muscovite who has a Jewish passport on him, and you will double the number of recruits."

When wit meets wit, then comes the tug of war.

A gentleman having lost 10,000 francs at his club went to the house of his antagonist at two in the morning, and asked for his revenge. "Very well," replied the host; "but it must be on the counterpane, I can't get up again." In two games the nocturnal visitor won back his francs, and went off light-hearted to bed. But the current coin of the realm is not always so abundant with the race. The Duke of Nemours once sent his steward to inquire of an artist on whom he wished to confer a snuff-box as a mark of his approbation to ascertain if such a present would be acceptable. The offer was received with enthusiasm. "Where shall I send it?" inquired the envoy. "Oh, if you would be kind enough," replied the artist, "to pawn it on the way, you can let me have the money." Then, again, what is scarcely credible, is that the wits of Paris are sometimes actually beat with their own weapons. When this happens it is generally a lady who handles the cudgel. A feuilletonist was so much harassed by a person of high standing and fashion for betraying the *incognito* of the pretty women at an opera ball, that he determined to take his revenge by denouncing the marchioness as the prettiest lady of a night of enchantment. The marchioness gained her point, was delighted, and laughed at the duped feuilletonist.

If the wit of Paris has an acknowledged fault, inasmuch as when he gets hold of a good thing he has great reluctance to part with it, he has another equally notorious, and that is not being sufficiently select in the objects upon which he exercises his humour. When the daily papers come out in the morning full of details of accidents from a storm, the feuilletonist appears in the evening with ridiculous commentaries, such as:

"Rue de Ponthieu, a literary man was visited by the lightning at his dinner; the electric fluid was carried off by a plate of spinach. (Example of the advantages of dining on spinach in the Rue de Ponthieu in a thunderstorm.)"

"A man going to draw wine was struck by the lightning; it made three little holes in his inexpressibles, but while the man was reduced to ashes the inexpressibles remained intact. (They were made of a material to be found only at So-and-So's, Rue de ——.)"

Even when that terrible visitation, the cholera, had descended upon the capital, the men of wit were not put out of countenance. There was no doubt, they said, that good health was the best preservative, but they could prove that bad health was equally efficacious:

"Odry, during the last ten years of his life, had had two terrible attacks of typhus. A friend meeting him one fine day looking as fresh and lively as spring itself, 'Well, Père Bilboquet,' he said to him, 'looking as well as ever!'

"'Oh yes,' replied the artist. 'I have discovered the secret of good health. I have a fatal malady every year; it does me a world of good.'"

Then, again, it was possible to familiarise oneself with death; and here was the example given:

"'Miserable man!' said an officer who was passing by a gravedigger the evening after a battle, 'why you have just tumbled in a man who still breathed!'

"'Oh, sir,' replied the gravedigger, 'it is easy to see that you are not accustomed to it as I am. If I were to stop to listen to them, there would never be one of them dead.'"

Even the undertakers grew merry at the influx of business:

"'*Halloo, coachy*,' shouted out two vaudevillistes to an undertaker who was coming back empty by the Champs Elysées, 'have you any room?'

"'All right,' replied the man in black, 'do not be in such a hurry, your turn will come; I have buried people in better health than you are!'"

These undertakers were so wrapped up in their business that they even grew jealous of losing a party. It happened one day that a patient was removed in a state of collapse. The cool air and the motion of the vehicle reviving him, he disengaged himself from the others, and jumped down into the street.

"Stop there! stop *mon mort!*" shouted out the undertaker, "he is running away!"

No society of literary men in Paris will admit an undertaker, however clever or wealthy, among its number. They sometimes, however, take to the church, and become for a brief time celebrities in the pulpit, till they are found out, and then good-by to their popularity; there is, from the moment they are known, something too real in their foreshadowings of the grave.

The ignorance of medical men both in regard to the nature and the treatment of cholera also became the subject of witticisms of a somewhat lugubrious character; but the importance which many patients and doctors alike attach to the question of the constitution, seen and discriminated by any quick, practical man at a glance—and indeed in most instances a physician's talisman by which he holds his power—was ridiculed more successfully.

A M. Feuillet (not Octave) was travelling in a steam-boat at a time when an explosion took place. M. F. was transfixed by an iron spit seven feet long. The spit went in at the abdomen and passed out at the back, so that there was three feet of the spit in front and three feet of the spit behind. M. F. was conveyed to the nearest hotel. His position demanded all the resources of art. A surgeon was accordingly sent for, who on arriving felt the patient's pulse, and asked him where he was suffering.

"In the abdomen," replied the wounded man.

"Indeed! How did it happen to you?"

The patient thereupon detailed the sad incident of his being transfixed. The surgeon shook his head, and resumed:

"Are they subject to this accident, sir, in your family?"

"No," replied the patient, "not that I know. My father and mother are very old, and have never been spitted. So with regard to my brothers and sisters, and my uncles and aunts."

"Very well, sir. I required that information in order to give a correct prognosis. You experience, I suppose, sir, considerable difficulty in lying on your back?"

"Yes, sir; it is indeed impossible."

"It is not any easier for you to lie on your stomach?"

"True, sir, I experience precisely the same difficulty."

"It must, therefore, be much easier for you to lie on your side?"

"True, sir, that is the only position I can lie in."

"That will suffice, sir. It only remains to determine upon the treatment. Here the indications are very precise: either we can leave the spit, but then there is inflammation to be dreaded; or we can extract it, but then it is not likely that you will survive the operation. Science, sir, has its limits; your fate is in your own hands; you must decide for either one treatment or the other."

The slow progress made in the siege of Sebastopol, and the no-progress made in the Black Sea (all deference to Admiral Berkeley), singularly puzzled the wits of Paris. The strategists of estaminets and boudoir sailors grew indignant. They would have settled the affair in a moment. But they were obliged, as nobody claimed their valuable services, to revenge themselves by showing how it might be done on the stage. The unfortunate Cossacks were thrashed there every evening without any moderation. At the Cirque, the belligerent armies, reduced to one or two miserable pickets, looked like patrols that were quarrelling. Other theatres had their "Foire de l'Orient," "Question d'Orient," "Dromadard et Panadier en Orient." The Porte Saint-Martin had also prepared a piece, but, unfortunately, the dénoûment was the capture of Sebastopol, and it had to wait, while others were getting the five-franc pieces—nay, till the Zouaves themselves had returned to familiarise the Parisians with that which concerned them most, the picturesque and ridiculous aspects of the war.

It is not only the "idiotic rich" among their own countrymen, as M. Auguste Villemot somewhat rudely designates them, who afford game for satire, but such are also to be found among the English. Imagine a Mr. Bowes, described as a Newcastle coal-mine owner, setting up as director of the Variétés! Not only that, but embellishing the château of Madame du Barry, at Luciennes, it is said, to the tune of 400,000 francs! What a fund of amusement! "It would appear to us," wrote one feuilletonist, "that if it was in the sole interest of his pleasures, and in order to pass from time to time a pleasant evening in his box lined with rose-coloured satin, Mr. Bowes ought to 'prendre un parti.' Such a mere temporary arrangement cannot ruin him (relatively) without procuring for him 'de bien vives jouissances.' Were I in his place, I know very well what I should do, but I must have 300,000 fr. before I communicate my secret to him." Perhaps Mr. Bowes had already more than one "parti," if he did not, French fashion, decorate his box with it.

This old burden of a song, "were I in his place," reminds us of another Parisian wit, who, when the sun was so broiling that the gastronomes of the Palais Royal declared that they were cooking in their own juice, and the frequenters of theatres were inquiring for "billets de faveur" for the Arctic regions, "Ah!" said the fainting feuilletonist, "if

I had only a dozen of thousand francs' income, I would go and live in the country, but I have not a sou!" What an antithesis! Failing the country, he had fain to rejoice in a discovery made the same day, and that was that there was nothing so refreshing as to walk with your hat on the top of your walking-stick. He had another resource, and that was to read the provincial papers, and he found therein the following:

"Some one has left in the offices of the Bourgogne a red umbrella. It will be returned to whosoever can intimate its colour." This was a great treat. But we are wrong; he had even a further resource, and that was to go to the station and see the people who were going away.

There were ladies going to spend twelve days at Etretal, and asking husband, brother, and the whole universe, if six hats and twenty dresses were enough. Then there were gentlemen bound to the sea-side:

"Adieu, *mon ami*," sobbed the wife that was left behind; "mind you write to me. Have you got the list in your shoes? Take care of your black coat. Above all, let me know when you are coming back. You know that I cannot bear the emotion of surprises."

But what to do in the afternoon! Even the restaurants were no longer inviting. Here is an anecdote of one, the position of which is well known to most visitors to the French metropolis: There is in the Passage *Choiseul* an establishment at 32 sous, next door to an establishment at 3 sous. The establishment at 32 sous is a restaurant; the establishment at 3 sous is not a restaurant. One day an amateur quitting the latter house of business, said to the gérante (for it is always ladies who superintend these matters), "Madame, it is not all roses in this life, and with you especially it certainly does not savour of millefleurs." "Don't speak about it, sir," replied the lady; "this restaurant next door to us poisons our house!" It is said that the restaurant declares the same thing of his neighbour. Possibly the evil is as much with one as with the other. At such times—that is in dog days—the theatres are no better. The feuilletonists talk of their "salles" as being "chaudes et fétides." That is a great deal from a critic, and yet are the managers obliged under such circumstances to keep up their little band of a dozen claqueurs; but as a distinguished actress of the Boulevard said, "La claque sent toujours le hareng!"

But there remain the Champs Elysées embalmed in the perfume of fried sausages! And such a noise! Bombardment of Odessa here, massacre of Sinope there; Silistria on one side, Malakoff on the other—drum! drum! bom! bom! And for whom all this noise? For the benefit of the provincial, who comes to Paris at the very time that the Parisian goes into the country. The provincial is the especial butt of the Parisian badaud. He goes to Véfour's at nine o'clock in the morning, when the garçons are drowsily dusting the seats. He asks for a melon, a filet Chateaubriand, a sole Normande, haricots, strawberries and champagne. The provincial "déjeûne." The Parisian contents himself with a couple of eggs over his paper: he does not "déjeûner." His déjeûner is in modern times his dinner. The provincial hires a landau to convey him to the Champs Elysées between eleven and twelve, and he is astonished at finding no one there.

We shall, however, leave it till next time to show that the provincial has in his turn sometimes a laugh at the expense of the Parisian.

FROM SYDNEY TO ENGLAND *viâ* PANAMA.

FINDING that the Panama route to our Australasian colonies is once more occupying the attention of the mercantile community and the government, it has occurred to me that the memoranda of a voyage across the Pacific, in the only steamer that has as yet made the passage between Sydney and Panama, may at this present time prove not uninteresting to many of the readers of *Bentley*. At the same time, in order to render the narrative more attractive to the general reader, I shall interlard my journal with various reminiscences of the voyage, and sundry adventures both by flood and field. For it is not all sea by this route; the narrow neck of land that separates the Pacific from the Atlantic affording (in those days, at least, before the railway was completed) abundant scope for adventures by field.

Well, then, on the evening of Wednesday, the 10th of May, 1854, one hundred and seventy passengers of all classes embarked on board the American steam-ship *Golden Age*, then lying in the harbour of Port Jackson, Sydney, and bound for Panama, *viâ* Tahiti. Owing to the failure of the shipping-master to supply the requisite number of hands—the original crew having unceremoniously levanted to the diggings—the steamer was detained till ten o'clock the next morning, the captain having in the mean time secured a few land-lubbers, with whose aid he resolved to prosecute his voyage without further delay. And well was it that he had a Pacific Ocean before him, for none of the crew had ever been at sea before; so that we were dependent entirely on the engines, and engine-men, and the good-nature of King Neptune.

As the steamer moved majestically down the beautiful harbour of Port Jackson, she fired a salute of fourteen guns, but in honour of whom or of what I could never ascertain. I have no doubt, however, that many of the peaceable inhabitants were astonished, and not a few mightily alarmed, as they were in daily expectation of a visit from some vagrant Russian frigate that had been in the harbour before the war broke out, and was known not to be far off. At eleven we were outside the Heads, and off for Tahiti, with a fair wind and fine weather. Towards evening the wind freshened from the southward, and but few made their appearance in the saloon for dinner. Although the weather was by no means bad—in fact, the sea during the whole voyage from Sydney to England, on both sides of the Isthmus, was as smooth as a mill-pond—yet it was several days before the whole of the passengers ventured to show themselves outside their respective state-rooms; but when they did turn out, what a motley group they were! In the first cabin we had one hundred and twenty-one passengers. Amongst them were French, Germans, Hungarians, Greeks, Australians, Yankees, English, Scotch, and Irish. There was a Roman Catholic priest, an Anglo-Catholic ditto, and a bearded prophet, the founder of a sect called Israelites. We had an ex-governor of a colony, an ex-police magistrate, two ex-consuls, two or three ex-skippers, an ex-publican or two, an ex-ostler, an ex-chambermaid, a doctor with a wife (not his own), another doctor with a lady, no wife at all. In short, all sorts of gentry—some who had been lucky at the diggings, who were coming home to enjoy their *otium cum dig.*, as well as others who had come in for the nuggets at second-hand—to wit, the ex-publicans, and such like. There was but a very small sprinkling of respectable and honest folks.

In spite, however, of this heterogeneous mass thus thrown together, there was no quarrelling, every one consorting with his own set, or keeping himself to himself as much as he pleased. One of the Hungarians, a nobleman, had been to the Melbourne diggings, where he had been fortunate. On his way from the diggings to Melbourne he had been attacked in open daylight by a cowardly ruffian, who shot him through the right arm, but failed in his attempt to rob him of his gold. The gallant Hungarian, however, was not fortunate enough to save his arm, which had to be amputated. Notwithstanding this loss, however, he was on his way to the war, expecting to obtain a commission under General Guyon, who had command of a large Turkish army, and hoping earnestly that he would find his old enemies, the Austrians, in arms against the Turks.

But now to the voyage. On the morning of Friday, the 12th of May, we sighted Lord Howe's Islands, and passed within a few miles to the northward of them. Although there is very little to excite interest in the general appearance of the islands, yet the sight of land at all is an agreeable break in a monotonous voyage like ours. We gazed at them from the deck till the high peak and all was out of sight. There is a small settlement on one of the islands, containing about thirty inhabitants. They had been visited a short time previously by H.M.S. *Calliope*, and had gladly exchanged potatoes, which they grow in great quantities, for articles of wearing apparel or dollars. The ladies, however, could not be supplied by a man-of-war with cast-off petticoats or dresses, and would have to wait the arrival of some American ship with a cargo of *notions*, or for the visit of some whaler. Several children were baptised by the chaplain of the frigate, whose ministrations had been received most gratefully.

On Sunday, the 14th, divine service was performed by the English clergyman, a chaplain in the navy, about seventy-five per cent. of the passengers attending, many of whom being English, or Irish, or Scotch, were scandalised to find that his reverence used an American Prayer-book, and in the Litany prayed for the President of the United States, because (I presume) he supposed himself and his congregation to be on quasi-American ground, from the fact of their being on board an American vessel, commanded by a captain in the American navy.

On Monday, the 15th, we passed within three miles of Norfolk Island, a perfect garden of Eden to look at, but at that time a hell upon earth, being the prison-home of the most desperate of the Botany Bay and Vandemonian convicts. It has since become the peaceful residence of the Pitcairn Islanders, descendants of the notorious mutineers of the *Bounty*.

On the 17th we crossed over into west longitude, and changed our time accordingly, having two Wednesdays in that week, and two 17th days of May; for the why and the wherefore of this, the reader is referred to Omoo, or Typee, where, by the way, he will find a very amusing and most accurate description of some of the South Sea Islands and their inhabitants.

On the 18th we sighted a whaler, with a fish alongside, and boiling the oil, one of the boats being out after another. A second whaler passed within hailing distance; out eighteen months; a bundle of Sydney papers, thrown overboard for them, was picked up with avidity. From the 21st to the 24th the trade-wind blew fiercely, but as it was nearly right ahead, it did not affect the motion of the ship to any great extent, nor did the sea get up; but yet we were very uncomfortable notwithstanding.

Owing to the loss of a nozzle-pipe (such was the lucid explanation of the captain), the steam, which is usually blown off from the side of the ship, through an aperture a little above the water-mark, and which ought to have been directed downwards by the pipe aforesaid, was blown back upon us by the wind, and drenched everything on deck and in the open state-rooms with a shower of condensed salt spray. Slight as the motion of the vessel was while the strong trade wind lasted, it was quite enough to upset the equanimity of many of the passengers, who were by no means good sailors. None felt more inconvenience than Mrs. G., the wife of one of the ex-publicans, and who managed to henpeck her lord and master to perfection.

On the afternoon of the 21st we passed along the shores of Roro-Tonga, the natives all turning out on the beach, far and near, to gaze at the novel sea-monster; for it was the first steamer they had seen. The mission-house, with its whitewashed walls, and the large church, with its square tower, looked very well, peeping out from beneath the cocoa-nut trees. To those who had never seen a tropical island before, the sight was a most delightful one.

On Wednesday, the 24th of May, we anchored in Papiti Bay, the port of Tahiti. The entrance is somewhat dangerous, being a very narrow gap through the coral reef, which, as is generally the case in those seas, entirely surrounds the island.

In the evening we celebrated the Queen's birthday, and kept up the toasting and speechifying till a late hour. The champagne was furnished by a few of the passengers who had never before crossed the line, being the usual tax imposed upon novices by the emissaries of King Neptune. Shaving with a rusty hoop would have been the alternative!

The greatest distance steamed in one day was two hundred and eighty miles; a capital day's run, considering that we had a strong current as well as the wind against us.

We had thus been fourteen days in accomplishing the distance between Sydney and Tahiti, rather more than four thousand miles. Of course the return voyage, with wind and current both favourable, could be made in much less time. But of this more anon.

The view of the semi-circular beach, on entering the harbour of Tahiti, is very pretty. The French governor's house, the large military bake-house, barracks, magazines, consul's houses (English and American) with their respective flags, as well as the queen's palace with the Tahitian flag, exhibiting the tricolor in the corner, in acknowledgment of the French protectorate; and besides all these, sundry other European buildings of all shapes and sizes, with the less pretending, but yet picturesque, native huts in the background, peeping out timidly from under the majestic cocoa-nut trees that wave their graceful heads high over all—the branching bread-fruit trees—the bushy guavaes, that grow in wild profusion all round—the hundreds of trees and shrubs peculiar to the tropics—the magnificent hills in the background, towering some of them to the height of nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and covered with the brightest evergreen trees and bushes to the very highest summits—altogether form a view such as is not to be seen every day even in the South Seas, and, when once seen, not soon to be forgotten. Add to all this the appearance in the main street, which runs along the beach, of natives and French, the latter mostly soldiers in their gay uniforms, marching along to relieve guard, with the band playing—the natives, at least the lady portion of them, walking, or lolling, or lying at full length in their loose flowing dresses of gaily coloured cotton—the men in their canoes surrounding the ship, and one and all, in their delight at seeing so huge a vessel, screaming and jabbering at the full pitch of their voices, quite incapable of attending to the sale of their fruits, &c., with which their frail canoes were laden to the gunwale—and you have some idea of our first glimpse of Tahiti.

Near us lay a small French frigate, the *Moselle*, senior officer's ship; a corvette, the *Prévoyante;* a pretty little man-of-war steamer, the *Duroc;* besides two or three men-of-war schooners. None of them appeared to be in good fighting condition; they were very dirty, and some of the guns were actually rusty. The whole of them put together did not seem likely to do much damage to the crack Russian frigate known to be somewhere in those seas—even though backed up by two land batteries: one situated to the extreme right of the harbour on a projecting headland; the other, a crazy one of four (dismounted!) guns, on a little island near the mouth of the harbour. I can only say that if the French squadron at Petropaulovski was composed of any of the vessels we saw in Tahiti, the result of the engagement need not be wondered at.

Most of the other vessels in harbour consisted of merchantmen laden with coals for the *Golden Age.* They had been sent on from Sydney several weeks before we left. We had not been anchored an hour before a couple of colliers were lashed alongside, and commenced discharging their cargoes into the spacious hold of the steamer. Sixty native men were procured by the kindness of the French governor, who did everthing in his power to assist the agents of the ship, and by the aid of these, working in two watches, half by day and half by night, the coaling operations were completed in four days. Notwithstanding their well-earned character for laziness, the men on this occasion worked like galley-slaves, discharging in the time I have mentioned no less than 1200 tons of coals.

The day after we arrived was wet and disagreeable, as always is the case in rainy weather in the tropics—the heat, and the steam, and the pouring rain being all mightily unpleasant in their way. However, after having been cooped up on ship-board for a fortnight, a walk on shore was not to be resisted. Accordingly, parties of us, by fours and fives, might be seen loitering about the streets, or in the market—for there *is* a market even in Tahiti for pigs, fowls, beef, mutton, yams, potatoes (sweet), bread-fruit, oranges, &c. &c.—or strolling along the Broom-road, a nice carriage drive or horse road made years ago for the convenience of the missionaries, in going from one preaching station to another. The cocoa-nut trees—

bread-fruit trees, which grow very plentifully—orange-trees, which seemed to grow everywhere spontaneously, and belong to nobody in particular, each laden with bushels upon bushels of ripe luscious oranges as big as one's head—the vi-apples, in appearance like a magnum-bonum plum, but twice as large—the flowers, shrubs, huts, and, above all, the men, women, and children, had each and all to be gazed at by those who had never before been in one of the islands of the Pacific, or seen savages (except diggers) in any stage of civilisation; and all returned to the ship each night under the impression that Tahiti was a perfect paradise on earth, and not a few were half inclined to stay behind and end their days there with some Fay-a-way—not half so charming, however, as she of Typee—as a partner for life. One passenger actually did remain behind, not being able to tear himself away from so charming a place!

Having seen so many savages in the islands of the Pacific, from the half-converted Christian down to the very wildest cannibal, I could not fail to remark how much the men of Tahiti must have degenerated since they have become acquainted with their highly-civilised French protectors. They had not a vestige of the bold, upright, majestic strut of their untamed brethren, but slunk about like a cowed and subdued people, clad, too, in all manner of uncouth, civilised habiliments—a dirty, low-crowned straw hat, with a narrow brim, crowning the whole figure. The real genuine savage, who wears the dress that Father Adam did before the Fall, walks along most majestically, in full consciousness that he is a veritable lord of the creation—every inch a gentleman—his manners perfectly polite—his every movement most dignified and graceful.

It is a curious fact in natural history, and one difficult to account for, that when once the white man sets foot on the black fellow's hunting-grounds, the latter first begins to degenerate, and then gradually disappears from before the white man's path. It is so at Tahiti. It is more conspicuous in the Sandwich Islands, where the population has been reduced within the last eighty years from 150,000 (Captain Cook's estimate) to less than a tenth part of that number. The first stage of this process has already begun to work in Tahiti; the last is only a question of time. What a pity it is that such a fine race of people should be destined to die out in the wretched way they do! but it is evidently the dark man's doom.

But to cease moralising and return to my journal. On Sunday, as they were too busy on board the steamer for service, several of us went to the meeting-house on shore, where the service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Hunt, who had been thirty years at that place. The sermon was not bad, but as for the rest of the service, the singing and the prayer, the less said about it the better. No one seemed to join in the prayer, which was extempore, or take any interest in it, not even so much as making it their own by a single "Amen" at the end. Such a thing as common prayer or public worship seemed to form no part of the service. The church, if it could be called so, was evidently meant to be a house of preaching, and not a "house of prayer." Some of the native women appeared with bonnets of a very ancient date, and coal-scuttle pattern; but whether they wore them on Sundays for ornament, or by way of penance, I never could ascertain. Possibly the missionaries made them a source of profit, as I have actually known them to do in other islands, which were just beginning to receive their ministrations. One missionary's wife, who had some dozen young native girls in her house to educate, used to make a very handsome extra charge for the horrid "uglies," which I can compare to nothing else than a coal-scuttle, and which the poor wretches, much to their disfigurement, were compelled to wear on Sundays, their only other article of clothing being a strip of calico round their waists! Fancy the figure they made, compared with their Nora Creina sisters with their free and curly locks! We did not see any of the native dances, which the late lamented Madame Ida Pfeiffer condemns as so very unbecoming. Indeed, I should hardly think that the men have a war-dance left in them.

On Monday, the 29th of May, the American consul, Mr. Kelly, invited several of us to a pic-nic on shore. After driving in a nondescript four-wheeled vehicle for two and a half miles along the Broom-road, we arrived by ten o'clock at the spot fixed upon for the head-quarters, where preparations were already being made on an extensive scale for cooking a dinner, native fashion. Some went on to the mountain-top to see a fine waterfall; some of the ladies from the ship to bathe in the clear stream; Dr. Johnson (who figures in *Omoo*) and myself went up the river on a fishing excursion. We had to scramble through the thick guava bushes along the banks of the clear stream till we could get above the bathing parties; but once or twice we were exceedingly alarmed (at least I was) to find ourselves emerging on the banks just in sight of a bevy of ladies, who were disporting themselves in the water in their bathing-dresses. The doctor, more polite than modest, stopped to apologise for disturbing them. I ran for it as fast as my legs could carry me and the thick brushwood let me, much to the detriment of a tolerably good hat and a better coat mounted for the occasion; but, after all, although the doctor coolly remained in sight till he had finished his apology, I did *not* hear the ladies scream. After proceeding almost on our hands and knees for a mile, the doctor stepped into the river and fished down stream, using a short rod and fly-tackle. He caught several fish, something like a perch, whilst I remained with him. But getting tired with looking on, I made my way back to the dinner ground, where I found a large party just arriving from the mountains. They were in raptures at what they had seen. One gentleman lent me a horse, another offered to guide me, and so I started off to see what had given such great delight to the whole party. We had a beautiful ride for several miles along the banks of the river till we crossed it by a good bridge; we then began the ascent of the mountain on the other side. We had high precipitous rocks on either side of us, some of them quite perpendicular, and at least four thousand feet high, if one might judge from the flight of the gannets above us, which generally fly very high, and were now wheeling about overhead, scarcely visible, and yet but little more than half way between us and the top of the rock. After winding along the face of a steep hill for three or four miles, frequently being obliged to dismount and lead our horses, we at last came in sight of the waterfall, issuing out of the rock, and falling in one unbroken jet a clear height of at least one thousand feet, the water losing itself in spray before it reached the bottom.

In the middle of the gorge, and not far from us, a most remarkable mass of rock presented itself, having the shape of a diadem with a number of points, and called, in consequence, the Diadem Rock. In the late war between the natives and the French—Madame Pfeiffer is my authority—the former held possession of the pass up which we had come, and had occupied a sort of blockhouse just above where the waterfall issues out from the rock. It was the key to the whole island. A handful of men, well handled, might (as at Thermopylæ) have defied whole armies. The French were determined to have possession of the place and end the conflict. There was no way but to take the sable enemy in the rear; and there was no way of performing that piece of strategy but by scaling the precipitous side of some of the rocks, and marching on a narrow ledge above. The French governor, for the time being, called for volunteers, and soon had them. Sixty-two were chosen from the number for the enterprise. They then proceeded to work, stripped themselves of everything save drawers and shoes, taking with them only their muskets. Twelve hours clambering, by the aid of ropes, and iron-rods, and bayonets stuck into the fissures of the rock, brought them to the crest of the mountain, where their unexpected appearance so "astonished the natives," that they threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion, declaring that they who who could do such things must be devils, not men.

Thus the French had their Zouaves at Tahiti as well as on the banks of the Alma, and it is only to be wished that they had had as good a cause in hand when circumventing the islanders, as they had when they took the Russians in flank, and helped to thrash them so unmercifully at Alma.

Having stopped as long as we could to gaze on this almost classical ground, we remounted our horses and rode back again, doing the distance —seven miles each way—in considerably less than two hours. When we got back dinner was ready, but they had not begun to serve it. We had seen the first stage of the cooking process, and here it is: Several shallow pits having been dug and paved with round stones, large fires were kindled in them, and allowed to burn till the stones were red-hot. Then the pigs, fowls, vegetables, &c., which had been previously killed and dressed, were put into their respective pits or ovens, the largest being for the porkers, of which there were several. When laid in the ovens on their backs, an incision was made under each foreleg, and red-hot stones beaten in with the hand, which was dipped into a canful of cold water between each blow. The insides were next filled with hot stones, and then the whole covered thick with green leaves and branches of trees, and finally with earth, till no steam was seen to escape. Thus the pigs, and the contents of the other ovens, similarly covered up, were allowed to bake for a couple of hours or more. They were spreading the table, which was the green sward itself, when we got back from the mountains. A goodly quantity of green leaves were spread out to recline upon. The greenest of leaves were turned into dishes and plates. When all was ready, the pits were opened, and the savoury victuals unearthed. The pigs and fowls were most expeditiously carved by the native cooks, and served up in small joints on the leaf-dishes. The pork was done to a turn, and is never so good as when cooked in this way. You need never be afraid of nightmare, even though you were to eat half a pig, and go to bed directly afterwards. The various vegetables were also delicious. Champagne in dozens was provided to wash the feast down; and it was at least two hours before the eating and drinking, toasting and speechifying were over. It was quite a treat to see the way in which the native retainers then rushed in and devoured the fragments, a feat which was accomplished in a twinkling. No other evidence was required to show the implicit confidence which the natives place in their own inimitable cooking.

A party was now formed to ride as far as Point Venus, so called from its being the place where Captain Cook observed the transit of Venus. A gallop all the way there brought us to the Point by sunset, and a beautiful ride it was. It was pitch dark when we got back to the town, where we found that a disturbance had taken place. A boatman named Christian had got drunk, and had abused, and finally struck, one of our passengers named Bligh. A regular fight and an irregular row was the consequence. The native police—and sharp fellows they are—bundled off both the combatants to the watchhouse, but Bligh was soon liberated. It was remarkable that the names of the two belligerents should be what they were. At the mutiny of the *Bounty*, out in that part of the world years ago, one of the ringleaders of the mutineers was named Christian, and the captain of the frigate was Bligh. Our passenger was a grandson of Captain Bligh, and his opponent might also be, for anything I know to the contrary, a grandson, or at any rate a relative, of the famous mutineer.

On Monday evening, the 29th of May, the *Golden Age*, having been made fast to the pier, and taken in water in that easy way, was pronounced ready for resuming her voyage. Passengers accordingly completed their arrangements, and laid in their stores of comforts and luxuries. The captain and agents of the vessel had issued an order that no spirits or wine would be allowed to be brought on board by the passengers. There was an abundance of both in the ship's lockers, the price of which, however, was as exorbitant as the quality was bad. Yet, bad as it was, the hot weather compelled the thirsty voyagers to swallow an immense quantity, and the profits to those concerned must of course have been something handsome; hence the discouragement given to those who might wish to buy a better article at a fifth part of the price charged on board. At sunset an officer was stationed at the gangway to see that no suspicious packages were admitted over the side. Various expedients were resorted to for the purpose of evading this arbitrary proceeding, but none more successful or more knowing than the one adopted by my cabin companion. When stopped in the gangway with his supplies, he went back to the French merchant from whom he had his purchase, deposited his case, came on board for his carpet-bag, which he took with him on shore, and had his wine packed into it. He managed to pass it as luggage, and he and I had many a tumbler of excellent claret, which lasted till we got to Panama. Several more were equally successful; others who failed declared themselves the disciples of Father Mathew for the rest of the voyage, and thus the 'cute Yankees outwitted themselves. It was a mean, dirty trick on the part of skipper and owners, one of whom was on board.

The next morning Queen Pomare was to pay us a visit at ten, and we were to sail at eleven. Before breakfast I went on shore with a party of ladies to lay in a stock of oranges and other fruits. We repaired to the market, where we were enabled to buy the finest oranges ever seen at the rate of a franc per basket—rather more than sixty for tenpence! These oranges proved to be the greatest luxury conceivable: the juice we used to squeeze into a tumbler, mix with sugar *ad libitum* and a little water. Taken in that way, Tahitian orangeade is a most deliciously cooling beverage on a hot, dreamy day at sea, and, with the addition of a little ice, would form nectar such as old Jove never quaffed on Olympus.

Soon after ten o'clock the queen was observed to be coming down to the pier, where a boat was in waiting to receive her. She was attended by her consort, two sons, and three or four maids of honour. Pomare was fat, not very fair, and certainly forty or upwards. She had evidently been very good-looking in her youthful days, and was even yet anything but ugly. In many—I may say in most—of the islands of the Pacific the women marry at twelve, are faded and wrinkled at thirty, and at forty are perfect hags! In Tahiti, on the contrary, where the women do not begin their married life so early, they retain their good looks to a much longer period. The queen on this occasion was dressed in a sort of sky-blue silk (or satin) blouse, or loose gown, reaching to the ground; so long, in fact, that I cannot undertake to say whether the royal feet were encased in shoes or not, but I suspect not, for her general habit is to keep her toes as free from the trammels of shoes and stockings as her waist is from those horrid things that ladies girth themselves withal. The maids of honour were stout, good-looking damsels, at least five feet ten inches in height, and similarly dressed, with the addition of a flower, chiefly hibiscus, sticking behind each ear, and setting off their beautiful raven locks to perfection. The king-consort is a younger man than his *cara sposa*, and very handsome. The French call him the "Prince Albert" of Tahiti, not only because of his good looks, but because he is, like Prince Albert, not king, but merely the queen's consort. The sons were remarkably fine lads of fifteen and seventeen, and, like their father, rather handsomely dressed in good European style. The whole party sipped their champagne with great gusto, and appeared much pleased with their visit and with the attention they received from the captain and passengers. The queen, I thought, however, looked rather sad and melancholy, and evidently felt the restraint under which she is kept by the French.

As soon as the royal party left the ship we weighed anchor, and steamed out of the harbour at eleven A.M. on Tuesday, the 20th of May. The few days we spent there were a most agreeable break in the voyage, and the dreamy ocean, albeit as smooth as glass, was felt to be a change for the worse. A day's sail from Tahiti brought us up to the Paumotu group of islands. They are nearly one hundred in number, but we did not pass within sight of more than half a dozen. They are of coral formation, and consequently very low. The presence of cocoa-nut trees proved that those we saw were inhabited, although they appeared to be little more than mere strips of low, level land that a good wave would have washed clean over. The population of these islands is Christian, the natives having been converted by the London Society's missionaries. The French priests, however, do not look upon them as Christians, and some little time before we were at Tahiti, a serious disturbance had taken place, the result of the zealous attempts of the Romish party to re-baptise the heretics by force. A supply of priests were sent down from the head-quarters at Tahiti to baptise the natives; the natives replied that they had been baptised, and declined to accept the ministrations of the priests. The latter, waxing insolent, were driven away from the islands, and were forced to return to Tahiti, where they made their grievance known to the French authorities. A frigate took them back, and landed them again amongst the refractory heretics, under the protection of a large body of armed sailors and marines. Still the natives were contumacious, resisted the endeavours of the good (!) fathers to baptise them at the point of the bayonet, and were massacred in cold blood for their conscientious scruples! All honour to the brave heretics of Pomotu!

The voyage to Panama was rather tame and dreary. It was the 19th of June before we arrived there. Very little of interest occurred on board during the time. On the 7th of June, one of the passengers, a Mr. Cary, who had been ordered away from home (Dublin) about eighteen months previously, in the last stage of consumption, and who was now trying to reach his friends again, died. We had tried to persuade him to remain in Tahiti, but he thought he might live to see his sisters, and was resolved to try at all hazards.

One word before I have done as to the dieting on board the *Golden Age*. When I have said that there was nothing eatable or drinkable, I have said all I need say. It is true that we had all manner of nameless greasy Yankee dishes, but nothing that the stomach of a Christian could digest. For breakfast I used to content myself with corn-cake, or pancake, when I could get one, which, as I would not fee the dingy stewards, was not always. When I could succeed, and have a tumbler of orange-juice to wash it down, I considered myself exceedingly fortunate. My chief amusement at dinner, as I could not eat myself, was to watch my neighbours feed. The one whose constant seat was on my left was an American, and he contrived to fare sumptuously every day. He never spoke till dinner was over—never waited for any particular dish that he might wish for, but kept on eating anything and everything within reach till he could get his peculiar fancy. I have seen him begin with pickles and potatoes, Indian corn and roast beans, and so eat his way up to the pork (the standing dish) and pudding. I have seen the same fellow at breakfast-time sit down with a dish of stirabout before him, in the centre of which he would dig a large hole, and in that hole put molasses, ham, chops, or anything that came within the reach of his fork! He was very sharp: he knew that if he didn't take what was passing, when the chance was before him, he would not get it at all, so he ate chops and ham with his porridge! I also observed a *lady* not far from me who had a disagreeable knack of feeding herself with her knife, which she plunged half way down her throat at every bite. She might thank her stars that she was sailing in a smooth sea, for had the ship given a lurch at the nick of time, she would have cut her throat to a certainty! She was the wife of the ex-cutler. Her nearest neighbour at the table was the ex-police magistrate, whose horse her husband had often groomed, yet here they were now cheek by jowl, and all but hob-nobbing together.

Such were some of the revolutions effected by the gold diggings in Australia. As for amusements, the riffraff gambled—the more civilised played chess. It was too hot to read with comfort, and there were no books to read. The ship did not sport a library, and the passengers, knowing that they would have to pay dear for transporting luggage across the Isthmus, did not load their trunks with books. Time, therefore, hung heavily on our hands occasionally; but the ladies had a never-failing resource—talking scandal—and that they did apparently with great zest.

A day or two before we arrived at Panama the Hungarian nobleman was robbed of his all. The Greek doctor, who had been detected in one case, and was suspected in another, was here again looked upon by every one as the thief. He was nearly being lynched on spec. The Hungarian was a great favourite on board, and a subscription was got up for him, which soon amounted to 100*l.* This he refused to accept as a gift, taking it merely as a loan, which he would return to each subscriber when he got to Paris, where he had friends and funds.

We arrived at Panama on the 19th of June, landing as best we could in the boats of the natives, at a cost of 3*l.* or more to each passenger, no help whatever being afforded by the captain or officers of the ship. Passengers could not even get their luggage handed down into the boats without first feeing some of the saucy stewards. The contrast in this respect between an English and an American steamer is striking in the extreme.

As passengers approach the shore, fifty or sixty half-naked aborigines are in the habit of besieging each boat-load, and keeping the boat so far afloat that no one can land without accepting the back of one of these scoundrels to be carried on shore. After that, they seize, in spite of remonstrance, on every article of baggage, and carry it off willy-nilly, charging for their forced services the very modest sum of two or three dollars for yourself, and as many more for each article of your baggage. They stick to you and yours like leeches, and will drain as much good blood out of you as they can get by fair means or foul. In one of the boats that took some of our passengers on shore, the villanous boatmen, who belong to the same class of scamps and are in league with them, lay on their oars when about half a mile from the landing-place, and threatened not to row another stroke till they had received from each passenger a sum equal to 2*l.* in English money. It was getting dark. Inns were known to be scarce, and accommodation difficult to get, as we were such a large party. Fortunately, they had a peppery Irishman in the boat, who had a sick wife under his care, for whom he was anxious to procure the best and most comfortable quarters. Finding that a volley of Irish oaths had no effect on the hardened wretches, he pulled out his Colt's revolver, and standing up in the stern-sheets, swore by Saint Patrick that he would blow the black brains out of every mother's son of them, if they did not pull in and land them, according to the terms of their first agreement. This had a most magical effect, and they were soon on shore: but one of the rascals dodged the party, and in a dark alley made a stab at one of them, fortunately missing his aim, and catching a Tartar for his pains. He was taken up the next day before the alcalde, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be a soldier for five years!

I find the following remarks entered in my note-book at the time (1854): "Those vampires of the landing-place at Panama are a vile set, and I venture to predict that there will yet be bloodshed on the Plaza de las Monjas." My prediction was unfortunately too literally fulfilled within twelve months, when a number of American passengers, crossing from California to New York, lost their lives there in a fray with those lawless vagabonds.

The town of Panama is very dirty, very old, and very ruinous. A walk through it and round it will reveal to the careful observer many curious sights. There are at least twenty churches; some totally in ruins, all more or less dilapidated. In the barracks might be seen about half a dozen half-clad, half-fed, and not half-washed soldiers. In the battery which then commanded the harbour there were to be seen an immense number of splendid Spanish guns, all of brass, and of the most exquisite workmanship, but not one of them was in a condition to be used. They were long thirty-twos, and once upon a time must have been awkward customers. They have since been sold and removed.

The streets would be full of dirt—for filth and garbage of every kind are thrown into them—and the place would be intolerably odoriferous, were it not for the hordes of filthy-looking and filth-loving vultures, which act as scavengers, and which, from their great use in this respect, are protected by the inhabitants, no one being allowed to destroy them. They are in consequence quite tame, and hop about "in numbers numberless" in all directions, scarcely deigning to get out of any one's way. As we were strolling through the streets, the bells of the cathedral were ringing for service, so in we went. The congregation—if congregation it could be called, consisted of a few weird old women, squatting here and there on their knees, and telling their beads, not very devoutly, but gazing right and left at the strangers, and going on meanwhile with their devotions, as though they had a task to do in a given time. There appeared to be no sympathy whatever between the two or three dirty, ill-favoured, ill-dressed priests who were officiating, and their congregation; but each went through their own performance without even seeming to have anything to do in common, whilst at the same time a crazy organ kept squealing away, also apparently on its own bottom, and a few *priest-ebbens* (as they would be called in the north of England), *i.e.* youths intended for priests, acting as a choir, chanted some dismal ditty, themselves also perfectly independent of the organ with its shrill tones, as well as of priests and the people in the aisles. There was certainly variety in the performance, but no combined action. When this strange medley-service was over, some official, seeing strangers present, showed us round the building, exhibiting the pictures and images. The former were the rudest daubs imaginable; the latter the most tawdry and contemptible things in the world. The ugliest and most misshapen dolls ever nursed and fondled by the poorest child are handsome works of art compared with the images of Our Lady, and of their patron saints that were unveiled to our sight. The state of the church betokened the extremest poverty, and we were told that more than once in the late civil disturbances the churches were robbed of all their valuables. The senior priest himself, whom we frequently met in the various cafés, looked the very picture of poverty; but then we ascertained that he had a quasi-morganatic wife and a family of ten small children to maintain at home! As we had to remain a day or two in Panama, we attended the cathedral service twice a day, but I fear we were none of us much edified, for it is impossible to conceive anything more ridiculous and unedifying than a service so conducted, with nothing about you to call forth feelings of awe and reverence, as cannot fail to be the case in one of the glorious cathedrals of England. But yet I have seen a service every whit as absurd and as unedifying as that which I have just described. I have actually seen in scores of churches in England, and in the nineteenth century too, our beautiful liturgy turned into the most complete burlesque—a miserable duet between a droning parson and a drawling clerk! You may see and hear that yet in many a country church to which the great Oxford movement has not yet penetrated. There you may still hear the prayers preached to the people by the minister, and the responses shouted out by the clerk solo, in a half-singing, half-talking sort of tone, aided by a broad provincial dialect; while the rest of the congregation sit in their easy square boxes, as mute as if they had not the power of speech, and as unconcerned as if they had not gone there to join in public worship, but only to sit at ease and listen. I have heard many clergymen condemned as Romanists in disguise for turning their backs upon the congregation when saying the prayers, in order by that means to make the people understand that the prayers are not addressed to them, like the lessons, exhortation, &c., but to their God. No wonder that when the clergy were aroused from a long lethargic sleep by a few earnest Fellows of Oriel, some few were found to fly into the opposite extreme in their desire to avoid, amongst other things, the defects to which I have referred. Perhaps, therefore, it is unfair to condemn what we saw at Panama as being a legitimate sample of Romanism, when nearer home we may see such a frightful caricature of our own Church's pure and elevating service.

When the time came for leaving Panama, having seen our goods and chattels booked at some "express office," and strapped across the backs of mules, we ourselves engaged animals for Obispo, where we were to meet the train for Aspinwall, the new American town on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus. At seven o'clock in the morning about eighty of us started off together, the rest waiting for the New York steamers. We set off in a body, with the intention of keeping together, and so frightening off the numerous robbers who frequently in those days used to attack passengers across the Isthmus. Our mules, however, would not march together, but might be seen in straggling lots of three or four, at wide distances from each other. Indeed, after we had gone a few miles, the narrowness and badness of the track, thick brushwood as well as forest trees hemming us in on both sides, compelled us to march in single file. My mule being unfortunately the most stubborn animal of the lot, I was soon left far behind in the rear. Neither Mexican spurs nor a stout cudgel had any influence upon him. He would insist upon turning back when we came to the bad part of the road, which he knew lasted for twenty miles, and he was not so stupid but that he must try at least to shirk it. As I had the fear of robbers before my eyes if left in the lurch, I was obliged to adopt measures to make him follow the rest, and so I gave a native a dollar to thrash him all the way to Obispo, and lent him my own heavy silver-mounted iron-wood stick, which had been formerly a war-club of a chief of Vate, and presented to me by the chief as a token of his regard. My mule-driver used it to good purpose, as the dint in the silver top and the crack in the middle told too well. A succession of furious blows, with an accompaniment of energetic oaths in Spanish and English, soon convinced the animal that there were worse things in the universe than bad roads, and made him step out with such a good will that he soon left his tormentor far behind him. That mule ride beat everything in the shape of travelling that I had ever seen, heard, or read of. Owing to the immense quantities of heavy rain that had been falling for three months, and to the large number of mules that passed and repassed every day along a very narrow path, we found the track for twenty miles in a frightful state of puddle, in some places of the colour and consistence of pea-soup, in others thick clay two or three feet deep, through which the poor brutes could with difficulty plunge, their feet giving a loud "click" every time they lifted them out of the mire. It was now up-hill, steep as a house-side; now down-hill, equally steep; and as the path had been worn by the ceaseless tread of the mules into regular steps, it was now up-stairs, now down-stairs; but "such a getting up-stairs I never did see." Every step was mid-thigh deep either in thick or thin puddle. At one time you would see a poor beast staggering through the mire up against the branch of a tree, and toppling a lady backwards over into the soft mud, or falling on its knees, and pitching a lady or gentleman, as the case might be, hat or bonnet first, into the pool in front. At another time, in going up a steeper stair than usual, you might see a rider sliding gently over the stern, the saddle having worked loose; or in going down some steep declivity, you might hear a crupper snap, and a rider go over the bows, the whole cavalcade, unable to pass, halting and laughing till all was ready for another start. I was not surprised to pass many dead mules on the road, nor was I astonished to hear that one of our own party had left his mule in a puddle, where, being unable to extricate itself, it had died from exhaustion. As may be imagined, it was a most fatiguing journey for riders as well as for the ridden. Many of the harder sex were completely knocked up when they reached the railway; some of the ladies were more dead than alive. When we got to the line of railway, we were still five miles from Obispo, but luckily an engine, with a few trucks attached, was coming past as we arrived at the line. We hailed the driver, who civilly stopped for us; turned our mules adrift to find their way back as best they could, and rode on by rail, picking up, as we went along, several exhausted riders. On reaching Obispo, however, the train had started for Aspinwall, so we had to stay all night and wait till two the next afternoon, there being only one train a day. We found two miserable inns kept by Americans, and had to sleep ten or a dozen in a room. Next day we arrived safe in Aspinwall.

The difficulty in crossing the Isthmus is now removed, the railway having long since been completed; passengers can cross from the Atlantic to the Pacific in four hours. At the time I am speaking of only twenty-nine miles were finished, and such was the unhealthiness of the climate that every mile had cost one hundred navvies, who died from the Isthmus fever. Fresh labourers, however, were then arriving in large quantities from Jamaica and Carthagena, who were expected to complete the line (47½ miles) in a few months. As an instance of the unhealthiness of the Isthmus, I may mention the simple fact that, on returning there three years afterwards, and inquiring after various enterprising hotel-keepers, storekeepers, &c. &c., whose acquaintance I had made on my first visit, I found them all dead except one, who was very wisely making up his mind to sell off and retire to the States with what he could realise.

In 1854, when we crossed over, civil war was raging in New Granada, a Generel Melo having assumed the command of the rebels, who were in great force near Carthagena. Two or three hundred troops under some celebrated general were sent over from Panama to aid the regulars. These embarked on board the Royal Mail steam-packet *Dee* with us. They were not very soldier-like men, being mostly sentenced for bad behaviour to serve in the war against the rebels, our friend from Panama being among the number.

Having now arrived at the Atlantic side of the Isthmus, I will cut my narrative short. On the 23rd of June we sailed from Aspinwall in the *Dee;* arrived, on the 1st of July, at the Danish island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies; and on the next day left in the *Magdalena* for Southampton, where we landed on the 17th of July, having traversed fourteen thousand miles of sea in sixty-seven days, or, deducting the time detained in various places, in fifty-seven sailing days.

I will conclude with a few practical observations respecting the Panama route to our Australasian colonies. It has, at any rate, this advantage over any other, that for eight thousand miles there is a perfectly smooth sea, and one that can almost at all times be depended on. Occasionally a gale of wind may be encountered in the neighbourhood of New Zealand, or between that and Sydney, but none of the frightful hurricanes so prevalent along the Cape or Suez route. The time, too, as compared with the above passage, the only one yet made, may be considerably reduced. For instance, if a steamer were to run from England direct to Aspinwall, or, as it is officially called, Colon, the time taken would be fifteen days; the Isthmus can be crossed in four hours. Panama to Tahiti, the distance being nearly the same as that between England and Colon, would require another fifteen days, or probably not so much, as there would be a smooth sea, a fair wind (trade), and a favourable current; and lastly, Tahiti to Sydney, by keeping to the northward along the track of the *Golden Age*, need not take more than twelve days at the outside; thus getting forty-two sea days for the whole passage from England to Sydney. Allow three days for detention at Tahiti and the Isthmus, and forty-five days are still all that can be required. The return from Sydney to England would take a few days more than that, if Tahiti must be a coaling station; but if it be possible to make Easter Island a depôt for coals, the return passage could be accomplished in nearly the same time, as by going through Cook's Straits and keeping to the southward, the vessel would carry westerly, and therefore favourable, winds nearly the whole way. We should thus be enabled to have answers from our cousins at the Antipodes in little more than three months, a consummation to many of our readers, without doubt, most devoutly to be desired.

Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWALS:

XI.—D'URFÉ.

It has by many been taken for granted that D'Urfé was describing actual scenes and events within his own experience, connected with his own history, when he wrote that model romance, the "Astræa." The choicest love-passages, they say, were autobiographical records. Pastoral hero, pastoral heroine, pastoral associates of any prominence, were demonstrably, they assure us, D'Urfé himself, D'Urfé's wife, D'Urfé's friends and acquaintance. With or without foundation for the conjecture, there has always been a disposition on the part of the public to favour private rumours to this effect. The tendency began before the days of D'Urfé, and it had certainly not died out when Mr. Bulwer produced his "Pelham," or Miss Bronte her "Jane Eyre." To Motteux, in his preface to the English translation of Rabelais, "the Astrea of the Lord d'Urfé, which has charmed all the ingenious of both sexes, and is still the admiration of the most knowing, merely as a romance," appears a production that deserves all this admiration, on the ground of its being *not* "merely a romance," but fiction founded upon fact; for it "has been discovered," adds Peter, "long ago, by some few, to have throughout it a foundation of truth: but as it only contains the private amours of some persons of the first quality in that kingdom, and even those of its noble author, he had so disguised the truths which he describes, that few had the double pleasure of seeing them reconciled to the outward fictions; till, among the works of the greatest orator of his time, the late Monsieur Patru, of the French Academy, they had a key to a part of that incomparable pastoral, which he says he had from its author; and none that have known Patru, or read his works, or Boileau's, will have any reason to doubt of what he says." That illustrious American traveller, and free-and-easy Penciller by the Way, Mr. N. P. Willis, dear to the *Quarterly Review*, and *Punch*, and the English aristocracy to a man, entitles one of his collected volumes: "People I have Met; or, Pictures of Society and People of Mark drawn under a thin Veil of Fiction." Which title might, on Patru's showing, serve as a convenient alias for the Lord d'Urfé's romance. For Patru expressly states that the author of Astræa, to make his truths more agreeable, has interwoven them with "mere fictions, which yet are generally but the veils that hide some truths, which might otherwise not so properly appear in such a work; sometimes he gives us a part of the chief intrigues of a person, such actions as that person transacted at another time, or on another occasion: and, on the other hand, he sometimes divides one history, so that under different names still he means but one person: thus Diana and Astrea, Celadon and Silvander, are the same."*

Mr. Disraeli, who, in his Curiosities of Literature, "brings the Astrea forward to point out," he says, "the ingenious manner by which a fine imagination can veil the common incidents of life, and turn whatever it touches into gold" (brave words, my masters!)—commends this romance as a "striking picture of human life, for the incidents are facts beautifully concealed. They relate the amours and gallantries of the court of Henry the Fourth." D'Urfé's brother, Anne by name, having put away his wife, Diana of Chateaumorand, a wealthy heiress, after two-and-twenty years' cohabitation, our romancer married the lady, of whom he is said to have been enamoured before Anne made her his own; and in the romance "he [Honoré d'Urfé] is Sylvander and she Astrea while she is married to Anne; and he Celadon and she Diana when the marriage is dissolved." "Sylvander is called an unknown shepherd, who has no other wealth than his flock; because our author was the youngest of his family, or rather a knight of Malta, who possessed nothing but honour." "The history of Philander is that of the elder D'Urfé [Anne]." "In this manner has our author dismissed his own private history," &c. "These particulars were confided to Patru, on visiting the author in his retirement."* So, again, Sir Walter Scott—who says that D'Urfé, "being willing to record certain love intrigues of a complicated nature which had taken place in his own family, and amongst his friends," imagined to himself a species of Arcadia on the banks of the Lignon, inhabited by swains and shepherdesses, who live for love and for love alone.† It is a certain fact, writes M. Victor Cousin, in his Sketches of French Society in the Seventeenth Century, that D'Urfé undertook "in the 'Astræa' to relate his prolonged amours with the beautiful Diana of Châteaumorand; and whatever difficulties may have been subsequently raised against this view, we are not aware, for our part, of any good reason for calling in question the narrative of truth-speaking [véridique] Patru."‡

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* Motteux, pref. to Rabelais.

On the other hand, that judicious and accomplished critic, M. Saint-Marc Girardin, thus deals with the vexed question: "Let us not go looking in romances for the life of the romancers; rather let us expect to find the reverse [le contre-pied]: we shall then run less risk of mistakes. But Patru was not content with reasons like this, borrowed from the experience of life; he asked D'Urfé if it was true that he was Celadon, and that the great Enric was Henri the Great. He even claimed present knowledge of some truths in the 'Astræa,' for his brother, then a good deal in the world, had informed him what was said on the subject. Thus the Prince of Condé was Calidon and the Princess of Condé was Célidée; Marguerite of Valois, Henri the Fourth's first wife, was Galatée; Gabrielle d'Estrée was Daphnide. He urged D'Urfé to acknowledge all this; but D'Urfé replied that nineteen was an early age to be entrusted with so many secrets of such great importance; and the worthy Patru, not seeing that D'Urfé was gently laughing at him, 'would not take a refusal, but kept returning to the point. At length,' Patru tells us, 'he said to me, after dinner one day, when I was urging him with all the warmth you can imagine, "I give you my word that, on your return, you shall get from me all you desire."'—'And yet,' said I, 'I shall only be twenty, *then*.'—'True,' he rejoined, embracing me; 'but with such intelligence and inclinations as yours, a year in Italy is no slight matter. And besides, are you astonished at my wanting to see you once again at the least before I die?'—When Patru returned from Italy, D'Urfé was dead [1625]. But had he found D'Urfé alive, he would not have made much way in his discoveries. D'Urfé, in point of fact, had no secret to reveal to him. Like all great romancers, he had borrowed his romance from experience. He had painted the passions, manners, and characters of the world he lived in; but he had not sought to take portraits. He defends himself from this notion in his preface to *L'Astrée:* 'If thou find thyself,' thus he addresses his book, 'among those who profess to interpret dreams and to discover the most secret thoughts of others, and they affirm that Celadon is this particular man and Astrée that individual woman, make them no reply, for they know not what they say.' Do not, therefore, let us look in D'Urfé for the romantic history of the close of the sixteenth century; let us look there for an historian of the human heart."*

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* Curios. of Lit. First series.

† Scott's Miscel. Prose Works: Essay on Romance.

‡ La Soc. Fr. au XVII^{e} Siècle d'après le grand Cyrus de Mlle. de Scudéry, t. i. pp. 7 *sq*.

It was when young Patru, of Boswellising disposition, was at Turin, during his Italian expedition, that he came across D'Urfé, then fifty and upwards, who had retired to that city, the entirely French atmosphere of which, at the time in question, was attractive to the veteran romancer. D'Urfé was in 1624 the head and front, the crowned head and laurelled front, of his country's literature—in the estimate of young people, at least, to whom his delineation and elaboration, most scientific as well as most sentimental, of the tender passion, was a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever. "D'Urfé était le plus grand nom de la littérature et le plus accrédité parmi les jeunes gens, puisqu'il avait chanté l'amour." Accordingly, Patru approached him, as M. Girardin says, with a sort of passionate veneration, and, being both enthusiastic and inquisitive, begged him to "explain the Astræa." For people of the Patru class—a large majority, by the way—would have it that "Astræa" was something more than a romance—that it was, in reality, the history of the author and of his times. "The craze for discovering the hero of a romance in its author, is not new, we see. Only, in our own day, this craze, instead of being a matter of curiosity with the public, is become a pretension of the authors. They first of all make the hero after their own likeness, or rather after an image of their fancy; but when once the hero is thus created, they constrain themselves—and this is properly the malady of our day—to model their life and destiny upon the life and destiny of their imaginary hero.

"According to the beaux esprits of the time, D'Urfé was Celadon, and Diane de Châteaumorand, his wife, was Astrée.† The story ran that he had been in love with Diane while a youth; but Diane was to belong to his elder brother, Anne d'Urfé. Honoré had been forced, therefore, to leave his mistress, and had, in his despair, got himself made a knight of Malta. But ere long his brother Anne obtained from the Pope a cassation of his marriage, and Honoré got his vows dispensed with, and, returning to France, wedded, after all, the beautiful Diane he had loved so well and regretted so much." D'Urfé's first production was also appealed to—the poem called *Sireine.* "Sireine is a shepherd on the banks of the Eridan, who is forced to leave his mistress. Her parents, during his absence, marry her to an old man, rich and ugly. Sireine comes back, but too late. In despair he complains to his mistress:

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* Saint-Marc Girardin: Cours de Lit. dram. iii. 68 *sq.*

† Once for all let us here remark, that, in this mingle-mangle, we are almost inevitably capricious in the spelling of proper names.

> Le devoir, belle, n'a pouvoir,
> Dit le berger pour l'émouvoir,
> Où l'amour parfait a pris place.
> L'amour, répond-elle, est au cœur;
> Mais, s'il n'y vit avec l'honneur,
> La honte incontinent le chasse.

Crossed in love, but ever constant,—with a mistress ever faithful, but austerely attached to the law of duty,—*voilà* the story of the shepherd Sireine, and afterwards of the shepherd Celadon. It was also, they said, the story of Honoré d'Urfé himself. Such a *conte*, observes M. Girardin, had its beauty, and was just the thing to please young Patru. But now for the *histoire*.

"Honoré d'Urfé was not in love, early in life, with Diane de Châteaumorand, who was seven years older than himself; and when he wedded her, after the marriage with Anne d'Urfé, his elder brother, was annulled, he did so, not to carry out the first engagements of his heart, but to prevent the great wealth Diane had brought with her, from going out of the family. Diane had been very handsome when young, but was now become very bulky; besides which, she was peevish and sluttish, always having in her bedroom and on her bed five or six big dogs, who were never away from her." D'Urfé found the atmosphere close and rather too canine. If he held his tongue, he must compromise matters by holding his nose. Love me, love my dog,—has been righteously discussed by Elia among the fallacies of proverbs.

To tell the plain truth in plain English, D'Urfé was fairly "stunk out." After six years' endurance, the six big dogs in the bedroom were half a dozen too many for him, and he left them in possession. They might be fruitful and multiply, henceforth, to their own and Diana's content, for what he cared. He was off, to breathe airs not quite so heavy-laden with animal odours; Cologne itself would be preferable, where Coleridge once

> —— counted two and seventy stenches,
> All well defined, and several stinks.

Apply to the Pope for a divorce, said D'Urfé's friends to him. Your brother got him to dispense with *his* marriage vows, and you yourself got him to relieve you of your Malta ones. At him again. But no; D'Urfé thought, and said, that the D'Urfés had already given His Holiness employment enough. So he left his fat frowsy Diana without formal separation of any kind, and betook himself, as we have seen, to the very Frenchified city of Turin, where he composed his celebrated romance, to console himself for his actual history, so far was he from making that history the theme of his romance. The real Diana would not have looked well, the real dogs (all six of them, and on the counterpane) would not have smelt well, in that genteelest of prose pastorals.

For, to quote M. Girardin again, "In this romance, all is beautiful, all is charming. The lovers are lively and men of worth, the ladies tender and true; the cottages are elegant and proper, tenanted by shepherds of good society and shepherdesses of soft and kindly tempers. Nobody grows old there, and nobody grows fat, though the attachments are of prolonged duration; and all this in the finest country in the world, and on the banks of the most charming river you can imagine—that is to say, in the author's own country, a country, however, which he had quitted early in life, and whose woods and meadows and waters were now adorned, for him, with all the memories of youth and childhood.

"In addition to the disappointments of domestic, D'Urfé was also made acquainted with those of political life. On his return from Malta, he joined the League party, attaching himself to the fortunes of the Duc de Nemours, half-brother of the Guises, and who, after the defeat of the Duc de Mayenne, and Henri Quatre's entry into Paris, endeavoured to make himself master of the provinces of which Lyons is the metropolis. But D'Urfé met with injustice and disgrace in the usurper's little court; and, sick of the League, but put into prison by the Royalists first as a Leaguer, and afterwards by the Leaguers as a Royalist, he had recourse to philosophy: during his captivity at Montbrison, in 1594, he wrote some 'Moral Epistles,' which he completed at Turin in 1596. Philosophy sufficed to console him for political mishaps; but as a solace for domestic mishaps there was need of the imagination—and thus and then it was that he wrote *L'Astrée.* This progress," adds our critic, "is to my liking: the sham griefs of political life are consoled by the dry maxims of philosophy; the vexations of the heart are charmed away by imagination, that is to say, by the dream and fiction of a better and happier life than the one actually led. This kind of day-dream tranquillises the soul, without deadening it."* And thus day-dreaming, D'Urfé composed that romance to which may be applied *Lady Frampul's* eulogy,

It is the marrow of all lovers' tenets,—

if indeed her ladyship does not herself so apply it, for she remembers the "Astræa" when summing up the love-lore of *Lovel,*—

Who hath read Plato, Heliodore, or Tatius,
Sidney, D'Urfé, or all Love's fathers, like him?†

Ben Jonson's testimony proves that already, in 1630, D'Urfé was reckoned, even among strangers and foreigners, one of the fathers of the church of Love. And it is well known that pious bishops of—not that church, but—the church of Christendom, deliberately and officially approved of the all-popular "Astræa." Pierre Camus, for example, Bishop of Belley—himself a writer of "devout stories," which are in fact "little romances," and incited to such authorship by no less a counsellor than Saint Francis of Sales (*qui le lui conseilla de la part de Dieu*),—Pierre Camus uttered an episcopal benediction on *L'Astrée*, on the score of its chaste tone and honourable feeling, while pronouncing the author to be "one of the most modest and accomplished gentlemen that the mind can conceive." In 1624, D'Urfé received a letter signed by nine-and-twenty princes and princesses, and nineteen great lords and ladies in Germany, who had assumed the names of the characters in *L'Astrée*, and had formed a "réunion pastorale," which they called "Academy of True

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* Saint-Marc Girardin, iii. 65-68.

† Ben Jonson: "The New Inn," Act III. Sc. 2.

Lovers," in imitation of those in the novel of the day. This letter, dated from the Carrefour de Mercure, March 10th, 1624, entreated D'Urfé to kindly appropriate to himself the name of Celadon, which no member of this Academy had had the audacity to assume.*

Celadon has, in fact, been glorified by succeeding generations, immortalised in name at least, as the generic type of the languishing lover. If Machiavel, fifty years before, gave the world a new word, *Machiavelism*—and Lambin, the new verb *lambiner*—and Escobar, "that good Jesuit, immortalised by Pascal,"† the term *escobarderie*—and Don Quixote, that of *quixotic*—and Rodomont, that of *rodomontade*, &c. &c.,—so is D'Urfé's languorous swain the world's creditor for a name implying all those Gentle Shepherd and Shenstonian sentimentalisms, of which the world, and no wonder, is now rather tired.

Long, however, did the "Astræa" keep up its reputation, and continue, as at the first, to elicit golden opinions from all sorts of men. Huet, the learned Bishop of Avranches, who had read it in his young days, retained such an impression of its exciting interest, that in later life he avoided the sight and touch of the too fascinating volumes, lest the temptation to read them all through again should have magical power over his resisting will.

> Des bergères d'Urfé chacun est idolâtre,

says La Fontaine,‡ as a matter-of-fact matter of course. (The line occurs, by-the-by, in an Epistle to Huet aforesaid.) Boileau praises the narrative as "equally life-like and flowery," the fictitious framework as "highly ingenious," and the characters as not more acutely designed than agreeably diversified and well kept up.§ Fénelon made much of the "Astræa." It numbered even Rochefoucauld among its admirers. Rousseau was delighted with it, and wanted, when he was at Lyons, to visit the classical ground watered by the Lignon, till the postilion disenchanted him by the information that *le Forez* was a capital neighbourhood for operatives, that there were plenty of forges thereabouts, and a deal of trade done in ironwork. To such base uses may be degraded the haunts of Celadon and Diana, Sylvandre and Daphnide. Jean-Jacques did well to leave the iron districts, like the poet's Yarrow, unvisited.

Chateaubriand, in 1805, passed through Thiers and Roanne on his way toward Lyons, and thus alludes to D'Urfé: "The road touched now and then on the banks of the Lignon. The author of the *Astrée*, though no great genius, has yet invented places and persons which live—such is the creative power of fiction, when it is suited to the age in which it appears. There is, besides, something ingeniously fantastic in this resurrection of nymphs and naiads, who are mingled with shepherds, ladies, and knights. These different worlds associate together harmoniously, and we find ourselves pleasantly reconciled to the fables of mythology, blended with the falsities of the romance."|| One can fancy—knowing how French travellers used to pilgrimise to Hampstead, to gratify their sad souvenirs

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* Girardin, 63.

† Philarète Chasles: Etudes sur le XVIᵉ Siècle en France, 211-12.

‡ Epîtres.

§ See Boileau's Introduction to "Les Héros de Roman."

|| Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe.

of Richardson's Clarissa—one can fancy how they regarded the banks of the Lignon two centuries ago, when "Astræa" yet flourished fresh and fair.

Of course "Astræa" begat imitators in plenty. For more than thirty years, in fact, there were poured forth innumerable volumes of pastoral romance and sentimental chivalry, by Gomberville, Calprenède, the Scudérys, and a crowd of forgotten competitors in that line of things. It seemed, as M. Sainte-Beuve says, as if all the knights-errant of Spain, after being put down and packed off by the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes, had taken refuge in France, and there become gentle shepherds. At this epoch it was, that the Rabelais school, all the rage in France until lately, went out of fashion; displaced, supplanted, fairly ousted by the D'Urfé school, against which Sorel protested, after the manner of Cervantes, in vain.* But the D'Urfé fever was not of a kind to last. It was violent and catching—and some constitutions are still liable to a bout of it, and always will be; but Celadon can never have it all his own way in a world which Panurge has visited, nor will the latter be made to hold his peace except for a season, and even then the mad wag is mowing and mocking at the swain, whose fate he foresees, and ridicules, and not impatiently awaits.

Surprising the popularity of *L'Astrée* naturally appears to a generation that find that romance unreadable quite. What perhaps—and without paradox—increased its popularity, was, that it contrasted forcibly with the morals and habits of the age.† Its tendency was pure, and the age was given over to impurity. It refined and exalted that *belle passion* which the age degraded and animalised. It made a sensation as a reactionary agent: so far its mission was good, and it fulfilled that mission. That it was dull reading, even in the seventeenth century, many a candid reader, male and female, was not long in finding out. Many an abler judge than Scott's *Major Bellenden*‡ thought a deal of it was sorry stuff. Many a lady fair fairly went to sleep over it, like De Vigny's *Marie*, who, as we read in the novel, upon one occasion took up that "large folio volume, inlaid with enamel and medallions," but whose "simple yet upright mind could not enter into these pastoral amours; she was too simple to comprehend the shepherds of Lignon, too spirituelle to be pleased at their discourse, and too impassioned to feel their tenderness. However, the great fashionableness of the romance so attracted her, that she endeavoured to take an interest in it, and accusing herself whenever she experienced the wearying influence of its pages, she turned over leaf after leaf with impatience to find something which might please her: an engraving arrested her attention; it represented the shepherdess, Astrea, with high-heeled shoes, a bodice, and an immense farthingale, raising herself on her toes to look at the tender Celadon, who was drowning himself in despair at having been rather coldly received in the morning."§ A mild dose of the text suffices to set *Marie* sound asleep—small blame to her, and all (if any) to the Sieur d'Urfé, who administered the drug.

Mr. Hallam does not shrink from saying of the 5500 pages of which the "Astræa," when complete, was composed—five volumes in all—that

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* Sainte-Beuve: Tableau de la Poésie Fr. au XVIᵉ Siècle.

† See Michelet's "Henri IV. et Richelieu," ch. x.

‡ "Old Mortality."

§ "Cinq Mars," ch. xv.

"it would be almost as discreditable to have read such a book through at present, as it was to be ignorant of it in the age of Louis XIII." Allusions, however, to real circumstances, adds this critic, served in some measure to lessen the insipidity of a love-story which seems to equal any in absurdity and want of interest. "The style, and I can judge no further, having read but a few pages, seems easy and not unpleasing; but the pastoral tone is insufferably puerile, and a monotonous solemnity makes us almost suspect that one source of its popularity was its gentle effect, when read in small portions before retiring to rest."* The English judge is seconded by a popular French one as regards his sentence both on the *monotonie des tableaux* and *fadeur des sentiments*, and on the partially redeeming point of style: "the style of *L'Astrée*," says M. Chasles, "though marred by bad taste, conceits, subtleties, emphasis, is far removed, as Pasquier well remarks, from the school of Duperron and even of Duvair. It is *périodique*, noble, and harmonious; Balzac himself appears to have sometimes taken it for his model."† But only connoisseurs and such-like can be supposed to appreciate this redeeming point—a point, after all, of somewhat mathematical definition, without length or breadth, and little capable of redeeming a work given over now as past redemption. If Mr. Hallam could not get beyond a few pages, whom shall we suppose capable of the feat of perusal? Whether Southey ever actually perused the "tottle of the whole," may be an open question. That he meant to do so, and exulted in the prospect, is plain from one of his early letters, written when he had youth and spirits enough for any such enterprise. "My stall-hunting," he writes to his young wife, from London, in 1799, "the great and only source of my enjoyment in London, has been tolerably successful"—and then, after enumerating one or two precious purchases, he continues, "also I have got Astræa, the whole romance, almost a load for a porter, and the print delightfully small—fine winter evenings' work; and I have had self-denial enough—admire me, Edith!—to abstain from these books till my return."‡ We incline to believe that Southey read through and revelled in that load for a porter. Our own acquaintance with the "Astræa" being much nearer Mr. Hallam's quota, we shall do well, in what remains to be said of its contents, to travel in the wake of a living Professor and French Academician, who has studied it to purpose.

This gentleman has called attention to the fact, that pastoral poetry—versified or not—*la pastorale*, as the French call it—flourished in times which appear, by the troubles and terrors that were rife in them, to be most opposed to the calm and innocence of pastoral scenery. The sixteenth century, for instance, teeming with civil wars, murders, crimes of every grade, and manners that were at once barbarous and licentious: this was the age in which a taste for the pastoral spread notably in Italy, Spain, England, and France. The great *pastorales romanesques* of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are the "Diana" of Montemayor in Spain, the "Arcadia" of Sydney in England, and the "Astrée" of D'Urfé in France—the latter representing *cette manie champêtre* as it raged among the fine ladies and gentlemen of agitated times; for while history is "given up to the excitement and fury of human passions, poetry becomes intoxicated with the peace and innocence of the fields; and while blood is flowing on every side, whether in civil war or from the headsman's axe, milk and honey are streaming forth in the rivulets of the idyl. During the French Revolution, the same contrast is to be observed. Turn to its history—what massacres! what oppression of virtue! what apotheosis of crime! Its literature, the while, exhales a nondescript pastoral odour, that sickens you with the thought how closely it resembles the smell of blood."—The remark is M. Saint-Marc Girardin's, whose account of the "Astrée"—he will not call it an analysis—we cannot do better than follow, so far at least as our purpose may comport with such guidance, in order to get an inkling of the contents of that romance.

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* Hallam's Literature of Europe, III. 160 *sq.*

† Chasles: Etudes sur le XVI^{e} Siècle, livre iii. § xi.

‡ Life and Letters of Robert Southey, vol. ii. p. 14.

Although D'Urfé was by no means the inventor of the pastoral poem or romance—for Guarini's "Pastor Fido" and Tasso's "Aminta" had already, in Italy, given a new turn and development to the idyl of the ancients—he did, however, enlarge the scene of the pastoral drama, increase the number of actors, enhance the interest, and give variety to the sentiments and characters. "In short, he changed the idyl into the romance, and therein lies his merit." He owns, of himself, that his shepherds are conventional personages, and the title informs us that in *L'Astrée*, "the divers effects of honourable friendship are deduced, under the presentment of shepherds and others." Real shepherds are not to be looked for in this romance; not even in the idyls of Theocritus and Virgil are real shepherds to be met with. The Eclogue Shepherd is a fiction, and always has been; pleasant company in paper and print, but a vanishing quantity, or rather an unknown quantity, in all matter-of-fact statistics. D'Urfé has frankly explained the sort of shepherds and shepherdesses he intended to create: "If," says he, to Astrée, in the preface addressed to that imaginary dame, "if they reproach thee with not speaking the language of villagers, and, together with thy companions, of savouring little of sheep and goats, answer them, shepherdess mine, that neither dost thou, nor do these who follow thee, belong to those indigent shepherdesses who lead flocks to the meadows, to gain their own livelihood; but that you all have taken to this condition, simply to lead a gentler life, and one without constraint." And the whole tenor of the romance makes it evident enough, that the shepherds are there of their own sweet will, and purely as a matter of choice. Shepherds and shepherdesses—together let them range the fields, as fair to look upon and as free from care as the lilies that grow there, that toil not, neither do they spin—free indeed from all care for the morrow, of which their only thought is, to-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new. "They promenade together, seeking out fresh shades and pleasant fountain-heads, for, not having any flock to keep, the only employment of their time is to spend life as *doucement* as may be." They talk sentiment and make love in the most genteel fashion and the best French, pacing with airy footfall the

——archèd walks of twilight groves
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke

Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.

They are not village folks. They are well off, and without encumbrance, and of noble birth; they are "as discreet and as well-bred" as the best of courtiers; true chevaliers, in short, of the school of Amadis, only that they carry crook instead of lance, and prefer village sports to tilt and tourney.

For tournaments, indeed, and spectacles of martial prowess generally, D'Urfé had a repugnance to which he gave forcible and frequent expression. He calls *les tournois* "bloody exercises," fraught with "violence, outrage, and murder." "Is it not humanity from which man (*l'homme*) derives his name? And are not wars contrary to humanity hateful?" And yet he introduces men-at-arms among his shepherds and shepherdesses; there are doughty chevaliers, and the chevaliers send challenges, and the challenges produce combats not a little curious. The bellicose manners of these sons of Mars are drawn in salient contrast to the soft serenities of our idyllic friends. Though D'Urfé was composing a new kind of romance, he dare not utterly break with the romances of chivalry, so much in vogue at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and to which the "Amadis," midway in that century, had given a new and improved character. On examining with M. Girardin, the "form" of D'Urfé's *roman*, we find two characteristics pertaining to the past—the pastoral and the chivalric—the one borrowed from Italy, through Tasso and Guarini, the other from the old French romances. But when we come to the characters and sentiments, all is new. Love, especially,—the chief passion in romances—is here delineated after a new fashion. It is no longer the sort of love described in romances of chivalry, inspiring devotion of a quite marvellous and impossible extent, and exaggerating the worship of woman to idolatry itself; but a new love, such as is obtained in the good company of which D'Urfé essays to trace the model—such as Marguerite of Navarre had already given a notion of, in the prologues and epilogues to her tales; love of an "elegant" and sprightly sort, above all things gifted with the art of *talkee*—for the charm of conversation is half the merit of love as Marguerite of Navarre and D'Urfé represent and teach it. M. Girardin here observes, in passing, that in composing a history of love in France, from the sixteenth to his own nineteenth century, he finds himself writing *du même coup* the history of conversation; so large a share among the French, has conversation in love.

Now there are in the "Astrée" divers kinds of love, all of them, however, such as beseem people of good society, *l'amour honnête* in short, as the title intimates. There is ingenuous, naïf love, which agrees admirably with the pastoral; there is also a preaching, dissertating love, represented by Silvandre. Silvandre is a shepherd who has studied Plato, and makes an eloquent commentator upon him. "He it is who teaches what it is to be in love; he it is who defines the nature of beauty: beauty is a ray darting forth from God on all created things. He it is who teaches that love has the power of adding perfection to the souls of men, and that noble actions and generous designs are the offspring of love. Do Plato and his disciples speak differently?

"Of all the lovers who meet together on the banks of the Lignon, the most lofty-minded and constant is Celadon. For these reasons he has deserved to become the hero of the romance. Celadon has the advantage of Silvandre, all learned and *spirituel* as Silvandre is, because in love sentiment has the better of science,—a heart thoroughly smitten being the prime quality in a lover. Now to regard not only what Celadon says, but what he does, who can deny him to be the most ardent and at the same time the most respectful of lovers? Astrée, in a moment of amorous pettishness, banishes him from her presence, and he, in despair, flings himself into the Lignon. But the waves spare him; he is cast on the banks of the river, and remains there in a swoon and half-dead. The nymph Galatæa comes upon him while walking with her ladies on the banks of the Lignon, and has such care taken of him as restores him to life. Though miraculously saved from death, Celadon holds in as much respect as ever the sentence passed against him by Astrée, and no longer dares to seek her presence. These lovers, who killed themselves for the whim of their mistress, were long the fashion in romances and lovers' dialogues. Gradually, however, irony did justice, even in romances, to these amorous suicides. Hence that old couplet which dates from the *grands romans* of the middle of the seventeenth century, all imitated from the 'Astrée,' *especially* as regards its defects:

I.

Le berger Tircis,
Rongé de soucis
De voir sa Climène
Rire de sa peine,
Alla se percher
Sur un haut rocher,
Voulant finir son supplice
Dans un précipice.
Mais songeant que ce saut
Était bien haut,
Et qu'on mourait
Quand on voulait,
Mais qu'on vivait
Quand on pouvait,
Quelque volage et légère
Que fût sa bergère,
Il fit nargue à ses appas
Et revint au petit pas.

II.

Les rimeurs sylvains
Des antres prochains
Sur cette amourette
Firent chansonnette,
Pensant que la mort
Eût fini son sort;
Même l'injuste Climène
En était plus vaine;
Pendant que ce berger,
Loin du danger,
Bien sûr était
Qu'il ne mourrait,
Mais qu'il vivrait
Tant qu'il pourrait.
Et, revenant vers la belle,
Il se moqua d'elle,
Et les sylvains étonnés
En eurent un pied de nez."

Shall Tircis, wasting in despair, die because a woman's fair? *Mille fois non;* Tircis will think second thoughts about it, and second thoughts are best. Tircis will look before he leaps, especially off a precipice, and *that* precipice a very high one. He bethinks him, gentle shepherd, that one may die when one will, but lives only when one can; and with this practical philosophy he renounces Wertherism, and goes and laughs at the lady, to the astonishment of the natives. Tircis has, what M. Girardin calls, "la sagesse des moqueurs." But between him and Celadon the distinction is profound. Such *sagesse* is impiety in the eyes of Celadon. He, cast ashore by the waves, and tended by Galatæa and her dames, sees himself constrained to live; but far from returning to see his mistress again, he secludes himself in a cavern, and as the cavern happens to contain a pen and ink, he there writes verses for Astrée.

Amadis, in the gloomy rock, did nothing but despair. Celadon despairs —and writes verses; he is not so unhappy, for the heart finds solace in the feelings expressed by the mind. Moreover, to so enthusiastic a lover, there is something sweet and soothing in the fearful solitude wherein he is plunged. "Wretched is the condition of a lover!" exclaims Léonide, one of the nymphs, or ladies-in-waiting on Galatæa, when she takes note of Celadon's manner of life.—"Far from it," incontinently replies that constant swain: "wretched only is he who loves not, for he is unable to enjoy the most perfect blessings in the world." Celadon is love's devotee, humbling himself contentedly under the blows of his mistress, just as the religious devotee humbles himself under the hand of God. Accordingly, the nymph Léonide, astonished at this amorous fervour, rejoins, after an interval of admiring and expressive silence: "I do declare, shepherd, that if what you are practising be to love, then are you the only one of all mankind that can really love." This reply of the nymph, with which is mingled something of vexation at not being herself beloved by such a lover—for she has a liking for Celadon—is praised by the critic as at once "passionnée et fine," manifesting a curious observation of the human heart, and a vivid expression of the result.

D'Urfé introduces by the side of Celadon, and by way of contrast to magnanimous and constant love, a character called Hylas, who represents love of a frivolous and flighty sort. Hylas is the type of the kind of love that assimilates so readily to French esprit—in Villon it may be seen *moqueur* and rather coarse; in Marot playful and elegant. Hylas is, moreover, the ancestor of Don Juan and Lovelace, though he is destitute of the fire and libertine *forfanterie* of the one, and by no means builds up vice into a system like the other. He is naturally flighty, without making that disposition a matter of boast or of study. However, as evil dispositions are nearly related to evil principles, Hylas already exhibits traits belonging to Don Juan and Lovelace. He is an enemy to marriage, even with the being he loves, "for it seems to him there is no tyranny among men so great as that of marriage." Like Don Juan, he keeps a kind of list of the women he has loved. Nay, more; when he forsakes his mistresses, he banters them in a style of outrageous foppery that stamps his affinity with every hero of "natural libertinism" like Don Juan, or "Machiavelian libertinism" as represented by the betrayer of Clarissa Harlowe.

And here M. Girardin takes occasion to note a "curious thing," which shows the natural leaning of *l'esprit français*,—to wit, that nowhere is inconstancy more *spirituellement* delineated than in this romance consecrated to the glory of honourable and faithful love. Of all the shepherds in "L'Astrée," Hylas is the wittiest and most light-hearted. The discourses uttered by Silvandre are pedantic and obscure; those of Celadon verge at times on affectation or bombast; those of Hylas are lively and piquant. Never is D'Urfé's style more instinct with ease and movement than when Hylas is the speaker. The cause which Hylas advocates, that of unfaithful love, is opposed to the intentions of the romancer, who takes care to make the shepherd-sophist always lose his *procès*; but though Hylas never manages to convince his judges by the pleadings he offers, there is considerable risk—and the risk is perilous—

of his gaining over the audience. In his mouth is to be found that light spirit of raillery, which constitutes one of the qualities of fine gentlefolks' talk, such as D'Urfé tried to describe or invent. Nor could Molière, or even sober, serious Richardson, resist the temptation of making us admire a Don Juan or a Lovelace, in spite of all his vices. "There is a great evil in this; for nothing so much corrupts the conscience of men, as the admiring what is not esteemed. In the '*Astrée*' we already have a foretaste of this perversion. The shepherds and shepherdesses condemn the doctrines of Hylas; they repudiate them in their own life and conversation. Nevertheless they laugh over them, and are amused by them. Evil is not as yet changed into virtue; but it is already changed into pleasure. Vice is not as yet become greatness; but it is already a something agreeable. The first step of the downward path is taken.

"The Hylas of D'Urfé keeps up his character to the end. At the conclusion, when the shepherds and shepherdesses of the Lignon come to look at themselves in the fountain of love,—that wondrous fountain wherein the maiden, gazing on her own form, sees the image of her truest lover appear anon,—the Grand Druidess Amasis begs Hylas to take his turn at the fountain, in order to see what shepherdess it is he loves: 'Madame,' says Hylas, 'this fountain is so small that, were I to look into *it*, *I* could not possibly see half even of the creatures I have loved.'"

Astrée is the representative of virtuous love in its purest and most elevated form. Galathée, of frivolous and violent, capricious and egoistic love. Astrée and Celadon are not characters taken from the every-day world; they belong to an ideal sphere, as intended types of a quite unreal perfection. Galathée serves for pendant and contrast to the heroine; and as the latter has the merit of ideal perfection, this nymph has the merit of realistic truth. Can that be said, however, of any "nymph"? But then as the Athenian craftsman, who made his first appearance on any stage, was not Pyramus but Bottom the weaver, neither are nymphs in D'Urfé nymphs at all at all, but princesses, French princesses, very French princesses. Galathée is *vraiment une princesse*. In no other character has D'Urfé shown more sagacity and insight, says M. Girardin, who indeed claims the nymph in question as a "character of our own times"—one that in days of yore could exist nowhere but at court, but now, thanks to the deterioration of bourgeois simplicity, and the levelling progress of *l'oisiveté et le raffinement*, is to be found in every direction. According to the Key to *L'Astrée*, the original of Galathée is Marguerite de Valois—no one else corresponding to a personage so spruce and sprightly in her sallies, so bold in pooh-poohing social prejudices and in consulting only her personal caprice—a coquette both as woman and as princess, that is to say, combining with her feminine levity a sort of hauteur which makes her think it unsuitable to her rank to let herself be restrained by *les bienséances;* ardent and short-sighted in her passion, but voluntarily short-sighted, for she will not allow her eyes to be opened, and is angry with Léonide for trying to open them. "What is it, madame, that you want to do with this shepherd?"—"I want to have him love me."—"And to what would you have this friendship tend?"—"What a tease you are," cries Galathée, "to trouble me about the future! Just leave him alone to love me, and then we shall see what will come of it."—"And yet," urges Léonide, "even if we leave the future out of sight, we ought to have some kind of purpose in what we are about."—"I think so too," says Galathée, "in everything but love; and, for my part, the one single design I wish to have, is, that he love me."—Léonide is then serious on her friend's apparent absence of intention to get married, and her perilous disregard of honour. Whereupon Galathée turns on her, impulsive woman-like, with the rejoinder, "And you, Léonide, who are so mighty scrupulous, tell me, without fibbing, do *you* want to marry him?" M. Girardin admires this piquant dialogue, and especially the trait of character displayed in the final retort. If Léonide seeks to turn Galathée from loving Celadon, it is, thinks the nymph, because my lady-lecturer is in love with him herself. Such is the way in which passion argues. Whoever offers an obstacle to it, whether in the name of honour or *sagesse*, is an enemy and a rival. Like a very princess, and compelled, as such, to take the initiative, Galathée owns to Celadon her love for him. Poor Celadon reddens, hesitates, talks about duty and fidelity,—trashy excuses, which Galathée treats with supreme contempt, giving him in return a sermon in favour of inconstancy and the "law of caprice," in terms that not even Hylas would disavow: "It is mere folly, look you, Celadon, to be stopped by this nonsense about fidelity and constancy, words invented by old women, after they get ugly, to act as a tie on those whom the look of their faces now sets at liberty." Poor Celadon, highly embarrassed with his part, ends by doing as Æneas formerly did, and as all embarrassed lovers are apt to do—he runs away. Oh the wrath and scorn of Galathée at that flight! She has no notion of dying like Dido; but she drives away Léonide, whom she forbids ever to appear again in her presence except with the fugitive Celadon—for she suspects Léonide of having contrived this flight, to further her own designs on the too reluctant swain.

If it be true, observes M. Girardin, that D'Urfé was once Marguerite's prisoner at Usson, and that, as tradition has it, he both loved and was beloved by her majesty, we may here recognise a just retribution upon her, in that, as she loved only out of caprice, she did not blind those she loved. They were her lovers without being her dupes; and when D'Urfé depicted her in his romance as the nymph Galatea, he left her the charm that is exercised by beauty and passion, without endowing her with a single one of the graces that spring out of virtue. These he reserved for Astrea, the woman of whom he had dreamt. Galatea was merely the princess he had loved.

Before she became enamoured of Celadon, Galatea was in love with Lindamor, a high-born knight, of great prowess in war. But Lindamor is under one peculiar disadvantage—he is an absentee, "and that is not less injurious to him, as regards Galathée's affection, than the presence of Celadon. In vain he writes to her; in vain does Léonide, who favours this attachment, snatch at every opportunity of reminding her of Lindamor. What would you have? absent ones pass away from the heart of the nymph, and present ones imprint their presence there." Then Leonide, to reanimate this "oblivious sensibility," makes up a story that Lindamor, aware of Galatea's treachery, has refused to allow the wounds he received in a recent combat to be dressed, and is dead of grief. She announces his death to Galatea with an air of mystery that compels attention. M. Girardin professes his ignorance of any scene whatever, in drama or romance, that depicts with more depth and piquancy the true nature of sensibility and that relish for "emotions" which is peculiar to it.

"Poor Lindamor!" says Galatea. "I swear to you that his death touches me more acutely than I could have believed. But tell me, did he not remember me at the last, and did he not show regret at leaving me behind?"

"Now that is a strange sort of question," says Léonide. "He dies on your account, and you ask if he remembers you."

"You are angry," Galatea replies. "Tell me, however, I pray you, by all the friendship you feel towards me, whether he had not me in his mind in his last words, and what they were."

"And must you, then," exclaims Léonide, "triumph within your soul over the close of his life, just as you have been doing over all his actions in it, ever since he began to love you? If this only is wanting for your contentment, I will satisfy you." And thereupon Léonide goes on with her made-up story, and relates how that Lindamor, feeling himself dying, had directed Fleurial, his squire, to rip him up, as soon as the breath was out of his body, and pluck out his heart, and carry it to Galatea. "Now this fool of a Fleurial," she adds, "that he might not neglect the commands of a person so dear to him, had brought hither the heart in a silver box, and but for me would have actually presented it to you." Galatea is, of course, all eagerness to see the silver box;—a curious example of those "not factitious, yet frivolous griefs," which willingly excite themselves by looking at the reliques of the beloved object—in which vanity at once sharpens and diverts sorrow, and selfishness exults in a homage that is all the more precious for being plucked from death itself. "Die then for your princesses, brave knights of the court of the Valois, in order that when they hear of your death their chief anxiety may be to learn your last words, and to see your hearts embalmed in a silver box! relics of love,—but not so, wages rather of vanity, to be kept by them in a corner of their cassette, without protecting your memory against the ascendancy of a new attachment; for, to hearts greedy of emotions, remembrance is of brief avail,—witness Galathée, who sets about loving Celadon without any long delay, and all the more at her ease, as soon as she believes her old lover to be dead. Nay, more; when Galathée learns that Lindamor is *not* dead, as that fine story had made him out to be, her wrath is excited, and she would be very much obliged, she says, to any one that would rid her of Lindamor and of Polémas, another lover, hoping even that, thanks to the rivalry of these twain, 'Lindamor will rid her of Polémas, or P. of L., by which means she will be quit of one and perhaps of *both*'"—a longing that naturally reminds us of Mr. Godfrey Bertram's, of Ellangowan,* when his anxiety, poor gentleman, about quarter-day and backward rent makes him wish, with all his heart, that Whitsuntide would kill Martinmas, and get hanged for the murder.

As Galathée fairly represents the woman of the world, so the man of the world has his representative in Bélisard—*un personnage spirituel et honnête*, a capital talker, and displaying in his conversation, especially with women, a singular degree of finesse and penetration. "Marivaux himself is not more ingenious in divining the passion that would fain lie concealed, and in drawing forth the secret of the heart." Indeed there is evidence throughout of D'Urfé's acquaintance with the world as an "experimental moralist." M. Girardin insists on this characteristic. "What judicious thoughts, what profound or piquant ones come unexpectedly upon us in the 'Astræa!' 'Bear in mind,' says one of the characters to his brother, who is for making a *mariage de fantaisie*, 'bear in mind, my brother, that marriage makes or unmakes a man.' Yes, marriage advances or else puts back a man in the world: sometimes, too, it fixes him where it finds him, which is but another way of putting him back. All this is true: but who would expect to find this entirely practical and worldly-wise maxim in a romance consecrated to love?

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* "Guy Mannering."

"In politics, again, D'Urfé shows the same experience in men and things, the same penetration. 'I quite see, Alcidon, that by associating with princes you have come to share their nature, which is to give no thought except to what touches them, and to be utterly careless as to the interests of others. You care little about what may happen after you are away, provided only, that while you remain, you may do so without being disturbed.' I understand, D'Urfé: you have been a Leaguer, you have served the princes of Lorraine, the Guises, so amiable and so seducing, and you have learnt that, alike for usurping princes and legitimate, men are merely instruments to be changed when their use seems to be over. —'Most princes,' says D'Urfé elsewhere, 'treat their subjects as we treat horses that have grown old in our service: the utmost favour we grant them is to put them in a corner of the stable, without further trouble about them; whereas in the case of those that can work, upon *them* we are careful to bestow every kind of pains.' Here D'Urfé had been listening to some old captain of Henri IV., when complaining of that good and able king, who first beat his enemies, and afterwards bought them, leaving to his friends the honour rather than the profit of the victory they had won together.—Of Henri IV. and his finesse, so happily disguised as *bonhomie*, we are frequently reminded by occasional traits of character in the 'Astræa;' this maxim, for instance: 'It is no small prudence in a king to oblige several persons by one single boon.' Here D'Urfé has divined beforehand the art of distributing favours under a parliamentary or popular government. Sometimes even his political experience seems gathered from examples and lessons in the school of Machiavel: 'When one prince,' he somewhere makes one of his characters say, 'is desirous of deceiving another, he must first of all dupe the ambassador he sends to him; for the ambassador, supposing what he says to be true, invents reasons and states them with an assurance he would not have if he thought he was telling lies.'"*

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* Saint-Marc Girardin, Cours de Lit. dram. § xl. *passim*.

A BRIGHT VIEW OF REFORM.

It has for some few years been growing into a custom with our parliamentary sages that, during the period of the year which their predecessors more wisely devoted to pheasant shooting, they should undergo the *peine forte et dure* of meeting their constituents, and rendering what in political slang is called an account of their stewardship. During the past autumn this observance developed itself into a public nuisance, and it was impossible to enjoy the *Times* with the matutinal muffin without unconsciously drifting into several columns of common-place verbiage which effectually destroyed the appetite. Worse than all, these speeches were accompanied by one refrain—Reform, and it seemed as if our constitution must be in a state of rapid atrophy, so numerous were the doctors who came forward to suggest their recipes. The dean of the faculty, Mr. Bright, has positively given up his private practice to amend the health of the country, and has been wandering about, at his own sweet will, administering reform pills like a political Doctor Dulcamara, which would infallibly cure all the diseases under the sun. It seems to us, however, that reform, like charity, should begin at home, and that these gentlemen should attempt to improve their language, for, even if a man be a radical, that is no excuse for brutality. Take, for instance, the speech Mr. Roebuck has just delivered at Sheffield, and the disgraceful remarks he allowed himself to make about the Emperor of the French. Surely no parliamentary licence should excuse such diatribes, which are unworthy of a man of honour. But it is the misfortune of your popular member that he must pander to the worst prejudices of his hearers, and though we can imagine him quitting the platform with his tongue in his cheek, and laughing secretly at the way in which he has gulled the mob, we feel sorry to find such men exciting hatred against our allies merely for the sake of bolstering up their evanescent popularity.

The plainest proof of the inherent weakness of the Liberal party will be found in the diametrically opposite views they hold as to this momentous question of reform. While Mr. Bright is advocating republican principles, and, like the serpent in the fable, blunting his teeth against the file, by trying to overthrow our time-honoured aristocracy, many of his colleagues openly express their disapproval of such revolutionary tendencies. Led astray as they may be by false views of political economy—stung, perchance, by an ambitious desire to have a share in the government—they are, before all, Englishmen, and hold in due reverence that glorious constitution of which we all feel so proud. They have no desire to carry out Mr. Bright's theories to their logical sequence, and not even the bribe of universal suffrage would induce them to exchange our government for that magnificent democratic tyranny which prevails in Mr. Bright's pattern country. The orator of Birmingham, though dangerous at the outset, soon rendered himself ridiculous by the exaggeration to which he was forced to have recourse. Each time the speech had to be more strongly spiced or it would have palled; and at length, all right-minded men, on hearing such revolutionary doctrines promulgated, took the alarm, and Mr. Bright's dazzling oratory for once failed in its effect.

Mr. Bright, naturally a clever man, noticed that he was losing ground by his insidious attacks on all that Englishmen hold dear, and he has completely altered his tactics, by addressing his Bradford audience with an unwonted degree of moderation, and holding up a flattering picture of Reform which must dazzle the unthinking. But a very slight consideration of his speech shows us the old sad story. Whenever Mr. Bright rises to speak, he desires to give utterance to his rooted aversion for our aristocracy. At the outset of his political campaign, he held the higher classes up to popular odium; now, he desires to strip them of their influence, and thus tear down the only bulwark left between ourselves and anarchy. Most crafty are his suggestions as to Reform, and well adapted to flatter his hearers; but his whole scheme resolves itself into this—the nobility of England must be deprived of their influence, in favour of the manufacturers. We have yet to learn, however, that the latter are the only class of society suited to administer our national affairs, and, for our own part, we confess a preference for those gentlemen whom birth and certain wealth place above suspicion. In a word, we would sooner see the country governed by men who can afford to be disinterested, than leave it a prey to tradesmen, who can never forget the shop even when the honour of England is at stake.

Mr. Bright is doubtlessly most ambitious: it is equally undoubted that he does not suffer from any undue depreciation of his own talents. By flattering the new constituencies which he proposes into a notion that they are badly treated, he secures for himself a strong party, if a compromise be effected, while, by basing his reform on the Whig propositions of 1854, he hopes to attract to his side many waverers. His greatest want at the present time is a "tail," for, without it, he cannot grasp the object of his ambition; but he knows perfectly well that in the present House he cannot secure another ally. He has everything to hope, then, by subverting the old system, and if only half his reforms were carried out, he would be a considerable gainer. Still, we hold that the common sense of the nation has decided against him, and he has learned that there is a great gulf fixed between the leader of the mob and the leader of the House. Hence, we believe that the dread of his influence has been exaggerated, and that our aristocracy acted wisely in treating his attacks with calm contempt.

Lord Derby has promised Parliamentary Reform, and, of course, will keep his word. For our own part, we believe that if the country were canvassed, nine-tenths of the population would prefer standing on the ancient ways, but the cry has been raised, and Lord Derby is pledged to introduce a measure. That it will be satisfactory to all but the Radical party we firmly believe; and we are certainly of opinion that there are several inequalities which require levelling. The Reform Bill of 1832, was extorted from a Whig government by the towns; they reaped all the supposititious benefit at the expense of the agriculturists, and we sincerely hope Lord Derby will take this into consideration in adjusting the balance of power by the bill of 1859. Every measure taken by the present administration during its tenure of office leads to the belief that Lord Derby will be true to himself in this most difficult matter, and we are sure that his colleagues will be equally well disposed. This view is confirmed by the fact that the Conservative government have actually won the applause of the country by the vigorous reform measures they have introduced, as will be evident at once, if we take a cursory glance at the changes introduced by each branch of the administration.

In the first place, let us take the ministry of foreign affairs: here we find the whole system revolutionised. During those evil days, when Lord Clarendon was acting as head clerk to the warlike premier, we were continually eating the leek. Every opportunity for bluster was eagerly accepted, but whenever we had to do with a powerful opponent, the matter was hushed up as soon as possible. Look at the dignified manner in which a Whig ministry behaved in the Pacifico business, or again in that most unpleasant complication with America during the Crimean war, when our diplomatic warrior at once ran away from the field, and begged the Americans to think no more about it. What a contrast is presented by the conduct of Lord Malmesbury; he, too, has had his complications (the worst left him as a legacy by his predecessor), and yet see how nobly he emerged from them all, without in any way compromising the dignity of England. We now stand in the most friendly relations with Austria, which never could have been effected during the rule of Lord Palmerston: and though at perfect amity with the whole civilised world, peace is rendered more and more secure by the dignified position our new foreign minister has known how to assume.

Or, again, look at Lord Stanley, the regenerator of India, who, by his proclamation, has effected more than all our troops could have done. So difficult and complicated was the task of restoring confidence that a failure would have been quite pardonable, and yet Lord Stanley, with his extraordinary genius, has surpassed the fondest hopes of the country. The pacification of India is now ensured, and, better still, we know that the new government will inaugurate those principles of justice and good administration, the want of which did so much to bring about the lamentable revolt. And it is a lord again who has deserved so well of his country! O Mr. Bright, Mr. Bright, when you were trying to lower our aristocracy in the eyes of your audience, we wish some still small voice had whispered in your ear the name of Lord Stanley: had it been so, you would have withdrawn your remarks at once, for though you allow your passion to carry you away too often, we believe you in your heart an honest man, ever ready to apologise for any error into which your prejudices cause you to fall. But, come, you have a *locus penitentiæ* left you still: so soon as you have recovered your wind after your recent exertions, and are prepared to harangue your partisans once more, you will remember the name of Lord Stanley, and be ready to allow that there is one shining light, at any rate, still left among our nobility.

Or, take another instance: let us glance for a moment at what our army and navy authorities have been doing in the way of reform. When General Peel took office our military service was essentially unpopular; the remembrance of the ill-treatment to which the land transport had been exposed rankled in the hearts of our countrymen, and recruits came in slowly and reluctantly. In the last nine months our army has been raised to an effective strength of 220,000 men—a far larger number than we had during any period of the Crimean war; and, so great is the confidence felt in the present government, that recruits flock in daily. But this is not all: considering the short interval of time, the reforms that have been introduced are really marvellous; every defect to which military reformers have been for years drawing the public attention is in a fair way of being corrected, and justice has been done to that most deserving body of men, the army surgeons, who, for years, have been appealing in vain to successive Whig administrations. The new army warrant is also a great step in advance, and all bids fair to the hope that our army ere long will be placed on the same footing, as regards efficiency, as any of those belonging to the continental powers. Nor has Sir John Pakington been idle: to him we owe the existence of a Channel fleet, which, though at present small, will serve as the nucleus for a grand display of force, while the utmost exertions are being employed to hurry on the magnificent vessels now building. The remarks on this subject made by the First Lord at the Colonial dinner will be hailed with satisfaction by the nation.

Most heartily may we also congratulate our Colonial Minister on the earnest manner in which he has set about introducing a more satisfactory relation between our outlying dependencies and the mother country. With the *coup de patte* he gave the Antiguans on his assumption of office, he established the principle that colonies are bound to defend themselves, and not send home for assistance whenever a local outbreak occurs; his next step was to found the new province of British Columbia; and lastly, he has conscientiously striven to pacify those turbulent and disaffected Ionians, who have been a thorn in our side ever since we undertook the protectorate. Mr. Gladstone has consented to accept the governor-generalship in lieu of Sir John Young, and the government have thus gained a valuable ally, who will honestly attempt to rectify any existing abuses, and render the inhabitants of the Ionian Islands more tolerant of the easy yoke that presses upon them.

As regards home affairs, the measures introduced by the present government have been equally satisfactory, for they evidence an honesty of purpose, and a hearty desire to promote the best interests of the nation. The liberally progressive measures to which we have alluded, and which deservedly form the pride of Lord Derby's administration, justify us in the belief that the coming Reform Bill will be as extensive as the good sense of the country can demand. That it will satisfy all parties is manifestly impossible; but if it gain the suffrages of the intelligent middle classes, Lord Derby can afford to laugh at all the attacks of disappointed place-seekers, for he will have the hearty support of the really influential portion of our population.

Regarding the true interests of the country, we have much reason to regret that Lord Derby has tied himself by a rash promise, which, like Jephthah's vow, may entail terrible consequences, if the attention of parliament is to be devoted exclusively to that dreary subject of Reform with which we are already sated. Representative reform may be a very good thing, but we humbly conceive that it requires certain conditions to ensure its success. At a moment when a flame may burst forth on the Continent, when the tranquillity of Europe depends on the nod of one man, we should be setting our house in order, and hold ourselves prepared for any eventualities. No man in the United Kingdom (always excepting Mr. Bright and the rest of the *topases*) can say that England is now in a satisfactory posture of defence. The Indian catastrophe has drained the country of its best blood, and heavy demands are still being made on our energies to fill up the lamentable gaps made in our ranks by illness. It is quite certain that we could not at present interfere in any continental war—and, perhaps, that is all for the best—but that is no reason why we should not pay attention to the condition of our national defences. We have all confidence in the alliance with France, and feel convinced that, so long as Napoleon holds the reins of power, we have naught to fear from our old foe and present friend; but that is no reason why we should neglect our naval strength. It is not meet that England should be dependent for her tranquillity on any man, and the certainty that any unforeseen accident to Napoleon would entail a war ought to be a sufficient reason for a large augmentation of our Channel fleet. The Emperor has not been idle: he has built a navy of screw-steamers, which may prove a very dangerous instrument in the hands of his successor, and it behoves us not to put it in the power of Germans to institute such humiliating parallels as that which lately appeared in the columns of the *Times*. Our present Channel fleet does not worthily represent England; and, although we have several fine vessels fitting out, we do not consider that, even with the addition of these, we shall obtain that superiority of metal and ships which is England's right as sovereign mistress of the seas. Sir Charles Napier, who appears to have assumed the post of a British Cassandra, has drawn attention to the difficulty of manning our fleet, and, surely, these are subjects which demand pressing consideration. Yet, when our country is in this defenceless posture, our great Reformers can only act like the daughters of the horse-leech, and appear utterly careless of the honour of their fatherland, so long as their selfish views can be carried into effect.

The next two months must decide the question of peace or war; Sardinia has gone even beyond the limits of prudence, and Austria will be compelled, in self-defence, to read her another terrible lesson. This time she will not stop short ere she reaches Turin, and thus the gauntlet will be thrown down to Europe. For years the French have coveted the occupation of Piedmont, as a stepping-stone to Italy, and the Austrian occupation would indubitably lead to their interference. Then Europe would drift at once into the old coalition; the other sovereigns have laboured for years to maintain the independence of Piedmont, as a great natural barrier against French expansion, and the first appearance of Gallic eagles on Italian soil would lead to a coalition from which we could not long remain strangers. From 1792 till 1815 we were continually waging war against Napoleon in alliance with Prussia, Austria, Russia in turn, and the expenses of that great war still hang as a heavy burden round our necks. In the event of a war between Austria and France, we could not long remain neutral; for such interests would be involved, and such a redistribution of the map of Europe take place, that we should be forced most unwillingly to come to the rescue of the Congress of Vienna, or, at any rate, prevent the French and Russians from dividing Europe between them. And, with such prospects before us, our legislators are expected by John Bright to sit gravely discussing Reform, like the senators, when Brennus appeared in the Capitol of Rome. Fancy Roebuck as a conscript father, and the savage Gaul, in the shape of a French colonel, making him eat those rash words he uttered at Sheffield about our Imperial ally!

Nor are we inclined to accept blindly the consolation afforded us by the author of "Aurons-nous la Guerre?" He bases his assurances of peace on the increased trade of France, and—tell it not in Gath!—the vast extension of the bulling and bearing system. These two levers of interest *must* prevent a war, for he says that out of the whole French population only one million would be found inclined for war. But, when were the *petits bourgeois* of Paris ever disposed to fight, or did the great Emperor depend on them? With an army of four hundred and fifty thousand men, all panting for glory and revenge, like greyhounds reluctantly held in a leash, an autocrat will find no difficulty in beating up recruits. For a long time the Napoleonic campaigns were unpopular; the people openly said the Emperor was mad, *teste* Marmont; but when their sacred soil was trodden by an invader, they rose to a man, and the campaign of 1814 will live in our memories for ever as a proof that Frenchmen will risk life, and what they love more—money, to save their country from desecration.

Cordially do we agree with M. Félix Germain, when he proves the worthlessness of the people for whom it is assumed the Emperor of France would draw the sword. But no one believes that Napoleon would interfere on behalf of constitutional principles in Italy; the plain fact is, that he has an enormous prætorian force to keep under, and if they insist he must yield. There are limits even to the debt which an autocrat can incur, and although France is very flourishing now, a knowledge of the difficulty we have in making both ends meet at home will tell us what the condition of French finances must be with an enormous army to support. The time must come when those men will have to be supported for a season on an enemy's soil, and, from purely selfish considerations, we should have no objection to their choice of the rich Lombardese to fatten upon; at any rate, until such time as we possess a fleet which will ensure our perfect safety at home.

When M. Germain appeals to the imperial statements about the Empire being peace, he only proves more and more the truth of the remark that language is given to conceal our thoughts. As far as the emperor is personally concerned, we will credit him with perfect sincerity, but we cannot say so much of his *entourage*, who are sadly belied unless they anxiously desire a war. And that a war must be commenced before long, or the emperor consent to resign his throne, is an axiom as incontrovertible as any in Euclid. And from what we all know of the Napoleonic temper, there can be no doubt what his resolve would be.

Thus, then, considering the present a most impolitic time for prating about Reform, we trust that the good sense of the nation will defer the subject, until we have rendered ourselves secure against any eventualities. When each of our Channel ports has a magnificent squadron within sight, and crowds of volunteers flocking in to man them, why—we shall be prepared to express our views about Parliamentary Reform. But not before: and we believe that if the Conservative ministry put forth a programme to that effect, every Briton who justly considers his country the greatest in the world, not excepting Mr. Bright's America Felix, will be prepared to give them his hearty and uncompromising support.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES STRANGE.

OUR chambers were in Essex-street, Strand, near the Temple: everybody must know the street. We rented the whole of the house, a capital house, towards the bottom of the street on the left hand side. The rooms on the ground floor were the offices for the clerks; on the first floor, the front room was the private room of Mr. Brightman; and the back room was called mine: but this back room was also used by Mr. Brightman, who had a desk in it. On the floor above that were my dwelling rooms, for I lived at the office, a sitting-room, a bedroom, and what Leah called my dressing-room, but I never used it, and it had nothing in it except useless lumber; and the story above was given up to Leah and her husband, who also occupied the kitchens below. He, Watts, was messenger to the firm, and she kept the chambers clean, and "did" for me—as she usually expressed it. My sitting-room up-stairs was not much used, especially in winter, for my room on the first floor was warm and comfortable, with the large fire kept in it all day, so that I generally remained in the room after office hours, and took my chop there. We never had any ceremony of cloth laying: Leah used to bring it upon a tray.

I, Charles Strange, had been articled to Lawyer Brightman, then a man of fifty, and I a boy of fifteen. Before I was five-and-twenty, I had paid a certain sum down, and was his partner—Brightman and Strange. If he had had sons, one of them would probably have occupied the place I gained; but, having none, he admitted me on easy terms, for I had my brains about me, as the saying goes, and was exceedingly useful in the firm. I had been a partner but a short time (at least, I estimate it as short now), when the incident I am about to relate occurred: an incident worth relating, and one I shall ever remember with vivid pain.

One Saturday afternoon, Mr. Brightman had been engaged with clients in his private room, and when they were gone he came back into mine, and sat down to his desk.

"What are you going to do with yourself to-morrow, Charles?" asked he.

"Nothing particular, sir." I could not help retaining sometimes my old mode of speech, as from clerk to master.

"Then you may as well come down to Clapham and dine with me. Mrs. Brightman is out."

I promised to go, and, as I was speaking, one of the clerks brought in a letter, and laid it on Mr. Brightman's desk.

"What a nuisance!" cried he, when he had read it. Which naturally caused me to look up.

"Here's Sir Edmund Clavering coming to town this evening, and wants me to be here to see him!" he explained. "I can't go home to dinner now."

"Which train is he coming by?" I asked.

"The one that is due at Euston-square at six o'clock," replied Mr.

Brightman, referring to the letter. "I wanted to be home early this evening."

"You are not obliged to wait, sir." (I wish to my heart he had not!)

"Oh, I suppose I must. He is a good client, and he takes offence easily: recollect that breeze, three or four months ago."

At five o'clock the clerks left, all but one; he came up-stairs, as was customary for him to do, to ask Mr. Brightman whether there was anything more.

"Not now," replied Mr. Brightman. "But I tell you what, Lennard," he added, as a thought seemed to strike him, "you may as well look in again to-night, about half-past seven or eight. Sir Edmund Clavering is coming up; I conclude it is for something particular, and I may have instructions to give for Monday morning."

"Very well," said Lennard, "then I'll come in."

He was our head clerk, and much respected. A spare man, with a fair complexion and a thin face of care. He was a gentleman by birth, and had seen better days, as the saying runs, but had lost his fortune. A man of few words, was Lennard, but attentive and always at his post; and he superintended the general clerks well.

He left, and Mr. Brightman went out after him, to get his dinner at a chop-house. I suggested that Mr. Brightman should share some of my steak, saying Leah could cook enough for two as well as for one; but he preferred to go out. I rang the bell as I heard him close the front door, and Watts answered it.

"Tell your wife to get my dinner up at once," I said to him, "or else I must have it up-stairs: Mr. Brightman is coming back. You are going out, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, about that business: Mr. Lennard said I had better go as soon as I had had my tea."

"All right: it will take you two or three hours, for it's some distance. See to the fire in the next room; it is to be kept up. And, Watts, tell Leah not to mind potatoes to-day, for I must have my dinner now."

In about twenty minutes Leah and the steak appeared; potatoes also. I could not help looking at her as she laid the tray on the square table by the fire, and settled the dishes. Leah had her cleaning days, on which she was apt to go the greatest figure conceivable; I suppose this was one, for I never saw her look worse. She had been a comely woman in her day, and could, if she chose, look comely still; but not on busy occasions. Her black gown was in jags and tatters, her arms were bare—and long, skinny arms, like hers, do not show well uncovered—her grizzly hair stood out on end, and something, black and rusty and greasy, was awry on her head, to serve for a cap. Sometimes she honoured me with a bonnet, a first cousin to the cap in dirt and colour, but as much too large as the cap was too small.

"I wonder you go such a figure, Leah!"

"Law, master! When one's in the thick of one's scrubbing, one don't care to titivate oneself off with fine clothes and pomatum. So sure, too, as I count upon Watts, any odd time, to carry up your tray, so sure does he tell me he's going out."

"But you might always look decent. Your wages are good."

"Ah, sir, nobody knows where the shoe pinches, but those who wear it."

With this remark and a deep sigh, Leah went down. I ate my dinner, and the tray was taken away before Mr. Brightman returned.

"Now I hope Sir Edmund will be punctual," he cried, as we sat together, talking, and drinking a glass of sherry. "It is half-past six: time he was here."

"And there he is," I exclaimed: for a ring and a knock, that shook the house, resounded in our ears. After five o'clock the front door was always closed.

Watts was out, according to orders, and we heard Leah go to the door in her charming costume. But clients do not pay attention to the attire of laundresses in chambers.

"Good Heavens, can Sir Edmund be drunk!" uttered Mr. Brightman, halting as he was about to enter the other room to receive him. Loud sounds in a man's voice arose from the passage; singing, laughing, joking with Leah. "Open the door, Charles."

I had already opened it, and saw, not Sir Edmund Clavering, but a young country client, George Coney, the son of a substantial yeoman in Gloucestershire. He appeared to be in exalted spirits, and had a little exceeded, but was very far from being drunk.

"What, is Mr. Brightman here! I only expected to see you," cried he, shaking hands with us both. "Look here!" holding out a smallish canvas bag, and rattling it. "What does that sound like?"

"It sounds like gold," said Mr. Brightman.

"Right, Master Brightman; thirty golden sovereigns: and I am as delighted with 'em as if they were thirty hundred. Last week I got swindled out of a horse. Thirty pounds I sold him for, and he and the purchaser disappeared and forgot to pay; and father went on at me, like our old mill a clacking; not so much for the loss of the thirty pound, as at my being done: and all our farmers, round about, clacked at me, like as many more mills. So I didn't like to stomach that; and, the day afore yesterday, up to London I came—I had got a bit of a clue—and I have met with luck. This afternoon I dropped across the very chap, where I had waited for him since the morning; he was going into a public-house, and another with him, and I pinned 'em in the room, with a policeman outside, and he pretty soon shelled out the thirty pounds, rather than be taken. That's luck, I hope." He opened the bag as he spoke, and displayed the gold.

"Remarkable luck, to get the money," observed Mr. Brightman.

"I expect they had been in luck themselves," continued young Coney, "for they had more gold with them, and several notes. They were for paying me in notes, but, 'No, thank ye,' said I, 'I know good gold when I see it, and I'll take it in that.'"

"I am glad you have been so fortunate," said Mr. Brightman. "When do you go home?"

"Well, now I am here, I think I shall take a spree till Monday, and go down by the night train," replied the young man, tying the bag again, and slipping it into his coat-pocket. "I'm going to a theatre or two to-night."

"Not with that bag of gold," said Mr. Brightman.

"Why not?"

"Why not! Because you would have no trace of it left to-morrow morning."

George Coney laughed good-humouredly. "I can take care of myself."

"Perhaps so: but you can't take care of the gold. Come, hand it over to me: your father will thank me for being peremptory, and you also, when you have cooled down from the seductions of London."

"I may want some of it to spend," returned George Coney. "Let's see how much I have got," cried he, feeling in his trousers-pocket, where his money was lying loose. "Four pound, seven shillings, and some halfpence," he concluded, counting it.

"A great deal too much to squander in one night, or to lose," remarked Mr. Brightman. "Here," added he, unlocking a deep drawer in his desk, "put your bag in here, and come for it on Monday."

George Coney drew the bag from his pocket, but not without a few deprecatory shakes of the head, and put it in the drawer. Mr. Brightman locked it, and restored the bunch of keys to his pocket.

"You are worse than father," cried George Coney, in a tone between jest and vexation. "I wouldn't be as stingy for anything."

"In telling this story twenty years hence, Mr. George, you will say, What a simpleton I should have made of myself, if that cautious old Lawyer Brightman had not been stingy."

George Coney winked at me and laughed. "Perhaps he's right, after all."

"I know I am," said Mr. Brightman. "Will you take a glass of sherry?"

"Well; no, I think I had better not. I've had a'most enough of brandy-and-water, and it's not good to mix liquors. Besides, I want to carry clear eyes to the play. What time do they begin?"

"About seven, I think, but I am not a theatre-goer myself. Strange can tell you."

"Then I shall be off," said he, shaking hands with us both, as only a hearty country yeoman knows how to shake hands.

He had scarcely gone when the knock of Sir Edmund Clavering was heard. Mr. Brightman went with him into the front room, and I sat smoking a cigar and reading the *Times*.

Sir Edmund did not stay long: he left about seven. I heard Mr. Brightman go back and rake the fire out of the grate—he was an uncommonly cautious man about fire, timidly so—and then he returned to my room.

"No wonder Sir Edmund wanted to see me," cried he; "there's the deuce and all of work down at his place; his cousin wants to dispute the will and to turn him out. They have been serving notices on the tenants not to pay the rent."

"He did not stay long."

"No, he is going out to dinner."

As Mr. Brightman spoke, he turned the gas on stronger, and sat down to his desk. "I must look over these letters and copies of notices which Sir Edmund brought with him. I don't care to go home directly."

"You do not want me, I suppose, Mr. Brightman," I said. "Because I promised Lake to go to his chambers for an hour."

"I don't want you."

So I wished him good night and departed. Lake, a chum of mine, was a Temple student, and he rented a couple of rooms in one of the courts. His papers were in one room, his bed in the other. He was a steady fellow, working hard; and instead of rollicking out at night, preferred a quiet chat with a friend, and a cigar, at home.

"And I have forgotten my case," I exclaimed. "Plague take it! I filled it ready and left it on the table."

"Never mind," said Lake. "I laid in a parcel to-day."

But I did mind, for Lake's "parcels" were never good. He would buy his cigars so dreadfully strong. Nothing pleased him but those full-flavoured Lopez: I liked the mild Cabanas. However, I took one, and we sat, talking and smoking, not drinking, for neither of us cared for drink. I smoked it out, though it was abominable, and took another; and then I declare I began to feel ill.

"Lake, I cannot smoke your cigars," I said, flinging it into the fire; "I must run and fetch my own. There goes eight o'clock."

"What's the matter with them?" asked Lake.

"Everything; they are bad all over. I shall be back in a trice."

I went the quickest way, through the passages, which brought me into Essex-street. I ran fast, taking my latch-key from my pocket as I went. There were three latch-keys to the door: I kept one; Lennard another, for it sometimes happened that he had to come in before or after business hours, and it was found convenient to give him a key; and Leah had possession of the third. I had no use for mine then, however, for the door was open. A policeman, standing by the area railings, wished me good evening: he knew me.

Whose carelessness is this? thought I, advancing to the top of the kitchen stairs. "Leah."

It appeared useless to call: no Leah was there; at least no Leah answered. I shut the front door and went up-stairs, wondering whether Mr. Brightman was gone.

Gone! I started back as I entered: for there lay Mr. Brightman on the floor by his desk; as if he had pushed back his chair and slipped off it.

"What is the matter?" I exclaimed, throwing off my hat, and hastening to raise him. But his head and shoulders were a perfectly dead weight in my arms, and there was an awful look upon his face: a look, in short, of death, and not of easy death.

My pulses beat quicker, man though I was; my face flushed all over with a hot heat, and my heart beat. Was I alone in that large house with the dead? I let him fall again and rang the bell violently, I rushed to the door and shouted over the banisters for Leah; and just as I was leaping down, pell-mell, for the policeman I had seen outside, or any other help at hand, I heard a latch-key put into the front door lock, and Lennard came in with a surgeon.

The latter's name was Dickenson; I knew him to say How d'ye do? He went to Mr. Brightman, and Lennard whispered me:

"Mr. Strange, how did it happen? Was he ill?"

"I know nothing about it. I came in a minute since, and found him lying here. What do you know? Had you been here before?"

"I came, as Mr. Brightman had directed me," he replied, "and when I got up-stairs he was lying there, as you see. I tried to rouse him, but could not, and I ran out for a surgeon."

"Did you leave the front door open?"

"I believe I did, in my flurry and haste. I thought of it as I ran up the street, but would not lose time to go back to shut it."

"He is gone, Mr. Strange," said the surgeon, advancing towards me, for I and Lennard had stood near the door. "It is a case of sudden death."

I sat down, bewildered. I could not believe it. How awfully sudden! "Is it apoplexy?" I asked, lifting my head.

"No, I should say not."

"Then what is it?"

"I cannot tell. It may be the heart."

"Are you sure he is dead? dead beyond hope?"

"He is indeed."

A disagreeable doubt rushed over my mind, and I spoke it on the impulse of the moment: "Has he come by his death fairly?"

The surgeon paused before he answered. "I see no reason, as yet, to infer otherwise. There are no signs of violence."

Just then a cab dashed up to the door, and somebody knocked and rang. Lennard went to open it, and I told him to send in a policeman and another doctor. I leaned over the banisters to see who came in. It was George Coney.

"Such a clash to my plans, Mr. Strange," he began, looking up and seeing me. "I went round to my inn to have a wash, before going to the play, and there I found a letter from father, which they had forgotten to give me this morning. Our bailiff's been and took ill, can't leave his bed, and father writes that I'd better let the horse and the thirty pound go for a bad job, and come home, for he can't have me away longer. So my spree's done for, this time, and I am on my way to the station, to catch the nine o'clock train."

"Don't go in till I inform you what is there," I whispered, as he was entering the room. "Mr. Brightman, whom you left well, is lying on the floor, and——"

"And what?" asked young Coney, looking at me.

"I fear he is dead."

After a pause of dismay he went gently into the room, taking off his hat and treading on tiptoe. "Poor fellow! poor gentleman!" he uttered, after looking at him. "What an awful thing! How was he taken?"

"We do not know how. He was alone."

"What, all alone when he was taken! nobody to help him!" returned the young man. "That was hard! What has he died of?"

"Probably the heart," interposed Mr. Dickenson.

"A carter of ours, last summer, fell down as he was standing by us; father was giving him directions about a load of hay, and when we picked him up, he was dead. That was the heart, they said. But he looked calm, not as Mr. Brightman does. He left seven children, poor chap."

At that juncture Mr. Lennard returned with the policeman. After some general conversation George Coney looked at his watch.

"Mr. Strange, my time's up. Would it be convenient to give me that bag of gold again? I should like to take it down with me, you see, just to have the laugh against the folks at home."

"I will give it you," I said.

But for the very life of me, I could not put my hand into the dead man's pocket. I beckoned Lennard. "Can you take out his keys?"

"Let me do it," said Mr. Dickenson, for Lennard did not seem to relish the task more than I did. "I am more accustomed to death than you are. Which pocket are they in?"

"In the right-hand pocket of his pantaloons: he always keeps them there."

Mr. Dickenson had to move him before he could get to it, and he did so, and gave me the bunch of keys. I unlocked the drawer, being obliged to bend over the dead to do so, and young Coney took a step forward to receive the bag. But the bag was not there.

If the desk itself had disappeared, I could not have been more surprised. Lying close to where the bag had been put, was a gold watch and chain, belonging to Mrs. Brightman, which had been brought up to town to be cleaned. That was undisturbed. "Mr. Coney," I exclaimed, "the bag is not here."

"It was put there," he replied. "Next to that watch."

"I know it was," I answered. I opened the drawer on the other side, but that was full of papers; I looked about on the desk, then on my desk, even unlocking the drawers, though I had had the key of them in my own pocket, then on the tables and mantelshelf; but not a trace could I see of the canvas bag.

"I fear you must be obliged to go without it, after all, Mr. George," I said, "for it is not to be found. I will remit you 30*l.* on Monday. We send our spare cash to the bank on Saturday afternoons, so that I have not so much in the house. It is strange that Mr. Brightman should have taken it from the drawer again."

"Perhaps it may be in one of his pockets," suggested Mr. Dickenson. "Shall I look?"

"No, no," interposed George Coney, "I wouldn't have the poor gentleman pulled about, just for that. You'll remit it me, Mr. Strange. Not to father," he added, with a smile; "to me."

I went down with him, and there sat Leah on the bottom stair, leaning her head against the banisters, nearly underneath the hall lamp. "When did you come in, Leah?"

She got up hastily to let us pass, and faced me. "I thought you were out, sir. I'm come in but this instant."

"What is the matter?" I continued, looking at her unusually pale face. "Are you ill?"

"No, sir, not ill. Troubles is the lot of us all."

I shook hands with George Coney and he departed. Leah was then hastening along the passage to the kitchen stairs. "Here, Leah! Do you know what has happened to Mr. Brightman?"

"No, sir," answered she, stopping, and turning round. "What has happened to him?"

"He is dead."

She had a cloth in her hand and a plate, and she laid them down and stood back against the wall, staring at me in horror; but soon her features relaxed into a smile.

"Ah, Master Charles, you are thinking you are a boy again to-night, and are playing off a trick upon me, like you used to do then."

"I wish to my heart it was so, Leah. Mr. Brightman is lying upon the floor, up there, dead."

"Oh, my poor old master," she slowly ejaculated, "Heaven have mercy upon him!—and upon us! Why, it's not more than half an hour—time flies, though—it's not more than three-quarters, for certain, since I took up some water to him."

"Did he ask for it?"

"He rang the bell, sir, and I went up, and he told me to bring up a decanter of water and a tumbler."

I had noticed the decanter on his desk, as not having been there when I went out. "How did he look then, Leah? Where was he sitting?"

"He looked as usual, sir, for all I saw, but he was bending over his desk, reading something. Who is up there?"

"A doctor and policeman. You——"

A knock sounded in our ears, at the street door. It was the physician, whom I had sent for. And the house was soon full. Doctors, policemen, and people known and unknown; the beadle of the street, the porter from over the way. I sent for Lake, but the others took French leave to come in.

"Is this mob to be allowed here, Mr. Strange?" cried Lennard, crustily.

"Who is to keep them out? the house is a thoroughfare just now. They'll soon be gone. But you may as well turn the key of the office down stairs."

"I have taken care of that," answered Lennard.

The medical men proceeded to examine Mr. Brightman more closely, and for this purpose his outer clothes were removed. I then searched his pockets, a policeman aiding me, and we put their contents carefully up. But there was no bag of gold. The worst was, I did not know where to send for Mrs. Brightman; Mr. Brightman having said she was out. When Watts came home, I despatched him to the house at Clapham, allowing him no time to indulge his natural shock of grief, or his curiosity. Leah had knelt down by Mr. Brightman in a storm of sobs.

I had the fire in the front room lighted; the very fire, the coals, which he, poor man, had so recently taken off; and I, Lennard, and Lake went in there, to talk the matter over confidentially.

"Lennard," I said, "I am not satisfied that he has died a natural death. I hope, I trust——"

"There are no grounds for supposing otherwise, Mr. Strange," he interrupted. "None whatever."

"I do trust so. But the loss of that bag of gold causes all sorts of unpleasant suspicions."

"Are you certain it was put there?"

"You heard me say so. Coney put it in, and Mr. Brightman immediately locked the drawer, and returned the keys to his pocket, where they were found. Now I cannot believe he would take it out, because he would have no purpose in doing so: but if he had, it would be in the room."

"Have you looked in the other drawers of the desk, Strange?" interrupted Lake.

"In all; both in his, and in mine. When you came to the house, Lennard, did you come straight up-stairs?"

"No, I went into the office. I did not know whether Sir Edmund Clavering might not be here."

"Was Leah out or in?"

"Leah was standing at the front door when I reached it, leaning round the door-post, and looking—as it seemed to me—down the steps leading to the Thames. While I was lighting my desk candle by the hall-lamp, she shut the door and came to me; she was extremely agitated, and——"

"Agitated?" I interrupted.

"Yes," replied Lennard, "I could not be mistaken. I looked at her, wondering whether she had been running anywhere to lose her breath, for it seemed she had not enough left to speak, and her face was as white—as white as Mr. Brightman's is now. She asked—as earnestly as if she were pleading for her life—whether I would stop in the house for a few minutes, as Mr. Brightman was not gone, while she ran out upon an emergency. I inquired whether any stranger was up-stairs, and she said No; Mr. Strange was out, and Mr. Brightman was alone."

"Did she go out?"

"As quickly as she could," replied Lennard, "not stopping to put on either bonnet or shawl. It struck me she might have had some cooking misfortune, and was about to take a pie or pudding to the bakehouse, to remedy it, for she had something in her hand, covered over with a cloth. I went up-stairs, and the first thing I saw was Mr. Brightman lying on the ground. He was dead then; I am certain of it: I raised his head, and put a little of the water, that was standing there, on his temples, but I saw that he was dead."

I thought this all over in my mind. There were two points I did not like—Leah's agitation, and Lennard's carelessness in leaving the door open. I called in one of the policemen from the other room, for they were there still, with the medical men.

"You saw me run down the street," I began, "with my latch-key?"

"Sure then I did, sir, and I gave ye the good evening," he replied, his speech betraying his birthplace. "'Twasn't long after the other gentleman," indicating Lennard, "had run out."

"I did not see you," cried Lennard, looking at him; "I wish I had. I wanted help, and there was not a soul in the street."

"I was standing in the shadder, at the top of the steps leading to the water," said the man. "You came out, sir, all in a jiffy like, and went running up the street, leaving the door open."

"It is that door's having been left open that I don't like," I observed. "If this money does not turn up, I can only think some rogue got in then, and took it."

"Nobody got in, sir," said the policeman. "I had my eye on the door till you came. To see two folks running, like mad, out of a quiet and respectable house, woke up my notice; and first I watched the door from where I stood on the steps, and then I came close up to it, and stood there till you entered."

"How did you see two folks running out of it?" I inquired. "There was only one; Mr. Lennard."

"I had seen somebody before that; a woman," replied the officer. "She came out, and went tearing down the steps towards the river, calling out, 'I'm here! I'm here!' I think it was your servant, but I had not come down the street as far as the house then, and she was too quick for me."

"Then you are quite sure no one entered?"

"Positive and sure, sir. The door being left open made me watch against harm."

"Setting aside the policeman's testimony, there was scarcely time for any one to get in and do mischief," observed Lake.

"I am satisfied now upon that point," was my reply.

"And no one could take that gold without getting the keys from the pocket of Mr. Brightman," he rejoined. "Who would dare, for such a purpose, to rifle the pocket of a dead man?"

"And then to have to put them back," added Lennard.

When the other room was clear of all save what lay there—for that was not to be removed, the police said—I went in with Lennard, and we instituted a thorough search; but there were no signs of the bag or the gold. I then searched the front room, the one we were in, opening the places with Mr. Brightman's keys; for that front room, the reader will remember, was exclusively his. Still no trace of the bag or the gold.

"We will search down stairs now, Lennard."

Lennard looked as if he could not believe me. "There is not the slightest chance of its being there," he remonstrated. "Mr. Brightman scarcely ever entered our rooms: the last thing he would do, would be to place a bag of gold there."

We went down stairs, and Lennard took the key from his pocket, and opened the front office door. Not a desk in this room was locked, except Mr. Lennard's own, which stood next the left-hand window, and this he threw open for my inspection. But it did not contain the gold.

The back room was only entered from this, the other door of it being kept fastened, for Lennard chose to have the clerks completely under his eye. The place was in disorder, just as the clerks had left it, chairs and stools standing about. Lennard began putting them straight, and the coal-scuttle, a japanned box with a lid, he put away under the large desk. But still there was not the least appearance of the gold; and I was now convinced that we had been robbed of it.

Lennard went home, but Lake stopped with me, discussing the mystery. He hinted at a suspicion that Leah was the thief. I did not think so: circumstances—her agitation in particular—might seem to tell against her, but I believed the woman to be as honest as the day.

There is not the slightest doubt that every man, born into the world with his proper faculties, is formed by nature for some peculiar calling, one especial calling over all others; and it is a lamentable fact that this peculiar tendency is very rarely discovered and acted upon. A reading man will be put to work; and a man, gifted with skill of the hand, will be put to read. One, who would have shone at the Bar, shone as a

Judge, shone as Lord Chancellor, will be made a merchant; and another, who would, as a merchant, have risen to the top of the tree, will struggle his life out in a profession. Look at the spectacles many of the clergy make of themselves! And why? Because they have been thrust into a calling for which nature has not gifted them. And the worst of all this is, that the erring takes place, not intentionally, but through ignorance. It is the misapplication of natural talent which causes nearly all the failures in the pursuits of life. In my own case this mistake had not occurred. I humbly believe that of all the pursuits common to man, I was by nature most fitted for that of a solicitor. At the Bar, as a pleader, I should have failed; have made wandering speeches, or broken down in them, and ruined half the clients who entrusted me with briefs. But for penetration, clear-sightedness, the seizing without effort, and the analysing the different points of a case, as it was laid before me, in short, for head and brain work few surpassed me. I mention this only as a fact, and because it is a fact: not from self-praise and vanity. Vanity, forsooth! No: I am only thankful that my talents found their proper vent.

Watts brought Mr. Brightman's butler back with him: he informed me his mistress was at Hastings and gave me the address. I determined to go down on the Sunday and break it to her. Whilst I was at breakfast I called Leah into the room. She was decent this morning, in a clean cap and gown.

"Leah," said I, "there is an unpleasant mystery attending this affair."

"As to what he has died of, sir?"

"I do not allude to that. But there is some money missing."

"Money!" echoed Leah, in the most genuine surprise.

"Last night, after Mr. Brightman came in from dinner, he put a canvas bag, containing thirty pounds in gold, in the deep drawer of his desk in my room, and locked it and put the keys in his pocket. I had occasion to look for that gold, immediately after he was found dead, and it was gone."

"Bag and all?" echoed Leah, after a pause.

"Bag and all."

"Not stole, sure?"

"I don't see how else it can have disappeared. It could not go without hands; and the question is, did anybody get into the house and take it. Where did you go, when you ran out of the house and down the steps, in some terror or agitation?"

"Oh, master!" uttered Leah, clapping her hands before her face, in distress.

"What's the matter now?"

"I can't tell you anything about that, sir," she said, the tears coursing through her fingers.

"I must know it, Leah."

"You never suspect me of taking the money?" she breathlessly exclaimed, withdrawing her hands from her face.

"No, I do not," I replied, firmly. "But it is one thing to suspect honesty, and another to wish mysterious circumstances cleared up, where there is a necessity that they should be cleared. What was your mystery, Leah?"

"Must I tell it you, sir?"

Many a one would have said, I will not tell: but poor Leah was a simple, tractable woman, obedient in great things as in small. "I must know it," I repeated: I dare say the telling it will not hurt you, or the hearing it me."

"I would die, rather than Watts should know it," she exclaimed, in a low, impassioned tone, glancing towards the door.

"Watts is in the kitchen, Leah. Speak out."

"I never committed but one grave fault in my life," she said, "and that was telling a false, deliberate lie: the consequences have stuck to me ever since, and if things go on as they are going on now, they'll just drive me into the churchyard. When I married Watts I told him I had no children—you know I had been married before, Mr. Charles—and that was the lie. I had a child, a daughter, and Watts had said over and over again that he would never marry a ready-made family. She had never lived with me, she had always lived in the country with her father's friends—and perhaps it was that tempted me to deceive Watts. I had not been married three months, sir, when to my great horror I found she was up in London, and had"—Leah dropped her voice—"gone wrong. Somebody had got hold of her, and turned her brain with his vows and his promises, and she had come up to London with him. Oh, woe's me!"

"Sit down while you talk, Leah."

Leah disregarded the words, and went on speaking.

"She stopped with him. In spite of all I could say or do, though I went down on my knees to her and sobbed and prayed my heart out, she would stop with him. And she is with him still."

"All this while!"

"All this while, sir; eleven years. He is an unsteady man, drinking half his time away. Sometimes he is in work; oftener without; and the misery and privation she goes through, no tongue can tell. He beats her, he abuses her, he——"

"Why does she not leave him?"

"Ah, sir, why don't we do many things that we ought? Partly, it's because she's afraid he would keep the children. Many a time she would have died of hunger, but for me. I help her all I can: she's my own child. Sir, you asked me, only yesterday, why I went a figure; but, instead of buying clothes, I scrape and save, to keep her poor body and soul together. I go short of food to take it to her; many a day I put my meat dinner by, and eat a piece of bread, telling Watts I don't feel inclined then, and shall eat it by-and-by. He thinks I do. She does not beg of me; she has never come into this house; she has never told that cruel tyrant, of hers, that I'm her mother. 'Mother,' she has said to me, 'never fear. I'd rather die than bring you trouble.'"

"But about last night?" I interrupted.

"I was in the thick of my cleaning, a rubbing at my ovens, when a little bit of gravel comes to the window. I feared who it was, and went up to the door: if Watts had been at home, I should have took no notice, but just have said, 'Drat them street boys again!' or something to that effect. There she was, leaning against the opposite rails, and she came across when she saw it was me. She was beside herself, she said, with misery and trouble, and I b'lieve she was: he had been beating her, and she had not tasted victuals since the day afore, not a crumb of bread.

I tried to soothe her and reason with her; what else could I do? I said I would fetch her up some food then, and give her sevenpence to buy a loaf to take home to her children."

"Where does she live?" I interposed.

"In this parish, St. Clement Danes; and there's some parts of this parish, you know, sir, as bad as any in London. When I offered to fetch her food, she said, No, she would not take it, her life was too wretched to bear, and she should end it; she had come out to do so. I scolded her: I told her to stop then at the door, and I shut it and ran down for the food. I got that bit of steak, sir, you left at dinner, which I knew would not go up-stairs again, and a round of bread, and I ran back to the door with it. But I couldn't see her anywhere, till I heard a voice from the steps call out Good-by, good-by! and I knew she was going to the water. At that moment Mr. Lennard came in, and I asked him to stop in the house while I went out for a minute. I was frightened nearly out of my senses for her."

"Did you find her?"

"I found her, sir, looking down at the river. I got her into a little better mood, and she eat the meat and part of the bread, and I brought her back up the steps, and gave her the sevenpence, and watched her up the street on her way home. And that's the blessed truth, Mr. Charles, of what took me out last night; and I declare I know no more of the missing money than a babe unborn. I had just come back with the empty plate and cloth when you saw me."

The blessed truth I felt sure it was: every word, every look of Leah's proclaimed it.

"And that's my sad secret," she added, "one I have to bear about with me at all times, in my work and out of my work. Watts is a good husband to me, but he prides himself on his respectability, and I wouldn't have him know that I had deceived him for the universe; I wouldn't have him know that *she*, being what she is, was my daughter. He said he'd treat me to Ashley's Circus last winter, and gave me the money, two shillings, and I pretended to go. But I gave it to her, poor thing, and walked about in the cold, looking at the late shops, till it was time to come home. Watts asked me what I had seen, and I told him such marvels of the performance that he said he'd go the next night himself, for he had never heard the like, and he supposed it must be an extra benefit night. You will not tell him my secret, sir?"

"No, Leah, I will not tell him: it is safe with me. Can you remember what time it was when you took up the water to Mr. Brightman?"

"A *goodish* while before the stone came to the window. About ten minutes, maybe, sir, after you went out. I heard you come down stairs whistling, and go."

"No one came to the house?"

"No one at all," she repeated. "Are the eggs not done, sir?"

"Yes, they are done. I cannot eat this morning."

I went to Hastings, and Mrs. and Miss Brightman came back with me. After they had been to Essex-street, I took them home. In going, I mentioned the circumstance of the missing money.

"It is of little consequence if it is lost," was Mrs. Brightman's comment. "What is 30*l.*?"

Not much, I knew, to a firm like ours: but the uncertainty was a great deal.

Monday morning rose, and its work with it: the immediate work connected with our painful loss, and the future work to fall upon me. The chief weight and responsibility had hitherto been his share; now it must be all mine.

Mr. Brightman's death was proved, beyond doubt, to have occurred from natural causes, though not from disease of the heart. He had died "By the visitation of God." But for the disappearance of the money, my thoughts never would have dwelt on any other issue.

And so, there I was, before I had attained my thirtieth year, the sole chief of a flourishing and opulent firm. By the terms of the partnership, I was to pay to Mrs. Brightman, for three years, the half of the profits; and for three years more, one quarter of them: after that, it would be all mine. Before Mr. Brightman's death, my share had been one-fourth.

But the disappearance of that money lay on my mind like a log. It was a thing I could not fathom, turn it about which way I would. Lennard was above suspicion, and he was the only one, so far as he and I knew, who had been in the room. He said to me how heartily he wished he had not been told to come back that night; but I requested him to hold his tongue and be at ease, for he had quite as much reason to suspect me, as I him.

"Not quite," answered he, smiling, "considering you had to make it good."

"Well, Lennard, I dare say the mystery will be solved some time or other. Robberies, like murders, generally come out."

"I'm sure I hope this will," concluded he.

In one sense of the word my prophesy proved correct, and sooner, perhaps, than I looked for. In the following September, some six or seven months after the occurrence, I was——

But I cannot go on without a word of preparation to the reader. What I am about to relate will appear a sadly common-place ending to a tale of mystery: I can only state that it *was* the ending; at least as much of an ending as it appeared probable I should ever have. In my capacity of story-teller, I could have invented a thousand romantic turnings; and worked them, and the reader, up to a high pitch of interest: that a robber had come down the chimney, and clutched it—that Leah, or Lennard, had, after all, been the aggressor—or that Mr. Brightman had swallowed the lot: the termination was far more matter-of-fact; but, as it was the termination, I can only do my best, and give it.

I had somewhat changed the appropriation of the first-floor rooms. The back room I made into my private office for seeing clients, and the front room I converted into a sitting-room. On this afternoon in September, I was sitting in my accustomed place of ease at the open window, smoking my after-dinner cigar and reading the *Times* by the light of the setting sun. But for habits, steady and persistent, of order and punctuality, and for rules of self-denial, I should never have attained to the desirable position I enjoy: one of those rules was, never to read the *Times* (or any other newspaper, or work of relaxation) until my business was over for the day. The law notices of course were an exception; they related to business; but I looked at nothing else till dinner was over, and then I could enjoy my *Times* and my cigar, and feel I had earned both. I was deep in a police case, which had convulsed Marlborough-street with laughter, and was convulsing me, when some vehicle clashed down Essex-street, the horse nearly dashing into the bottom house. By dint of pulling and backing and hissing, the driver brought it back to our door. It was the van of the Parcels Delivery Company.

"Mr. Strange live here?" was the question I heard, when Watts went to the door.

"All right."

"Here's a parcel for him. Nothing to pay."

The man coquetted with his horse, then turned him sharp round, and —overturned the van. It was not the first accident of a similar nature, or the last, by many, that I have seen in that particular spot. How it is I don't know, but drivers, cabmen especially, have an unconquerable propensity for pulling their horses round too shortly at the bottom of Essex-street, and the result is grief. I threw down my newspaper and leaned out at the window, watching the fun. The street was covered with parcels, and the men—another was with the driver—were throwing off their consternation in choice language. One hamper could not be picked up: it had contained wine, loosely packed, and the broken bottles were swimming in a red sea. Where the mob collected from, that speedily arrived to assist at, or impede the rescue, was a matter of marvel. The van at length took its departure up the street, though considerably shorn of the triumph with which it had clashed down.

It was getting too dusk to resume my newspaper when I turned from the window, so I proceeded to examine the parcel, which Watts had brought straight up on its arrival, and placed on the table. It was nearly a foot square, wrapped in brown paper, sealed and tied with string; and, in what Tony Lumpkin would have called a confounded cramped, up-and-down hand, where you could not tell an izzard from an R, was directed C. Strange, Esquire.

I took out my penknife, cut the string, and removed the paper; and there was disclosed a pasteboard box with green edges, which was likewise sealed. I opened it, and from amidst a mass of soft paper, put to keep it steady, took out a canvas bag. A small canvas bag, tied round with its tape, and containing thirty golden sovereigns!

From the very depth of my conviction I believed it to be the bag we had lost. It was the bag; for, on turning it round, there were Mr. Coney's initials, S. C., neatly marked with blue cotton, as had been on the one left by George. It was one of their sample barley bags. I wondered if they were the same sovereigns. Where had it been? Who had taken it? And who had sent it back?

I rang the bell, and then called out to Watts, who was ascending to answer it, to bring Leah up also. It was my duty to tell them, especially Leah, of the money's restoration, as they had been inmates of the house when it was lost.

Watts only stared and ejaculated and wondered; but Leah, with some colour, for once, in her pale cheeks, clasped her hands. "Oh, master, I'm thankful you have found it again! I'm thankful to my heart!"

"So am I, Leah. Though the mystery attending the transaction is as great as ever; indeed, more so."

And so it was.

DIARY OF LADY MORGAN.*

To a generation of novel-readers which diets, or perhaps over-eats itself, on the writings of Miss Sewell and Miss Yonge, Mrs. Oliphant and Miss Cummins, it is more than possible that Lady Morgan is scarcely known, except by name. One generation goeth and another cometh. Wild Irish Girls go out, and Lamplighters come in. Not that the Wild Irish Girl has quite gone out, either. A book that went through seven editions in two years, is still inquired after by some; and still have O'Donnel, and Florence Macarthy, and The O'Briens, their amused and admiring readers. And then again,

> Oh, have you not heard of Kate Kearney?

Oh, yes, we have all heard of *her*, with many a harp and pianoforte accompaniment; but we may not all have heard, or heeded, that Kate belongs to Lady Morgan's Irish Melodies—and some people have thought and said that this particular "Lay of the Irish Harp" will outlive the rest of her ladyship's productions, whether in verse or prose.

The volume before us, designated in the fly-leaf, An Odd Volume—which may have meanings more than one—is not professedly an Autobiography, but a preliminary contribution to, or instalment of one; for a part-promise is held out to us, time and health (or, alas, lack of it) permitting, of a more systematic life-history at some future period. The present work Lady Morgan styles, in her Preface, "a promissory note, in the form of an odd volume, which at some future day may drop into a more important series, where," she adds, quite in her own old manner, "I may yet be able to wind up the confession of 'my life and errors,' as the old Puritans phrased it, and obtain absolution without going into the confessional."

These pages are presented, in fact, as the simple records of a transition existence, socially enjoyed, and pleasantly and profitably occupied, during the journey of a few months from Ireland to Italy—not having been written for the special purpose of any work, but as mere transcripts of circumstances incidental to that journey, which was delayed in its progress by all that could interest the feelings or gratify the mind. "I lingered in this 'path of dalliance,' this 'delicate plain of ease' (as dear old Bunyan calls it), with the same careless enjoyment as 'Little Red Riding Hood' must have had on her way to her grandame's hut, pausing only to pick a flower here or a pebble there, insensible to the proximity of the grim wolf who was waiting to devour her. I, like Little Red Riding Hood, loitered to pick up a flower or secure a pebble that lay in my way, whilst the proximity of that grim wolf, TIME, which sooner or later devours all things, was unheeded. But the flower gathered still retains its fragrance for me, and the pebble, like the scarabæus found among the antique rubbish of Egyptian tombs, bears the divine impress of genius."

The *matériel* portion of the volume consists of "rapidly-scrawled diaries, written '*à saute et à gambade*,'" and of correspondence with a "dear and only sister." The more *spirituel* and interesting part, her ladyship is pleased to say, will be found in the letters of some of the most eminent men and women of the times they illustrated by their genius, their worth, their cultivation of letters, and their love of liberty. These autograph letters have been sent uncopied to the printer's, and amongst the rest "my letters to my sister, which, frivolous and domestic as women's confidential letters generally are, convey some idea of the habits, times, and manners when they were composed. There they are! records of the passage of more years than I am willing to reveal, with their old horrible postmarks of two-and-sixpence and two-and-tenpence (which now would be a penny a head), or the franks

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* Passages from My Autobiography. By Sydney Lady Morgan. London: Bentley. 1859.

By many a statesman, many a hero scrawl'd;

and it is only due to the patience of the printers and their devils to acknowledge the difficulties they have had to overcome." Lady Morgan's original intention had been to publish an autobiography from her starting-point on a certain Christmas Day (on which anniversary her Preface is dated); but failing health, we regretfully hear, and failing sight have delayed the undertaking. But, as we have already seen, that more comprehensive work is deferred only, not given up; and meanwhile we are put in possession of these *mémoires pour servir*. An *ad interim* sop is thrown to Cerberus, and anon we shall have the triple-mouth'd public baying for more. If ladies will put *raal* Sydney Owenson sauce on their sops, provoking appetite, not satisfying, what else can they expect, what better would they hope?

The date of the opening page is August, 1818; and that of the closing one is May, 1819; so that the interest of the volume is spread over no very wide surface. The curtain rises in Dublin; then the scene shifts to London; and anon we are translated to Paris, and revel in the gaieties and "spiritualities" of that gayest and most spirituel of capital cities. In London we see a good deal of old Lady Cork and Orrery—once the "little dunce" of Dr. Johnson, and Mme. d'Arblay's "Hon. and charming Miss Monckton,"—who is eccentric and amusing enough, in her peculiar way. Lady Caroline Lamb is another prominent figure—and on one occasion stands in curious contrast with an ancient relative of Sir Charles Morgan. "Whilst with us in the morning, she [Lady Caroline] had met my husband's aunt—a very fine old lady, and with quite as much character as herself. Lady Caroline had been much struck with her. It amused me to see them side by side—the lady of supreme London ton, and the wealthy old lady *de province*, who has more than once turned the scale of an election, and who boasts of her illustrious race as being descended from Morgan the buccaneer and 'sister to the brave General Morgan in India.' She told Lady Caroline she had never married because she would not give any man a legal right over her; nor would she have any but women in her house (boarding her men-servants at the hotel). A gang of housebreakers having broken into her house at Grantham in the middle of the night, she went alone to discover what was the matter, and found a man getting in at the window. She caught him by the leg, and held him long enough to make herself sure of recognising him. He was taken, tried, and hanged at the county town on her evidence. The gentlemen of the town had advised her, as a matter of prudence, to refuse to prosecute, as she was a lone maiden lady, and would be a mark for the revenge of the rest of the gang. 'Be it so,' said she; 'but justice *is* justice, and the villain *shall* be hanged.' Nobody ever molested her afterwards. The contrast between the lisping, soft voice of Lady Caroline, and the prim distinct tones of the old lady, was curious and amusing."

Here again is a glimpse of Lady Caroline at home. "We drove first to Melbourne House. The groom of the chambers told us Lady Caroline received in her bedroom, which turned out to be the beautiful saloon which looks into St. James's Park. The immortal chair in which Byron sat for his picture to Sanderson is fastened to the ground in the bow window. She was lying on a couch rather than a bed, wrapped in fine muslins, full of grace and cordiality, but more odd and amusing than ever. She embraced me with all the cordiality of authorical sisterhood, and insisted on my meeting her, with my husband, this evening, at Almack's, for which she gave me tickets. . . . . When I hesitated, the duchess advised me not to think of refusing. She said half the fine ladies in London could not get such a ticket *à poids d'or*." The duchess here alluded to, in whose carriage and company Lady Morgan had driven to Melbourne House, was "the Duchess of Sussex, or Lady De Ameland, *comme il vous plait*," and is made much of in this Diary. In one place we read: "What a noble creature she is, and looks! She always reminds one of that beautiful description of 'La belle Hamilton' in Grammont, 'grande et gracieuse dans ses moindres mouvements.' No doubt she is the type of her cousin once removed, Mary Queen of Scots. She is, I believe, lineally descended from the Regent Murray, and, the Scotch will have it, nearer to the English throne than the progeny of the Electress Sophia."

The duke, too, comes in for a brief notice. He is suddenly announced at an evening party at which Lady Morgan is present: "*Grand mouvement!* We all rose up, and then all sat down. Morgan and myself were presented to him: the rest were old acquaintances. The duke kept up a pleasant bantering conversation with me on the subject of my work on France, not agreeing with me in many of my opinions, occasionally appealing to Morgan, and saying many civil things on his part of the work, which pleased me more than any *éloge* he could have given on mine. 'But, sir,' interrupted Lady Cecilia, 'do tell us something about the royal wedding now;' and Lady Arran pressing him close, and wanting to learn details, he said, 'Why, ma'am, you did not expect me to have stayed for the wine-posset and the throwing of the slipper?' At which we all threw down our eyes, and affected prudery. His royal highness, I thought, looked grave, and said, after a pause, 'A wedding is no joke, and least of all a royal one.' He probably thought of his own marriage, recently broken, and the similar position of his brother, still, perhaps, devoted to the mother of his beautiful children. 'How did the duke look, sir?' said Lady Arran. 'Humph,' said he, 'not very brilliant.' 'And the Duchess of Clarence, sir,' said Lady Cecilia; 'is she as plain as is reported?' 'Quite,' said the Duke of Sussex, emphatically; 'but so amiable and gentle: her goodness is unmistakable.' He then, I thought, rather hastily threw off the subject, and talked to Morgan on French politics. . . . . But I must not toss off my royal duke without giving you my impressions of him. In person, sensual; like his brothers, full and florid, his voice alternating continually from a soprano to a deep barytone. He seems eminently intellectual, unaffected, and kind; he is also a thorough-bred gentleman, which is not what can be said of all princes." We cannot say whether her ladyship proposed to include in the latter category the first Gentleman in Europe.

Of the royal bride, just discussed, somewhat *un*cavalierly—Adelaide, that should be Queen hereafter—the fair diarist gives her own "impressions" in a subsequent page. Speaking of the effect of a new chandelier at the Opera, about which, "in spite of its beauty and brilliancy, the women are outrageous," "as they declare it makes them all look frights"—her ladyship maliciously goes on to say: "The Duchess of Clarence, in this respect, leaves all competitorship behind. We stood near her in the cloaking-room for five minutes, so that even Morgan could see her, who sees nothing. Her skin is yellow, her hair lemon-colour, her eyes pink, and her features sharp. She looked timid, poor thing, but curtseyed very gracefully when 'God save the King' was played *à son intention*, and applied to her honour by the audience. His handsome royal highness honoured me with a salute of recognition, in memory, I suppose, of our conversation at Harrington House, years ago. The duchess, an Albino in appearance, is an angel in character, although 'angels were *not* painted fair to look like her.'"

Jekyll is pronounced "certainly the most delightful creature I ever met, partly, perhaps, because he flatters me up to my bent, and partly because he *is* delightful." Jekyll's "rival wit, Luttrell, . . . made a *mot* the other night to Lady Cork, which was certainly one of the wittiest things ever said, but too broad to repeat. In the days of Swift, however, it would have been thought good fun at Lady Betty Germain's." Notions of what is good fun in good society are, happily, liable to change. And if between Lady Betty Germain's days and Lady Cork's, a great gulf was fixed, there is another of some depth and breadth between the Prince Regent's age and our Victorian era.

At a concert at Lady Charleville's, "one of the finest things given this year" [1818], Sir Charles Morgan enters the room "with Mrs. Opie on one arm and me on another [*sic*]. Conceive the formidable* sight." Here Sir George Smart presides at the piano; Crivelli is divine; and Ambrogetti sings all Leporello's songs with exquisite humour: "I think he is the finest buffo I ever heard. A young lady of fashion played the harp with one hand, and with the other the piano. The ladies of fashion were all ready *de pâmer d'aise*, and Sir George Smart and ourselves exchanged looks of disgust. It was execrable playing. I played a little, and sang '*Kate Kearney*.' . . . The person that interested me most was Lady Sarah Bunbury, the king's first passion, and once the most beautiful woman in England: imagine a dignified though infirm old lady, stone blind, being led in!—Mrs. Fitzherbert sat next me; I never saw such lovely blue eyes. She appeared to me what I thought her when I was a little child and saw her picture—fat, fair, and forty."

But it is in French society that Lady Morgan finds herself best qualified to give and receive delight. In La Fayette's country house, and in the crowded salons of Paris, she is twice herself. Her own rooms are thronged by the fashionable, and she patronises a few thankful Britons. Miladi is deluged with compliments, in all the variegated phases of versatile French, from Dénon and Sebastiani, Ségur and Humboldt, Thierry and Scheffer, Benjamin Constant and Raoul Rochette. Of M. Charles Dupin an unfavourable story is told, about which we would hope there is a something misconceived or unexplained. The Duchesse de Broglie's is a pleasant presence. Her brother, "young De Staël," is repeatedly met with. "I was very desirous to know him," says her ladyship, "as Madame de Staël's son, and favourite son. Of her elder one, who died young, she was wont to say, 'Pauvre garçon, il est imbécile comme son père!' Le cadet, on the contrary, might have walked out of a page of Mademoiselle Scudéri's sentimental romances. He perpetuates *une grande passion* for a fair dame, who can never be his, simply because she is another's. It is said he is conscience-struck as well as heart-struck, and consults his curé at Geneva on the mortal sin of his attachment. He is a pious Calvinist, and, for probity and honour, a worthy grandson of old Necker. So much for what I have been told." On acquaintance, she finds him a *charmant jeune homme*. He "speaks English with the accent and manner of our English men of fashion, whom he much resembles in his dress and address: he is full of all sorts of information, and a great musician." Of his sister we read: "The Duchesse de Broglie spent an hour with me the other day. She is reserved and simple, and not the least what you would suppose Madame de Staël's daughter to be."

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* Formidable it must have been, had Sir Charles yet an arm to spare.

Here again are other stray glimpses, through chinks that time has made. "Went to a *soirée* at Madame Sophie Gay's, a beautiful writer, and still a pretty woman, in spite of the rivalry of two beautiful daughters who were in attendance on her all the night, Madame O'Donnel and Delphine Gay, still in her teens, but promising to surpass her mother's full-blown talents"—which promise she is believed, as Mme. Emile de Girardin, to have fully kept. "Madame O'Donnel thanked me gracefully for illustrating the name of her husband, General O'Donnel, who begged permission to wait on me. These French women have such a peculiar grace in saying gracious things! a certain little twist about the mouth; a movement of good-will which is pleasant, but has not the affectation to *faire la moue*. I made the remark to a John Bull who was standing near me, and he replied, gruffly, 'Grimace, ma'am—all grimace;' a sentence which his wife—a piece of still-life with an implacable face, all Sternhold and Hopkins in every feature—endorsed.

"There were many celebrities present, literary and dramatic; one particularly struck me—a fragment of the supreme Beauty of the Directory: it was La Princesse de Chimie! Madame Tallien, a *puissance* of the Directory! A very fine young man stood beside her: it was her son, the present prince. I was presented to her, and had a few minutes' pleasant conversation. Another, a simple and elegant-looking woman, no longer young, and plainly dressed in white silk, without a single ornament, and only a bandeau binding her beautiful black hair; but such eyes! once seen they were never to be forgotten." When Lady Morgan inquires her name of the hostess, Mme. Gay hesitates before she replies "Eh bien, c'est Mademoiselle Mars"—and follows up this halting answer with an "*A propos*, I must not mislead you by letting you suppose actresses are received in society with us as they are with you;

but I take out my privilege as an *auteur dramatique* to receive a charming creature." We can imagine something of what passed in the mind of Mr. Owenson's daughter, in listening to this apologetic speech.

Elsewhere we meet with the Comte de la Rochefoucault, and Talma, and Prince Paul of Wurtemburg, and the Princesse Jablonowski, and "half-mad half-inspired" Boucher, and "the favourite pupil of David," Berthon, an engraving of whose portrait of Miladi adorns this volume. Towards the close, we have some graphic letters, in the veritable Morganesque style and spirit, descriptive of Geneva and its environs.—But why give further account of, or shreds and fragments from, a book which, the chances are, is even now lying on the reader's table, *not* uncut?

RHYMES FOR BABY ALICE.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

THE SWALLOW IN CHASE OF THE FLY.

OVER the path the swallows—
The crescent swallows—skim,
Now the sky with sunset's crimson
Is heaped up to the brim.
Oh, who can follow the black fleet swallow
Over the hill, and over the hollow?

The swallow's flashing crescents
Race through the summer sky,
Where by the dam the miller
Watches the big trout fly.
Oh, who can follow the black fleet swallow
Over the hill, and over the hollow?

WASHING-DAY.

OUR pleasant garden's under sail,
Red flags blow out from bush and pale:
Who doubts but we are under way,—
And quite at sea—on washing-day?

Our broad sheets, like top-gallant sails,
Drive out white clouds from lines of rails.
High latitudes! we're making way,
Far, far at sea—on washing-day.

No rocks in sight, but, larboard, see
Flower islands, right upon our lee!
The wind is fair, we're making way—
Yo, ho! my lads!—on washing-day.

The bellying canvas blows and strains,
The wind, I fear, beats up for rains:
"Reef, reef, my hearties! Yo, belay!"
We're far at sea—on washing-day.

THE HORRIBLE REVENGE.

A PROVERB.

BY HENRY SPICER, ESQ.

Sir John Gabriel sat alone in his dismal library. "Study" would be an entire misnomer. He never perused anything but the countenance of his beautiful young wife, and certain official reports and returns connected with the military district of D——, of which he was commandant, and on the outskirts of the city of which name he inhabited a huge old mansion of forbidding aspect, confined, like some dangerous monster, within two immense iron gates, which looked as if they might have defied artillery.

The lord of this castle was accustomed to use the apartment in which we find him simply as a meditation-room, and in it he had passed some of the most wretched hours that ever fell to the lot of man.

Sir John was fifty-six. He had married—a year since—the lovely Grace Featherstonhaugh (aged twenty-one), defeating at least a dozen competitors, and winning, as he pleased, by a heart, if not a head. For a month his happiness was perfect. At the end of that brief period the snake glided into his paradise in one of his most common disguises, and probably—with the exception of that of the unlucky Lord Scrope—

never won
A soul so easy as that Englishman's!

Sir John Gabriel became suddenly impressed with the idea that he could not retain his lovely wife's affection. He became darkly and vaguely jealous. He watched her with a questioning vigilance that almost seemed to create for itself the object it had learned to dread, while, less happy than the renowned Tom Thumb, Sir John, though he could make his giants, could not kill them. Some slight traits, which to a man of different stamp would have had no significance but as belonging to a naturally gay, perhaps thoughtless temperament, contributed to give that most tormenting passion which can afflict our feeble nature a lasting hold upon his heart; and, not to dwell at needless length upon a painful topic, I will only add that this gallant gentleman, who had shared with calm unshaken courage the toils and perils of more than one desperate day of England's strife, yielded himself up, like the veriest coward, at the first summons of an ignoble suspicion that knocked at his soldier-heart and told him he was betrayed.

One might imagine he would, at least, have waited to ascertain the name of the supposed destroyer of his peace. He did not. He did worse, however. He tamed a pert domestic who waited on his lady, made her his confidante and counsellor, and established through her a regular espionage upon the movements, conversation, the very looks of her mistress! The individual who executed this highly honourable duty was called, not inappropriately, Mrs. Stalker. Her gifts were a sly and monkey-like love of mischief, a peculiarly feline tread, a soft, purring voice, and a remarkable knack of being suddenly found in the room when you least expected her.

Sir John, as I before observed, sat alone in his dismal library. The handle of the door was slightly moved. He seemed to recognise the signal.

"Come in."

The door, with its shelves of painted volumes, swung noiselessly back, and Mrs. Stalker, as though propelled upon a slide, swam in, and stopped.

"Anything to—to *tell?*" asked Sir John, averting his eyes. He never looked twice at her in one interview.

"Nothing, Sir John."

"What do you want, then?" was his rather impatient question.

"Only my lady's desk, sir."

"It is not *here*."

Mrs. Stalker extended a silent finger towards the object in question, which, in effect, stood upon a little table in the corner.

"My lady come *here* to write," said Mrs. Stalker, whose English was not of the purest strain, "which she was much pestered with visitors in the droring-room. Her ladyship forget to take it away again, seeing she was in a hurry to dress for Lady Dacres's, and all behind."

"Take it, then, and go."

Mrs. Stalker glided forward and seized the desk with a sort of pounce, much as a cat would spring upon an unwary sparrow.

"Them Bramages is very safe things," said Mrs. Stalker, thoughtfully; "but I prefers a Chubb."

Sir John, feeling it unnecessary to join issue with Mrs. Stalker's predilections on the subject, merely signed to her to leave him.

"Poor creetur!" sighed the lady, in a stage aside, making a feint to withdraw. The words reached her master's ear, as she intended. He stopped her.

"What is the matter, Stalker?—you *have* something to communicate."

Mrs. Stalker glided up to her master, put her mouth close to his ear, and muttered with terrible emphasis,

"*There's—something—in it!*"

"Something?"

"Billys in it!"

"Billy's in it? In what? Billy? Speak, woman!" cried Sir John, seizing her arm.

"There's all his letters, and his Walentine, and his songs, and his flowers, and his fallals, and, my stars, a lock of his hair!" ejaculated Mrs. Stalker, apparently overwhelmed at the idea of bearing in her very hands such an accumulation of guilt.

"Fool!" cried poor Sir John, turning positively pale as the first actual *proof* of his wife's levity he had ever received seemed about to reveal itself. "It cannot be!"

"It ayre, and is," replied his confidante, with decision, laying her finger upon the fatal desk. "If it wasn't for the Bramage, we might—humph!"

We! Sir John felt the strongest inclination to strike her down.

"My gracious goodness—oh!" cried Mrs. Stalker, with a start, "it's open!"

It is possible, had the desk been locked, that Sir John's sense of honour and propriety would have been proof against his eager desire to assure himself of the contents. As it was, the temptation was too great, especially as Mrs. Stalker, gently raising the upper compartment and the lid of the lower, at once disclosed a packet of letters tied with blue ribbon, some manuscripts, and a flower. Hair there was none; and with regard to fallals, history (probably from sheer ignorance of the precise nature of that article) is profoundly dumb.

Without hazarding a look at his companion, Sir John snatched the packet, tore out the top letter, glanced at the signature, and let it fall, uttering a deep groan. It bore the name of a gay young guardsman, one Sir Simon Moth, who had recently exchanged into a line regiment at D——, and was notorious for affairs of gallantry.

Sir John turned to the mantelpiece in the bitterest anguish, every jealous dread at once confirmed. But the presence of Mrs. Stalker was intolerable.

"Leave the desk," he muttered; "I must be alone when——But these may be old things—old things." He hardly knew what he was saying.

Mrs. Stalker was more composed.

"It's dated last Monday," she said, looking at the post-mark, "and addressed to my——"

The sound of carriage-wheels interrupted the conversation, and a loud ring at the gate announced Lady Gabriel's return from her dinner-party.

"No—take it, take it," cried Sir John, thrusting back the letter, and throwing the whole, unread, into the desk. "Place it in her room. Begone!"

Mrs. Stalker vanished.

Another moment, and Lady Gabriel, radiant with youthful beauty, and sparkling with jewels, floated, like a beam of light, into the melancholy room.

"What, not in bed? I am so glad!" said Grace, clapping her little hands. "I want to speak to you."

Her husband bowed coldly.

Grace drew up, and changed *her* tone.

"Politeness itself!" she said. "I cannot postpone what I wished to say, but will you answer me a question first?"

"I will see. Go on."

"Why do men cease to be lovers when they become husbands?"

"Did *I?*"

"If not, why so cold and so indifferent? Why not treat your own wife at least as civilly as you do everybody else's?"

"*Why?* Because I am not jealous, child," said Sir John, with a dark smile. "I know you are too devoted a wife to need your affections fostered by constant attention."

"Not *jealous!* Ahem."

"She thinks to hide it under a bold demeanour," thought Sir John. "Good manœuvre, my lady! . . . . And now," he added, aloud, "may I inquire your further commands with me? But first, while I remember it, from whom did you receive that elegant offering I see in my yard yonder—that savage brute of a mastiff? He nearly bit me."

"That's what I wished to explain."

"Proceed."

"You know the conceit of that Sir Simon Moth."

"Eh! Who? Sir Simon——"

"Moth. Exactly. Who lately joined from the Guards. He is the *enfant gâté* of London society."

"He will be an *enfant gâté* for *this*, if he happens to cross *my* path," muttered Sir John.

"At least," continued the lady, "he would be *thought* so; and is eternally guilty of the absurdity of bragging of his conquests."

"May I ask how you obtained this accurate report of the gossip of a mess-table?"

"From my brother, sir."

"I beg pardon. I forgot him. Yes?"

"He—Moth, I mean—saw me at the ball on Wednesday. Perhaps you might have remarked how attentive he was to me?"

"Some such vague impression, madam, *did* occur to my mind," said Sir John, carelessly, but biting his lip.

"He declared, at the mess, that, in all his social experience, he had never enjoyed so truly delightful an evening!"

"Upon my soul you must have made yourself most agreeable!"

"They told him, so George heard, that it was reserved for *me* to revenge his cruelties among the London belles, and he replied that I should prove no more insensible than they; and he even—(now, be patient)—had the insolence to back his assertion with a bet!"

"The devil he did! By——"

"One moment," said Grace; "let me finish my story. Well, he set to work immediately—wrote me bad verses—squeaked insipid songs—paid me such attentions as he thought best calculated to blind my judgment, or lead my thoughts, my hopes, my affections astray—a friend of mine (and yours) occasionally bringing me word of his boastings concerning the progress he fancied he had made. It would have been easy to crush this delicate entomological specimen at once, but I could not so easily forgive the insult of supposing me an easy prey; I resolved upon a signal revenge, and therefore permitted him to proceed. At last he had the audacity to hint that—that a little walk by moonlight in the orange-walk behind our house would be the most delightful thing in the universe. To-day, as we were walking, I contrived to drop the key of the outer gate; he picked it up, and, noticing the label, put it in his pocket, with some absurd badinage; nor would he be induced to return it to me. He doubtless imagines I dropped it on purpose—(and, *so far*, he is right)—especially as I had mentioned, in the course of conversation, that you had gone into D——, and would be detained there till late."

"Why, you wished me to go," said Sir John, who had listened to this narrative with a feeling of mingled annoyance and relief.

"Yes; but I also begged you to return *early*."

"True, Grace, you did."

"Now we will have some fun!"

"Fun!" said Sir John. "Grace—Grace! how could you be so imprudent? That key! By this time the fool has shown it to half the garrison!"

"Just what I desire. Now your turn comes. You must help me."

"I!"

"Of course. Whom else could I trust? Not Stalker."

"No. Hem! Stalker is—but——Well, my dear, what do you propose?"

"First secure the bellwire in such a manner that the outer gate cannot open without its ringing."

"That's easily done."

"The noise will rouse the dog—it's George's mastiff, Pearl. The gallant exquisite will not dare enter, and will very probably pass the night, which seems likely to be a sharp one, at our garden gate."

Sir John kissed his beautiful but wilful wife, went quietly out, secured the bellwire, made a friendly alliance, offensive and defensive, with the dog, smoked the pleasantest cigar he had enjoyed for ten months, conned a little speech of dismissal for Mrs. Stalker on the morrow, and returned to his comfortable fireside. For, as Grace remarked, it *was* excessively cold.

Complete as Grace intended her revenge should be, fate had taken the matter in hand and carried it to a still higher point of perfection.

It is a well-known fact in society that men hate conceited men. The insufferable egotism of the illustrious Moth had already won him a high degree of unpopularity, and although at the present day—as everybody is aware—practical joking in military circles is a thing absolutely unheard of, there were, nevertheless, two or three bright spirits in the mess of the gallant —th, eagerly awaiting an opportunity for singeing the delicate wings of the fashionable Moth. Among these we will designate two, Captains Smart and Sting.

It is almost unnecessary to observe that Sir Simon, so far from deeming it incumbent upon him to conceal his possession of the key, had exhibited it to every member of his circle he could meet with, and, in more than one instance, had even gone the length of asserting that the key had been directly conveyed to him!

Captains S. and S. took their measures accordingly. Wrapped in soldiers' cloaks, and provided with a couple of muskets, they quietly issued forth, leaving Moth still in the mess-room, and about half-past nine o'clock—a little before moon-rise—took up their stations outside the general's gate, occasionally pacing briskly up and down to keep their blood warm. Presently Sting halted suddenly.

"I say, old fellow, *you* have no doubt, have you, that Lady G. is laughing at our friend?"

(Sting's anxious tone may be accounted for by the circumstance that he was one of three who had accepted Moth's ridiculous wager, and that to a rather heavy amount.)

"I have not the slightest doubt," was the reassuring reply.

"Well, that's all right. But, I say, what we are doing *here* won't help us with the bet."

"Perhaps not; but we can tease him a few."

"I doubt if that be *really* the key he showed us."

"We shall see. Hark! I hear him. I know his whistle."

Sir Simon sauntered slowly up, sucking the conclusion of his cigar.

"*Stand!*" shouted Sting, in a disguised voice, imitating the action and manner of a sentinel. "Who goes there?"

Moth started back.

"A—an officer."

"Can't pass."

"Why?"

"The word?"

"What do you mean? Is not this Sir John Gabriel's?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there always a sentinel here?"

"Always; or," added Sting, aside, "*ought* to be."

"Well," said Moth, "no matter, I know there is another entrance."

He turned to seek it, when—

"*Stand!*" shouted Smart, grounding his musket with a bang close to Moth's toes. "Who goes there?"

"Officer."

"Can't pass."

"I say, sentry——"

"Sir."

"To whose company do you belong?"

"Captain Sting's, sir."

"Indeed! let's look at you."

"Keep off!"

But Moth got a glimpse of his face.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, "I knew there was no sentry posted here. Who's the other?"

"Sting."

"You thought to make me lose my bet, did you?"

"That you'll do without my assistance," said Smart.

"Come, now," said Moth, "be off, both of you, like good fellows."

"By no means. We want to see if you succeed."

"Why, here's the key!"

"Psha! they may have changed the lock."

"*Hush!*" exclaimed Moth. "Don't make such a row—look!" (and he unlocked and opened the gate), "it's all right."

He pushed the gate wide open. *Ringle, tingle, tingle!* went the bell. *Bow-ou-ou-ough!* thundered Pearl, aroused from her slumbers, and rushing furiously at the gate, which the length of her chain just allowed her to touch. The trio of warriors precipitately gave back, Smart and Sting laughing heartily.

"Hush!" said Moth. "Listen!"

"There never was a bell here before," said Smart.

"Nor a dog," added the other Job's comforter.

"By Jove!" said Smart, "I remember, now, hearing that Lady Gabriel had borrowed a dog of her brother."

"Yes, to receive Moth," added Sting.

"I hope," observed Moth, "she heard the shindy. She'll have the dog removed, and the bell tied up."

"That she will," said Smart. "Perhaps, at this moment, she is beginning to fear you won't return to the charge."

"I pity her sincerely," said Sting. "There are few Moths in the world, and, really, when a woman *has* succeeded in entrapping one of that rare species——"

Moth's vanity was blind to the sarcasm, open as it was. He smiled. "You would like to be in my place—eh, old fellow?"

"Why—not *yet*," replied Sting. "Come along."

"What the deuce! *You* need not come," said Moth.

"Oh! as you like. We'll wait here."

"Keep quiet, then."

Moth advanced again to the gate, and pushed it quietly open. His caution was in vain. Again the bell sent its shrill alarum through the echoing court and the garden alleys, again the angry mastiff rushed at the gate, and again the discomfited adventurer withdrew with more haste than dignity. Smart and Sting roared with irrepressible laughter.

"What the devil is there to laugh at?" asked Moth, angrily.

"The idea of having a key and being unable to enter."

"Ha, ha, ha! A useful key!"

"Were I Moth I *would* go in," said Sting.

"But there's the dog," said Smart.

"Really, now," said Moth, "in my position, what *would* you do?"

"Rush in boldly."

"Though," added Sting, "in advising you for the best, we risk losing our bet."

"I'll try once more," said Moth. "Hi! *poor* fellow! Good Pompey! (I wonder what your confounded name is!) Down, boy—down."

A louder peal, and a still more furious bark, were the only results.

"Confound the bell, and dog, and everything!" roared the baffled lover.

"It's curious," observed Smart, "that no one seems aroused."

"Hush," said Sting. "I hear a noise. They are opening the window."

"I appeal to your honour, gentlemen," said Moth, "to stand aside . . . and to hand me the amount of your respective bets at your earliest convenience. Ahem!"

His friends moved apart. A first-floor window was deliberately opened. A form appeared at it, indistinctly visible.

"Sir Simon Moth?" said the voice of Sir John, interrogatively.

"Smart, Smart, answer him," whispered Moth.

"Ah, Sir John!" cried Smart, "you are in bed betimes. Not ill, I trust?"

"I think I know that voice. Is it *you*, Smart?"

"Yes. I was just passing your gate. Your dog is a trusty sentinel, Sir John."

"Is not Moth with you?"

"*Why*, Sir John?"

"I need not ask, for I know it. Lady Gabriel has just informed me that he has a fancy for a moonlight meditation in my garden, and that he has betted that he would find an opportunity for indulging that singular fancy."

"They have been making a fool of you, my poor Moth," said Sting, aside, to that hero.

"But," continued Sir John, his clear stern voice sounding with terrible distinctness in the still air, "Lady Gabriel considers that the project had better be abandoned for the present. She wishes me to inform you that I came home rather earlier than was expected. She is, besides, rather sleepy."

"Tell him," whispered Moth, savagely—"tell him *she* gave me the key. At all events—(confound her!)—that may cause a quarrel!"

Smart hesitated. He was rather thoughtless, but a gentleman.

"No, no, Moth. Perhaps——"

"Tell him, tell him," said Sting, aside, seeing that the only predicable result would be the fuller development of the joke.

"He says he is not in fault, Sir John," said Captain Smart. "He intimates—excuse me—that her ladyship entrusted him with the key." And the young man instinctively dropped his voice as he concluded the sentence.

"He says perfectly true, Smart," replied Sir John. "But that key, unfortunately, opens only the *outer* gate, which Sir Simon is perfectly welcome to enter. The key, I trust, is in order. Will you be kind enough to tell him this?"

"With pleasure, Sir John. Indeed," added the young officer, "he knows it already."

"I understand. In that case, good night."

"And the key?" added Smart.

"Oh, no matter. Leave it in the lock."

Sir John closed the conference, and the window.

"There!" roared Moth, flinging the key at the latter, "take the cursed thing!"

"Nonsense. You may want it again," said Sting.

"Come, let's be off," said Moth.

"I am glad the *bet* is not," observed Smart.

"These country ladies don't appreciate true merit," cried Sting, sending a parting shot after the retiring Moth, who vanished in the darkness.

"Ha, ha!" said Smart. "The whole matter is, after all, no bad illustration of a very old and familiar saying."

"Odi l'altra parte, e credi poco," suggested Sting.

"Hem! I dare say," said Smart. "But I don't speak French! My proverb is of the most approved dialect of Cockaigne, 'Great cry and little wool.'"

THE ANIMA "PEWTERS."

We had walked down the river-side one day, to see the boats practising for the University Fours. On arriving at the railway bridge, we found that we had most unaccountably made a mistake of an hour and a half in the time, and that instead of three P.M. it was only half-past one.

As we sauntered down the Long Reach, deliberating upon our future proceedings, an unusual noise startled our ears. "Pull right!" a cad's voice shouted, following up shortly with the commands, "Easy all, bow side! Pull a stroke, Two! Now, sir, pull left!" In utter astonishment we turned round, and beheld a boat to all appearance steering right into the near bank, while an obliging individual on that bank was shouting "Pull right!" Apparently in connexion with this command, the water at the stern of the boat was suddenly put into violent agitation by the motion of the rudder, and the boat made a faltering shot at the opposite bank; however, before it could get there the suicidal intentions of its coxswain were frustrated by the vociferous enigma on the towing-path, who cried again, "Pull left! pull left!" Again the water was disturbed as before, and the same results occurred, *mutatis mutandis*.

As we had never before seen a four-oared boat tacking in this peculiar way down the Long Reach, we went to meet it, with a view to learning the causes of the phenomenon. A near approach showed us that the uniform of the men was that appropriated by the boat club of the College of S. Anima Mundi, and as we perceived looming in the distance two or three other boats similarly clothed, we came to the conclusion that the Anima Pewters were about to come off—a conclusion which subsequent events showed to be correct. Of course every one knows that "Pewters" means "Scratch Fours." If that be *ignotum per ignotius* to any reader, we would explain that Scratch Fours implies the fact that a number of men have put their names in a hat, previously paying five or six shillings each,* and drawn out four at a time, hap-hazard. Each four men thus determined form the pulling part of the crew of a four-oar. Again, the names of as many coxswains as there are tetrads of oarsmen having been deposited in a hat, one is drawn for every four men previously so treated, and thus a number of Scratch Fours are completed. It only remains to mention that the crews thus formed by lot are on no account allowed to practise even once before the races; a regulation which results, as may be imagined, in a sufficient number of amusing accidents. Now it happened that there were sixteen Anima men who would pull, and only two who had the smallest pretensions to steering, so there were only coxswains for half the boats. Under these circumstances two men had been pressed into the service, and were allowed to have each a cad on the bank to tell him which string to pull, and to give those general directions to the men which the various emergencies of the navigation of the Cam require.

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* These subscriptions are appropriated by the winning boat, and provide each member of its crew with a pewter or silver tankard, whence the name "Pewters" is given to the races.

Unfortunately, however, these pressed men had an idea, which no amount of persuasion, to say nothing of stronger language, could drive out of their heads, that when told to "pull right," they must pull the string as hard as they could, to prove to the crews that they were active in promoting their interests; one consequence of which infatuation was the tacking appearance described.

No one who has seen the Cam needs to be told that the boats in a race, however many or however few, are perforce started at equal distances behind each other, the object of each being to run into the one before it, when what is technically called a "bump" is the result, and the *assaulted* boat draws to the bank, with its victorious assailant, to make way for the boats behind. On great occasions the towing-path is crowded to excess by vast numbers of men running with the boats, but for these small college races there was almost no one; the phrase "running with the boats" would have to undergo some change if we meant to speak in correct vernacular of the pace at which we proceeded down the riverside. Of the various intricacies connected with starting guns we need not speak.

The boat with which our first acquaintance was formed started second, and, as the one behind it was bumped at once, our erratic friend had nothing to fear and all to hope. By dint of the most strenuous exertions on the part of the running (merely technical that word "running") coxswain, it got round Ditton Corner, though there is a certain amount of impropriety in the use of the word "round," the manœuvre being conducted somewhat as follows: At the commencement of the bend the boat happened to be lying straight up and down the reach; the wily coxswain No. 2 (for so we would designate the stipendiary individual in the rough jersey), allowing them to proceed on this tack a little further, suddenly called out, "Easy all! hold her up!" All the crew knew what "easy all" meant, and two of them understood "hold her up," but as they were both on the bow side, and both obeyed with the utmost vigour, it was a question for a moment or two whether they would upset or not; those who could not construe the command did simply nothing, except coxswain No. 1, who, seeing that two of his men were nonplused like himself, called out to his men on the bank, "What does 'hold her up' mean?" Not deigning an answer to this question, No. 2 proceeds, "Pull a stroke, Two!" Two happens to be one of those who don't quite understand "hold her up," so he has been holding himself in readiness for anything that may turn up, and with dangerous alacrity obeys the order. By this means the boat's head is turned well for the Plough Reach, and "Paddle on all!" and then "Lay out all!" take her along in the right direction.

But, alas! this manœuvre, though apparently carried out with the greatest success, is productive of the most lamentable results. It has unsettled the men and thrown them thoroughly out of time, especially in the bows; this No. 2 tries to remedy by repeated cries of "Time! time!" but without effect; so coxswain No. 1 thinks that if he can appeal more directly and particularly to the *individuals* who are in error, his efforts may meet with success. He knows that it is not the thing to call men by their names in a boat, and at first he is puzzled to find out a way of expressing to the men in the bows that they are especially the persons whose time is complained of. At length analytical geometry comes to his aid. He takes stroke as the origin of co-ordinates, and assumes that he himself is on the positive side of that origin. The result of these calculations he announces in a triumphant yell, "TIME BEHIND!"

And now his excitement becomes immense, declaring itself in increasing cries of "Time behind, gentlemen! time behind! Pull right! pull left!" for he has become knowing enough to perceive that if the men on one side the boat pull stronger than those on the other the direction of the boat will be affected, and therefore he carefully communicates to the crew the orders of his friend No. 2 on the bank, "Pull right! pull left!" which of course only refer to his own hands in connexion with the rudder-strings.

At the Plough we cannot help thinking of the different spectacle presented there in the University races—that surging sea of hats and caps, and jerseys and coats, not to mention less masculine habiliments, the whole demanding in most imperative language the inspection of a proctor. It is supposed that some mysterious affinity exists between the Plough and the Oxford for pluck, for race after race are seen the same faces there, with a constancy only equalled by their owners' consistent abhorrence of appearing in any of the various little-go or poll-lists.

And now the shores of "Grassy" present themselves; that smooth lawn on which assembles during the May races all the little that Cambridge can boast of beauty and elegance; that long and yet sudden bend on whose gladiatorial arena that most indefatigable terrier, public opinion, may be matched to worry any number of coxswains' reputations in any race you like. No longer, alas! are those green slopes clothed with all that is fair; no longer are those chaste matrons there on whom Horace cast a prophetic eye in his exquisite description of Hypermnestra,

Una de multis, face nuptiali
Splendide mendax;*

no longer are those male equestrians there, whose attempts to jump the grips cause so much ridicule where they would fain captivate. Alas! the only inhabitants now are an old cow and a young donkey.

Of course every one knows what a foolometer is. Exceptions may read Mr. Newland's lectures on Tractarianism. We ourselves keep a cut-up-ometer, in the shape of a man who spares neither friend nor foe, the first less than the second, when there is a chance of saying anything severe or sarcastic; indeed, we have heard him say some remarkably witty things about a slight slew in his *fiancée's* nose. To him, then, we showed this narrative, as far as the word "donkey." "Why, my dear fellow," said he, "you needn't put in that 'alas,' for, after all, the difference is infinitesimal between——" But we stopped him, for the assertion that there is the slightest resemblance between young donkeys and the men we see at Grassy is of course an absurd slander. We need only take up the calendar and turn to the lists of wranglers and first-class men, and we can predicate with unerring certainty as to any individual in them being or having been an attendant at that verdant paradise; while for the man who detects a resemblance to the antique vaccine quadruped aforesaid, in the fair visitors also aforesaid, it will be sufficient to go to the University concert, and wait till the interval when the ladies turn round to be looked at. If that doesn't cure him, nothing will.

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* The licence of modern biblical criticism makes the omission of a line a mere joke.

Over this favoured meadow, "Time behind," *i.e.* coxswain No. 1, shows an inclination to take his crew. Of course, if practicable, such a plan would be an admirable one, as a large corner would thereby be cut off; but coxswain No. 2 seems to entertain very serious doubts as to its wisdom on the present occasion. At any rate, he yells louder than ever, "Pull left! pull left!" accompanying the admonitions with a most open, not to say violent, expression of his opinion as to the journey his principal's brains may or may not have taken, at the same time consigning various portions of his own body to all sorts of disagreeable places.

Left, accordingly, "Time behind" pulls with his accustomed vigour. As he does so, his attention is caught by a smooth green lane, branching off from the towing-path, just in the direction his boat's nose points. In a moment his determination is made; he will go overland to the Post Reach! With Spartan firmness he nerves himself to the task, despite the frantic yells of No. 2, who is standing at the end of the lane; the only notice he now takes of that deposed functionary being an abrupt order to get out of the way. His heroic resolve is strengthened by a little accident which he observes to have happened to the other boat; "Two" has caught a somewhat vicious crab, and lost his oar, at the same time contriving to knock stroke's oar out of the boat. So now they lie like a log on the water, and No. 1 is confident he can get there before them.

His ideas on the subject of bumping are very shady, for he tries all he knows to get ashore without running foul of them. To his intense disgust he cannot keep his boat off, and a bump is the result. His crew in astonishment look round; they cannot believe they have made their bump. What with the looking round, what with the demonstrative astonishment, and what with the laughter suppressed during the race and now breaking forth like dammed-up water, the boat begins to rock in a most alarming manner, and, despite the entreaties of poor No. 1, that gentleman will oscillate in the same vertical plane, upsets, cutting short that skilful coxswain's definition of the particular plane he desires them to restrict themselves to.

"Time behind" cannot swim a stroke, but he throws his arms over the boat near the stern, and holding on as it seems by his chin, allows his feet to rise to the top on the other side, where they project slightly from the surface, as they always will in such circumstances, presenting a sufficiently curious appearance. The remainder of the crew have got ashore, by the simple process of wading through the mud, the depth of which, with the water above it, does not exceed four feet. On this fact being communicated to "Time behind," accompanied by the recommendation of a like manœuvre in his own case, he utters in a comparatively firm and determined gasp the words, "No! I'll perish here!" Whether he thinks to emulate the bravery of those devoted men who go to the bottom with their ships rather than leave them while any yet remain to be saved, or whether he expects to float down the river and die of starvation, preferring that death to drowning, certain it is that he says, "I'll perish here!" His deputy, the cad on the bank, cannot have quite caught his words, for he delivers himself of the opinion that he'll be "blowed if he ain't a trying to save the boat." And having thus recklessly subjected himself to the possibility of compulsory ventilation, he proceeds to say, with the most frank generosity, that if any gentleman will promise him a shirt he'll go in for the spluttering coxswain. This offer is accompanied by such a display of the inside of the platter, by way of proof that he needs that article of clothing, that a hasty promise to the desired effect is made, and "Time behind" is rescued from his disagreeable position.

He looks upon the affair in a serious light, and declares that his great consolation and support in danger was the fact that he had been to chapel fourteen times each week in the term. Having given this information, he is immediately taken worse, lapsing into a state of petrifaction from the cold, under which circumstances it is considered that the best thing for him is a bed and some egg-flip at the Plough. So he is conveyed there and put to bed, the time race being deferred till he is warm enough to get up.

That desirable event having taken place in about four hours, during which time the other men have been up to change, we again take our place by the two remaining boats, and start them for the final race.

Unfortunately for the success of this, it has so happened that while "Time behind" was mildly imbibing egg-flip in bed, his assistant and his assistant's colleague were doing ditto rather more determinedly in the kitchen. When spoken to seriously on the state to which they had reduced themselves, the vicarious coxswain who hitherto has not taken any prominent part in the affair, owing to his charge having made its bump at the start, unexpectedly displays a most antithetical turn of mind, informing us, in his own soft, persuasive vernacular, that while his "mate's master" went to bed and drank egg-flip because he was wet, he himself went to the kitchen and drank it because he was dry, and he puts it to us, as candid men, whether his was not the better reason for resorting to liquids; and besides, while "Time behind" drank it hot that *he* mightn't get cold, *they* drank it hot that *it* mightn't get cold, which he considers an equally justifiable proceeding, and if it isn't, perhaps we'll let him know. The question of amount he positively declines to enter upon, declaring that a poor hardworking fellow's lush hadn't ought to be dropped upon like that. However this may be, it is certain that the orders from the bank as to the particular string to be pulled are not given with the clearness and precision which characterised them in the former race, so that the gallant coxswains are left more or less to their own devices, and the results are pretty nearly what might be expected. The last thing we hear of "Time behind" is a speech to the following effect, enunciated much as Phaeton may have spoken when he lost the reins: "Gentlem—hen! I'm afr—haid we're going into the tr—hees." These said trees being the willows in which they do eventually disappear.

The remaining boat is now sure of the race, if it can only be navigated up the Long Reach. The coxswain sees an imaginary corner, and in his endeavours to "take it" scientifically, lays his boat's nose high and dry ashore. We lose no time in pushing her off, and in the course of the next two or three hundred yards perform the same office three or four times—like the little boys who accompany the runners in a sack-race, to set them up when they fall—warning the coxswain each time to keep close to our side, for if he gets aground on the other side there is no one to push him off. By such exertions as these we at length have the satisfaction of seeing the boat pass the winning-post, just as "Time behind" is getting his crew past—we dare not say round—Ditton Corner.

As we walk up towards Cambridge a vision rises in our mind of one of the pewters won in these races, emblazoned with the arms of S. Anima Mundi, and engraved with a list of the crew; handed down by a proud father to his admiring children as a proof of his prowess and his victories as an undergraduate, "when Jones and I were on the river." It is strange what discontinuity exists in our thoughts, for the very next thing that presents itself to our imagination is a Crimean medal, while after that a bishop's mitre appears.

MICHELET ON LOVE.

M. MICHELET's last novelty, "L'Amour,"* is a strange one. But that, perhaps, is a tautology, after saying that the book is by M. Michelet. Could the book be his, in fact, were it not a strange one?

A very strange book, then, is "L'Amour"—and suited only to a very French public, with very free notions. On no account let the average Englishman, in his unsuspecting innocence, venture on reading it aloud; he will have to "pull up" with a jerk, if he does, and cough away his confusion as best he may. The medical student, on the other hand, may value this treatise as a vade-mecum—a very handbook of suggestion and instruction. For every other page almost is concerned with delicate questions that pertain to his profession, and Mrs. Gamp's. Accouchements and their antecedents are detailed with all a morbid anatomist's prolixity and all a sage-femme's relish. If there is something of the philosophy of Love, there is much more of its physiology and pathology. The spiritual is sadly overlaid with the physical, the sentimental with the sensuous.

In short, "L'Amour" would make a not unworthy pendant to the closing sections of Rousseau's "Emile." The right of translation is reserved. We presume, as far as England is concerned, that right is likely to remain undisturbed; by all means *requiescat in pace*.

Certainly it is a little startling to the reader of a book entitled "L'Amour," to find, staring him out of countenance, on so many pages, such phrases and technicalities as "fièvre de suppuration," "l'accouchée," "le livre de Bourgery," "l'atlas de Coste et de Gerbes," &c. Here are the headings of some of the chapters: "La Femme est une malade;" "Hygiène;" "Conception;" "La grossesse et l'état de grace;" "Accouchement;" "Couches et relevailles;" "Allaitement et séparation;" "Médication du corps;" "Des sources du livre d'Amour et de l'appui que la physiologie donne ici à la morale."—If the book *should* find an English translator, he will surely resort to Mr. Churchill as his publisher, and look out for reviews in the *Lancet* and the *Medical Times*.

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* Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1858.

Not that the book is void of good things; on the contrary, it is rich in them, excellent things, and worthy of all acceptation. The honourableness of wedlock, the sacredness of the marriage ring, the nobleness of pure womanhood, the constancy of sincere affection, the imperishable character of real love,—upon these, and kindred topics, the author dilates with impassioned eloquence.

Three several times within five-and-twenty years, he tells us, the idea of the present work, "of the profound social want which it is designed to meet," presented itself to him in all its seriousness. First, in 1836, when, however, the "texts essential to it" were not yet published. "I hazarded a few pages on the women of the mediæval age, and these, happily, came to a pause." The second, in 1844, when he occupied "the chair of Morals and of History"—when he enjoyed "the confidence of the young and the sympathies of all"—when he saw and knew many things, public morals in particular—all which convinced him of the necessity of a serious book upon Love. Again: "In 1849, when our social tragedies had just broken the hearts of men, a terrible coldness spread through the atmosphere; it seemed as though all the blood were withdrawn from our veins. In the presence of this phenomenon, which seemed the imminent extinction of all life, I appealed to what little warmth was yet remaining; I invoked, in aid of the laws, a renovation of morals, the purification of love and of the family.

"The occasion of 1844 deserves to be recalled.—In collecting my reminiscences and looking over my large correspondence of that period, I see that the singular confidence placed in me by the public arose from their observing me to be a real solitary, a stranger to all coteries, standing aloof from the disputes of the day, shut up with my own thoughts.—This isolation was not, however, without its inconveniences. . . . I was often in quest of, and discovered, old matters, already discovered and well known. In compensation, I had continued young. I was of more worth than my writings, of more than my lectures. To this work of instruction in history and morals I brought a yet undivided soul, a great freshness of mind; under occasionally subtle forms, a true simplicity of heart; in short, amid open war [*en pleine polémique*], a certain spirit of peace. Whence was this? It was because—sheltered from the influences of the times, the men of which were to me unknown (and the books nearly so)—I hated no one. My battles were those of idea against idea.

"The public was touched by this. It had never come across so ignorant a man.

"That is to say, one who knew so little of all that was going on in the streets.

"Being unacquainted with the current formulas and common-place solutions that would have helped me to an answer, I was obliged to draw out [*tirer*] from myself, ever to draw up [*puiser*] from myself, and, as I had nought else, to give them of my life. They took it not amiss, and resorted to me. Many made personal revelations to me, were not afraid to show me their hidden wounds, brought me their bleeding hearts." And so this good father confessor—the inexorable foe of the confessional—

goes on to tell with exulting pride, how reserved and haughty men came to him to open their griefs; and how brilliant women of the world, and pious, studious, austere religieuses even, "leaped the vain barriers of conventionalism or opinion, as people do when they are ill. Strange, but very precious, very touching *correspondances*, which I have kept with the care and respect they deserved.—I had not gone to the world. The world had come to me. And thus I gained great enlightenment. Secrets of our nature that I had never guessed at, were all at once revealed to me. I came to know more of them in a few years than I ever could have learnt in the monotonous spectacle presented nightly in the salons. I knew, I saw human hearts to the bottom."

This consultation-doctor of souls, and good physician of troubled spirits, then tells us of the emotions *he* had to suffer in prosecuting his labour of love. He gave his patients sympathy, and as the sympathy was genuine, it cost something. He felt with and for them. "Je ne rougis point d'être homme." Then he mentions the case of a country doctor, unknown to him, who one day wrote saying he had just been bereaved by death of the betrothed damsel who within a week would have been his wife, and that he was in a state of despair. The poor man wished for nothing, asked for nothing, but just to say to one whom he believed to have a heart, I am in despair. What was M. Michelet to say in reply? what consolation could he offer in such a case? He knew of none. "Yet I would fain write to him without delay, and I set to and tried my best. In the midst of this labour, which I felt to be only too useless, checking myself to read over his letter once again, I felt in it such a power of inconsolable grief, that the pen dropped from my hand. . . . . . For this was not a letter, it was the thing itself, too naïve and too cruel; I was a spectator of the entire scene. And my paper got wet with tears, and my letter blotted out. But, such as it was, illegible as it was, I sealed it, and in that state I sent it to him."

It was his heart, and nothing less, our author assures us, that he gave to the crowd that waited on him for counsel and consolation. And what did the crowd give him in return?

Let him tell us again himself. Early one morning, as he was at work in his study, a young man made his way into the house and into the room, with impetuous step, regardless of *consigne*, and intent only on an interview. "Monsieur, said he, forgive my unusual manner of coming in, but you will not be angry at it. I bring you a piece of news. The masters of certain cafés, notorious houses, and public gardens, are complaining of the instruction you give. Their establishments, they say, suffer largely in consequence. Young people are catching the mania for serious conversation, and are forgetting their old habits. . . . . . . The gardens for dancing are in danger of having to shut up. All those persons who have hitherto been gaining by amusements for the schools, now believe themselves to be threatened by a moral revolution such as must ruin them, without fail.

"I took him by the hand, and said to him: If what you tell me were to come to pass, I assure you it would be triumph and victory for me. I wish for no other success. The day that our young people become serious, liberty will be saved. Should such a result ensue, and by means of our instruction,—I will carry it away, monsieur, as the crown of my life, to place it in my tomb." The young man *exit*. And M. Michelet, *solus*, soliloquises. "As for me, I will, in return, sooner or later make them a present. I will write for them the book of enfranchisement from moral servitude, the book of true love." And here is the book—"L'Amour." It embodies the study bestowed on the "crowd" of confessing patients aforesaid, and particularly (for M. Michelet lays great stress upon this particular) the observations made in physiological inquiries, and information collected from medical friends.

In his chapter on Marriage the author utters this admonition. "Young man, read this when you are quite alone, and not with that giddy-pated comrade whom I see behind you, reading over your shoulder. If you read it when alone, you will read to profit, and feel that you have a heart. The holiness of nature will touch you." In a hundred other passages the writer's seriousness of purpose is manifest, after his peculiar fashion. He battles with the laxity of social life. He believes that the reformation of Love, and of the Family circle, must precede all other reformations, and can alone indeed render them possible. He deplores the diminution of marriages, as shown by statistics; and vigorously descants on the evils of those immoral connexions which are substituted for the legitimate alliance. He exposes with much feeling *les mornes plaisirs d'une vie polygamique*. He has sharp things to say against the fictions of Balzac and George Sand. His glorification of womanly virtue, innocence, self-sacrifice, unappreciated endurance, and unrecognised suffering, will by many be judged rhapsodical and extravagant. Into its component parts we cannot enter, for plain reasons already plainly assigned. The physiological aspects of the theme—*comment parler de l'amour*, he wants to know, *sans dire un mot de tout cela?* But his *mots* about *tout cela* are so many, and so broadly expressed, that practically the book is unreadable this side the Channel.

For the concluding volumes of his History of France, with all its splendid sins upon its head, we wait with something like eager vigilance. But if anything could spoil our appetite for that residue,

C'est *l'Amour*, l'amour, l'amour,—

meaning the book which bears that name.

J. C. X.

SIR HENRY SYDNEY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY FITZ-HERBERT.

PART II.

LET me pass from Anglo-Irish politics to a more amusing subject, personal history.

Excellent Sir Henry Sydney was, both publicly and privately; and though he stands extraordinarily free from aspersion, some spots in the *disk* of his fame are so plain as to require notice, especially since the truth of his character would be incompletely drawn if I attempted to ignore them. He has himself displayed one of these faults, his non-avoidance of debt, which he carried to a vice. But he seems to have escaped calumny, so far as the fair sex is concerned; except, perhaps, in a case referred to in a letter from his brother-in-law to Cecil, dated June, 1565, desiring that "Sir Henry Sydney be openly cautioned against keeping company with Mistress Isham."* The lady who was to be avoided as a very Delilah was, it appears, a daughter of an English gentleman who filled the station of seneschal of the county of Wexford; and she seems to have been a political *intriguante*, whose captivating qualities and *entraînemens* had led Sir Nicholas Arnold, the ex-governor, into favouring certain rebellious scions of her Anglo-Irish connexions. This feminine weaver of toils would seem to have then been a spinster, and the same who, afterwards, when relict of Nicholas Hore, Esq., of Harperston, in that county, was married by Arnold, her original admirer, and, according to the heraldic visitation of the county, lived till the year 1616, exhibiting, by such longevity, a constitution as vigorous as her mother-wit. Sydney, indeed, was only named to his new government when the caution was sent him, and, on going over, was accompanied by his wife, the admirable sister of Leicester. The accounts of this noble couple's miseries in travelling are amusing to read now, when meaner travellers than a vice-king and queen enjoy lordly luxuries in express trains and swift steamers. On the 24th November, 1566, the distinguished voyagers reach Chester; and, on the 3rd of the next month, make, from Hilbry, the old complaint of that time, "*no wind for Ireland,*" adding that they were "never so weary of any place, and can get neither meat, drink, nor good lodging." The wind continuing unfavourable, they reached no farther, on the 17th December, than Beaumaris, having "passed thirty days flitting from place to place on the coast." Some barks put to sea with their horses and furniture; but one of these tiny transports was wrecked, to the loss of 500*l.* worth of Sydney's goods. On the 9th January the wind-bound viceroy was at Holyhead, enjoying "great likelihood of a fair breeze." Their destination was not reached until the 21st, so that they lost two months in a journey one day now suffices for. To revert to the ungenial question of our autobiographer's misdoings: it would demand too much space to rip up matters proving that his Excellency the Chief Governor of Ireland was not always excellently impartial. His factious animosity to the Earl of Ormond occasionally hurried him into violent measures against this mighty nobleman's relatives, and the strength of his friendships sometimes led him into despotic favouritism.* Sir Peter Carew, whose interesting memoirs have been recently published, was most unjustly backed by Sydney's star-chamber power in wresting an estate from the earl's brother. Yet, as this nobleman had a potent supporter in his relative, the good and great Queen Elizabeth, her representative dared do little more than demonstrate his dislike. The enmity between her deputy and the earl, the greatest, the most English of her Irish peers, and the mainstay of the Protestant religion in Ireland, caused much difficulty to her majesty, with whom this eminent nobleman (her "black husband," as she used merrily to style him) was an especial and worthy favourite. Cecil in vain endeavoured to reconcile them; writing, in one instance, to Sydney in praise of the earl's "loyalty and painfulness in all service," and reminding him that his royal mistress's good opinion of Ormond "grew from memory of his education with that holy young Solomon, Edward the Sixth."

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* Calendar of State Papers.

Leicester advanced and guided his brother-in-law, our autobiographer, who, by singular coincidence, was in similar relationship to Sussex, the chief of the opposing faction. Several anecdotes are told of the haughty favourite's insolence to the Irish earl, and, also, of the latter's spirited retorts. There is also the pleasing anecdote of Ormond's magnanimity when young Sydney affronted him, because the latter believed some wrong had been done to his father: "I will accept no quarrel," said the high-minded Anglo-Irish nobleman, "from a gentleman that is bound by nature to defend his father's causes, and is furnished with so many virtues as I know Mr. Philip Sydney to be."

Edmond Lodge, an author largely experienced in the art of writing brief biographies, observes with much truth, in his "Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain," that biography, like painting, derives its main interest from the contrast of lights and shadows; and he continues to say that, "however necessary it may be that the judgment should be assured of the truth of the representation, yet the fancy must be gratified. The virtues which adorned the living man are faint ornaments on his posthumous story, without the usual opposition of instances of infirmity and extravagance." Otherwise, he concludes, the portrait of human character will appear unnatural, and even insipid. These incontrovertible remarks preface his sketch of the life of Sir Philip Sydney, whose almost unvaried excellence can hardly be *brought out*, to use the technical phrase, for want of shade;—they apply, of course, to every endeavour to portray character, and are specially applicable to my present humble attempt to supply materials for a memoir of this English Bayard's father, no monographic account of whom has yet appeared. But the task of raking in the cinders of the *feux d'artifice* illuminating his life, for defects to be used artistically, is so hateful, that I abandon it, to recur to the general topic of partisanship, as it affected Ireland.

Walsingham, to whom Sydney's memorial, or appeal, is addressed, has defined "a worthy man" as "one that doeth brave, eminent acts;" and, though the memorialist nobly fulfilled this definition, there is no doubt that he owed his advancement and protracted official standing to his brother-in-law Leicester, the Ursa Major (as he was wittily called, from his cognisance, a bear) of the political firmament—a constellation ever pointed to the guiding star, Queen Elizabeth. Hence the attempts of Ormond to unseat Sydney, in his ambition of obtaining continuous government of his native country, after the custom of his forefathers; and he seems to have been covertly aided by Sir Henry's honest brother-in-law, the martial and rarely endowed Sussex. The antipathy between the Great Bear and Sussex, his rival for power, whose sterling character is delightfully drawn in "Kenilworth," may be judged of by the dying caveat the latter gave his friends: "I leave you," said he, "to your fortunes, and the queen's goodness; but beware of the Gipsy (meaning Leicester), for he will be too hard for you all; you know not the beast so well as I do."

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* He was reprehended for favouring Stukeley. See Collins's Sydney Letters, and my Memoir of Stukeley in this periodical.

The author of the "Faerie Queene," and of a "View of the State of Ireland," designates that country (in which he had resided many years, but of which he had not then taken his last, his heart-broken view) "a ragged commonweale," as certainly it was, impoverished by civil war, and torn by the perpetual rebellions fomented by the King of Spain and the Roman Pontiff. Not only did those great potentates, temporal and spiritual, exert a noxious part in stimulating various powerful rebels to throw off the English yoke, and not merely were there numberless factions, from the universal ancient feud between Gael and Teuton, to minor mortal enmities, as between Butler and Geraldine, down to those lesser, yet fiercer, intestine hatreds among clans—but the high political parties in London, principally attached on one side to Leicester, and on the other to Sussex, ramified, in their influence, even into penetrating wretched bogs and glens in Offaley and Donegal, where an O'More, or an O'Donnell, ousted from his chieftaincy by intrigues that received an impetus from Whitehall, ended his turbulent life. The most curious, if not the most interesting statements in Sydney's valuable narrative, are those which reveal the policy of the day, as it was used towards the native magnate peers and insurgent chieftains. This memoir, indeed, emanating from the head of the Elizabethan government in Ireland, will, if taken in connexion with other histories, and especially with annals composed by Gaelic recluses, who knew little of state secrets, and who are sometimes contradictory of the English accounts, afford either contradictions to them, or serviceable confirmations of them.

For example, Archbishop O'Daly, who, though inquisitor-general in Portugal, had not penetrated the state secrets of his own country, says, in his curious "History of the Geraldines," how the queen, "having formed a plan to crush the Earl of Desmond," wrote letters, in the year 1575, to her crafty viceroy, desiring him "to lay a snare for the earl," and now, on receiving this order, he invited several of the nobility to Dublin to confer with him on political matters, and particularly regarding religion; and how, having instructions to arrest Desmond on his appearance, both the earl and his brother were, although carrying "a safe-conduct" from Sydney, committed to the castle, and subsequently "sent off to London, shut up in the Tower, and condemned to pass five weary years in its loathsome solitude." Now, let us say, without entering into particulars, that our Protestant autobiographer's version of this affair differs from the Popish archbishop's. The earl had also been arrested, ten years previously, by the same bold hand, which thus graphically gives the following account of the perilous proceeding:

"The earl of Desmond met me at Carrick, a house of Ormonde's, and I carried him with me to Waterford, Dungarvan, and Corke, all the way hearing and ordering the complaints between the two earls. When he found that I dealt justlie with Ormonde, and that I rather shewed favour than severitie, as indeed I did to all his" (the ink must have reddened when Sydney wrote this!), "he, after sundry speeches of very hard digestion, expressing his malicious intentions, would have gone from me, which I denied him, and unwitting to him, appointed a guard to attend him day and night." The narrator proceeds to tell how, on receiving information that the earl intended a forcible rescue, and had caused a great number of men to be mustered, the writer openly arrested him in the town of Kilmallock. The state councillors and nobility in Sydney's company then came to him declaring it was not safe to attempt to lead away the Desmond as a captive out of one of his own towns, until a reinforcement could be obtained. Sir Henry was attended but by his household, and a guard of "fiftie English speres, fiftie English shott, and fiftie galloglass." He, however, wrote to the mayor of Limerick, who instantly marched forth from the gates of that city, at one o'clock the next morning, at the head of three hundred armed townsmen.

"I issued out of the town of Kilmallock," continues the lord-deputy; "but still came threatnings to me that I should be fought with by the way, and the prisoner taken from me. But I rested resolute that I would to Limerick, and lead the earl prisoner with me; and I protested to him, in the hearing of a multitude, that, if the least violence that might be, were offered to the basest churle or horseboye of my trayne, he" (the Earl) "should die of my hand; and so, mounting him on a worse horse than I ridd on, marched away with him to Lymerike."

Kentish fire warmed the breast of that brave Sydney! Elizabeth, in a letter couched in the mystic style she often politicly used, had advised him to that step, which was a bold one, considering that her deputy was in the enemy's country, and was dealing with a mighty chieftain, of unusually rash character, who, even whilst led away captive, swore roundly that next Midsummer day should see him taking revenge at the head of five thousand men.

Sydney's account of his dealings with Shane O'Neill, the independent sovereign of Ulster, is still more vivid. He gives the following lively picture of the sort of war he waged against this wild Irish king of a wilderness: "In the Christmas holidays" (1566) "I visited him in the heart of his country, where he had made as great an assemblie as he could, and had provided as great and good cheer as was to be had; and, when word was brought him that I was so near him: 'That is not possible!' quoth he, 'for the day before yesterday I know he dined and sate under his cloth of state in the Hall of Kilmaynham.' 'By O'Neyll's hand!' swore the messenger, 'he is in this country, and not far off, for I saw the red *brachlach*' (pennon) 'with the knotty club, and that is carried before none but himself'—meaning my pensel with the ragged staff—(the badge of the Dudleys, assumed by our narrator). With that," continues the autobiographer, "he" (Shane O'Neill) "ramn away, and so I shortened his Christmas, and made an end of myne own, with abundance of his good provision, which was not provided for such an unbidden guest as I. So plagued I him that time, that he was fully resolved to come in and submit himself simply to me; and, had I not dislodged, at the ordinary camp hour for going to rest, with intent to do some exploit upon a great limb of his, he had come to me the next morning: but, fearing the furie of the watch, he durst not that night. This I think was the eighth or ninth rode I made upon him, encamping sometime two, sometime three or four nights in his country; and how pleasant a life it is, that time of the year, with hunger, and after sore travaill, to harbour long and could nights in cabbans made of boughs, and covered with grass, I leave to your indifferent judgement. Thus, and by this means, I brought him very low."

O'Neill the Great was, the next year, laid quite low, Sydney contriving to turn the sword of a Scottish mercenary against this intractable rebel. The energetic viceroy, after he had, by procuring the "despatch from his evil doings" of this traitor, put an end to war in the north, and, by seizing and imprisoning the turbulent Desmond, opened a prospect of peace in the south, came over to court, not without hope of a well-merited ovation. His arrival at Hampton Court had the air of a triumph, for he rode thither, attended by a train of two hundred gentlemen, and bringing with him several Gaelic captives and hostages, such as young Hugh O'Neill, the future "arch-traitor," Tyrone, and two or three knightly chiefs of great Mac and O clans. As he entered the splendid *cour d'honneur*, the queen, happening to be looking out of a window in the palace, was surprised at the sight of so numerous a cavalcade, until she was told who it was that came thus grandly escorted. "Well enough he may," she said, "for he holds two of the best offices in my kingdom," alluding to the deputyship of Ireland and presidency of Wales. Though honourably received by her majesty, he was mortified by the envious tongues of the court faction attached to Lord Sussex, who, grudging him successes their leader had failed to achieve, tauntingly told him that, in sooth, "the scuffle in Ulster was not worthy to be called a war, for the principal rebel was but a beggarly outlaw of no force, and, after all, killed more by chance than design." This disparaging speech is, however, contradicted by a despatch from the lords of the privy council, proving that they well knew the political weight of the blow that had struck down the king of the north of Ireland, by declaring that "the very report to the world of the extirpation of an O'Neill, is of no small importance."

The fate of this mighty Roman Catholic rebel had, indeed, terrified all the rebelliously inclined among the nobility of both countries, and deterred them for a time from inciting the powers of the Continent to aid their treasonable designs. The Irish recusant malcontents had looked to be led by *O'Niallmore*, who commanded all the north, was, as our autobiographer writes in one of his despatches, "the only strong man in Ireland," and was at one time "so strong and perilous" that Sydney warned Lord Burghley that, unless this formidable insurgent and crafty political conspirer were speedily put down, the queen would lose Ireland, as her sister had lost Calais. The force "this monstrous monarchal tyrant of all Ulster" (as our authority calls him) could bring into the field, amounted to about seven thousand men; and, though he seldom hazarded a general engagement, he contrived, by frequent skirmishes, in glens, woods, and similar places of vantage, to slay in divers conflicts three thousand eight hundred men of Sydney's army. And the cost to the crown of reducing him was equivalent to three millions sterling, without taking into account the expenses incurred by the loyalists of the English Pale in their military hostings, or their incalculable losses by rapine and havoc.

The signal service that put an end to this Irish civil war was afterwards adduced to the lords of the council as a motive for selecting our memorialist to reassume the sword in Ireland at a time of danger, when they were urged to send over "the man whom that country did, above all men, desire; whose success against Shane O'Neill hath," says the document, been a terror to the northern rebels, and whose experience of the whole government is able to make a short war, with easy conditions. Not only did all loyalists desire the presence of this energetic deputy, whose measures were rapid and decisive, but even wavering chiefs offered an allegiance under him they would not render under any other ruler. During Desmond's formidable revolt, from which the succeeding O'Neillmore stood faintly aloof, it was reported to Lord Burghley that this chieftain had promised, if Sydney would resume the government, "to wait upon him, and work that all Ireland shall be at the queen's command."

Our extracts give but an inadequate idea of the merits of this unique narrative, which will be read with avidity by all who claim relation with the past of Ireland.

Among the books I could mention as illustrative of this period, an eventful one in Ireland, and brightly described by the principal actor on that stage, I cannot pass over two rare tracts—viz. Churchyard's "General Rehearsall of Warres," and Derrick's "Image of Ireland." The first-named historic brochure was printed in 1579, in the type dear to antiquaries. Among other episodaic poems, it contains an account of the "Entertainment given by Sir Henry Sydney to Sir Humfry Gilbert, during his service in Munster." The guest was the celebrated navigator, uterine brother to Raleigh, whose remarkable self may also have been present at the feast. Then "A Letter sent from the Earl of Ormonde's house to Sir Henry Sydney," in verse; a poem entitled "The Death of Rorie *Oge*" (O'More); the rebel lord, whose wonderful escape, when surprised in the night by Sydney's nephew, is quoted in a note to Harrington's *Orlando Furioso;* and "A Pirate's Tragedie, made at the request of Peter Carew, Captain of Leighlin." This patron of histrionic art in the department special to Melpomene, is the noble knight whose contemporary memoirs, which hardly yield in interest to the autobiography under notice, have recently been excellently edited by Mr. M'Lean.

The last-named elucidator of Sydney's career, John Derrick, was a follower of it, and accurately describes, in doggrel verses of unusual liveliness, the entire mode of life of the "wood kerne," or bands of plunderers, that lived in the Irish forests. This curious series of "poems" is also illustrated by several far more curious and clever engravings, on a large scale of drawing. The tract is entitled "The Image of

Ireland," is dedicated to Sir Philip Sydney, and was printed in 1581. Our poetaster commences with an allegorical description of "the wild Irishe," characterising the women as seductive nymphs, and the men as a sort of fauns. It must be owned that the shaggy, half-naked appearance of the consummately wild of the latter sex may well have suggested this idea. Colonel Cleland has, a century later, described a kindred people, the Highlanders, who, in dress and manners, or in want of both, closely resembled the Irish, by the same simile:

Like fauns, or brownies, if you will,
Or satyrs come from Atlas hill.

On the other hand, our hero, who would appear, from his Kentish extraction, to have had a decided taste for a well-known Teutonic drink made of malt and hops, received from the Irish the sobriquet of "Big Henry of the Beer." Doubtless also, he had been provident in procuring plenty and of good quality for his soldiers.

The main "argument" in the lengthiest of these Irish epics consists in a short campaign, undertaken by Sydney at the head of a small English force, to chastise some truculent leader of wood kerne, or sylvan robbers.

Our valiant Sydney lord,
  Who governs Irish soil,
Doth post himself, with martial knights,
  Those bragging beasts to foil.

The English soldiers march to the scene of action and prepare for an encounter; their captains "show a noble stomack" for the coming fight, and the Anglo-Irish contingent burn to avenge their fired stacks and emptied cow-yards. The battle begins: the Irish swarm from out the wood, and, crowding together, charge with "a mightie crie," but are quickly repulsed. Sydney's trumpets sound the advance; his soldiers press forward; the murdering matchlocks blaze forth their bullets, and pikes and halberts are thrust through the enemy; then the mounted spearmen gallop up, and the foe either fly or fall. Our poet glories in painting the strewed scene of battle:

Here lyes a breechless knave,
  Just smote from courser's back;
Thus, through our soldiers doubtie hearts,
  The wood-kerne go to wrack.

From the warm corpse of this kilted horseman the muse turns to a whole heap of slain:

Here lyeth a pack of kerne,
  Distract of life and limme;
Here headless knaves abide the brunt
  Of warriors mortall knife.
The kerne receive the foile,
  Being overcome by might;
And, for the saving of their lives,
  Each one doth take his flight.
The bagpipes cease to play,
  The piper lies on ground;
And here a sort of *glybbed* thieves
  Devoid of breath are found.

These last-mentioned dead were professional cattle-stealers, whose notoriety for craftiness and bushy heads of hair, called glybs, crept even into the stately dramas of Shakspeare, so as to have rendered every reader acquainted with "rough, *rug-headed*, crafty kerne." These foxes and wolves of the Irish woods, thus overthrown and scattered,

> Do throughly feel, by Sydney's hand,
> The weight of lyon's stroke.
> For why? He malls them down;
> He strikes them in the chase.

The cattle they had recently seized are recovered, and a signal example is made of their leader:

> The prey thus rescued is,
> And wood-kerne buy it dear,
> For heads are swept from shoulders quite,
> A sauce to stealing cheer.
> Whose heads are taken up,
> The triumph to declare;
> And more, to make their doings known,
> To Dublin they them bear.
> Then, if it were a thief,
> Which had a bloodie hand,
> Or if he were as rank a knave
> As liveth in the land,
> His head is poléd up,
> Upon the Castle high,
> Beholding stars, as though he were
> In high astronomie.

All this wretched versification, descriptive as it is, falls short in conveying ideas, if compared with the literally graphic engravings that illustrate it. These curious cuts include a representation of an open-air meeting between Sydney and O'Neill, in one of the beautiful valleys near Newry. The queen's forces are depicted encamped in tents, and, in a pavilion as ornate as any that figured in the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the lord-deputy, Sir Henry Sydney, K.G., sits, receiving the submission of the Gaelic prince and his subordinate chieftains. These homagers, fifteen in number, are on their knees, as also is their king: and their rude garb, mere frieze mantles, and their matted locks, contrast with his courtly costume and cropped poll. On either side of the viceroy are ranged the state officers *en grande tenue*. The figures are large, and accurately drawn, manifestly from a sketch taken on the spot; and the picture is stately and good. The volume contains several other engravings of the same nature, portraying both the Irish and the English of the day in drawings, which, though not daguerreotypes, give us tolerably exact ideas of the strange aspect the Gaelic Irish presented. They show us the lordly chieftain, encased in checklaton armour, riding forth on a warlike excursion at the head of his clansmen, wild warriors on horse and foot, preceded by a piper, who plays on a pair of gigantic war-pipes. A poll-shorn friar is blessing the chieftain, preparatory to this hopeful expedition. Another scene represents the troop attacking a house, which they have set fire to. The housewife, in the turban headgear of her nation, stands wringing her hands at the woeful sight; and her husband is in an attitude entreating pity. The rhythmical legend on this scene of surprising and burning a house is nervous enough:

> Here creeps out of St. Filcher's den a pack of prowling mates,
> Most hurtful to the English Pale, and noysome to the states;
> Which spare no more their country birth than those of English race,
> But yield to each a like good turn whenas they come in place.
> They spoil, and burne, and bear away, as fitt occasions serve;
> And think the greater ill they do the greater praise deserve.
> They pause not for the poor man's cry, nor yet respect his tears,
> But rather joy to see the fire flashing about his ears;
> To see both flame and smouldering smoke dusking the chrystal skies,
> Next to their prey, therein, I say, their second glory lies.
> And thus bereaving him of house, of cattell, and of store,
> They do return back to the wood, from whence they came before.

Other plates show the costumes of the English military, and of Irish priests, messengers, horseboys, &c. There is also a singular drawing, representing the outlawed lord of a country now forming the King's County, namely, Rory oge O'More, wandering alone in a wood, wrapped in a rug mantle: snow covers the ground and whitens the trees, and wolves prowl near the desolate figure of the wretched rebel chief, preparatory to attacking him.

Another cut very prettily depicts Sydney, with his small array, drawn up in some rebel king's country, ready for an incursion. In fact, the scene is—Sydney taking the field, a military meet, at, say, the Bann side, and for game, the rebellious Sir Turlough O'Neill. Our master of the human hounds sits his horse well, surrounded by his troopers; and the figures of stout English men-at-arms, cased in plate, and carrying either matchlocks, halberts, or spears, are admirably drawn.

Lastly comes Sydney's entrance, in triumphant return, into the metropolis. A gate of the city is delineated in the background, through which some houses appear, that stand, according to the legend over them, for "Dublyn." The lord-deputy, preceded by two trumpeters, two yeomen of the guard, a herald, a macebearer, and a swordbearer, and followed by his mailed spearmen, all mounted; is received by the mayor and aldermen on foot, and, cap in one hand, grasps with the other that of the chief magistrate of the city. The following laudatory distich occurs in a corner of the picture:

> O Sydney, worthy of triple renowne,
> For plagyng the traytours that troubled the crowne. 1581.

Wishing that our hero's exploits had inspired a muse worthy to write a Sydneiad, let us repass to his own clear prose:

"By the waye, I should tell you how I was entertained at the Viscount Barry's house, called Barry's Court, where I lay three or four nights, so exceedingly well as it passed expectation. The people of the city (of Cork) said there never was such a Christmas kept in the same, for there was with me the Earl of Desmond, the Earl of Clancartly, the Viscount Barry, the Viscount Roche, Macarthy Reagh, Sir Cormak Mac Tiege, then sheriff of the county of Cork, and then and yet Lord of Muskerry, the lord baron Fitzmaurice of Kerry, the lord Courcy, Condon, a great landlord in that country; and all their ladies and wiefs, and all the captaines and principel gentlemen of the Macswynes, captains of galloglas, who are a strong lyniage, and accounted manfull men in the country, with the rest of the petty lords before written of. Fynally, there came to me such a number of noblemen, principel gentlemen, horsemen, and galloglas as the cittie could not hold them, so as I might have thought myself rather in the cittie and county of York than in the cittie and county of Cork."

From this pleasing picture of Irish hospitality of the olden time, on a grand, historic scale, we turn to the other Celtic country contemporaneously governed by his viceregal excellency, who, by his own account (and we may well believe the noble Sydney), enjoyed quite a sinecure, so far as cares of governing the Welsh people were concerned. Certainly, there was a vice-president under him; but the reasons why Taffy's land was so much easier to rule than Paddy's land are so interesting that we pass with pleasure from the riot and racket of Dublin to Ludlow Castle, in which, some half century after, one of the most exquisite compositions in our language, "The Mask of Comus," was performed.

"Now," says the veteran governor, "to my great and high office in Wales, which I yet, and long have happily and quietly held, having served in it full thre-and-twentie yeres. A happie place of government it is, for a better people to governe, or better subjects to their sovereign, Europe holdeth not. But yet hath not my lief bene so domestically spent in Wales and the swete marches of the same, but that I have been employed in other foreign actions. For besides the three before-mentioned deputations in Ireland, I was twice sent into France, once sent into Scotland (for the libertie of John, Earl of Warwick, and his brethren), twice to the seaside, to receave the duke John Casimere and Adolf, duke of Holst; these two last jorneys, though they were but Kentish, yet were they costly;—it may be it was more of a Kentish courage than of depe discresion; well I remember allowance I had none, nor yet thankes. I was sent and did remayne a good-while at Portsmouth, in superintending the victualling of Newhaven, oftentymes I was sent for, and commanded to attend about the Court, for Irish causes, to my great charges.

"Truely (Sir) by all these, I neither won nor saved; but now by your pacience once agayne to my great and high office, for great it is in that in some sort I governe the third part of this realm under her most excellent majesty. High it is, for by that I have precedencie of great personages and farre my betters, happie it is, for the goodnes of the people whom I govern, as before is written; and most happie for the commoditie that I have by the authoritie of that place to do good everie daye, if I have grace to one or other; wherein I confesse I feel no small felicitie, but for my profitt I gather by it, God and the people (seeing my manner of life) knoweth it is not possible now I should gather any. For alas, Sir, how can I, not having one groat of pension belonging to the office? I have not so much ground as will feede a mutton; I sell no justice; I trost you do not here of any order taken by me ever reversed, nor my name or doings in any court (as courtes there be whereto by appeal I might be called) ever brought in question. And if my mind were so base and corruptible as I would take money of the people whom I command, for my labour (commanded by the Queen) taken among them, yet could they give me none or very little, for the causes that come before me are causes of people mean, base, and many very beggars. Onely 20*l.* a week to kepe an honorable house, and one hundreth marks a yere to beare forreign charges I have. What house I kepe, I dare stand to the report of any indifferent man, and kept it is as well in meyne absence as when I am present, and the councillors fare as well as I can be content to do; but trew bookes of accompt shal be when you will shewed unto you, that I spend above 30*l*. a weke. Here some may object that I upon the same kepe my wief and her followers. True it is she is now with me, and hath been this half yere, and before not in many yeres; and if both she and I had our foode and houseroom free, as we have not, in conscience we have deserved it. For my part, I am not idle, but every day I work in my function; and she, for her ould service and marks (yet remaining in her face) taken in the same, meriteth her meate. When I went to Newhaven, I left her a full fair ladie, in meyne eye, at least, the fayerest, and when I retorned, I found her as fowle a ladie as the small-poxe could make her; which she did take by contynuall attendance of Her Majesty's most precious person (sicke of the same disease) the scarres of which (to her resolute discomforte) ever syns hath dun and doth remayne in her face, so as she lyveth solitarilie, *sicut Nicticorax in domicilio suo*, more to my charge than if we had boarded together, as we did before that evill accident happened.

"It is now almost one hundreth yeres synce this house was erected, and I am well assured that neither the Queen's most honorable household, nor any downward to the poorest ploughman's house, can be kept as they were forty yeres agoe, yet have I no more allowed me than was allowed forty yeres agoe. I confesse I am the meanest and poorest man that ever occupied this my place, and yet I will and may compare, having continued in better and longer housekeeping than any of my predecessors. I have builded more, and repayred more of Her Majesty's castells and howses without issuing of any money out of her highnes's coffers, then all the Presidents that have been theis hundred yeres; and this will the view of the castle of Ludlow, the castles of Wigmore and Montgomery, and the house of Tickenhill, by Beawdeley, justifie.

"And thus I end any further treating of my other great office of Wales, confessing both the one and the other to have been too high and too honorable for so mean a knight as I am: yet, how I have managed these offices, I will take no exception to the report of publique fame. With all humblenes and thankfullnes I confesse to have received the same of Her Majesty's mere goodnes, and more too; for she hath made me one of her Privy Council, and, that which was to my greatest comfort, she hath allowed me to be one of that most noble Order of the Garter, whereof I have been a companion, and I am sure the poorest companion that ever was, now full nineteen yeres.

"In these four dignities, I have receaved some indignities, which I would I could as well forgett, as I can refrayn to write of; and thus an end for my publique estate, and now a little (deere sir) for my private, lett me, with your patience, a little trouble you, not for any cause that I fynd, or you shall see, that I have to bragg, but rather to show my barenesse, the sooner I do it, for that I hope, erre it be long, of frends and ould acquayntance we shall be made more than frends and most loving brothers, in all tender love and loving alliance."

The worthy autobiographer then proceeds to give his history from the age of ten years, commencing with the paragraph we have printed first.

THE DINNER QUESTION.

DISCUSSED BY AN EIGHT HUNDRED A YEAR MAN.

An agitation, "long looked for, come at last," has just been commenced with reference to the greatest of all reforms, that of our kitchen. The *Times* has rushed forth to the rescue of all sufferers from indigestion, and a judicious leading article has produced a variety of suggestions more or less applicable to this grave subject. If we exert ourselves earnestly we may yet hope to see deipnosophy elevated to a science, and professors holding courses of lectures, which our wives must be compelled to attend, even if we have to purchase their acquiescence by a box at the Opera. But such lectures must be eminently practical: just as Professor Faraday illustrates his subject by making ice in a red-hot retort, or bottling the electric fluid, so the distinguished culinary artist who holds his classes must have at his side a new French stove, and an infinity of casseroles, in which to display the correct mode of producing a blanquette de volaille or a Charlotte Russe. The ladies, too, should be invited to try their 'prentice hand, and apply their dainty fingers to the various dishes, and the reward of the most intelligent might safely be a *cordon bleu*, to take rank with those foreign orders worn by chanoinesses at the courts of Prussia and Bavaria.

It is quite certain that the great impediment to culinary progress among us is the excellence of the raw material. We possess the finest meat, fish, and vegetables, and the consequence is that we do not think it necessary to heighten their savour by any extraneous aid. On the Continent, however, where nature has not proved so bountiful, necessity has been the mother of invention, and the result is seen in a variety of artfully concocted sauces, which would render even horseflesh palatable, or the "short ribs" of an Eland doubly delectable to Professor Owen. Still, it must be borne in mind that Germans, especially the northern races, are not far superior to ourselves in the kitchen science; for, though they may possess certain specialities, on the other hand, their dishes are generally so overladen with grease, that it would require the digestion of an ostrich or of a German (which is much the same thing) to endure such fare for any length of time. In the south of Germany there is certainly a decided approximation to French science, although it is based on a faulty model, as the hotel cooks are generally scholars of the two-and-thirty sous restaurants in Paris: still we should be ungrateful were we to refuse a word of commendation to the crayfish soup, the Black Forest trout *au naturel*, the very delicious Himbeeren suppe, and the Maitrank. But when these dainties are mentioned, the catalogue is exhausted, and the lover of good cheer turns away from Southern Germany with regret, and wends his way to Paris, as the only capital of Europe where the traveller is certain of procuring a good dinner at a moderate price.

It is from Paris, then, that we must look for any reform among ourselves, and we are certain that the agitation will not be successful, unless examples are drawn from that highly favoured capital. It is very easy for our millionnaires to secure themselves against any failure; their chefs have all the appliances to make a purée of game, of which the stock is some half-dozen pheasants, or an Apician fish soup, in which the meanest components are a turbot and a bottle of vin de Grave. Such men stand above all reform. They can tickle their palate in any way they like, and dine better than all the rest of the civilised world, for they can combine English solidity with French taste. Nor, need we feel any sympathy with those one thousand a year men, to whom G. H. M.* devoted two columns of the *Times*, and mercilessly exposed the errors into which they fall, and the apathy with which they accept a haunch of mutton and two boiled fowls as the equivalent for the money expended on their dinner. It is their own fault if these gentlemen tamely put up with such fare, and the remedy lies in their own hands. But a class to be sincerely pitied is that composed of men cursed with a moderate competency, and who have married under the delusion that they are going to be comfortable and enjoy at home their club messes. Poor fellows! how soon and how bitterly are they disappointed! They must have groaned inwardly on perusing G. H. M.'s bill of fare. See what that great amphitryon considers sufficient to satisfy the appetite of the man of taste: "One soup, one fish, three or four entrées (never more), one relevé, one rôti, one game (generally enough, unless you have ortolans or beccaficos for a second), two légumes, and two entremets—in all, twelve or thirteen *plats*." Fancy the tortured reader mildly suggesting to the *placens uxor* that he should like something of that sort, as a relief after the joints on which he has been dining for the last three months! We can readily imagine her reply.

And yet, after all, if our lady ménagères would deign to accept a hint from the French, and not regard it as lowering to their dignity, to take a look at what is going on in their kitchen, our brightest visions might be realised with very slightly increased expense. Take, for instance, the French pot-au-feu, the general receptacle of whatever our cooks throw away as useless, and which allows of soups of infinite variety being served up every day. The old prejudice about soup-drinking, frog-eating Frenchmen, has died out, never to return. Throughout the Crimean campaign the French soldiers enjoyed their soup, and we have yet to learn that they were any weaker in consequence. The active Zouaves, who swarmed up the heights of Alma, had many a time been condemned to soupe maigre as a sole resource, and still they did their duty like men. As for the objection that our climate requires the consumption of nearly raw meat to keep up our stamina, it is simply bosh; and the French mechanic—far worse paid than the English artisan—has always a comforting or strengthening plate of bouilli, when his English brother, through his wife's ignorance of the first principles of cookery, seeks refuge in the gin palace, and deadens his appetite at the same time that he is destroying his constitution.

As the general result of our experience, we are quite prepared to endorse the old proverb as to the fatherland of cooks, and they are, in fact, the great stumbling-blocks in the path of culinary reform. A "dog cook" is of course out of question to a man of eight hundred a year, so we must be content with a cuisinière, and thank our stars if we

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[*] This clever letter has been attributed to Mr. Maxse, but we believe the writer to be Mr. G. H. Money.

do not get a very plain cook indeed. But suppose the cook to be caught, the next thing is the dinner. Perhaps, worthy reader, you are a person of about the same income as ourselves. You give half a dozen dinners, as we do, in the course of the year. Take our advice, then; abandon your old practice, and in future give only a *dîner à la Russe.* Rely upon it, you will find it the least troublesome, the least expensive, and the most elegant form of repast. Six dinners may be given for the cost of four served in the old style. Make out your *menu* from Gogué, of whom we shall speak presently. He will give you an admirable and economical bill of fare. Carry it out scrupulously. Be especially particular as to your wines, and eschew port altogether, unless you happen to have some veritable '34. In that case a couple of bottles may be allowed with the dessert. During dinner give only Montilla sherry, a single flask of Yquem, and frequent rasades of Tod-Heatly's dry champagne: the latter we, unhesitatingly, pronounce to be the best champagne obtainable in London.* Try it, on our recommendation. Much more have we to say on the subject of the *dîner à la Russe,* but must reserve it for another occasion. To such of our readers as are unable, from circumstances, to entertain their friends suitably at home, we counsel them to give a dinner at Richmond, Greenwich, or Blackwall; though perhaps a dinner at the strangers' room of a club is the best substitute for the home repast. There you may treat your friends handsomely at half the expense you could do at your own house, and besides, may safely assume airs of connoisseurship if your salmon be boiled but half a minute too long.

Still, we agree with our lady readers, that it is very lamentable for a married man to be driven to his club whenever he feels a desire for a good dinner. Such things ought not to be, for they play the deuce with the affections, if there be any truth in the axiom that the road to the heart is through the stomach; and although it may be very nice, and all that, to have a sweet face beaming on us at home, there are moments when we should prefer a dainty repast to all the syren smiles in the world.

In France, it is the custom for ladies even of considerable fortune to devote a portion of their day to culinary preparations. In Michelet's idyllic book on Love we find an entire chapter devoted to this interesting subject, from which an extract may be permitted us as pointing our moral:

> She has no great appetite; a few vegetables, some fruit, and milk, are most pleasing to her. Your carnivorous régime is very far from attracting her. She has a horror of death, a horror of blood; a thing that is very natural, for she is, herself, the flower of life. It is for that reason she requires the country girl, of whom I have already spoken. She would gladly prepare your food, but how? a kitchen stained with blood would be repugnant to her feelings. She is very delicate, too, for any fatiguing work which rightly devolves on the servant. Culinary duties are a course of medicine; the best, for it is a preventive. Hence, they belong especially to the wife, who alone knows what her husband really requires. In all that is cleanly and not repugnant to her, in all that does not spoil her dainty hand, in all that requires to be touched by her hand (and, may we say it, necessarily mingled with the emanation from her person), it is desirable and charming that she should undertake it. Tarts, cakes, or creams can

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* Apropos of choice repasts, perhaps the most refined little dinners ever put upon a table are those of Mr. Tod-Heatly. But unluckily it is not given to every one to dine at 5, Berkeley-square.

only be made by the person we love. Though so pure herself, she can divine all that will cause you pleasure. She is well acquainted with your favourite dishes, and how you hunger for anything she has touched. She has anticipated your thought. All that you find the best she has got ready for you. That delicious dish, prepared with her hand, her mouth has hallowed, her lips have consecrated. She brings it to you with a smile, "Eat, my darling, I have tasted it."

What poetry a great artist can throw around an essentially prosaic subject! The young couple, however, whom Michelet thus apostrophises have only just entered on their treacle month, and it is very possible that before long Alphonse will be hungering for food prepared by any *other* hands than those of his legitimate partner. We are of opinion, however, that Laure, by this course of action, will hold her husband longer in the silken bonds of love than if she had left the care of the kitchen exclusively to the stout country girl, the only servant our author permits to the newly-married couple. Our extract shows, however, that French ladies do not consider domestic duties beneath attention, and although, perhaps, it would be asking too much of our wives if we expected them to make our pastry (and, indeed, we should be very sorry to have our gallantry put to the test by having to eat it), still they might exercise a wise supervision, and put a check on that frightful waste which so prominently distinguishes too many of our middle-class kitchens. When we find in the *Times* those passionate appeals for help to the homeless poor ranged side by side with suggested reforms of our dinner-table, we think that we could find better modes of employing our cold meat than by allowing the cook to serve it up to Policeman X, who turns up his nose indignantly unless it be accompanied by his favourite pickled onions.

One great reform, then, which might be safely introduced, much to our comfort, is the pot-au-feu, the most economical and pleasantest domestic article the French possess. The next point, and one of vital importance, is the introduction among us of the French stove, with its batterie de cuisine. Not only under our present defective system do we waste a little fortune in coals, which go roaring up the chimney, solely for the advantage of the sweeper, but we ruin the virtues of our meat by the reckless way in which we cook it. It is kept at a furious state of ebullition, by which it becomes hardened, and the nourishing portion is dissolved in the water. Now, by the French system of using charcoal the exact amount of heat required is kept up, and the food, when cooked, is easy of digestion, and far more grateful to the palate. The expense of such a stove would not be very great; an intelligent bricklayer would put it up, and the first outlay would be very soon repaid by the saving in fuel. But without such an apparatus it is almost impossible to introduce French cookery among us, or prepare those peculiar dishes which are gradually to wean the husband from the club. Ponder on this, dear lady readers, and be warned in time!

It is inconceivable how much can be done with this apparatus. A ship's galley is generally regarded as the best distribution of culinary space, but that is nothing when compared with the French battery. When kept thoroughly clean, which is the first desideratum in every kitchen, it is really a very pleasing sight, and a lady need not fear spoiling her dress if she will condescend to visit the penetralia of her kitchen, and try her hand at some dainty dish for her husband. And, if she do so, she may console herself with the reflection that she is but following the example of many illustrious ladies. The following passage, from an excellent little cookery book by Monsieur A. Gogué,* of whom we have already spoken, is so apropos that we have no hesitation in quoting it:

> A chef fond of his profession, or a female cook attentive to her reputation, devote excessive care to keeping their kitchen perfectly clean: they do not fear the visits of their mistress, for they are never in fault. On the contrary, a word of praise or a flattering remark recompenses them for their efforts or their labour. It is this cleanliness of the kitchen which will induce the mistress at times to take part in the culinary tasks by preparing a cream or making a tart, and the cook will find herself happy and honoured if her lady condescend to ask her advice. And, then, we must confess that it is an amusement, an agreeable pastime, to play at cookery, especially in the country. . . . . We have known many very distinguished persons who prided themselves on being able to prepare—one a salmi of snipes, another a beefsteak and potatoes, another a dish of macaroni à l'Italienne, and a fourth a matelote Normande. M. de Cussy, chamberlain of the palace to the Emperor Napoleon I., did not disdain to cook a dish of mushrooms, for which he had combined a superb sauce. Prince Talleyrand, that consummate diplomatist, whose dinners had a European reputation, did not amuse himself, it is true, with holding the handle of the frying-pan, but he was accustomed to visit his larder every morning. And have we not still more august examples? The lovely and unfortunate Marie Antoinette delighted in making her own creams and cheeses at Trianon. Who again does not know the history of the omelette at Malmaison? The Empress Josephine was amusing herself one day with her ladies of honour with the manufacture of an omelette, and, at the most interesting moment of the operation, Napoleon entered unexpectedly. Seeing the embarrassment the empress experienced in turning the omelette, he took the pan from her hand, saying, "I will show you, ma bonne amie, how to turn an omelette: this is the bivouac fashion." And at the same moment he gave the pan that little twist so well known to all cooks; but the disobedient omelette, instead of returning to the frying-pan, fell right into the fire, to the great delight of Josephine, who, turning to her august spouse, said to him, with a charming smile, "Your majesty is not at the bivouac now; you understand much better how to gain battles than to turn omelettes."

To this we may add that perhaps the best non-professional cook in France is the renowned Alexandre Dumas, who has recently been exhibiting his skill as a compounder of sauces at several entertainments given in his honour at St. Petersburg.

We fear, though, that it would be useless to quote these illustrious examples to our cooks: they have grown to be our tyrants, and brook no interference in their peculiar domain. From them, too, the greatest opposition to the proposed reforms will be experienced; for the practice of economy, or the idea of working upon any fixed principles, would be highly repugnant to them. Still there is one consolation; if the culinary reform is intended to become a reality, the present condition of our cooks will be the first point to be taken into consideration, and schools must be established in which the young idea will be taught how to stew—a thing of which our cooks *will* remain in profound ignorance. Until this great step in advance has been taken, it is hopeless to expect any culinary reform, since we are all at the mercy of those underground harpies, who must be bribed into good behaviour, and are most jealous of their prerogative.

But, ere the great era of culinary reform is inaugurated, it is possible for us to make one or two amendments, easy of introduction, and which may add materially to our comfort. We grant the difficulty of at once introducing the system of French cookery which we should like to see, but need we continue to feed on those large lumps of meat which irresistibly remind us of the Tartar mode of preparing food?

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* This marvellous little book is entitled "*Les Secrets de la Cuisine Française*," and may be procured of the obliging Mr. Jeffs, of the Burlington Arcade.

Then, again, look at the scandalous way in which our vegetables are treated—the very finest in the world—but their aroma and flavour is destroyed by an ignorant cook. Culinary sages, from Dr. Kitchener downwards, have urged the importance of having a potato dressed properly, and the difficulty of finding an artist capable of sending up that esculent in a satisfactory condition. Then, why should we run the risk of failure? In M. Gogué's book we find more than forty ways of cooking a potato; surely some of these might be introduced among us, instead of having to depend on the watery ball that is served up to us, or that deplorable mixture known by the name of mashed potatoes? Who, too, that ever tasted *petits pois* dressed in the French or German fashion (the latter, perhaps, being a trifle too sweet), but holds those dishes in grateful remembrance, and looks with a sigh on his native dish of peas, which come up like bullets, from furious boiling, and swimming in an ocean of liquefied butter? Or, if you are a man fond of bold innovations, just introduce the *haricot blanc* to the notice of your cook, and see what an execrable mélange she will produce.

It was Talleyrand who uttered the profound truism that "we had a hundred religions but only one sauce." His allusion was to melted butter; and we regret to say that, were he permitted to visit this upper world again, he would find we had in nothing altered since his time. Go where you will, this odious mélange stares you in the face in some shape or other; and yet, after a careful perusal of M. Gogué's book, and although not bred to the profession, we would back ourselves to produce twenty different sauces at an infinitesimal expense. The lamented Soyer made a bold effort at reform in this respect; his cookery book reached a sale of two hundred and fifty thousand copies, and in it he gives some really superior hints on this important subject of sauces; but he was not destined to be honoured in this country, as far as our cooks are concerned. They had been used to melted butter or paste all their lives, and they were not going to change. The consequence is, that we are continually being poisoned by this abominable stuff, which, in itself, is of so rebellious a nature that it is hopeless attempting to destroy its namby-pamby taste by Worcester or Harvey.

In conclusion, we would suggest to our suffering brethren—and their name is legion—that we must take the remedy into our own hands. *Let us* study Gogué carefully; and when we feel sufficiently strong, let us *unanimously* discharge our cooks and take that department into our own hands. Or, if that be too revolutionary a measure, let us purchase a few casseroles, and convert our dining-rooms into amateur kitchens—a short course of such conduct will infallibly shame our wives into attending to our comforts, and we may hope to sit down before long to a dinner at which digestion will wait on appetite, and health, as a necessary consequence, on both. One thing is certain: we cannot continue in our present unsatisfactory condition. Some reform must be introduced in the dinner department, or the new court of divorce will be inundated with cases arising from incompatibility of temper, the result of badly-cooked viands and concomitant indigestion.

THE COMMERCIAL ROOM AT W——.

[The facts of this narrative are extracted, without amplification or alteration, from a note-book kept at the time; the dialogue is given *verbatim*, and no change whatever made, except what was required to put it in shape and fashion for the pages of a Magazine.]

It is now a dozen years or so—ay, "by're Lady," verging towards the double decade—since I left the train at W—— to take a cross-coach for the primitive town of B——, then lying safe in its picturesque remoteness from the incursions of the hissing, hurrying steam monsters overrunning our island. A railroad runs by it *now*—its hilly insulation is gone: the tunnel and the viaduct have brought it down from its nest on a rock to the common level of be-railed humanity; and though I make this extract in a secluded valley, with a wilderness of alpine peaks all round, and not a possible terminus within any conceivable distance which could attract the demons of dumpy levels to flock hither, *still* I shudder even in the recesses of my mountain retreat, and ask myself, "Well, after B——, who can tell to whose turn it may come to be railroaded next?"

The omnibus conveyed me and my moderate luggage from the station to W——, whence I understood that I might have an evening coach to the town in question: it deposited me at the door of an extensive inn. The waiter received me with the usual amount of bow and civility, and the somewhat enigmatic inquiry, "Coffee, or commercial, sir?"—In their business communications, the English are remarkably sparing of speech, nearly as much so as those Neapolitans, who, without word uttered, merely by signs and shrugs, will negotiate and complete an (for them) extensive bargain: an invitation to dinner—an inquiry for the health of each other's families; in fact, carry on many of the minor details of life without one articulated word passing between them. Not being "of the craft," it took me a moment to understand that the waiter waited my choice whether I should be shown to the coffee or commercial sitting room. Now, as I never in my life dressed with sufficient show or smartness to pass for a "commercial gent!" I think I must have owed this option to a leather-covered despatch-box which the porter held among my luggage, and which had some distant resemblance to those curiously strapped and secured packages which contain "travellers' samples;" be that as it may, 'twas an option which I never remembered to have been offered to me before, although a travellers' room was a place I had often desired to penetrate, but always felt some vague fear of being hustled and ignominiously expelled from the sanctum, as intruders of the Stock Exchange are said to be when, uninitiated, they presume to intrude therein. Here, however, was a safe opportunity offered me to accomplish my desire, and I grasped at it, feeling sure that, in the worst event, the waiter's invitation would bear me out, and bear me harmless.

The commercial room at W—— was, I dare say, an average sample of its kind, perfectly comfortable, and yet with a certain homeliness about it—a certain want of small ornament and decoration, which at once proved that it was not the habitual resort of "do-nothing gentlemen!"

The lower end of the room was pile-full of those nondescript cases I have already alluded to. Caped great coats, gig-whips, and a few pairs of spattered overalls hung from a rack, and the whole "set out" was evidently less for "ornament than use." In the centre of the room a table was laid for two persons; round the walls, several others unoccupied. I took my despatch-box from the waiter, and having ascertained that my coach started at seven, ordered dinner at five, and sat me down, as my wont was, to what Scott called his "gurnal," otherwise a "jotting down" of what I might hear, see, or recollect as noteworthy.

I had sat thus for about half an hour, when the door opened, and the "gents," for whom the middle table was prepared, entered, punctual to their three o'clock repast, and a solid dinner and its plentiful appurtenances came as punctually, steaming in after them. As they seated themselves with some form and ceremony, especially used by an older but obviously subordinate man towards his companion, I endeavoured to "take their measure" by guess-work, but was at first somewhat at fault. I do not know why it is, but it seems to me that decent tradesmen and shopkeepers in England decidedly affect the clerical style in their holiday costume—broad hats, white pudding choakers—setting all fashion at defiance; and glossy black habiliments are a very common turn-out for a tradesman on holiday. I have before now encountered a grave, decorous man, who by "outward and visible sign" might have been a prebendary: he proved to be a master stonemason "out a pleasuring!" in what Froissart calls the "sadde English fashion;"—a comely, grave, slow-spoken individual, with whom I travelled once for half a day, under the conviction that he must be a beneficed clergyman, turned out to be a "brewer's cashier;" and so with several other mistakes on the subject. After much consideration of this phenomenon, I have traced it to its probable source, in a supposition that this "state dress" is probably a suit of mourning bought on some occasion of "crowning sorrow," to do honour to the "good old mother," or "father," or the "kind uncle that was better than a father"—first worn at the funeral solemnity, and then laid by for "state days and holidays" in long succession, after the grief, of which it was originally the symbol, has been alleviated by the healing hand of time.

One of the men at the middle table looked the pompous, well-to-do, consequential man of business to the life, but his obsequious companion rather puzzled me. He had on "the customary suit of black," a rubicund face, a white head and neckcloth to match; there was in his manner too little of self-respect for one of "The Establishment," but he might very well be the deacon of a dissenting congregation arrayed for an annual tea-drinking or "occasion day," spruce, smiling, forward, important, and talkative; and yet he was no such thing; their callings soon oozed out in conversation: the *great* man was a "wholesale wine-merchant," the supposed deacon was a traveller in the same line for another house, fully impressed with the superior *status* of his companion for the time being. This I ascertained from his by-talk with the waiter: "That's a man of substance, John; attend to *him*"—and, presently, "Come, John, good wine; never mind price, let's have it good. No trash for *him*." In short, *him* was ko-too'd and *salaam*'d throughout the meal, after the most approved fashion of Western servility; to me it appeared "*rather coarse*," and rather thickly laid on, but tastes differ, and being in the travellers' room as an intruder and a "chiel taking notes," I had no business to criticise the tastes or sentiments of the *habitués*.

It appeared to me, however, as the meal advanced from appetite to satiety, that while the "great man" was becoming tired of talk growing more familiar, and flattery waxing more fulsome every moment, the good wine was doing its office on his companion, and rendering him more forward and vulgar with each glass he swallowed, while the efforts of the other to restrain him by a manner half-distant, half-patronising, became very amusing.

At length, wine and trade topics seeming nearly exhausted, the dialogue took the following turn:

Bagman (*loquitur*). Mr. ——, where are you for next?

Mr. ——. Burton-on-Trent.

Bagman. So am I. Shall we go together? I go to-night.

Mr. —— (*obviously anxious to shake off his companion*). I can't go until to-morrow.

Bagman. I must be there to-night. John (*to the waiter*), what's for Burton this afternoon?

John. There's nothing till to-morrow at eleven o'clock, sir.

Bagman. What! nothing? That's awkward. Are you *sure*, John.

John. Quite sure, sir. Nothing on this side to-morrow, except, indeed (*with a waiter's grimace*), there's a hearse a going over this evening, which stands in our yard just now——

Bagman. What! a hearse? Well, I don't care if I try it. But is it empty, John?

John. No, sir, it ain't; there's a *corp* in it!

Bagman. A corp, ah! that's awkward; still, I *must* get on. He won't bite me. Let's have the driver in. (*Exit John, with a broad grin on his face.*)

Here the great man, with his eyebrows considerably elevated, broke in with—"You don't mean, surely——"

Bagman. Don't I? see if I don't! If the driver will only contrive and stow my samples inside, and let me sit beside him, I'll sleep in Burton to-night, or my name's not D——bs.

Upon this, the great man, with a very evident and "pretty considerable" expression of disgust for his companion in his face, took up his hat and left the room.

In a few minutes more, enter the hearse-driver in a suit of glossy sables, a loutish, good-humoured looking fellow, with an open, simple expression of countenance, being evidently one more used to wear the waggoner's frock than the "livery of woe." His direct and homely address was, "I'se the driver of the hearse, gents!"

Bagman. Ay, my lad—here you are. Well, my good fellow, what's your name? and where from?

Driver. Joe—sarvice to you, sir,—from B—— sir (my destination).

Bagman. Well, Joe, my boy, *what have you got in the cold meat cart?* (sic).

Driver. A corp, at your sarvice, sir.

Bagman. Not in my way at all, Joe. Got a mourning-coach?

Driver. No, sir.

Bagman. No coach! that's strange. What kind of funeral is it, Joe?

Driver. Can't tell sure*ly*, sir. Master called *I* from the team this morning, and telled me I was to 'liver him at Burton; I knows nought on't, but I think he be's one of those doctor chaps who died in our town, and I be's to 'liver him at Burton this evening.

I need not pursue the dialogue further. The driver and the not "over particular," though now particularly tipsy wine-agent, proceeded until a bargain was actually struck for his conveyance to Burton, including the stowage of his wine samples on top of the coffin, and before I left W—— I saw in the rich light of a summer evening, and with a cheer or jeer from the stable-yard loiterers, the jovial wine-agent, with a claret face and drunken leer in his eye, pass out of the inn-yard, sharing the hearse-driver's seat, and thus indecorously enacting the part of volunteer mourner in this lonely funeral.

"Strange—very strange," thought I, as I turned from the window, "that a professional man—'a doctor chap,' as honest Joe called him—should be left to wend his way to his last home thus unattended and apparently 'unwept and unhonoured.' There must be some mystery in the case, and I shall not forget to ask my friend at B—— about it; such an event cannot have happened in his town without his knowing the particulars."

Punctual to the appointed time my coach drew up. I took my place, a few hours saw me landed and housed with my friend and relative, and after welcomes had passed, and inquiries for the absent been intermingled with making acquaintance with a shoal of little whiteheaded relatives added to the family circle since I had been there before—when, the usual topics between friends meeting after a long interval were exhausted, I took occasion of a pause to advert to the subject of my curiosity, and said,

"Death has been busy here lately?"

"No," answered my friend; "no one in this town has died very lately."

"Very singular," I responded; "I encountered a hearse at W——, which the driver said contained the body of a medical man who had died here, and which he was conveying to Burton, and strangely unattended, too, as I thought." In short, I related the whole scene of the commercial room at W—— just as I have given it to the reader.

As I proceeded in the narrative I perceived my companion's countenance became more serious, and his interest in the details more intense. When I concluded, he said,

"And you really saw that drunken wine-agent set out on the hearse with *his* wine samples packed on Dr. ——'s coffin?"

"Undoubtedly I did," I replied, somewhat startled by the inquiry, and the tone of it.

"Well," replied my companion, a serious and thoughtful man, "this is one of those incidents to set us musing upon the manifestations of God's righteous judgments, which are more numerous even upon earth than men can discern, or care to trace if they could. It is a remarkable coincidence that you should have lighted upon the scene you describe, and then come here with the incidents fresh in your memory to learn their connexion with a sad but 'o'er true tale.'"

He then proceeded to give me, nearly in the words I put down at the time, and now copy here,

THE STORY OF DR. H——.

"When I told you that none of the residents in this town had lately died, I spoke truly; but there is one now fast approaching her latter end, a near neighbour, in whom we feel deep interest. A young woman, of meek piety, and great personal beauty, is now lying in the last stage of consumption, too probably induced by blighted prospects, disappointed affections, the corrosion of that delayed hope which 'maketh the heart sick,' all acting together on a too sensitive mind, the tenant of one of those frail frames which in their very beauty indicate a speedy decay.

"She had early become attached to, and then formed an engagement with, a young man in her own station of life, which was to be fulfilled whenever professional prospects opened, or fortune might otherwise prove favourable. Many years passed, and still their hopes were sustained on that which has fed and finally famished thousands—the chance of 'something turning up.' Still some obstacle interposed, the engagement continued unfulfilled and yet undissolved; but after a while neglect and coldness began to show themselves in the conduct of her betrothed husband, and presently disease came to do its part in annulling a contract the term of which was originally intended to run 'till death us do part.'

"From the very commencement this poor young woman was fully aware of the mortal nature of her malady, and began quietly to wean her heart from life and its ties. A few weeks since, symptoms appeared which seemed to indicate that the end was approaching, and then, for the first time, she expressed a desire to have a parting interview with her affianced lover before she died.

"Her wish was immediately intimated to him, and though settled as a surgeon in a town at no great distance, it was slowly, and with evident reluctance, that he obeyed the summons. He had never during her whole illness made any inquiries, or otherwise evinced the slightest interest in the poor girl once so dear to him, and when he did appear at last he was evidently rather goaded by shame than drawn by good feeling to comply with her dying request. No man, however, is all evil, and it is but justice to Dr. H. to say that when he did answer the appeal he seemed touched by her sufferings and altered appearance; and though at first he shrank in visible confusion from the silent reproach of her gentle, uncomplaining eye, several affecting interviews took place between them. Better feelings seemed to rekindle in his bosom; he began to express hopes that her case was not altogether desperate; that he thought he might arrest the progress of disease—hopes to which she, poor fond wretch, listened, as the doomed traveller hurries after the mirage which is luring him deeper into the desert he is never to leave with life. Whether Dr. H. was merely trying to smooth the dying girl's passage from life after the fashion of worldly comforters, who will bid a sick man 'cheer up, for that he is better to-day,' when they know he cannot survive the morrow, or whether, in the vanity of professional skill, he really shared the delusion, he at least acted as if he felt the hope he expressed. He took up his temporary residence here, watched the bed of the dying girl with more than professional care, and when he went, as was supposed, to pay an occasional visit to the town where he was settled, speedily returned to his post again.

"If the change which disease had wrought in the poor patient was grievous to witness, that produced in her lover by dissipation and degrading habits was still more so, by as much as it pains us more to contemplate moral than physical ruin. Those who had known him when he first won the affections which he afterwards slighted, describe him as a young man of the highest promise, with manners most prepossessing; well connected, educated for a respectable profession, he entered life with every prospect of speedily finding the road to fortune and success. A few years of dissipation had destroyed all; those opportunities which, once neglected, never offer themselves again, had been more than once flung from him. Latterly, he was supposed to be becoming reckless, and whispers of his total disregard to all propriety were in circulation, though none were prepared for the terrible circumstances which were soon to mark the conclusion of his earthly career.

"That poor corpse which you encountered wending its neglected way to a dishonoured grave, exposed to ribald jeers, and committed to the charge of a solitary rustic hireling, was that of Dr. H. He died a committed felon in our town gaol."

I started.

"It is too true," continued my friend; "the conclusion of his story is soon told, and will verify my assertion.

"Dr. H. had been for about a month past a lodger in our town, ostensibly in attendance on the dying bed of poor Miss ——. He occasionally disappeared for a day or two, as was supposed to attend to professional or other business elsewhere. These absences soon, however, obtained a different explanation.

"Shortly after his coming among us, several of our leading shopkeepers began to complain of repeated thefts of more or less value, and what seemed most remarkable was that the stolen property was invariably some article of food or luxury, such as small delicate cheeses, curious pickles, rich preserves, rare *liqueurs*, or foreign fruits or delicacies of various sorts. At length, the sufferers began to compare notes, to make close observations, and to entertain suspicions, which ultimately issued in a formal charge against the wretched Dr. H. for shoplifting, and purloining the articles in question.

"When first brought before the magistrates, the unhappy man assumed the usual tone of indignant innocence; talked high of 'calumny,' and threatened much of prosecutions for defamation; but the watch had been close and complete, the proofs in support of the charge too convincing, and the magistrate felt coerced to commit him for further examination, at the same time issuing a search warrant to examine his lodgings for traces of the stolen property.

"Upon executing this warrant the guilt of the miserable man was placed beyond all question; with the further discovery that, in their usual order of cause and effect, vice had been the instigator to crime and disgrace. Large quantities of the stolen articles were found in his possession, while among his papers was discovered a correspondence, from which it appeared too plainly that he had resorted to this system of plunder to supply materials for the revels of the inmates of an infamous house in Birmingham."

"Good Heavens!" I could not help exclaiming, "who can fathom the deep incongruities of that nest of unclean things the human heart? Such shameless profligacy as you describe will account for the coldness and neglect with which this man treated his affianced wife. But why did he come to see her at all? And having come, and, as you say, evinced feeling and sympathy for her sufferings, how are we to reconcile the horrid inconsistency of his staying to soothe her dying moments one day, with plunging into crime to minister to profligacy the next? I cannot understand it."

"It is indeed," rejoined my friend, "a dark chapter in the history of that desperately wicked thing the heart, in which one occasionally finds something brilliant or amiable embedded in a mass of what is foul or disgusting; that such things are, we know, for here is one of them, but how such contradictions can coexist is inexplicable."

"Well, but the sequel?" I asked. "Did this wretched man die by poison? How did Miss —— receive the dreadful intelligence?"

"As to the poor girl," he replied, "she is dying in happy unconsciousness of the whole affair; she thinks of her wretched lover as inevitably kept from her by professional duties. Nor did poison, as you have anticipated, bring about the sudden catastrophe; yet the sequel is, if possible, more awful than if it did. It was suspected that, in his desperation and with his knowledge of subtle poisons, he might resort to such an expedient to elude punishment and exposure, and he was closely watched accordingly, but when he found that all was known, and concealment or bravado equally impossible, he became first outrageous and then greatly dejected. A few days, however, brought on the catastrophe. Deprived, by the strictness of the prison regulations, of the stimulating liquors to which he had become habituated, the sudden change brought on, as usually happens, a fearful paroxysm of '*delirium tremens*,' which, combining with agitation, shame, despair, resulted in an acute fever, in a few days bringing this victim of his vices to the grave. He died raving and blaspheming. And the last finish to the fearful picture is given in your narration of what took place this evening at W——. His friends refused to own him, or conduct his funeral; it was despatched from this unattended, in the hope that the interment might take place under the shade of night; and it may well be termed a remarkable coincidence that, on its way to a dishonoured grave, the drunkard's corpse should obtain the convoy of a drunken wine-agent to play the part of chief mourner, and that his coffin should proceed to its destination surmounted with wine samples, the emblems of the vice which destroyed its tenant. It is an awful parody upon the touching custom of placing the soldier's accoutrements upon the soldier's bier."

He ceased, and I lost no time in "making a note" of an incident so fully illustrative of the assertion that "Fact is often stranger than fiction."

R.

A FRENCHMAN IN KENTUCKY.*

Have any of our readers had the felicity of forming the acquaintance of an Ingot—we do not mean a solid lump of gold, worth so much per ounce troy, according to the market agio, but a real living Ingot—in other words, a French adventurer, sent out to California at government expense, from the proceeds of the renowned Ingot Lottery? As the question appears to be a very moot one, we think we cannot run any risk in introducing them on paper to a certain M. Acacia, ex-sergeant of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, but at present writing, citizen of the United States, carpenter, gunpowder manufacturer, and editor of the *Semi-Weekly Messenger*, at Oaksburg, Hamilton county, Kentucky. His adventures in the land of his adoption are certainly curious, and we cannot do better than give a sketch of them, to show how a Frenchman fares in America.

In July, 1856, Acacia was lounging along the streets of Louisville when he heard half a dozen shots fired. Thinking, at first, it was only a couple of Kentuckians having a peaceable explanation, he did not disturb himself; but on approaching the scene of action he found one man surrounded by half a dozen rowdies. A few blows from the Frenchman's nervous arm, and the ruffians fled. Acacia then introduced himself to the stranger, who proved to be the Rev. John Lewis, of England, come out with a mission to put down slavery. Acacia was much delighted at the meeting, for, among other speculations, he had built a chapel, which he let out to the various congregations in turn. But, although the chapel was painted red, white, and blue, with any quantity of stars in the last field to represent the American banner, while the Frenchman's head clerk played the cornet-à-piston, as accompaniment to the hymns, and the opposition chapel had only a flageolet, the chapel did not draw as it should do. The ladies were growing tired of the local preachers, and wanted fresh excitement. Mr. Lewis, who had been in India, and various parts of the unknown world, was a *bonne bouche* for Acacia, and he soon made him a handsome offer to accompany him home and enlighten the town as to the mysteries of Swedenborgianism, the peculiar doctrine he professed.

On arriving at Oaksburg, Mr. Lewis was introduced to Miss Julia Alvarez, Acacia's partner, and, pious man though he was, became enamoured of her at first sight. The evidences of his passion Acacia accepted rather gladly, for, with the fickleness of a Frenchman, he had recently lost his heart to a lovely young American girl, Miss Lucy Anderson, and was somewhat in doubt as to how to dissolve partnership with Julia. But his first business was to kick out his overseer, one Appleton, who had dared to insult his young mistress. The overseer departed, vowing vengeance, while Acacia and Lewis proceeded to pay a visit to the Andersons, much to Julia's disquietude. Lucy was herself rather smitten with the Frenchman, and would have him, if she could only appease her mind as to the connexion between him and Julia; but her sister Deborah, at this period twenty-nine years of age, a religionist and an M.D. to boot, regarded him as a son of Belial.

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* Scènes de la Vie des Etats-Unis. Par Alfred Assollant. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

To this respectable lady Mr. Lewis was entrusted to have his arm cured, and in the conversation he held with Jeremiah Anderson, he learned the antecedents of Acacia. Jeremiah was at St. Francisco, his store having been just burned down in one of the enormous fires, when an emigrant ship came into port. The first man to land was Acacia, dressed in a worn-out uniform, and armed with a hatchet, saw, and hammer. Going along the quay he picked up a nail, and before long came up to a Yankee, who was already building up his house again amid the smoking ruins. To him Acacia offered his carpentering services, but the Yankee only wanted nails. Acacia offered him the one he had picked up for the modest sum of a dollar. After some grumbling the Yankee concluded the bargain, and Acacia went back to the ship and bought up the carpenter's store of nails for two dollars, one down, the other to be paid at night. This speculation brought him three hundred dollars, and with this money he went round to all the vessels in port, and bought up every nail to be had. Before nightfall he was the richer by two thousand dollars. Then he made Jeremiah's acquaintance at an eating-house, and struck up a partnership with him. His next step was to go and offer forty thousand dollars for the ship he had come out in, which was useless to the captain as the crew had bolted to the diggings. This speculation brought in one hundred thousand dollars, and by the end of the year the partners were worth millions. But Acacia tempted fortune too long: he would not be satisfied till he had become the Californian Rothschild, and his ambition took a wrong turn. They lost and lost until the capital was reduced to one hundred thousand dollars, and then they thought it time to cut the concern.

On reaching New Orleans, Acacia saw Miss Julia Alvarez put up for sale. As she was a very lovely girl, the Frenchman's chivalry rose to fever heat, and he boldly offered ten thousand dollars for her. So soon as she was knocked down to him he gave her her liberty, and for once virtue did not go unrewarded. As Julia's late master had left no will, the property went to the heir-at-law, Mr. Craig, but a lawyer turned up with a will, which he sold Acacia for twenty thousand dollars, and by it Julia proved to be sole legatee. The happy couple went into partnership, as we have already said, at Oaksburg, and had made an enormous fortune, their only enemy being the aforesaid Mr. Craig, who had set up in opposition to them, and was bent on ruining them out of revenge. In his paper Acacia was decidedly original. Although marvellously ignorant of the mother tongue he wrote all the leaders himself, for, as he observed, English is only French badly pronounced. His great support was that he opened one column to poetry, and this brought him in any quantity of subscribers, for it is estimated that there are in Kentucky at least fifteen hundred damsels who, innocent of the art of making a pie, devote their superabundant energy to verse. As to his editorial talent, the following announcement, which met the astonished gaze of Mr. Lewis the very night of his arrival, will be the best evidence:

Great News!
Reform of all Christian Sects!!
The Human Race introduced to the World of Spirits.
Clear and distinct View of the other World according
To the System of Swedenborg!!!
Sermon of Dr. John Lewis, Missionary to the East
India Company at Benares!!!!
Progress of Christianity in the Thibetan Mountains.
Marvellous Account of the Flight of Dr. John Lewis
Pursued by Four Hundred Mongol Horsemen!!!!!
In the Dawalagiri Gorges!!!!!!
Honey and Vinegar, or the Saint coming to the
Assistance of his Servant!!!!!!!

We have the satisfaction of announcing to the public some news which will fill all true Christians with joy. The Rev. Dr. John Lewis has just arrived in Oaksburg.

This illustrious missionary, who, by his extraordinary travels, has surpassed the Apostles Peter and Paul, consents, at our entreaty, to deliver a lecture at Acacia Hall on Sunday se'nnight. A special agreement ensures the special delivery of his sermons to our eminent fellow-citizen M. Acacia.

We have received the following letter from our own London correspondent:

"Our great Indian apostle, the Rev. John Lewis, will start to-morrow for the United States. This holy missionary, to whom her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria has deigned so repeatedly to offer the bishopric of Calcutta, before recommencing in India and the mountains of Thibet the life of danger and fatigue to which he is accustomed, has desired to visit that new continent to which the Anglo-Saxon race has carried the Gospel. He wishes to see that land of heroes and free men, which, in the short space of three-quarters of a century, has supplied to humanity more great orators, great warriors, illustrious legislators, inventors, and benefactors, than all the collected peoples of the universe. It is believed that the learned doctor will employ the short leisure allowed him by the interruption of his apostolic labours, in writing the history of his life and the terrific adventures by which it has pleased Providence to try his courage. We have had the happiness of hearing the recital of his flight from the gorges of the Dawalagiri. No more moving tale can be conceived than that of this gentleman's flight at full gallop over mountains, rivers, and precipices, every moment on the point of being captured by four hundred Mongolian horsemen, sent to cut off his head, and at length finding shelter in a deep grotto, like those of the pious hermits in the Thebaid. In vain should we try to depict the astonishment of these barbarians, when, after having searched the whole country, they found themselves forced to return without him to the court of the Emperor of Thibet, the savage fury of this pitiless prince, who had them decapitated on the spot, and the fearful sight of their four hundred heads exposed on the walls of his capital. These are things which must be heard from the doctor's own lips. The missionary, John Lewis, is still quite young; he is scarcely thirty years of age. He is tall, well-built, possesses a handsome face and most distinguished manners. He is a perfect gentleman. The agreeable and thoroughly noble expression of his countenance has produced the greatest effect on the ladies who have had the pleasure to hear him. It is confidently asserted that the elder daughter of the Grand Lama fell in love with him, and that she secretly warned him to quit the country, if he did not wish to be massacred. Others state that he owed his escape more especially to the constant communication he maintains with the spirits. His voice is sweet and sonorous, his glance gentle and penetrating. He is a bachelor."

We are informed that M. Acacia, being anxious to augment the solemnity of this ceremony, has brought a harmonium with him from Louisville, and that a young lady of Oaksburg, Miss Lucy Anderson, as remarkable for her rare musical acquirements as for her graces and piety, has promised to inaugurate this splendid instrument, which is a masterpiece of Parisian production.

The price of admission, for this occasion only, will be a dollar each.

The next day produced a counter blast from Mr. Craig's paper, the *Herald of Freedom.* Among other compliments, he wrote that a friend of his, who had visited Newgate, recognised Lewis as having been confined in that prison for bigamy. In conclusion, the announcement stated that this Lewis was only a worthy comrade of that atheist who lent his church to all religions without believing in any one, and who was the friend of the Papists, Irish, and negroes. Of a verity it must be a pleasant thing to edit a paper in Kentucky, and one must have an elephant's hide not to be stung by such missiles. But this was not all. Mr. Craig determined on setting up an opposition in Mr. Toby Benton, a grocer, who, not having made a fortune, sought shelter in the ministry against the tempests of the world and the wholesale grocers. Tired of mixing, to no purpose, ochre with his ground coffee, he had become a preacher. By turns Moravian, Anglican, or Presbyterian, according to the people with whom he had to deal, he had at last met with Craig, and become Presbyterian. Full of religious zeal, Mr. Benton wrote tracts, which had a ready sale in the railway cars, among other less edifying productions, such as "The Art of Paying Court to Ladies." His tracts were commendable through the austerity of their precepts. He compared the Catholics to the herd of swine drowned in the Lake of Genesareth, and the other dissenters to the Moabites and Amorites. His co-religionists were the people of Israel, and himself, at one time, Moses governing the children of Jacob, at another, with more modesty, the pillar of fire guiding the tribes in the desert. What with his tracts, the subscriptions of the faithful, and a speculation in hams, which he sent to the New Orleans market, Mr. Benton enjoyed a comfortable income of three thousand dollars.

But Acacia was not merely satisfied with having a distinguished preacher: he wished to secure his authority in the town by having a mayor elected entirely devoted to him, for Craig was already plotting to be elected. For this purpose Acacia proposed to his friend Jeremiah to be put in nomination, but that gentleman prudently declined the honour. As he justly said, so soon as he was elected mayor, people would cry from the roof-tops that he was enriching himself at the expense of the public, and that he employed the town funds to repair his own house and the road leading to it. If he had lamp-posts put up, it would be said he was a shareholder in the gas company; if he macadamised the town, he had some personal interest in it; if he sent policemen to pick up the drunkards in the street, they would exclaim against his tyranny and his prætorians at a dollar per head; if he spoke in public, he would be hissed, or if he were applauded, the opposition paper would say he had been hissed; if he drank a glass of wine with his friends, he would scandalise the town by his luxury and debauchery, and if he only drank water, they would say he got intoxicated at home. He would be called every morning thief, assassin, suborner, drunkard, and Irish, and twice a month he would be burned in effigy. If such be the general fate of a mayor in Kentucky, we really cannot blame Mr. Anderson for declining so perilous a post.

Acacia, however, managed to allay his scruples; he had the Irish on his side, as they were all Catholics like himself, and promised to stand any quantity of *Lagerbier* and whisky to ensure the election. In the mean while the great hit was to be made with Mr. Lewis, and so, one fine morning, a crowd assembled beneath his windows with a band playing "Yankee Doodle," and Acacia delivered an admirable speech. Mr. Lewis was in the seventh heaven of delight until the Ingot calmed his transports by coolly telling him that *he* had supplied the enthusiasm. At length, the wished-for Sunday arrived when Mr. Lewis was to preach, and, as soon as he had finished, Mr. Benton would ascend the pulpit and refute his heterodox tenets. At a very early hour the rival forces assembled: Appleton, the discharged overseer, now in Craig's service, marched boldly up at the head of a serried phalanx of Methodists, while from the other side advanced a prize-fighting gentleman, Mr. Thomas Cribb, as commander-in-chief of the Irish brigade. It was evident at a glance that the souls of all were in arms and eager for the fray.

For three mortal hours Dr. Lewis held forth, delighting the ladies by his learning. As he had been carefully warned to keep his abolitionist views hidden he met with universal favour, and the only person in chapel who yawned was Acacia. In fact, his sermon was only a short interlude in a country where a speaker will mount the rostrum at Washington on a Monday and end his speech on the ensuing Friday. So soon as Mr. Lewis quitted the pulpit Mr. Benton took his place, and made a bitter onslaught on the doctrines of the last preacher. He denounced Swedenborg and his disciples as impostors and priests of Baal, and he wound up his sermon, "The Swedenborgians are horses, the papists are dogs;" when Tom Cribb suddenly interrupted him by shouting, "And you are a donkey." This remark let slip the dogs of war, and a furious combat at once commenced, while the more respectable portion of the congregation escaped. After a murderous conflict, in which bowies were drawn and revolvers fired, Acacia's party remained entire masters of the field—some half-dozen were killed, but that was nothing. The unfortunate Benton and Appleton had been put hors de combat at an early period of the engagement by the redoubtable fists of Tom Cribb.

This defeat only aroused the worst passions of Craig, and he agreed with his accomplice that Julia should be carried off, and forced to marry Appleton during one of Acacia's repeated visits to Louisville. Little did they imagine they would thus be doing the Ingot a service, for he was growing more and more enamoured of Lucy. For all that, though, he did not at all admire the lengthened visits the Rev. Mr. Lewis paid the fair Quadroon—of course for the sole purpose of converting her—and he was beginning to grow jealous, although nothing would have suited his book better than to get rid of his partner. But while Mr. Lewis was laying himself at the feet of the capricious beauty, the chaste Deborah had begun to feel a sympathy for the handsome young clergyman, which, however, he was not at the moment disposed to reciprocate.

In the midst of all these complications and cross purposes, Acacia was summoned to Cincinnati, leaving the editorship of the paper to Mr. Lewis. Before quitting Oaksburg, he wrote a note to Julia, telling her he was aware of her perfidy, and that he should not return till she was married to Lewis. But he was forced to return much sooner than he anticipated, for he scarce reached his destination when he received a telegraphic despatch from Anderson, telling him that Oaksburg was in flames and Miss Alvarez had diappeared. How had all this come about? The explanation is simple enough. So soon as Acacia had quitted the town, Craig began a virulent attack on Mr. Lewis in the *Herald of Freedom*. Two or three other local papers he bribed joined in accusing the preacher of having come to Kentucky to raise the slaves against their masters. Acacia was represented as the natural accomplice in this horrible design. France and England, jealous of the prosperity of the United States, had resolved to ruin the Southern States by the emancipation of the blacks. The generous citizens of Kentucky, the pride of the American Union, were selected as the first victims of this atrocious enterprise. Europe, fearing their courage, wished to have them all massacred, and found on their corpses a new empire of Hayti. Unfortunately, Mr. Lewis had a destiny for martyrdom, and having the *Semi-Weekly Messenger* at his command, he immediately put forth his profession of faith, and declared his readiness to shed his blood for the sacred cause of the liberation of the negroes. This was enough for Craig: he published a supplement to his paper directly, in which he quoted Lewis's imprudent remarks, with the following comments: "All Kentucky will now know whether we were true prophets, when we denounced the infamous treason which was preparing in the dark. Perfidious strangers have the impious audacity to attack our national constitution, the ark of our liberties, the work of Washington, Jefferson, of all the great men who had Virginia for a cradle, and who have borne the glory of the American name to the extremities of the world. It is for the people at present to defend their rights with arms in their hands, and to hang those who have wished to break the tables of the law. Let us forget clemency and remember justice only."

This article produced its effect: before the day was out, the news had spread through the neighbourhood that an agent of Lord Palmerston had been detected in his flagitious designs, and thousands of armed men flocked into Oaksburg. Craig at the head of the militia, known as the Veterans of Liberty, marched upon the office of the *Semi-Weekly Messenger*, broke in, destroyed the type, and sacked the house. Mr. Lewis, however, managed to escape, while Appleton carried off Julia to a farm belonging to Craig in the Backwoods.

Within four-and-twenty hours, Acacia had returned to Oaksburg and went straight to Anderson's. Here he found Miss Deborah lamenting the disappearance of Mr. Lewis, while the Frenchman inadvertently offended Lucy by the warm terms in which he expressed his determination to save Julia or perish. In the mean time, Jeremiah had learned that Lewis had taken refuge in the powder-mill, and though the Ingot had a strong desire to see him tarred and feathered for daring to lift his eyes to Julia, still, his chivalry as a Frenchman urged him to go to the assistance of his unfortunate guest. The mill was surrounded by an armed crowd thirsting for Lewis's blood, but Acacia forced his way through before he could be recognised, and stood by the preacher's side. This redoubled the fury of the mob, but the Frenchman hurling an empty cask among them, which he declared to be full of powder, they fled in all directions, and left the field clear.

Just at this moment the padre informed Acacia where Julia was confined. One of the gang employed to carry her off was an Irishman, and, touched by scruples of conscience, after he had spent his wages of sin in whisky, he revealed all to his priest, who immediately told Acacia. The three men started off at once to rescue her, while the priest was left to publish the following notice to the public:

Falsehood!
Infernal Treason!!
Abominable Wickedness!!!

Magnanimous people, you are deceived! You are aroused against your best, your only friends! A miserable fellow, of the name of Craig, and who ought to be called Judas Iscariot, has unworthily calumniated one of the most honest and loyal gentlemen in all Kentucky. No, M. Acacia is not an abolitionist, and will never be so! He holds that perverse doctrine in horror and detestation. His past life responds for his political and moral principles. This noble child of France imbibed with his nurse's milk the love of order and the constitution. His journal, the *Semi-Weekly Messenger*, is the organ of all honest people, and of all noble and loyal Kentuckians. M. Acacia has the honour to warn the public and Isaac Craig that he proposes, on the first meeting, to cut off the ears of the said Isaac, and nail them to the door of the office of the *Herald of Freedom*, as an example to all villains, and a pleasure to all the friends of order.

While this proclamation was left to produce its due effect on the inhabitants of Oaksburg, Acacia, Anderson, and Lewis were galloping at full speed toward Craig's farm. On reaching it, Acacia leaped over the fence, and was attacked by two enormous dogs, which he disposed of with his revolver. The noise of the firing aroused Appleton and Craig, who were at breakfast, and they rushed out to meet the foe. An exchange of shots took place, and Julia made her appearance on the stairs just as Anderson and Lewis entered the yard. At the sight of the new adversaries, Craig prudently escaped through the back door, while Appleton rushed up to Julia, Acacia close at his heels. Suddenly the villain drew his bowie-knife, and plunged it in the Quadroon's breast, and at the same moment Acacia stabbed him dead.

Mournfully the friends returned to Oaksburg, carrying the dying Julia, who was offered a shelter at Anderson's, where Lucy waited on her like a sister. Craig, who had returned to the town, and feared a trial, had already secured himself by finding twelve respectable gentlemen, all prepared to swear that he had not quitted the town for a month. In the mean time, he determined to get rid of Acacia at the first opportunity. This soon presented itself. Just as the gallant Frenchman was entering his office, a ball whizzed past his ear. He turned, and saw Craig taking aim at him once more. Acacia drew his revolver, and fired in turn. A crowd collected to see the fun, and the Frenchman, in his passion, rushed upon Craig. They fired simultaneously: Craig fell dead, while the Ingot received a ball in his thigh, and was borne by the triumphant crowd to the same room where Julia lay dying.

It was not long before the poor girl breathed her last sigh, her dying prayer being that Lucy should marry Acacia, to which the young lady willingly consented, after a decent interval. Acacia has decided on returning to his fatherland, and with his riches he will become the lion of Paris next spring. As for Lewis, he was soon cured of his dreams of martyrdom by espousing Deborah, and is now undergoing a martyrdom of a different description. He and his lady are at present engaged in converting the county of Kent, and Mrs. Lewis has gained an enormous reputation by the publication of an edifying work called "The Crushed Heart."

In taking leave of M. Assollant and his skits upon America, we are forced to the conclusion—remembering, as we cannot help doing, the latest accounts from that interesting country, in which Mr. Bright takes so lively an interest—that "many a true word is written in jest."

WALPOLE'S LETTERS, COMPLETE.*

As we shall soon have occasion to draw attention to Horace Walpole's Last Journals, we must not encroach on this month's space to dilate on his Last Letters. Here they are, however, the very last of the long, long, but never tiring series—completing that Complete Edition, of which we could say our say better in any other periodical than *Bentley*, because in the latter alone (so much is there in a *name*) it would wear the look of a puff. Happily, nine such volumes, so edited and so got up, no puff—or what Shakspeare calls

> Windy suspiration of forced breath—

could palpably avail, or perceptibly damage. *Such* good wine (sparkling to the dregs, too; rich, and fruity to the last) needs no bush; least of all, such barren bramble-bush as we could here hang out. Horace Walpole has not his reputation to make, as the prince of letter-writers (only the other day the *Times* newspaper made an invidious comparison of his masterly art in that respect, with some recent specimens by the Prime Minister of England); and a complete edition of his epistles, not far from three thousand in number, illustrated, annotated, and indexed with corresponding completeness, may and will and must speak for itself.

What an eventful tale of years is told over, between the first letter and the last in this collection—between November, 1735, and January, 1797. Alike in that first letter and in that last one, Horace characteristically affects an epistolary impotence—and it is as a correspondent that he is potent beyond compare. "I can't build without straw," writes the volatile young Cantab at eighteen to his Eton crony, West, "nor have I the ingenuity of the spider, to spin fine lines out of dirt," &c. Whereas it was just this sort of ingenuity in which he excelled, as epistles of his by the hundred go to show; and bricks he *could* make without straw, without almost anything, so creative was his art in fabricating a smart and showy letter, that should amuse an existing generation in manuscript, and all succeeding ones in print. That was his style at eighteen. And what was it at eighty? "My dear Madam," he writes to Lady Ossory—it is the final letter in this collection—"you distress me infinitely by showing my idle notes, which I cannot conceive can amuse anybody. My old-fashioned breeding impels me every now and then to reply to the letters you honour me with writing, but in truth very unwillingly, for I seldom can have anything particular to say." He scarce goes out of his own house, and then only to two or three places where no news is to be had. At home he sees only a few charitable elders, "except about four-score nephews and nieces of various ages," who come once a year to stare at him as the Methusalem of the family, and with whom he has nothing in common. "Must not the result of all this, Madam, make me a very entertaining correspondent? And can such letters be worth showing? or can I have any spirit when so old and reduced to dictate?

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* The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. Edited by Peter Cunningham. Now first chronologically arranged. In Nine Volumes. Vol. IX. London: Richard Bentley. 1859.

"Oh! my good Madam, dispense with me from such a task, and think how it must add to it to apprehend such letters being shown. Pray send me no more such laurels, which I desire no more than their leaves when decked with a scrap of tinsel and stuck on twelfth-cakes that lie on the shop-boards of pastry-cooks at Christmas. I shall be quite content with a sprig of rosemary thrown after me, when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust. Till then, pray, Madam, accept the resignation of your

"Ancient servant,
"ORFORD."

Accepted or not, the resignation was given in, and it was final. Dust to dust was soon to be in the parson's mouth over the old peer's grave. But we see how effervescent to the last was the spirit that had given airy life and flavour to thousands of letters for sixty and more years.

These nine volumes contain matter for all moods, grave and gay, contemplative and frivolous; for students of English history, social progress, and human nature at large and in little. What a span in the eighteenth century—beginning with the eighth year of George II. and ending at a period when the French Revolution had recovered from its Reign of Terror, and the star of Napoleon was beginning to "flame amazement" on the world. Within that interval what Ministries rise and fall, what reputations are won and sometimes lost, what successions of beauties flourish and fade—all of them registered in this far-glancing correspondence. Mr. Cunningham, who characterises* the Letters as "absolute jests and story books, and the exact standard of easy engaging writing," points out their value as preserving the "dark jostlings for place of the many Administrations which governed England" from the fall of Sir Robert Walpole to the accession of the younger Pitt. Horace, we are reminded, knew the members of the Broad Bottom and Coalition ministries; had seen or known (certainly knew a great deal about) the many mistresses of the four Georges, from the Duchess of Kendal to the Countess of Suffolk, from Miss Vane to Mrs. Fitzherbert. "He was known to two kings and to their children. He lived throughout a long life in the best society, and in the best clubs. His means were ample, and every reasonable desire he seems to have gratified. As a boy he had kissed the hand of King George I., and as a man in years had conversed with two young men, who long after his own death succeeded King George III. on the throne of England. He had seen in the flesh two of the heroines of De Grammont and the Restoration, La Belle Jennings, and Arabella Churchill, and lived long enough to offer his coronet to two ladies (Mary and Agnes Berry), who lived far into the reign of Queen Victoria.

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* Vol. ix. Pref. p. xvi.

"He has the art to interest us in very little matters, and to enliven subjects seemingly the most barren. His allusions, his applications, are the happiest possible. As his pen never lay fallow, so his goose-quill never grew grey. We take an interest in his gout and his bootikins, in Philip and Margaret (his Swiss valet and housekeeper), and in his dogs Patapan, Tonton, and Rosette. We know every room in Strawberry Hill, and every miniature and full-length portrait in the Tribune and Gallery. We are admitted to the Holbein chamber and the Beauclerk closet, and as we wander in print over the stripped rooms and now newly-furnished walls, we can pass a night in his favourite Blue Room, restore the Roman Eagle, replace the bust of Vespasian and the armour of Francis I.; bring back from Knowsley the blue and white china bowl, commemorated in the Odes of Gray, and call up Kirgate, the printer, carrying a proof of the 'Anecdotes of Painting' to Conway's 'Elzevir Horace' in the Gothic Library. As we become better acquainted with his letters, we can summon before us the skilful antiquary and virtuoso midwife, and see Strawberry in lilac-tide—that period of the year in which its owner thought Strawberry in perfection."

There is little prospect, we are assured, that any additions of moment can now be made to this correspondence, though Walpole undoubtedly wrote more letters than are at present in print. Those to Mrs. Damer were destroyed, it appears, by her own desire, with the rest of her papers, and those to Mrs. Clive were returned to him by her brother at her death, and are not now known to exist. "Walpole foresaw the value of his letters, and, on the death of a friend, constantly asked for his correspondence back. As a request, in every way so proper, has preserved many of his letters, so it has led to the destruction of others, and those there is reason to believe not the least important. West and Gray, as he observed to Mason, were good-natured enough to destroy his letters." One is reminded of the curt and curst epithet applied by Sir Peter Teazle to that same term, good-natured, in the case of another couple, of the other sex.

The present edition includes above one hundred letters of Walpole's now for the first time published—addressed to his niece's second husband, the Duke of Gloucester; to Henry Pelham; to his uncle, his brother Edward, and the crackbrained nephew to whose title Horace succeeded; to Lords Harcourt, Hertford, and Holland; to that whimsical busybody, Lord Buchan, whom Sir Walter found so overbearing a bore; to Joseph Warton, and Malone, and Dodsley, and Lodge, and Henderson the actor, and various ladies of title, to whom an epistle from Strawberry Hill was precious through the three degrees of comparison. The editor acknowledges his obligations to (*inter alios*) the Duke of Manchester, for access to the original letters to George Montagu, which has enabled him to correct many blunders and supply many omissions; to Lady Waldegrave, "the restorer of Strawberry Hill" (to whom this edition is inscribed), for the use of the Harcourt correspondence; to the late Mr. Croker, not only for access to Lord Hertford's unpublished correspondence with Walpole, but for his own annotated copies of Walpole's works; and to Mr. Forster, for access to Cole's unpublished letters to his sometime schoolfellow and constant friend. In short, Mr. Cunningham, in his editorial toiling, has had every advantage, and so have his readers now—barring the toil.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

A MODERN STORY.

By Dudley Costello.

CHAPTER XLIX.

DISCLOSURES.

To the outer world, including all the strangers then in Paris, the year 1848 opened with pleasant prospects, though the cloud had already risen which was soon to overshadow the land.

Slowly recovering from his illness, Sir James Tunstall was still a prisoner in his hotel, with the desire as strong as ever upon him to reach Italy; no longer, however, for the purpose of shooting wild boar, the season for that sport being over, but hoping to recruit his health at the Villa Lavagna, from whence Lord Deepdale sent the most pressing invitations.

"Edith's unaccountable depression," wrote her husband to Lady Tunstall, "appears to me to increase daily. I know not what remedy to devise, for the quiet which she has always sought cannot anywhere be more complete than in this beautiful, secluded place. Strange that one so kind and gentle as Edith, whose life since I have known her has been all tranquillity, should be the victim of what seems an incurable melancholy! Had Heaven blessed us with children, it might, I think, have been different with her; with me, too, perhaps, though even the son I yearn for could never have wrought any change in the affection I bear for her who was my first and only love. But this expectation is long past, and all my thoughts are now centred on the one object of restoring or giving to Edith that sunshine of the mind which is so much wanting to her happiness. God knows there is no sacrifice, if such were necessary on my part, that I would not cheerfully make, to see her again with the light heart I remember, when she and you, Agatha, were girls together. You have heard me often say that Edith was more like her former self when you and Mary were our guests at Tivoli than at any other period of her married life. A renewal of that visit here would do much, I am convinced, towards the realisation of my fondest hope, and you, I feel assured, will not withhold your presence a day longer than you can help. You may judge then how much, independently of my regard for him, I have lamented Sir James's unfortunate illness, which has kept you from us. Edith's anxiety to see you, though she speaks of it less frequently than I, is, I am certain, quite as strong as mine, for upon one occasion, only two or three days since, she asked me whether it would be very tedious and difficult, at this season of the year, to travel to Paris, and on my replying that the journey itself presented no difficulty to speak of, provided she were strong enough to bear it, she smiled, and said her strength was greater than I imagined; from which I infer, that if she fancied it impossible for you to join us, she would really brave the distance, and surprise you by her appearance at the Hôtel Mirabeau. I have an idea, moreover, that if she did carry out this intention, she would endeavour to accomplish another—that of seeing her mother, who appears much to occupy her thoughts, a circumstance naturally to be attributed to the account which you gave of her in your last letter, when you described Mrs. Scrope's present manner of life. Edith's heavy sighs when she mentions her mother's name form the groundwork of my supposition, though it may, after all, be a mere fancy. Of one thing, however, I am satisfied, that she earnestly longs to see you and Mary again. This desire must not be thwarted. If the mountain cannot come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain. See! the possibility of our meeting soon has thrown a gleam of light over this page of gloom. Adieu, and believe me

"Ever your affectionate

"DEEPDALE."

"It is, indeed, strange," thought Lady Tunstall, as she pondered over this letter, "that Edith, with all the world at her command, should yet be unhappy. I try in vain to account for it; I cannot recal any event of her life before she married my cousin to warrant this deep-seated sorrow; and since her marriage Deepdale's care and tenderness have been all that the most *exigeante* nature—which is not Edith's—could require. Still there must be some passage in her history with which I am unacquainted, and several things of late have forced this conviction upon me: more particularly that strange communication from Rachel Loring in which she spoke of circumstances affecting the family that she was not able or willing to write about. I wish I could have seen that woman, but Mr. Dalton sends me no satisfactory intelligence. The clue to her disappearance has, he says, been found, but he believes it will require time to discover where she now is, so that I must, perforce, have patience, if anything is to arise out of revelations from her. What is it she can have to reveal? Can it by chance have reference to the time when Edith, from some cause unknown to me, awakened in my mother that fearful anger which, even at this distance of time, I can scarcely think of without a shudder? Edith, I recollect, was banished for a whole year, and during that period Rachel Loring was her companion. Was it fear or selfishness that kept me silent when Edith's absence from home was so prolonged? Something, I doubt not, of both—for I trembled then at my mother's temper, and I own that my conduct towards poor Edith was never quite sisterly. But the fear and the selfishness are in my heart no more. My own spirit has long since risen to the level of all human passion, and pity for Edith's despondency has effaced the envy with which, I shame to say, my mind was stained. Neither could I witness her love for my darling child without feeling that she claimed at least an equal love from me. Were it in my power, then, to cure her malady, the effort should not be refused! But how assist while the cause of her disease is still a mystery? Deepdale is right, and Edith's longing is prophetic. Her confidence in me must be the remedy!"

This soliloquy of Lady Tunstall's was made on the afternoon of the day when Walter found his way into the Hôtel Mirabeau. Sir James had had a fresh twinge of gout, not so bad as the *femme de chambre's* words implied, but still severe enough to make him wish for a companion at his bedside; and thus Lady Tunstall sat alone while Mary was with her father. The post from Italy had just brought Lord Deepdale's letter, and Lady Tunstall was meditating her answer. Another subject might have divided her thoughts had the mother and daughter been together, for it was not Mary's intention to have concealed her interview with Walter, but the opportunity for speaking of it did not present itself, and Lady Tunstall remained, for the present, in ignorance of what had occurred.

As much on Edith's as on her own account, Lady Tunstall would rather have set out immediately for the Villa Lavagna, but this relapse of Sir James's left her without the hope of doing so for a month to come, and still the more she reflected the more desirous she became to see her sister. If able and willing to travel, why should not Edith gratify her half-expressed wish? The exertion of the journey might do her good, the change of scene—the great change to France from Italy, where she had lived so long—would amuse if it did not greatly interest her: yes, Lady Tunstall would write and urge Edith to come!

She was about to execute her resolve without delay, when a servant entered the room and informed Lady Tunstall that two persons outside requested permission to wait upon her ladyship. To the question, What kind of persons? the servant answered that they were a man and woman, apparently husband and wife, the former elderly, the latter of middle age: the name they gave was Perrotin.

"Admit them directly," said Lady Tunstall, in some agitation: "at home to no one else while they remain."

The servant retired, and a few moments afterwards Rachel and Monsieur Perrotin were standing before Edith's sister.

"I have come, my lady," said Rachel—— But her emotion was so great she could not proceed.

"Sit down and compose yourself," returned Lady Tunstall, in a kind voice; "and you, sir, pray be seated."

After a pause of a few moments Lady Tunstall spoke again.

"You have been desirous to see me, I hear, for some time past. You went to Yorkshire for that purpose?"

"Yes, my lady," replied Rachel, "but I was prevented by a—a painful accident: I was taken away from that part of the country, and—and confined—in—in a private lunatic establishment."

"Shocking! And how were you able to leave it?"

"My husband and an officer found out where I was, my lady, and they rescued me away."

"Who was it that committed this outrage?"

"A person, my lady, of the name of Yates."

"Why was he your enemy?"

"Oh, my lady, I am afraid to say! I dare not tell you. And yet—and yet—I must. I came here on purpose. Yates, my lady, was once a—a kind of servant—that is, he was a good deal employed by my mistress."

"You mean my mother?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Had you quarrelled, then, on some occasion? It must have been about something serious for him to bear you malice in such a manner!"

"We had no quarrel, my lady. At least there had been words, not very long before; but it was not on that account."

"You must speak plainer, Rachel, if you wish me to understand you. What motive had this man for removing you from Yorkshire?"

"He knew I had a secret which he was afraid of my telling you, my lady."

"What is that secret? Have you the same reason, still, for wishing to reveal it?"

"I have more—much more. Oh, I wish it could be told without my speaking!"

"It cannot relate solely to the person who injured you. That letter which Mr. Dalton 'gave me spoke of matters belonging to my family. Your secret, then, concerns us. Does your husband know it?"

Monsieur Perrotin rose and bowed respectfully, pressing both hands to his breast.

"In that case," continued Lady Tunstall, "I see no reason for your hesitation. To whom, in particular, does your secret refer?"

"To—to—Miss Edith! I mean, Lady Deepdale."

"To my sister!"

"Yes, my lady." Rachel's voice here sank to a whisper, but every syllable was heard. "To her—*first*—marriage!"

"Her first marriage!" echoed Lady Tunstall. "Gracious God! with whom? When? Where?"

As collectedly as she could, Rachel then went through the particulars of Edith's journey to the north, up to the period of her return to Scargill Hall after her secret marriage at Carlisle; she spoke of the shipwreck and death of Edith's young husband—and then she paused, fearing to go on.

"There is something more behind," said Lady Tunstall, in a low tone. "Was there any issue of this marriage? Had my sister a child?"

"Ye-e-s," faltered Rachel; then bursting into tears, she threw herself at Lady Tunstall's feet, and burying her head in her hands, sobbed as if her heart was breaking; Monsieur Perrotin pulled out his handkerchief and walked to one of the windows; Lady Tunstall also was deeply affected; she gently raised Rachel's head and drew her closer, bending down to hear her words.

Resting thus on Agatha's lap with her streaming eyes turned upwards to Agatha's face, Rachel went on with her sad story, nor ceased till all was told: all that related to Edith's imputed madness; to her close confinement under the care of Yates and his wife; to her belief in the assertion that she had given birth to a still-born child; to the manner in which that child had been brought up; to the time when Monsieur Perrotin and herself—married in the mean while—carried Walter away with them to Rouen; to Walter's education there; to the arrival of Yates for the purpose of taking him from her; to Walter's removal to Paris; and finally to the circumstances which made her resolve to go to England and disclose her secret to Lady Tunstall.

With fixed and pained attention Agatha listened to the heartrending narrative of her sister's sorrows, to the gloomy tale of her mother's cruelty. Although no evidence was before her to prove the truth of Rachel's words, their manifest sincerity, in conjunction with a host of collateral circumstances which now came crowding on her mind, assured Lady Tunstall that what she heard was true. Edith's deep melancholy and Mrs. Scrope's bitter hatred were now accounted for—as well as her mother's later mood, in which remorse must have had some share. Other thoughts were awakened also by certain passages in Rachel's history. She remembered how strongly her daughter had dwelt on the likeness to Edith of the young chorister in Rouen Cathedral—a likeness which Sir James had confirmed. Her first question to Rachel was on this subject. Was *he* the boy whom the Perrotins had brought from England?

Rachel answered in the affirmative, but did not venture to say more.

Where was he now? was Lady Tunstall's next inquiry.

Mr. Dalton, in sending Lady Tunstall's address to Monsieur Perrotin, had also written down that of Sir Hercules Kilbryde. Rachel showed the clergyman's letter, adding that she had only that day arrived in Paris, and had not yet seen Walter; knowing that he was with his father's old friend, and fearful of losing an hour, lest Lady Tunstall should be gone away, she had hurried first to the Hôtel Mirabeau. She now, as in duty bound, awaited her ladyship's pleasure.

A long conversation ensued, in which Monsieur Perrotin was called upon to take part, and at its close, when again and again every point in Rachel's statements had been discussed, Lady Tunstall gave orders for rooms to be prepared in the hotel for the new comers, and dismissed them —Rachel with much affection—for the evening.

She then took up the pen which she had laid aside on the entrance of the Perrotins, and wrote two brief but earnestly worded letters—one to Lord Deepdale, its enclosure to her sister.

"Here, Edith," she said, "your heart will find repose. This is no vain lure, but a truth as great as the mystery that makes our life. One line will assure you of this. An hour has not gone by since my ears drank in the story of Walter Cobham. *Another of the name survives.*"

CHAPTER L.

A LITTLE MORE LIGHT.

At an early hour next day—early, not only for a fine lady, but even for people of business—a carriage drove out of the *porte cochère* of the Hôtel Mirabeau, in which were Lady Tunstall and Rachel; but, early as it was, more people were in the streets than one commonly saw there at high noon: not passing to and fro in pursuit of their ordinary affairs, but assembled in groups at corners, and evidently occupied with something unusual. Their faces were mostly towards the walls, though every now and then an excited countenance would turn and an angry gesticulation appear, as if some unpopular *affiche* were the cause of the general preoccupation. And such, indeed, was the fact, for on that morning had been issued the *ordonnance* prohibiting the public banquet which was to have taken place in the Twelfth Arrondissement. Lady Tunstall could not avoid noticing this grouping, but she looked upon it as a thing of no consequence; her mind was, moreover, too much occupied to bestow on the subject more than a passing thought.

Obedient to the instructions he had received, the coachman drove quickly, and taking the direction of the Champs Elysées, left Paris by the Avenue de Neuilly, making the best of his way towards the village of Maisons-sur-Seine. The first person of whom inquiry was made at once indicated the Château de Conflans, of which Sir Hercules Kilbryde was the tenant, and much to that gallant officer's surprise he was summoned from the breakfast-table to receive a visitor.

"Ladies!" said Dr. Kane, glancing at the carriage. "Your old luck, colonel!"

"What can one do, Doctor," returned Sir Hercules, laughing; "they *will* find me out!"

"What's on the card that François gave you?"

"I never thought of looking. Whew! Think of that, Doctor. Lady Tunstall. Walter's darling's mamma! Oh, lord, but there'll be a pretty kettle of fish! Well, I must do the best I can for the poor fellow. He was off again before we got down."

But no haughty, implacable parent—as he had anticipated—stood before Sir Hercules. On the contrary, he beheld a smiling, graceful, handsome woman, who held out her hand to him the moment he entered the room into which she had been shown.

"Before I say a word on the object of my visit," said Lady Tunstall, "I must thank you with all my heart, Sir Hercules Kilbryde, for your kindness to one in whom I am deeply interested."

"If your ladyship manes young Walter Cobham, I beg you won't spake of it. What could I do less—and him lying there for dead in the forest and more than half gone?"

"Oh, for God's sake, sir, what *did really happen* to the dear boy?" exclaimed Rachel, whom Sir Hercules, as she stood behind Lady Tunstall, had not yet noticed.

"Pray make your mind asy, my dear madam," he replied; "it was not so bad, perhaps, as I said; but whether or not, Walter has long since got over it. He is as strong and hearty now as I am!"

"Thank God!" cried Rachel, clasping her hands. "But tell me, sir, —I beg pardon, my lady, but if he was my own child I could not love him more!"

"There needs no excuse, Rachel," said Lady Tunstall; "I am as anxious as yourself to learn from what accident the boy was rescued."

What Sir Hercules had to say was soon told. Rachel listened with pale cheeks, and Lady Tunstall was not unmoved.

"A finer young fellow," said Sir Hercules, winding up, "never got into a scrape, nor out of one. There's stuff in Walter Cobham of the right sort, your ladyship."

"To receive so good a character from an officer so distinguished as Sir Hercules Kilbryde," said Lady Tunstall, graciously, "is the best proof of his desert. May I ask if we can see him? Or, stay, it might be better if I entered first into a little necessary explanation."

"I am afraid your ladyship's explanation *must* come first; for, to tell you the truth, Walter is not at home. *Something* took him off to Paris this morning before I was out of bed."

There was a sly twinkle in the speaker's eye, as if he meant a good deal more than his words expressed, but he did not venture to be more explicit. "If she is interested in the boy," he thought, "the surprise will be the more agreeable!"

Reserving so much of the family history as told most injuriously against her mother, Lady Tunstall then detailed the information she had just acquired respecting Walter's early life, commenting, as she did so, in very affectionate terms on Rachel's care and kindness.

"Allow me to take your hand, ma'am," said Sir Hercules, addressing Rachel; "sure I ought to have remembered you at once: the fault is mine, for you're better looking than ever! Oh, it's well I recollect the day I last saw you: there have been changes since then, and some of them sad ones! Yes," he added, turning to Lady Tunstall, "I'm a living witness to the marriage of the poor boy's father with the beautiful young lady, your ladyship's sister; besides, there's my name in the book at Saint Cuthbert's church, in Carlisle, written with my own hand! As to his identity, only look in Walter's face and you have proof enough. I guessed whose son he was long before my friend Dalton wrote a syllable on the subject. It's a question I'm almost afraid to ask, but—is his mother living?"

"Yes, sir," replied Lady Tunstall, with a sigh; "but," she continued, more cheerfully, "I trust she will arrive in Paris shortly, and then her long yearning will be appeased. After that, the difficult task remains of reconciling my mother to the events by which all her intentions have been frustrated."

"I have not the honour of knowing Mrs. Scrope," said Sir Hercules, "but she must be hard to plaise if she can object to Walter when she sees him."

Lady Tunstall shook her head doubtfully, but said nothing further about her mother, and the gallant Irishman turned the conversation. It came back, however, before long, to Walter, both Lady Tunstall and Rachel being eager to know when it was likely he would return to Maisons.

"He may be back in an hour or two," said Sir Hercules, smiling, "though I don't think it very likely, if, as I imagine, he has gone to pay his respects at your ladyship's hotel, for, somehow or other, it seems, he has found out that Sir James Tunstall is in Paris, and that he ought to call upon him."

For the second time the look of Sir Hercules was more significant than his words, and intuitively each of his auditors appeared to comprehend him, Rachel with a nervous apprehension, the result of long habit, Lady Tunstall with a sense of something at last explained.

"You mean to say," observed the latter, "that my nephew has not forgotten those whom he met in Rouen Cathedral."

"Bless you, my lady!" exclaimed Rachel, "for calling the dear boy by that name!"

Again Sir Hercules smiled.

"Walter's memory," he said, "is very retentive; but if your ladyship will give me leave, I will do myself the honour of presenting my friend, Dr. Kane, who took charge of him during his illness. He can confirm my testimony; perhaps add something to it."

A ready assent was immediately given to this request, and from Dr. Kane, at the instigation of Sir Hercules, Lady Tunstall very soon learnt that Walter already suffered from a wound beyond the surgeon's art to heal; but dangerous as were the symptoms, she heard them detailed without appearing sorry.

"Foolish boy!" she said. "No, no, it cannot be thought of—at all events, not yet." And Rachel, who heard her words, looked up in her face with tremulous joy.

"If, however," resumed Lady Tunstall—"if what you tell me be true, it is clearly useless for me to prolong my visit here, and equally clear that my presence is required elsewhere."

Expressing the hope of soon seeing Sir Hercules and Dr. Kane at the Hôtel Mirabeau, Lady Tunstall and Rachel re-entered the carriage, and the horses' heads were turned towards Paris.

CHAPTER LI.

BON SANG NE PEUT MENTIR.

TEN minutes had not elapsed after the departure of Lady Tunstall when Walter Cobham presented himself at the Hôtel Mirabeau. A smile from the *concierge* was his passport to the *premier*, where his inquiry was answered by the information that Miladi had gone out. And Sir James? He had passed a good night, the valet replied, but was not yet risen. As his last resource, Walter gave his card, and asked to see Miss Tunstall. The young stranger looked so bright and confident, and so much of the family air was in his aspect, that the valet did not hesitate to admit him, but conducted him at once to the apartment where he had seen Mary the day before. She was not there now, but many things betokened her recent presence, amongst them a handkerchief lying on an open book, as if it had only been just left. Chorister, too, was sleeping on the rug. On this occasion, however, instead of barking, he rose and stretched himself, wagging his tail. Walter fondled the dog, calling him by his name, and then, after glancing round the room, as if to single out every object that Mary might have touched, he lifted the handkerchief, drew a deep breath as he held it to his face, and cast his eyes on the page where hers had so lately rested. Which of the precious lines that studded that page had she been reading?

While Walter was bending over the book, Mary Tunstall entered the room. Light as was her footstep, he heard it.

"Forgive me," he said, "for coming—against your wish."

"Not against my wish, Walter, but because it is not right that we should meet as we do now. If mamma were here——"

"I came, Mary, on purpose to see her: to speak to her—to tell her of my love for you—to ask her to let me hope for what you, Mary—oh, let me think so!—will not, one day, deny!"

"Walter! Walter! your rashness terrifies me. If—if—I have a regard for you—and why I should I know not—so brief is our acquaintance, so slight our knowledge of each other——"

"Ah, Mary, throw away the doubt, accept rather the happier omen. See! I also derive our fate from Juliet's words:

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

You have read at least thus far!"

Mary turned away her head, while Walter took her hand.

"Was I right?" he whispered.

"It may be so," she replied, softly; "but, oh, Walter, you venture most unadvisedly! Mamma is excessively proud, her temper quick, her will absolute. And then there is papa! If they should be angry, if they should say you must not come here again! Oh, Walter, leave me, go away now, I will be true to you, but wait—wait for some opportunity. Let your friends speak first!"

"My friends, Mary! Yes! I have friends. Mr. Dalton is a relation of mine; I am living with Sir Hercules Kilbryde;—but in such a case as this one's best friend is oneself. Listen, Mary: my father was an officer in the army, my mother a lady of rank, I believe, though I never saw her or my father either, and the little I know of them has only been told me within the last few days. But still I am well born, and Sir Hercules says he will get me a commission. Once in the army, if war breaks out, I am sure of promotion—I will do something to *make* them promote me—and then, Mary——"

So young, so inexperienced, was it any wonder that Mary's doubts should vanish before the picture that Walter painted? He pursued the theme, nor ceased till he had brought her to agree to all he proposed. His first step would be to tell everything he knew of his history to Lady Tunstall—he told it now to Mary, winning from her many tears—and then, if rejected, he would put his trust in his own strong purpose to make a name and enforce consent against all opposition. It was singular the change that love had wrought in gentle Edith's child, in Rachel's tenderly nursed darling! A change, indeed, it was not: rather the development of a bold and ardent nature, never called upon for self-assertion until now.

How the time flew while the lovers were castle-building together!

The first shock to the fabric was an exclamation from Mary at a report of fire-arms in the street. Both hastened to a window that looked out on the Rue de la Paix, and were astonished to see a crowd, most of them with muskets in their hands, rush past in the direction of the Boulevards.

"What can be the meaning of this?" said Walter, who knew nothing of the politics of the hour, or—to speak sooth—of any politics. "One of the rows, I suppose, that the people of Paris are so fond of. Why do you turn so pale, dearest Mary! No harm can come to you here." And he drew her close to his side.

"It is not that, Walter," she replied—"but mamma is out. She has been gone longer than I expected."

"Where did she go to, Mary?"

"I don't exactly know. A short distance, I believe, from Paris. She took with her—I meant to have told you before—your kind nurse, Rachel."

"Rachel!" exclaimed Walter, in astonishment. "How came she here? What does Lady Tunstall know of her?"

"That I can't say; but she arrived last night, and was with mamma for a long time. Her husband brought her."

"Monsieur Perrotin, too! Is he in the house, Mary? Can I see him?"

A servant was summoned. He said that Monsieur Perrotin had gone out shortly after Lady Tunstall. Questioned about the disturbance in the street, he replied that it was said, he did not know how truly, that the people were making barricades.

While he was speaking the *rappel* began to beat in the Place Vendôme, a squadron of dragoons went by at a quick trot, and the sound of musketry came from the Boulevards.

"This is becoming serious," said Walter; "more of a row than I fancied!"

"Oh, mamma, mamma! what will become of her!" cried Mary, bursting into tears.

"I will go and look for her," said Walter. "I recollect the carriage perfectly; I remember her face too; and then Rachel is with her!"

"But you don't know where to seek her, Walter. You may be exposing yourself—uselessly—to danger."

"Danger, Mary! That's nothing. Very likely the *concierge* can tell us which way she went."

The man was sent for, and had fortunately heard Lady Tunstall say, "Maisons, par la barrière de Neuilly."

"Maisons!" exclaimed Walter. "That's where I am living! I know every inch of the way. It's impossible I can miss them on the road, if I don't wait too long. God bless you, Mary, dearest; rely on it, I will bring your mother back in safety."

He strained her to his bosom in one fervent embrace, kissed the tears from her eyes, and rushed from the room. Mary threw open the window and saw him run towards the Place Vendôme. But he was stopped there by the head of a column of infantry, which was drawn up preparing to march. He did not stay to parley, but at once retraced his steps to the café at which he had kept watch over the Hôtel Mirabeau; there he caught sight of Mary at the window, waved his hand with an encouraging smile, and then turning the corner of the Rue Neuve Saint Augustin, swiftly disappeared.

He had taken the only route that seemed open, intending to proceed by the Madeleine and the Rue Royale, but at the angle of the Boulevard with the Rue Neuve des Capucines he found an impediment in the shape of a half-formed barricade immediately in front of the hotel of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Men in *blouses* and boys in their shirt-sleeves—the restless *gamins de Paris*, who wished for no better occupation—were heaping the loosened earth and piling the upturned pavement above the *débris* of broken vehicles of every description, while a hastily organised *garde mobile*, with bayonets fixed, stood sentinels over the work.

Before he shaped his course Walter asked a *blouse* who was resting a moment from his toil what was the meaning of all he saw.

"What it means?" answered the man. "It means—revolution! We want the year 'Thirty' over again, and something besides. *En avant!*" And, seizing his pickaxe, he returned to his task with redoubled energy.

Making no further delay, Walter scrambled over the incomplete barrier and hurried along the Boulevard. In front of the Madeleine, and defending the approach from the Place de la Concorde, was another barricade, which might have been considered finished if those who were constructing it could have been satisfied, but still they kept adding to the rampart that stretched all across the end of the Rue Royale. And perhaps they were not wrong, for already a body of troops was seen advancing. To proceed further that way appeared impossible, and yet Walter did not wish to diverge from the direct road to Neuilly. While he was looking about to try and discover some avenue through which he might pass, he heard himself called by his Christian name, and before he could well turn round he was clasped in the arms of a juvenile *garde mobile*.

Though his face was grimed with dirt and gunpowder, Walter instantly recognised in the young warrior his bosom friend Jules Vermeil!

After a few words of delighted wonder on both sides, Walter asked Jules how he happened to be there. The hero, in expectancy, falling back on his favourite English, which had not improved by keeping, replied:

"Ah, but only this morning I am in Paris, principally to find out you, of whom news to my father was of Monsieur Perrotin write. I come alone in my apartment of railway carriage; no one sitted on my bank, so I putted there my bag of night and go sleep, lying my long, making of him a pillow. I wake myself at the embarking of station and go in cab to the street Coq-héron at the excellent family Clovis. They give to me a famous breakfast. Then I prepare for your castle at Maisons where they tell me at Rouen that you lodge. But suddenly a cry come in the street, a shout of barricades and 'Vive la liberté!' I think then only of that. I seise a gun to Monsieur Clovis with all things for the shooting and run into the street. On the Boulevard I fire away several times, not knowing how many troops I kill, till here I am. Oh, what a joy to find you, my dear Walterre!"

Walter laughed heartily at this speech; more, perhaps, at the ideas suggested than at the phrases employed. He then rapidly related his own position, describing what brought him there.

"You must help me first, Jules, and Liberty afterwards—if you are really enlisted in her service. See there!" he suddenly shouted, "a carriage is coming this way! The horses are at full speed! Yes! yes! It is her coachman—I recognise the man! My God! the troops are approaching also! The fellows here are preparing to fire. They will be caught in the *mêlée* before we can reach them! Follow me, Jules!"

As he spoke, Walter seized a naked sabre which was lying at his feet, and reached the summit of the barricade at a bound. With equal activity Jules gained his side. A cheer instantly arose from the excited people, who saw in the act the assertion of the popular cause, though some amongst them, more used to *émeutes*, called to Walter and Jules to descend, or they would be shot. And, indeed, it seemed likely, for scarcely had the young adventurers shown themselves on the barricade before crack—crack—crack—went several of the rifles of the *tirailleurs* who were thrown out in front of the main body of the troops. Their balls went past harmlessly for Walter and Jules; one of them, however, took effect on the driver of the carriage, who fell from his seat sorely wounded, while the horses, left without control, began to plunge fearfully. Another moment and Lady Tunstall and Rachel, of whose pale faces Walter caught a glimpse, would have been overturned, but as quick as thought the daring boy leaped from the barricade, still calling on Jules to follow him, and dashing at the horses' heads, clung to the bridles with desperate strength and averted the impending danger.

"Drop your gun, Jules, and hold fast here," cried Walter, "while I see to the ladies!"

He was at the carriage door before he had done speaking, and Jules supplied his place.

"Lady Tunstall—Rachel, dear Rachel—never fear! We will get you out of this mess. Leave the carriage directly! There is time to escape before they fire again."

Scarcely—for now came dropping shots from distant windows—now rose the cry of "Vive la Liberté!" from behind the barricade—now nearer was heard the tramp of the soldiers, coming on *en masse* after the *tirailleurs* had been called in.

"Now, Jules, now!" again cried Walter; "leave the horses—help Rachel along while I take care of Lady Tunstall. This way, this way!"

Crash came a volley from the front rank of the troops, but before the muskets were levelled, Walter and Jules had forced back a door inadvertently left half-closed, had hurried their charges in, had shut the portal close, and Lady Tunstall and Rachel stood in safety. They both uttered one exclamation in common: not of joy for their own deliverance, but of apprehension for the poor wounded coachman.

"I will save him too," said Walter; and before a hand could be raised to arrest his progress he was again in the streets. He tore a handkerchief from his breast—it was Mary's—and waved it over his head. "Respect aux blessés!" he shouted, and the cry was obeyed: not a trigger was pulled on either side. Walter raised the wounded man, whose arm had been broken, and who lay stunned and helpless on the pavement. "How," he thought, "shall I lift him?" But looking up he found that Jules was again by his side, as well as the porter of the house into which they had forced their way. Between them the sufferer was carried in—not without loud exclamations of generous applause from all who witnessed the deed.

Hospitable hands soon removed their burden, and the poor fellow was left to surgical care, while Walter, who would not listen to a syllable of thanks, urged Lady Tunstall across the court-yard of the hotel. He had learnt, in one instant of hasty inquiry, that there was a door on the opposite side which opened into the Rue Richepanse. Once there, they were beyond the tumult and danger of the outbreak; but several streets still lay between them and the Rue de la Paix, and a considerable circuit had to be made before the party arrived at the Hôtel Mirabeau. They were met on the staircase by Sir James and his daughter. Mary rushed into her mother's arms, while Sir James eagerly inquired, "What the devil had been the matter?"

"You must ask Walter—Walter Cobham—my nephew!" gasped Lady Tunstall, sinking fainting into a chair.

CHAPTER LII.

A SUMMONS.

The revolution had taken its course, leaving France at the mercy of every impulse, and the continent of Europe trembling with every throe that convulsed its political centre. It was no time to prosecute journeys of pleasure or to linger amid scenes rife with disturbance, and all those in whose fortunes we have taken interest were once more upon English ground. But though the state of public affairs was cause enough for this change, domestic reasons had still more strongly operated. Scarcely had Edith arrived in Paris and pressed to her heart her newly-found child;—scarcely had the excitement subsided which Walter's story created—and none heard it with deeper sympathy than Edith's generous husband;—scarcely had the united families begun to consider what steps should be taken towards the establishment of Walter's claims, than a summons came from Scargill Hall that at once directed all their footsteps thither.

With the prescience which never deceives the sufferer, Mrs. Scrope wrote from her bed of sickness to Lady Tunstall.

"Agatha," she said, "I feel that my days are numbered: the world and I will soon have nothing in common; but before I leave the world I have atonement to make for heavy wrongs committed. Your last letter told me that you expected Edith from Italy. I pray to God that she is with you,—for—after Him—to her, most of all, is expiation due. I would, as far as in me lies, repair the evil I have done, and claim her forgiveness. Come, then, both of you, without delay!"

CHAPTER LIII.

THE CURTAIN DRAWN.

It is the season of spring, though spring-time has not yet gladdened the wolds and fells of the dreary north, and a greater number of inmates than Scargill Hall has known for years are now assembled there.

That the gathering is not one of festivity is seen in the anxious countenances of all who go noiselessly to and fro, or sit in silence as if expecting at every moment the confirmation of a general fear.

The physicians brought down from London have admitted the fact without reservation. Mrs. Scrope is dying!

Before we ask what passes in the chamber where she lies, with her nearest of blood around, let us listen to a conversation which is passing between three persons who are grouped in one corner of a broad stone terrace in front of the library windows. These persons are Sir Hercules Kilbryde, Monsieur Perrotin, and Detective Wormwood. The former is speaking.

"When things of this kind come to pass there is more in them, believe me, than mere coincidence! To think of the news of that man's death arriving at such a moment! Tell me, how was it?"

Mr. Wormwood replies:

"First and foremost, sir, before this last occurrence, I must just mention what happened up at Hendon. The same night as me and Mounseer rescued his lady, Rose Cottage was burnt to the ground. But that wasn't all. In searching of the ruins next day the bones of a female was discovered, which from their length—she was a very tall woman—couldn't be no other than those of Mrs. Yates. I suppose that after we left the house she stole back to lay her hands on what property there was, and while she was busy up-stairs a fire broke out, a spark from her candle falling most likely on some straw—there was plenty of it about the place, used for the patients' beds, no doubt—and the flames cut her off, for the neighbours that saw the blaze heard screams as well. At all events, she perished before help could reach her, for by the time the engines got up the roof fell in. The jury was satisfied with my evidence, and as soon as that business was over I set to work to find out what had become of Mr. Yates. In a day or two I learnt that a man answering his description had left a horse and gig at some livery stables in the Hay-market; then I heard of the same man at a French coffee-shop in Bear-street; and then he seemed to have disappeared from London altogether. Mounseer had told me enough to make it pretty certain which way he had gone, so I took a ticket at the Euston-square station and came down into these parts. The language here is not very satisfactory to a Londoner, but after hunting about the town of Barnard Castle I got to know that a person of the name of Wood—so he called himself—had been staying at a little inn near the bridge, and might have been staying there when I called but for some trouble he got into about a handsome girl, the landlord's daughter, he wanting to make free with her against her will. That made him shift his quarters, and where he went to next nobody could say, except that he came to the Hall here one day, wanting to see Mrs. Scrope, but the servants denied her on account of her illness. It seems, however, that he had been living about, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, and at last he turns up in the place of all others where I should least have thought of looking for him."

"And where was that?" asks Sir Hercules.

"In the River Tees. Drownded! His body, caught in an eddy below a waterfall called the High Force, had been swept into a pool beneath a high bank and lay there floating, swelled to twice its proper size. It was discovered by a young man named Walker. A pocket-book was found upon him, with this letter in it, addressed, as you see, to the young lady, Sir James Tunstall's daughter."

"Ah!" exclaimed Monsieur Perrotin, "that is the letter which Walter tell me nevare was deliver."

"Very likely. He was a gent as I shouldn't have asked to have posted *my* letters! Then there was this newspaper in another of his pockets. Being in French, I haven't took the liberty of reading of it; but you can, Mounseer. And as French newspapers is not common in this country, I shouldn't wonder if it contained some news that interested Mr. Yates. He had some friends, I believe, over the water."

The paper is still wet, and will hardly bear opening. But it is not necessary to spread it out, for on the first page of "Le Blagueur Normand" (edited at Rouen by our esteemed friend Cerminbœuf) is an account of a trial before the Court of Assize of the Department of the Lower Seine, in which the name of Auguste Mercier appears conspicuously. Monsieur Perrotin hastily runs over the report: Chief witnesses, Jules Vermeil and Jean Couspied; "Guilty, with extenuating circumstances;" sentence, "the galleys for life!"

Sir Hercules, who is quite up in the case, communicates the necessary facts to Mr. Wormwood, who ventures once more to consider the circumstance as "a remarkable coincidence,"—and at this point in the conversation Mr. Dalton appears at the library window and beckons to Sir Hercules and Monsieur Perrotin to enter.

It is all over! Mrs. Scrope is dead!

How?

With a long-absent smile on her lips, and enclosing within her own shrunken fingers the clasped hands of Walter Cobham and Mary Tunstall.

Let Mr. Dalton describe the scene.

"Worn out with pain and sinking fast, but her mind as clear as ever, she bade us all draw closer. On one side were Lord and Lady Deepdale, with Walter between them; on the other, Lady Tunstall, her daughter, and Sir James; at the foot of the bed, half hidden by a curtain, stood your wife, Monsieur Perrotin, and near her myself. In a low but distinct voice Mrs. Scrope then spoke:

"'Mine,' she said, 'has been a mistaken ambition. To accomplish it I have striven long—and uselessly: the common end of ambition! My failure was my punishment; a slight one compared to that which awaited me had my projects been successful. How thankful am I now that they failed! How thankful that the moment for repentance was granted! Your mother's earliest friend, Edith,'—I was the person whom she so designated,—'will tell you hereafter how a better spirit was awakened within me, and how I came to know that there was yet time to remedy evils which I thought were long past cure. That look, Edith, would repeat the words your lips have already uttered. But no! The life-long misery you have borne was far too heavy a retaliation for the concealment of which you accuse yourself. Had my nature been less severe that fault had not been committed. And you, poor boy, who had done me no wrong whatever! Come near me, child, nearer still, and if I am worthy to give it, take my blessing. It was decreed that you should love your cousin. Come near, too, Mary! Give me your hand. You are both children still,—but my prayer—there is no need'—and here she smiled—'to make it an injunction,—my prayer is that one day you may be united. Dry your tears, good Rachel, and remember that you also have granted me forgiveness. Thanks, Deepdale, for all your kindness—for the last time thanks, Henry Dalton! Agatha, kiss me! Kiss me, Edith. Now——'

"These were her last words."

* * * * *

Sir Hercules and Monsieur Perrotin each grasped a hand of Mr. Dalton, and slowly returned to the terrace.

"After all, you see," said Sir Hercules, "that boy's courage carried him safely to his object."

"He put me in mind, Sir Kilbryde," returned the Teacher of Languages, offering a pinch of snuff—"he put me in mind of a famous man we have once in France. His name was Jacques Cœur, and he take for his motto, 'A vaillans cœurs rien impossible!'"

"Of which," said Sir Hercules, smiling, "I'll give you a free translation:

"'FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY!'"

UP AMONG THE PANDIES:

OR, THE PERSONAL ADVENTURES AND EXPERIENCES OF A FERINGHEE, BEING SKETCHES IN INDIA, TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

PART III.

RANEEGUNGE (about one hundred and twenty miles distant from Calcutta) is the farthest point to which the East Indian Railway is, at present, carried in Bengal Proper—the point at which one of the rays from the magic lantern of science, now so fast dispersing the darkness of the East, ceases, and is, as it were, lost in the surrounding night; it is the point where the traveller, proceeding up country, must part with that staunch and unrivalled ally of civilisation—steam—and gently lead his far-stretching imagination backward some half a century; it is the point at which the reinforcements of men, ever flowing towards the scene of action, are collected before commencing their long and tedious march, or committing their martial forms to the tender mercies of the dâk-carriages provided for their conveyance; and, more important still, it is the place where we, and such as we, first stretch our limbs upon the rack of the great East Indian torture, yclept bullock-train! Here, too, does one first become acquainted with the admirable working and perfect arrangements of that department which, in India, soars high above surrounding chaos, and which, arduous and prolonged as have been its duties, and extensive its operations, has on no occasion, I believe, been found wanting or incapable—I mean, of course, the commissariat, to which, I am sure, no officer or person acquainted with its performances will refuse that meed of praise which it so richly deserves.

Huts built of bamboos, flattened out and plaited, are provided for the accommodation of the troops who may have to tarry here *en route*, and to these somewhat frail and airy residences, which are about two miles from the railway station, were we directed to proceed, our path thither lying through scenery more thoroughly Indian and characteristic, more innocent of bungalows and civilised houses, than any I had yet beheld; and the Oriental beauty of the landscape received additional effect, and was enhanced tenfold by large quantities of elephants, some of whom were tranquilly enjoying a bathe in certain shady pools, while others were lazily strolling towards the encampment, where large numbers of their huge companions were picketed, jingling the strong iron chains which fastened them to posts as they consumed the ample piles of branches, and sugar-cane, and long grass placed before them by their respective *mahouts*, flapping their immense ears, or occasionally taking the bough of a tree in their trunks wherewith to drive away the flies and other buzzing insects which irritated and disturbed them, or throwing dust and sand over their enormous black bodies, or between their uncouth legs, with a similar object; and what with the voluptuous repose of the charming evening, the mellowed light of the sinking sun, the tall palms casting their long, fantastic shadows over straggling but picturesque mud villages, and athwart tangled brakes wherein lurked half dried-up muddy ponds, the sensation of relief as the heat of the day gave place to the cool, light evening air, which played softly among the tropical foliage, and swayed gently to and fro the tall yellow grass composing the wild patches of jungle, which were dotted over the country with a beautiful irregularity, the quiet pervading the whole scene, the low hum of insects, and the novel and striking pictures by which the lover of nature must have been captivated on every hand,—all these combined could scarcely have failed to gladden one's heart, and to leave a lasting and grateful impression on one's mind. On arriving, however, upon the plateau where stand the bamboo-hut barracks, the landscape loses all this beauty, and savours once more of the sterile and the bleak. Nor does the town of Raneegunge itself impress one with any very great amount of admiration, composed as it is of a few rickety wooden huts, in which are exposed for sale, *à la* Kadikoi (of Crimean celebrity), the miscellaneous goods which merchants have been enterprising enough to bring up here, and the prices of which may be briefly stated as *à la* Kadikoi also.

And now, kind reader, I think it not only charitable, but necessary, before enticing you into a bullock-waggon, to explain in a few words the nature of this mode of travelling, and the vehicle employed, in order that you may be, in some sort, prepared for the amount of suffering to which you will be subjected if you think fit to accompany me, or for the harrowing details which it will be my painful duty to lay before you.

A bullock-waggon, then, is a very strong wooden cart, on two wheels, without the faintest attempt at springs, and with a fragile roof made of thin staves of wood, covered with painted canvas, the curtains of which may be let down or rolled up at will; the body of the cart is about seven feet by five, and with sides about one foot and a half high, the whole of this primitive conveyance being drawn by two bullocks, and driven by a native, and travelling at the brisk average pace of from two to two miles and a half per hour! Into each cart six soldiers, with their goods and chattels, are deposited, two out of this six being constantly "on guard," and marching alongside the train, for the double purpose of affording protection in case of an attack, and of creating a mathematical possibility—very far removed, though, from a practical probability—of the remaining four occupants of the cart lying *comfortably* down in the same. Each bullock-train consists of large numbers of these carriages, from twenty-five to forty generally, following in succession, one behind the other, travelling during the night, and halting during the heat of the day at appointed stations, which one ordinarily arrives at about eight A.M. or nine A.M., and leaving again about three o'clock in the afternoon, changing bullocks every eight or nine miles, and by this means accomplishing a distance varying from thirty to thirty-six miles per diem.

These appointed stations for rest are each under the charge of a military officer, whose duty it is to see that breakfast is provided for the troops on their arrival, to furnish them with dinner, and generally to superintend the issue of all supplies, and to supervise the accommodation of the parties of men passing through. Temporary sheds have been erected for the men at these halting-places, while there is generally a "*dâk-bungalow*" (post-house) for the accommodation of the officers; and I feel assured that any one who has travelled by bullock-train will testify to the excellent character of the arrangements, the superior quality of the rations which are served out, the thoughtful preparations for the troops' reception, and the careful attention paid to their comfort and well-being during their temporary sojourn at these truly "green spots" in the desert. This, then, is the manner of travelling by bullock-train. Well, so much for the theory—would you apply it to practice? Kindly picture to yourself, then, a train of some thirty of these carts, drawn up in line at Raneegunge, awaiting the arrival of the gallant body of men whom they are about to convey to "death or glory," with a funereal sluggishness of pace which, though unsuited to so stirring an occasion, had nevertheless a somewhat ominous and prophetic character; the knapsacks and baggage are already placed in the carts; the bullocks are wriggling their necks in the thraldom of the yoke, after the manner of a young "swell" whose deportment is affected by a too tight shirt-collar: all is prepared. Turn, then, thy admiring eyes, oh! spectator, and observe us stepping proudly towards our carts, our eyes wildly flashing, our hearts beating high as pardonable emotions and thoughts of "deeds of high emprise," swelling exultingly within us, test rather severely the strength of the buttons which fasten our tight regimentals, and the nature of the sewing in the seams of our martial, short-tailed tunics; observe us with light elastic step approach the line of vehicles; observe, if you will, a slight hanging back, a temporary hesitation, when the time comes, for effecting a lodgment on the vehicles in question, but prithee attribute it not to moral, but to physical causes, such as the absence of steps—the inaccessible nature of the carts, and their other unprecedented peculiarities of construction—to which alone it is ascribable: observe us, at last, after some difficulty and shin-barking, stowed away, "bag and baggage," the party on guard (consisting, as I have before intimated, of a third of our whole number) distributed with an eye to defensive operations, if necessary, and the word being given, behold! we are off.

We proceeded without interruption for at least fifty yards, when several bullocks began to show strong symptoms of mutiny, and one pair in particular, contriving to unyoke themselves, frisked pleasantly away across country, to the immense disgust of the driver, who pursued them, muttering what I conclude was *not* a blessing—though, as it was uttered in Hindostanee, it is impossible for me to say with certainty—and equally to the astonishment of the occupants of the cart, who, in consequence of the sudden withdrawal of the two animals supporting its pole, and its emulating the example of a seesaw, on the capsize of one of the two balancing powers disporting themselves thereon, found they were very much "down by the head," or, as they graphically expressed it, "all of a slope." At last the bullocks were led back captive, and being yoked in, once more unwillingly trudged on; but, alas! the revolt had become general, and from this time forth continued to break out at intervals. Now it was a pair of hitherto loyal bullocks proclaiming their independence by galloping, cart and all, furiously down a steep hill; now it was a pair of these charming animals refusing to go up one, and with more of disaffection than fatigue in their deportment, quietly lying down, and dropping off to sleep upon the spot, regardless of an avalanche of blows and abuse; here it was a cart proceeding at an accelerated pace towards a precipice, that Quintus Curtius himself would have looked at pretty attentively before he leaped thereinto, and causing your skin to creep at the prospect of its impending and apparently inevitable fate; there it was a pair of bullocks in a perfect paroxysm of stubborn insubordination, undergoing with much philosophy and indifference the operation of having their tails twisted nearly out of their sockets by an infuriated "nigger" as an incentive to locomotion; and I never shall forget the sinking, sickening feeling which came over me when "hope deferred" *sine die* began to ripen into an awful conviction of the horrible fact, that this sort of misery, this battling with bullocks, these heart-rending delays and stoppages, must be borne to the "end of the chapter."

Woefully level is the country, except about Nymeah-Ghât, which one reaches on the second day after leaving Raneegunge, and where a high hill—one of a large range—called Parrasnaut, breaks pleasantly the monotony of the scenery; and the beautiful Raj-Mahal Hills, through which the road winds between Chouparan and Sherghotty, where the grandeur and wildness of the scenery is all the more striking from the pervading flatness of the country, through which we had been passing. These hills are almost the most celebrated place in India for tigers, and Sherghotty, lying at the foot of the range, takes its name from this circumstance. While at this town, I was shown a low hovel, not fifty yards from the dâk-bungalow, into which a tiger had made his way only two or three nights previously, killing a native, seriously wounding two others, and a woman.

Oh! how interminable seems this long, long road, so hard and level, so dusty, and with so little change day after day, winding along (with the two exceptions I have mentioned) over the most boundless of plains; sometimes through shady avenues of mango-trees, or past Hindoo temples and mosques, and cool-looking tanks; sometimes through quiet villages, the inhabitants whereof are taking a sort of farewell bask in the setting sun, and naked children—oh! so shiny and highly polished!—are disporting themselves, and Hindoo mothers are talking, probably scandal, or suckling their pot-bellied offspring; sometimes past well-cultivated tracts with sugar-cane, tobacco, and corn and rice growing up in rich profusion on either side; sometimes over hard, sterile moors, dreary and lone to view, and only wanting a creaking gibbet, and a few bodies swinging in rusty chains, with the wind to howl a dirge, as it seems to be doing even now, in anticipation, to render them the most awful and unbearable of solitudes; sometimes there passes you a swarthy company of merchants, with a string of camels, laden with fruit, travelling from Cabul to Calcutta (some *1700 miles*), whence they will return with Manchester goods in exchange for their delicious filbert-shaped grapes, fine walnuts, and pomegranates, which they are now bearing southward; sometimes we are journeying past artistical groups of "darkies" gathered round one of the numerous roadside wells, the bright brass pots, or *lotas*, wherewith they are drawing water (and which, together with a bit of cord for the purpose, every native in India carries as surely as he carries his head), glittering in the sun, and the white dresses of the Hindoo women, fluttering against the dark green of the surrounding trees, their shapely brown arms naked to the shoulder, and covered with bright brass rings and ornaments from elbow to wrist, and their anklets ringing out a light tinkle as they walk gracefully along; sometimes past tanks wherein men are washing their dusky bodies, or alongside which, their ablutions being finished, they are seated and busily administering a polish to the dusky bodies in question, by means of oil and lubrication; a train of empty bullock-carts returning after having deposited their load, and looking rather the worse for wear, pass by you; sometimes a horse-dâk, galloping down country, bearing a couple of officers, also rather the worse for wear, if one may judge from the pale, worn faces, and the leg or arm swathed in bandages and splints;

you ask them as they pass, "What news from the front?" There is none—a few skirmishes, preparations for the advance on Lucknow actively going on—but they are not *au courant* with passing events. These wounded officers, for weary weeks they have lain in the hospital at Cawnpore, listless of all save the one thought which engrosses them, the thought of home—whither they are even now *en route*, and where they will be seen limping painfully about ere many months are over, and —Lord bless you!—how proud their mothers and sisters will be of them, and what heroes they will think them! So it is, "Good-by!" "A pleasant voyage to you!" and away dashes the horse-dâk with sounding horn, and dust and clatter, while you crawl slowly on in your jolting cart. Now the road passes along a steep embankment, with dark-looking precipices on either side—now it passes over wide rivers, which are, however, dry and low in this winter season—now across rugged, yawning water-courses, which during the rains must be very sluices, but which at present are decidedly droughty—and now, one fine moonlight night, do we arrive at the river Soane, which in the wet season is nearly three miles broad, but is now strangely reduced in breadth, and split up into an infinity of rivulets and streams, and a vast extent of white, dry, sandy bed, which shines in the moonlight as we pass over the causeway, and the rippling waters twinkle in the same as they flow with a silent rapidity and sort of muffled splash beneath the "wattle and dab" bridges which span them, and which we cross, as wending our way towards the old fort which guards the further bank, and in which sixty big-whiskered Sikhs keep watch and ward.

By no means destitute of incident has been our journey thus far—incidents of the nature of the upsets of carts down steep banks, and the consequent discomfort, not to say injury, of the burly warriors inside—incidents of the nature of "strikes" and stubbornness on the part of bullocks, and in one or two instances their sudden decease (caused by excess of obstinacy, I imagine) in the middle of the road, and the substitution, temporarily, of human draught. I remember one bullock—but, as an Irishman would say, he was a buffalo—whose obstinacy could only be overcome by lighting a small fire of dry sticks under a fleshy part of his thigh (a plan for which I think we are indebted to "Galton's Art of Travel") as he lay recumbent and inexorable, a sort of living heraldic device of contumacy *couchant*, and when he was almost sufficiently cooked for dishing up he rose gracefully—no hurry about it, mind you—and continued his journey serene, composed, and happy; frolicksomeness and love of liberty, too, have been apparent on the part of these animals, which not unfrequently have promoted them to shake their muscular necks free from the yoke which held them; incidental quarrels with one's cart-companion on the subject of room, and having your proper share of the cart, which, when one wants to go to sleep, is, to say the least, desirable, and skirmishes in behalf of the same; incidental grumblings on your part when, on his waking in the night, he insists upon making a thoroughfare of your prostrate body, and then, when desiring to strike a light, being seized with an unconquerable conviction that your foot is the match-box, and on this plea refusing to let go of it; minor incidents connected with your *soi-disant* hard-boiled eggs proving soft, and consequently ill-adapted for consumption in a jolting cart, and calculated to cover you with yolk and confusion. These and various other incidents, too numerous or too trivial to mention, beguiled us by the way, and diverted our minds more or less during our tedious journey.

The day after we crossed the Soane (eight days after leaving Calcutta) we arrived at Sasseram, and here we first came, as it were, within the area of visible destruction committed during the rebellion. Here we first saw desolation, and ruined houses, and a burned village, and blackened trees, and the charred remnants of carriages and other property; the very dâk-bungalow in which we rested had but lately been reroofed and restored; here it was that evidences, palpable and hideous, of the performances *of the* mutineers—big type editions, which "they who run may read," *telling* of the misdeeds of Messrs. John Pandy and Co., when that house failed in its allegiance to its too-confiding creditors, and became bankrupts as to good faith, charity, and pity—first came under my notice; and though from that time to this present at which I sit inditing I have constantly and incessantly been surrounded by such signs and scenes, have never been where dilapidations and ruins are not, or where the shells of burned houses and the remains of demolished churches might not be seen for the looking, yet I think this first sight of objects which seemed to paint for me a mind-picture of the reality of the mutiny more vividly than anything I had seen, or heard, or read before, impressed me more deeply than any of the more extensive dilapidations of Allahabad or Cawnpore, the desolated districts of Oude, or even than the shot-riddled Residency and buildings of Lucknow.

The second morning after leaving Sasseram we arrived at Ganges, and before us lay the celebrated city of Benares, looking bright and pretty in the light of breaking day, with the holy river in the foreground spanned by a rickety bridge of boats, and with a few long, snake-like river steamers and clumsy country craft lying lazily upon its muddy waters; while hosts of temples, painted and bedizened and quaintly carved, reared here and there their many-pointed pinnacles, and a few tall, delicate minarets, carrying one back to sunny days spent at Constantinople, and to pleasant rambles on the shores of the beautiful Bosphorus—of large white stone buildings—of small brown mud ones, the latter in the majority—of waving fan-palms and dark groups of mango-trees—of fakirs, and coolies, and baboos, and merchants, and other natives who throng the crowded streets—of monkeys who climbed the trees, and chattered on the roofs of houses—of bullocks and creaking carts—of elephants, of camels, and of all sorts of other sights, some novel, some picturesque, many ridiculous, a few sublime, but all slightly dirty and bedusted, as the glories of the East are wont to be, made up the *coup d'œil* presented by Benares; and when we had crossed the rickety bridge, a feat whereby our lives were apparently placed in much jeopardy—had threaded our way through the narrow streets—had wondered at the rude grotesque paintings on the walls and over the doors of houses, of curious objects of idolatry or mythology, possessed of the bodies of men, the heads of elephants, and some dozen arms and half a hundred hands sticking out like the spokes of a wheel, and distributing the *largesse* of their godlike beneficence—had passed innumerable Brahmins with faces smeared with streaks of paint, which to the initiated in such matters spoke volumes on the subject of their caste, but to our pagan minds suggested merely recollections of the "Last of the Mohicans," and war paint, and other barbarous ideas—had been deafened by the clatter of voices—had been jolted into a conviction that by no means sufficient attention was paid to the paving of the streets—had been cheered by the sight of English faces and English uniforms leaning over the parapet of a fort—had admired the carved fountains, the shady tanks by the side of fine temples, and the numerous bungalows with their well-wooded compounds, which are dotted along the road after leaving the native town—and had at last drawn up in front of the Mint, a beautiful building, now appropriated to the use of the troops passing through—when we had accomplished all this, we had seen as much of Benares as, for the time being, I felt up to, though not nearly as much as there is to see, or as I hope to see, in rambles some future day among its streets, sacred to every Hindoo superstition and tradition, and as old—if one may believe the Brahmins—ay, and older than the proverbial hills, or even than Time itself. Independently of its sacred character, which has long rendered it a place of much interest, this town was the scene of stirring events at the time of the outbreak. It was here that General Neil first earned his character for firmness and contempt for danger—a character his title to which he improved and strengthened on every subsequent occasion, up to that fatal evening when, fighting his perilous way through the bloody lanes of Lucknow, a bullet cut short his glorious career; and this at a time when England's supremacy in Benares was waning fast, and with it our feeble grasp of one of the few places remaining to us in this portion of the country, and when a moment's hesitation or indecision would have sacrificed all.

It is an exciting tale that one which tells of the disarming of the Sepoys at this place by a handful of English soldiers, who were received on their approach with a volley of rebel musketry, the first angry shots, perhaps, which had rung through these old sacred streets, and startled the dull ears of the sleek, fat, holy Brahmin bulls which dwelt therein for many a century. It is feverish work listening to how the balance in which their fate and almost that of our empire in the East hung, wavered, and fluctuated irresolutely from side to side. It is glorious at last to hear how Neil, rushing forward, pistolling or cutting down a traitor who was pointing his musket at his breast, set thereby an example which was so nobly followed, that the scales wavered no more, or trembled, but turned at once, and thus Benares was saved. I shall leave the reader who may be interested on the subject to find out from other sources the details and particulars of these stirring times, and to read the accounts abler pens than this have written of the deeds of the gallant Neil, and his performances at Benares and elsewhere. At the time I passed through it the tragedy of Retribution was being daily enacted in an open space, where, day after day, crowds collected to behold their traitor countrymen launched into eternity, and to see the arms, legs, and bodies of the murderers of women and children blown mangled and shapeless from the smoking muzzle of the avenging gun. Even the day before we arrived ten Sepoys had expiated their crimes on the gallows, and an officer of Royal Artillery quartered at this place had little occupation besides the occasional blowing away of those who had been condemned to this nature of death. A few hours' stay at Benares was all that we enjoyed, for that same afternoon saw us again on the road, while a couple of days brought us to the junction of the Ganges and Jumna, where are situated the town and fort of Allahabad, and where we halted for a few days, thus obtaining a temporary respite from the discomforts of the bullock-train.

V. D. M.

New-Book Notes by Monkshood.

PRESCOTT'S HISTORY OF PHILIP THE SECOND.*

In the present volume of Mr. Prescott's attractive history, Philip himself is not often seen upon the stage. It is only in the two concluding chapters that we catch more than a glimpse of his majesty, the previous eleven being occupied by the narrative of the Rebellion of the Moriscoes, and War with the Turks. With his usual completeness of arrangement, the historian makes his reader conversant with the chequered past of the Moors in Spain, before he details the exciting story of their fatal present. He takes us back to the beginning of the eighth century, when the Arabs, on warlike thoughts intent, as inspired thereto by the prophet of their aggressive faith, having traversed the southern shores of the Mediterranean, now reached the borders of those straits which separate Africa from Europe. Here we see them pausing for a moment, before carrying their banners into a strange and unknown quarter of the globe, and then descending, with accumulated strength, on the sunny fields of Andalusia, there to meet the whole Gothic array on the banks of the Guadalete, and, after that fatal battle in which King Roderick fell with the flower of his nobility, spreading themselves, like an army of locusts, over every part of the Peninsula. "Three years sufficed for the conquest of the country,—except that small corner in the north, where a remnant of the Goths contrived to maintain a savage independence, and where the rudeness of the soil held out to the Saracens no temptation to follow them.

"It was much the same story that was repeated, more than three centuries later, by the Norman conqueror in England. The battle of Hastings was to that kingdom what the battle of the Guadalete was to Spain; though the Norman barons, as they rode over the prostrate land, dictated terms to the vanquished of a sterner character than those granted by the Saracens."

We may here remark, in passing, that Mr. Prescott has a pleasant habit of thus illustrating his recital by allusions to historical parallels, or, as the case may happen, historical contrasts. A little further on, for example, he describes the intercourse between these Moslem conquerors and the subject natives in Spain, as having been "certainly far greater than that between our New England ancestors and the Indian race which they found in possession of the soil,—that ill-fated race," as he too truly calls it, which seems to have shrunk from the touch of civilisation, and to have passed away before it like the leaves of the forest before the breath of winter. On the other hand, he supposes the union in question to have been not so intimate as that which existed between the old Spaniards and the semi-civilised tribes that occupied the plateau of Mexico, whose descendants, he adds, are at this day to be seen there, filling the highest places, both social and political, and whose especial boast it is to have sprung from the countrymen of Montezuma. In a similar way he speaks of the war carried on by Ferdinand and Isabella against the Moors of Granada, as one "which rivalled that of Troy in its duration, and surpassed it in the romantic character of its incidents;"—and of the *chronic* war, so to speak, maintained age after age by Christian against infidel—generation after generation passing their lives in one long, uninterrupted crusade—as having something of the "same effect on the character of the nation that the wars for the recovery of Palestine had on the Crusaders of the Middle Ages"—namely, that every man learned to regard himself as in an especial manner the soldier of Heaven—for ever fighting the great battle of the Faith. So again the fall of the favourite, Cardinal Espinosa, is called "an event as signal and unexpected by the world, and as tragical to the subject of it, as the fall of Wolsey." And the massacre in the prison of the Chancery of Granada "nowhere finds a more fitting parallel than in the murders perpetrated on a still larger scale, during the French Revolution, in the famous massacres of September"—with this difference, that whereas the Parisian miscreants were the tools of a sanguinary faction, that was regarded with horror by every friend of humanity in the country—in Granada, on the contrary, it was the government itself, or at least those of highest authority in it, who were responsible for the deed.*

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* History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain. By William H. Prescott. Vol. III. London: Routledge and Co. 1859.

Of course the historian's sympathies are with the Moriscoes in the systematic oppression that crushed them in the latter days. Upon the impolicy as well as the injustice of that oppression he descants with glowing emphasis. He traces the degrees by which the Spaniards became more and more arrogant, in proportion as the Arabs, shorn of their ancient opulence and power, descended in the scale; and shows how the latent fire of intolerance was fanned into a blaze by the breath of the fanatical clergy, who naturally possessed unbounded influence in a country where religious considerations entered so largely into the motives of action—while, to crown the whole, the date of the fall of Granada (1492) coincided with that of the establishment of the Inquisition, "as if the hideous monster had waited the time when an inexhaustible supply of victims might be afforded for its insatiable maw." Ximenes set most Christian Spain an example in the art of conversion. Proselytism made easy was the apparent fruit of his endeavours. Turn Christian, or turn out—of house, home, country: choose ye. The Moors chose the former alternative—that horn of the dilemma appearing to them the less of two evils, for there are such things as conversions not even skin-deep, the Ethiopian being, in fact, incapable of changing his skin, and the leopard his spots—on compulsion. Charles the Fifth had not been ten years upon the throne, when the entire Moorish population were "brought within the pale of

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* Possibly Mr. Prescott's wholesome appetite for allusion leads him occasionally to become far-fetching in his fare. For example, in his description of the allied fleet making for the gulf of Lepanto, and, as it swept down the Ionian Sea, passing many a spot famous in ancient story, none of these, he suggests, would be so likely to excite an interest at this time as Actium, "on whose waters was fought the greatest naval battle of antiquity. But the mariner, probably," it is added—and the probably is a most safe conjecture—"gave little thought to the past, as he dwelt on the conflict that awaited him at Lepanto." The mariner, honest man, had, in vulgar parlance, other fish to fry, that foggy morning, than any that were kept in (Ionian) hot water by the Roman tragedy of All for Love, or the World Well Lost, some fifteen hundred years before.

Christianity," and were henceforth to be called Moriscoes, old things (it was hoped) having passed away, and all things become new. But all things are not apt to become new, and remain so, even in cases the most miraculous of wholesale conversions. Morisco is but Moor corrupt. Call him what you will, after baptism, it is still the article of his faith that there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet; and he thinks it best, as a ward of the Inquisition, and mere stepson of Christendom, to put his trust in that one God, and keep his powder dry. He will want it soon, and plenty of it.

When Philip succeeded to the throne, the larger part of the Moorish population was spread over the mountain range of the Alpujarras, where, in scattered hamlets, they kept alive as best they could the traditions of their fathers, and that spirit of independence without some remnant of which life was not worth the living. For a year or two the king had too engrossing a call from foreign affairs to allow of his devoting much attention to Morisco rats, and mice, and such small deer of the sierras in the south. By-and-by, however, ordinances were published which tended to discourage and irritate the alien race. These "impolitic edicts" were but precursors of a revolutionary measure—a grand inquisitor's masterpiece—which forbade the use of Arabic, the continuance of family names, of Oriental costume, of feminine veils in public, of private religious ceremonies, of national songs and dances at home festivities, and of the warm baths which every cleanly Morisco accounted a necessary, not mere luxury, of every-day life. Stern penalties were attached to the non-observance of this index prohibitorum. Imprisonment and exile were to overtake the transgressor of a law which, says Mr. Prescott, "for cruelty and absurdity, has scarcely a parallel in history." For it would be difficult, as he observes, to imagine any greater outrage offered to a people than the provision compelling women to lay aside their veils—associated as these were in every Eastern mind with the obligation of modesty; or that in regard to opening the doors of the houses, and exposing those within to the insolent gaze of every passer; or that in relation to the baths—so indispensable to cleanliness and comfort, especially in the warm climate of the South.

"But the masterpiece of absurdity, undoubtedly, is the stipulation in regard to the Arabic language, as if by any human art a whole population, in the space of three years [at the end of which period this provision was to be enforced], could be made to substitute a foreign tongue for its own; and that, too, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, partly arising from the total want of affinity between the Semitic and the European languages, and partly from the insulated position of the Moriscoes, who, in the cities, had separate quarters assigned to them, in the same manner as the Jews, which cut them off from intimate intercourse with the Christians." Indeed, with Mr. Prescott we may well doubt, from the character of this provision, whether the government had so much at heart the conversion of the Moslem, as the desire to entangle them in such violations of the law as should afford a plausible pretext for driving them from the country altogether;—which "shrewd suspicion" is confirmed by the significant reply of Otadin, professor of theology at Alcalá, who, when consulted by Philip on the expediency of the edict, gave his hearty approbation of it, by quoting the appalling Spanish proverb, "The fewer enemies the better." It was reserved for the imbecile Philip the Third to crown the disasters of his reign by the expulsion of the Moriscoes. Yet no one can doubt that it was a consummation earnestly desired by the great body of the Spaniards, who looked with longing eyes to the fair territory which they possessed, and who regarded them with the feelings of distrust and aversion with which men regard those on whom they have inflicted injuries too great to be forgiven.* "With these evil passions rankling in their bosoms, the Spaniards were gradually prepared for the consummation of their long train of persecutions by that last act, reserved for the reign of the imbecile Philip the Third,—the expulsion of the Moriscoes from the Peninsula,—an act which deprived Spain of the most industrious and ingenious portion of her population, and which must be regarded as one of the principal causes of the subsequent decline of the monarchy."†

It is a relief—in the true sense of relief by contrast—to meet here and there with some public man to whom this intolerant policy of the Inquisition school was objectionable, whether as misdoing or mistake. Some few from policy or higher principle were opposed to the ordinances. Even Alva found fault with them, as likely to do the state disservice. Don Juan Henriquez, a grandee whose large estates were in the heart of Granada, deserves honourable mention as one who "felt a strong sympathy for the unfortunate natives," and undertook to lay their remonstrance before the throne. Him Philip referred to the worst enemy of the Moriscoes, Espinosa, whose ungracious answer, disheartening as it was, did not deter the mediator from pleading in other quarters, and pushing the cause of his clients wherever an opening could be made.

Ruy Gomez, again, the time-tried favourite of the king, though discreditably compliant with his master's humours, and keenly alive to his own interests, "was humane and liberal in his temper, and inclined to peace." His influence is therefore described as having been good on the whole—persons of a generous nature ranging themselves under him as their leader. But the most eminent of the tolerant statesmen of the day was Mendoza, Marquis of Mondejar, captain-general of the forces, who was decidedly opposed to the obnoxious ordinance, more perhaps from motives of expediency than from any better impulse, yet with a strength of conviction which emboldened him to protest with the best member that he had. But Espinosa was too strong for Mendoza; the grand inquisitor would have, and had, the last word against the commander-in-chief, and put an end to all controversy by bidding him go about his business—which business (a black one) was, to carry out his majesty's ordinance, and to put down (what inevitably ensued) a Morisco rebellion.

In the opposite scale—too heavy to be counterbalanced by any number of mild remonstrants—were an inexorable Espinosa; his subservient *attaché*, Deza, afterwards cardinal, whose "plausible manners covered an inflexible will;" Guerrero, the meddlesome, bigoted archbishop of Granada; the Marquis of Los Velez, who was all for fire and slaughter; and, it must be added, Don John of Austria himself, whose dealings with the rebels were ruthless and relentless as the very grandest of grand inquisitors, or the most catholic of catholic kings, could reasonably desire.

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* Prescott, III. p. 24.

† Ibid. 241.

That the infidel insurgents should, in the course of their hard struggle, be guilty of foul deeds, cruel and revolting to the last degree, is more deplorable than surprising. At Guecija there was a convent of Augustine monks, whom the Moriscoes murdered by throwing them into caldrons of boiling oil—the olives being abundant in that neighbourhood. There are episodes that read like excerpts from the Book of Maccabees. "Sometimes the death of the victim was attended with circumstances of diabolical cruelty not surpassed by anything recorded of our North American savages. At a place called Pitres de Ferreyra, the priest of the village was raised by means of a pulley to a beam that projected from the tower, and was then allowed to drop from a great height upon the ground. The act was repeated more than once in the presence of his aged mother, who, in an agony of grief, embracing her dying son, besought him 'to trust in God and the blessed Virgin, who through these torments would bring him into eternal life.' The mangled carcass of the poor victim, broken and dislocated in every limb, was then turned over to the Moorish women, who, with their scissors, bodkins, and other feminine implements, speedily despatched him.

"The women, indeed, throughout this persecution, seemed to have had as rabid a thirst for vengeance as the men. Even the children were encouraged to play their part in the bloody drama; and many a miserable captive was set up as a target to be shot at with the arrows of the Moorish boys.—The rage of the barbarians was especially directed against the priests, who had so often poured forth anathemas against the religion which the Moslems loved, and who, as their spiritual directors, had so often called them to account for offences against the religion which they abhorred. At Coadba the priest was stretched out before a brazier of live coals until his feet, which had been smeared with pitch and oil, were burned to a cinder. His two sisters were compelled to witness the agonies of their brother, which were still further heightened by the brutal treatment which he saw them endure from their tormentors.

"Fire was employed as a common mode of torture, by way of retaliation, it may be, for similar sufferings inflicted on the infidel by the Inquisition. Sometimes the punishment seemed to be contrived so as to form a fiendish parody on the exercises of the Roman Catholic religion. In the town of Filix the pastor was made to take his seat before the altar, with his two sacristans, one on either side of him. The bell was rung, as if to call the people together to worship. The sacristans were provided with a roll containing the names of the congregation, which they were required to call over, as usual, before the services, in order to see that no one was absent. As each Morisco answered to his name, he passed before the priest, and dealt him a blow with his fist, or the women plucked his beard and hair, accompanying the act with some bitter taunt, expressive of their mortal hate. When every one had thus had the opportunity of gratifying his personal grudge against his ancient pastor, the executioner stepped forward, armed with a razor, with which he scored the face of the ecclesiastic in the detested form of the cross, and then, beginning with the fingers, deliberately proceeded to sever each of the joints of his wretched victim!"

These be thy converts, O Ximenes! These thy first-fruits, O Inquisition! It would seem that if the devil left the Moor when he became a Morisco, it was only to come again and take unto himself seven other devils, more wicked than himself, and so make the last state of that man worse than the first.

It is said that three thousand Christians, of the Alpujarras, perished in these massacres in the course of a single week. Neither women (especially those who having abjured crescent for cross, now refused to recant), nor children, were always spared. This outburst was the beginning of sorrows, and took Spain by surprise. At a later period, when the war had been raging for some time, we have another dark example of Moorish atrocity in the cruel fate of the garrison at Seron. This beleaguered fortress, reduced to extremity, mainly it would seem through the neglect of the Marquis of Los Velez—who could not brook Don John's interference with his command—was compelled to surrender on honourable terms. "But no sooner had they given up the place, than the victors, regardless of the terms of capitulation, murdered in cold blood every male over twelve years of age, and made slaves of the women and children. This foul act was said to have been perpetrated by the secret command of Aben-Humeya. The Morisco chief might allege, in vindication of his perfidy, that he had but followed the lesson set him by the Spaniards."

What was that lesson? What the example set by a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a peculiar people, to His praise who had called them or their fathers out of darkness into His marvellous light? Even Mondejar—exceptionally mild—infuriated at the obstinate resistance of Guajaras, orders the disabled remnant of the garrison to be put to the sword—heeds no prayer for mercy—pays no regard to age or sex—but stands by to see them cut down one by one, and is said to have "stimulated the faltering soldiers to go through with their bloody work." His son, the Count of Tendilla, outdid the sanguinary sire (who had again and again been taxed with "excessive lenity" to the Moriscoes). The brave commandant of the fortress, El Zamar,—who, with all that were not too feeble, from age and infirmity, had silently evacuated the place the night before, scrambling down the precipice "with the fearlessness of the mountain goat," and making their escape without attracting the besiegers' notice—was now wandering among the crags with his little daughter, whom he carried in his arms. "Famished and fainting from fatigue, he was at length overtaken by his enemies, and sent off as a prisoner to Granada, where the fierce Tendilla caused the flesh to be torn from his bones with red-hot pincers, and his mangled carcass, yet palpitating with life, to be afterwards quartered. The crime of El Zamar was that he had fought too bravely for the independence of his nation." There were many "criminals" like this El Zamar, and far too many executioners like that Tendilla.

At the battle of Filix, again, besides six thousand Moriscoes—many of them women—left dead upon the field, there were two thousand children, we are told, butchered by the Spaniards.* Some fled for refuge to the caves and thickets, but were speedily dragged out thence, and massacred by the soldiers in cold blood. Others, to escape death from the hands of their enemies, threw themselves headlong down the precipices,—some of them with their infants in their arms,—and thus miserably perished. "The cruelties committed by the troops," says one of the army, who chronicles its achievements, "were such as the pen refuses to record. I myself," he adds, "saw the corpse of a Morisco woman, covered with wounds, stretched upon the ground, with six of her children lying dead around her. She had succeeded in protecting a seventh, still an infant, with her body; and though the lances which pierced her had passed through its clothes, it had marvellously escaped any injury. It was clinging," he continues, "to its dead mother's bosom, from which it drew milk that was mingled with blood. I carried it away and saved it." So there was one Christian, after all, in the Christian army that day. Hita was his name, worthy of remembrance, the doer of one good deed in that dark day's work, and historian of the Wars of Granada.

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* Prescott, III. 87 and *sqq.*

The massacre in the prison of the Chancery of Granada, to which allusion has already been made, occurred at midnight, in March, 1569. The alcayde had distributed arms among a body of Spaniards, who, at the signal of a bell in one of the towers of the Alhambra, when the doors of the prison were flung open by that magistrate, fell at once on their defenceless victims, many of whom "were old and infirm, and most of them inoffensive citizens, whose quiet way of life had little fitted them for brawl or battle," and who being now destitute of arms of any kind, "seemed to be as easy victims as the sheep into whose fold the famishing wolves have broken in the absence of the shepherd." Mr. Prescott gives a spirited, yet dispiriting, account of the effort that even these "impotent folk" made, to save their lives if possible; if not, to sell them dearly. He tells us how despair lent them strength—how they snatched up whatever was at hand, chairs, benches, to make good their defences; how some even succeeded in wrenching stones from the walls or iron bars from the windows, and fought as those who fight for dear life; how others, hopeless of escape, piled together a heap of mats, bedding, and other combustibles, and, kindling them with their torches, threw themselves into the flames, intending in this way to set fire to the building, and to perish in one general conflagration with their murderers. But the flames they had kindled were soon extinguished in their own blood, and their mangled remains were left to blacken among the cinders of their funeral pile.

For two hours, adds the historian, "the deadly conflict between parties so unequally matched had continued; the one shouting its old war-cry of 'Saint Iago,' as if fighting on an open field; the other, if we may take the Castilian account, calling on their prophet to come to their assistance. But no power, divine or human, interposed in their behalf; and, notwithstanding the wild uproar caused by men engaged in a mortal struggle, by the sound of heavy blows and falling missiles, by the yells of the victors and the dying moans and agonies of the vanquished, no noise to give token of what was going on—if we are to credit the chroniclers—found its way beyond the walls of the prison. Even the guard stationed in the court-yard, we are assured, were not roused from their slumbers.

"At length some rumour of what was passing reached the city, where the story ran that the Moriscoes were in arms against their keepers, and would soon probably get possession of the gaol. This report was enough for the people, who, roused by the alarm-bell, were now in a state of excitement that disposed them to any deed of violence. Snatching up their weapons, they rushed, or rather flew, like vultures snuffing the carrion from afar, to the scene of slaughter. Strengthened by this reinforcement, the assailants in the prison soon completed the work of death; and, when the morning light broke through the grated windows, it disclosed the full extent of the tragedy. Of all the Moriscoes only two had escaped,—the father and son of Aben-Humeya, over whom a guard had been specially set. Five Spaniards were slain, and seventeen wounded, showing the fierce resistance made by the Moslems, though destitute of arms." The apathy shown by contemporary Christian writers about this prison-massacre,—one of whom pleasantly terms it a "mishap,"—is, or ought to be, a world's wonder. And yet, not so; for, as the historian elsewhere observes, the Moriscoes were everywhere regarded as infidels and apostates, and there were few Christian nations whose code would not at that day have punished infidelity and apostasy with death. Hence Don John's "revolting massacre" of the Moriscoes at Galera, in 1570,—a massacre so wholesale and indiscriminate that not one man, soldier or citizen, Turk, African, or Morisco, but was mercilessly butchered on the spot—appears to have left no stain on the reputation of that prince in the eyes of his contemporaries; rather it "threw a gloomy *éclat* over his achievement," and made his countrymen regard him with pride as fairly entered on a "splendid career, that would place his name among those of the great paladins of the nation." Every allowance that can be made, is made by our author for the future conqueror at Lepanto.

The story of that battle is told with stirring effect. The sea-piece is worthy of the painter's best powers, and he puts them forth. Many a minor study of siege and skirmish and battle, taxes them in various ways; that fierce struggle at Alfajarali, when poisoned arrows rained like hail from the Moslem ranks; the surprise of Guejar; the investment, prolonged resistance, and utter demolition of Galera; and the last campaign of Aben-Aboo, with whom closed the royal line of the Omeyades in Spain, and who, had he lived in the peaceful and prosperous times of the Arabian empire there, "might have swayed the sceptre with as much renown as the best of his dynasty." Both of him, and of his assassinated predecessor, Aben-Humeya, portraits are drawn as by one who nothing extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice. More elaborate, and full of interest, is the likeness here presented of Don John of Austria; and some progress is made with that of the central figure, Philip himself. In the latter instance, if it cannot be said that Mr. Prescott warms to his subject—for who could warm to so chill-diffusing, cold-compelling a hero? —at any rate, he continues to make the best of his majesty, and directs us, if ever a chance occurs, to catch glimpses of a soul of goodness in this supposed thing of evil—glimpses of human nature after all, and good points where only bad ones had been recognised. Indolent as Philip constitutionally was, he never shirked work of the in-doors, clerk's-office kind. If he was shy of tented field and siege-works, and could never take to robust sports in the open air, he was yet mightily given to "blue-book" business, and indulged in a very "debauch" of despatches. He would sit up alone till the small hours, revelling in state-papers. He husbanded his time thriftily; the pleasures of the table had nothing of

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS: POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

At a moment when uneasiness so widely prevails on the continent of Europe, where every man's hand is raised, ready to strike, we Englishmen cannot be too thankful that the guidance of the affairs of the nation has been entrusted to a ministry who, earnestly sympathising with liberty, are yet loyally observant of the faith of treaties, and who—unlike their predecessors—know how to maintain with honour an attitude of dignified neutrality.

The cabinet of Lord Derby advocates neutrality, so far as abstinence from armed intervention extends, but the neutrality which implies indifference to the interests of Italy—wherein the whole question lies—is utterly a stranger to their thoughts. To pacificate Europe by those representations to Austria which a country strong like England has the power to make, is, we believe, the policy that directs the present government; and despite the threatening aspect of the Emperor of the French, our confidence in those representations leaves us no fear that the peace of Europe will be disturbed.

So much for our external relations. At home, we are—to borrow a phrase from our neighbours—*on ne peut plus pacifiques.* It is many a long year since parliament opened with so little of hostile encounter. Unanimity characterised the debates on the Address, and assent little short of unanimous has been accorded to every measure that the ministry have yet brought forward. A little nibbling has, it is true, been attempted in the matter of the *Charles-et-Georges*, but the papers now before both Houses fully exonerate Lord Malmesbury from the charge of abandoning Portugal to the tender mercies of warlike France. A little more nibbling there will be, on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's mission, but the results of that mission may safely be left to answer those who cavil against it. For present discussion, Lord Palmerston's motion on "the state of Europe," the result of which we have not the opportunity of stating; for remoter controversy, the vexed question of the government of the Danubian Provinces, about which nobody seems to be agreed; and, intermediately, the Government Reform Bill, about which, *pace* Mr. Bright—the future prime minister of M. Emile de Girardin—nobody really cares. In none of these things are perceptible the elements of more than the usual amount of argument, *pro* and *con.*, which make up the main features of a parliamentary session, and unless some political miracle be wrought to bring out the elements of that "vigorous opposition" for which the *Times* is languishing, both Houses may separate as quietly as they assembled.

Since general literature was last our theme, it has been deprived of two of its brightest ornaments. Full of years and honours, but bowed by domestic sorrows, the English historian, Hallam, was first removed. More recently, and with a suddenness for which neither age nor previous indisposition prepared his friends, Prescott—the American by birth, but the historian whom by his language England may claim, and by his principal subjects, Spain—Prescott, whose name is reverenced alike in the Old

World and the New, has gone from amongst us. In Hallam a great light was extinguished, but the taper had burnt down to the socket; in Prescott the lamp was prematurely quenched, and his loss is well-nigh irreparable. The frail tenure by which the spirit is bound to earth has also been lately exemplified in the death of Mr. Charles Phillips, remembered by many claims upon public no less than upon private estimation, but by the literary world as the eloquent author of "The Life of Curran."

These have been our losses. What are our gains? Let a hasty review of the principal publications since the year began be the reply.

In his "Visits to Italy," Lord Broughton, better known as John Cam Hobhouse, has rendered good service to the cause of literature, not only by completing his valuable "Notes to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold" (which, we are now assured, were entirely from his own pen), but by giving us his recollections of the state of Italy when first he went there with Lord Byron; and, at this moment, the observations of so acute an observer are rendered doubly interesting. The work now published will even add to Lord Broughton's high reputation as a skilful critic and an accomplished scholar; but besides the labour of love which he has given to the illustration of the immortal poem, Lord Broughton, "faithful found among the faithless," has been true to the memory of his friend. In the opening page he at once disproves the charge brought against Lord Byron of countenancing the atheism of which Shelley made a parade; so far from giving it encouragement, Lord Byron, with his own hand—*ex proprio motu*—effaced the offensive inscription which Shelley had written. We have room for little more than a word of comment, in this place, on the works to which we have occasion to refer, but we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of recording an incident to show the reverent feeling which was borne by Lord Byron towards the great poet of Italy. In a note on Dante (vol. i. p. 230), Lord Broughton says: "The 'Inferno,' which Lord Byron, when residing at Ravenna, habitually carried about with him, is in my possession. He gave the volume to me at Pisa, in 1822. I then took leave of him, to see him no more. In the fly-leaf is the following memorandum in his handwriting: 'Ravenna, June 12, 1819. This edition, in three volumes, of "La Divina Commedia" I placed with my own hands upon the tomb of Dante, in this city, at the hour of four in the afternoon, June 12, 1819. Having thus brought the thoughts of Alighieri once more in contact with his ashes, I shall regard this work, not with higher veneration, but with greater affection, *as something like "a copy from the author."*—BYRON.'"

In default of another instalment of Lord Macaulay's "History" we have again the refutation of the statements which that history contained—as far as they relate to William Penn—inexorably urged by Mr. Paget, in whom Lord Macaulay has found his most dangerous antagonist. A dispassionate reader cannot fail to be convinced by the irresistible proof of inaccuracy with which Mr. Paget overwhelms "the brilliant historian," and unless he be resolved to emulate the Abbé Vertot—whose decisive exclamation, "Mon siége est fait," lives in every one's recollection—Lord Macaulay cannot but at last recant his accusations against the distinguished Quaker.

The "Latest Journals of Horace Walpole" (edited by Dr. Doran) read somewhat heavily after the wit, the gossip, and the *abandon* which characterise all his letters (now collected in nine volumes under the editorial auspices of Mr. Peter Cunningham). They are too deeply tinctured by political animosity to be very pleasant reading, and this, with the bias of personal and political friendship, apparent in almost every page, reduces the value of Walpole's records to the mere level of partisan opinion. A modern reader cannot fail also to feel that far too much space is given to the history of the Duke of Gloucester's opposed marriage. It might once have had an important political bearing, but that has long passed away. In this narrative, however, we have one striking exposition: the full development of Walpole's hatred for George III.; and certainly, if the statements here set forth be really true, greater hypocrisy and insincerity never stained a monarch's private or public character.

Although it be next to impossible adequately to render into a foreign language the vigour, the passion, and the wondrously-balanced harmony of a poet like Goethe, yet the thanks of the English reader are eminently due to Professor Aytoun and Mr. Theodore Martin for their newly published translations of a selection of the poems of the great master of German song. That it is in combination they have best succeeded is shown by their version of "The Bride of Corinth" and "The God and the Bayadère," both of which flow freely as the originals, and are marked by the strictest fidelity to the author's text. In one or two other instances of well-known ballads, the same commendation cannot be extended. "The King in Thule" is faulty in nearly every verse; "The Erl-King" is poor and weak; and he who wishes to read a true and spirited version of "The Fisher" must turn from these pages to those of Monk Lewis. Goethe wrote: "Das Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll." Lewis translated, naturally: "The water rush'd, the water swell'd." But Mr. Martin goes out of his way to say: "The water rushed and *bubbled by.*" Goethe also dwells on the persuasion of the water-nymph's words: "Sie sang zu ihm, *sie sprach zu ihm,*" but for the last division of the line Mr. Martin substitutes a "witching smile," which is nowhere to be found in the text. Blemishes like these apart, the translations of Messrs. Aytoun and Martin are well deserving of praise. Nor without the eulogy which it merits should be allowed to pass the new volume called "The Wanderer," of Owen Meredith, under which pseudonym it still pleases Mr. Robert Lytton to write; but of this poem we have treated, at the length it deserves, elsewhere.

Amongst the many clever novels which Miss Jewsbury has written, perhaps the cleverest is her latest. Founded upon one of the most remarkable of the "Causes Célèbres," the story of "Right or Wrong" possesses all the salient features of historical truth, combined with the finest conception of character and the most romantic details of adventure. "Adam Bede" does not sustain the reputation acquired by the author of "Scenes of Clerical Life:" here the religious element overlays everything else: a novel so constituted is, to our thinking, an egregious mistake. Amongst the newest aspirants for fame, as a writer of fiction, we feel especially called upon to notice Mr. W. Pickersgill, whose "Washington Grange: an Autobiography," deserves unqualified praise: if Mr. Pickersgill only advances steadily from the point at which he has set out, he will end by placing himself in the foremost rank of those with whom he is already competing.

Books of travel continue to be abundant. Very agreeable are the Sicilian experiences of the "Unprotected Females," though, by the way, it is made apparent in the opening chapter that, if "unprotected" in Sicily, it was clearly the fair authoress's own choice, her first visit to the cathedral of Palermo producing a *billet-doux*, in which an unknown admirer at once offered his hand and heart—we will say nothing about his fortune. On a kindred theme Miss Kavanagh, too, has written very agreeable recollections, so that a knowledge of Sicily is now *à la portée de tout le monde*. Of the Pyrenees, especially on the south side, at the little picturesque baths of Penticousa, we have a light and graceful volume, called "Roadside Sketches," artistically illustrated. Farther off, in the Australasian ocean, Mr. Kelly's "Life in Victoria" presents an unquestionably graphic picture of society there, and if the writer's language be occasionally coarse, we must find an excuse in the fact that it forms a perfect reflex of that which is spoken in the golden region. Too late for the present season in Syria may be our recommendation of Mr. Porter's "Handbook of Palestine," but let none whose steps are bound to the Holy Places omit to take with them the two instructive volumes which Mr. Murray has just added to his travelling library. The preliminary pages of information, before the itinerary begins, are alone invaluable.

Two separate volumes of interesting personal reminiscence have recently appeared. Both writers treat of France: Mrs. Dalrymple Elliott in the "Journal" of her experiences of the great French Revolution, and Lady Morgan, in a fragment of her "Autobiography" when she visited Paris immediately after the second restoration of the Bourbons. Mrs. Elliott's position, in close intimacy with Egalité, Duke of Orleans, gave her opportunities for witnessing more than fell to the lot of most people, and what she underwent herself enabled her to complete one of the most striking pictures that we have read of the miseries of that unhappy time. Lady Morgan, as vivacious now as when she wrote "Florence Macarthy" (more than forty years ago), treats us to a phase of society of a very different kind. Her reputation had preceded her to Paris, and the reception she met with from her political friends is recorded in her sprightliest and most entertaining manner. The glimpses of London life at the same period, which we obtain through her pages, are also full of interest.

We have only room for a word, *en passant*, about Captain Clayton's "Personal Memoirs of Charles the Second:" the impression caused by a rapid glance at the work is, in the highest degree, favourable.

A periodical publication would not be true to its own mission if its pages failed to record the appearance of so notable a production as Mr. Andrews's "History of Journalism." Impartial in spirit, accurate in detail, full of rare information, and abounding in pleasant illustration, a more useful or agreeable work has not for a long time issued from the press: it will serve as the text-book of the theme of which it is the exponent.

THE HISTORY OF MR. MIRANDA.

By Dudley Costello.

CHAPTER I.

A QUIET MAN OF BUSINESS.

One fine afternoon somewhere about the middle of June, 1857, a cab from the Waterloo station drove up to the door of one of the principal hotels in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, and deposited a foreign gentleman who, from the addresses on his baggage, was entered in the arrival-book under the name of Francisco Miranda.

He was a man of middle height, rather stout but not at all heavy in figure, of olive complexion, with very dark eyes and coal-black hair, small moustaches, no whiskers, good teeth, and an agreeable smile when he displayed them, though the general expression of his countenance was grave and thoughtful; his manners were those of a person accustomed to good society, and if the ornaments he wore were a trifle too conspicuous, they seemed rather an indication of wealth than of foppery; in other respects he was quietly dressed, and appeared, in short, a very favourable specimen of a native of Portugal, the country to which—in slowly accentuated and by no means perfect English—he said he belonged. He announced his intention of remaining a few weeks in London, observing, however, that the actual length of his stay depended upon the progress he made in the business which had brought him to England.

That business apparently occupied him the greater part of every day. In the morning, after reading the papers, he constantly wrote in his private room for two or three hours; he then went into the City, always driving there in a brougham which he had hired on his arrival, and invariably returned home in time to prepare his letters, three, four, and sometimes more, being the number he daily sent to the foreign post. Hotel porters are not the least inquisitive people in the world, and the bearer of Mr. Miranda's letters used to say that he had a very widely-spread correspondence, for it extended not only to the European continent, but to our own remotest colonies.

"If," remarked the aforesaid functionary, in his "promiscuous" way to the book-keeper in the bar—"if he might venter on an opinion, he should say that the Portuguee gent was mercantle, and did a good deal of bisness,"—and this opinion was general in the house.

Indeed, the uniform habits of Mr. Miranda fully confirmed the idea of that respectability which, more in England than anywhere else, is attached to a mercantile position; nor did anything occur during his sojourn at the hotel to disturb the well-founded impression. Mr. Miranda lived well, if not expensively, paid his bills punctually every week without comment, was liberal to the servants, regular in all his external transactions, as the numerous tradesmen testified whose accounts for goods delivered he regularly discharged when presented, and when, at spoke of various parts of the world which he could only have become acquainted with through long voyages, so that when the greater part of the passengers were groaning in their berths, he was leisurely pacing the deck smoking his cigar, with nothing to disturb its enjoyment; and when the invalids began gradually to recover, he was the first to help them to the use of their "sea-legs," and amuse them by his pleasant conversation.

He had a great deal to talk about, not absolutely of a personal nature, though he must have been an eye-witness of much that he described; but whether he spoke of politics, commerce, science, or art—and he was familiar with all—nobody could make out to which subject he had given most attention, or whether any of them had occupied him professionally. He had also anecdotes to tell of most of the remarkable people who had figured in Europe and America during the last twenty years, and what he told seemed as if it could only have been derived from having come directly into contact with them. Moreover, he was an excellent linguist, and could converse with Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Italians, and Spaniards, as fluently as themselves.

It might arise from more frequent practice, but it would have been noticed by anybody who had heard him when in London, that, in speaking English, he never paused now to weigh the meaning of the words he uttered, neither was his pronunciation marked by any striking foreign peculiarity. To those, however, who have the gift of tongues, this sudden facility will not appear surprising. Mr. Miranda had great gifts, and it was evident that it only depended upon his will to turn them to account.

What was this cosmopolitan personage doing on board the *Pera?* Returning to his native country? No. At Lisbon he merely sent a letter on shore. At Cadiz he landed for a couple of hours, to obtain a supply of *cigaritos*. Gibraltar and Malta he was contented to look at from the deck of the steamer. His destination, then, was India? At all events, he crossed with the outward-bound from Cairo to Suez. Like them he took his passage through the Red Sea; but, after the greater number of the passengers had been left at Indian stations, he still pursued his way, his travel, as he now admitted, extending to Port Phillip; and when he arrived there only one other person besides himself remained of all who had originally embarked at Southampton.

But Melbourne, after all, was not Mr. Miranda's ultimate destination. The gold-fields were not the attraction that had taken him to the Australian shores. Money, indeed, he appeared to consider as the agent only for actual necessities, for although on his arrival in the golden city he presented a letter of credit at a bank for 2500*l.* from the London house of C—— and Co., he only, in the first instance, took up the small sum of 50*l.* It is true, however, that a few days subsequently he obtained the further amount of 600*l.*; but on sailing for Sydney, which he did almost immediately afterwards, he left untouched the large balance remaining on his letter of credit with the Melbourne Bank.

CHAPTER IV.

A VALUABLE CONNEXION.

On the 12th of October, 1857, Don Antonio Arrom de Ayala, the Spanish consul at Sydney, was busily engaged in his office, when a person of about five-and-forty years of age made his appearance, and, with the manners of a gentleman, announced himself, in Spanish, as a Portuguese requiring some information which, in the absence of a consul of his own country, he was unable to obtain.

Don Antonio replied that he was then very much pressed for time, and could not enter into conversation, but that he should be prepared to render him assistance when more at leisure.

On receiving this intimation, the stranger bowed, observed with great politeness that he could not think at that moment of trespassing on the consul's valuable time, and at once withdrew, leaving his card, on which was written—"Mr. Miranda, Petty's Hotel."

The Spanish consul having completed the business of the day, rose to quit his office, when his eye caught the card on the table. Miranda is not an uncommon name, but, having looked at it for a moment, it occurred to him that it was mentioned in the note which he had received from the manager of the Joint-Stock Bank, and that this might be the person sought after by him.

Having found this note at home, on the next morning the consul called at Petty's Hotel and inquired for his visitor of the day before. He was shown to the room where the Portuguese gentleman was sitting.

"Have I the pleasure," he said, "of speaking to Mr. Miranda, of the house of Miranda and Company of Lisbon?"

"The same, sir," replied the Portuguese.

"In that case," said the consul, "you expect letters?"

"Letters—and something more," returned Mr. Miranda, smiling. "I arrived only yesterday from England—last from Melbourne—and being *désorienté* in this place, took the liberty of troubling you in your official capacity, before I occupied myself with the business which has brought me to this colony. Passports," continued Mr. Miranda, smiling again, "are not amongst a traveller's requisites when he visits a British colony, but as some credentials are necessary in the present instance, I beg you will do me the favour of examining this document."

As he spoke, Mr. Miranda took from his desk a morocco case, which he unfolded and laid before the consul. It contained a Portuguese passport, duly signed by the foreign minister, "De Loulé," countersigned by the Secretary-General, "Monteverde," with several *visas* attached, and was altogether in perfect order, as at a glance Don Antonio perceived.

"And now, sir," said the consul, returning the passport, "command my services. I was given to understand, nearly a month ago, that letters stated to be of some importance addressed to yourself, whose acquaintance I have now the happiness to make, were lying for you at the Sydney Joint-Stock Bank."

"Yes," said Mr. Miranda, "I expect letters and remittances, but I was desirous of establishing my identity before I proceeded to claim them."

"The first point being settled," replied the consul, bowing, "there remains only to put you in possession of your own. I am well aware of the reputation of your house, Mr. Miranda, though until the present time I had not the honour of a personal knowledge of any member of the firm, and if you will permit me I shall have the pleasure of taking you to the bank."

Being an utter stranger in Sydney, Mr. Miranda gladly accepted the consul's polite offer, and together they at once proceeded to George-street, where the bank was situated. The manager, on being inquired for, came from an inner room, and the consul smilingly addressed him.

"Here, sir," he said, "is the gentleman respecting whose arrival you have been so solicitous. Allow me to present Mr. Miranda, of the firm of Miranda and Company of Lisbon."

"Are you Mr. Miranda, sir?" asked the manager, with pleased surprise.

"As my kind and worthy friend has told you," replied the stranger.

"You are most welcome, sir," said the manager, heartily shaking Mr. Miranda by the hand. Then, turning to the consul, he thanked him "for self and partners," and Don Antonio, having no further business, withdrew.

"And now, sir," resumed the manager, "pray step into the parlour. I must make you known to our directors."

It happened to be a board day, and the majority of the directors were present. Mr. Miranda was introduced in due form, and after a few words of compliment had passed, acknowledged the letters addressed to him, and remarked that he expected a letter of credit.

"Oh yes," said the manager, "we hold a rather heavy letter of credit on your account."

"From the house of B—— Brothers," observed Mr. Miranda.

"Exactly," returned the manager. "Are you desirous of drawing to any amount? Gold is not very scarce here, Mr. Miranda, as perhaps you may have heard."

This was a little bit of that pleasantry which bankers sometimes—but not often—permit themselves to indulge in. Mr. Miranda, however, appeared to be a mere matter-of-fact man, who took everything *au pied de la lettre*, and answered gravely, in the slow and somewhat laboured manner which characterised his mode of speaking when in London:

"Scarce only, I presume, just after the period of the heaviest shipments to England. No! I do not require an immediate advance. I have quite enough money for all my personal expenses; though, by-the-by, yours is not a cheap country. When I have looked round me a little, I may desire to make investments if I find them sufficiently profitable. In the mean time, I should like to see on what amount I can eventually calculate."

"Certainly," said the manager, rising for the purpose of himself attending to the wishes of a customer so highly recommended; "I will lay our advices before you."

He left the room and returned in a few minutes.

"In the first place," he said, "here is a letter of credit for 15,000*l.* from Messrs. B—— Brothers."

"Good!" observed Mr. Miranda, glancing at the letter. "But this is not all!"

"By no means," replied the manager. "We have also been favoured with bills for 5000*l.* more—making altogether a sum of 20,000*l.*

"Upon whom are those bills drawn?" asked Mr. Miranda. "Upon yourselves, I suppose?"

"No," said the manager. "They are drawn upon Messrs. B—— of Hong-Kong."

Mr. Miranda's countenance darkened.

"That," he said, "is a piece of gross stupidity on the part of the intermediate house between our own and that of Messrs. B—— Brothers. I have no intention of going to China: those people were aware of that fact, and have forgotten their instructions. Their negligence will be of dis-service to them. I shall for the future employ other agents. No! I never meant to go to Hong-Kong. Even if I had, those bills would involve the inconvenience of commuting them into dollars—as, if I understand rightly, they have been made payable in pounds sterling."

"It is very true," said the manager; "you have been correctly informed."

Mr. Miranda remained a short time silent. By degrees the cloud passed from his brow, and he spoke again.

"What," he inquired of the manager, "is the present rate of exchange on England?"

"First class paper is at a premium of four per cent.," replied the manager.

"Good. I see how this mistake can be remedied. The most direct course, and the most advantageous to us all, will be to forward these Hong-Kong bills at once to Messrs. B—— Brothers *through you.* My credit, with the premium added, will then remain at 20,200*l.*"

The manager and his co-directors consulted together for a brief space, and seeing nothing in the suggestion but what was fair and business-like, at once acceded to Mr. Miranda's proposition.

The Portuguese capitalist now took his leave, with the promise of shortly laying before the bank a complete *exposé* of his intentions with respect to the money in their hands.

"A first-rate man of business," said the manager, who had attended Mr. Miranda to the door.

There was a universal expression of assent on the part of the assembled directors, and again they congratulated each other on having formed so valuable a connexion.

CHAPTER V.

PLANS FOR IMPROVING THE COLONY.

About a week elapsed before Mr. Miranda ostensibly occupied himself with the matters that had brought him to New South Wales. Representing so distinguished a Lisbon firm, and spoken of with such high encomiums by the directors of the Sydney Joint-Stock Bank, he became an object of increased attention from Don Antonio Arrom de Ayala, whose courteous hospitality he as courteously accepted.

Precipitation seemed to form no part of the character of Mr. Miranda. His experience of mankind had doubtless taught him to study those with whom he came into contact, rather than trust implicitly to the official position which they might chance to occupy. He had learned, besides, from his own national proverb, that it is not the habit that makes the friar, and so he waited till he had sufficiently tested the Spanish consul. He then took him into his confidence.

"Don Antonio," he said, on one occasion when they were alone together, "my motives in visiting this colony have not been based entirely upon the advantages which may accrue to my house in establishing commercial relations with it. I have a mission also from my government—I may say, a twofold mission—and, encouraged by your kindness, I feel I cannot do wrong in asking the co-operation of a man of honour and integrity like yourself in assisting my views, which are also those of my sovereign."

Don Antonio made answer, in Spanish fashion, that he was entirely at the disposition of Mr. Miranda.

"My government," said that gentleman, "has, for some time past, entertained the idea of purchasing gold in this country for the supply of the Portuguese mint, and at a council of ministers, held in May last, it was finally resolved to despatch an agent hither for that purpose. The choice of the government fell upon me, but I will frankly own to you, Don Antonio, that my sense of duty was stimulated by private representations, being strongly urged to accept the mission by my brother-in-law, Joaõ de Nascimento Lupi, the director-general of the treasury. Here, if you will take the trouble to read it, is the official letter of Senhor Antonio José d'Avila, the minister of finance, conferring upon me this appointment."

The Spanish consul perused the letter with attention, and although the terms in which it was couched might be looked upon only in the light of official compliment, his respect for Mr. Miranda, great as it was before, considerably increased. The latter continued:

"But this is not all. The second part of my mission more directly affects the interests of this colony. The repeated failure of the vintage on the Douro, particularly in the district of Lamego, has thrown a vast number of vine-dressers out of employment; in some parts, indeed, the vine has almost entirely disappeared. Now my government being aware from general report that the climate and soil of New South Wales are favourable to the production of wine, desire to send out a large number of these poor unemployed people, and I am charged to make purchases of land for their settlement; and, in addition to this, to procure samples, the products of the colony, such as may lay the foundation of large transactions hereafter. But"—here Mr. Miranda paused—"a difficulty has arisen in my mind. It strikes me as highly probable that the priests of Portugal—I know their feeling with regard to our peasantry—may oppose this projected emigration on religious grounds, and that is one of my principal reasons for appealing to you. If I could obtain the attestation of some high authority that the members of the Roman Catholic Church were in the enjoyment of full toleration, the clerical opposition which I anticipate might be removed. Can you advise me as to the means of procuring such an attestation, or tell me if it is a thing to be expected?"

"My dear sir," replied the Spanish consul, highly flattered by this request, "on the question of toleration you may make yourself perfectly at ease, and with regard to the authority confirming it, I will at once obtain that from the bishop, who will be only too glad to increase the number of those already under his pastoral care. Respecting the samples of produce, I can aid you materially in obtaining them, and I think your government will have every reason to be satisfied with the capabilities of the colony."

In the procurement of the episcopal testimony which was to satisfy the Portuguese priesthood, and the collection of the necessary samples, but little time was consumed. The first mail to Europe conveyed the former, and the earliest freighted vessels carried as much as 400*l*. worth of specimens of what New South Wales could furnish, which were consigned to the house of Miranda at Lisbon.

These things accomplished, the Portuguese capitalist turned his thoughts to the purchase of an estate whereon to employ the vine-dressers of Lamego, having—as he told the Spanish consul—despatched a very full and clear report on the subject to the Viscount Sa de Bandeira, the Portuguese minister of the colonies. Without exactly specifying the purpose for which he wanted this estate, though it was generally understood that he was an agent of his government, Mr. Miranda resumed his relations with the Sydney Joint-Stock Bank, requesting their assistance in finding out a property of the kind he required. The bank readily undertook this task, and the names of several owners of land who were disposed to sell, with every descriptive particular, were placed before him.

Mr. Miranda considered each offer with the attention for which he was so remarkable, and after carefully balancing their respective merits, decided, for local reasons, in favour of an estate belonging to a Mr. Cohen, of Port Phillip, and the negotiation for its purchase was immediately set on foot. The correspondence on the subject did not, however, advance Mr. Miranda's wishes so rapidly as he desired, and he began to grow impatient at the delay. He could not afford, he said, to waste time, as precious to a mercantile man as money itself (the first month of the new year was already arrived), and therefore he rather abruptly came to the conclusion that he must himself go down, for a time, to Port Phillip, to hasten the completion of the contract. Of all autocrats moneyed men are the most absolute, and when he declared that, for the furtherance of his object, it was necessary he should transfer the greater part of his account with the Sydney Bank to a leading house at Melbourne, no opposition was offered to his wishes. It would, they agreed with Mr. Miranda, be much more convenient to all parties concerned in the sale that he should have agents on the spot with a control over his means, and accordingly they furnished him with a letter of credit on the bank of Australasia, in Melbourne, and in January, 1858, Mr. Miranda bade a cordial—though, as he said, but a temporary—farewell to his friends in Sydney.

CHAPTER VI.

PRUDENCE THE BEST POLICY.

As with the course of true love, so it frequently happens with money matters—that they do not always run smooth. On Mr. Miranda's arrival at Melbourne, he found a general uneasiness prevailing. People talked of monetary difficulties, and an apprehension seemed to be gaining ground that before long there might be a run on the banks.

The ruling element in Mr. Miranda's mind was prudence. He could afford the loss of twenty thousand pounds as well, perhaps, as any man living, but they who can best afford to lose are generally the least disposed to submit to that dispensation. Besides, he held this sum in trust, as it were, for carrying out the views of his government: the emigration plan would be frustrated if any accident prevented him from realising the amount of his European remittances; and accordingly he lost no time in announcing to the Australasian Bank, as well as to the house that held his balance on the letter of credit from Messrs. C—— and Co. of London, that he wished to draw out all his funds and receive payment in gold. The gentlemen who conducted these establishments, not being acquainted, like those of Sydney, with the high and useful purposes to which Mr. Miranda's money was to be devoted, were disposed to sneer at the alarm which his proceedings manifested. They, however, paid him cash in full of his demand, the manager of the bank of Australasia, from which he drew upwards of nineteen thousand pounds, satirically advising him to bury his gold in one of the exhausted diggings.

Mr. Miranda bore the taunt with his accustomed patience and philosophy, replying quietly that he did intend to pay a visit to the diggings; and when the Melbourne banker asked him, in amaze, for what purpose he was going thither, he took the opportunity of making known the commission with which he was charged by his government to purchase gold for the Portuguese mint.

"Well," said the other, "you know your own concerns best, but you run more risk in taking that gold up there than in leaving it with us, even during a panic. You will require a good escort, I can assure you; and those gentry don't lend their protection without exacting a tolerable per-centage. Take my advice—I offer it altogether in a friendly spirit—deposit your money in our hands again, and draw bills upon us for what you may require."

The old smile came over Mr. Miranda's placid countenance as he listened to this suggestion, which he respectfully but firmly declined.

"I have not been five-and-twenty years in business," he said, "without running risks; and some of them have been heavy ones. We merchants are not fond of large per-centages when they appear on the debtor side of the account. I do not travel, *en prince*, with an escort, neither do I tell everybody I meet that my pockets are full of money."

"Oh, do as you please," said the banker, "only remember that I warned you in case anything happens."

Mr. Miranda returned to "The Criterion Hotel," where he had taken up his quarters on reaching Melbourne, and began to make the necessary preparations for his journey inland. He had time sufficient, he thought, for a visit to the diggings, pending the conclusion of the negotiation for the property he had come to purchase. As it so happened, Mr. Cohen was away from home at the moment, and Mr. Miranda's presence in Port Phillip had failed to accelerate the transaction. But the Portuguese capitalist no longer chafed at the delay which had irritated him so much at Sydney: probably because he was now the actual master of his property, and had it all well in hand.

Whether Mr. Miranda were a fatalist, and therefore thought it useless to endeavour to evade his doom, or whether he despised the warning he had received, cannot exactly be ascertained; but this much is known, that he had his trunks carried to the office of the Castlemaine stage, at the same time securing and paying for his place. The porters, however, must have brought him wrong information as to the hour at which the coach set out, for when Mr. Miranda arrived at the office, he found, to his great disappointment, that the mail was gone, and, as he had not made his appearance, his baggage was left behind. Whatever vexation Mr. Miranda felt, he did not lose his temper, but civilly requested that his trunks might remain at the office until he could find some other conveyance, and the stage-coach proprietors, who had profited by the forfeiture of Mr. Miranda's fare, could not refuse his modest desire.

This occurrence took place on the 30th of January, 1858, but, to judge by subsequent events, the *contretemps* experienced by Mr. Miranda could only have been slight, for on the following day he called at the office and removed his trunks, alleging that he had decided upon proceeding to Ballarat.

After this date, every trace of the unfortunate Portuguese gentleman in the Australian colonies was lost.

CHAPTER VII.

COLONIAL ENTERPRISE REWARDED.

The unfortunate Portuguese gentleman! No one, at that moment, in all Australia, deplored the disappearance of Mr. Miranda more than the Spanish consul at Sydney.

The Joint-Stock Bank heard the news with more fortitude, or less sensibility, for, on taking his departure for Melbourne, Mr. Miranda had left a balance with them of something like 1700*l.*, and although this sum must one day be accounted for to the Lisbon house, they had the use of the money in the interval.

But Don Antonio de Ayala was inconsolable. His sentiments towards Mr. Miranda had, during their intercourse, ripened into a strong friendship. Mr. Miranda, while at Melbourne, had written to him twice, and in each letter had assured him that as soon as he had completed the business then in hand he should return to Sydney, where he begged he would secure him a private residence. The fact of his having converted his bills into gold had become known to the consul—it was a thing for the rude colonists to make a jest of—and this, coupled with his intended journey to the diggings, led Don Antonio to the inevitable conclusion that his friend had been waylaid and murdered by some of the lawless fellows who skulk in the bush or haunt the bleak wastes which lie between Melbourne and Ballarat.

There were great interests associated with the safety of Mr. Miranda; but independently of this consideration the Spanish consul was a man of too much kind feeling to think of personal inconvenience when he might serve the cause of humanity, and a whole month having gone by without any tidings, he resolved to set out himself for Melbourne.

Immediately on his arrival he set the police in motion for the discovery of the ill-fated capitalist, whose obstinate neglect of good counsel had led him, as the banker who had given it felt certain, to an untimely end.

"I knew how it would be," he said to Don Antonio, when the latter waited on him to make sure that Mr. Miranda had cashed his account—"I told him to leave his money behind. Depend upon it you will hear that his body has been found, if ever it is found, in one of the muddy water-holes of Forest Creek, or somewhere thereabouts."

And this opinion, coinciding with that of the Spanish consul, was reiterated by the second banker—the one who had cashed the letter of credit on Messrs. C—— and Co., of London—who, in coarse phrase, not very humanely added, "And sarve him right!"

Nevertheless, the consul was not deterred, either by his own misgivings or those of others, from using every effort in his power to find his friend, and, after a time, greatly to his joy, he received a telegraphic message to the effect that Mr. Miranda was really at the gold-fields. A second and a third telegram followed his progress from one to another; but all the consul's hopes were dashed to the earth by the receipt of a fourth, which announced that the person who had been taken for Mr. Miranda was a Polish Jew who answered to his description.

What is that wondrous instinct which, like an electric current, suddenly fills men, and more particularly commercial men, with the conviction that "something is not right" in affairs which, on the face of them, bear the very fairest seeming?

In the absence of the Spanish consul at Melbourne a dread of this description took possession of the bosoms of the manager and directors of the Sydney Joint-Stock Bank. They ventured to entertain a doubt of the honesty of Mr. Miranda!

Inquiry, of a kind never set on foot before, tended to strengthen this impression, and it was resolved to send after the absentee a clever detective, Mr. Singleton—his name is worth recording—who was not long before he obtained some intelligence of the gentleman so eagerly sought.

It was, in substance, this:

On the 31st of January, the day on which Mr. Miranda removed his trunks from the Castlemaine coach-office, a person calling himself Monsieur La Prairie took his passage for Callao on board the fast-sailing clipper *Good Intent,* having previously stipulated that no expense should be spared in laying in wines and provisions for the voyage of the very best quality. From the description of his person and manners there existed no doubt in the mind of Mr. Singleton that Mr. Miranda and Monsieur La Prairie were one and the same individual!

But there had been already one mistaken identity. Might not this be another?

Alas for commercial integrity—alas for the cause of Portuguese emigration—alas for the Sydney Joint-Stock Bank—and alas for the utterer of the unfeeling remark not long since quoted, the return mails from England brought out the intelligence that both the letters of credit, as well as the Hong-Kong bills, were—most ingenious forgeries!

And thus, for the present, ends the history of Mr. Miranda, who, in all probability, is still enjoying the fruits of his colonial enterprise in the capital of Peru.

SILVER-SHOE.

By Walter Thornbury.

Epsom Steeple Races, —— 1858.

The sky was dimpled blue and white,
The west was leaden grey,
Till in the east rose a fire of red,
That burnt all the fog away.

The thorn-bush seemed new dipped in blood,
The firs were hung with cones,
The oaks were golden green with moss,
The birch wore its silver zones.

The deer with skins of a velvet pile
Were feeding under the boughs
Of the oaks, that stretched their guarding arms
Around the manor-house.

'Twas "Oh!" for the glossy chesnut mare,
And "Hurrah!" for the fiery roan,
But the caps went up in a cloud in the air
For Silver-shoe alone.

We left the stable, where the door
Was mailed with winners' shoes,
And we trampled out to the crop-eared down
By laughing ones and twos.

The diamond seed of sprinkling dew
From the firs was shaking down,
As we cantered out by the dark thorned trees,
And over the green hill crown.

The chesnut mare was dancing mad,
The roan gave a snorting shout,
But you never heard a rolling cheer
Till Silver-shoe came out.

The starter waved his scarlet flag,
And then we stole along,
Past the line of rails and the nodding heads,
And past the thicker throng.

Gathering up, we trod, we trod,
Till like a boat well rowed,
Together went our hoofs thrown out,
So evenly we strode.

And now we skirt the crescent down,
Past the crimson spotted thorns,
And away we go with a toss of hats
And a driving blast of horns.

Pad, pad together went our hoofs,
Ting, ting the rings and chains,
Chat, chat, chatter over the stones,
And splash through the red clay lanes.

A white froth rose on our horses' mouths,
A lather on their hides,
And soon blood-drops from the rowel pricks
Oozed red from dripping sides.

There was the black mare, Yorkshire bred,
And the strong built Irish grey,
But SILVER-SHOE was the only one
To show them all the way.

Strong and wide was his massy chest,
And bright his deep brown eye,
He could do anything but walk,
And everything but fly.

I knew the music of his feet
Over the hollow down,
He was the chosen of the ten,
And the pet of Salisbury town.

Over we went, like skimming birds,
Clean over the wattled fence,
And crash through the bristling purple hedge,
With its thorny mailed defence.

The chesnut fell at the water leap,
With its shining fourteen feet;
At the double rail the roan broke down,
But the black mare was not beat.

Together went our double shoes,
Together went our stride,
Till I saw the blood in a crimson thread
Run down Black Bessy's side.

I pushed him at the brook and hedge,
And never touched a twig,
But I shuddered to see a stiff strong fence
That rose up bold and big.

Now ghastly rose the rasping fence,
Broad yawned the ditch below,
I gave him head, and gave him spur,
And let my wild blood go.

The black was down, and I was clear,
Though staggering and blown;
As I rode in trusty SILVER-SHOE
His saddle seemed a throne.

The sky was spinning like a wheel,
The trees were waltzing too,
As off I leaped and clapped the flank
Of the winner—SILVER-SHOE.

Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

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

OF OLD WOMEN.

It was only last evening that I was reading over again—what will bear so many readings again, and well repay them—the great old Lake-poet's stanzas, "She was a phantom of delight, when first she gleamed upon my sight,"—inspired by the "dancing shape and image gay" of her that was to be his wife. And in this morning's *Times* I read, among the Deaths: "On the 17th inst., at Rydal-Mount, Westmoreland, Mary, widow of the late William Wordsworth, aged 88." That obituary arithmetic, with its gravestone numerals, suggestive of many thoughts, which brood over Time, as well as wander through Eternity, shall not, however, disenchant my fancy of the earlier picture—of a gracious youthful presence, with

eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn.

Heaven forbid that I should ever lose the habit I have, when looking into the face of aged womanhood, of dating some forty (in the case of a Mrs. Wordsworth, some seventy) years back, and conjuring up the face that then was:—like, but O! how different.

In connexion with this habit, I often think of that touching passage in Sir Walter Scott's diary, which records his feelings as he gazed on the shrouded remains of his dead wife. "I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not, my Charlotte—my thirty years' companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic—but that yellow masque, with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it—can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression? Anne thinks her little changed, because the latest idea she had formed of her mother is as she appeared under circumstances of extreme pain—mine go back to a period of comparative ease." Nay, further back than that—back to a period of absolute ease, and light-heartedness, and bridal joy. Two days later the diary renews the subject: "Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her—cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte—it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gaiety and pastime." Not more dead—so to speak—is the youth of coffined eld than the youth of yet surviving age; and we would but do by the latter, what Sir Walter did beside the former,—renew its youth, in kindly imagination, and revive spring-tide blossoms among the withered leaves.

One of the most characteristic of Mr. Hawthorne's "Twice-told Tales" opens with the remark, that there is hardly a more difficult exercise of fancy, than, while gazing at a figure of melancholy age, to re-create its youth, and, without entirely obliterating the identity of form and features, to restore those graces which time has snatched away. He goes on to observe that some old people, especially women, so age-worn and woeful are they, seem never to have been young and gay; and thinks it easier to conceive that such gloomy phantoms were sent into the world as withered and decrepit as we behold them now, with sympathies only for pain and grief, to watch at death-beds, and weep at funerals. Even the sable garments of their widowhood appear, he says, essential to their existence; all their attributes combine to render them darksome shadows, creeping strangely amid the sunshine of human life. "Yet it is no unprofitable task, to take one of these doleful creatures, and set fancy resolutely at work to brighten the dim eyes and darken the silvery locks, and paint the ashen cheek with rose colour, and repair the shrunken and crazy form, till a dewy maiden shall be seen in the old matron's elbow chair. The miracle being wrought, then let the years roll back again, each sadder than the last, and the whole weight of age and sorrow settle down upon the youthful figure. Wrinkles and furrows, the handwriting of Time, may thus be deciphered, and found to contain deep lessons of thought and feeling." This process the author (twice-*tellingly*) adopts, in the instance of the Widow Toothaker, a nurse of great repute, who has breathed the atmosphere of sick chambers and dying breaths, these forty years—and whom we see cowering over her lonesome hearth, a picture of desolation and decay, but who was once Rose Grafton—a fair young girl, admired and envied, far and near, as Edward Fane's *Rosebud*.

It may remind us of a fragment in one of Sir Bulwer Lytton's fragmentary poems:

> Full fifty years since then have pass'd away,
> Her cheek is furrow'd, and her hair is grey.
> Yet when she speaks of *him* (the times are rare)
> Hear in her voice how youth still trembles there.*

Or of that "Fairy Tale" of *Festus* Bailey's, the close of which records the sudden transformation (Rip van Winkle-like, in effect) of her who having been carried off to Fairyland in her seventh summer, now returns, after long, long years, in the natural guise (herself unwitting) of an aged crone.

> All was changed; and she, deep sighing, tottered on her lonesome way,
> Till she neared a stunted hamlet; children at their twilight play,
> As she stooped to raise a withering rosebud, by the path that lay,
> Shyly tittering; thus she spake them; laugh ye at my fresh pulled roses?
> We laughed to see an old, old beldame picking up our cast-off posies,
> Said they; but she understood no word of what the bantlings uttered;
> And again they mouthed and mocked at what they said the old crone
> muttered.

In one of the *Noctes* we have North following a palsy-stricken crone to her lonely hearth, and from her doom reading a homily on the perishing nature of all this world's blessings—friendship, love, beauty, and domestic peace. "What a history is written on that haggard face—how profound a moral in that hollow voice!" Poets, novelists, contemplative essayists abound in such histories and such morals. "I am ould, an' I am withered, an' I am sinful," exclaims Dory Shea, in Banim's story,*—as she pushes back the matted white locks from her wrinkled face,—"but I was once young, an' bloomin', an' happy; ay, Dora Shea was once the delight of many an eye, an' the ache of many a heart"—and now, she is the vagrant, crouching hag we shrink from beholding.

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* The Ideal World.

The sexagenarian Village Pastor of La Fontaine (Auguste, the sentimental German—not his more brilliant French namesake, Jean) opens his Recollections with a retrospect which carries him back six-and-thirty years: "My Augusta was again before me with her slight and noble form, her beautiful blond hair, her blue eyes full of sweetness and expression, her fresh and blooming complexion, her youthful and harmonious voice. I exclaimed in deep emotion: 'O my wife, my beloved Augusta!' A little tap on the shoulder, and a feeble voice which said to me: 'Here I am, lieber, dost thou want me?' aroused me from my reverie; I looked round; it was my good wife, just returned from the flax-field. Her form, now stouter and somewhat bent, was wrapped in grandam attire; a large close cap covered her hair, while the silvered locks which escaped from beneath it, fell upon a forehead on which the hand of time had left its traces. But was she not still *my* Augusta?"† His love is not of the kind

That skims the surface of a tinted cheek—
Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak,
As if the rose made summer . . . .
Love is its own great loveliness alway,
And takes new lustre from the torch of time;
Its bough owns no December and no May,
But bears its blossom into Winter's clime.‡

So writes Thomas Hood in serious mood. But he writes to identically the same effect in a merry one—the earnest always underlying the comical in his Wit and Humour, the grave always lending substance as well as shadow to the gay. *Par exemple:*

O Kate! my dear Partner, through joy and through strife!
When I look back at Hymen's dear day,
Not a lovelier bride ever changed to a wife,
Though you're now so old, wizen'd, and grey!

• • • •

That brow was like marble, so smooth and so fair;
Though it's wrinkled so crookedly now,
As if Time, when those furrows were made by the share,
Had been tipsy while driving his plough.

Your nose, it was such, as the sculptors all chose
When a Venus demanded their skill;
Though now it can hardly be reckon'd a nose,
But a sort of Poll-Parroty bill.

• • • •

Your chin, it was one of Love's favourite haunts,
From its dimples he could not get loose;
Though now the neat hand of a barber it wants,
Or a singe, like the breast of a goose.

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* Crohoore of the Bill-hook.

† La Fontaine, Family Pictures.

‡ Hood, Sonnets.

How rich were those locks, so abundant and full,
With their ringlets of auburn so deep!
Though now they look only like frizzles of wool
By a bramble torn off from a sheep.

That neck, not a swan could excel it in grace,
While in whiteness it vied with your arms;
Though now a grave 'kerchief you properly place
To conceal that scrag-end of your charms.

Your figure was tall, then, and perfectly straight,
Though it now has two twists from upright—
But bless you! still bless you! my partner! my Kate!
Though you be such a perfect old fright![*]

Sad, strange havoc a few years will make on faces once fair to see. It is notorious that, in the anthologies of earth through all her zones, one flower beyond every other is liable to change, which flower is the countenance of woman.[†] Especially true is this in tropical climates, which, bringing out all beauty early, wither it soon: "The flower blossoms many times—the girls only once. A few years pass; you see them again, and are astonished. You find a hag where you expected a Sibyl!"[‡] Mr. N. P. Willis is uncomfortably disillusionised at finding Byron's Maid of Athens settled down into an ordinary-looking matronly Mrs. Black.[§] Mr. Ruxton deems it his duty, when at Barbadoes, to visit "the renowned Betsy Austin, once (in the days when the late King William was a jolly mid) the pride of the 'Badian dignity balls, but now [1846] in the 'sear and yellow leaf,' fat as a turtle, and always very drunk."[‖] The disenchantment experienced by sometime lovers, on meeting again in after-life, on the mere score of altered looks, is a common-place in fact and fiction. Lady Blessington's Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman, on this sore point, have their parallel passages by the thousand. La Fontaine's village pastor, already referred to, comes across his "old flame," Julia Goldmann. The first mention of her name agitates him almost as it used to do long summers since—and, forgetting that those summers are in the plural, and that himself is verging on the autumn of his days, the reverend man at once pictures to himself a resplendent damsel, "her fine hair floating over her shoulders, her whole being radiant with youth and loveliness," just as in auld lang syne. But how looks the reality? "I could hardly suppress an exclamation of surprise, and started back in dismay; not a single feature recalled to me her former self. That blooming and transparent skin was now yellow and wrinkled; a pair of hollow and gloomy eyes looked vacantly round; the delicate aquiline nose which I had formerly so much admired, now appeared of a preposterous length; her pearly teeth had either disappeared, or were anything rather than pearls; her figure was clumsy and coarse"[¶]—and so on, through the chapter of grievances. In one of Sir E. B. Lytton's fictions, brother and sister meet after a like manner (though, in this case, Time has not been the chief agent): Roger Morton "opened the door of No. 2, and that Catherine, whom he had last seen at her age of gay sixteen, radiant with bloom, and, but for her air of pride, the model for a Hebe—that Catherine, old ere youth was gone, pale, faded, the dark hair silvered over, the cheeks hollow, and the eye dim—that Catherine fell upon his breast."*

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[*] Hood's Poems of Wit and Humour.

[†] Confessions of an English Opium-eater.

[‡] Eustace Conyers, ch. xxxv.

[§] Pencillings by the Way.

[‖] Adventures in Mexico.

[¶] Family Pictures, ch. ix.

Turn, for variety's sake, to Mr. Brown's Sketches and Travels in London: "'And pray who told you, Mr. Brown, that I didn't wish to dance myself?' says Blanche, surveying her great person in the looking-glass (which could scarcely contain it) and flouncing out of the room; and I actually believe that the unconscionable creature, at her age and size, is still thinking that she is a fairy, and that the young fellows would like to dance round the room with her. Ah, Bob! I remember that grotesque woman a slim and graceful girl."†

Says James to John, in certain blank verses of the laureate's, "I met my lady once: A woman like a butt, and harsh as crabs." Says John to James:

> Oh yet but I remember, ten years back—
> 'Tis now at least ten years—and then she was—
> You could not light upon a sweeter thing:
> A body slight and round, and like a pear
> In growing, modest eyes, a hand, a foot
> Lessening in perfect cadence, and a skin
> As clean and white as privet when it flowers.‡

If ten years will thus revolutionise the constitution, and thus transmute its elements, what will not twice ten and thrice ten do? Hecuba was a beauty once—despairing Hecuba, "on whose sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes:"

> In her the painter had anatomised
> Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:
> Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;
> Of what she was no semblance did remain:
> Her blue blood, changed to black in every vein,
> Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
> Showed life imprisoned in a body dead.§

History has its Jane Shores in old age, as well as in wanton youth, to point a moral and adorn a tale. For whereas the myth has it that King Edward's mistress died of hunger, while yet in the plenitude of her charms, the matter of fact is that she lived to a great age, but in extreme distress and penury—dragging on a wretched life even to the time of Sir Thomas More, who introduces her story in his Life of Richard III. "Proper she [once] was, and faire; nothing in her body that you would have changed, but if you would have wished her somewhat higher. Thus sai they that knew hir in hir youth. Albeit, some that now see hir, for she yet liveth, deem hir never to have been well visaged.‖ Now is she old, leane, withered, and dried up: nothing left but shrivelled skin and hard bone; and yet, being even such, whoso will advise her visage, might gesse and devise, which parts how filled, would make it a fair face."* Be it ours thus to "gesse and devise," such charitable tricks hath strong imagination, whenever an aged face attracts our regard by something kind or historical in it—and indeed what old face but has a history in it, and could a tale unfold, of the domestic and homely sort, if not of the heroic or sublime. At the lowest or worst, there is still the moral to point.

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* Night and Morning, ch. viii.

† Thackeray's Miscellanies, II. 246.

‡ Tennyson, Walking to the Mail.

§ Shakspeare, Rape of Lucrece.

‖ As bearing on this conclusion, the beautiful lines of old Michael Drayton are worth quoting. *He* will have it, as a general proposition, that

> "Even in the aged'st face, where beauty once did dwell,
> And nature, in the least, but seemèd to excel,
> Time cannot make such waste, but something will appear
> To show some little tract of delicacy there."

The reader will not have forgotten Mr. Carlyle's sketch of the *Maypole* Duchess of Kendal, "who is fallen thin and old. 'Maypole'—or bare Hop-pole, with the leaves all stript; lean, long, hard;—though she once had her summer verdures too."† Or again of that "Doris Ritter, a comely enough good girl," who, for being civilly spoken to by Crown-Prince Fritz, was condemned by his Rhadamanthine Majesty to be whipt by the Beadle, and beat hemp for three years; and whom Voltaire, twenty years after, "had the pleasure of seeing at Berlin—by this time grown hard enough of feature: tall, lean; looked like a Sibyl; not the least appearance how she could ever have deserved to be whipt for a Prince."‡ Or again the Duke of Wurtemberg's too enthralling Grävenitz—that "Circe becoming much of a Hecate now . . . getting haggard beyond the power of rouge."§ Or, once more, and to breathe a clearer atmosphere, that Princess Amelia who wore the willow for Frederick, "and specially wore the Prince's miniature on her breast, all her days after, which were many. Grew corpulent, somewhat a huddle in appearance and equipment, 'eyelids like upper *lips*,' for one item: but when life itself fled, the miniature was found in its old place, resting on the old heart after some sixty years. O Time, O Sons and Daughters of Time!——"‖

When Lady Fanny Shirley died, in 1778, Horace Walpole thus certified her decease to his friend Mason (prefacing the obituary with an assurance that Jean Jacques is certainly dead, as well as Voltaire): "'Fanny, blooming fair,' died here yesterday of a stroke of palsy. She had lost her memory for some years, and remembered nothing but her beauty and her methodism. Being confined with only servants, she was continually lamenting, 'I to be abandoned that all the world used to adore!' She was seventy-two."¶ Which numerals go some way to explain the abandonment in question. In another of Walpole's letters (to Mann) we have a glimpse of Arabella Churchill (Mrs. Godfrey), whom he saw when a lad, at the house of his schoolfellows, the Waldegraves: "They lived with their grandmother, natural daughter of James II. One evening while I was there, came in *her* mother, Mrs. Godfrey, that King's mistress—ancient, in truth, and so superannuated that she scarce seemed to know where she was. I saw her another time in her chair in St. James's Park, and have a perfect idea of her face, which was pale, round, and sleek."**—In Lady Morgan's Diary of doings in London in 1818, an account of a concert at Lady Charleville's, and its fashionable visitors, includes this memento: "The person that interested me most was Lady Sarah Bunbury, the king's first passion, and once the most beautiful woman in England: imagine a dignified though infirm old lady, stone blind, led in!"* Travel back in fancy well-nigh sixty years, and then connect the two ends of that long journey, and moralise on 1760 by forecasting 1818. Such retrospect, together with such pre-vision, is glanced at in the unfamiliar lines—

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* Quoted in Pennant's London. † History of Frederick the Great, I. 531.
‡ Ibid. II. 277. § Ibid. 235. ‖ Ibid. 632.
¶ Walpole's Letters, vol. vii. pp. 94-5. ** Ibid. vol. viii. pp. 548-9.

Many may yet recal the hours
That saw thy lover's chosen flowers
Nodding and dancing in the shade
Thy dark and wavy tresses made:
On many a brain is pictured yet
Thy languid eye's dim violet:
But who among them all foresaw
How the sad snows which never thaw
Upon that head one day should lie,
And love but glimmer from that eye!†

A hard thing children and young people find it, to believe, and *ex animo* subscribe their belief, that once their seniors were as they are now. "The happy children come to us, and look up in our faces: they ask us—Was it thus, and thus, when we were in their places?"‡ It is a touching episode in Little Nell's brief life-history, where she roams at eventide about the village churchyard, and is gazing at a humble stone which tells of a young man who had died at twenty-three years old, fifty-five years ago, when she hears a faltering step near her, and looking round sees an aged woman, feeble and decrepit, who, tottering to the foot of that same grave, asks her to read the writing on the stone. The old woman thanks the child when she has done, and says that she has had the words by heart for many a long, long year, but cannot see them now. "Were you his mother?" asks the child.—"I was his wife, my dear."—She the wife of a young man of three-and-twenty! Ah, true! It was fifty-five years ago.—"You wonder to hear me say that," remarks *la vieille*, shaking her head. "You're not the first. Older folk than you have wondered at the same thing before now. Yes, I was his wife. Death doesn't change us more than life, my dear."§ As to that, *nous verrons*.

If not set in the same pathetic key, quite as suggestive, however, is that picture (more real than ideal) Mrs. Browning gives of the poor grovelling old "worshipper," on her knees before "the altar's silver glory," at a church in Italy:

——There was one, so old,
So old, to kneel grew easier than to stand,—
So solitary, she accepts at last
Our Lady for her gossip, and frets on
Against the sinful world which goes its rounds
In marrying and being married, just the same
As when 'twas almost good and had the right,
(*Her Gian alive, and she herself eighteen*).

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* Diary of Lady Morgan, p. 39.
† W. S. Landor, Miscel. Poems, 186.
‡ Mrs. Browning, The Cry of the Human.
§ Old Curiosity Shop, ch. xvii.

And yet, now even, if Madonna willed (the *narratio obliqua* continues), she'd win a tern in Thursday's lottery, and better all things. Did she dream for nought, that, boiling cabbage for the fast-day's soup, it smelt like blessed entrails? such a dream for nought? would sweetest Mary cheat her so, and lose that certain candle, straight and white as any fair grand-duchess in her teens, which otherwise should flare here in a week? *Benigna sis*, thou bounteous Queen of heaven![*]—That poor old soul at her devotions is not the loveliest of pictures. But in her case, and for Saint Charity's sake, let us, too, *benigni simus*, and bethink us of Béranger's appeal in his stanzas commencing *Il neige, il neige, et là devant l'église, une vieille prie à genoux:*

> Savez-vous bien ce que fut cette vieille
>   Au teint hâve, aux traits amaigris?
> D'un grand spectacle autrefois la merveille,
>   Ses chants ravissaient tout Paris.
> Les jeunes gens, dans le rire ou les larmes,
>   S'exaltaient devant sa beauté;
> Tous ils ont dû des rêves à ses charmes:
>   Ah! faisons-lui la charité.[†]

The Grandmother is a study at which Hans C. Andersen works *con amore.* He presents her in her arm-chair, and out-of-date attire. She knows so much, for she has lived so long, and can look so far back. She reads in a hymn-book with strong silver clasps, between two leaves of which there lies a rose, quite dry and crushed flat. Not a fair fresh rose like those in the glass before her; yet dearer to her, and able to bring tears into her eyes, which they are not. As her tears besprinkle that flower, the colours become fresh again; "the rose blows again, and fills the room with its sweet odour; the walls sink, as if they were but mist, and far around her is the green, glorious forest, where the sun-rays beam through the foliage of the trees; and grandmother—yes, she is quite young, a beautiful girl, with flaxen locks, and full cherry cheeks, no rose fresher"—and this now faded flower, faded so long ago, is given her by a lusty bachelor: but *he* disappears anon; many thoughts, many shades flit by; "the handsome youth is gone, the rose is in the hymn-book, and she—yes, there she sits once more as an old woman, and looks at the faded flower lying in the book."[‡] One thinks of certain stanzas by the author of "Undine," as Englished by a master hand—

> And thou wert once a maiden fair,
>   A blushing virgin, warm and young,
> With myrtles wreathed in golden hair,
> And glossy brow that knew no care—
>   Upon a bridegroom's arm you hung.
>
> The golden locks are silvered now,
>   The blushing cheek is pale and wan;
> The spring may bloom, the autumn glow,
> All's one—in chimney-corner thou
>   Sitt'st shivering on.—[§]

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[*] Aurora Leigh, book vii.
[†] Chansons de Béranger: La pauvre Femme.
[‡] In Sweden, § v.
[§] Thackeray, after La Motte Fouqué.

Seventy, then, has its minstrels and laureates, as well as sweet seventeen. So indeed has a *hundred* for the matter of that. As Hartley Coleridge was walking beside Loughrigg town one dreary, wet Sunday, he met a funeral escort, quaintly enough attired, in old-world out-of-the-world fashion, which was conveying from a cottage in Loughrigg, to Grasmere churchyard, the mortal remains of Aggy Mackereth, a woman who had attained her hundredth year. As he took shelter in the hospice at Skelwith Bridge, he wrote some memorial lines, of which the conclusion is here given:

With solemn pace they trod
To lay beneath the churchyard's billowy sod
A woman, that had borne the woes, and fears,
And hopes of life, for nigh a hundred years;
That was a little baby in a frock,
Ere the wild-bird had planted in the rock
Yon tree,—a wonder how its roots are fed,
That decks the autumn with its berries red.
She has outlived her loves. The world hath changed
Since she was young. The nimble feet that ranged
The lofty pastures—upward push'd the plough—
Straight in the coffin they point upward now!
The oldest man that walks behind her hearse
Her middle age might see—a babe at nurse.*

Hartley Coleridge was, by the way, a connoisseur in old women; studied them, loved them, sought to pluck out the heart of their mystery—for they all have one, each her own, such as it is. In one of his essays he maintains that the heart of an old woman is essentially the heart of a girl. This is evinced, he takes it, by the busy suspicious interest which agitates the venerable frame of female eld, when matters of the heart are even slightly alluded to. They never, he says, scoff or horse-laugh like old men; and though they may rebuke, sharply too, it is not with the imperative contempt of the sexagenarian worldling. They have not forgotten that love is a serious thing.† The same tender appreciation of the sex, in its phases of decline and decay, pervades his prose and verse alike: witness, for one example more, the Sonnet to an Aged Beauty, beginning:

Once thou wert young, 'twas very long ago,
Yet some there are to whom thy fixt idea,
Even now, is fresh as sea-born Cytherea. . . .
. . . Once thou wert young, and still art young to me,
Though fifty summers faded since we met;
Thy timid glance I cannot cease to see,
Thy bird-like voice to me is piping yet.
If Time turn back to say that thou art old,
I'll swear he lies, and will thy youth uphold.‡

There is a Shakspearean touch about this sonneteering—a touch of the Shakspearean Sonnets, at least.

Considering what a name Mr. Thackeray has for satire if not cynicism, as though he could only be natural, only his veritable self, when engaged in showing up, like a Vanity Fair showman, or cutting up, like a ruthless anatomist, it is always a pleasure, perhaps too a duty, to record a passing protest against this exclusiveness and one-sidedness on his readers' part, by insisting on the essential kindness and human feeling which nestle at the heart of his philosophy. This admits of ample illustration in the article of Old Women. True, there are sorry specimens of that class in his writings, just as there are in real life. In real life one certainly does meet—(occasionally? yes; frequently? *mais oui*)—with unattractive examples of female sexa-, septua-, octo-, and nonagenarians. There are old women whom all your charity will not let you respect, whom all your gallantry, chivalry, and romance combined will not avail to make lovable. They seem to stand forth as types and warnings, to show how *un*divine a thing a woman may be made. Of course, then, in so realistic an artist as Michael Angelo Titmarsh, studies and sketches are to be found of elderly disagreeables in the feminine gender. Wicked old dowagers confront us; scheming "old soldiers," or mothers-in-law, make us afraid. We meet quite many enough of wigged-worldlings like Miss Crawley, who "was the most hospitable and jovial of old vestals, and had been a beauty in her day, she said. (All old women were beauties once, we very well know.)"* Or soured scolds like Letty Lovelace. "'And Letty Lovelace?' says I.—Jack's countenance fell. However, he burst into a loud laugh presently. 'Letty Lovelace!' says he. 'She's Letty Lovelace still; but Gad, such a wizened old woman! She's as thin as a thread-paper (you remember what a figure she had): her nose has got red, and her teeth blue. She's always ill; always quarrelling with the rest of the family; always psalm-singing, and always taking pills. Gad, I had a rare escape *there*. Push round the grog, old boy.'" And thereupon straightway Mr. Titmarsh's memory goes back to the days when Letty was the loveliest of blooming young creatures: when to hear her sing was to make the heart jump into your throat; when to see her dance, was better than Montessu or Noblet (they were the Ballet Queens of those days); when Jack used to wear a locket of her hair, with a little gold chain round his neck, and, exhilarated with toddy, after a sederunt of the Cuttykilt mess, used to pull out this token, and kiss it, and howl about it, to the great amusement of the bottle-nosed old Major and the rest of the table.† Or who, again, can ever forget—some, it is said, will never forgive—that stringent warning, on the text of sick-bedridden, loveless old age: "Picture to yourself, oh fair young reader, a worldly, selfish, graceless, thankless, religionless old woman, writhing in pain and fear, *and without her wig*. Picture her to yourself, and ere you be old, learn to love and pray."‡ It is vastly more pungent and painful to read than Pope's contemptuous lines—

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* Poems by Hartley Coleridge, vol. i. (Memoir, p. cxcvi.)
† Essays and Marginalia, vol. i. p. 323.
‡ Hartley Coleridge's Poems, vol. ii. p. 34.

   As Hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable night;
Still round and round the ghost of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.
   See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;

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* Vanity Fair. ch. x.

† Book of Snobs, ch. xxxiii.

‡ Vanity Fair, ch. xiv.

Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive, ridiculous—and dead, forgot![*]

But the pitiless portrayer of Miss Crawleys and heartless dowagers, has a tender touch—who more so?—for whatever aged woman is right womanly in her age. Charming pictures we might select, one after another, from his well-thronged gallery, of benign, gracious, placid, endearing eld. Take one, of many such,—a drawing-room sketch, from the life, and to the life. "There sits an old lady of more than fourscore years, serene and kind, and as beautiful in her age now, as in her youth, when History toasted her. What has she not seen, and is she not ready to tell? All the fame and wit, the rank and beauty, of more than half a century, have passed through those rooms. . . . She is as simple now as if she had never had any flattery to dazzle her: she is never tired of being pleased and being kind. Can that have been anything but a good life which, after more than eighty years of it are spent, is so calm? Could she look to the end of it so cheerfully, if its long course had not been pure? Respect her, I say, for being so happy, now that she is old. We do not know what goodness and charity, what affections, what trials, may have gone to make that charming sweetness of temper, and complete that perfect manner. But if we do not admire and reverence such an old age as that, and get good from contemplating it, what are we to respect and admire?"[†]

To Mademoiselle de Scudéry is assigned the merit, by one of her most genial critics, of having given a place in her world to *la femme âgée*—a place, too, both honourable and *aimable*. In her "Clélie," *la femme âgée* is the arbiter of good taste and bon ton—is the directress of conversation—is sought after for her wit, her experience, and that amiability which is all the more charming from its being deprived, by age itself, of all coquetry. Woman indeed, in the "Clélie," grows old without becoming either useless or disagreeable.[‡] The character of *Arricidie* is a case in point: seventy-five years old, and always surrounded by young admirers. M. Girardin attaches great importance to this character, because *la femme âgée*, of this attractive type, esteemed and respected by *les jeunes gens*, belongs only, he says, to really polished and really *honnête* society. Be this as it may, his country may well boast of having produced some first-rate specimens of the class in question, and of having appreciated them.

Horace Walpole was not of the *nil admirari* school, in this particular. He had a liking for fine old ladies, of the well-bred and well-natured sort, French and English. Not to him must we go for the higher and nobler examples of *la femme âgée*—of that sacred type to which Wordsworth so often does homage; as in the sonnet to Lady Fitzgerald in her seventieth year:

Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright,
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind
To something purer and more exquisite

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[*] Pope's Moral Essays, ep. ii.

[†] Sketches and Travels in London. (Miscellanies, II. 222.)

[‡] Saint-Marc Girardin, Cours de Lit. dram., III. 121 *sq.*

Than flesh and blood; whene'er thou meet'st my sight,
When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
And head that droops because the soul is meek,
Thee with the welcome snowdrop I compare;
That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb
From desolation toward the genial prime;
Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light
As pensive evening deepens into night.*

Such night, however, as the same poet pictures in another poem—the closing stanza of which promises the "dear child of nature" it addresses that her thoughts and feelings shall not die, nor leave her, when grey hairs are nigh, a melancholy slave; "but an old age serene and bright, and lovely as *a Lapland night*, shall lead thee to thy grave."† But of cheery and charming old ladies of a more or less worldly habit, Walpole saw much, and by them he set great store—old ladies to whom severally might be applied Mr. Landor's lines,

She dares to hear her hair turns grey,
  And never looks the graver:
Nor will she mind Old Tell-tale more
Than those who sang her charms before.‡

At one time Horace shows us, for instance, the Campbell sisters, Ladies Ailesbury and Strafford, of whom he says, in his politest vein, that "Campbell-goodness no more wears out than Campbell-beauty—all their good qualities are *huckaback*. You see the Duchess [of Argyle, their mother]," he adds, "has imbibed so much of their durableness, that she is good-humoured enough to dine at a tavern at seventy-six."§ At another, it is his "divine old" Lady Betty Germaine, of whom he writes, on his visit to her in Northamptonshire (1763), "If one could honour her more than one did before, it would be to see with what religion she keeps up the old dwelling and customs, as well as old servants, who you may imagine do not love her less than other people do."‖ Then, again, there is his old Lady Suffolk—about whom, and the Lady Betty aforesaid, Gilly Williams and George Selwyn appear to have laughed at Horry in their drawling fashionable way, and marvelled at his moving from old Suffolk on the Thames to another old goody on the Tyne. Lady Suffolk he describes in a letter to Montague as then (1764) "past seventy-six; and, what is more, much worse than" himself, "for, added to her deafness, she has been confined these three weeks with the gout in her eyes, and was actually then [referring to certain New Year's-day ceremonies] in misery, and had been without sleep. What spirits, and cleverness, and imagination, at that age, and under those afflicting circumstances! You reconnoitre her old court knowledge, how charmingly she has applied it! Do you wonder I pass so many hours and evenings with her?"¶ When he loses this sprightly neighbour, in 1767, he tells Mann, she "was the only sensible friend I had at Strawberry.

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* Wordsworth's Miscellaneous Sonnets, XVII.
† Poems of the Imagination, XXXVI.
‡ Works of W. S. Landor, II. 653.
§ Walpole's Letters, III. 260. ‖ IV. 100. ¶ IV. 163.

. . . . Her hearing had been impaired above forty years, and was the only defect that prevented her conversation from not being as agreeable as possible. She had seen, known, and remembered so much, that I was very seldom not eager to hear. She was a sincere and unalterable friend, very calm, judicious, and zealous. Her integrity and goodness had secured the continuation of respect, and no fallen favourite had ever experienced neglect less. Her fortune, which had never been nearly so great as it was believed, of late years was so diminished as to have brought her into great difficulties. Yet they were not even suspected, for she had a patience and command of herself that prevented her ever complaining of either fortune or illness."[*] Then comes Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey, who died in the following year, at sixty-eight—"one of my great friends"—whose "friendliness, good breeding, and amiable temper, had attached all that knew her. Her sufferings, with the gout and rheumatism, were terrible, and yet never could affect her patience, or divert her attention to her friends."[†] And in especial, there is his "dear old blind woman" at Paris, Madame du Deffand—of whom he says, in 1769, that she feels no difference between the spirits of twenty-three and seventy-three; that she makes songs, sings them, remembers all that ever were made; and, having lived from the most agreeable to the most reasoning age, has all that was amiable in the last, all that is sensible in this, without the vanity of the former, or the pedantic impertinence of the latter. "I have heard her dispute with all sorts of people, on all sorts of subjects, and never knew her in the wrong. She humbles the learned, sets right their disciples, and finds conversation for everybody. Affectionate as Madame de Sévigné, she has none of her prejudices, but a more universal taste; and, with the most delicate frame, her spirits hurry her through a life of fatigue that would kill me, if I was to continue here."[‡]

La femme âgée is seen to advantage, at intervals, in Madame d'Arblay's diary and letters—herself no bad specimen, at fourscore and upwards, of the good old gentlewoman. Here is a glimpse, for instance, which Fanny Burney (then just "come out") gives us of the venerable translator of Epictetus—now about seventy-three, and living to be eighty-nine. "Mrs. Carter arose, and received me with a smiling air of benevolence that more than answered all my expectations of her. She is really a noble-looking woman; I never saw age so graceful in the female sex yet; her whole face seems to beam with goodness, piety, and philanthropy"[§] —none the less for the handsome compliments she was pleased to lavish on *Evelina*. Here, again, is Mrs. Chapone—though not very *superiorly* described. "Mrs Chapone herself is the most superiorly unaffected creature you can conceive, and full of *agrémens* from good sense, talents, and conversational powers, in defiance of age, infirmities, and uncommon ugliness. I really love as well as admire and esteem her."[||] But the most engaging, by far, of the numerous old ladies who came in "pretty Fanny's way," is that palace favourite—a familiar name in all biographies of Swift—the venerable Mrs. Delany, who, having been born with the eighteenth century, was now, on Miss Burney's first introduction to her, in her eighty-third year. "Mrs. Delany was alone in her drawing-room, which is entirely hung round with pictures of her own painting, and ornaments of her own designing. She came to the door to receive us. She is still tall, though some of her height may be lost: not much, however, for she is remarkably upright. She has no remains of beauty in feature, but in countenance I never but once saw more. . . . Benevolence, softness, piety, and gentleness are all resident in her face."* What friends this excellent lady and her admiring visitor became, and with what tender solicitude the latter watched her last days, is known to all readers of the Diary. Mrs. Delany was for a while the only consolation Miss Burney had in her ungenial toil as Queen's tirewoman. One other extract will suffice in relation to their Windsor connexion—the year being 1788 (the two last numerals expressing Mrs. Delany's age; nor was any higher number ever to be required, for she died within the year): "I found my dear Mrs. Delany sweeter, more alive, and kinder than ever. This evening I finished reading her memoirs. The almost incessant dangers to which she was exposed in all the early part of her life, and the purity of prudence with which she always extricated herself from them, have more than ever raised my admiration and increased my tenderness. What a character is Mrs. Delany's—how noble throughout—how great upon great occasions—how sweet, how touching, how interesting upon all! Oh, what should I do without her? That question will occur, but no answer can I make to it. Heaven be praised, however, she is well, uncommonly well, and looks as if she would live to be one hundred years old with ease."† Alas for fond hopes, engendered of earnest wishes! Before April was gone, gone for ever was Mrs. Delany. "And now—I'll go to sleep," were her last words, as she turned gently in bed from her affectionate companion, whom she would not bid farewell, that she might not give pain even at the last. Of *her* euthanasy, Madame d'Arblay must have thought often and wistfully, when, in her own extreme old age, she used to repeat (as she did every night) Mrs. Barbauld's solemn-sweet stanza, composed when *she* too was very old—

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[*] Walpole's Letters, V. 60. [†] V. 129. [‡] V. 186.

[§] Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay, vol. i. p. 317 (edit. 1854).

[||] Ibid. 244-5.

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.‡

While on the subject of old women of the last century, mention should be made of the Scottish type, a strong-featured and very characteristic one. Lord Cockburn's Memoirs go a good way to justify the description he gives of them as "a delightful set, strong-headed, warm-hearted, and high-spirited: the fire of their tempers not always latent; merry even in solitude; very resolute; indifferent about the modes and habits of the modern world." Lady Armiston and Mrs. Dundas, Lady Don and Mrs.

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* Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay, vol. ii. pp. 206-7.
† Ibid. IV. 14.
‡ Mrs. Barbauld's Poems, "Life."

Rochead of Inverleith, Miss Marie Trotter and Miss Sophy Johnston, Lady Hunter Blair, too, and Mrs. Murray of Henderland, make a brave show in his pages.* The influence of women in Scotch society has always, as an English writer observes, been one of its most marked features, and if we take up any well-known book, such as Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides, which gives an insight into the Scotland of a century ago, we find in almost every page mention of some lady who gives a character and an importance to the particular circle in which the tourists found themselves. "A mixture of sense, piety, and broad fun seems to have been the distinguishing mark of an old Scotch lady."† Of the fine old Scotch ladies commemorated in Boswell's Tour, a special interest attaches to Lady Eglintoune, who died seven years after the tourists visited her, at the age of ninety-one, and who in the bloom of youth had been *the* beauty of her time, and celebrated as such by Allan Ramsay, Hamilton of Bangour, and other tuneful gentlemen. The special interest arises from the degree in which she interested Dr. Johnson, who said of her, even at eighty-four, that she had "little reason to accuse time of depredations on her beauty." Boswell had some difficulty in inducing his every-way great friend to pay the Countess a visit; but the Doctor owned himself well repaid. "Lady Eglintoune," says the gratified Journalist, "though she was now in her eighty-fifth year, and had lived in the retirement of the country for almost half a century, was still a very agreeable woman. She was of the noble house of Kennedy, and had all the elevation which the consciousness of such birth inspires. Her figure was majestic, her manners high-bred, her reading extensive, and her conversation elegant. She had been the admiration of the gay circles of life, and the patroness of poets. Dr. Johnson was delighted with his reception here. . . In the course of our conversation it came out that Lady Eglintoune was married the year before Dr. Johnson was born, upon which she graciously said to him that she might have been his mother, and that she now adopted him; and, when we were going away, she embraced him, saying, 'My dear son, farewell!' My friend was much pleased with this day's entertainment, and owned that I had done well to force him out."‡ The week before, Johnson had also been complacently taken with the Dowager Countess of Loudoun, who, says Boswell, "in her ninety-fifth year, had all her faculties quite unimpaired. This was a very cheering sight to Dr. Johnson, who had an extraordinary desire for long life. Her ladyship was sensible and well-informed, and had seen a great deal of the world."§ It was like guaranteeing the Doctor a renewed lease of life, on the most favourable terms, this introducing him, a hale veteran of sixty-six, to a sociable, vivacious, uncomplaining countess of ninety-five.

Copious samples might be cited of *la femme âgée*, Scotch version, from a long roll of Scotch novels, in which she occupies so prominent a place. Sir Walter Scott would give us, in charming outline, Mistress Margaret Bethune Balliol; and, in all fulness and finish, Miss Griselda

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* Memorials of his Time. By Henry Cockburn. Pp. 57-67.

† Saturday Review, No. 33.

‡ Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides. Carruthers's edit. pp. 298 *sq.*

§ Ibid. 296-7.

Oldbuck, Alison Wilson, Meg Dods, and others. Professor Wilson's novelets teem with rural specimens, rather sentimentally idealised, indeed of a washed-out pattern. John Galt furnishes us with some pawky auld bodies, real enough in their way. Miss Ferrier is first-rate in her portraiture of Mrs. Violet MacShake ("Marriage"), and of Molly Macauley ("Destiny"). And, of a later school, allusion may be made to the octogenarian Miss Flora Rothesay, in one of Miss Muloch's many tales, and in especial to the now well-known and well-esteemed old Lady of Sunnyside, Mistress Margaret Maitland.

Nor should the Irish old lady be overlooked—of the class represented, for instance, by the late Dowager Countess of Charleville, who died but the other day, at the age of ninety, and whom an intimate friend has since claimed as a memorable example in disproof of the doctrine, that heart and imagination necessarily grow torpid and inactive in old age. "We strongly suspect that, when fancy and sensibility appear to pass away with advancing years, they never, in point of fact, existed, and that the flush, flutter, and vivacity of youth were mistaken for them."* The Emerald Isle might supply us, could we find place for them, with many such gems of purest ray serene, and diamonds *galore* of the first water. But time is up, and space out—nor can heed be given to the suggestion of a malicious remonstrant, that, in a professed paper on old women, at least a line or two might be spared for Sir Charles Wood and Mr. Vernon Smith. The extravagant recklessness of this! Some one will next be suggesting the Archbishop of Canterbury himself.

In more serious mood should close a paper seriously begun. And as from Wordsworth that beginning took its cue, with Wordsworth let the ending also be—who, on the subject of a portrait painted by Miss Gillies at Rydal Mount, calls it a fruitless task to paint that original for *him*,

Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,
By the habitual light of memory see
Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,
And smiles that from their birthplace ne'er shall flee
Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be;
And seeing this, own nothing in its stead.

And on, or rather to, the same beloved subject, in another sonnet:

Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
And the old day was welcome as the young,
As welcome and as beautiful—in sooth
More beautiful, as being a thing more holy:
Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
Of all thy goodness, never melancholy;
To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast
Into one vision, future, present, past.†

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* See Lady Morgan's "Passages from my Autobiography," pp, 55-7.

† Wordsworth's Poetical Works, vol. ii. pp. 359 *sq.* (edit. 1857).

THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.*

It is rare, in the present non-emotional days, for any princess to endure such a romance of misery as fell to the lot of Helen of Orleans, whose death gave the crushing blow to the already direly-tried family of Louis Philippe. As a young and lovely bride, all smiled on her; but only a few years of wedded felicity were allowed her. She was forced into the consciousness that even princesses may be too happy in their life, and have to undergo a bitter penalty for past years of felicity. In the midst of her wedded joy her husband was torn from her; and not long ere the kind-hearted relations who had striven so zealously to console her were driven to seek shelter in a foreign country. Even then she had hopes; she believed her son would yet mount the throne of France; but too soon the conviction was forced upon her that all was lost. With the elevation of Napoleon III. to the imperial throne the deposition of the Bourbons was irrevocably sealed, and Helen of Orleans yielded to her despair. Up to that time, the hope of seeing her beloved boy recalled to the throne of France by the voice of the nation had, in a measure, reconciled her to the burden of life, but so soon as the fiat had gone forth—when France had expressed her unanimous rejection of the royal race—the duchess sank beneath the blow. Gradually she faded away, although seeking forgetfulness in change of scene, and striving to bury the past in the education of her sons; but it was all of no avail. She had the ineffable consolation of seeing her first-born grow up all that the fondest mother could desire, and she was only too ready to leave a world which had been a source of bitterness for so many years, and in which she felt that her presence was no longer wanted. A loving hand has given us the memorials of her life, and drawn an admirable picture of a lady who would have been an honour to any family, and who, in happiness or in misery, never once failed to herself. To Helen of Orleans we are justified in applying the words of Ben Jonson:

> Death, ere thou hast slain another
> Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
> Time shall hurl a dart at thee.

The Princess of Mecklenburg, born in 1814, was the granddaughter of that Prince of Weimar who was the friend of Schiller and Goethe, and of that Princess Louise, whom Napoleon, no respecter of intellectual ladies, was forced to allow "the only princess he had found in Germany." After the disastrous battle of Jena, this lady presented her diamonds to her desolated country, but the Estates only accepted them as a loan, and they eventually descended to the subject of our memoir. With such relations as these to form her mind, it is not surprising that the young princess grew up a pattern of all feminine graces and virtues, and so soon as she entered society, she gained the heart of all who formed her acquaintance. Even the Dauphiness of France, who met her at Töplitz, was compelled to lay aside her frigidity on behalf of this charming young creature, and always after took a kindly interest in her welfare. More important for the tenor of her life, however, was the introduction to her of the French minister, M. Brisson, whose reports to his court led to Louis Philippe eventually selecting the young princess as the bride of his eldest son.

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* Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans, Hélène de Mecklenbourg-Schwérin. Paris: Levy. London: Jeffs. 1859.

But even at this early age, the princess was fated to endure the pang of separation from a dearly beloved brother. According to the author of the Memoir, it is probable that the agony she endured on this occasion taught her how to assume a feigned serenity, and gave her the power of enduring her future calamities with such marvellous patience. In 1836, the Duke of Orleans visited Berlin, and so gained on the affection of the old king, that he quite made up his mind that he was the only European prince worthy to win and wear so fair a jewel as his darling little princess Helen. On this hint the duke spoke; and although the Duke of Mecklenburg was strongly disinclined to the match (perhaps from some foreboding of the misery it would entail on a beloved sister), the princess was so affected by the letter sent her by her royal suitor, that any opposition was futile. The marriage contract was signed on the 5th of April, 1837, and on the 15th the princess quitted Ludwigslust, accompanied by her mother. The parting from her home was mingled with sunshine and clouds, and she evidenced her feelings in the following lines, which she traced on one of the windows:

So lebe wohl, du stilles Haus!
Ich zieh' betrübt von dir hinaus:
Und blüht mir fern ein schönes Glück,
Ich denke gern an dich zurück!"

The writer of the Memoir gives us the following affectionate description of the princess, just prior to her marriage:

> In truth, the inexpressible charm of her countenance pleased at first sight. Even if none of her features were prominently attractive, there was so much harmony and nobility in her whole appearance, that all eyes were fixed upon her with a lively interest, and could not be again detached. Her gentle and yet penetrating glance seemed to seek the thoughts in those addressing her. Her tender and kindly smile, and an expression at one moment brilliant, and then full of affectionate emotion, were the reflex of her mind, and vividly revealed the impression caused by every word addressed to her. Although a rare distinction ever recalled her rank, of which she never thought, it may be said that the feeling she inspired was that of sympathy. At a later date, when sorrow had assailed her under every form, the extreme mobility of her face was veiled by a tinge of sorrow and gentleness: her glance, although equally animated and more touching, solicited a word of hope. Lastly, the agitation of her mind, which was only restrained by an extreme firmness of will, was betrayed by a more hurried movement, although it ever remained graceful and dignified.

The princess was received most heartily by the French, and her route to Paris was one long ovation, and the years immediately following her marriage were full of delight. In 1838 we find her writing to a friend on the anniversary of her marriage: "At present my heart is more happy and grateful than ever. It is one of those days hailed with new emotion on each recurrence. What a difference from last year! All my hopes are realised, and I have fresh ones which attach me to the future. A deep and true affection, of which I had scarcely a feeling on that day, now rooted in my heart, my position towards my family established on a solid basis, and as regards my new country, justified by coming hopes—such are subjects for gratitude, some of which you foretold, but which have gained greater extension than even your dear heart or that of my mother could have anticipated, or myself formed an idea of. It is now two o'clock. At that hour last year I was surrounded by all the luxury of my wedding trousseau. What a burden weighed me down! This luxury has since become a matter of indifference to me, and I have learned to regard that which oppressed me as a condition to be accepted, of which I had to learn the real value. Then the evening—the marriage ceremonies, which caused me pain by the spirit that presided over them, and which yet assured my happiness. Oh! what a reminiscence! what a difference! Let us together thank the Deity who overpowers me with his blessings, and has given to my life an object so great, so noble, and so important. It seems as if He grants me too much happiness; and though I feel it surpasses all I deserve, I accept it with gratitude, and hope to enjoy it in the fulness that is granted me." These feelings of happiness were augmented by the domestic life the young princess led with the royal family. A portion of the morning was spent in the queen's room, where each of the princesses had a work-table. Here the king frequently joined them, and read them the news of the day. In the evening the duchess was by the queen's side till they retired to their private apartments, when she spent several hours in reading to or with her husband. To a girl brought up in the simplicity of a German court there must have been something inexpressibly charming in the family circle which Louis Philippe collected around him. At times, however, the princess would go to the palace at Chantilly and give fêtes, in which she joined with all the innocent delight of girlhood, and charmed all present by her gaiety and gentleness. But these occasions were rare: for the duchess was truly pious, and reproved herself with wasting time in amusements, which she could not but regard as frivolous, inasmuch as they occupied much valuable time which she could devote to the comfort of the home circle.

In the midst of these simple pleasures two children were born to the duchess, and she would have enjoyed unalloyed happiness, had it not been for the wretched feeling that brooded over the whole family as to the king's life. On the ninth attempt at assassination, in 1841, she expressed her feelings of gratitude for the king's escape by rushing into the room where the Count of Paris was receiving a lesson: "Fall on your knees," she said, "and thank Heaven with me." These repeated alarms at length produced in the duchess a feeling of vague terror as to her own plethora of happiness. A letter written from Dreux, in July, 1841, expresses the trouble which constantly assailed her. "I saw here for the first time the tomb of my poor sister-in-law. I saw, too, the vaults which will receive us all some day: where so many tears will be shed, and where mine will, perhaps, precede my ashes. All these thoughts, by giving me a very serious feeling, lead me to entrust myself once more, and with perfect confidence, to the care of my Saviour." The year passed away without any fresh alarm; the duchess grew every day more proud of her husband, and was delighted to find the king entrusting many important matters to his charge, and the only check on their happiness was that the health of the duchess compelled a visit to Plombières, and a short separation from her husband. On the 3rd of July, 1842, they left Neuilly together, although the duke could only stay away from the camp for a few days. On the trajet a ghastly incident occurred, when we bear in mind the impending catastrophe:

> While crossing the outer boulevard, the party passed before a cemetery, the entrance to which was adorned with little bouquets of immortelles, and other funereal ornaments. "I detest those tradesmen who make a profit of sorrow," said the prince. "See," he continued, as he glanced at the several inscriptions, "they have provided for everything: here are crowns for a young girl, here are others for a child." These words affected the princess, whose thoughts doubtless turned to her absent children; and her eyes filled with tears. The prince smiled, and, taking her hand, said, "Well, then, it shall not be for a child, but perhaps for a man of two-and-thirty." She immediately raised her eyes, and reproached him affectionately for dissipating one sad thought by an image even more sorrowful. But he soon succeeded in cheering her, and the last journey they took together ended gaily.

On the 7th July, the duke left Plombières for a short separation, and on the 14th the duchess had so far recovered her strength that she could go to the valley of Girarmé and spend some hours in a peasant's hut, where a shepherd played to her on a clumsy guitar. It was late when she returned to Plombières, her hands filled with flowers she had culled on the road, and she went up to dress for dinner. Madame de Montesquiou was also at her toilette, when a servant told her that General Baudrand wished to speak to her immediately. Her first thought was that the king had been assassinated, but on joining the general she learned the fatal truth: the Duke of Orleans was dead! A hurried consultation was held with the physicians, who gave it as their opinion that the sudden shock would kill the princess. Hence the prefect proceeded to prepare a telegraphic despatch, announcing the serious illness of the duke. The rest of the sad narrative must be told in the author's words:

> Madame de Montesquiou, imploring that strength from Heaven which she could not find in herself, mounted the stairs leading to the princess's room. On reaching the door, she stopped for an instant. Through the thin curtain covering the glass she saw the princess giving the last touch to her toilette, and walk towards the door with a happy smile. Resting motionless against the wall, she could not utter the word which must destroy so much happiness. "What! not dressed yet?" the princess said, gaily. "But what is the matter with you?" she added, drawing nearer to her, "you are very pale: what has occurred? a misfortune in your family—your husband—your children—are they ill?" Madame de Montesquiou pressed her hands without speaking. This prolonged silence did not suggest the truth to the duchess. "No, madame," Madame de Montesquiou at length said, "I have experienced no misfortune, but I am not the less unhappy. I have some news for your royal highness." These words made her recoil. "Good Heavens! what has occurred? my children—the king——" "Alas, madame, the prince royal is dangerously ill." "Oh! he is dead—I feel sure of it—tell me so!" and she fell on her knees with a piercing cry. "Oh, my God, have pity on me! do not permit him to die—you know that I shall not survive him!" She prayed for a few minutes, then asked for the despatch, and read it several times. "That is not the usual form of a telegraphic despatch," she said, as a doubt crossed her mind, which was soon dissipated by the prefect. Then she burst into tears. At length she rose with firmness, and said, "I wish to set out immediately: perhaps I shall yet arrive in time to nurse him." Orders were given for their departure. At times she regained hope. "Perhaps I shall find him quite cured; oh! in that case I shall be well scolded:

but how happy shall I feel to be scolded." Then fear gained the upper hand: "He is so afraid of causing me any anxiety, he must be very ill as he sends to let me know." And her tears began flowing again.

At eight o'clock the mournful party left Plombières, but it was not till one the next morning that the duchess realised her loss. A carriage was seen coming from Paris, and M. Chomel, the royal physician, came up to the princess, and announced her husband's death. He told her that the duke had been thrown from his carriage, and remained senseless till his death, only muttering at intervals a few words in German; then she turned to Madame de Montesquiou, and said, "You knew all, then: what courage you had!" For an hour the duchess remained on the high road, refusing to be comforted; then, as if moved by an inspiration, she set out for Paris at full speed: she must see the face of the dear one once again. A dreary day and night passed away ere the duchess reached Neuilly. The king received her with the words, "Oh, my dear Helen, the greatest of misfortunes has overwhelmed my old age;" while the queen said, in her gentle tone of authority, "My beloved daughter, live for us and for your children." Thence they proceeded to the chapel where the body of the royal prince had been removed. The coffin was closed; the duchess knelt by its side, and, after a short prayer, she arose strengthened in mind, and proceeded to her apartments to assume that mourning garb which she never laid aside again. Those who saw her at that moment were struck by the rigidity and pallor of her face: life seemed to have deserted her, and she remained for a long time in a state of stupor, which caused grave apprehensions for her fragile health.

After a season of despair the widow determined to live for her children, and endured much agony of mind from the associations which were continually springing up around her. Possibly the greatest shock she received was at the Château d'Eu, when the entire royal family ran a narrow risk of drowning, as the horses of the char-à-bancs fell down twenty-five feet into the sea, but the traces broke just in time to save the party. In describing the occurrence to her friend, the princess could not refrain from avowing that some bitterness was mingled with her gratitude, when she thought how they had escaped by a miracle, while so slight an accident had robbed her of her husband.

And so the years sped on, the duchess bravely allowing the serpent of regret to prey on her vitals, while the world thought the wound was cicatrised. Up to this time she had been but a loving woman, living in and through her children, but their heritage was to be assailed: the ides of March were approaching. During all that stormy period preceding the revolution of 1848 the duchess changed her character. She assumed a manliness most unsuited to her, but the welfare of her children was at stake: on their behalf she would have withstood the hydra of revolt. But her counsels were in vain: the king was servile and nervous, and the advisers who surrounded him were too full of their own selfish designs to care for the future of the young princes. Louis Philippe abdicated in behalf of his grandson, and the young widow was left alone to support his rights. And nobly did she perform that arduous task. Holding her children in either hand, she proceeded to the Chambers to try one desperate cast of the dice. We all know from Granier de Cassagnac's work how Lamartine, stung by motives of personal ambition, betrayed her cause, and how the Chamber was invaded by a mob of armed men, the tools of the unscrupulous republicans who thirsted for power. The danger was imminent: the duchess and her children must be saved at any hazard, and M. de Lasteyrie, aided by a company of National Guards, sought to force a passage for them.

But during this time the crowd had grown more dense: the princess and her children were thrust against the folding door, and could not advance. Still she extricated herself; but before she could regain her children's hand in the gloom she was dragged onwards through the crowd to the presidential salon. On noticing there the absence of her children, she uttered shrieks of despair which could be heard above the surrounding tumult. The children had been kept back in the lobby by the crowd: the Duke of Chartres, thrown down and lost for an instant beneath the feet of the populace, had been taken up and carried to an adjoining house. A workman seized the Count of Paris and pressed him tightly in his arms, doubtlessly to defend him, but in the midst of noise, disorder, and darkness, every man distrusts his neighbour. The poor lad was torn from him and tossed from hand to hand as far as the corridor, when M. de Montguyon put him out of a window opening on a court-yard, and thus restored him to his mother.

At the sight of her son the duchess regained her presence of mind, and consulted with her friends as to the next steps to be taken. Eventually they proceeded to the Invalides in a carriage driven by M. de Lasteyrie, but there was no hope there. The governor, Marshal Molitor, begged the duchess to depart, as it was not a safe place for her and her son, but she replied nobly: "No matter, this spot is good enough to die in if we have no to-morrow: to remain in, if we can defend ourselves in it." Before long the Duke of Nemours joined her, and another consultation was held as to the mode of regaining ground. At midnight, however, an envoy arrived from Odilon Barrot to say all was lost for the royal cause, and that she must fly. The princess yielded unwillingly to a stratagem which had been already tried with success on our James II. and on Charles X. But before deciding she said, "If there is a single person here who considers I ought to remain, I will do so. I think more of my son's life than of his crown, but if his life is necessary to France, a king, even one of nine years of age, must know how to die." At nine o'clock the next evening M. Barrot himself arrived, and joined his persuasions to those of the rest, and finally the duchess consented to leave Paris. She proceeded to the Château de Bligny after a narrow escape from the insurgents, and here, for the first time, in the solitude and want of comfort (for they did not dare light a fire), the duchess's high spirit failed her. She spent a night of agony, trembling at every sound, nor did she recover her equanimity till the next morning, when the Duke of Chartres was restored to her. Before the day was over the duchess acquired the certainty from the Duke of Nemours that all was lost, as far as the royalist cause was concerned, and consented to quit France. On crossing the frontier, the duchess burst into tears, and M. de Mornay, who accompanied her, could not restrain his own. "Our tears spring from different sources," she said to him; "you weep with joy at having saved us, and I from grief at quitting France, that country on which I call all the blessings of Heaven. Wherever I may die, let her know that the last beatings of my heart will be for her." Many years later, our author adds, the duchess revealed her love for her adopted country by saying, "When the thought occurs to me that I may never revisit France, I feel as if my heart were bursting." The first halting-place selected by the duchess was Eisenach, where an envoy, sent to her by the Queen of the Belgians, found her in a large barn-like room, without fire, dressed in the same clothes she had worn on quitting the Tuileries—another Henrietta Maria! While isolated here, her heart bled once again for the woes France was enduring. Thus nobly does she write on the 9th of July, 1848, to the friend with whom she maintained a constant correspondence through all her vicissitudes:

> Oh, my dear friend, what agony! what punishment I have undergone during these four days of expectation, when the fate of France, of society, was being decided in Paris! when our friends were on the breach! when the families of those devoted to us in exile were incurring the greatest dangers! God has saved France, and spared our friends; I bless Him for it, and yet my heart is overwhelmed with sorrow. What a victory! in what an age do we live to be witness of such contests! But what energy has been displayed in resistance—what heroism, what constancy! If it were necessary that blood should flow, let us thank Heaven that it was not in the name of one of us. The men at present in power have saved France; they are re-establishing order, they are taking wise and energetic measures, but their time will not be long. I fear lest the country will have to go through successive crises before the authority is based on a solid foundation. Poor France! so great in her misfortunes as in her glory, both of which are ever in excess!

These words were truly prophetic, and the events of the next year proved that France would never be secure until the authority was placed in the hands of a man who recognised the truth of her remarks. When the Emperor Napoleon was consolidated in power, and had the option of "calling cousins" with the old rulers of Europe, the Duchess of Orleans must have felt that the sins of the fathers were being, in her family, visited on the children, even to the second generation. Louis Philippe had alienated the friendship of his allies by his tortuous policy, and ended by forfeiting the affection of his people; and it was, undoubtedly, the remembrance of his own short-comings which induced him to resign his throne and the patrimony of his grandchildren, without striking a blow in their defence. He had been tried and found wanting, and his descendants cannot blame France if she prefer a ruler who defends her dignity honourably, and affords her, by his straightforward conduct, the best guarantee of material prosperity.

In 1849 the duchess paid her first visit to England to see her relations, whom she found comfortably established at Claremont. Louis Philippe had secured himself, as far as wealth was concerned, and was leading the life of a respectable country gentleman, for which he was best fitted. No ambitious thoughts troubled his mind; he lived entirely for and in his family, and he was as happy as he might expect to be. In this serenity of mind he ended his days, and was too soon followed by the amiable Queen of the Belgians, whose death drew from the Duchess of Orleans the following painful letter:

> It would be useless to describe to you the utter desolation we all feel, after having lost our second earthly Providence! God has taken our angel from us: He knows what is good, but His designs are surely inscrutable. The misfortune that has assailed us does not alone affect our hearts; each day will cause us to feel its effect more deeply. We lament in her not only a friend, but a support. Since the guardian angel has no longer watched over me, isolation has again invaded my existence, and I resign myself to my dumb affliction, feeling afraid even to love ardently those still left me upon earth, for Heaven has, for the fourth time, deprived me of a being who possessed my entire affection. This gloomy thought causes me at times to tremble for my children, who are at

present only an object of anxiety, but who, so soon as they become devoted friends, may possibly undergo the fate which my love has brought upon other cherished beings. Do you blame these thoughts? Be indulgent, and only see in them the result of a succession of misfortunes; aid me in prayer, to soften the bitterness of the woes which chasten me. Could you but see our mother! could you but hear her words of submission and faith, which astonish our hearts! She solely lives for Heaven. Her only thought is to prepare herself to join her own in another world. She is a hundred feet above human sufferings, for God supports and fortifies her. Alas! I give up all prospect of imitating her, and I pray Heaven to pardon me for the degree of sorrow into which this loss has plunged me.

The next blow the duchess received was the event of the 2nd of December, for that finally deprived her of all hope. Her feelings she thus expressed in writing: "Everything hurts me, even the sanctity of the admirable queen. I am irritated because she displays no indignation. She has a word of indulgence, of charity, for every one. I cannot do it." In her febrile agitation she exaggerated the dangers to which her friends in France were exposed, and sent them various sums of money to support them in their exile. It is gratifying to find that the confiscation of the Orleans property had no effect on the family circumstances.

In 1852, while travelling in Switzerland, the duchess and her sons had a narrow escape from drowning: their carriage was overturned near Lausanne into the lake, and the mother had her shoulder-blade broken, although the princes escaped. As soon as she was recovered she came to England, and settled in Devonshire, where her memory will long be blessed by the poor. From this time till 1857 the duchess had no other object than the education of her sons, and with them she visited many parts of Europe; at length she settled down at Thames Ditton, in the bosom of her family, and spent apparently the happiest months she had known since 1848, when death again assailed them. On the 13th November, the Duchess of Nemours died quite suddenly at Claremont of ill-omened memory. Equally painful to the duchess's feelings was the execrable attempt of the 14th January, which she describes in one of her letters as one of the most odious of all she had known, for she would never consent to profit by a crime.

In May, 1858, the duchess was obliged to give up her house at Thames Ditton, and hired Camborn House, at Richmond. Strangely enough, on entering it, she said that the portal resembled that of a tomb, but the prophecy had no effect on her spirits. On the 11th of the same month she was suffering from a cold, and took to that bed from which she never rose again. But she had no idea of her danger, nor, indeed, had any of those about her: colds are so common in England that no one cares for them. But, by degrees, that hacking cough, which presages evil, grew upon her; but even then she thought of others rather than herself. At a moment when the paroxysm was most painful, she asked her friend to hold her hands, which caused her some relief; but, turning immediately to the physician, she remarked, "It is not contagious?" Again, when she had grown much weaker, and M. de Mussy insisted on her taking wine, she turned to the nurse, and said, "You require strengthening, too; drink this wine," and she held out the glass to her. At last she died in her sleep—the greatest mercy that could be vouchsafed to her—and, on the physician entering the room, he found that the passage from this life to the next had been so gentle that the two nurses, who had their eyes fixed upon her, had not noticed any alteration in her features, and on close examination it was found that she had only grown slightly more pallid than before.

Her poor remains were watched for four days. Travellers who arrived from France asked to see her once again; they pressed into the room, praying and weeping for her who had so often welcomed them. She appeared to smile on them still; and none of those who saw her will ever forget the expression of peace and almost infantile youth which had returned to her countenance. She was at rest at last.

Yes, the troubled one found peace at length. She was buried at Weybridge, between the charming princess, whom Claremont still laments, and the king, whose virtues have been only learned since his death. Our author alludes to some ignoble dispute which caused the intervention of the bishop before her poor body could be consigned to its last resting-place; but we cannot credit it. Any country would be honoured by becoming the last resting-place of such a woman as the deeply lamented Helen of Orleans.

We are glad to find that so touching a history as this will be presented to our readers in an English form, for it deserves close study. The name of the translator, Mrs. Austin, is a guarantee of the fidelity with which the work will be performed, and it could not have been entrusted to worthier hands. At the same time, we must express our regret that a contemporary should have condescended to regard these memoirs as a political pamphlet: on the contrary, after a careful perusal we can only regard them as a memorial worthily raised to a wife and mother deserving of all praise. There is no possibility of any Bourbon again ascending the throne of France; such a consummation is beyond the wildest theories of speculation, and we believe that the family now residing in England have accepted their lot with patience. We regard these memoirs as a just tribute paid to the memory of a princess who behaved most nobly under the exceptional circumstances in which she was placed. She enjoyed a European reputation, and was regarded with admiration wherever she deigned to show herself. In England, it is needless to add, she was respected by the higher classes of society, and loved by the lower; for never, within the memory of man, has been known a princess so self-sacrificing and so devoted to the welfare of the poor. Her fatal illness, in fact, was produced by her habit of visiting in all weathers the pensioners of her bounty, for she could not sleep in comfort if she thought there was any one neglected whom her succour might save a few hours of misery.

We claim no special credit for the Duchess of Orleans as a princess; we would prefer her to be regarded in her greater attributes of a woman, and she will be found to stand the test nobly. It is an easy matter for those who possess to give from their superfluity, but it requires more for them to descend and mix among those unhappy beings who require assistance. And such Helen of Orleans was: her bounty was augmented a hundred-fold by the kindness with which she imparted it, and when the reminiscences of the Bourbons as a reigning power shall have faded away, the name of one of the family will be sanctified in memory as a further proof that "only the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

UNCLE HENRY'S STORY: THE KNIGHT BANNERET.

BY HENRY SPICER, ESQ.

"How long have we till dinner?" inquired Uncle Henry.

"Six hours and a half."

"Good. That will just do."

General Dove, though a veteran, started. Richard promptly rose, walked to the window, looked out, and came mournfully back. Katty Weldon, quitting her chair, selected the deepest and cosiest she could find, with the undisguised purpose of going to sleep. Philip Balfour affected to be already comatose.

As for Uncle Henry, without appearing to regard the preparations for a universal doze, he took from a deed-box, which stood in the room, an immense roll of manuscript, and therewith returned to his seat. Pale, yet resigned, the circle disposed themselves to hear.

Several parties (said Uncle Henry) having already appropriated the old oak cabinet in which this extraordinary document was (to have been) found, I have no resource but to describe to you, perhaps at considerable length [a suppressed groan from the general], the remarkable scene of its discovery in the charter-room of the haunted towers of G——.

I rented the mansion and manor of that name, a year or two since, for the term of the shooting season, and passed, in those wild and beautiful, though neglected precincts, some of the happiest, because loneliest, hours I ever knew.

As regards the *shooting* part, it would probably be classed by my friend Philip Balfour under the descriptive title of "bosh." I certainly walked out, every morning, clad in a shooting-jacket; sometimes (not to look particular) in a kilt. I was, moreover, armed with a gun (made, I was told, by the Bishop of Something, though it always seemed to me a singular occupation for hands right reverend), and accompanied by two dogs, and a reclaimed poacher promoted to keeperhood, which last-named individual I sincerely wished at Jericho. The fellow had an extraordinary gift of grinning. On my one day expressing some little surprise at this peculiarity, he tried, indeed, to persuade me that it resulted from a kind of spasmodic action, which, accompanied by a remarkable noise and configuration of features, shaking of the sides, and expulsion of the breath, was common to all the members of his family. If I am not mistaken, however, there is something not widely different from this in the dictionary definition of a jolly good laugh!

I think, upon the whole, I was happier with a keeper recommended to me on a former occasion—a fellow of a different stamp. His name was Green—we called him "Verd Antique." We knew he was sixty—*he* called himself forty-three, and had, moreover, the peculiarity of growing a year younger every twelvemonth.

A mystery, rather partaking of the fog than the halo, surrounded the childhood and youth of Mr. Green; but, among those admitted most nearly to his confidence, there was one universal conviction that he had been a poacher from his very cradle. So completely was the love of this pursuit interwoven with his intellectual man, that no amount of legitimate sport could compensate him for its deprivation. It gave him more heartfelt gratification to wire a moping rabbit, or brain a squatting hare, than to fill his bag to the lip with fairly slaughtered victims. I have seen him pick up snares in the wood, and gloat over them with an eager, fond delight, such as a parent might evince on the sudden discovery of a truant child. He had a passion for dosing dogs, and invented an infallible remedy for mange, which certainly never failed to place the patient most effectually beyond the reach of that, or, indeed, any other ill.

Mr. Green's poaching nature, however, well suited him for the sly shooting sometimes needed in the precincts of the loch. The noiseless old scamp! Even in his moments of excitement (and these occurred whenever any proceedings of a stalking nature were required), when, perhaps, within shot of a thousand wild-fowl, he used to manage the absurd little tea-tray of a punt (in which I never held my existence worth more than three minutes' purchase) in the most delicate and fairy-like manner, and was, indeed, at any time worth twenty yards of distance to the shooter. If I mention that the excellent Green had always blood upon his hands, as though he had beguiled his leisure by cutting something's throat, I need dwell no longer upon his portraiture, merely adding, that as, according to his own system of calculation, he is at present only thirty-nine, and unemployed, I shall be happy to furnish his address to any gentleman-sportsman attached to ferreting and kindred practices of the more skulking forms of venery.

Mr. Green did not, it is true, supply me with any distinct address. That would not have consorted with his character. But it was arranged between us that any application made to Mr. Duncan M'Killop, of E——, should be passed on to a respectable purveyor of dogs'-meat, not far from Lossiemouth, who would thereupon communicate with Mr. Peter B——, of the G—— Arms, on the north road, whose potboy knows a friend of the gentleman required.

Now I'm not going to give you any extracts from my game-book. On the contrary, I did my very utmost to enshroud the results of the season in the profoundest mystery, not disdaining even to purchase (as I hoped) the secrecy of the keeper, Sandy M'Cutcheon, with especial reference to any inquiries that might be instituted on the subject by my friend and landlord, Sir Alexander. From certain hints, however, dropped by the latter at subsequent periods, I am strongly inclined to suspect that my bribes proved insufficient—that he (Sir A.) was fully cognisant of the mild and humane character of our proceedings, and perfectly satisfied that the prospects of the ensuing season would not be materially affected—at least by the agency of the episcopal weapon I have alluded to. My friend himself, like his renowned brother, against whom

> The awless lion could not wage the fight,

is a thorough sportsman, too keenly sensible of the pleasures of the field not to entertain a kind desire that his tenant should experience them to the full. We shot together more than once. Alas! it was easier to see him bag his twenty brace while I slew *three*, "wiping my eye" times innumerable, and affecting to pick out my wounded (!) birds, as an easier mark; this, I say, was infinitely more endurable than the frank hilarity of that confounded M'Cutcheon!

Thus, however, I went on, day after day, missing, with wonderful precision and perseverance, and sinking lower and lower in the opinion of my henchman, until at last the joke appeared to lose its piquancy. He positively ceased to laugh, and gentle pity took the place of his disdain.

Having made no secret of my own unsportsmanlike gifts, I can afford to mention that I *have* met men who shot worse! Two of these remarkable persons visited me at G——; one of them, a learned serjeant, opened the campaign by discharging his piece at a musing crow—which he missed.

"To Spynie Loch," records my diary of this date, "with B. Keeper followed. My learned friend having incidentally mentioned that he could walk, without inconvenience, twenty-five miles a day, put him into the place of honour—the 'deeps' of the loch—where the rushes and water were about half way up the thigh (ground, when reached, clingy). Saw B. struggling manfully with his difficulties; the ducks rising about him in all directions; but my friend too much occupied in preserving his own existence to think of harming theirs.

"In about two hours B. emerged, pale and breathless, demanding to be led home.

"I killed 1 *du.*, 1 *sn.*, 1 *go. plo.*, and 2 *peew.* Keeper, 9 *du.*, 13 teal. B., 0. Rather proud of my golden plover, having taken it for a starling."

The other man was——I won't mention names; he's the best fellow in the world. D. didn't care much about the partridges and hares, but took an immense fancy to the loch; and, in that squashy paradise, passed a considerable number of hopeful, but resultless, hours. Once, when he had gone out alone, at early morning, armed with two guns and ten dozen cartridges, the fusillade in the neighbourhood of the loch became so lively as to create some little alarm, and, at all events, to lead to the most sanguine anticipations as to the issue of *that* day's sport. A procession quitted G——, taking with them some spare game-bags and a wheelbarrow; but the precaution proved unnecessary. D. had been smartly engaged all the morning *with a single wild goose!* which ultimately escaped uninjured.

My friend's patience was really almost superhuman. He had a pet island in the loch, not much above his knees in water. On this he "landed," and remained in seclusion three or four hours at a stretch, for the chance of some unsuspecting duck coming over his ambush. Come they did, sometimes, but it always occurred at the moment D. was at lunch. Occasionally, his sworn enemy, the goose, would come heavily flapping along, uttering a hoarse cry of defiance; and, thenceforth, the report of D.'s barrel and the ironical scream of the invulnerable goose ceased not to awaken the echoes of the loch till sunset.

For *my* part, I never could quite understand why my birds didn't fall. I always covered them, and, moreover, to make surer, took care to blaze away at the nearest the moment they rose—no matter how close. On this point the keeper, I remember, differed in opinion with me, always maintaining, with the stolid obstinacy of his class, that five yards was too near for anything but a popgun.

My great delight, however, was (after having fired what may be termed the usual *feu de joie* in and about the adjacent turnip-fields) to get rid of my keeper upon some ingenious pretext, and make my way quietly down towards the sea-shore. There, in a grassy cove, used as a bathing-place, sacred to the tenants of G—— House, or in one of the beautiful grottos, hewn by Nature's hand and Time's in the cliff's bold bosom—with no living object in my view save only the sea-hawk and rock-pigeon, and perhaps a wild child pretending to watch a tethered sheep on the slanting moorland—I wasted many an hour in the bitter-sweet meditation peculiar to melancholy minds.

Also—but that was for an evening stroll—there was, at the end of certain long green avenues (green both above and below, for up these melancholy paths wheels never rolled, except when, at long intervals, some lineal descendant of the house of Gordon, or of Cumming, passed to his long repose), a small old chapel or mausoleum, containing within its walls one large tomb, and surrounded without by a few weed-grown graves. This was by no means a favoured locality, for, independent of its natural gloomy associations, here, among others of his race, lay the celebrated "Ill Sir Robert," of G——, reputed a wizard in his own time, and shrewdly suspected in ours of having himself contrived the mantle of mystery which hung about his name and person, for the more convenient carrying out of schemes not strictly reconcilable with the laws relating to excise.

G—— House is too well known to make it necessary for me to enter into any description of its halls and galleries, its doors and dungeons. I shall merely introduce you to the room in which I usually sat, and in which occurred the extraordinary circumstance I am about to relate. This was the principal drawing-room, having about nineteen windows (I never reckoned them minutely), and splendid accommodation within the wainscots for almost any number of rats.

I had remained up writing one night later than common, the servants having long retired to bed. As their apartments were at a considerable distance from those I inhabited, no domestic sounds ever invaded the stillness of the room except those made by my friends behind the wainscot; and, on this particular night, these had nót once been heard! It was very remarkable, and I remember having indulged in many speculations as to the probable cause.

Somehow, I rather regretted their total absence.

The room certainly looked excessively dismal. The lamp and two candles on the table only sufficed to repulse the gloom as far as the fourteenth window; all beyond was night and mystery. A sombre curtain seemed to hang across the room, rendering perfectly intelligible Lady Macbeth's idea of the "blanket" of the dark.

The thought of that article of domestic comfort perhaps put me in mind of bed, or it may be that the oppressive silence and obscurity of the room had, for once, affected my nerves; at all events, though not at all sleepy, I resolved to go to my room, and, as a preliminary, extinguished the lamp. I was about to put out one of the remaining lights, when a sound and movement at the further end of the apartment arrested my hand. I listened, and gazed intently into the gloom. Presently a step sounded on the oaken floor—another; some one was advancing, slowly and heavily, up the room; yet no door had opened. My suspense was not long. A figure moved out of the darkness and came close up to the opposite side of the table. It was that of a man rather advanced in years, but of commanding appearance, and features of which I fancied I had some indistinct recollection. His hair was white, or powdered; he wore a laced cravat, a long velvet gown with a narrow silver border, and a black skull-cap of the same material.

Not a little astonished, as you may suppose, by this apparition, I made a movement towards the bell; my visitor, however, stopped me, with an impatient gesture, and, with another, invited me to follow him. A little reassured by his very gentlemanly appearance, I obeyed, taking, however, the candle with me. He led me through two or three rooms into a long gallery, in which we stopped at a low door; this, opening, disclosed a narrow stone staircase, which wound up into one of the small turrets those who have once seen the mansion will easily remember. Up this my guide passed, and into a small octagon apartment above, over the door of which was carved, in rude letters, "Charter Room."

Throwing back the dusty lid of an immense old chest, secured with padlocks and iron bands, all which appeared to yield instantly to his touch, my extraordinary visitor pointed his long white finger (on which sparkled a stone of the description known as "cat's-eye") to the interior. It appeared to be filled nearly to the brim with papers, parchments, letters, &c. &c.; but the twinkle of the "cat's-eye" fell more particularly upon a thick roll of yellow manuscript, exactly in the middle. This the unknown signed to me to take.

With a little misgiving as to the point of view from which the existing Laird of G—— might regard this apparently rather cool appropriation of his family papers, I complied. The next instant the heavy lid reclosed with a bang, like the explosion of a shell. The dust raised a perfect fog about me, and, when it dispersed, what was my astonishment to find myself seated, alone, at the table in the drawing-room, with the thick yellow manuscript lying before me!

It was written in cipher, and the key, on parchment, was, I discovered, sealed up, and attached with a piece of silk to the manuscript.

On the following morning I wrote to the laird a full and circumstantial account of this remarkable visit from one who, I had every reason to believe, was no less a person than "Ill Sir Robert" himself, and, in a day or two, received a reply from my amiable and accomplished friend, Lady G——, who in the kindest manner assured me, on the part of her lord (absent deer-stalking), that I was heartily welcome not only to the manuscript in question, but to any other papers or valuables whatsoever that might come into my possession in a similar manner!

I thereupon set to work, and deciphered the manuscript.

Behold it.

"Uncle," said Katty, awaking, "how much of that story is true?"

"Not a syllable, my dear," replied her unblushing relative. "But it's only the introduction. Here's the story."

THE STORY

Of me, Charles Infelix Lyndwode, Knight Banneret of the "Bloody Distance," and of my ward Essilia.

Begun on this present St. Alban's-eve, being the 17th of June, 1729, when as I am, this day, fifty years and sixteen days old.

And forsomuch as, being a soldier, I write not clerkly and spell but indifferent well, I do leave this record in cipher, whereby transcription will become of necessity; and I do humbly pray any who may hereafter be concerned in making public this my narrative, to be indulgent to my errors of style, and the same to correct, so far as may be.

Whereas I find that the circumstances under which it was my hap to become a Knight Banneret, surnamed "of the Bloody Distance," have been somewhat misnarrated (as who, indeed, could relate them wholly, but I, the seer and doer?), I hold it fit to detail what follows—videlicet:

There was, as all men of war of the time do know, a gallant regiment of volunteers attached to that portion of the British army which in the year of grace 1703 freed Spanish Guelderland from the dominion of the French, and thence proceeded with all despatch to Germany, there to co-operate with the imperialist forces against the united French and Bavarians under the Count d'Arco. In this body I was captain, and my subaltern was my young schoolmate and friend, Frank Ballatine.

On the day of the fight at Schellenberg, being the 2nd of July, 1704, we marched towards Donawerth, under the orders of the brave General Goor, and, crossing the Wernitz, were hotly engaged with the enemy until near the hour of noon. At this time a pause took place, and many experienced soldiers, considering the battle over, began to think of pipe and haversack. But those who could command the distance knew that a frightful storm of war was gathering on our left, to which this pause was but the solemn prelude. Very wary dispositions were made by our chiefs to meet the impending danger, and brief was the space before we lay, armed and vigilant, coiled up, as it were, and ready to launch our strength upon any point of peril.

But ere this was completed there occurred a short but terrible episode of strife. For while the manœuvres were in progress, a portion of our regiment, retiring too slowly upon the main position, were set upon by Polish cavalry, and saved themselves, hardly, under the fire of our guns, at the cost of some ten or twelve of their number, and, woe the while! the battalion ensign, left, with him that had borne it, midway between the hostile fronts.

When our old colonel, gallant Sir Piers Tylden, saw his colour lie thus exposed to capture, he was like a man demented. He tore his white locks, and, snatching his watch and money from his pouch, offered all, and promotion to boot, to any bold grenadier who would adventure to bring it in. That some were found to essay it, need not be told; but so hot was the fire, that none from either part lived to reach the spot, and when the attempts ceased, twenty-three brave fellows were added to the slain—nine to capture the colour, and fourteen to save!

Suddenly there galloped to the front my young schoolmate, Frank Ballatine, his black ringlets flying abroad and mingling with the satin ribbons of his shoulder-knot, and his fine blue eyes (so like his sweet mother's!) dancing with a strange delight. He leaped from his horse.

"At last," he cried. "She calls me! What a brave signal!"

"How now, Frank! What is it, my son? What '*she?*'" quoth stout Sir Piers, growling, and tugging his old moustache.

"Do you want your ensign, colonel?" shouted Frank. "I'll fetch it. Shake hands, Charles. God bless you, old boy."

Some tried to dissuade him, since death was all but certain. And old Tom Deverell, half-laughing, half-crying, swore that since some gentleman of worship must go, we might as well despatch the regiment's baboon, that always marched at our head on field days, imitating the gestures of the colonel, and, with all his frolic and mischief, was not half so boon as merry Frank Ballatine. But the boy was obstinate.

"Come hither, Charles Lyndwode," he muttered to me. "Look yonder—beside the ensign. Dost see nothing?"

There was smoke enough, and dust, and mangled men, and, six score paces distant, dark lines of the enemy, half sheltered by low earthen breastworks. More I saw not. But I knew he meant not these.

"I thought you were a seer, like myself," said Frank, with a short laugh. "*She* stands there, like a queen—above the colour; one white arm—*handless*—raised and beckoning me, the other pointing to the ensign. 'Sdeath, sir! she'll think me a coward! Don't grasp me. Farewell."

And he strode away.

For a moment we almost persuaded ourselves that the enemy would not fire. Dust and smoke had cleared away, and the scene was as distinct as in a theatre. We could see the black and yellow beards of the crouching French.

Now, surely as I, Charles Infelix Lyndwode, write these words, I beheld, as Frank strode on his fearful errand, a shape grow forth of the air, having the bearing and attitude, yea, and the handless arm, he himself described. Head, bust, and arms were those of a fair woman with long hair—such as your French fantastics call *argent doré*—which sparkles when the sun doth kiss it. A gauzy robe floated round her, but faded, as to the lower folds, into air, so that I saw through it the glittering arms of the foe—and, alas! moreover, the flash of their pieces—for a whole platoon drew trigger at once upon the solitary man. Frank neither stopped nor staggered, but walked straight on, not to the colour, as was expected, but to the beckoning presence beside it. Then, as though stricken by the levin-bolt, threw up his arms, and fell dead upon the fallen colour. The white dismembered arm was gone, and, as before, nothing was visible but smoke, and dust, and blood—dead Frank, and the crouching foe!

A howl of rage broke from the ranks as Frank fell, and it needed all the exertions of us officers to prevent a general burst from the shelter of our half-cover—a movement which could only have resulted in death and discomfiture. When order was restored, Sir Piers, to cheer our spirits, gave permission for one more volunteer to make the attempt.

Before any could answer, I felt myself step forward; and thereupon ensued what I can better describe than understand.

As I quitted the line I was conscious of nothing so much as the intense, oppressive silence, and a sensation of hot breathing in my face, as from the lip of a volcano. I had but sixty yards to traverse, yet, in that brief space, stepped over the bodies of twelve of my slain comrades—every foot of earth bearing some lethal trace of what had befallen. Well might it thereafter be called the "Bloody Distance."

At my third step a single shot was fired—soon, another—then a whole platoon. I was in an atmosphere of fire. So continuous was the whistle of the shot, it seemed as though some one was swinging a ball round and round my head. The earth was grooved into twenty furrows at my very feet. Still nothing touched me. Truly I was not then a God-fearing man, and little versed in holy writ. How was it, then, that some low, sweet voice, distinct above the pealing musketry, spoke perpetually within me that assuring psalm—the soldier-psalm: "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust"? Here the din of the musketry increased mightily, but the sweet voice overcame it all: "A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand, *but it shall not come nigh thee.*"

Henceforth, and ere I had accomplished the distance, all sense of personal danger had departed—I felt invulnerable—more, a strange, pleasurable exultation possessed me, involving all the outward senses in its operation. As though stained glasses had been suddenly placed before my eyes, all surrounding objects became of one uniform colour—red. My frame appeared to dilate into gigantic proportions. I felt at least twenty feet high! The sound of the firing seemed to have receded to a vast distance, and was like a grand, low music, on which the ear dwelt with delight. These sensations, and more which it skills not to relate, are as vividly impressed upon my memory now as at the moment of their occurrence. Nor is there anything marvellous in the tale. I had, in truth, but an access of that strange disorder—since well enough known—the "*cannon fever.*"

I had now reached the debated spot where poor Frank lay extended beside the blood-soaked colour. Stooping down, as though from a vast altitude, my hand came in sharp contact with the ground; but this caused no change in the strange possession. First, as in duty bound, I caught up the precious flag—now a mere handful of bloody tatters—disposing what remained of the sacred folds round the wounded staff; then raising poor Frank's body on my shoulders (he was a slight fellow, and no burden), walked slowly back to my men.

Strangest of all is the sequel.

Frank, although stone dead, appeared to have received no injury; neither wound nor abrasion of any kind appeared upon his clear white skin. And I, though alike untouched, even to my clothes, and in perfect health of body, remained for nine days thereafter so prostrated in strength as to need the assistance of two men to mount my charger.

For this service was I created Knight Banneret in the field, and surnamed of the "Bloody Distance."

And the handless spectrum? What of her? Poor Frank's own hands disclosed the tragical matter. As his friend and executor, it fell to my charge to examine his papers. These, it must be owned, were neither important nor voluminous, consisting, in the main, of old tavern scores with boon companions in merry England. There were, in addition to the aforesaid, many rolls which had contained tobacco, an unfinished sonnet, and a little journal-book, very much creased, and, withal, ill-penned. In this was contained the secret of his latter life, and of that secret I will, as briefly as possible, deliver the substance:

At the commencement of the Dutch campaign, General Krogh requested that a British officer, familiar with the language of the country, might be attached to his personal staff. Now Krogh, though a brave and experienced commander, was, perhaps, as atrocious a monster as the times, prolific in brutality, produced. His temper was as violent as his heart was cold. Impatient of contradiction, it demanded the most delicate circumspection on the part of his coadjutors to preserve that cordial harmony so essential to the success of the campaign. It was consequently enjoined most peremptorily upon any individual upon whom this unenviable duty might devolve to confine himself strictly within his office—that, namely, of attending the movements of the fierce old general, and forming the channel of official communication between him and his allies.

Poor Frank's genial good-nature, combined with other qualities, seems to have pointed to him as the officer best qualified for this peculiar service, and (with some misgiving, rather implied than expressed in his notes) he accepted the same.

Note, at this period I, myself was languishing, with a grievous hurt, at Ostend on the sea, and knew nought further than that Ballatine, after an absence of but a few weeks, threw up his appointment, and returned to his regiment, no otherwise changed than that he was now subject to occasional fits of dreamy meditation, which, however, never failed to yield to the influence of regimental wit—and wine! Nor was any one of his comrades better informed than myself, all that was fully known being that Frank had fulfilled his duty to the satisfaction of our chiefs, and was marked for early promotion at the instance of Krogh himself.

The secret remained locked up in Frank's own bosom, and here, at last, is the key.

It appeared, from the poor boy's notes, that upon a certain reconnoitring expedition, and when at a distance of several leagues from camp, Frank had made a descent upon a lone farm-house, situated upon a small oasis in the midst of a swampy flat, and had there effected the capture of three fat Flemish hens, leaving, in exchange, his too susceptible heart. For in that humble, and, as she doubtless hoped, unnoticed dwelling, there resided, with her brother, a woman of half Spanish blood, of beauty so surpassing that Frank's hair (if we may believe his own words) stood on end with mingled awe and admiration, as though one should open a dingy cupboard, and a radiant angel should step out.

That the parties in question had especial reasons for inhabiting this desolate and all but inaccessible demesne, was easily observable; and strong suspicions were on foot that the invisible brother (for neither on the first occasion nor in any of Frank's subsequent visits to his swampy Eden was this man to be found at home) was no other than a celebrated spy in the service of the enemy, who passed by innumerable names, and, although his person was well known, had hitherto foiled every attempt made to capture him.

In brief, between the lovely eremite and poor Frank there arose a dangerous, a fatal intimacy, how carried on it is absolutely impossible to surmise, since no prolonged absences on his part were discernible. Incalculable must have been the risks run by the headstrong lover in his perilous pursuit, which nevertheless continued for the space of some months previous to the period of which I am now to speak, namely, that of Ballatine's appointment to the Dutchman's staff.

Some short time after Frank had joined, Krogh, upon a certain foggy evening, such as he and his countrymen appeared to hold in especial delight, desired Frank and a favourite aide-de-camp of his own to accompany him, and, followed by a select escort of a dozen well-mounted troopers, rode forth, an hour after sundown, upon a secret errand.

A quick trot of several leagues brought them to the junction of three roads, and here, in a fir coppice, the general established a sort of ambuscade.

Silence succeeded for nearly an hour, interrupted only at intervals by the champing of bits, the impatient shiver of some restless steed, the "ohoo-e, ohoo-e" of an owl, astonished and disgusted at this unceremonious military occupation, and the "koäx, koäx" of the fat burghers of Marshtown, disporting themselves in the plashy environs.

Suddenly a horse's tread echoed faintly on the stony road. A growl from the leader signified "Silence, and preparation." The very owl stopped hooting, as if from interest in the scene. A tall, powerful man, dressed like a peasant, in a yellow blouse, and leading a great black horse, came slowly by, the uneven gait of the latter showing that he had sustained some injury of the foot, or, at the least, the loss of a shoe—no slight misfortune, since the halo of mist that enveloped the halting creature indicated that the journey thus delayed had objects of pressing moment.

"Out! Seize him!" shouted Krogh, dashing his horse through the low brush as he spoke. But with inconceivable promptitude the man was in his saddle and away, the noble horse, invigorated by his late breathing-space, starting off at a pace that, lame as he was, distanced for the moment the enraged general, who, cursing furiously, spurred after, followed by Ballatine and the rest.

As though conscious that his horse's unprotected hoof could not last on the hard road, the hunted man, after a race of a few hundred yards, pulled up with a suddenness that threw more than one of his immediate pursuers beyond him, and, jumping a low dyke and hedge, was lost in the darkness, though the splashing of his steed through the swampy ground could be still distinctly heard. Without a moment's hesitation the general plunged after in pursuit, Frank, the Dutch aide, and such of the escort as could persuade their animals to take the blind leap, still at his heels. The ground was frightful, for though the mud and water were not more than a few inches in depth, the land was intersected by narrow ditches three feet deep, and equally difficult to jump or wade.

"Curses on the villain! He has escaped us," panted the excited general, as he brought up his beast after a terrific stumble. "Halt, and listen!"

Eyes and ears were strained to the utmost, and presently an exclamation from one of the party drew attention to a gleam of red light that had appeared and vanished again almost too quickly for general observation. As far as could be guessed, it was not distant more than the third of a mile. Some pronounced it a marsh light, but the Dutch aide, who was famed for his quick vision, swore it was the entrance of a fire-lighted dwelling that had suddenly opened, and as quickly closed.

"Right! We have him!" cried the general. "Now, gentlemen, yonder is Quesnel, the despatch-bearer. A thousand guilders for the rascal's head. Ten thousand for the papers he carries, this night, in the left pocket of his yellow blouse. Forward!"

Proceeding with more caution, the general himself presently detected a narrow bridle-path, winding so deviously through the marsh as to cause some doubt whether it led ultimately in the desired direction, or to the point from which they had started. At length it took an abrupt turn, widened, ascended a broad plateau, and conducted them within view of a low house, with outbuildings, dimly perceptible against a background of pines.

Halting the party, Krogh and his sharp-sighted aide leaped from their horses, and were able to ascertain that recent horse-tracks led up to the very door. The latter even averred that he could distinguish the track of a shoeless hoof. If, however, one line of tracks approached the house, another quite as recent departed from it, and, by the deep indentations, evidently at furious speed.

"Escaped, herr general," said the disappointed aide.

"A shallow trick, sir," replied the latter. "He has entered, and let his beast go. Break up the door and pike the vermin."

But, as they approached, the door opened suddenly, and a woman, holding a lamp, looked out. She was on the point of retreating again, when Krogh caught her roughly by her loose dress, and demanded Quesnel.

"*No esta aqui! Nadie esta aqui*—(He is not here. There is no one here)"—she replied.

But though the general understood no Spanish, her confused manner at once confirmed his suspicions.

"Fiends choke your gibberish! Interpret, sir!" he shouted, turning to Ballatine, who truly had scraps enough of language to have reconciled the conflicting tongues of Babel.

Frank, who—as reported after the poor boy's death, by a soldier present—looked strangely agitated, stammeringly, and in a low voice, rendered her words into the general's tongue.

The latter made no reply, but, roughly pushing her before him, strode into the dwelling.

It was rather château than farm, and exhibited unmistakable traces of its occupation by persons of the superior class.

"Look you, my·little child," said Krogh, using his favourite expression, and speaking in tones of such superhuman gentleness that all, except the unfortunate lady, knew that he had passed into his well-known "white passion," "Quesnel is here, and so is Krogh. If, within three minutes, you present him not bodily, in this room, I will burn the house and your ladyship within it. I invite Monsieur Quesnel to supper," said the general, sitting down. "You will seek him?"

"*No quiero*—(I will not)"—said the woman, quietly.

All eyes turned upon the daring speaker. She was of commanding beauty, an example of that rare but most lovely variety, the Spanish blonde. Krogh regarded her with about as much interest as he would have bestowed upon a Barbary ape. English Frank made an involuntary step forward, as though to assure the beautiful, unprotected woman, of the presence of at least one friend. As he did so she started, but did not speak.

"Shall we search, general?" asked the Dutch officer.

"Search, sir! No. It is time wasted. He's safe enough, unless we get the secret from her lips; and that she knows. Will you swear, woman, that you know not his hiding-place?"

"*No quiero,*" was the stern reply, of which Frank dared not attempt a gentler paraphrase.

"Good. But let us be sure. Will you lay your hand upon the table and repeat that?"

The woman did so without hesitation.

Krogh dipped his broad finger into the bowl of his extinct pipe (he had been smoking while in the copse), and, collecting some of the black ash, drew a sooty bracelet round the delicate wrist.

"In one minute I will have this dainty limb—or Quesnel!"

Ballatine started; but he deemed the savage in jest.

"Strike, Piet," said Krogh to a rough dragoon, who caught her hand and held it to the table. "Not with your sword, fellow," he continued; "that's for battle. Here's your chirurgeon's tool." And he caught up a large bread-knife with a wooden haft that lay near, and thrust it towards the man. Still the victim retained her composed demeanour. "Is he thy husband?" demanded the general.

"*No esta*—(He is not)."

"Thy paramour?"

As Frank hesitated in translating the insolent question, the woman herself spoke:

"*Puede usted asasinarle, pero jamas por mis manos!*"

Ballatine interpreted mechanically, "You may indeed murder him, but not through *me!*"

"Cut, hound!" roared Krogh. Frank's blood boiled. He stood irresolute, not from want of pity, from no fear of crossing the savage, whom he would have taken by his shaggy beard as soon as shaken a puppy; but the reiterated caution—"Interfere not—leave the man his will—no remonstrance—your duty is allotted—do it," rang in his ears, and warned him to forbear. Added to this, he still believed that Krogh's purpose was solely to practise on the woman's fears; and, finally, the general himself, who had probably noticed the dangerous gleam in his young follower's eye, made a step towards him, saying sternly, in an under growl, "Be still, sir; stand back; let me *try* her."

Not till the edge of the huge weapon touched the white skin did the unfortunate lady appear to become fully conscious that no empty menace was intended; *then,* with a sudden shriek, and a convulsive struggle, she strove to get free. Too late. The doomed hand remained fixed as in an iron vice, while the other was caught and retained by a second ruffian, in the person of the Dutch aide.

"Cut, fellow!" repeated the general, administering as he spoke a savage blow with his sheathed sword to the half-reluctant soldier. Wildly the victim threw her magnificent eyes around. They rested on

Frank's red dress (his face she could not see, for it was purposely averted), and hope seemed to revive as she recognised the tokens of a British presence on the scene. Then, in language incomprehensible to all but him who was powerless to aid, in accents expressing the wildest extreme of anguish and passionate entreaty, she implored Frank to interpose, and protect her from the threatened outrage.

The unfortunate young man writhed in mental anguish scarcely less than her own, and, in the agitation of the moment, turned his changing features full upon her. She paused suddenly, mute and rigid, as though turned into stone, her marvellous eyes fixed on her lover, and apparently insensible even to the tightened gripe of the man who held her hand.

One second longer Frank hesitated—a second only; but in *that* the tragedy was consummated. With a horrible crunching sound the soldier forced the knife slowly, frightfully through the limb, till it passed into the wood beneath; then they released their victim. She had never removed her burning eyes from Frank, nor did she *then;* but raising the mutilated arm and directing it to him, as though he alone had been the doer, she sank slowly forward upon the table, her bright hair literally "dabbled in blood"—the blood from her own rich veins. A rude hand raised her. She was dead.

At the instant, the sentinel without dashed his musquetoon through the casement, and announced that flames were bursting from more than one window in the building; and ere they had assembled on the outside it became evident that some skilful incendiary had fired it in twenty places at once.

"A shriek! a shriek!" cried some one, as they rushed out; and a low, faint wail sounded from within the burning house.

"'Tis but a cat," sneered the aide.

But, without a word, Frank darted back—and in a few moments reappeared, carrying a white bundle in his arms, which he handed to a dragoon of the escort, who sometimes acted as his orderly.

"Look to it with your life, sir," he muttered, and resumed his place by the general's side, whose attention, with that of his aide, had been attracted to a new and remarkable object.

At the centre window of the mansion, directly above the door, a tall dark form was visible, in strong relief against the blazing interior, apparently watching the party below, and wholly insensible to the flames which played so closely around him that they must have singed both garments and hair. The figure was that of the spy.

"Put me a ball through him," growled the general; and almost before the last word had escaped his lips, two of the men fired. The figure turned slightly to the side from whence the shots proceeded, as though courting a repetition of the attempt, but made no other movement.

"Donner! Again! No, hold!—we must save the despatches. Try escalade," said the general.

Some rude furniture was hastily dragged forth, and a tolerable platform erected; but before this was complete, a horrible change had taken place above. The fire had caught Quesnel's clothes. Still he neither moved nor spoke. A frightful minute passed, when the figure, suddenly leaning forward, passed, a sheet of flame, headforemost through the window. On examination, a piece of his red silk sash remaining unconsumed about his neck, betrayed his self-destruction. After firing the house, and no doubt destroying the precious despatches, which had cost so dear, he had hung himself to a hook in the window at which he had been discovered.

Such was the result of the general's ambuscade.

The circumstance was widely enough bruited at the time, but the causes which rendered it an event of such dear import to Frank Ballatine remained concealed in his own breast.

A few days later, however, Frank sent in his formal resignation as aide and interpreter, and, without awaiting a reply, returned quietly to his regiment. Strange to say, General Krogh, so far from taking offence at this unceremonious departure, wrote to the English chief, expressing in the most cordial terms his high appreciation of the young officer's conduct and zeal.

And the white bundle—what treasure did that contain which Frank's dragoon was charged to defend with his life? Good reason have I to answer that.

On the day we buried my poor friend, I found, on returning to my tent, perched upon my baggage, the most beautiful but most inconvenient of babes. It was busily engaged in sucking a stirrup-leather. The lovely imp never cried, but waved its tiny hand around, as though to assure me that I was still master of my tent, wherein there was abundant room for both.

The thing was right. We made that campaign together.

THE WANDERER.*

The Wanderer will find his way to homes by the thousand. He will "wander not unseen," not unheard, not unechoed—for a voice of such power, compass, and mellow depth will have its imitators springing up, and its mocking-birds twittering, far and wide.

That Owen Meredith had made a name, and would keep it, no reader of his previous volume could very well doubt. But it would hardly have been supposed that having thus made it, he would now *keep* it in so literal a sense. A success of the kind and degree that he has achieved, would tempt most men to put their real name on the next title-page. For it is well enough known, we believe, nor has ever been denied, that Owen Meredith's autograph, or orthograph, is Robert Bulwer Lytton.

A rose, however, smells sweet under any name—provided always that it *be* a rose, of Nature's own handiwork, and off a real rose-bush—not an artificial thing, of dyed crape, and manufactured for the milliners, and worthy of its being's end and aim. The Wanderer, in his return upon us, "like a reappearing star," brings real roses with him, breathing odours from afar. This volume is indeed passing rich in deeply impassioned, highly imaginative, airily fanciful, vigorous and subtle, tender and true poetry. It has meanings not less clear and striking in themselves, than suggestive of other and inner meanings, not to be told in rhyme. It abounds with masterly varieties of melodious art—from voluntary and fugue on the stately organ, to trills on the shepherd's pipe. In its more sensuous and Keats-like portions, there is a tropical splendour, a profuseness and pomp of display, a sort of recklessly redundant overgrowth, from which one turns with something of relief—so overcharged seems the atmosphere with luscious sweets—to the simpler verses in which some quiet grace, or natural beauty, or pathetic truth, is seldom wanting. This time, too, the poet has sallied into the regions of wit and humour—and the result is seen in numerous sprightly effusions, that recal the manners of Mackworth Praed and Bon Gualtier combined; while at intervals we come across a grim piece of mocking satire, almost savagely cynical, which might have been inspired by Mephistopheles and done into metre by Faust.

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* The Wanderer. By Owen Meredith, Author of Clytemnestra, &c. London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.

Were it not that the space allotted us in this overcrowded *Miscellany* is so stinted, we might justify the sincerity of our praise by a good flourish in the way of fault-finding; for there *are* faults to be found, even by superficial seekers, with various of the Wanderer's characteristics. We might "deliver our testimony" against an over indulgence in sensuous description—too bare and obtrusive a display of voluptuous beauty—too free and facile a handling of forbidden topics. Witness the strange, dashing, ghostly, fast but fearsome lines headed "Au Café ***" —where

A party of friends, all light-hearted and gay,
  At a certain French café, where every one goes,
Are met, in a well-curtain'd warm *cabinet*,
  Overlooking a street there, which every one knows.

Exception, too, might be taken to the profusion of such dainty diction as the author of "Endymion" affected—though the present volume is far less overrun with these flowers of fancy than its predecessor. More care is taken with the rhymes—albeit "fire" *is* made to pair with "nigh her" (p. 85), and "chapiter" with "artificer" (p. 347)—but the surprising fluency, and sometimes tricksome drollery, of the metres, so artfully diversified, leaves us well content with the infrequency of even such peccadilloes as these.

The poems which compose this volume are distributed into six Books, with Prologue prefixed, and Epilogue annexed thereto. The first Book pertains to Italy, the second to France, the third to England, the fourth to Switzerland, and the fifth to Holland; while the sixth, devoted to sacred themes, is entitled "Palingenesis," and is certainly not the least remarkable, as it is the most serious and earnest section of the work. The whole is dedicated "To J. F.," in terms and tones that recal Tennyson throughout; for example,

For all youth seeks, all manhood needs,
  All youth and manhood rarely find:
A strength more strong than codes or creeds,
In lofty thoughts and lovely deeds
  Reveal'd to heart and mind;

A staff to stay, a star to guide;
  A spell to soothe, a power to raise;
A faith by fortune firmly tried;
A judgment resolute to preside
  O'er days at strife with days.

O large in love, in nature sound!
  O man to me, of all men, dear!
All these in thine my life hath found,
And force to tread the rugged ground
  Of daily toil, with cheer.

Accept—not these, the broken cries
  Of days receding far from me—
But all the love that in them lies,
The man's heart in the melodies,
  The man's heart honouring thee!

This dedication includes, indeed, a tribute of homage to "great Alfred," as England's one remaining poet that "hath the power to charm the midnight moon, and bind all spirits of the sweet south wind, and steal from every shower that sweeps green England cool and clear, the violet of tender song." In connexion with which passage in verse we may here mention a foot-note in prose, appended to the Legend of King Solomon (p. 350), the suggestion of that legend—very finely worked out, by the way—being, in the Wanderer's own words, one among the many debts I owe to my friend Robert Browning. I hope these lines may remind him of hours which his society rendered precious and delightful to me, and which are among the most pleasant memories of my life." Both the Brownings, as well as Tennyson, have had, however indirectly, a shaping and colouring influence on the young poet's culture; but he is too strongly built, in a build of his own, and too amply endowed with faculties of the "self-supporting" kind, to be unduly affected, in the long run, by any of these elective affinities.

Love is the absorbing argument of his song. Love aspiring, love defeated, love in delicious self-inspection, love in forlorn retrospect, love in all shapes and guises, all degrees and kinds, all moods and tenses. There is a favourite Irene, to whom very ardent strains are addressed, and there is a favourite Cordelia, who elicits many a tender and touching stanza. The Wanderer writes, oft-times and for long together, as one whom Misery has made her familiar—whose life has known deep sorrows in its dawn—and to whom the problem of existence has presented itself, a bewildering mystery. Hence so much that has an air of cynical levity, or sceptical indifference, or bitter irony, in some of these poems. Poor L. E. L. somewhere speaks of "that rare thing, a 'happy marriage' between persiflage and sentiment;"—of which (at the best) ill-assorted union we have some highly-finished specimens in the Wanderer's wallet. A deal of taste, tact, and cleverness is required for their production; yet other gifts are evident in pieces like "A Night in the Fisherman's Hut," "Mystery," "The last time that I met Lady Ruth," and even in "Matrimonial Councils" and "Midges." Few things of their kind can be more effective, in an exciting degree, almost painfully so, than "The Portrait." Rare indeed is this author's skill, in hinting out, quite clearly yet without narrative method, but by suggestion and intimation and postulate only, a complete story, often of stirring interest—now wildly melodramatic, now deeply tragical. At one time the theme is "A Love Letter"—at another "The Vampyre;" "Change" has a meaning and music all its own; "Count Rinaldo Rinaldi," "The last Message," "Aux Italiens," "At Home during the Ball," and "At Home after the Ball," are each of them replete with character and life. Nor will readers overlook the drawing-room polish of such pictures as "A l'Entresol" and "Madame la Marquise"—where the atmosphere, however, is not the most bracing. "Astarte" is a masterpiece of mournful beauty. "Once" and "Since" are also pitched in a minor key, of touching power—not unrelieved by the invective spirit that finds utterance in the latter. Gloom is the pervading element in "Failure," and "Misanthropos," and "Macromicros," and "The Heart and Nature," and "Progress." Welcome after these reiterations of doubts and despondency, are the devout breathings of the final Book—in which "A Prayer," and "A Psalm of Confession," and kindred strains, imply the *palingenesis* of one that, as it were, was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found.

The concluding stanzas of the Epilogue set forth the Wanderer's wishes and design, his ambition or want of it, in giving to the world this record of his past:

. . . . Wherefore I do pray
My book may lie upon no learnèd shelves,
But that in some deep summer eve, perchance,
Some woman, melancholy-eyed, and pale,
Whose heart, like mine, hath suffered, may this tale
Read, by the soft light of her own romance.

Go forth over the wide world, Song of mine!
As Noah's dove out of his bosom flew
Over the desolate, vast, and wandering brine.
Seek thou thy nest afar. Thy plaint renew
From heart to heart, and on from land to land
Fly boldly, till thou find that unknown friend
Whose face, in dreams, above my own doth bend.
Then tell that spirit, what it will understand,

Why men can tell to strangers all the tale
From friends reserved. And tell that spirit, my Song,
Wherefore I have not falter'd to unveil
The cryptic forms of error and of wrong.
And say, I suffer'd more than I recorded,
That each man's life is all men's lesson. Say,
And let the world believe thee, as it may,
Thy tale is true, however weakly worded.

UP AMONG THE PANDIES:

OR, THE PERSONAL ADVENTURES AND EXPERIENCES OF A FERINGHEE, BEING SKETCHES IN INDIA, TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

PART IV.

ALLAHABAD AND CAWNPORE.

Along a winding sallyport—through a labyrinth of ditches, and parapets, and "covered ways"—under the muzzles of guns which frown upon one at every turn—beneath a fine old echoing gateway, carved and curious, and we are in the Fort of Allahabad, and ere long have taken up our quarters in the "Ellenborough barracks," a handsome range of yellow buildings, "picked out" with white, and with pillared verandah and front. This fort is of very considerable size, though when I was there no more than fifty guns were mounted on its ramparts: it has two land "faces," elaborately "broken" with all the scientific appliances of bastions, demi-bastions, ravelins, and batteries "*en embrasure*" and "*en barbette*"—a detailed description of which I do not think necessary to inflict upon you; perhaps to the unprofessional eye the river fronts, overlooking the junction of the Ganges and Jumna, are the most interesting, composed as they are of the grey time-honoured walls which formed part of the old fortifications in days long before the "Feringhees" had overrun the land—in days when bows and arrows were considered formidable weapons, when the ping of a bullet or the booming of a gun was unknown; in those days, in short, when Allahabad was in its glory, and kings feasted within its gates. True, we have touched up these walls here and there—have added a bit of parapet, it may be, or bricked up some useless Oriental staircase—but there still are the holes through which, in their barbarous warfare, the defenders poured molten lead down on to their assailants as they advanced to scale the walls; there are the old loopholes behind which the archers bent their bows; there are the same stones, cement, and masonry, a little crumbling, and verging upon their "second childhood" perhaps, but still there, with the waters of the Jumna washing their base, and flowing on as in those rare old days of yore.

Allahabad has lately been fixed upon as the seat of government during the summer months, and a wise measure has been adopted in giving every facility to, and inviting capitalists and merchants to establish an English town and English hotels at this station, laying the foundation, as it were, of an inland Calcutta, sadly wanted hitherto, and more than ever desirable and necessary now that the removal of the government thither for a great portion of the year will cause the tide of civilisation to set more strongly in that direction. At present, Allahabad is a purely native town, with the exception of a few English merchants, branches of great firms in Calcutta, who have built for themselves wooden sheds on the *maidan*, whereunto there flows a tolerably steady stream of rupees, being a very large portion of the "pay and allowances" of the thirsty and "baccy-loving English officers" and soldiers congregated in this station, and out of which there flows another stream hardly of corresponding proportion in the matter of intrinsic value—a stream of beer, and brandy, and cheroots, and hermetically sealed canisters, bearing on the outside yellow labels, with "Fine Hams," "Real Stiltons," and "Preserved Tongues," printed in black letters thereupon.

As regards the native town of Allahabad, I have but little to say; it straggles away to—goodness knows where! A sprinkling of Hindoo temples, a tolerable supply of mosques, which, though striking and picturesque in the abstract, are apt to pall upon one when you pass fifty of exactly the same make and build in an hour's ride, oblong buildings the whole of them, with three Turkish-looking domes on the top of them, and three Moorish-looking arches forming their front, and a minaret at each end by way of a finish, never parallel to the neighbouring houses, or the street, or anything, but contorting themselves ridiculously, and squinting horribly in their attempts to look towards Mecca; the everlasting clatter of the *bunneahs* and other vendors of commodities, who appear to talk, shout, jabber and yell in inverse proportion to the quantity and quality of the goods they have for sale, so that the hullabaloo raised by the man, whose entire stock-in-trade consists of one earthenware pot, is overwhelming in the extreme; then there is that appearance of decay, too, about Allahabad noticeable in all Indian, and, indeed, all Eastern towns; they are all on their last legs, utterly done for, and used up; they may be able to pull through another week, possibly the week after next, but, to all appearance, that will be the limit of their existence. It is a curious fact, but no native ever appears to repair his house. I have never, to my knowledge, seen one so employed; they do not appear to care much whether the wall falls down or remains standing, evidently taking a very philosophical view of the case.

Executions at this time were common in Allahabad; the gallows's energy was severely taxed, for one, two, three, and sometimes more Sepoys were hanged almost daily. It is rather startling when enjoying a quiet country ride to come suddenly upon a body writhing in its last agonies, or hanging lifeless before you—it somewhat abruptly breaks off your train of peaceful thought and pleasant reveries of home—and I must plead guilty to a something very like a revulsion of feeling, when, sauntering along one evening, and coming upon a moderately large green, which my truant fancy immediately metamorphosed into a village green in England, I became suddenly aware that there was swinging before me, not the signboard of the "Green Dragon" or "Marquis of Granby," but the pinioned lifeless corpse of a Sepoy, which a native policeman, tulwar in hand, was guarding. The man had not been dead long, and his face, over which there was no cap or covering, was as quiet as though he had been asleep, but the silence, and the absence of any mortal beings but my companion, the policeman, and myself—the dreary, listless way in which the body kept on swinging, and swaying, and turning to and fro—the arms—what deeds of wrong and murder may not those arms have done, now pinioned?—as if in mockery of the helplessness of death, made the scene a sombre one enough—sombre, and that was all, for no feeling of sorrow, or pity, or remorse for the fiends who, falling into our hands after a bloody and treacherous career, meet the death which is so justly their due, can ever be roused, I should think, in an Englishman's breast.

This very man now swinging before us may have dabbled those pinioned hands in women's blood, or the golden tresses of a child may have been wound round those fingers, while the other hand grasped the knife which was to sacrifice it; those eyes may have looked into the trusting blue eyes of a poor little baby, and seen it smile on him and on the sharp steel in its innocence, and yet that smile may have failed to rouse his pity. Faugh! let us be off, such sort of reflections are not pleasant, but they are apt, my friends, to occur to one on such occasions.

I certainly do not look back upon the fifty-five miles of railway travelling from Allahabad to Kharga as the pleasantest or least perilous portion of my Indian career, crammed, neck and crop, into a train consisting of one second-class carriage for the officers, and about fifty open trucks, loaded with baggage, doolies, and ammunition, and upon which, or underneath which, or somewhere or anywhere about which, the men must find places as best they can—never mind tumbling off, lads, or breaking your necks or your legs, or both, so long as the railway company do not have any trouble. In with you—steam's up—look out!—wait till that man picks himself up from under the wheel—that's right—whish—train moves away, half a dozen men shaken nearly off by the jerk, which discomposes the pyramids of baggage on which they are seated, seem hanging by their eyelids, and such hurry and scrambling on the part of the railway officials as was anything but creditable, the expostulations of the military officers unheeded, or treated with discourteous contempt, and on we go. Suddenly, loud shouts. We look out—train on fire—"Stop her!"—men sitting on blazing doolies, the mattresses of which, being made of cotton, burn like tinder. Fire extinguished; officials decline to take any precautions for avoiding a recurrence of the same, refuse to burn coke instead of wood, though it is clearly proved to them that the sparks from the latter, falling upon the cotton doolie-mattresses, caused the conflagration—refuse to do anything, and object to everything—huddled into the train again—a whistle—off! while you are still standing on the step of the carriage—thrown violently forward on to your nose, which is all you get for helping to put out the fire; jolt along for half an hour—fresh alarm—heads out of window—train on fire again—the men seen crawling along the burning carriages in a state of semi-combustion. Two natives, encircled by fire, adopt the principles of the scorpion under similar circumstances, and commit suicide, or do their best to, by jumping off while the train is at full speed—one killed; t'other, both legs broken. Train stopped at last; get the fire out as quickly as possible, and back into your places, grumbling (perhaps not unnatural) on the part of some soldiers who have had their kits burned, or their coats and trousers, or blisters raised about their hands and legs. —Pshaw! officials laugh—"Deuced good joke"—"Soldiers stand fire—ha! ha! ha!" "No real harm done—fires of this sort every day—come, in with you, men!" Off we go—no precautions, no anything—happy go lucky—jolt along till we catch fire again, which we do in about three-quarters of an hour, this time blazing away right merrily, three trucks and an infinity of doolies being burned, baggage, &c., destroyed, not to speak of the exertions necessary to detach a truck containing two hundred barrels of ammunition, and to prevent the same from catching fire and exploding. I believe at last the officials began to think a little seriously of the affair, for they did not rally the men who had holes burned in their trousers and their shins, or whose heads were singed, quite so gaily; perhaps the information that the whole business would be reported; that the gross destruction of government and other property, through carelessness—the unseemly hurry—the discourtesy—the risk to men's lives—the absence of any the commonest precautions against fire, in a train containing a quantity of gunpowder, would be made known to the authorities, may have had an effect on them, but certainly not before it was wanted. We were this time allowed not merely to get on the steps of the carriage, but actually to take our places in the same, quite peaceably, after we had succeeded, not without some difficulty, in extinguishing the fire No. 3, and, by dint of throwing a few tarpaulins over the doolies, and some other equally simple precautions, we managed to get to our journey's end without any fresh outbreak of the flames.*

We made but a short stay at Kharga, which was then the terminus of this little bit of railway—now continued as far as Cawnpore—arriving there about half an hour after noon, and leaving again by bullock-train about five P.M. Bullock-train again!—oh, horror! the rack once more; worse bullocks, it appeared to me, than we had ever had yet; more capricious and volatile than before—greater amount of jolting—half-healed bruises on hips and elsewhere get a relapse—more dust and more intense misery. Futteypore, some seventy miles from Allahabad, and the scene of one of Havelock's fights, we passed through that night. Some skeletons here and there by the side of the road still remain to mark the gallant general's progress, for all along and up this road had he been obliged to force his way against opposing and overwhelming numbers, always doing battle against swarming rebels—ten, twenty, thirty to one—and yet never failing to snatch undying laurels, however long and desperate the odds.

The road was interesting from these reminiscences alone, but, more than this, there was the nervous, almost painful excitement of nearing Cawnpore. On the second morning after leaving Kharga, I was awoke by the news that we were approaching that now celebrated place, the crowded state of the dusty road telling plainly enough of the propinquity of an army. Long strings of camels were sailing away in all directions; their heads tied to each other's tails, they stretched over the flat country as far as the eye could reach. Some infantry, dusty and footsore, were trudging wearily along; elephants, with that soft, cat-like tread peculiar to them, were making the best of their way towards tanks and ponds, and trumpeting shrilly every now and then in pleasant anticipation of the bath they were about to enjoy; hackeries were discordantly creaking out their complaints of the amount of baggage heaped on them, and getting jammed into a state of inextricable confusion; bullocks, as usual, were in the last extreme of one of two stages—intense moodiness verging very closely on the stubborn, or intense liveliness bordering on the reckless—either of which frames of mind, when exhibited by a fine muscular full-grown bullock, is calculated to drive any one having anything to do with them into a state of the wildest insanity; *sowars*, or irregular horsemen, with lengthy spear, huge turban, and panting steed, were spurring madly through the dust; pedestrians, carts, buffaloes, ponies, natives, soldiers, horses, officers, commissariat supplies, those inevitable light liver-coloured natives employed as scribes, accountants, &c. &c., in the public departments, and yclept *baboos*, baggage, doolies, and ammunition, all wending their way towards Cawnpore to supply the capacious maw of that ever-greedy monster, an army, were scrambling as best they could along that dusty, roasting, crowded road, amid such a noise and confusion as I had never seen equalled. It was when surrounded by all this bewildering mass that my attention was called to a long, low building, which loomed through the dust like a great nightmare on our left hand—a building surrounded by four or five others of inferior size—sort of outhouses—situated on an open *maidan* (or plain), and the whole battered and pounded by shot and shell and bullets, so that window and door were shattered out of all shape and outline, so that the roof had fallen in, and great breaches and fissures in the walls had reduced the whole almost to a pile of ruins. What could this wretched, woe-begone building be? What mortal men could have stood behind those battered walls and faced the storm of shot which must have rained upon them night and day before such destruction was wrought, or before all those gaping holes, which riddle them like a sieve, were made? What men could have lived for an hour in such a place as this? Not only men, reader! but women lived here, and helped to hold these ruined walls, and faced the iron rain of shot which beat upon this house—not only women, reader! but children and babies have been behind those flimsy parapets when the fire was at its hottest and the iron rain fell heaviest, not for one hour, or for one day, or for two, but—look on these shattered buildings and be proud of your countrymen who could hold them so nobly and so long—but for three long weary weeks! And even then these gallant English hearts failed not, but would have held on still, had not the falsest promise that traitor ever made, or deceived man believed—the most positive and sacred pledge that lips could utter, made only to be broken more foully and cruelly than ever pledge was yet, and, for the honour of mankind, let us add than ever pledge is likely to be again—tempted them from behind those walls, whence, battered as they were, shot would never have driven them, and delivered man, woman, and child up as victims to treachery, cruelties, and indignities which few men besides Nana Sahib (who does not execrate the name?) could have devised, and which fewer still could have executed. Yes! this pile of battered ruins, this shapeless mass of buildings, is the celebrated "Wheeler's entrenchment." You may ride round it half a dozen times and not notice the tiny embankment and ditch which surrounds it; and yet that embankment and ditch, now, of course, trodden down and diminishing in size daily, but which in its best days could have been but a poor puny breastwork—this and those walls, through the great jagged holes and yawning breaches in which the light now shines brightly, throwing rough, uncouth shadows on the plain beyond, was the only home for three long weeks for that gallant garrison—for those tender women and those poor children, whose blood, sprinkled upon the walls of this frail fort, and dyeing the waters of the Ganges, and staining the floor of the "slaughter-house," and reddening the sides of the fatal well, cried aloud to their countrymen for vengeance on the traitors who had wrought this cruel deed.

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* These fires on this line were of constant occurrence. Three officers belonging to the same regiment as myself, who came up country shortly after me, had every stitch of baggage, clothes, saddlery, and books destroyed in one of these conflagrations;—a serious matter when one considers that they were about to enter upon a campaign, and the impossibility of replacing good English clothes and saddlery in this country, except at the very large towns, such as Calcutta, and then at a most exorbitant price.

As we continue our journey to the quarters allotted to us—some barracks which, *mirabile dictu*, had not been destroyed—we are able to observe how carefully every building that English hands had raised was levelled to the ground; not a bungalow which a Feringhee had inhabited but had been gutted; the churches wherein he prayed, the altars before which he knelt, burnt, unroofed, and defiled; even racket-courts and riding-schools ruined and destroyed, and all in a systematic, regular manner, which spoke volumes for the virulence and animus of our treacherous enemies. Cawnpore was strangely busy at the time I arrived there; its pulses beat feverishly high, responsive to the rumbling of guns, the clatter and jingle of cavalry, and the tramp of regiment after regiment as they concentrated and collected here for the grand advance on Lucknow, many having already crossed into Oude; the frail bridge of boats across the Ganges creaked and trembled daily as portions of the *fifteen miles of siege train*, destined to accomplish the destruction of the great rebel stronghold, rumbled and clattered across it, and as elephants, camels, baggage, infantry, cavalry, and field-artillery pressed over it into Oude, and strained heavily the timbers, and cables, and quaint flat-bottomed boats composing it; vast canvas towns silently sprang up day after day on the hot *maidan*, announcing the advent of fresh troops, while other canvas towns as silently disappeared, announcing the departure of more regiments into Oude; one constant in-pouring and out-pouring of Highlanders with big legs, of line regiments, and riflemen, sailors, and artillerymen, of bronzed and bearded soldiers in astounding cap-covers, and with a certain tough look about them more satisfactory, I should imagine, to the eyes of an Englishman than a Sepoy. The glittering bayonets of regiments on the move caught the eye at every turn; the pleasant old airs, such as "Cheer, boys, cheer," "Far, far upon the sea," and that well-beloved march of the Rifle Brigade, "I'm ninety-five," with a variety of other pleasant familiar tunes, which had a joyous, careless life in their every note, rang in your ears till you almost wearied of the sound, or came faintly from the far distance—so far off sometimes they sounded, that I half fancied they must have been wafted to us straight from home across the wide sea; bodies of Sikh irregular cavalry, composed of big-whiskered, swarthy, stalwart men, each one a picture down to the waist, but with something wrong about their legs, which are decidedly of the broomstick order, are spurring about in every direction; sailors in the baggy-est of trousers, and with the *degagé*-est of airs, not to mention certain mysterious lumps in their cheeks, possibly having some connexion with "pigtail," were polishing up black monsters of siege guns till their lacquered surfaces glistened and shone again, or, patting the breeches of 10-inch mortars, in playful and encouraging anticipation of their services against "them there black rascals;" officers and others in the commissariat department were proving the existence of "perpetual motion" in their own persons; all was life, bustle, and excitement, and no light task must his have been who had the manipulating and management of this vast machine, swelled almost beyond all bounds by the enormous staff of camp-followers, indispensable to an army in India. I may as well take this opportunity of saying a word or two on the subject of camp-followers, and explain as briefly as possible how it happens that so large a number is necessary. In the first place, the mode of carrying the sick in India tends to increase one's train enormously. The sick are carried in doolies, which are in many respects most excellent, affording as they do a bed, a covering, and a little temporary hospital for the invalid. When the army has to bivouac, the sick are sheltered from the damp night air by their roof of painted canvas; when in wet weather the army pitches its camp on damp ground, behold the sick are lying in dry beds raised some eight or ten inches above the mud by the short legs of their doolies; when a march is prolonged until the sun is hot and powerful, still are the sick, to a certain extent, shaded from it, as, also, they are protected from the rain by the same means; the wounded man, to whom moving from one bed to another would be agony, may for months, as many *have* done, live in his doolie, for in camp it becomes his bed, the roof and pole being unshipped, and in the morning, when the march commences, on goes the roof again, in goes the pole, and away goes the doolie on the shoulders of four lusty bearers. And now I come to the point at which I wished to arrive: the proportion of doolies in war time is one to every ten men; this, in a regiment one thousand strong, amounts to one hundred doolies—six bearers to each, total, *six hundred doolie bearers* to a single regiment! Here, then, is the nucleus, and an extensive one it is, of the force of camp-followers; in addition to this is the large staff of cooks, "bhistees," "bildahs," "sweepers," &c., allotted to regiments on landing, and which of course accompanies them in full force into the field. The regimental hospitals, too, are augmented to an overwhelming size; to each tent in the huge camp is allowed a "kulassie," or tent-man, while the cavalry and artillery swell the black rabble some thousands by their innumerable "syces" and "grass-cutters," who are nearly in the proportion of one of each to every horse. Throw into the scale, also, another by no means small item, in the shape of hordes of hackery-drivers, camel-drivers, and "mahouts;" add to this the bazaar establishment attached to each regiment for the purpose of supplying the soldiers and the natives of the same with any little things they may require from gold mohurs to gram, and numbering, in many instances, whole legions of speculative niggers, all busily and greedily intent on one object, beyond which they have no hopes or cares, viz. the amassing of rupees; add, also, that each officer employs from eight to twelve servants, and close this long list with the numberless *employés* in the vast train of ordnance (which, as I have before said, on this occasion extended over a distance of fifteen miles), and with the functionaries, baboos, &c., nearly as numerous, belonging to the commissariat department—*cum multis aliis*—the wives and families of the above, with interlopers, milk-sellers, do-nothings, lookers-on, tag-rag and bobtail attendant upon the whole, and then you may, perhaps, understand how it is that the non-combatant part of an army doubles, ay, and trebles the militant portion.

To an Englishman arriving for the first time in India this gigantic army of camp-followers appears, to say the least, unnecessary, but the old Indian knows well enough that it *must* be; that it is necessary for balancing the kite and enabling it to rise; and he knows, also, that were this tail to fall off, the whole army would be helpless and impotent; and therefore he regards it much in the same light as he does the arming a soldier with a musket, or the supplying him with ammunition for the same, or the giving the cavalry soldier a horse. And "griffin," long before his first few months of hot weather campaigning are over, finds out that the old Indian is right.

TO ROBERT BURNS.

AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

OF all the streams, from shore to shore,
  That sparkle on fair Scotland's breast,
With wealth and commerce running o'er,
  Is "bonny Doon" the first and best?

No: Doon, a hundred years ago,
  Might glide unmark'd at eve or morn,
Till in a hut, 'midst winter's snow,
  Beside its banks, a child was born:

The hut that near its margin stands,
  As humble as its simple tide,
Was built by hardy, willing hands—
  Raised by a lover for his bride.

And Agnes to that dwelling came,
  Full of youth's hopes, and love, and glee;—
There nurs'd the germ of Scotland's fame
  To blossom soon, a stately tree.

Now summer wreathes her cot with flowers,
  Then dark storms dash its walls to earth,
But still it stands, in gleams and showers,
  A temple for a Poet's birth.

Little to art or schools he ow'd,
  Of rules and forms he took no heed,
From Nature's fount his learning flow'd,
  From God his genius—and his creed.

Wild as the torrent, sudden, rash,
  Alive to joy, to sport, to whim,—
Mark but his bright eye's lightning flash,—
  Mark but the tears those eyes that dim!

Hear how in thunder wake his tones,
  Injustice and deceit to ban,
Hear how in dove-like strains he moans
  O'er erring and o'er suff'ring man.

Stormy or gentle, fierce or hush'd,
Repentant, daring, firm or faint,
All feelings through his being rush'd,
And all he felt his hand could paint.

To insolence and pride of place,
To specious words and empty show,
To acts ignoble, false, and base,
A crushing—an unblenching foe.

Of judgment quick, his glance of fire
At once the traitor's guile could see;
His was the patriot's noble ire,
His was the glory to be free.

To virtue, manliness, and truth
A steady friend, a mentor sage;
Pity he had for trembling youth,
And tender care for faltering age.

The slave of Beauty—to excess—
Warming and glowing in her praise;
Not seeking even to love her less
Tho' scorch'd by passion's burning rays.

Yet in his warnings to be wise,
And in his wail for misspent years,
So much of virtuous fervour lies—
Are not his faults effaced with tears?

He sang as carol birds at will,
When they to summer boughs reveal,
In melody that asks no skill,
The wild delights that minstrels feel.

He sang as others breathe—confined,
His struggling thoughts escaped, unbound,
Till the sweet music in his mind
Fill'd the bright air with rapt'rous sound.

No marvel at the hearts he drew,
No marvel souls his call obey'd,
He felt the charm his magic threw,
And trembled to the power he sway'd.

He loved the spell that lent him words
His deep, desponding mood to tell;
He loved the lute whose plaintive chords
Answered his spirit's cry so well.

And thus, when grief his bosom wrings,
Our heart-throbs echo to his sigh,
And when his jocund laughter rings
To the wild note our smiles reply.

His phrases, keen with wit and sense,
Teach us hypocrisy to brand;
He gives us hymns, all eloquence
To hail and laud our native land.

Ask we a bard of matchless worth
To fire, to cheer, to melt by turns—
Does not at once a name burst forth,
And ev'ry voice cry—ROBERT BURNS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES STRANGE.

ANOTHER LOSS.

My partner, Mr. Brightman, had been for years the confidential solicitor of Sir Ralph Clavering, a physician, whose baronetcy was a new one. When Sir Ralph gave up practice, and retired to an estate he bought in the country, a Mrs. Clavering, a widow lady, whose husband had been a distant cousin of Sir Ralph's, entered it with him, to be his companion and housekeeper. It ended in his marrying her, as such sort of companionships often do end, especially where the man is old, and the woman young and attractive. Mrs. Clavering was poor, and no doubt she played for the stake. The heir presumptive to Sir Ralph's title was his nephew, Edmund Clavering, but his fortune he could leave to whom he would.

Sir Ralph Clavering died; and Mr. Brightman went to the funeral: it was a very short period indeed previous to his own death. When he returned to our office it was evening; the clerks had left, and he came up-stairs into my room.

"Take this off my hat, will you, Charles," he said. "I can't go home in it, to be stared at: and Mrs. Brightman has a superstitious resentment against a hatband going into the house."

I unpinned the black silk, folded, and laid it on the table. "What am I to do with it, sir?"

"Anything. Give it to Leah for a Sunday apron. My lady treated us to a specimen of temper," he added, as I put the silk on a tray, which Leah would be coming up to fetch. "She thought to inherit all, and is not satisfied with the competency left to her."

"Who does inherit?" I eagerly asked: for Mr. Brightman had never enlightened me, although I knew that he had made Sir Ralph's will.

"Edmund Clavering. And quite right that he should: the estate ought to go with the title. Besides, setting that consideration aside, Sir Edmund is entitled to it quite as much as my lady. More too, I think. There's the will, Charles; you can read it."

I glanced my eyes over the will. Lady Clavering had a competency, but the bulk of the property was left to the inheritor of the title, Sir Edmund. I was surprised.

"I thought she would have had it all, Mr. Brightman. Living so estranged as Sir Ralph did with his brother, even refusing to be reconciled when the latter was dying, and the estrangement extending itself to the son, Edmund, I certainly thought Lady Clavering would have come in for it. You thought so too, sir."

"I did, until I made the will. And at one time it was Sir Ralph's intention to leave it mostly to her. But for certain reasons, which arose, he altered his plans. Good, sufficient reasons," added Mr. Brightman, in a marked manner; "he imparted them to me when he gave instructions for his will. *I* should have left her less."

"May I know them?"

"No, Charles. They were told to me in confidence, and they concern neither you nor me. Is the gas put out in the next room?"

"Yes. Shall I turn it on?"

"It is not worth while. That hand lamp of yours will do, if you will light it. I only want to put up the will."

I took the lamp, and lighted Mr. Brightman into the other room; his, exclusively. He opened the iron safe, and deposited Sir Ralph Clavering's will inside it.

Very soon after this, before the will was proved, Mr. Brightman died. Sir Edmund Clavering then sought an interview with me. I had never acted for him; Mr. Brightman always.

"Can you carry my business through, Mr. Strange?" he proceeded to ask, after expressing his shock and regret at Mr. Brightman's sudden fate.

"I hope so. Why not, Sir Edmund?"

"You have not the legal knowledge and experience of Mr. Brightman."

"Not the experience; because he was an old man and I am a young one. But, so far as practice goes, I have for some time done most of the business; Mr. Brightman confining himself chiefly to the seeing clients. You may trust me, Sir Edmund, I assure you."

"Oh yes, I dare say it will be all right," he rejoined. "Do you know that Lady Clavering and her cousin—my cousin also—mean to dispute the will?"

"Upon what grounds?"

"Upon his incompetency to make one, I suppose—as foul a plea as ever false woman or man invented. Mr. Brightman can prove——Good Heavens! every minute I forget that he is dead," broke off Sir Edmund. "How unfortunate that he should have gone just now!"

"But there cannot fail proof of Sir Ralph's competency. The servants about him must know that he was sane and healthy in mind."

"I don't know what her schemes may be," rejoined Sir Edmund, "but I do know that she will not leave a stone unturned to wrest away my rights. I am worse to her than gall."

"On account of the money going to you."

"Ay, for one thing. But there's another reason, more bitter even than that."

Sir Edmund looked at me with a peculiar expression. He was about my own age, and would have been an exceedingly pleasant man, but for his pride. When he could forget that, so far as to divest his manner of it, he was warm and cordial.

"Her ladyship is a scheming woman, Mr. Strange. She flung off resentment at first, as Mr. Brightman was a witness to, but then her tactics changed; and before Sir Ralph had been three weeks in his grave, she contrived to intimate to me that we had better join interests together. Do you understand?"

I did not know whether to understand or not. It was inconceivable.

"She offered herself to me; my willing wife. 'If you will wed no other woman, I will wed no other man——' How does the old ballad run? Not in plain terms, but in terms sufficiently plain to be understood. I declined; declined to join interests; declined *her:* and so made her my mortal enemy for ever. Do you know her?"

"I never saw her."

"Take care of yourself, then, should you be brought into contact with her," laughed Sir Edmund. "She is one of the most fascinating of women; irresistibly so: had she been any but my uncle's wife—widow—I don't answer for how it would have gone with me. By the way, Mr. Strange, did Mr. Brightman impart to you Sir Ralph's reason for devising his property to me? Mr. Brightman would not tell me what it was."

"No, he did not. Sir Ralph intended, I believe, to bequeath most of it to his wife, and he changed his intention quite suddenly. So much Mr. Brightman told me."

Sir Edmund remained silent, apparently thinking, and then rose to leave. "The will must be proved without delay."

"I will see about it almost immediately, Sir Edmund. It would have been done this week, but for Mr. Brightman's unexpected death."

"Why do you sink your voice to a whisper?" asked Sir Edmund, as we were quitting the room. "Do you fear eavesdroppers?"

I was not conscious that I had sunk it, until recalled to the fact by Sir Edmund. "Every time I approach this door," pointing to the one opening into the other room, "I feel as if I were in the presence of the dead. He is lying there."

"What—Mr. Brightman?"

"It is where he died. He will be removed to his late residence to-night."

"I think I will see him," cried Sir Edmund, laying his hand on the door-handle.

"As you please. I would not advise you." And he apparently thought better of it, and went down stairs.

I had to attend the Vice-Chancellors' Court—law business must go on with little respect to the dead. Upon my return, I was in my clerk's room, speaking to Lennard, when a carriage drove down the street, and stopped at the door. The white blinds were of course down (white by courtesy, for they were dirty and yellow), but one of the clerks peeped out. "It's a mourning-coach," cried he.

"A mourning-coach!" I exclaimed. "What is the undertaker thinking of?" A hearse was to come that night at dusk, and I thought he must have misunderstood his orders.

"It's not that sort of mourning-coach, sir," interposed Lennard, who now peeped out at his window. "It is a gentleman's chariot, painted black; the servants are in deep mourning."

Allen went out and brought back a card. "The lady wishes to see you, sir."

I cast my eyes on it. "Lady Clavering." And an involuntary smile crossed my face, at the remembrance of Sir Edmund's caution—should I ever be brought into contact with her. But what could Lady Clavering want with me?

She was conducted up-stairs, and I followed, leaving my business with Lennard until afterwards. She was already seated in the very chair that, not two hours previously, had held her opponent, Sir Edmund: a very handsome woman, dressed as coquettishly as her widow's weeds allowed. Her face was beautiful, but her vanity spoiled her. Every glance of her eye, every movement of her head and hands, every word that fell from her lips, was a display of her charms, and a demand of admiration. Sir Edmund need not have cautioned me to keep heart-whole: one, so vain and foolish, would repel rather than attract me, even though gifted with beauty rarely accorded to woman.

"I have the honour of speaking to Mr. Strange? Charles Strange, as I have heard Mr. Brightman call you," she said, with a smile of fascination.

"Yes, I am Charles Strange. What can I do for your ladyship?"

"Will you promise to do what I have come to ask you?"

The more she spoke, the less I liked her. I am a frank man in manner, but I grew reserved to her. "I cannot make a promise, not knowing its nature, Lady Clavering."

She picked up her long jet chain, which hung down to her knees, and twirled it about in her fingers. "What a frightfully sudden death Mr. Brightman's has been," she resumed. "Did he lie ill at all?"

"No. He died suddenly, as he was sitting at his desk. And, what renders it more painful, no one was with him."

"I read the account in Monday's paper, and came up at once to see you," resumed Lady Clavering. "He was my husband's confidential adviser. Were you in his confidence also?"

I presumed she meant in Mr. Brightman's, and answered accordingly. "Partially so."

"You are aware how very unjustly my poor childish husband strove to will away his property. Of course the will cannot be allowed to stand. At the time of Sir Ralph's funeral, I informed Mr. Brightman I should take some steps to assert my rights, and I wished him to be my solicitor in the matter. But no: he refused; and went over to the enemy, Edmund Clavering."

"We were solicitors to Mr. Edmund Clavering before he came into the title."

"Mr. Brightman was; you never did anything for him," she hastily interrupted; "therefore there is no obligation on you to do anything for him now. I want you to act for me, and I came all this way to request you to do so."

"I cannot, Lady Clavering. I have seen Sir Edmund since Mr. Brightman's death, and have undertaken to carry on his business."

She threw herself back in her chair, and looked at me from under her vain eyelids. "Leave him, Mr. Strange; you can make a ready excuse, if you will. Mr. Brightman held all my husband's papers, knew all about his property, and there is no one so fit to act for me as you, his partner. I will make it worth your while."

"What you suggest is impossible, Lady Clavering. We are enlisted in the interests—I speak professionally—of the other side, and have already advised with Sir Edmund, as to the steps to be taken, in the suit you purpose to enter against him. To leave him for you, after doing so, would be dishonourable."

She shot another glance at me from those mischievous eyes. "I will make it well worth your while, I repeat, Mr. Strange."

I could look mischievous too, if I pleased, and had in my days; but she could read nothing in my gaze then, as it met hers, but what was as sober as old Time. Her eyes dropped.

"I have heard Mr. Brightman speak of Charles Strange, as a thorough lawyer; and as a *gentleman*; somewhat over-fond of the world's vanities."

"Not over-fond, Lady Clavering. Joining in them occasionally, at proper time and place."

"Well—I did not think a gentleman"—laying a stress upon the word, as she had done before—"would have refused to act on my behalf."

"Lady Clavering must perceive that I have no other alternative."

"Who is Edmund Clavering, that he should be preferred to me?" she rejoined, with some vehemence.

"Nay, Lady Clavering, circumstances compel the preference."

A silence ensued, and I looked at my watch—the lawyer's hint. She did not take it.

"Can you tell me whether, amidst the papers which Mr. Brightman held, belonging to Sir Ralph, there are any letters of mine?"

"I cannot say."

"Some of my letters to Sir Ralph are missing, and I think they may have got amongst the papers by mistake. Will you look?"

"I will take an early opportunity of doing so."

"Oh, but I mean now. I want them. Why cannot you search now?"

I did not tell her why. In the first place, the Clavering papers—not including the will—were in the room where Mr. Brightman was lying, and there were other reasons.

"I cannot spare the time to-day, Lady Clavering. I will search the beginning of next week. But, should there be any letters of yours here—of which I assure you I am ignorant—you will pardon my intimating that it may not be expedient to give them up."

"What do you mean? Why not?"

"Should they bear at all upon the cause at issue, between you and Sir Edmund Clavering——"

"But they don't," she interrupted.

"Then, if they do not, I shall be happy to enclose them to you." I rose as I spoke, and waited for her to rise. She did so, but advanced to the window.

"My carriage is not here yet, Mr. Strange. I sent it to fetch a friend, who is going with me into the City. It will not be long."

I begged her to remain as long as she pleased, but to excuse me, for I had pressing business: and I went down stairs.

When I had finished my directions to Lennard, I hastened out, having an appointment in the Temple, and was away, perhaps, twenty minutes. As I turned into Essex-street again, Lady Clavering's carriage was bowling up it. I raised my hat, and she bowed to me, leaning before another lady, who now sat with her, but she looked white and scared. What had gone with her brilliant colour? In the passage, when I entered, stood the clerks, every one, and Lennard amongst them, some with a laugh on their countenances, some looking as white and scared as Lady Clavering. "Why, what is this?" I exclaimed.

They all scurried into the office, except Lennard, who stayed to explain. "You must have met Lady Clavering's carriage, Mr. Strange?"

"Yes."

"A minute, or so, before it came for her, cries and shrieks were heard from the rooms above; startling, awful shrieks they were, and we all hastened up. Lady Clavering——"

"Well?" I impatiently cried, looking at Lennard.

"She had gone into the next room, and seen Mr. Brightman," he whispered. "It took three of us to hold her, she shook so, and it ended in a burst of hysterics. Leah and Watts came flying up from the kitchen, thinking somebody was being murdered."

I was sorry to hear it; sorry that any woman should have been exposed to so unpleasant a fright. "But it was her own fault," I said to Lennard. "Why could she not have sat still? Why need she have gone into other rooms than the one she was shown to?"

"What right had she to go into them? I should say," returned Lennard. "And the best of it was, she laid all the blame upon us: asking what business we had to put dead people into public places."

"She is a curious sort of woman, I fancy, Lennard."

On the following Monday morning I set to professional business in right earnest: the previous week had been intermixed with other business, besides professional. One of the first things to attend to, was to get the will of Sir Ralph Clavering proved, and I unlocked the iron safe to procure it. Nothing was ever placed in that safe but wills and title-deeds, and they were never placed anywhere else. But where this particular will was hiding itself, I could not tell, for I turned over every paper the place contained, without coming to it. "More haste less speed," cried I to myself, for I had been doing it in a hurry, "I must have overlooked it."

So I began again, and went through the papers carefully, paper by paper. I had not overlooked it, for Sir Ralph's will was certainly not there.

Now, was I awake or dreaming? Was there a fairy in the walls to remove things, or was the house bewitched? or what was it? Only the Saturday week previously, that bag of gold disappeared in the same singular manner; nay, in a more singular one, for that was safe half an hour before it was missed, but the will had had more time to disappear in. I went and examined the Clavering papers, but it was not amongst them; and I searched desks and other receptacles, though certain, beforehand, that it would not be found in any of them. And it was not.

I called up Lennard. "Do you know anything of Sir Ralph Clavering's will? I cannot find it."

"It must be in the safe," he replied.

"It is not. Lennard, this is very strange: first the bag of gold, and now the will!"

"Oh, but it cannot be," returned Lennard, after a pause of thought. "That the gold went, appears to be too plain, but who would take a will? The gold might be a temptation, if any stranger did get into Mr. Brightman's room that night, but——"

"It has been proved, almost beyond doubt, that no one did get in: and yet the gold went."

"True," returned Lennard. "But I was going to observe that, though the gold might be a temptation, the will would not be."

"Lennard — there's something not canny at work, as the Scotch say."

"Do not think it, Mr. Strange," he replied, warmly. "The gold appears to have gone in some mysterious manner; but the will cannot be gone. Depend upon it, it is in the safe."

Now I had a great respect for Lennard's judgment, but I had as great a one for my own eyesight. It would be better to convince him. I unlocked the safe again, and taking out the parchments, one by one, handed them to Lennard, that he might read the titles of each. "There," said I, when we reached the last, "is the will amongst them?"

Lennard's face assumed a grave hue. "This is very extraordinary," he exclaimed. "Mr. Brightman would not put it anywhere else."

"He never put a will up in any place but this, since I have been with him, Lennard. But, to make sure, I have looked in every drawer, and cupboard, and desk. It is gone after the gold."

"No, no," he cried, almost in agitation, "it has not, it has not: I never will believe it."

One very slight hope occurred to me—that Mr. Brightman might have given it into the custody of Sir Edmund Clavering: but then, Sir Edmund would surely have said so, when he spoke to me about proving the will. The loss of the gold was nothing to this, for that had been replaced at the cost of 30*l.*, and there was an end of the matter; but this loss could not be replaced, and there was no knowing what would be the end. It might be little short of ruin to Sir Edmund Clavering, and nothing short of ruin to me: for who would continue to employ a firm liable to lose wills?

I was greatly occupied that day, but the missing will lay upon me like a heavy nightmare, and I forced time for a dash up to Sir Edmund Clavering's in the afternoon, bribing the cabman to speed. By dint of good luck, I found Sir Edmund in, and I inquired if he held possession of the will.

"Mr. Brightman holds the will," he replied. "Held, I should say: I cannot get into speaking of him in the past tense, you see. He took it home with him after Sir Ralph's funeral."

"I know he brought it home, Sir Edmund; but I thought it possible he might have given it into your possession since. I hoped he had, for I cannot find the will. I have searched for it everywhere."

"Not find the will!" he echoed. "Perhaps you have looked in every place but the right," he added, with a laugh. "I can tell you where it is."

"Where?"

"No end of confusion it must cause when a man, in the position of Mr. Brightman, dies suddenly," continued Sir Edmund. "I dare say it will be weeks before you come to the bottom of all his holes and corners and hiding places."

"But where do you say the will is?" cried I, chafing at the suspense.

"In your front room on the first floor—Mr. Brightman's consulting room, I believe it is called—there is an iron safe on the right-hand side as you enter, opposite the fireplace. The will is there."

"The will was there, I am aware, for I saw it placed there, but the will is not there now."

"Then he has put it somewhere else," carelessly replied Sir Edmund.

"We never put wills in any place but that; never. Not finding it there, I was in hopes it might have been handed over to you. May I ask how you knew it was there, Sir Edmund?"

"Because, the other day, when I was with Mr. Brightman in that room, we differed in opinion as to a certain clause in the will, and he took it out of the safe to convince me. He was right, and I wrong. I saw him put it in again and lock it up."

"Do you remember when this was?"

"It was—let me see—the Thursday preceding Mr. Brightman's death; the day I went into the country. When are you going to prove the will? It ought to be done."

"Sir Edmund, I was going to set about it this very day; but, as I say, I cannot find the will."

"It must be easy enough to find; a big parchment like that. If not in the safe, Mr. Brightman must have removed it elsewhere. Look in all his pigeon-holes and places."

"I have looked: I have looked everywhere." Like I looked some days before for the bag of gold, I mentally added.

But Sir Edmund Clavering was determined to treat the matter lightly: he evidently attached no importance to it whatever, believing that Mr. Brightman had only changed its safety-place.

I drove home again, feeling as uncomfortable as I had ever felt in my life. An undefined idea, a doubt, had flashed across my mind whilst I had been talking to Lennard. Imagination is quick, quicker with me, I know, than with many people; and, the moment a thing puzzles me, I must dive into the why and the wherefore: my brain goes to work upon it in all its bearings and phases, probable and improbable, natural and unnatural. This doubt, which I had driven away at the time; had been driving it away during my gallop to Sir Edmund's; during the time I was conversing with him, grew into suspicion now.

What is it? asks the reader. Wait half an instant, while I explain how I arrived at it. When I found the will gone from the safe; when I searched and searched, and found it gone from everywhere, I could only come to the conclusion that it was taken—stolen. Then I began to reason. Why was it taken? from what motive? why should that one particular parchment be abstracted, and the others left untouched? Obviously, it could only have been from motives of interest. Now, who had an interest in getting possession of that will—so that it might not be proved and acted upon? But one person in the whole world—Lady Clavering. And Lady Clavering had been alone in the room, where the safe was, for nearly half an hour! Does the reader perceive now?

If she had possessed herself of it, there was farewell to our ever getting it again. I saw through her character at that first interview—that she was a woman without scruple.

But, how could she have got at it? debated reason again. Even supposing she knew the will was in the iron safe, she could not have opened it without the key; and how could she have got at that? Again—if Lady Clavering were the guilty party, what became of my very natural suspicions that whoever took the will, had a hand in taking the gold?—and, with the gold, Lady Clavering could have had nothing to do. Look at it as I would, perplexities arose; and conflicting points, difficult, if not impossible, to be reconciled.

Lennard met me in the passage on my return. "Is it all right? Has Sir Edmund got it, sir?"

"No, no; I told you it was a forlorn hope. Come up-stairs, Lennard. Sir Edmund has not got the will," I continued, as we entered the front room. "He says that when he was here last Thursday week, Mr. Brightman had occasion to refer to the will, and he took it from the safe and put it in again. Therefore it is since that period that the theft has taken place."

"Can you really look upon it as *stolen?*" Lennard uttered, with emphasis.

"How else can I look upon it? How do you look upon it?"

"But who would steal so valueless a thing as a will?"

"Not valueless to everybody."

"No one in the house would do such a thing——You have a suspicion!" he added, in an abrupt tone, as he looked at me.

"Yes, I have, Lennard."

Instead of replying, he turned short round, and began to pace the room. Lennard was, in truth, strangely upset by this loss. "Of whom?" he presently jerked out.

"If you thought the subject attentively over, you might penetrate to the same conclusion that I have, Lennard."

He looked hard at me. "You surely don't suspect Leah, sir?"

"Leah! No."

"Oh. Because I was afraid you did suspect her in the matter of the gold. I feel sure Leah is innocent."

"So do I. Leah no more took the gold than you or I did, Lennard. And what should she want with the will? If I made her a present of all in the safe, she would only light her fires with them, as useless lumber. Try again."

But he only shook his head. "I cannot find your drift, sir."

"To all persons, save two, the will would be as useless as to Leah. One of those two is Sir Edmund; and he has not got it: the other is Lady Clavering."

"And she has not got it either," dreamily returned Lennard.

"Can you answer for that?"

The significant tone in which the words were uttered, aroused Lennard. "Mr. Strange!" he ejaculated, "do you suspect Lady Clavering?"

"To say I suspect her would be too strong a word. If my doubts rest upon her at all, it is because she is the only person who could have an interest in getting the will into her possession: and she is the only stranger, so far as I can recollect, who has been alone in this room sufficiently long to take it from the safe."

Lennard was incredulous. "But she had not the key! she could not have got it open!"

"I know—I see the improbabilities that encompass my doubts: but they can find no vent elsewhere."

"The safe could not have been opened without the key. Where was the key?"

"In that back room; in Mr. Brightman's deep drawer; the drawer from which the gold was taken," was my grave answer. "And she could not have got at it without—without passing him."

Lennard's face grew hot. He wiped his brow.

"And the key of that drawer was in my own pocket, here, on the bunch." I took it out—Mr. Brightman's bunch until within a few days—and shook it before him.

"What mystery is it that has come over the house, about keys, and locks, and things disappearing?" Lennard murmured, in bewilderment.

"Lennard, it is the question I am asking myself."

"She could never have gone in there and passed him; and stood there while she got the key! A young and beautiful woman like Lady Clavering! It would be unnatural."

"No more unnatural for beauty than for ugliness, Lennard. Unnatural for most women, though, whether pretty or plain."

"But how could she have divined that the key of the safe was in that drawer, or in that room?" urged Lennard. "Or—divining it—how could she have got the drawer open?"

There was the point that staggered me more than any other—her knowing where to get at the key: and the safe could not have been unlocked with any other.

"And, for the matter of that, how could she have known that the will was in the safe?" added Lennard.

Truly the affair presented grave perplexities. "One curious part of it is, that she should have called you up with her screams, Lennard. If she had but that moment opened the door, and seen—what frightened her, she could not have been in the room previously, hunting for the key. Were the screams put on? a piece of acting?"

"It would take a subtle actress to counterfeit the terror that shook her," replied Lennard; "and the best actress breathing could not have assumed her ghastly looks. No, Mr. Strange, I believe what she said was the fact: that, weary with waiting for her carriage, she had walked about the room, and opened the door of the other, and passed into it, without a thought, save that of distracting her ennui. She would not have waited to scream until she had taken the key."

The drift of the last argument appeared conclusive. For, if she really had possessed herself of the key, used it, and then put it back again, she would have taken care not to arouse attention to the fact that she had been in the room: and she could not have crossed the threshold without at once seeing the—the principal object the room contained. "Lennard," I said, "if she did move about that room, the clerks underneath may have heard her: go down, and see what you can get out of them. But take care how you put your questions: no hint of this matter, in any shape, must be suffered to get abroad."

Lennard went down, but he got nothing. The clerks said they had heard no noise at all, until aroused by the alarm of Lady Clavering.

Reader, I can tell you that you have rarely, perhaps never, been placed in a more disagreeable predicament, and without any conscious fault of yours, than I felt to be in, then. It was of no use temporising with the matter: I could only meet it boldly, and I sent that evening for Sir Edmund Clavering, and laid it in its nakedness before him. Certainly there was one gleam of comfort, so far as I was personally affected, and that was, that as I had not put the will up, nor had it been, strictly speaking, under my own custody, less amount of blame could be cast to me. I told Sir Edmund of Lady Clavering's visit, and the doubts of her which had forced themselves on my mind. He jumped to the conclusion (and into a passion at the same time) that she was the culprit, and was for applying for a warrant at Bow-street, to take her into custody. With extreme difficulty I got him to hear reason against anything of the sort.

Lennard came up to me before he went home for the night: he had come round to my way of thinking, that it must inevitably have been Lady Clavering; for, failing her, there was no shade of suspicion that could attach to any one else, distort fancy as we would.

"But neither was there as to the gold," was my rejoinder.

But after they were all gone, and I sat by the fire in the front room, and went over the details dispassionately to myself, and then lay awake the best part of the night, going over them still, my suspicions of Lady Clavering lessened, and I arrived at the conclusion that they were too improbable to be well founded.

Nevertheless, I decided upon my course, and that was, to call upon her; not to accuse her, but to see if I could not, indirectly, make something out. Sir Edmund mentioned, the previous night, the hotel at which she was staying, and I went up in the course of the morning. Lady Clavering was sitting alone, her widow's cap on the sofa by her side: she scuffled it on to her head, when the waiter announced me.

"It is so hot and ugly," she exclaimed, in a tone of excuse; "I sit without it whenever I am alone. So you have condescended to return my visit, Mr. Strange! I thought you gentlemen of the law took refuge in your plea of occupation to ignore the etiquette."

"Indeed it is not out of deference to etiquette that I have called upon you to-day, Lady Clavering, but——"

"You have thought better of your refusal—you have come to say you will undertake my business!" she interrupted, with eyes and looks full of eagerness.

"Nor yet that," I was forced to reply, though, in truth, I should have been glad to conciliate her: "I am sure you will find many an advocate quite as efficient as I could be. The day you were at my house, did you happen to see——"

"Mr. Strange, I must beg you, as a gentleman, not to allude to what I saw," she interposed, in a tone of alarm. "I think it was inexcusable, on your part, not to have informed me what lay in the next room."

"Pardon me, Lady Clavering, it would have been an unnecessary and unpleasant piece of information to volunteer: for how could I possibly foresee that you would be likely to enter that room?"

"I never saw a dead person in my life," she rejoined, "and I shall not overget the shock for years. I would have given anything rather than have been exposed to it."

"And so would I, and I shall always regret it," was my warm apology.

"Then why do you introduce the subject?"

"I did not intend to allude to that; but to your having sat in the front room I must allude: and I know you will excuse my asking you the question I am about to do. Did you happen to see a parchment lying in that front room—on the table or on the desk? We have missed one: and if you should chance to have noticed it, it will be a great assistance to us, as a proof that we need not carry our researches further back than that day."

"I don't remember that I saw any parchment," she carelessly rejoined: "I saw some papers, tied round with pink tape, on the desk; I did not notice them particularly. I pray you not to make me think about that afternoon, or you will have me in hysterics again."

"It is not possible—your ladyship will pardon me—that it can have caught on to your dress in any way, so as to have been carried down stairs and out of the house, and—perhaps—lost in the street?" I persisted, in a slow tone, looking at her.

Looking at her: but I could detect no emotion on her face; no sinking of the eye, no rise or fall of colour, as one, guilty, would have been likely to display. She appeared to take my question literally, and to see nothing beyond it.

"I cannot tell anything about it, Mr. Strange. Had my dress been covered in parchments, I was in too much terror to notice them: your clerks would be more able to answer you than I, for they had to assist me down to my carriage. But how should a parchment get attached to a lady's dress?" she added, shaking out the folds of her ample skirt. "The crape is quite soft, you perceive. Have you searched for my letters yet?"

"Partially. I do not think we hold any. There are none amongst the Clavering papers."

Her gaze sought mine for a moment, and then it faded to vacancy. "I wonder if he burnt them?" she dreamily uttered.

"What, Mr. Brightman?"

"No; my husband. But why have you only looked partially?"

"From want of time. In a day or two I will institute a thorough search, and you shall hear the result from me."

"Very well. I am only waiting in town for those letters. You are going?"

"One more question ere I do go, Lady Clavering. Have you positively no recollection of seeing this lost parchment?"

She looked surprised at my pertinacity. "No: otherwise I should say so. But if I had seen it, the subsequent fright would have taken it clean out of my memory."

"It is not Lady Clavering," I exclaimed to Lennard, when I reached home.

"How have you found it out, sir?" he rejoined.

"I judge from her manner: it has convinced me that she is innocent. Whoever may have got at the safe, it was not Lady Clavering. In truth, I begin to think I was foolish to have suspected her." And yet, even while I spoke, the suspicion returned: so prone to inconsistency is the human heart.

I was interrupted by a visit from Miss Brightman. She had come up to town with a message from her mother. "Mamma will not be sufficiently well to see you this evening, as was agreed," she said, "and she wishes you would come down to-morrow morning instead."

That would be impossible. "I shall not be able to spare time in the day," was my reply. "I am quite overwhelmed with work. Perhaps to-morrow evening will do?"

"I should think it might," returned Miss Brightman. "At any rate you can come; and should mamma not be sufficiently well to enter upon business matters, another time can be appointed."

"Is Mrs. Brightman very ill?"

"I fear so. She appears to me to fluctuate so much. She is exceedingly low and weak, and she passes whole hours in her own room, in solitude. When I ask to go in, she says she is not equal to seeing even me. Are you well?" Miss Brightman continued, in a hesitating tone, as she rose to leave. "You look harassed."

"I am well, Annabel. But—you have just expressed the right word—harassed; and terribly so."

"Poor papa!" she sighed. "It has brought a load of work and care to you, as well as of grief to us."

"I should not heed work, or legitimate care. But—we have had another loss, Annabel," I said, dropping my voice: "a loss as mysterious as that of the gold; and of far more importance."

"What is it?" she questioned. "More money?"

"No; I wish it was. A will, which was deposited in the safe there," pointing to it, "has disappeared. I cannot tell what will be the consequences: ruin probably to me, and to one of our best clients. Not only that—if things are to vanish from our most guarded safety-places, in this unaccountable manner, we must have a crafty enemy at work, and there is no foreseeing the ending."

"What was the will like?" Miss Brightman rejoined: "I mean, what did it look like? I have a reason for asking."

"It was a folded parchment, about—that—size. You saw your father's will, Annabel: it looked like that. Why do you ask?"

"Because I remember papa's bringing home a parchment, similar to what you describe. It was an evening or two before he died: the evening before I and mamma went to Hastings. Do you think it could be that?"

"Oh no. I have known Mr. Brightman—though very rarely—take home deeds which required studying, but it was not likely he would take home Sir Ralph Clavering's will: he made it himself, and knew every word in it. Annabel, I did not intend to mention names, but it will be safe with you."

"Perfectly so: as safe as with yourself. I will never repeat it; not even to mamma."

"And what I shall do, I cannot tell," was my conclusion, as I attended her down stairs to the carriage. "I would give every shilling I possess, of my own, to find it."

Leah—it was some hours later—was carrying down my dinner-tray, when a ring came to the outer door. "Well done that bell!" I heard her say to herself, "that's the fourth time since the door was shut, and Watts out! There goes the knocker! It's a visitor for master, then."

She put the tray on the stand in the inner passage and opened the door. I listened, curious to know who was coming after office hours, unless it was Sir Edmund Clavering.

"Is Mr. Strange in, Leah?"

"Yes, miss. Please go up."

A light foot on the stairs, and Annabel Brightman entered, holding out a parchment with its endorsement towards me. "Will of Sir Ralph Clavering."

"Oh, Annabel! you are my guardian angel."

I seized the deed and her hands together. She smiled, and drew away the latter.

"I still thought the parchment I spoke of might be the missing one," she explained, "and when I got home I looked in papa's secretaire. There it was."

"And you have come back to bring it!"

"Of course. It would have been cruel to let you pass another night of suspense. I came as soon as I had had my dinner."

"Who is with you?"

"Nobody: I came in the omnibus. In two omnibuses, for the one only brought me to Charing-cross."

"In the omnibus! And alone!"

"What was to hurt me? or who was to know me? I kept my veil down. I did not make a parade at home to order the carriage out again: it might have disturbed mamma, and she is in bed. And now I must make haste back again."

"Wait one moment, Annabel, whilst I lock up this doubly-precious will."

"Why? You are not going to trouble yourself to accompany me, and you so busy? There is no necessity for it: I shall go home just as safe as I came."

"You silly child! That you have come here, at night, and alone, I cannot help; but what would Mrs. Brightman say to me if I suffered you to proceed in the same unprotected manner back again?"

"I suppose it was not quite right," she returned, "but I only thought of the pleasure of restoring the will."

I locked it up in the safe, and went down stairs with Miss Brightman, leaving a pencilled word with Leah for Sir Edmund Clavering, if he should call. Why Mr. Brightman should have taken it home, puzzled me considerably: but the relief to my mind was such that I cannot express, and I felt quite a gush of love to Lady Clavering, for having so unjustly suspected her.

"Genuine love?" asks somebody.

No. That was given to another. One nearer to me in the presence, just then, than was my Lady Clavering.

THE LAST JOURNALS OF HORACE WALPOLE.*

WALPOLE'S Memoirs of the Reign of George III. comprise about a sixth part only of that long rule of sixty years. Walpole himself was dead before the first forty of them were over. But it was a disappointment to the readers of his Memoirs to find them coming down no farther than the year 1771. A perhaps tardy but certainly welcome solatium is now presented, in the shape of his Last Journals, as Horace styled them, which have just made their appearance in two handsome volumes, under the congenial editorship of Dr. Doran, whose gossipy annotations still farther enliven the lively text. The Journals are, in effect, a continuation of the Memoirs, in a less formal arrangement, and under another name.

Of these manuscript collections the writer appears to have thought higher at last than at first. As they grew upon his hands, they grew upon his affections and esteem. At first he characterises the Journal (1772) as rather calculated for his own amusement than for posterity: "I like to keep up the thread of my observations: if they prove useful to anybody else I shall be glad; but I am not to answer for their imperfections, as I intend this Journal for no regular work" (p. 77). But in course of time he began to think better of posterity—that is to say, better of his Journal. This day-by-day chronicle might be of some value a hundred years hence. These trivial fond records might have their interest when some George the Sixth should be king. Just a decade after the entry we have quoted, we find the Journalist saying (1782), "that he has continued his labour so long merely to preserve certain passages less known, and to aid future historians;" with which *pour servir* design he engages, to himself, that future entries in these *mémoires* shall be "chiefly such as I can warrant the truth of, and are not likely to be found in narratives of men much less conversant with some of the principal actors." So that, on the whole, if not for the whole, Horace counted on imparting to his ephemerides something beyond an ephemeral character. He reckoned on giving substance, after a kind, to these diurnal doings that come like shadows, so depart.

Nor did he reckon without his host—a part which posterity may be said to play. The public of 1859 receives with *empressement* the Journals dated 1772-83. The rumours of the day, and jests of the hour, it willingly sees transferred from the Strawberry-hill copy to the Stamford-street press, to show the very age and body of that time, its form and pressure. In some things, Walpole is free to own, "I may have been misinformed, and in others, from my own passions," he adds, with a quite noteworthy candour, "I may have exaggerated faults." But he flatters himself, at the same time, that "authentic papers" will "corroborate the authenticity of these 'Memoirs.'" That he took pains in the way of annotation and emendation, is apparent from the habit he followed, of frequently adding, under entries of an earlier date, "details of circumstances in connexion with those entries, but the occurrence of which belonged to a later period." It may not make his writings at large more reliable, but it does make them vastly more piquant, that, where ridiculous stories and amusing ana are concerned, Horace nothing extenuates, but sets down a deal in malice.

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* Journal of the Reign of King George the Third, from the year 1771 to 1783. By Horace Walpole. Now first published from the original MSS. Edited with Notes, by Dr. Doran. Two Vols. London: Bentley. 1859.

One of the two mottoes which figure on the title-page of these volumes, and intimate the purport of their contents, is taken from the *Vie de Maintenon*, and bears on the apprehensions in France, under a King who *was* the State, that the influence of the Crown had so far increased, and was so fast increasing, that it ought to be diminished. "On prévoyoit que la patrie allait être sacrifiée à la dignité de la famille royale, dont la véritable gloire est de se sacrifier toujours au bonheur de la patrie." Upon such *prévoyance*, transferred to England and the eighteenth century, Horace Walpole piqued himself, and chronicled whatever seemed to authenticate and justify it, year by year continually. His letters manifest an intention to like George III. at his accession to the throne, and to augur well of him for some time after. But the tide turned, and Georgius Tertius was hardly a whit better than his forbears; and the whole family, or nearly so, came to seem as obnoxious to Horace, as though he had been the hottest Jacobite that ever toasted the King over the Water. The opening pages of this work contain allusions to the unhappy business of the Queen of Denmark, George's sister; and the Journalist begins to moralise forthwith: "Such an accumulated succession of misfortunes has seldom fallen on a royal family in so short a space. They seemed to have inherited the unpropitious star of the Stuarts, from whom they are descended, as well as their Crown. The marriage of the Duke of Cumberland with Colonel Luttrell's sister, the dangerous illness of the Princess of Wales and Duke of Gloucester, and this dishonour of the Queen of Denmark, all happening within three months!" With this comment closes the first (monthly) section of the Journal, and it gives the key-note to all that is to follow, whenever the Royals (as Fanny Burney calls them) are concerned.

Not many days after, the death of the Princess of Wales, the king's mother, is recorded (Feb. 8th, 1772). She died at the age of fifty-two, "of an abscess in her throat," about which she appears to have been almost as reserved as his mother-in-law, Queen Caroline, had been, as regards the fatal disease which carried *her* off. The only medicine the princess was known to try, was hemlock. "She had long struggled with a humour in her blood, which she had fatally brought into the family, and for the last three months her sufferings had been dreadful, and menacing her life, yet her fortitude was invincible, and she kept up to the last moment that disguise and reserve which predominated so strongly in her character. She not only would not acknowledge her danger to her children, servants, and physicians, but went out in her coach. One day (it was on the Monday before she died), reading in the newspapers an account of her own danger, she instantly ordered her coach, and went through the streets to Kew, though swooning away in it, and showing herself occasionally to various persons after her speech was almost unintelligible. She had a long fit on the arrival of her daughter the Princess of Brunswick, who thought her expiring; but the next morning rose by nine o'clock, dressed, and went to her daughter, to convince her, she said, how well she was, and that her disorder was only nervous. Though she had sent for the Princess of Brunswick, yet she never intimated to her that she thought herself dying. One day the Princess of Brunswick coming suddenly into the room, found her reading, but she hid the book under the couch. Happening to go out of the room, the Princess of Brunswick looked at the book, and found it A Preparation for Death. She never dropped a syllable that intimated her approaching death; though, after receiving the news from Denmark,* she scarce took any nourishment but cordials. On Thursday, the 6th, her approaching end was evident; and on Friday the King forbade his levee on that account. It was his custom to visit the Princess, with the Queen, every Saturday evening from six to eight; they now went at that hour on the Friday. Hearing they were come, the Princess rose, dressed herself, and attempted to walk to meet them, but was so weak and unable, that the Princess of Brunswick ran out and called in the King and Queen. At eight o'clock they rose to leave her, but though she could only hear, not converse with them, she pressed them to stay till ten; and when that hour came, made a sign to them to retire, as usual. They stayed, however, in her palace, and she went to bed—still taking no notice of the extremity of her case. Some of her women, and a page who attended her as a surgeon, sat up in her room. At half an hour after six in the morning, perceiving he did not hear her breathe, the page softly drew the curtain, and touched her hand, which he found cold, and that she had been dead some time, and without a groan."—Walpole goes on to relate stories of family disunion which must have troubled her last moments, not forgetting to drag in Lord Bute, with whose name and the princess's together scandal had made so free. Countenance is given to this scandal by an entry some days later, when Walpole expresses the astonishment of himself and all mankind, that her Royal Highness should not only have left no will, but—left no money. What could she have done with a revenue of 64,000*l.* a year, enjoyed by her for twenty years? She lived economically and privately. True, she was large-handed in her charities, and went to considerable expense in laying out Kew, and keeping it up. Still, on the most moderate calculation, she was held to be worth 300,000*l.* And now had died worth 27,000*l.* only, which sum was found in her cabinet. What, then, had become of all the money? Ask Lord Bute, was on the lips of the censorious; and Walpole is not above taking up the wondrous tale. "It is no wonder," he explicitly says, "that it became the universal belief that she had wasted all on Lord Bute. This became still more probable, as he had made the purchase of the estate at Luton, in Bedfordshire, at the price of 114,000*l.*, before he was visibly worth 20,000*l.*; had built a palace there, another in town, and had furnished the former in the most expensive manner, bought pictures and books, made a vast park and lake, and, in short, had given but too much handle to ill-natured conjecture." A sort of handle at which Horace could work with the best of them. In a foot-note he says that "as Lord Bute himself had no estate at all, it was impossible to account for his vast expense but from the Princess's poverty." It leaves her poor indeed, this filching from her her good name. We could have wished to see some editorial annotations on this part of the Journal. Might not the "ill-natured conjecture" be as thoroughly refuted, as that about Bute's behind-the-throne influence, once "universally believed," has long since been?

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* She answered the King of Denmark's letter on that occasion with her own hand, but two days before her death.

The Princess of Brunswick had come over to see the last of her mother; and the manner of her treatment at court affords Walpole further matter for cavil. According to him, the King and Queen took great pains to disgust her with her visit, and the Queen never suffered her to see the King alone. They lodged her (though St. James's was empty) in a "miserable little house in Pall-mall." The King, "to mortify her," would not let her be chief mourner at her mother's funeral. It was only, we are taught to infer, from the noise that was made at the studied neglect and ill-treatment she met with, that her brother was led to pay both her journeys, and give her 1000*l.* besides, which her scanty resources would make acceptable, though the manner of the gift might be graceless enough. Her poverty, perhaps not her will, consented.

The Royal Marriage Bill, brought forward the same month, supplies Walpole anew with occasion for fault-finding. "This hard and despotic power claimed by the Crown, and excited by the late marriage of the Duke of Cumberland, was insisted upon by the King and Queen, and the Bill drawn by Lord Mansfield, though much and undisguisedly disapproved by most of the Ministers, and even by some of the King's own creatures. When the message was delivered, it was received with the utmost coldness and disgust by both Houses. It not only set out with a falsehood (the assertion of the King's power over such marriages), but contradicted itself by devising a remedy for the very deficiency of that power. The Bill teemed with seeds of future civil wars, by bastardising children of the Royal Family born in wedlock which had not the King's consent. Princes marrying English women, though without that consent, and having issue, such issue, in spite of the Act, would undoubtedly be preferred by the nation to foreign and unknown descendants of George II." Walpole has a strong family feeling in this question, his own favourite niece, Lady Waldegrave, being married to the Duke of Gloucester, though the fact of the marriage (six years since) was not yet openly avowed. During the debates on the bill, the Duke of Richmond asked Walpole if he should have any objection to his niece's name being brought forward. "I thanked him, but said it was impossible for me to give his Grace any answer, for, as I did not know whether she was married to the Duke of Gloucester or not, I could not tell whether the mention of her would serve or hurt her. . . . . Were she *not* married, and the mention of it should bring that secret to light, I should ruin her by advising it, and therefore I begged to be excused from giving any opinion at all.

"General Pownall had come to me on the same occasion, and I had given him the same answer. Even with General Conway [Horry's own Harry] I would not talk on the subject; I told him he knew how little fond I was of royal families, and how little desirous of being related to them; that I had done all I could to break off my niece's connexion with the Duke of Gloucester, and that, not having succeeded, I had determined never to meddle in that affair more, and had strictly kept my resolution. . . . When I would not go into the Court by the straight door, I was resolved nobody should even suspect that I wished to creep up by a private staircase."

General Conway highly offended the court by the stand he made in parliament on this vexed question. His Majesty "complained grievously" to the General's brother, Lord Hertford, of Conway's opposition to the Bill after receiving "so many marks of kindness" from his royal self, to whom it was a personal matter. Conway came to consult Horace, his brother's letter in his hand, and asked what course he ought to take, though retract he would not. "I said [Horatius loquitur] he was sensible that I had refused to talk to him on the bill because I had not meddled in my niece's connexion with the Duke of Gloucester, whatever it were, nor would with the bill; but that now he (Conway) had taken his part, and asked my advice on the present occasion, I would give it him fairly. The question, I said, was indeed personal to the King,—nay, and too personal, for it went to an extension of his prerogative, a point in which he ought not to ask or expect to be obliged. That the duty to our country was to supersede private gratitude. Kings might enslave a nation if their favours were to tie men up from obeying their conscience. That I approved what he (Conway) had done, and begged him not to recant for his own sake. I said it ill became his brother to interfere in what concerned his honour; and I added, that if he allowed his brother to dissuade him from acting as he ought to do, he himself would have no thanks: Lord Hertford would have all the merit, and instead of Conway's receiving favours, Lord Hertford would be rewarded for governing him. He agreed with me entirely, censured his brother for his unbounded servility, and owned that he was convinced that what I had so often told him, and which he never believed before, was true—that Lord Mansfield aimed at stretching the prerogative. Lord Hertford wrote him more letters, but they had no effect." This conference goes to prove that, right or wrong, Horace had an uncommon degree of tact in so shaping his case as to carry his point, and of adroitly flattering while palpably managing his client. No wonder that irresolute Harry Conway resorted to him so frequently for advice in difficulties, or that the sentiments uttered and the course pursued by that honourable and gallant member at St. Stephen's, have such a Strawberry flavour about them—though a good deal of *that*, it must be owned, is lost, and staled, or otherwise disposed of, by dint of transfer from Horry to Harry.

Lady Waldegrave's marriage with the Duke of Gloucester was formally announced to her uncle in the May of this year, 1772. He describes himself as being a good deal embarrassed at the receipt of her father's letter, revealing the (all but open) secret. He concluded that the Duke of Gloucester would be forbidden the Court, like the Duke of Cumberland; and he had no sort of inclination to engage in a quarrel with the King and Queen in support of a cause he had disapproved, especially as his taking part for his niece would seem to contradict all his declarations. He had no wish, he says, to be abandoned by all the world like the Luttrells (for the Cumberland connexion), and reduced to live almost in solitude with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, who would not love him for what was passed. Nor was he pleased with the Duke, who had recently mortified Walpole's particular friend, Sir Horace Mann, Resident at Florence, by unmerited slights. "I determined, therefore," he continues, "*to* act as neutral a part as I could, and at once decline all share in the honours or disgrace of my niece. This was a conduct, I own, more prudent than affectionate or heroic; but I was cured of sacrificing myself for others: I had done with the world, and wished to pass in tranquillity the remainder of a turbulent life, in which I had given proofs enough of spirit and disinterestedness." It is edifying to hear Horace saying he has done with the world: a quarter of a century later he had not done with it quite. But the phrase is a stereotyped one at the Strawberry-hill press, as was Voltaire's ever recurring complaint of his moribund condition, and meant about as much, when reduced to its lowest terms. It was not in Walpole's nature, or habit (which is second nature), to have done with the world, until he had actually left it for another. However, in his own meaning of "the world," he was not quite so much of a worldling now as when he was but half as old.

Notwithstanding his strenuous resolve to be neutral in this matter, the sight of his niece's letter to her father, explaining why she had kept the marriage a secret, and her estimate of her present position and prospects, overcame the neutrality of Uncle Horace, and made a red-hot partisan of him. He sent his brother word that he had been ready to kiss the duchess's hand, but was now ready to kiss her feet—and advised his showing her letter confidentially to some few. He calls it in his journal "that inimitable letter." He says it struck him with astonishment, admiration, tenderness, and—shame. "How mean did my prudence appear compared with hers! which was void of all personal considerations but of her honour. What proper spirit! what amiable concern for and gratitude to her husband! what scorn of the Duke of Cumberland, of rank, of malice, and (at least implied) of the king and his power! what sense in her conduct! Address how laudably employed!" This letter, he continues, proved (to him) two things. He had always thought that feeling bestows the most sublime eloquence, and that women write letters better than men. He, a writer (he says) in some esteem, and all his life a letter-writer, never penned anything like this letter of his niece. It is great, it is pathetic, and it is more than all these—it is the language of Virtue in the mouth of Love. In short, "Lady Waldegrave's noble conduct had captivated me, and I was determined to take her part in the most disinterested manner." Still there was a difficulty in knowing how to do this, for the marriage was hitherto unavowed except to her relations—of whom all she wished was, that they would show the world they were satisfied with her conduct, yet *seem* to disguise their reasons. Uncle Horace was a famous hand at this sort of transparent disguise. He, if any one, could meet and carry out her wishes in this respect.

Conscious of his supremacy in the manœuvring line, and priding himself on his scrupulous adhesion to all necessary *convenances*, it must have ruffled him a little to be charged with want of caution on this delicate occasion. He got a "very civil letter" from his niece, in which she expressed great uneasiness at having heard that her father had shown her letter; which Sir Edward had done with so little caution that the very words of it almost were quoted about the town. "The Duke was exceedingly hurt at this indiscretion, and Lady Waldegrave complained to her father of that imprudence. Sir Edward owned the charges, but, having seen me so pleased with his daughter's letter, concluded I had been as little guarded as himself. I, who, as the reader has seen, had been over-circumspect from the very beginning of the amour, was astonished when my brother told me what he had written to his daughter; but on my giving him various proofs how little foundation there was for his involving me in the charge, he handsomely promised to clear me to Lady Waldegrave, and I myself sent her a minute account of the caution I had observed." This passage leads to a biographical sketch of Sir Edward, amusingly yet affectionately written, in his brother's pointed, lively, anecdotical style.

The following entry refers to the middle of June, 1772: "Lady Waldegrave came to me with her sister Dysart, from Ham House. She told me the Duke of Gloucester had not been able to find a moment for declaring his marriage to the King, who would not be alone with him a minute. I did not like this: it showed either timidity or irresolution in the Duke. The Duke of Cumberland had behaved with much more spirit when he married Mrs. Horton, as Lady Waldegrave *now told me*. The Duke of Cumberland went to the King with a letter in his pocket containing notice of his wedding. After walking some time in the garden with the King, the Duke gave him the letter. The King put it into his pocket, saying, 'I suppose I need not read it now.' 'Yes, Sir,' said the Duke, 'you must read it directly.' The King had no sooner read it than he broke out in these terms—'You fool! you blockhead! you villain! you had better have debauched all the unmarried girls in England—you had better have committed adultery with all the married women—but this woman *can* be nothing—she never shall be anything. The Duke asked what he would have him do. The King said, 'Go abroad till I can determine what to do.' Thus that foolish journey was his Majesty's own thought, not that of his supposed more foolish brother; and the pious apostrophe above showed the texture of the King's vaunted religion." Without undertaking to decide upon the King's vaunted religion—how much of religion it may have contained, and how much vaunting—we may be allowed to suspect, less shrewdly than charitably, that the "pious apostrophe above" is strongly coloured with an infusion of Walpole's "own particular"—at any rate in the seduction and adultery clauses. He would say he had it on the best authority; but no doubt it had already gained a little in the transit, and could *he* resist giving it a final touch?

The poor King, as delineated (or disfigured) by Walpole, is not only profane and lax of speech, hot-headed, soft-headed, wrong-headed, but mean, malignant, and untruthful. Whatever Lady Waldegrave tells her uncle during this day's visit, seems to have been swallowed whole, and with infinite relish. "Lady Waldegrave told me too that the King now said his Ministers had made him promise never to forgive his brother Cumberland—another instance of his piety, and yet probably a falsehood; what interest had the Ministers to exact that promise, and make the Duke their irreconcilable enemy?" Again: "Lady Waldegrave added that the King had not ratified the Marriage Bill to the Duke of Gloucester till in the very letter in which he told him of his mother's death—thus heaping indignity on cruelty, and closing all with another falsehood, by affirming that the Marriage Bill was enacted to please the Princess, and with a new indignity to the Duke of Gloucester, by thanking the Parliament at the close of the session, just as the Duke arrived, for having regulated, that is restrained, the marriages of the Royal Family." Walpole further remarks, in a foot-note, that the King's implacability against those who opposed the Marriage Bill proved that it was his own act, and cites in particular the case of General Conway, which belongs, however, to a subsequent period.

Into the merits of that case we have no room to enter. Indeed, we must here take leave, far too abruptly, and with most unmannerly curtness, of the Journal itself—of whose thousand-and-one varieties we have confined ourselves to one topic alone, and *that* single topic is here broached merely, and left running. For anything that this notice has told him, the reader will come fresh to all the miscellanies of these two volumes—whether concerned with Junius and his antagonists; or Fox at Newmarket, and Almack's, and St. Stephen's, or the vehement speechification of Colonel Barré and Tommy Townshend; or Lord Clive and India; or the Bishops and the 39 Articles; or the Essex bread riots; or the Irish insurgents; or details about Struensee and Danish court life. In one page we are full of a run upon the Bank of Edinburgh; in another, of the partition of Poland. Now Wilkes is all the talk, and now Count Orloff. From the troubles in America we glance aside to a highway robbery in St. James's-square—from the death and character of Lord Lyttleton to the Duke of Cumberland's goings on at the Calais theatre—from Edmund Burke to Mr. Rigby—from Sir Roger Newdigate in rampant orthodoxy to Lord Chatham in black velvet boots—from General Gage and the "rebels" to Foote and the Duchess of Kingston—from a victory by Lord Cornwallis to the trial and execution of Dr. Dodd—from Lord George Gordon the fanatic to Paul Jones the privateer—from the death of Garrick to the court-martial on Keppel—from the malpractices of Hyder Ali to those of the Prince of Wales. And *still* you may find unnamed varieties a thousand and one.

A DAY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY.

> "And, after all, what harm is there in the Speaker's wig, or the Queen's speech addressed to the Lords, and in all the quaint ceremonies and observances? What does it all matter? And why waste even a thought on the reform of such trifles, so long as reform is needed in matters of greater importance?"

A DAY in London—great, glorious, overgrown London—that day happening to be the 3rd of February, when the Queen had signified her intention of opening parliament in person.

Parliament is called together by ministers for the express and magnanimous purpose of having their conduct publicly criticised for certain liberties lately taken with John Bull's constitution, while chances of peace or war, Indian affairs, and a reform bill, are to be mixed up in the *purée* her most gracious Majesty will offer to the public in all form and state. However unpalatable the words of the ministerial mixture may be, when read by Her in the sweetest and clearest of all voices, for the moment who can find fault? But people *will* find fault, not with the reader, but with the speech.

That oracle of fashion the *Morning Post* heralds forth that the doors are to be opened at twelve o'clock. "Mind, whatever you do, do not go *over-dressed*," was the sensible advice read out at breakfast by a fair lady from a letter just received, informing her that she should be called for at one o'clock to go to the House of Lords.

As I wend my way to St. Stephen's, groups of faces people the line, whether in windows or balconies; and the railings present their full complement of starers, as there always are and always will be to witness any sight in London. Carriages abound of every description, from the most gorgeous to the most humble. But it is astonishing how the universality of travelling by railways (for to that go-ahead system it must be traced) tends to the abasement of hammercloth, plush, and powder! It is a pity, some say, to mark year after year the falling off in these splendid turns-out—wigs, gold-headed canes, cocked-hats, high-stepping horses, superb harness, and perfection of carriages! Broughams and cabs take the place of splendour and exclusiveness. The million will have it so. Even in court modern innovations gradually penetrate. The yeomen of the guard and her Majesty's aids-de-camp follow the fashion, while the Beefeaters, in their quaint old costume, serve to connect the ancient regal link between state coachman and state steward.

Never having seen the operation of her most august Majesty opening parliament in person, I flattered myself that my privilege of M.P. would enable me to satisfy my curiosity. Accordingly, I walked along the lofty corridor where some statues of our greatest statesmen already occupy their appointed pedestals, but where many others wait the sculptor's chisel; and then on into the grand octagonal hall.

I find the door into the Lords' corridor to the right closed, and carefully guarded by a policeman!

"I want to get into the House of Lords?"

"You cannot pass this way. Round by the Lords' entrance, sir," was the rather curt rejoinder.

"But to reach the gallery? *We of* the Commons have places there; right and left of the reporters."

"Ladies fill those places, sir. No members can enter until the Speaker comes!"

"Well," thought I, "old Hudibras is right: 'When a lady's in the case, all other reasons must give place,' and, of course, the Commons too. But what am I to do?"

"You must go round to the Lords' entrance."

I obey, and confront a pair of officials right and left of the door, having on their heads shakos surmounted by blackcock tails, and each bearing in his hand a staff like a field-marshal's bâton!

"Cannot pass here!"

"But I belong to the House of Commons, and every one is going in, cannot I?"

"No, sir; must go round through the lobby."

The very place I had been repulsed from! There was nothing, then, for it but to wait! The day was very fine, and as it wanted an hour to the time the Queen was expected, I thought I might amuse myself in looking at the ladies. I must confess to the weakness of loving to steal a sly peep at any lady as she steps from her carriage—there is a certain mystery about the whole proceeding.

A carriage draws up—a hired brougham. I do not know why or wherefore it is, but I never could abide a hired brougham; there is a sort of pretension to my mind about it. I infinitely prefer a good, *clean*, (?) unpretending common cab. Well, the brougham, hired for the morning, stops the way, and contains an apparently magnificent-looking creature. A Norma wreath of gilt bay-leaves encircles her head, while the scarlet opera cloak (which ought to be upon her shoulders), bordered with its gold shawl-work, has got disengaged, and displays a superb neck and shoulders, the complexion of which is as beautiful as Houbigant's "crême de beauté," or even Madame Moreau herself, could hope to make it, for this very day the *Morning Post* sets forth that that important personage begs to inform the nobility that she is now in England for the purpose of attending upon ladies, whom she "ARRANGES for COURT or BALL" with preparations specially her own, rendering the complexion brilliant, the arms and neck beautifully white and soft, giving unparalleled lustre to the eye; and *all* to be had at 88, Regent-street! Perchance she of the Norma wreath had found her out! But she is in the act of stepping out of the brougham. The huge bulge of drapery, which filled the carriage to overflowing (at both windows), begins to be agitated, and a love of a foot, encased in a most mischievous-looking particularly well-fitting slipper, makes its appearance—a jerk, and the ankle next appears—another wriggle, and somewhat more than the ankle comes to light—silk stocking—well pulled up—not a wrinkle to be seen! The satin slippers, too, are faultless, and her sandals cross at the most becoming point. They are not French, that is easily seen; they are not Hook's, neither are they Godfrey's; they are made by Patterson—there is no mistake. Another struggle, and the three lower bars of a steel petticoat, skeleton-like, make their appearance. Now a grand hitch—and the main body of the under garments, steel hoops and all, have got (as the sailors say) athwart ships, and look as if they mean to turn rusty, and a desperate effort is required by the fair possessor to extricate herself. And it is made, while she protrudes, ephemera-like, from her brougham; the more one sees, the more perfect. Now a most serious struggle of crinoline, and all the most modern accessories come flop out of the carriage, with a noise peculiarly their own. The fourth bar of the steel petticoat discloses a perfect leg—but the same silk stocking—*that* ceased to exist above the fourth bar. Dreadful to relate, the top was cotton!

"Fine feathers make fine birds," said a friend of mine, standing by, to a friend of his. "Yes, they do," said he. And talking of feathers puts me in mind of a very odd thing which happened yesterday. I went to the Crystal Palace, and, as I was passing the avarium, I was called to by a parrot. I went up to the bird, having always had a liking for polls, and recognised an old acquaintance. I came back from Australia in 1850, and this bird was on board; he used to sit upon my shoulder, and I took a great fancy to him. He told the story *con amore*, and I am sure it is the truth. There is nothing very extraordinary in it, but the lovers of parrots may be interested, and pay the bird a visit.

Next dashes up a perfectly appointed chariot with a couple of powdered footmen dressed in full fig, and as the dappled browns covered with foam are brought up in coachman-like style, the footmen descend from their platform, open the door, and the steps fall. They flank the exit, and a lady in the bloom of youth and beauty, and dressed to perfection, steps forth as "a lady" only can do. She has crinoline *à merveille*, far more than she of the golden tiara, but somehow it does not seem so. She is dressed in black—all black—the *tournure* is faultless, so is the *chaussure;* that is unmistakable, they came from Jacob's. The slippers have no sandals, only a knot of ribbon fashioned into a bow, placed with care on the proper spot, and high heels allow of the utmost rigour as to their being *décolletés*. The mass descends, voluminous as it is, without effort, and she glides, duchess-like, from, but still within, her cage, and there is visible sensation amongst the bystanders. Again, and a foreign equipage stops the way—'tis the Malakoff—his coachman encased in bearskin, his better half in the most *recherché* of Parisian toilettes.

It was one o'clock, and I leave for "the House." Two new frescoes, very fair works of art in their way, have been placed in the corridor leading from the central hall to the Commons. The door is passed, and in the corner to the right is the refreshment stall. Piles of beef and ham sandwiches under their glass dome, galantine, buns, sherry, bitter beer, liqueurs, and the same civil waiter behind them. *He* is glad to see me!

To the library I go, to shake hands with Risdon, the most obliging and good-natured person in the world. He had everything at his fingers' ends, from a penny stamp to the most antiquated act of parliament. But he is gone, poor fellow, to his long home, and his place "knows him no more."

Then the doorkeepers.

Apropos, a good story is told of the late man Williams, who figures in the front of Hayter's picture of the Reformed House of Commons in the tea-room. He was known, and is still remembered by many members of the House, but particularly by those who unfortunately came into contact with him in his capacity of Cerberus. A certain retainer of the Liberator (and, *of course,* an expectant, too), who had been for some years pursuing many *failing* avocations within the walls of the political arenas of the Irish metropolis, thought it high time to try his hand on the other side the water in the obtainment of some more lucrative employment, and which he hoped to do, like many others, through the influence or agency of his patron.

"What do you want?" said Williams, when he made his appearance at the door of the House of Commons. "Move out of the passage."

"I want to see Dan O'Connell," said he, "the member for all Ireland."

"Give me your card. Move out of the passage."

"What card? I will write my name on a scrap of paper if that will do; and if that won't, and if you want to know who I am, my friend, I will tell you. Before long I'll be member for Kilkenny—that I will—and by this and by that, the very first motion I make in the House after I have taken my sate will be, ye spalpeen, to have you taken out of your broadcloth, and stuffed into plush!"

But a thin attendance of members, most of whom are standing round the table writing their names on slips of paper, and disappear to deposit the same in a glass receptacle, over which an official of the House keeps guard—a sort of lottery—and as they draw the numbers, they can follow the Speaker into the House of Lords, at the bar of which but a small proportion of the M.P.s find standing room.

A good many how-de-dos, a good deal of talk as to Reform, and fresh troubles, political and warlike, looming.

Big Ben, not Disraeli, has been recast; Big Pam (not Lord Palmerston) is as sound as a bell, and not cracked. The monster mortar is one yard in diameter across its muzzle, and so can project an infernal machine or ball one yard thick, which can be thrown as far, if not farther, than any smaller shell; it will contain a charge of 500lbs. of powder!

Apropos of Lord Palmerston, who has fathered this pocket-pistol, a foreigner, writing five years ago, says: "He has a telling answer to every question; but, withal, he does not get personal and offensive. He is a general favourite, and every one is silent when he rises. That is Lord P., the notorious Lord Firebrand, he who, according to the opinion of the continental politicians, thinks of nothing but the most convenient means of overthrowing all the thrones in Christendom."

"The Matrimonial Causes and Divorce Bill" works so well, that above two hundred causes are now on the list. No wonder either, as its parent, the Attorney-General, like every other member in the House, could not make head or tail of it. Curious enough, though, the Proctors, its direst enemies (now they are to receive compensation), no longer find fault with it. Their consolation is, that at any rate if they do not get quality they will quantity.

"Follow the leader," so I go to the table and write my name on a piece of paper as others are doing, but I observed they were chiefly the new members, and I began to "smell a rat," as it is called; however, I placed my paper, having carefully folded it up, in the glass emporium, over which the *ci-devant* official of the House stood sentry. "Bribery and corruption" fell from me as I threw my name in, and he smiled.

The Black Rod makes his appearance, summonses the House to the presence of her Majesty; the Speaker descends from his chair, and some one begins calling out the names as they are taken from the glass conjuring receptacle. There is a murmur, and a palpable rush. Names! all my eye! It is evident, in a moment, that there is no order; order is out of the question; all are mingled in one common mass, pressing on. I make a rush and get close behind the Speaker, and on my right flank, but a little more in advance, was the burly figure of the M.P. for Leitrim. I felt my flank was protected, for it flashed upon me all at once that the old hands would, in all probability, be awaiting the advance of the Speaker, and rush down upon us from the different lateral passages and openings which crossed our route at right angles. Scarcely had we got into the Circular Hall before I found my presentiment realised, and ten or a dozen M.P.s charged straight upon our column, but a little *en échelon*, and we staggered again; but Leitrim was to the fore, and if it had not been for the interposition of his body, and his positively butting the avalanche with his shoulder, the Chancellor of the Exchequer might have been bowled over. Two more shocks of this sort did we bear before reaching the door into the Lords, which was not thrown open until the moment the Speaker, at the head of the column, arrived close to it. I kept my place well up to this, thanks to the shelter afforded by Leitrim. It was evident that this would be the moment that the crush, *par excellence*, would consummate. "Order! Order!" Quite out of the question—it was every one for himself. They are a long time opening the door, and the crowd from behind press us up tight against it, and the very breath is squeezed out of one's body. Order, indeed, or management!

I had witnessed the first drawing-room held by her Majesty in Dublin—her first visit to Ireland—and there saw warriors faint, and the mass sent dripping into the presence of royalty; I was at that drawing-room in London which witnessed the scenes at the barrier, and saw one lady, passing fair but *under* forty, perform a regular summersault over a bench left across the entrance to the pen-room, and I saw it attempted to be represented in *Punch* afterwards,—but neither of these performances could for a moment be compared to this rush of her Majesty's faithful Commons, so anxious were they to get into her presence. Then comes the noise of a bolt being withdrawn. And the door is attempted to be thrown wide open by the servants; but they can only partially succeed, as the head of the column, pressed from the rear, are hurried—forced, pushed *nolentes volentes*—through the aperture. In they go, shouting, hustling, roaring, like a mill-race let loose as the sluice is raised; and I hear an oath, distinctly an oath, from some quarter. It was not, in all probability, from a member. Any one might have come in; I am sure it was not from a member—that could not be, he would have been out of order.

What a disgraceful proceeding! yet they tell me it happens time after time, and no attempt is made to better the arrangement. Well, I see that it will be vain to attempt the centre, so making a race as hard as ever I can, I seise upon a capital place high up on one side. I get my elbows placed on the railing, and feel sure I cannot be dislodged; the crowd in the rear fills up the space in a moment, and the noise subsides. The sight is imposing, and I have a capital view of the fair occupants of the Lords' places. They had to take off their cloaks just before her Majesty arrived, and now presented a very *décolleté* appearance, some very much over-dressed; amongst them, most conspicuous, was she of the gold tiara and silk stockings with their cotton tops. Her scarlet opera cloak was not there, of course, but the magnificent pair of very white shoulders were in its stead. What a pity that a little bit of false economy should have disenchanted one with this fair one!

ALEXANDRE DUMAS IN ST. PETERSBURG.*

It is just twenty-four years back since Alexandre Dumas I. bound himself by a solemn pledge to his readers that he would perform the periplus of the Mediterranean, and spite of the bad jokes this promise entailed on him, he has kept his word like a man. Up to the present he has made four voyages or tours of inspection about the littoral of the Middle Sea, and expended for that purpose 51,000 fr., from which deduct 10,000 fr. granted him by the Minister of Public Instruction. What he saw he has described, as we all know, famously in some thirty volumes; but he has still a portion of his task to accomplish. He has yet to visit Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, and the adjoining countries; and although the managers of the Messageries Impériales, so soon as they heard of his scheme, offered him free passage for self and secretary, he must have a yacht, for he was not going to make an every-day tour. His soul was thirsting for combats with truculent pirates in the sunny Ægean, and he had hopes of meeting with his Haïdée, for which consummation he, too, was ready to endure a shipwreck. Hence M. Dumas very wisely ordered a three-mast lugger of 65 tons, entirely made of cast steel, with a ten-horse power engine. Unfortunately, the builder, though the first in France, required five months to build the vessel, and during that period Alexandre I. was doomed to inactivity. Under these circumstances he accepted an invitation to be present at a wedding in St. Petersburg, and thought he might as well come back *viâ* Astrakan. This excursion gave birth to the new romance of travel, to a portion of which we propose calling our readers' attention.

The Russian Count Koucheleff Bezborodko, while making the grand tour, remained for a while at Paris, where he had the felicity of making M. Dumas's acquaintance. An intimacy sprang up between them which led to the historian being invited to be present at the marriage of Count

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* De Paris à Astrakan. Par Alexandre Dumas. Tomes I.—III.

Koucheleff Bezborodko's sister, as we before stated. There was nothing surprising in the fact of a young lady being married, but the bridegroom was a celebrity, being no other than the renowned spirit-rapper Home. How could Dumas refuse such an invitation, or the temptation to make a chapter or two out of the bridegroom's history? which he does something after the following fashion. Home—Daniel Douglas Home—was born at Currer, near Edinburgh, in 1833. His mother, prior to his birth, had a vision, in which she saw him seated at table with an emperor, an empress, a king, and a grand-duchess, which was, of course, eventually realised. At the early age of three years he began indulging in second sight, and must have been rather an uncomfortable boy to live with, for he was continually predicting deaths, which came about with perfect accuracy. At the age of ten, however, fearing that the boy's gifts would be wasted at home, his parents transferred him to America, where his talent soon became fully developed. So sure as he gained a new friend, so surely did he predict his decease before long, and, finally, his mother became the object of his visions. But this was not all; he began to be tormented by spirits who evinced their presence by the usual rappings. Some clergymen were called in to exorcise the demon, but were utterly foiled, and Home's fortune was made. The Americans flocked in to see him, but his aunt, whom he lived with, growing tired of the perpetual polking of the chairs and tables, shovel and tongs, frying-pan and kettle, turned him out of doors. At last, the spirits finding his company rather slow, deserted him *en masse;* but he became, instead, a somnambulist. After amassing enormous sums at Boston, his health failed him, and he proceeded to recruit on the Continent. At Florence he became the occasion of an *émeute:* it was a very long time since a sorcerer had been burned in that city, and the worthy people desired to make an example of the American. He managed to escape to Naples, where the spirits left him once more, "on urgent private affairs," on the 10th of February, 1856, with a promise of returning that day year punctually. Home now thought it time to take some precautions, and went to Rome, where he became a Catholic, and was honoured by an interview with the Pope, on condition that he came in the company of a priest. It is evident from this that Pio Nono was not quite assured of his power over the spirits. From Rome the magician went back to Paris, and consulted Father Ravignan on the subject of his spirits. The father consoled him by stating that since he had become a Catholic the spirits had been exorcised, but Home could not believe this; the spirits were Scotch, and, consequently, horribly obstinate. They had promised to come back, and would keep their word; and so they did. Of course it was not long ere Home was invited to the Tuileries, where he effected wonders, if we believe only half the stories that were current about him. At any rate, the empress adopted his sister as a mark of her satisfaction with him. From Paris, Home proceeded to Baden-Baden, where he held six séances. Soon after, an old English lady died, leaving him six thousand a year, and he was enabled to become a gentleman at large. He went once more to Rome in the beginning of 1858, where he formed the acquaintance of Count Koucheleff, and eventually fell in love with his sister. Soon after the return of the count and his party to Paris, Home desired to know the great Dumas, who was introduced by him to the count and countess. As was perfectly natural, they formed a tremendous affection for the great historian of France, and insisted on his accompanying them to Petersburg. For a while he refused, but as the count declared that he would break off the match with Home unless Dumas consented to go, how could he refuse? This explanation was necessary to prove the falsehood of the assertions that M. Dumas went to Russia to write a new piece for the Théâtre-Français, or to acquire the collar of St. Stanislaus.

We regret we cannot find space for the description of the journey to Berlin, in which our author gives a most humorous account of the dilemma in which the Prussian conductors are placed by a favourite cat, about whose proper mode of conveyance no regulations are laid down. They know exactly what to do with dogs, but the other animal was a novelty to them. After a grand consultation, however, they consented to let it ride with the countess. At Berlin, owing to the fulness of the hotel, M. Dumas and his secretary were obliged to sleep in a bath-room. We note this fact, not so much for its curiosity, but because the world likes to know the smallest movements of its emperors and kings: then why should we not chronicle such a simple event in the life of the kaiser of literature? On board the steamer running from Stettin to Cronstadt, M. Dumas naturally formed the acquaintance of the traditional Englishman, who was going to Borneo to see the sun at midnight on the 24th of June, the only night of the year on which the phenomenon is possible. He had made the same voyage the year before, but enjoyed such a comfortable sleep on that memorable night that he could not make up his mind to get up, so he deferred the treat for another year. How curious it is, by the way, that only Frenchmen fall in with these Anglais pour rire; we have probably travelled about Europe rather more than M. Dumas, and yet we do not remember once meeting with a single specimen of English fatuity, such as always run in the way of Frenchmen. But, possibly, we are prejudiced.

On board the steamer, M. Dumas also formed the acquaintance of a Prince Galitzin, a family so numerous in Russia that they are numbered. Thus a czar said to one of them: "Why, you are numbered like the fiacres." "Yes," was the smart reply, "and like kings, sire." The sight of Cronstadt leads M. Dumas off at once into a history of Peter the Great, of which we can only say that what is true is not new, what is new is not true. We will quote one anecdote, however, to show that M. Dumas's right hand has not forgotten its cunning, even in writing Russian history:

> The Strelitz had formed a conspiracy against Peter, and it was arranged that they should fire a house: Peter would run up at the first glare of the flames, and would mingle with the crowd to extinguish it. A blow of a dagger will put an end to him, and to all those heretics with whom he pollutes the sacred soil of Russia.
>
> Midnight is chosen for the hour of execution.
>
> At eleven they will meet to sup: wine and strong liquors will not be spared. Strength must be given to those whose courage might fail.
>
> But, before supper, two of the accomplices lose heart: they ask to be introduced to the Czar, and confess all to him.
>
> Peter takes his measures. He summons the captain of his guard, and orders him to surround the house where the conspirators are to meet, at half-past eleven precisely.

When they are taken, he will appear in the midst of them and decide their fate.

The Czar, however, deceives himself: his impatience makes him advance the time. He fancies he gave orders to his captain to enter the house at eleven, and he himself proceeds thither at a quarter past eleven. He finds all the members of the plot perfectly free, the glass in their hands, the sword by their sides.

It is the Czar who is trapped.

Fortunately, the lion has at times the mask of the fox.

He advances among the astonished guests, with a smile on his lips.

"Comrades," he says, "I heard the sound of glasses through the walls; I saw the lights through the crevices of the shutters; I thought you were amusing yourselves here. Make room for a boon companion."

And the Czar seats himself among the amazed conspirators.

He pours out some wine, and raises his glass. "Come," he says, "drink to my health!"

And the future assassins of the Czar are forced to drink to the health of the Czar.

But the surprised guests soon recover; menacing glances are exchanged; Providence has done more for them than they could ever desire. The victim has come to place himself beneath the sword of the executioners.

Tsikler leans over to Soukanin, and, with his dagger half drawn, says:

"Brother, it is time!"

But Soukanin's courage fails him.

"Not yet," he says.

Peter hears, at the same moment, the reply and the regular footfall of an armed band surrounding the house.

"Not yet!" he repeats. "If it is not yet time for thee, son of a dog, it is so for me."

And, rushing on Soukanin, he hurls him to the ground with a blow in the face.

An immense hurrah is raised; all the conspirators draw their poniards. However herculean may be the strength of the giant, he must inevitably succumb; they are twenty armed men against one defenceless man.

But at this moment the door opens, and the guards appear on the threshold.

"At last!" Peter says, rising to his full height.

At the Czar's burst of laughter and gestures the conspirators understand that they are lost.

Without attempting to defend themselves, they fall on their knees.

"Chains!" the conqueror says, laconically.

Then, turning to the officer of his guards:

"Ah!" he says, "that is how you are exact!"

And he gives him a box on the ears.

The officer calmly produces the order from his pocket. Peter reads, "At half-past eleven, precisely." He looks at his watch; it is half-past eleven.

With the rapid intelligence, or rather heart of all great men, he recognises his wrong, presses the officer in his arms, embraces him thrice in the Russian fashion, and makes him guardian of the conspirators.

The culprits were put to the question, not that they should confess, for the crime was patent, but that they might suffer all they could possibly suffer; then they were mutilated by tearing them limb from limb. At last death arrived in its turn, but not so long as enough blood and life remained to endure pain.

Finally, their heads were exposed on the top of a column, and their limbs arranged around them like an ornament.

On the final conspiracy of the Strelitz and their overthrow, seven thousand of them were condemned to death. They were enclosed in a palisade, around which two hundred gibbets were erected, each calculated to hold ten men. The Czar was seated on a throne, with the princes and dignitaries below him. The culprits were brought out by tens, the Czar keeping the tally: in this way two thousand were disposed of. Then their heads were cut off, the Czar performing the feat on the first hundred with his own hands: during his apprenticeship to the carpentering trade he had learned how to handle an axe. Then he distributed one hundred axes among his suite, and bade them do their part. Only one Strelitz escaped the massacre, a handsome young man of two-and-twenty, Joan, surnamed Orell, or the Eagle. On taking him to the block he noticed a corpse stopping the way. "You must make room for me," he said, "as it is my turn." And he kicked the body away. This coolness struck Peter. "I pardon that man," he shouted to the executioner: he was then attached to a line regiment, and gained his commission. His son Gregory, general and governor of Novgorod, left in turn five sons, who eventually became the brothers Orloff.

Instructive, but quite inadmissible to our pages, is the life-history of Catherine I., which M. Dumas tells with wondrous graphic power. He proves very clearly that at the time when the Princesses Anne and Elizabeth, the future empresses, were born, Catherine's first husband was still living, while Peter's spouse, Eudoxia, had not yet been divorced. However, as our author philosophically observes, Louis XIV. set the fashion to the world then, and Peter imitated him in many respects. Among the prisoners captured at Pultawa was the soldier who had been Catherine's husband for two days. On hearing of her elevation, he plucks up a spirit, and tells the keeper of the prison all about it. He had better have kept quiet, for when the report was sent in to Peter, he wrote at the bottom, "The man is mad: do not hurt him. Treat him like the other prisoners." And so he went to Siberia, where he died in 1721, and then, for the first time, Peter publicly recognised Catherine as his wife. Very suspicious, too, is M. Dumas as to the price Catherine paid to the grand vizier for the treaty of Bender, when the Russian army ran a risk of being exterminated by the Turks; but Peter was too great a man to care for such trifles. Here is a curious remark bracketed into the text:

> The heads of the two rivals, Charles XII. and Peter, may still be seen, for casts of them were taken. The head of Peter is that of a genius: it resembles the head of Napoleon. The head of Charles XII. is that of an idiot: it resembles the head of Henry III.

Our author cannot in any way account for the fury into which Peter was thrown on finding that Catherine was deceiving him with her chamberlain, Moëns de la Croix. Her antecedents certainly did not prove any excess of moral purity on her part, but it was probably the rage Peter felt at her ingratitude, just two months after her elevation to the throne, that caused him to take such an exemplary revenge. De la Croix was beheaded, and the Czar leaped on the scaffold and buffeted the senseless head. Then he fetched Catherine in a carriage, and showed her the lifeless body of her lover. From that moment all relation ceased between husband and wife, and they only met in public. And, after this long digression, let us return to our author's entrance into St. Petersburg, which could be hardly triumphal, for his trunks were kept for three days at Cronstadt, and he was obliged to go about in a leather hat, a white velvet waistcoat, grey trousers, and a magnificent carbuncle on his cheek. Still this poverty of clothing did not prevent him picking up useful information as pigeons do peas. Here, for instance, is a strange story about bear hunting, which turns up on the occasion of a visit to the Duc d'Ossuna:

A Siberian Cossack, fifty years of age, who had already killed thirty-nine bears, went out to kill the fortieth, accompanied by his son, a young man of twenty, and armed with his rifle instead of a knife. He had taken these precautions because the fortieth bear is generally supposed to be fatal to the sportsman, and avenge his nine-and-thirty brethren. The reason for this is very simple, the huntsman believing the myth misses his bear, but the bear does not miss him. Well, then, the Cossack set out with his son, but instead of finding a bear, they came across a magnificent leopard. The young man, who had never before seen so formidable an animal, was terrified, and when the leopard attacked his father, instead of assisting him, he ran away. The Cossack, with the coolness of an old hunter, waited till the animal was twenty paces from him, and fired. The animal made a gigantic leap and fell dead.

The Cossack turned to his son to see if, on the sound of firing, he would not come back; but the young man did not even turn his head: he continued to fly.

Then the Cossack reloaded his gun, put his knife between his teeth, and went up to the animal. He took off the skin, and went home very thoughtful. His meditations were grave: he was asking himself what punishment the coward deserved who quitted his friend in the moment of danger. And he added:

"The son who abandons a father is more than a coward: he is a traitor."

When he reached home he had quite decided. He went to his son, who had shut himself up in his room, and ordered him to open the door.

The young man obeyed, and fell at his father's feet.

But the father, without giving any reason, ordered him to take a pick and follow him; he also took one himself.

He led his son about a quarter of a verst from the house, and then traced on the ground a space six feet long by three wide; then he began breaking up the ground, making a sign to his son to do the same.

The young man, who had no idea what he was doing, set to work. At the end of two hours they had dug a hole in which a man could lie down.

"That is well," said the father, rising; "now say thy prayer."

The young man began to understand. Yet there was such decision in the accent with which the words were pronounced that he attempted no resistance. He fell on his knees and prayed.

The father granted him time to say his prayer; then he measured the distance from which he had fired on the leopard, aimed at his son, and lodged a ball in his head, just at the spot where he had struck the animal.

The young man fell stone dead. The father laid him in the grave, covered him with earth, then, dressing himself in his Sunday clothes, went and told the judge all that had occurred. He was sent to prison, and ordered to await the judgment of the governor-general. He obeyed with perfect calmness. The governor ordered the following sentence:

"For three days and nights the father will hold on his knees his son's head, separated from the body. If he dies, or goes mad, it will be the judgment of Heaven. If he survives it, he will have judged, not according to the wrath of man, but the conscience of a father."

The judgment was made known to the old Cossack, who performed the task with perfect tranquillity, and was immediately set at liberty. He reached the age of eighty, killed his fortieth bear without any misadventure, and after that a great number of others. He died in 1851, without evincing the slightest remorse.

The great charm to us about Dumas's historical writings is, that everything he sees suggests an anecdote to him. Thus, the scaffolding round the citadel reminds him that in the reign of Catherine II., who had a horror of tallow candles, she found in her accounts a charge of 1500 roubles for them. On a strict inquiry she discovered that the Grand-Duke Paul having blistered his foot while out shooting, asked for a candle to rub it. It had cost about a penny, but figured for the above amount in the palace charges. As a pendant to this, we may add that in the same way the Emperor Nicholas found during one year 4500 roubles charged for cold cream. After a serious investigation the Czar learned that on one occasion the present Emperor had ordered a box of the emollient, which cost three francs. Here is another famous anecdote, prompted by a visit to the Summer Garden, among the statues decorating which is a bust of Sobieski, the saviour of Vienna. One day, in 1855, the Emperor Nicholas, while crossing the Summer Garden, stopped before this bust. Turning to his aide-de-camp, he asked him, "Do you know who, next to Sobieski, was the greatest idiot in the world?" The aide-de-camp, probably suffering from an embarrassment of choice, kept silent, and the Emperor spoke again: "Well, it was myself, for saving Austria the second time."

Talking of the universal demand for "backshish" prevalent among the Russians, and known by the name of *natchay*, or tea-money, our author cannot omit to mention the Russian tradition that when the Sclavon was first made he turned to his Creator and said, "Excellency, some drink-money, if you please." On the quay, too, the sight of Suvarov's statue affords room for the following remarkable *mot*:

> When Suvarov returned to Petersburg, after his reverses in Switzerland, the capricious Emperor merely sent Count Kutaissov to compliment him. Suvarov, already annoyed by his defeat, was still more so by this reception; however, he received the envoy graciously, merely affecting not to recognise him.
>
> And when Kutaissov appeared surprised at this want of memory,
>
> "Excuse, sir," he said to him, "a poor old man whose faculties are beginning to fail him. Count Kutaissov—Count Kutais——Let me see—no, I cannot remember the origin of your illustrious family—I presume you gained your title of count for some splendid victory?"
>
> "I never was a soldier," the ex-barber replied.
>
> "Ah! I understand—you made your reputation as a diplomatist?"
>
> "Not so, prince."
>
> "Well then, minister?"
>
> "No."
>
> "What important post did you then hold?"
>
> "I had the honour to be valet to his majesty."
>
> "Ah, that is very honourable, sir count." Then, ringing for his own servant, he said to him, on his entering the room: "Troschka, my friend, you will do me the justice to say that I tell you every day not to drink or rob me?"
>
> "It is true, monseigneur."
>
> "You would not listen to me; now look at this gentleman."
>
> And he pointed to Kutaissov.
>
> "He was a valet like you: but he never got drunk or stole. Well, at the present day he is Huntsman General to his Majesty, Knight of all the orders of Russia, and Count of the Empire. Try and follow his example, my friend."
>
> You must allow, my dear readers, that if Suvarov had not earned a statue by his victories he did so by this *mot*.

The mention of the Emperor Paul's name of course enables M. Dumas to describe his assassination in the minutest details, but he brings forward no new facts connected with it. He supplies some excellent anecdotes about General Kapioff, however, who was the only man who dared to play with the imperial tiger. Thus, on one occasion, he wagered he would pull Paul's pigtail: and it was certainly a desperate design thus to insult a man who made ladies leave their carriage when he passed, and sent an entire regiment to Siberia for going through its drill badly. Still Kapioff would not be defeated, and as the queue was at that time worn straight down the back, he put his own over one shoulder. The first time he was reprimanded by the emperor, the second put under arrest, the third sent to the fortress. On his release, Kapioff went back to his duty as page, and took his place just behind Paul's chair. In the middle of dinner, Kapioff seized his majesty's queue just as he would a bell-rope, and pulled it so violently that the Czar uttered a yell. "What is the matter?" asked Kapioff. "What are you doing with my queue, you rascal?" "It was on one side, sire; I was only putting it straight." "Well, you might have put it straight without pulling so hard." This story seems to us to bear too close an affinity with Turenne's slap on the shoulder. On the other hand, the emperor detested gloomy persons. Thus he exiled the famous Diebitsch, only sixteen years of age at the time, "because his face was so ugly that it caused his soldiers to feel melancholy."

M. Dumas certainly abuses the patience of his readers most intensely; through these three volumes we have scarcely a personal incident, or any new facts relative to St. Petersburg, whose inner life he could describe so well. It is then quite refreshing to come across a little bit worthy of quotation like the following:

> And now for the karaoulnoy. This person is generally an old soldier. In Russia, the old soldiers, although drawn from the serfs—the recruiting is generally eight per thousand—after twenty-five years' service return as freemen to the place whence they came as slaves. In France, we should say poetically, "rentré dans ses foyers." But, alas, up to the present at least, there is no home in Russia for the old soldier. By serving his country, he has become a pariah. As a reward for his services, the government discharges him, and the proprietor shuts his door in his face. There is, certainly, on the road to Tzarkoe-Zeloe, an invalid hospital, built after the manner of ours, and which could contain three thousand persons. But in this hotel of a new class there are one hundred and fifty officials and eighteen invalids. In Russia, as elsewhere, but in Russia more than elsewhere, philanthropic establishments are especially designed to supply a livelihood for a certain number of officials. Those for whom they are founded only come afterwards, or, perhaps, not at all. No matter! the establishment exists, that is all that is required. Russia is a huge façade; as for what there is behind it no one troubles himself. Any person who goes out of his way to look behind the façade resembles the cat, which, seeing itself for the first time in the glass, goes to the back of it, hoping to find another cat there.
>
> The old soldier, then, has but a choice of evils: if he has no medal, he turns robber, his only resource. If he has two or three medals, he becomes a beggar, kneels on the highway or in a church porch, kisses the ground when you pass, and lives on the four or five copeks thrown to him daily by charitable souls. If he has five, six, seven, or eight medals, he has a chance: that of becoming a karaoulnoy. We have about our house some eight of these gentry in the count's service, who watch the whole night through. I presume that they form relays, one part sleeping while the others watch; but one thing is certain whenever we go out, day or night, we find a karaoulnoy in the ante-chamber,

one at the door, another in the yard. As soon as we appear, the poor fellows stand perfectly upright and give us the military salute.

There is a wholesome law in St. Petersburg that no one shall smoke in the public streets, owing to the danger of fire. One day the Emperor Nicholas met a Frenchman, who, ignorant of the law, was puffing away like a steam-engine. He invited him into his droschky, took him to the Winter Palace, and led him into the smoking-room of the grand-dukes. "Smoke here, sir," he said to him; "it is the only place in St. Petersburg where you are allowed to do so." Still, you are allowed to smoke on the Neva, for it would be difficult to set that on fire.

One of the curiosities of St. Petersburg which M. Dumas visited was the original wooden house built by Peter the Great; it is covered over with glass, and the dining-room has been converted into a chapel, where the sailors come to pray in large numbers; perhaps they confound Peter the Great with Saint Peter. Close by, too, is the boat, generally known as the grandmother of the Russian fleet. Another curiosity worthy of a visit is the fortress of St. Petersburg, about which M. Dumas industriously collected the following terrible story, which was told him by a friend, who heard it while shooting near Moscow in 1855. It was narrated by an old gentleman, who had left St. Petersburg at the early age of eighteen, and had never returned to the capital, much to the surprise of his neighbours. We will let him tell it in his own words, as any alteration on our part would only spoil the effect.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

I was just eighteen years of age, and had been serving for two years, as ensign, in the Paulovsky regiment.

The regiment was stationed at the great building still standing on the other side of the Champ de Mars, opposite the Summer Garden.

The Emperor Paul I. had reigned for three years, and lived in the Red Palace, which had just been completed.

One night, when I had been refused leave, owing to some boyish prank, and was alone in the guard-room, asleep, I was aroused by a voice, whose breath swept along my face, and whispered in my ear:

"Dmitri Alexandrovitch, arise, and follow me."

I opened my eyes: a man was standing before me, who repeated the invitation as soon as I was awake.

"Follow you!" I repeated; "and where to?"

"I cannot tell you. Still, you may know that I come from the emperor."

I shuddered.

From the emperor! What could he want of me, a poor ensign, of good family, but too remote from the throne for my name ever to have reached the emperor's ears. I remembered the gloomy Russian proverb, which originated in the time of Ivan the Terrible, "Near the Czar, near death." Still I dared not hesitate. I leaped from the bed, and dressed myself. Then I looked attentively at the man who had come to wake me. Although wrapped in his pelisse, I fancied I could recognise an old Turkish slave, first the barber, then the favourite of the emperor. This examination, however, was not long; by prolonging it, it might have become dangerous.

"I am ready," I said, after five minutes, as I fastened on my sword.

My discomfiture was doubled when I saw my conductor, instead of going towards the barrack-gate, descend a small staircase leading into the cellarage. He lighted our road with a species of dark lantern. After several turnings, I found myself opposite a door quite strange to me. During the entire walk we had not met a soul; the building seemed deserted. I fancied I saw two or three shadows flit past; but they disappeared in the obscurity. The door was closed; my guide rapped upon it in a peculiar way; it flew open, evidently by the assistance of some one on the other side. In truth, when we had passed, I distinctly saw a man close the door and follow us. After proceeding five hundred paces we reached an open grating, which my guide unlocked and closed after us. I now remembered the tradition that a subterranean gallery connected the Red Palace with the Grenadiers' barracks. I saw we were following this gallery, and must be going to the palace. We arrived at a door like the one we had gone through first. My guide knocked; it opened, and we found ourselves opposite a staircase, which we ascended. It led into the offices of some large building which was carefully heated.

Then all my doubts ceased; I was being taken to the emperor—to the emperor who sent to fetch me, an insignificant subaltern. I remembered the story of the young ensign whom he met in the street, and raised in less than a quarter of an hour to the rank of general. But I could not hope he summoned me for the same purpose. Whatever it might be, we soon reached a last door, before which a sentry was walking up and down. My guide put his hand on my shoulder, saying,

"Take care of yourself; you will soon be in the presence of the emperor."

He whispered to the sentry, who moved on one side. Then he opened the door by some secret spring, as it seemed to me. A little man, dressed in the Prussian fashion, with boots coming half way up his thigh, a coat falling to his spurs, and wearing a gigantic cocked-hat, turned round at the noise. I recognised the emperor: it was not difficult to do so, for he reviewed us every day. I remembered that, on the previous day, his eye had rested upon me; he had called my captain from the ranks, and asked him some questions; then gave an officer of his suite some sharp and decided order. All this only served to increase my apprehensions.

"Sire," my conductor said, with a bow, "this is the young ensign with whom you desired to speak."

The emperor drew near me, and as he was very short he stood on tiptoe to look at me. Doubtlessly he recognised me as the person he wanted, for he nodded his head, and, turning on his heels, said, "Go!"

My guide bowed, went out, and left me alone with the emperor. I assure you I would sooner have remained alone with a lion in its den. The emperor at first appeared to pay no attention to me; he walked up and down with long strides, stopping before an open window to take a breath of fresh air; then returning to the table, he took a pinch of snuff. I had ample time to examine all the furniture and arrangements of the room, which was the one in which Paul was afterwards killed. Near one of the windows was a bureau; on it lay an open paper.

At length the emperor appeared to remember my presence, and came up to me. His face seemed to me furious as he stopped in front of me.

"Dust," he addressed me, "dust!—thou knowest thou art only dust, and that I am everything!"

I know not how I found strength to reply,

"You are the chosen of the Lord, the decider of the destiny of men."

"Hum!" he growled. And turning his back on me he began walking up and down again, taking snuff furiously, till he resumed:

"Thou knowest that, when I command, I must be obeyed without resistance, observation, or comment."

"As one would obey God. Yes, sire, I know it."

He looked at me fixedly. There was an expression in his eyes of so strange a character that I could not endure his look; I turned away. He seemed satisfied with the influence he exercised over me; he attributed my conduct to respect, while it was disgust. Then he went to the bureau, took the paper, read it once more, folded it, placed it in an envelope and sealed it, not with the imperial cypher, but with a ring he wore on his finger. Then he came back to me.

"Remember that I have chosen thee among a thousand to execute my orders," he said, "because I thought they would be well executed by thee."

"I shall ever have before my eyes the obedience I owe my emperor," I replied.

"Good, good! remember that thou art but dust, and I am everything."

"I await your majesty's orders."

"Take this letter, carry it to the governor of the fortress, accompany him wherever he may be pleased to take thee, be present at what he does, and come and tell me 'I have seen.'"

I took the packet with a bow.

"'I have seen'—thou understandest?—'I have seen.'"

"Yes, sire."

"Go!"

And he opened himself the door by which I had entered: my conductor was awaiting me. The emperor closed the door after me, repeating, "Dust, dust, dust!"

I stood all amazement on the threshold.

"Come!" my conductor said to me.

We left the palace by a different route. A sledge was awaiting us in the court-yard; the gate of the palace looking on the Fontanka-bridge was opened, and the sledge started at a hand gallop. We crossed the *place*, and reached the banks of the Neva. Our horses rushed upon the ice, and, guided by the belfry of Peter and Paul, we traversed the river. The night was gloomy, the wind howled in a mournful and terrible manner. I had scarcely noticed we had reached dry ground ere we arrived at the gates of the fortress; a soldier asked the password, and let us in. The sledge stopped at the governor's door. The word given once again, we entered his house as we had done the fortress.

"By the emperor's order!" This command soon aroused the governor, who came to us trying to hide his alarm beneath a smile. With a man like Paul there was no more security for the gaolers than for the captives, for the hangmen than for the victims. My guide made the governor a sign that he had to do with me, then he regarded me with more attention; still he hesitated before addressing me—my youth doubtlessly surprised him. To put him at his ease, I gave him without a word the emperor's order. He took it to a light, examined the seal, and on recognising it as the signal of a secret order, he bowed, made an almost imperceptible sign of the cross, and opened it. He read the order, then turning to me, said,

"You are to see?"

"I am to see."

"What are you to see?"

"You know."

"But do you know?"

"No."

He remained for a moment in thought.

"You came in a sledge?" he asked me.

"Yes."

"How many persons will it hold?"

"Three."

"Does this gentleman go with us?" he asked, pointing to my conductor.

I hesitated, not knowing what to say.

"No," the latter replied, "I will wait."

"Very good: get ready a second sledge, choose four soldiers, let one take a lever, another a hammer, and the last two hatchets."

The man to whom the governor spoke went out directly. Then turning to me, he added,

"Come, and you shall see."

We left the room with a turnkey behind us, and walked on till we found ourselves opposite the prison. The governor pointed to a door. The gaoler opened it, went in, and lighted a lantern. We followed. We went down ten steps, passed a row of dungeons, then down ten more, but did not stop. At last we descended five more, and at length stopped. The doors were numbered: the governor stopped at the one marked No. 11. He gave a silent signal: it seemed in this abode of the dead as if he had lost the power of speech. There was at this time a frost of at least twenty degrees outside. At the depth where we found ourselves, it was mingled with a damp which penetrated to the bone; my marrow was frozen, and yet I wiped the perspiration from my brow. The door opened: we went down six steep and slippery steps, and found ourselves in a dungeon of six square feet. I fancied, by the light of the lantern, that I saw a human form moving in it. The governor remained on the last step, and said to the prisoner,

"Rise, and dress yourself."

I had a curiosity to know to whom this order was addressed.

"Turn on the light," I said to the gaoler.

I then saw a thin and pallid old man rise up. He had evidently been immured in this dungeon in the same clothes he had on when arrested, but they had fallen off him piecemeal, and he was only dressed in a ragged pelisse. Through the rags his naked, bony, shivering person could be seen. Perhaps this body had been covered by splendid garments; perhaps the ribbons of the most noble orders had once crossed his panting chest. At present he was only a living skeleton, that had lost rank, dignity, even name, and which was called No. 11. He rose, and wrapped himself in the fragments of his pelisse without uttering a complaint; his body was bowed down, conquered by prison-damp, time, it might be hunger. His eye was haughty, almost menacing.

"It is good," said the governor, "come."

He was the first to go out.

The prisoner threw a parting glance on his cell, his stone bench, his water-jug, and rotting straw. He uttered a sigh, yet it was impossible that he could regret anything of this. He followed the governor, and passed before me. I never shall forget the glance he turned upon me in passing, and the reproach that was concentrated in it.

"So young," it seemed to say, "and already obeying tyranny!"

I turned away: that glance had pierced my heart like a dagger. He passed the door of the dungeon. How long was it since he entered it? Perhaps he did not know himself. He must have ceased for a long time measuring days and nights. On reaching the governor's door, we found two sledges waiting. The prisoner was ordered into the one that had brought us, and we followed him, the governor by his side, I in front. The other sledge was occupied by the four soldiers.

Where were we going? I knew not. What were we going to do? I was equally ignorant. I had only to *see*, the action itself did not concern me.

We started.

Through my position the old man's knees were between mine: I felt them tremble. The governor was wrapped in his furs; I was buttoned up in my military frock, and yet the cold reached us. The prisoner was almost naked, but the governor had offered him no coverings. For a moment I thought of taking off my coat and offering it to him: the governor guessed my intention.

"It is not worth while," he said.

Soon we reached the Neva again, and our sledge took the direction of Cronstadt. The wind came off the Baltic, and blew furiously; the sleet cut our faces; though our eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness, we could not see ten yards before us.

At last we stopped in the midst of a furious storm. We must have been about a league and a half from St. Petersburg. The governor got off the sledge, and went up to the other. The soldiers had already got off, each holding the tool he had been ordered to bring.

"Cut a hole in the ice," the governor said to them.

I could not restrain a cry of terror. I began to comprehend.

"Ah!" the old man muttered, with an accent resembling the laugh of a skeleton, "then the empress does remember me. I fancied she had forgotten me."

Of what empress was he talking? Three had passed away in succession, Anne, Elizabeth, and Catherine. It was evident he believed he was still living under one of them, and did not know even the name of the man who ordered his death.

What was the obscurity of the night compared with that of his tomb!

The four soldiers had set to work. They broke the ice with their hammers, cut it with their axes, and raised the blocks with the lever. All at once they started back: the ice was broken; the water was rising.

"Come down!" the governor said to the old man. The order was useless, for he had already done so. Kneeling on the ice, he was praying fervently.

The governor gave an order in a low tone to the soldiers; then he came back to my side, for I had not left the sledge. In a minute the prisoner rose.

"I am ready," he said.

The four soldiers rushed upon him.

I turned my eyes away; but though I did not see, I heard.

I heard the noise of a body hurled into the abyss. In spite of myself I turned round. The old man had disappeared. I forgot that I had no right to give orders, but shouted to the driver, "Away, away!"

"Stop!" cried the governor. The sledge, which had already moved, stopped again.

"All is not finished," the governor said to me in French.

"What have we yet to do?" I asked.

"Wait!" he replied.

We waited half an hour.

"The ice has set, your excellency," one of the soldiers said.

"Art thou sure?"

He struck the spot where the hole had so lately yawned: the water had become solid again.

"We can go," said the governor.

The horses started at a gallop, and in less than ten minutes we had reached the fortress. There I rejoined my conductor.

"To the Red Palace!" he said to the driver.

Five minutes after the emperor's door opened again to let me pass.

He was up and fully dressed, just as I had seen him the first time.

He stopped before me.

"Well?" he asked.

"I have seen," I replied.

"Thou hast seen, seen, seen?"

"Look at me, sire," I said to him, "and you will not doubt."

I was standing before a mirror. I looked at myself, but I was so pale, my features were so altered, that I scarce recognised myself. The emperor looked at me, and went to take a second paper from the bureau where the first had lain.

"I give thee," he said, "an estate with five hundred peasants between Troitza and Peresloff. Start this night, and never come back to St. Petersburg. If thou speakest, thou knowest how I punish. Go."

I went. I never returned to St. Petersburg, and this is the first time I have told the story to a living soul.

Such is one of the legends of the fortress.

Faugh! the very ink seems to turn to blood as we describe these horrible details. We have no heart to write more, but will leave M. Dumas at this first stage of his journey, hoping that, when next we meet him, we may find more of himself and less of the atrocities committed by such ruffians as he represents Peter and Paul to have been. The history of Russia wants a little sunshine thrown on it; and it is cruel of M. Dumas to give us only the gloomiest details he can collect about a country which sadly wants an honest friend to show the few good qualities it possesses.

BOOKS AND PICTURES.

WHATEVER success may attend Lord John Russell's political manœuvres, this much is certain with respect to his literary efforts—he is the author of more unreadable books than any other man in the kingdom. No matter what the subject, history or the drama, poetry or prose, fiction or fact, all experience the same treatment at his hands; his name on the title-page of a book is a warning to the reader as significant as Dante's memorable inscription over the entrance to the realms of woe: all hope of being entertained may at once be abandoned. Any work of Lord John's will confirm the truth of this statement, but, for the sake of illustration, we will mention his latest, which he calls the "Life and Times of Charles James Fox." The "Times" if you please—that could not well be otherwise, seeing that Lord John compiles from Hansard—but of the "Life," properly speaking, only ten pages. But one halfpenny-worth of bread to a most intolerable deal of sack. The excuse for this is, that he found it impossible to perform his task "without entering very fully into the Parliamentary history of the Times," an excuse which might have been valid enough if anything like a fair proportion had been observed between the two parts of the writer's subject. After all, the book is only an instalment, and for this we are thankful, as the remainder, perhaps, may never see the light. Yet we would rather afford Lord John the leisure to continue his work, than see him again in the place he seeks by his insidious amendments to occupy. If we must have either the statesman or the author, we accept him in the latter position, as the one in which he can do the least mischief. We presume it is solely for the purpose of preventing his "noble friend" from putting his foot in it again, that Lord Palmerston delivered his oracular speech last Friday.

We have already noticed in detail the interesting "Life of the Duchess of Orleans," as it appeared in its original French form; but we must revert to it here to speak of the English translation by Mrs. Austin, whose admirable preface affords that gifted authoress an opportunity of adding her personal testimony to the exalted virtues of the lamented princess. With very charming modesty Mrs. Austin apologises for imperfections in her version which really have no existence, the "gallicisms" which she has retained being, to use her own words, "forms of expression so indissolubly connected with modes of thought and feeling, that it is impossible to give a perfectly English garb to the former without robbing the latter of their peculiar and appropriate character." What Mrs. Austin adds on this subject is worth repeating, for other considerations. "But, besides those *finesses* of language which, while they leave some things half told, suggest a thousand others, there is in this volume a good deal of intentional vagueness. The state of the press in France is not favourable at this moment to clear and distinct utterance; and a writer who aspires to be anything better than a sycophant must often trust to the sagacity and apprehensiveness of his readers to supply what it might be dangerous to say." Mrs. Austin adds to this remark, the pertinence of which all will admit, "My only solicitude is that I may not be found to have disfigured the bright image presented to us in the original, and living in my own heart." Let Mrs. Austin be reassured. She has shown how the beauties of the picture drawn by the Marquise d'Harcourt may be heightened without for once departing from the limits of the strictest truth.

We shall have occasion to speak at length of the Duke of Buckingham's "Memoirs of the Court of George the Fourth," therefore we refrain from entering here upon the contents of those amusing volumes. Neither have we much room in this place, at present, to devote to "Books," so must perforce content ourselves with simply indicating these Memoirs, as well as the excessively interesting "Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America," Mr. Lascelles Wraxall's well-timed and valuable work, "The Armies of the Great Powers," and Mr. Dasent's "Popular Tales from the North;" the Works of Art that claim our attention at this season might else be overlooked.

Of the pictures exhibited at the British Institution, this year, we may observe, as a general rule, that the highest-priced (the greater number being marked for sale) are by many degrees the worst. Take, for example, Sir G. Hayter's "Christening of the Prince of Wales," estimated (by the artist) at a thousand guineas! As the record of an historical event, the subject, of course, possesses interest; but the most intensely loyal amongst her Majesty's subjects would, we feel certain, infinitely prefer a cheap engraving of the subject to the court painter's original daub. On the principle laid down by Sir George Hayter and other exhibitors, real works of art are, indeed, priceless. We except from the charge of over-valuation Mr. J. Gilbert's characteristic picture, in which "Sir John Falstaff examines the 'half-dozen of sufficient men' provided for him by Robert Shallow, Esquire." Whoever possesses this admirable illustration of one of the most humorous scenes of Shakspeare need not grudge the sum it cost. Every face, every attitude, is a study, and no effort of memory is necessary to identify a single personage. The reputation which Mr. Ansdell has acquired by his Spanish subjects is fully sustained in the pictures exhibited by him at the British Institution. "Dos Amigos," representing a roadside greeting between two friends, is full of fine character, and perfect in all its details; and "Isla Mayor, on the Banks of the Guadalquivir," transports us to the very scene. Pictures like these do more to familiarise us with Spanish life than all the books that are written.—The firm, accurate drawing and delicate colouring of Mr. George Stanfield are shown to great advantage in his "Isola Bella," "Caub," and "Richmond from the Swale:" the last-named work may take rank with anything he has yet produced. "A Wreck in Scratchell's Bay," by Mr. J. J. Wilson, is a fine specimen of marine painting: the tumbling waves and broken sea are admirable. But perhaps the most striking landscape in the exhibition is the "Sardis" of Mr. Harry Johnston. The whole story of the ruined city is told in the desolate calm which the sunset of an Eastern sky throws round the broken columns of the ancient capital of Lydia: the treatment of the subject rises to the height of the artist's poetic feeling. Why has Mr. David Roberts been content to send sketches only to the British Institution? The interior of St. Mark's and the remains of the Roman Forum, such as we see them here, tantalise the spectator instead of rewarding him as Mr. Roberts knows how to reward. Mr. E. W. Cooke takes more care of his reputation in a charming Venetian view, the chief ornament of which is a cluster of those picturesque fishing-boats, the "Bragozzi," which none know how to paint in detail with so much care as this accomplished artist. "Evening from Plymouth Harbour" is in Mr. J. Danby's best manner; and a view "On the Lazy Scheldt," by Mr. J. Webb, may challenge competition in many quarters.—In "Lago Maggiore," Mr. G. E. Hering well sustains the position he has achieved. Mr. Frank Dillon exhibits two very striking pictures: "The Granite Sanctuary, Karnac," and "The Pyramids at Sunrise." The following also deserve most favourable notice: "Fishing-boats under weigh on the Essex Coast," by Mr. J. Meadows, sen.; "The Swale at Richmond," and "Richmond, Yorkshire," by Mr. E. J. Niemann; "Early Morning in the Bay of Naples," by Mr. W. Melby; "The Château and Citadel of Dieppe," by Mr. W. Parrott; "Evening—The Alarm," by Mr. A. Gilbert; "Early Morning on the Lake of the Four Cantons," by Mr. Harry Johnston; and a gem in its way is Mr. G. Pettitt's "Lake Lugano." Mr. T. Y. Gooderson is an artist hitherto unknown to us, but for the future we shall look expectantly for works from his pencil. Two very sweet female heads—"Una Paesana," and "Margarita," and "A Shepherd of the Abruzzi," establish a claim upon public favour which, we are convinced, will before long be widely admitted. Mr. R. Buckner's "Saltarello Romano" is a pretty subject very pleasingly treated; the "Allegro" of Mr. Frost is marked by all the graces of form and colour which are the attributes of his style; Mr. Sant's "Expectancy" is charming; Mr. Dicksee's "Bubbles" extremely clever; the "Water-dogs" of Mr. F. W. Keyl very spirited and natural; and there is much quiet humour and great truth in "The Bankrupt" of Mr. J. Collinson. What Mr. Ritchie means by such pictures as "Little Nell and her Grandfather leaving London," and "The Blind Girl of Castel Cuillé," it passes our imagination to conceive; but we have named with commendation a sufficient number of subjects to justify us in saying that this year's collection at the British Institution is at least an attractive one.

The Portland Gallery is, as usual, chiefly noticeable for the number of its landscapes. The artists who exhibit there are quite right in making them the most conspicuous feature of the exhibition, for in that department of Art their strength really lies. When we see such subjects as "The Raft" and "The Death of Abel" treated in the pretentious and unsatisfactory manner of Messrs. F. and W. Underhill, and find nothing of that class possessing higher claims to consideration, we gladly turn for relief to the representation of external nature. The most striking work of this class is unquestionably Mr. Naish's view of "Le Creux Harbour," in the island of Sark: it is a scene of surpassing beauty, wonderfully coloured and most truthfully rendered. Very masterly treatment is observable in "An October Morning; Clearing the Ground for Winter Sowing," by Mr. Peel: it is a fine broad landscape, full of atmosphere, and well toned throughout. Mr. Burnett's views in Venice are photographic as to truth of drawing, but the reds and blues, though faithful to the actual scene, appear somewhat too vivid on canvas: for this reason we give the preference to the "Church of the Salute" over the "Island of San Giorgio." Mr. Leader's works, modest in price, are of admirable execution. They all deserve to be named, and we, therefore, direct especial attention to them. They consist of "A Woodland Pool"—"The Mountain's Top"—"Ben Voirlich"—"Early Summer Time"—"The Woods in Spring," and "The Warren Gate, Albury, Surrey." Mr. Raven deals with difficult effects, but he has great command of colour; witness his bold treatment of "Sain-Foin and Clover in Flower," which is one broad mass of pink and green, relieved by a sky of very delicate hue: the foreground, with its rich flowers, is very carefully brought out. "Red Wheat and Wild Flowers," by the same artist, is also full of the ripest colour. The Messrs. Pettitt, father and sons, have contributed some fine pictures. Look, for instance, at the "Red Tarn, Helvellyn," a noble subject, treated in the grandest manner; at "Argenio, on the Lake of Como," bathed in the most delicious evening light; at its companion subject on "Lake Orta," bright in the morning sun; at the "Margin of a Mountain Lake," full of repose; and at "Venice from the Arsenal," clear, broad, and effective. Another family—*the* family, in fact—for we know not how many members it numbers under the several designations of Williams, Gilbert, and Percy—supplies some of the most attractive landscapes in the gallery. Especially deserving of praise are—"The Ice Cart," on a hazy winter's morning; "Leading Hay: near Winchelsea;" "On the South Coast: the Weather Clearing;" "A Quiet Valley;" "A Welsh Lake" on a red autumnal afternoon; "On the Hills near Hastings," with a plunging view of the sea such as you may get of the lake beneath the heights of Bellaggio; "Thames Barges;" "Haymaking on the Banks of the Loddon;" a "Winter Sunset;" and an evening effect with "Kelp Weed-gatherers on the Coast." The "Gathering Bark," by Mr. H. Moore, wants only a little more air to bring out the animals in the foreground, to make it one of the finest pictures here. Mr. Perigal is a very successful contributor: "Loch Goil," if somewhat hard, is excessively true; and so is "Carrick Castle." Mr. L. J. Wood has some charming little bits in Amiens and Calais; Mr. Valler's "Church of St. Michel" in the Vosges is meritorious; Mr. Taylor's "Destruction of a Jetty during a Storm" is bold and clever; and a fine effect is accomplished in "The Morning after a Gale," by Mr. J. Meadows. Of subjects aiming at some story we have only room to indicate Mr. W. Underhill's "Young Poachers"—a very clever picture; Mr. Macduff's humorous "Gretna Green as it was;" and Mr. W. H. Fisk's "Tiresome Child at a Pic-nic"—where, besides the treatment of the incident, the elaboration of the tangled brake, whither two lovers have strayed, is worthy of all praise.

If time and space had been granted we should have described what we have seen at the Suffolk-street Gallery, which only opened this week; as it is, therefore, we must be content at present to speak of one picture only, which we cannot allow to remain unknown. This is the principal work of Mr. W. Salter, the subject, "Lady Raleigh pleading to James I. for the Restoration of her Husband's Estates." The qualities of this picture are of the highest order. The story is read at a glance; and the composition, the expression, the colouring, and the general treatment, are such as to satisfy the most exacting criticism.

DASHWOOD'S DRAG:

OR, THE DERBY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY OUIDA.

PART I.

I.

DASHWOOD'S drag was certainly the neatest thing ever turned out of Long-acre. It wasn't particularly showy: Dash left all that to snobs who'd no better patent of nobility; but it was the nicest trap any man ever tooled along the Epsom road. It was dark-green, picked out with a lighter, and the outriders' liveries were green too; symbols of his innocence, Dash used to say. But it was the four blood greys that were the cream of it. I bet you a pony, sir, you never saw greater beauties in the yard. Dash belonged to a four-in-hand club, and he distanced Spur Harcourt, the first whip in England, by a mile and quarter driving from the Star and Garter to Knightsbridge Barracks. Spades, Clubs, Hearts, and Diamonds are the best bits of blood that ever were rubbed down, and Dash was proud of 'em, as well he might be.

Dash (Lionel Dashwood, according to the *Court Circular*, *Morning Post*, and "Baronetage") is my brother, and though his twelve years' seniority has chiselled me out of all the glories of heirship, I am magnanimous enough to admit that he is a splendid fellow, cool, proud, plucky as a terrier, strong as a bruiser, and generous as the winds. The girls (there are six between him and me) say that Dash took all the beauty of the family; and the Dashwoods were always a good-looking set. But, as he says, beauty don't signify much; there are lots of things women like better in a fellow than just his face; and I think Dash knows, for he is pretty well versed in boudoir lore, I can tell you, though he says he hates the *beau sexe*. When he was a Cantab he fell in love with a cousin of ours, Emily Flippetflap, and Emily jilted him and married old Curry-Dohl, a Bengal judge. I suppose it was the real thing with him, for he cut up very rough about it; and though so many years are gone by, and Dash has got over it long ago, I believe he still thinks all women are like faithless Mrs. Curry-Dohl. Dash went very wild after it: I've heard fellows often do, though *I* don't believe in love, you know. I'm nineteen, and much too wide awake for all that nonsense. He got rusticated three times, and when he pulled through at last (with honours, too, wild as he was; for Dash can learn a whole language in three minutes, and do more in an hour than reading men in a month), the governor, or Sir Wormwood, if you fancy his title better, sent him as attaché to Vienna. There Dash was imprisoned for sporting a treasonable wide-awake, whose audacious broad brim the emperor thought would be sure to dethrone him. He was transferred to Rome, and here was nearly stilettoed by a fierce prince, whose lady liked Dash's handsome face a little more than was prudent. So he gave up diplomacy; he said his forte did not lie in lies, and came home and took lodgings in Dun'emall-street, Mayfair, where, varied with yachting in the Mediterranean, hunting with the Pytchley, deer-stalking in the Highlands, and larking in Paris, he has hung out ever since. The governor doesn't like him. Dash is too plucky, and open-handed, and frank for him. He screws Dash wretchedly, and Dash won't stand it. He wanted him to stand for the county, but my brother has some ticklish notions of honour, and won't sneak out of his debts that way. The drag is a great bone of contention between them. The governor says a ruined man has no business to keep it. Dash says if he be a ruined man he has the more need of something to amuse him, and that he would as soon part with his life as with Spades, Clubs, Hearts, and Diamonds.

Last season I stayed with Dash in Dun'emall-street, for I had just left Eton, and didn't come up to Cambridge till the Michaelmas Term. His bachelor rooms were very jolly, furnished in his own particular style—all the things in them that a fellow likes and women call lumber. Half a dozen men breakfasted with us on the Derby Day—Dash's greatest chums. He himself sat smoking with his legs over one of the arms of the chair. The best of Dash is, let him do what he will, you can't take the gentleman out of him. Put him in a carter's slop, or dress him like a navvy, he'll still look a Dashwood; and if we're not worth very much, we are not snobs, thank Heaven!

"I say, Jack," said he, to Cardonel of the Rifles, "Danaïd was looking up last night."

"I know she was; but so was Morning Dawn, and all the world knows *he* couldn't win a handicap."

"Fuschia will give 'em all the go-by," said Winters, a man well known on the turf. "She's in splendid condition—nearly as tip-top as my poor Regina, that was carted out stiff as a stake the Chester Cup Day."

"I hope Fuschia won't be doctored," said Dash, laughing, "or I shall have to cut and run—levant—and see my old cronies, the Paris Bohémiens."

"Box Phillips was offering a hundred to one against Fuschia," said a young fellow.

"Goose!" whispered Winters. "Don't he know that that dirty little Phillips would swear to anything that will suit Fuschia's owner?"

"Fuschia's safe to win if there's fair play, and here's success to her!" cried Dash, tossing down some soda-water and brandy, as Spades, Clubs, Hearts, and Diamonds came trotting up the street.

Bass, omelettes, anchovy toast, sardines, cognac, anisette, and all the other gastronomical delights were left unheeded, and we went down into the street.

"Are you in deep, Dash?" I asked, as he took the ribbons.

"Just a few, Johnnie. Jump up."

Off we went, the "pack of cards," as Winters christened them, tossing their green and silver rosettes, and stepping out in a style to win the Derby itself. I wish you could see Dash handle those greys. It is beautiful—I assure you it is.

On we went, down the old road that everybody knows so well; in and out, threading through the thousand traps as only a first-rate whip can. Past the mail coaches, with peers blowing fanfaronades on horns—past the Belgravian barouches, with pretty faces inside and champagne hampers out—past the dog-carts, mail-phaetons, britschkas, drags filled with men whose fortunes hung on Fuschia and Danaïd—past the omnibuses, crammed with city clerks and shopmen—past the hired carriages, with these dreadful dirty coachmen, with the invariable uniform of drab coats, and silver bands, and cotton gloves—past the large vehicles with would-be grand postilions, and Fortnum and Mason prog, and sons, stiff, smart, and snobbish, and girls in Belgravian bonnets, but in only Bloomsbury style—past the luckless city wight, trembling on a hired hack, and trying hard to look as if he and his steed were used to Rotten-row—past the poor costermongers' donkeys, crawling under heavy loads of "bakers, butchers, and candlestick-makers," who want to see the "Derby"—past 'em all we trotted, never touching a pole nor grazing a wheel, and Flareaway of the Blues, as we distanced him, gave a cheer for the pack of cards.

When we reached the Downs we drew up by the ropes, and then went down to the Warren to see the horses saddle. Fuschia was the favourite, and small wonder. She was a bright bay, faultless in shape, with wonderful girth of loin and strength of limb; and when her clothing was taken off, her shining coat, wild eye, and straight neck, seemed to warrant the heavy bets laid on her. Danaïd was a strong, powerful, little mare, her skin of a rich full chesnut, her shoulder sloping, her limbs short; while Morning Dawn, condemned by Cardonel, was slender to a fault, his head too small and his neck too arched, though he gave promise of great speed.

Winters pulled Dash aside. "Do you see that little patch of grease on Fuschia's nose?"

Dash's eye grew grave. "I see. You don't mean——"

"Yes I do. That's the mark of the twitch."

We went back to the drag before the start. I looked at Dash. He was witty, sarcastic, amusing as ever; but his eye was uneasy and his lips pale. I saw he wasn't sure of his favourite.

Dash has seen a good deal of life; among other little things the Chamouni fire, a Lisbon earthquake, a shipwreck off Teneriffe, an Irish riot, and the revolution of '48; but he often says that to his taste there's no scene for excitement like a Derby Day. All town is there—all great, throbbing, busy, bustling, serious London—all its drones and all its working bees. And what a buzz the escaped hive does make!

The parsons may preach against the turf as much as ever they like, they'll never put it down as long as a jock can ride or a horse can be saddled. Put it down? Why, they may as well think of suppressing Bass or interdicting Latakia.

"Go!" Off they started, pretty fairly, bearing the fate of thousands in the speed of their fleet limbs. What a glorious sight it is; all those thorough-bred three-year-olds springing forward together, scarcely skimming the ground. They ran very evenly for a little, then some of the horses fell back, and Fuschia's jockey pressed her forward half a distance before Danaïd, who ran nearly neck by neck with Morning Dawn. Fuschia kept the lead for about a quarter of a mile; Morning Dawn half a neck behind Danaïd. Then, horror of horrors! the favourite began to falter, her wind gave way, her jock was punishing terribly, but neither whip nor spur was any use. An opium ball had done its work!

Dash tore his glove in two, the only sign he gave. The horses passed the Corner, and we lost them. When they came in sight, Fuschia was lagging far behind, Morning Dawn a neck before Danaïd; as they neared the distance the horse passed the mare by a couple of lengths, and—won the Derby! I glanced at Dash. He was very pale, but he smiled his old winning smile.

"Never mind, Jack. The governor's words are come true, that's all. 'Lionel Dashwood is a ruined man.' Only think how delighted Sir Wormwood will be."

I couldn't jest, for Dash is a dear old fellow, and somehow one gets fond of him.

We lunched in the drag; and over Fortnum and Mason's hamper, and the pale ale, rhenish, and cold rum-punch, he was as brilliant as in his palmiest days at a Rocher de Cancale dinner or a bal d'Opéra supper; or even in those bygone times when, in his careless youth, he gave sumptuous luncheons in his old Trinity rooms to Emily Curry-Dohl, née Flippetflap, his Cambridge love. Dash is English, you see, and don't like to be beaten.

The pack of cards were put-to again, and back we went with all the other traps, rushing pêle-mêle to town, each racing against the other, barouche running its pole into mail-phaeton, omnibus turning over donkey-cart, hired brougham spilling itself heavily, boys shouting, men laughing, drinking, huzzaing, and pretty girls alternately smiling and faintly screaming. On went the drag like a triumphant meteor, keeping clear of accidents and staving off concussions in a marvellous style. Suddenly there was a shock, a rush, a woman's cry and a man's oath, and—the pack of cards stood tranquil by the roadside, and a landau lay upset, its two bays kicking at their traces, their coachman swearing, their footman prone on the stones, and their ladies trembling. Dash had done it! Dash, who never drove against anything in his life, except against Jim Blasé's tilbury, on purpose, in Piccadilly.

Dash was off the box in a minute, of course, and picking up a young lady. She was a very pretty little thing, and he supported her—for she was trembling all over—and entreated her in empressé tones to tell him if she was hurt.

"Not at all—not at all, indeed!" she said, blushing becomingly, as she disengaged herself from his arm. "But I am afraid poor Emily is; do let me go to her."

She sprang forward to a lady who was hanging on Cardonel's arm—very much shaken, maybe—but making the most effective thing she could out of a spill so unceremonious.

"Lionel!"

"Mrs. Curry-Dohl!"

There, in the most becoming Parisian toilette, stood the faithless love of college days, and certainly it was the jilt and not the jilted who evidenced emotion. Dash took off his hat with courteous smile and Grandison air; but the fair Emily caught his hand in her Jouvin's clad fingers, a soupçon of a blush pressed into her cheek, and a moisture into her eyes.

"Dear Lionel, how unexpected, how delightful a meeting!"

"You are very kind to say so," smiled Dash, growing more and more Grandison. "I should have been afraid the rencontre was too rough for a lady's taste. When did you come to England?"

"Only three weeks ago. I am staying with Flora. Come and see me," she said, with a sweet glance, expressing "forgive and forget." "I have a million things to tell you, and this fright has so bouleversé all my ideas that I don't know what I say."

Dash glanced at the young girl—the Flora of Mrs. Curry-Dohl—and acquiesced.

We, with the two men of Emily's escort (one of whom had sprained his ankle, the other—a worse misfortune to a dandy—split his gloves and smashed his hat), got the bays up again, handed in the two ladies, and righted the whole concern. Away they drove, Emily reiterating to Dash that her address was "8, Coquette-square, Hyde Park," and that she would be "at home" at four to-morrow. Dash took the ribbons, and drove on the pack of cards in profound silence.

"Halloa, old fellow!" cried Winters, "that's an old acquaintance, is it? A pretty close one too, eh? For we call you Lionel, and we faire les yeux at you, and make ourselves very interesting. Come, Dash, out with it to your bosom friends. Who is she?"

"Mrs. Curry-Dohl, a cousin of mine. She's been in India the last ten years."

"Widow, ain't she?"

"Not that I know of. No, I believe not."

"Bet you anything she is. There's a stamp about women who've done one poor devil, and want to do another, that I'd swear to at a glance. They've all the freedom of the married women, and more than the affectation of the girls. 'Don't be afraid of us, we're quite safe,' they say; but for all that, if Circe gets you, she won't let you go again."

"Hark at him!" laughed Dash. "One would think the Nisbett didn't stand much chance of being Lady Winters."

"Nor more she does, man, whatever she may fancy. I'll never marry a widow, and dine, like poor Lazarus, on Dives's leavings."

"Who's that other little thing?" asked Dash. "She's good style—what pretty bright eyes she has."

"I'll tell you," said Cardonel, who was a walking Court Guide; "there's an India merchant—his name is Grantham Smith—who lives at 8, Coquette-square. I happen to know, because a son of his has just joined. Beastly, isn't it? We shall be as great snobs as the line if the Horse Guards don't interfere."

"She's nobody, then? What a deuced pity! She's a tolerable-looking little creature," yawned De Courcy Bottes-Vernies.

"If all the nobodies were drummed from society, Bottes-Vernies, those who have brewers' vats for their crests would stand a bad chance," said Dash, sharply.

The young one blushed. Poor Bottes-Vernies's maternal grandfather had made his money by XXX.

II.

"To think that I should live to call on a Smith!—a Grantham Smith, too—making vulgarity worse by pretension," said Dash, turning the tilbury into Coquette-square. How on earth has Mrs. Curry-Dohl fallen into the set?"

"To think that you should live to call on a Curry-Dohl! Rather strange things come to pass, old fellow. Ten years ago you wouldn't have visited Emily with such coolness."

"Ten years change one's ideas, Johnnie. Don't you know that old birds are not caught by chaff, and don't waste their time on it?"

The majestic figure, dressed as well as the empress, that Dash so rudely symbolised by chaff, rose to greet us with just sufficient warmth to hint that, though adverse circumstances had compelled her to accept the Curry-Dohl rupee sacks, "dear Lionel" had been always shrined in, &c. &c. You can supply the et cæteras, young lady, from your private diary, or the last new novel. I can't write all Emily's stuff; 'tisn't my line.

Dash shook hands with her, and glanced at her companion. Emily turned. "Oh, Flora dear, my cousin, Mr. Dashwood—Miss Benyon."

The pack of cards and a cab-horse are not a greater contrast than those two women.

Emily, nine-and-twenty, tall, showy, something like Dash in her clear-cut features, her large black eyes and white forehead—only Emily is a brunette with colour, and Dash is pale, and Dash looks very haughty, and Emily *very* approachable.

Flora Benyon, instead, nineteen, small, graceful, with eyes like purple velvet, and hair like a lot of sunbeams (that last is Bottes-Vernies's idea; he is very spoony about her), put me more in mind of Titania in an extravaganza than anything else.

She smiled and thanked Dash so prettily for picking her up the day before, that Dash looked at her as I hadn't seen him look at a woman for a long time. He generally snubs them with icy politeness, and, if they try to captivate him, holds them off with his Grandison air and don't-touch-me glance.

Emily opened fire on Dash with a touching melancholy of eye and word. She asked him if he did not see she was in mourning. Dash really didn't, it was so *very* slight. She told us poor Curry-Dohl had died a year ago. Ah! what she had suffered since she left England no words could tell. A glance implied that recollection of "dear Lionel" had been the severest of all her agonies. She hinted tenderly at the Cambridge days, but Dash was stoical, and wouldn't take the bait. Instead, he turned her cleverly over to me, and asked Flora if she went often to the Opera.

"I have been four times," said Flora, looking brightly up from her crayon drawing. "I only came to England three weeks ago. *How* I love the opera. Is it not beautiful? I felt in fairyland when I shut my eyes and listened to Piccolomini!"

Dash, who went to the Opera only to use his lorgnon, and thought Piccolomini poor to Jenny Lind, smiled at her warmth.

"Ah! Miss Benyon, you are happy, you are, at the age when the tinsel looks gold, and the acting seems feeling. How I envy you! I'm past it, unluckily."

"Now you are only laughing at me," cried Flora, smiling. "That is too bad. Please remember I am not a London belle. I really cannot be désillusionnée and bored just yet."

Dash leaned forward and looked at her kindly.

You don't know how kind he can look when he chooses. "Heaven forfend you should! I am sick to death of the young ladies, who are used up before they are twenty, and cannot find an innocent pleasure in anything. We are so tired and blasés ourselves, you see, that there is no such treat to us as freshness and——"

"I have taken a box to-night, but Mr. Grantham Smith is engaged, and can't go with us. Do you, Lionel, and Johnnie too. It will be a charity," broke in Emily, who had not lost a word they said.

Dash, to my astonishment, consented. Didn't people in his set level their lorgnons at the two pretty "nobodies," who were, however, rescued from the terrors of nobodyism by being seen with the exclusive Lionel Dashwood! And Dash was so devoué, too, to the niece of a Grantham Smith. He leaned over her chair, he showed her all the celebrities in the house, he entered into all her enthusiasm; I never saw Dash so interested in anything except the Derby itself. The girl was charmed with everything, and her blue eyes shone with evident admiration of Lionel, while she talked away to him with spirit, and originality, and talent most refreshing after the bosh one generally hears from girls. Why don't women spend less time on their toilettes and more on their minds, I wonder? *We* should like 'em much better, and we are the ones they get themselves up for. Emily was anything but pleased. How savage her eye looked; but she flirted away with Cardonel (who came into the box) as only an Indian widow can. Of all women, keep me from a widow; and of all widows, from an Indian one!

After the opera we went to a lansquenet at Winters's. Dash played recklessly, for a wonder, for he doesn't like gambling much. He was silent and gloomy as we sat smoking after we came home. I asked him who Flora was.

"A niece of that odious Smith, and a ward of Curry-Dohl's. Her father and mother are dead, and her money's all lost, poor child!"

"Then she may shut up shop; she won't sell here. Emily's making hard running on you, Dash. She'll try hard to take up the game where it was left off," I remarked.

"Let her try!" answered he, puffing savagely at his pipe.

"How much did you lose yesterday?"

"Ten thousand. I got it from Abrahams at eighty per cent. I'm about ruined, Master Johnnie; I shall levant, I think. I can't go on at this pace, and hang me if I'll pull in here. Jack, take my advice"—he laid his hand on my shoulder and looked down grave and kind, as he used to do when I was a youngster, and went to him to get me out of a scrape—"keep as clear of debt as you can. It's a millstone round a man's neck, and it will drag him down to ruin as fast as anything. See what it has done for me. I believe I've as good abilities as most men. I know I've the pluck to succeed if I tried, and yet here I am at thirty-one with not an aim, not a purpose, not a pleasure in life. Think of it, young one. Good night!"

For the next month Dash's tilbury was eternally stopping at 8, Coquette-square, Hyde Park. Mrs. Curry-Dohl had picked up all her old acquaintance and some new ones, and had taken a house in Park-lane, where she and Flora, who was *her* ward—now Curry-Dohl was deceased—removed. Dash was of infinite use. He bought her horses, chose her barouche and brougham, corrected her visiting list, got her Opera-box, and went about with her a good deal. He was wonderfully Christian in doing so much good to his ancient enemy, the woman who had given him many a heart-ache and driven him far on his road to ruin. But there was a pretty pair of deep blue eyes in that house that never looked so bright as when he was near them, and so, perhaps, Dash's Christianity was like that of certain other saints—for what he could get. Dash sent little Flora a bouquet every day; to be sure he sent Emily one too, but then he lent Flora a pet mare of his, and he let Mrs. Curry-Dohl buy her own horses; and he waltzed with the girl night after night, and never by any chance with the widow. We called the two women Night and Morning; they had both lots of men after them, with this difference, that the fellows only made love to Emily, and were in love with that bright, sunny, fascinating, little "Morning." Emily was an expert flirt. She did it in a stately, half-melancholy manner, but she did it very effectively and systematically. She didn't flirt when Dash was by; she sat with her great eyes fixed on him, expressing all her remorse, and penitence, and love, and saying, "Pray, take me!" as plainly as two eyes could. And who, seeing the widow in those tender, humbled, contrite moods, could possibly have guessed that, perhaps, ten minutes before, she had been laughing and talking with Cardonel, and a dozen others, giving her Parthian glances impartially to each and all in her easy, dashing, laisser-aller way, that had been tried on all the A.D.C.s, the colonels, majors, and civil service men of the Calcutta court?

"Lionel, I thought you were too great a nature to cherish resentment," murmured Mrs. Curry-Dohl one morning, with her fine head bent down, and her jewelled hands folded dejectedly.

Dash, who was playing impatiently with a cockatoo, wondering where Flora could be, looked up in surprise. "Cherish resentment? I am not aware that I do."

"Yes you do," sighed the widow.

"To whom, then? I have no enemies; at least none that trouble my peace, and certainly none whom I consider worthy my anger."

She flushed with annoyance, but she answered meekly, "You do, Lionel, indeed. You visit with disproportionate punishment a wrong done to you long ago—a wrong that might have pardon, if it cannot have extenuation."

"You talk in enigmas. Speak more plainly," said merciless Dash. "I have never been wronged, I assure you, and what evil has been intended to me has turned out for my good."

"You mean, then," said Emily, faintly, "that my—my—breaking off our engagement is a cause of thankfulness and happiness to you."

Dash rose and leaned against the mantelpiece, a sarcastic smile on his lips.

"Nay, that would be too discourteous. But I am afraid, Emily, truth is our loves at twenty are not our loves at thirty. I confess to you that I think we should have been very ill-suited, and the worst thing that could have chanced to either of us would have been for me to have held you to your word. Luckily, I knew the material of that flimsy thing, a lady's honour (it is nearly as enduring as their love!), and I let you reverse the deed of gift to Mr. Curry-Dohl without bringing a breach of promise case against you. You liked his full purse better than my empty hand. You were quite wise—the world goes with you. But it is a little too *exigeant* to expect that I have passed the ten years since, in weeping for my neighbour's wife. You must allow something for a man's self-respecting pride, Emily. A woman who jilts him for another's money he will try and do his best to forget—ay, and find oblivion very easy !"

He spoke with a half-laughing, half-sneering tone that was as bad to the poor widow as a double thonging to a puppy. Mrs. Curry-Dohl burst into tears and sobbed in an effective attitude. "You are cruel, Lionel—bitterly cruel and unjust. If I wronged you, you have been avenged. I did err, but I yielded in a moment of girlish weakness to my father's persuasion ; and if I made you suffer, I have suffered myself, Heaven knows ! Ten years' expiation is surely sufficient to atone for a single fault. You loved me once, Lionel !"

The tears were acting, the suffering in the false voice, the pleading in the false eyes were acting, and Dash knew it. And it was that, he has told me since, which made him speak out sternly, once for all, to Emily Curry-Dohl.

"Hush ! In asserting my love, you assert the wickedness of your own act. It is *because* I loved you that your fickleness was unpardonable. Had my love been the passing fancy, the amusing flirtation that yours was, what you did would have signified little. But you, feeling, tender women, do not reflect on the possible consequences of your honeyed kiss and lying word. You do not remember that your falsehood may taint a man's whole lifetime and make him look with suspicion on everything fair, or pure, or true. You do not consider that your white hand may be the first to push him into that wild and reckless life whose end is satiety and remorse. I say this to show you the evil you may work for others, not to blame you for myself. You bade me forget you, and I have happily succeeded in obeying you !" And he made her his most graceful salaam.

He left her then. I'd give a shilling to know Emily's real thoughts of the lecture and the rejection. She let him get to the door, then murmured through her sobs, "Lionel, let us at the least be friends."

"Of course, my dear Emily, if you wish it," answered my grandiose brother, with his Grandison bow and smile.

We met her four hours afterwards in the Park, looking handsomer than ever, with Cardonel and Winters on either side of her. "Why wouldn't you see me when I called this morning ?" he said, as he cantered down the Park beside Flora.

"Did you call ?" asked Flora, eagerly. "Oh ! how sorry I am. Mrs. Curry-Dohl told me you were gone to Richmond and would not come today, so I took the brougham and went shopping. How very sorry I am to have missed you."

I looked to see how Dash took the flattery. He was looking softened and pleased, but not at all quizzical.

"Mrs. Curry-Dohl told you that, did she ? 'Qui a menti une fois mentira toujours.' Don't believe anything of me that my fair cousin tells you. Promise me not, will you ?"

She looked at him full with her deep blue eyes, a little indignantly. "Of course I shall not, Mr. Dashwood, if it's anything against you—you might be sure of that !"

"But promise," repeated Dash, his face as earnest as though he were seeing the Two Thousand run. Little Flora tapped his arm with her whip. "I promise ; but I think you might trust me without, monsieur."

Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

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

OF OLD MAIDS.

An Old Maid, eh? The phrase is quite enough: you have only to mention it, and of course everybody begins to snigger, simper, or sneer. We all, forthwith, smile superiority, or let our lips curl contempt, or perhaps condescend to an overdrawn sigh of pity. The Old Maid only lives to be made fun of, to exercise the facetious faculties of the rest of society, antique bachelors included. Everybody takes out a license (which costs nothing) to make game of *her*. She is an abstract entity, devoid of human feelings, so that you have no need to be particular what you say of her, or what you say to her, how you say it, or how she takes it. She is conventionally without the pale of courtesy and all that sort of thing: you need never be at the trouble to ask how she became what she is—whether, by a mere possibility, bereavement by death may have had anything to do with her present loneliness, or just pride at systematic slights, or self-sacrifice to some one of many family claims, or even (preposterous as the supposition is) her own deliberate, well-digested, and hitherto unrepented choice. You utterly ignore and pooh-pooh all such possible antecedents, as beside the question, or out of the question. Admit them, and the Old Maid may cease to be a standing joke, under all circumstances and in all companies; and what would witlings then do, for their one jest? The cheap traders in Valentines, satirical section, might as well shut up shop. Cynical diners-out—always appreciated on this piquant topic—would have to get up *à loisir* another set of impromptus. In short, interfere with Society's vested interest in Old Maids, as a set of creatures at whose expense Society at large may amuse itself, and then were Chaos come again, and a good many people's occupation gone.

That exquisite discourser, Monsieur Parolles, disposes of the Old Maid question like an accomplished man of the world. "Virginity," quoth he, "is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. . . . . Your old virginity is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, 'tis a withered pear." Was that Shakspeare's own way of settling the matter? Such a frothy braggart as the French captain can never be accepted as, on any topic, Shakspeare's spokesman. Who indeed of all Shakspeare's characters can? so essentially dramatic is the genius and method of the man. But one may see whitherward his thoughts tended on such a subject, and to which side they inclined; nor can a fairer summary (in spirit and substance) of the result be given, than in the closing lines of Theseus's speech—

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.*

Mrs. Browning's spinster poetess, who has won renown by her verses, but sits alone o' nights, muses naturally and regretfully after all, on what might have been, "if he had loved:" she might, the thought will haunt her, have been

——happier, less known and less left alone;
Perhaps a better woman after all,—
With chubby children hanging on my neck
To keep me low and wise. Ah me, the vines
That bear such fruit, are proud to stoop with it.
The palm stands upright in a realm of sand.†

Quixotic in the highest degree, moonstruck beyond reach of hellebore, would be the champion that should undertake the cause of Old Maids, as such, all and sundry; of the sour-faced and sharp-tongued antiquities, whose malign, mean, meddlesome misdoings have been accepted as typical of the entire class, and thereby allowed to *mis*represent a very mixed constituency. Small pity is the due of your ex-flirts, who have flirted into middle age and old maidenhood. The Hermit of Clovernook moralises, *more suo*, on young women who are seen relentlessly dragging forlorn young men by their heart-strings through briar and brake; homicidal maidens in their flaunting hours of conquest, stepping with mincing steps upon men's hearts, and deeming in their arrogance that they confer much honour with the points of their toes: but anon the old philosopher shows us "the poor forlorn things sorry for what they have done—when," he continues, "victims to their own dreadful ignorance, like a child that has unwittingly let off a blunderbuss, they are laid prostrate, fairly knocked down by their own act, why, sir—philosopher and flinty-bosomed fellow as I am—I feel myself ashamed when I pity them."‡ The Clockmaker of Slickville is impressive in his warnings on this subject, begging the "galls" to be wise in time: "Whenever you see one on 'em [a 'gall,' to wit] with a whole lot of sweethearts, it's an even chance if she gets married to any on 'em. One cools off and another cools off, and before she brings any on 'em to the right weldin' heat, the coal is gone and the fire is out. Then she may blow and blow till she's tired; she may blow up a dust, but the deuce of a flame can she blow up agin, to save her soul alive. I never see a clever lookin gall in danger of that, I don't long to whisper in her ear, You dear little critter, you, take care, you have too many irons in the fire, some on 'em will get stone cold, and t'other ones will get burnt so, they'll be no good in natur."§ With the like good intentions does Mr. Thackeray expound the antecedents of Miss Glorvina O'Dowd, who had flirted with all the marriageable officers in her native country, and all the bachelor squires who seemed eligible—who had been engaged to be married a half-score times in Ireland, besides the clergyman at Bath who used her so ill—who had flirted all the way to Madras with the Captain and chief mate of the *Ramchunder* East Indiaman—whom everybody there admired, everybody danced with, though no one proposed who was worth the marrying. "There are women, and handsome women too, who have this fortune in life. They fall in love with the utmost generosity; they ride and walk with half the Army list, though they draw near to forty, and yet the Miss O'Gradys are Miss O'Gradys still."* The Miss O'Gradys at fifty and upwards are not, generally speaking, of such endearing disposition and winsome ways as to make us either very fond of, or very sorry for, them. They are quite capable, too, for the most part, of holding their own, and giving you tit for tat if you get sarcastic, and returning your principal with compound interest if you come to sneers. Mature virgins of this description can, as indeed they must, do without any such Plea for Old Maids as the present paper may be supposed to proffer. With other of the sisterhood is that Plea concerned.

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* Midsummer Night's Dream.
† Aurora Leigh.
‡ Chronicles of Clovernook.
§ Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick.

One of *The Rambler's* correspondents describes herself, in Johnsonian diction, as conversant by many years' experience with "all the hardships of antiquated virginity;" long accustomed to the coldness of neglect, and the petulance of insult; mortified in full assemblies by inquiries after forgotten fashions, games long disused, and wits and beauties of ancient renown; invited, with malicious importunity, to the second wedding of many acquaintances; ridiculed by two generations of coquettes in whispers intended to be heard; and long considered by the airy and gay, as too venerable for familiarity, and too wise for pleasure. But this piece of "antiquated virginity" has the assurance to affirm, that by her own election she became what she is.

Now the way of the world is to laugh to scorn all such pretensions, to set down as flat perjury all such affirmations, and to cite *instanter* the Fox and the Grapes, or some parallel passage of satirical literature. Is the world's incredulity in this matter always and absolutely right? Dr. Johnson was a well-seasoned man of the world, as well as healthy moralist; certainly his weakness was not to be over-sentimental, especially towards spinsters on the wane; yet he makes the imaginary correspondent we have cited an affirmative witness, and calls her Tranquilla, to sanction her testimony. Let us hear her statement, then, and heed it, remembering whose spokeswoman she is.

Tranquilla claims to have preserved her temper uncorrupted, by dint of struggling vigilantly against her pride and resentment; for it *is* natural for injury to provoke anger, and by continual repetition to provoke an habitual asperity. But then it is not very difficult, she continues, "to bear that condition to which we are not condemned by necessity, but induced by observation and choice; and therefore I, perhaps, have never yet felt all the malignity with which a reproach, edged with the appellation of old maid, swells some of those hearts in which it is infixed. I was not condemned in my youth to solitude, either by indigence† or deformity,

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* Vanity Fair.

† The effect a full purse has on the estimate people set on old maids, is something considerable. Miss Austen has enforced this truth in one of her inimitable novels.

Thus: Emma Woodward is expressing her satisfaction at the prospect of remaining unmarried. Her simple-hearted friend Harriet, after suggesting various objections, falls back upon this fundamental one—"But still, you will be an old maid—and that's so dreadful!"

Emma's reply is, "Never mind, Harriet, I shall not be a poor old maid; and it nor passed the earlier part of life without the flattery of courtship, and the joys of triumph." And Tranquilla further tells us that she has danced the round of gaiety amidst the murmurs of envy, and gratulations of applause; been attended from pleasure to pleasure by the great, the sprightly, and the vain; and seen her regard solicited by the obsequiousness of gallantry, the gaiety of wit, and the timidity of love. "If, therefore, I am yet a stranger to nuptial happiness, I suffer only the consequences of my own resolves, and can look back upon the succession of lovers, whose addresses I have rejected, without grief and without malice."*

Any reader—if any such there be—who has dipped into the *Cyrus* of Mademoiselle de Scudéry, will remember the stand that lady makes in behalf of woman's voluntary celibacy. And this she does, not, says M. Victor Cousin, from bizarre prudery, like Armande in the *Femmes savantes*, but from a passionate and extravagant zest for independence. For her own part, "d'assez bonne heure elle avait déclaré qu'elle ne voulait pas se marier," and yet she was never wanting in friendship of a more or less tender, but always irreproachable character; "she professed and practised the worship of tenderness, but repelled passion." With a good grace she resigned herself to *son état de fille*, and sought for and found her happiness in an agreeable society to which she brought a cheerful disposition, and a taste for jocularity, and lively conversation,

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is poverty only which makes celibacy contemptible to a generous public! A single woman with a very narrow income must be a ridiculous disagreeable old maid! the proper sport of boys and girls; but a single woman of good fortune is always respectable, and may be as sensible and pleasant as anybody else! And the distinction is not quite so much against the candour and common sense of the world as appears at first; for a very narrow income has a tendency to contract the mind, and sour the temper. Those who can barely live, and who live perforce in a very small, and generally very inferior society, may well be illiberal and cross." —*Emma*, ch. x.

The money article is unquestionably an important one, in the matter of old-maidish as well as marriage settlements. Mr. Plumer Ward, in his "Man of Refinement," records the veneration he entertains for "that sacred, and happy, because independent character: that is to say, if those to whom it belongs be rich. If poor, they must do as other poor devils do: fawn, and agree with, and traduce, and invent, just as those who feed them please—but not the more because they are old maids, than if they were wives or widows. No; if at all at their ease, they are more at their ease than others; and infinitely more courted (particularly if they have not made their wills) than the best wife and mother on earth. The cares of the world press light upon them; they have no anxiety about the health, character, or fortune of a tribe of children, the humour in which a husband may come home, or the continuance of their empire over his affections; they have nobody's taste to consult, overcome, or defer to; nor that sad source of altercation, the questions how they shall pass the summer in the country—or how live, or dress, or amuse themselves in town. From all this they are delivered. If they are sick, a cloud of nephews and nieces present themselves hourly at their doors, to inquire after their health; if well, the said nephews and nieces all rejoice. Meantime they generally have some decent old maid like themselves, half companion, half servant, always at their call at home, on whom they may vent all their little vexations, so as to appear in ever smiling good-humour abroad."—*Tremaine*, ch. xlvi.

So much, in connexion with this subject, for the *res angusta domi*—which phrase, by the way, might by malicious mistranslation be construed into the old maid herself (vulgate version)—*scilicet*, a narrow old thing who sticks at home.

* The Rambler, No. CXIX.

and every kind of intellectual amusement.[*] Her Doralise in *Le Grand Cyrus* represents her to the life in these (to some people, impossible) particulars. Cast in the same mould is Plotine in the *Clélie*—a *fille sage et belle* (which latter, Mlle. de Scudéry emphatically was *not*), who has friends in plenty, but not lovers, and who lives in the world without danger, because she takes care to live without passions to disturb her, always free and always virtuous. *Rôle difficile et beau*, M. Saint-Marc Girardin[†] calls it—and he adds a warning against the philosophy in its weak points. The gist of the philosophy, however, is pretty nearly identical with the tenor of Pope's lines—

Marriage may all these petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater, in their place:
Well might you wish for change, by those accurst,
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suff'ring sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months adored,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
Ah, quit not the free innocence of life
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let false shows, nor empty titles please:
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.[‡]

We observe in one of Southey's letters a marked solicitude not to be supposed to think ill of old maids. Mr. Ebenezer Elliott—one of his correspondents and consulters, in which latter capacity the Corn-Law Rhymer sought counsel, radical as he was, of ex-radical (not yet treble X tory)

Robert the Rhymer, who lived at the Lakes—

Mr. Elliott had, it would seem, misinterpreted the design of a passage in the "Curse of Kehama," beginning—

She was a woman, whose unlovely youth,
Even like a canker'd rose which none will cull,
Had wither'd on the stalk; her heart was full
Of passions which had found no natural scope,
Feelings which there had grown but ripen'd not,
    Desires unsatisfied, abortive hope,
Repinings which provoked vindictive thought, &c.[§]

The author was at pains to put Ebenezer right on this matter. "I am sorry," he tells him (1811), "you should have suspected anything like a reproach upon 'single blessedness' in women in what is said of Lorrinite. Nothing could be farther from my thoughts. The passage has nothing beyond an individual reference to the witch herself, therein described as a '*cankered* rose.' You may find abundant proof in my writings, and would require none if you knew me, that no man could be more innocent of such opinions as you seem to have suspected."[||] It would have ill become the fast friend of Mary Lamb and of Dorothy Wordsworth to be otherwise minded.

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[*] Cousin, La Société Française au XVII^{me} Siècle.

[†] Cours de lit. dram.

[‡] Pope, Epistle to Miss Blount.

[§] Curse of Kehama, XI. 3.

[||] Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, vol. iii. p. 297.

In Jean Paul's very characteristic correspondence—like himself, *der einzig*, unique—with the four young ladies he instructed in ethics and æsthetics, much to their advantage and his own delight, we find him discussing a question proposed (or supposed to be so) by one of the number; viz. Can a maiden, who has preserved this name till old age, deserve every satirical arrow that is aimed at her from mouths and bookshelves, because she does not wish for fetters, nor will suffer them to be drawn on? The answer, after dilating on the prejudices and conventional restrictions of female education, proceeds to say—"Who, then, would be severe and satirical, if a being so oppressed, so entangled in chains, has not the courage to deliver all she possesses, that best and tenderest treasure, her heart, into the hands of a man she knows nothing of—knows not whether he will cherish or oppress; foster or abuse the trust?" The sequel does indeed set off against the notion that "the best maidens crook the finger, when asked to put on the marriage ring," a picture of those "best maidens" in their sixtieth year—solitary, unknown, without friends, except those who would live in their testaments, not in their hearts; without friends, for those who were their friends in the summer years of youth, have taken back their hearts, and given them to their husbands and children. "The good maiden thought, forsooth, she should remain her whole life-long only seventeen years old; her young friends are now all scattered far from her, and for thirty years she has had nothing youthful near her—and she will die alone—perhaps not missed."[*] But how tenderly Richter's big warm heart yearned towards these desolate ones, is manifest again and again in his multifarious writings. Take one excerpt from what he styles, quite in his own fashion, an Extra-leaf (in the *Hesperus*) on Daughter-full Houses[†]—which title speaks for itself, and suffices as context to the excerpt following: "How, my girls! Is your heart so little worth that you cut it, like old clothes, after any fashion, to fit any breast; and does it wax or shrink, then, like a Chinese ball, to fit itself into the ball-mould and marriage ring-case of any male heart whatever? 'Well, it must; unless we would sit at home, and grow Old Maids,' answer they; whom I will not answer, but turn scornfully away from them, to address that same Old Maid in these words:

"'*Forsaken, but patient one! misknown and mistreated! Think*

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[*] Life of Jean Paul, ch. x.

[†] In his observations as the Attaché, Mr. Slick waxes well-nigh pathetic on this same grievance, as it came under his keen twinkling eye in the old country. For instance, in his description of a landed gentleman's house and household, one item is—"one or two everlastin' pretty young galls, so pretty that, as there is nothin' to do, you can't hardly help bein' spooney on 'em.

"Matchless galls, they be too, for there is no matches for 'em. The primurgenitur boy takes all, so they have no fortin. Well, a younger son won't do for 'em, for he has no fortin, and t'other primo geno there, couldn't if he would, for he wants the estate next to his'n, and has to take the gall that owns it, or he won't get it. I pity them galls, I do upon my soul. It's a hard fate, that, as Minister says, in his pretty talk, to bud, unfold, bloom, wither, and die on the parent stock, and have no one to pluck the rose, and put it in his bosom, ain't it?"

So again, when "one of the young galls sits down" at the piano, "and sings in rael right down airnest, 'I *won't* be a nun,'" Mr. Slick's inevitable reflection is, "Poor critter! there is some sense in that, but I guess she will be bleeged to be, for all that."—*The Attaché*, ch. xxii.

not of the times when thou hadst hope of better than the present are, and repent the noble pride of thy heart never! It is not always our duty to marry, but it is always our duty to abide by right, not to purchase happiness by loss of honour, not to avoid unweddedness by untruthfulness. Lonely, unadmired heroine! in thy last hour, when all Life and the bygone possessions and scaffoldings of Life shall crumble to pieces, ready to fall down; in that hour thou wilt look back on thy untenanted life; no children, no husband, no wet eyes will be there; but in the empty dusk, one high, pure, angelic, smiling, beaming Figure, godlike and mounting to the Godlike, will hover, and beckon thee to mount with her;—mount thou with her, the Figure is thy Virtue.' "[*]

With this generous apostrophe it might be good policy to close this *nescio quid*, less tamer additions should dull the effect. Yet will we venture on backing sentimental Jean Paul, that German of the Germans, by corroborative tributes from some of our home authors.

Numbers of our best and shrewdest novelists, for instance, have done homage, in their various ways, to that "unprotected female," the Old Maid—in proof of her not being necessarily and *ipso facto* a withered concrete of every abstract unpleasantness. There is Miss Woodley, in Mrs. Inchbald's masterpiece—"thirty-five, and in person exceedingly plain," yet possessing "such cheerfulness of temper and such an inexhaustible fund of good-nature, that she escaped not only the ridicule, but even the appellation of an old maid."[†] There is Auntie Flora, in Miss Mulock's "Olive:" "I think," says quiet Miss Anstruther, lifting up her brown eyes, "that in all *our* lives put together, we will[‡] never do half the good that Aunt Flora has done in hers. Papa says, every one of her friends ought to be thankful that she has lived an old maid."[§] There is Currer Bell's Miss Ainley: "In her first youth she must have been ugly; now, at the age of fifty, she was *very* ugly. At first sight, all but peculiarly well-disciplined minds were apt to turn from her with annoyance: to conceive against her a prejudice, simply on the ground of her unattractive look. Then she was prim in dress and manner: she looked, spoke, and moved the complete old maid. . . . Her beneficence was the familiar topic of the poor in Briarfield. They were not works of almsgiving: the old maid was too poor to give much, though she straitened herself to privation that she might contribute her mite when needful: they were the works of a Sister of Charity, far more difficult to perform than those of a Lady Bountiful. She would watch by any sick-bed: she seemed to fear no disease; she would nurse the poorest whom none else would nurse: she was serene, humble, kind, and equable through everything.

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[*] Jean Paul's "Hesperus." The translation is Mr. Carlyle's, so far as it goes.

[†] A Simple Story, ch. ii.

[‡] *Sic in orig.* Miss Anstruther is Scotch. So, we may infer, is Miss Mulock.

[§] "I am sure," cried blithe Maggie, "my brothers and I used often to say, that if Auntie Flora had been young, and any disagreeable husband had come to steal her from us, we would have hooted him away down the street, and pelted him with stones."

Olive laughed; and afterwards said, thoughtfully, "She has then lived a happy life—has this good Aunt Flora!"

"Not always happy," answered the eldest and gravest of the M'Gillivrays. "My mother once heard that she had some great trouble in her youth. But she has outlived it, and conquered it in time. People say such things are possible: I cannot tell," added the girl, with a faint sigh.

There was no more said of Mrs. Flora, but oftentimes during the day, when some passing memory stung poor Olive, causing her to turn wearily from the mirth of her young companions, there came before her in gentle reproof the likeness of the aged woman who had lived down her one great woe—lived, not only to feel, but to impart cheerfulness. . . .

"And you have been content—nay happy?" Olive asked Mrs. Flora, after other confidential converse, when they are left alone.—"Ay, I have. God quenched the fire on my own hearth, that I might learn to make that of others bright. My dear, one's life never need be empty of love, even though, after seeing all near kindred drop away, one lingers to be an old maid of eighty years."—*Olive*, ch. xxxvii.

"For this goodness she got but little reward in this life. Many of the poor became so accustomed to her services that they hardly thanked her for them. . . . Many ladies respected her deeply: they could not help it; one gentleman—one only—gave her his friendship and perfect confidence: this was Mr. Hall, the vicar of Nunnely. He said, and said truly, that her life came nearer the life of Christ, than that of any other human being he had ever met with. You must not think, reader, that in sketching Miss Ainley's character, I depict a figment of imagination—no—we seek the originals of such portraits in real life only."*

There is an apostrophe in one of Mr. Kingsley's fictions to the same effect. "Ah, true sisters of mercy, whom the world sneers at as 'old maids,' if you pour out on cats and dogs and parrots a little of the love which is yearning to spend itself on children of your own flesh and blood! As long as such as you walk this lower world, one needs no Butler's Analogy to prove to us that there is another world, where such as you will have a fuller and a fairer (I dare not say a juster) portion."†

But we must turn in other directions to look for other examples, *tales quales*. That very caustic writer, the witty author of "Headlong Hall," introduces a favourable specimen, for the express purpose, it would seem, of putting in a good word for the class. "They entered Miss Evergreen's cottage, which was small, but in a style of beautiful simplicity. Anthelia was much pleased with her countenance and manners; for Miss Evergreen was an amiable and intelligent woman, and was single, not from having wanted lovers, but from being of that order of minds which can love but once. Mr. Fax took occasion, during a temporary absence of Miss Evergreen from the room . . . to say he was happy to have seen so amiable a specimen of that injured and calumniated class of human beings commonly called old maids, who were often so from possessing in too high a degree [mark this] the qualities most conducive to domestic happiness."‡ A still more caustic writer than Mr. Peacock, thus introduces two maiden sisters, Miss Amelia and Miss Leonora Peachick, of Man-trap Park: "They seemed, at first sight, as indeed they afterwards proved, sweet, good-hearted old women. Age and celibacy had not soured their tempers, but mellowed them. I have, indeed, remarked through life, that, where the female heart withstands the withering, chilling influence of singleness, it becomes rich, ripened with a thousand virtues, that render it one of the noblest hearts of the world." And elsewhere he styles them "excellent women—twin sisters of benevolence! Creatures preserved from all the hurry, all the sordid coarseness of life, to be the simple almoners of human kindness."* Gerald Griffin begins a paragraph of his best fiction with these words: "But accident saved Eily from a destiny so deeply dreaded and so often lamented"—to wit, the becoming what Lady Mary Montague calls a lay nun—"a condition which people generally agree to look upon as one of utter desolation, and which, notwithstanding, is frequently a state of greater happiness than its opposite."† Mr. Plumer Ward argues that one simple requisite will suffice, for the "perfect enjoyment" of a "well-to-do" old maid: it is merely and solely, that she should have fairly, soberly, deliberately, and bonâ fide, "given the matter up." It is inconceivable, he assures us, from not understanding this, to how many misrepresentations, and ignorant calumnies, she is subject. "For observe, I talk of a real, pure, and unsophisticated old maid: none of your doubtful characters, who are still hesitating and hankering, and put out of their straight line by every chance attention they meet: with whom one squeeze of the hand (unexpected as it may be) is sure to demolish a six months' resolution. Woe to all such," he adds—for *their* happiness is not arrived, and they drag on a miserable, uncertain, between-hawk-and-buzzard existence, which subjects them, like the poor bat in the fable, that was neither bird nor beast, to a thousand affronts. But once fairly fixed in a determinate capacity, with a good well-engraved *Mrs.* on their cards, their independence continues for the rest of their lives, and their happiness—*ipse dixit*—is complete!‡

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* Shirley, ch. x.

† Kingsley's "Two Years Ago."

‡ Melincourt, ch. xxvi.

About the time that Miss Brontë was negotiating with some London publishers for the production of "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell"—then unknown names (1846)—we find in a letter of hers to Miss Wooler, her old schoolmistress at Roe Head, an expression of her pleasure at knowing, in Miss Wooler's own instance, that "a lone woman" can be happy, as well as cherished wives and proud mothers. "I am glad of that. I speculate much on the existence of unmarried and never-to-be-married women now-a-days; and I have already got to the point of considering that there is no more respectable character on this earth than an unmarried woman, who makes her own way through life quietly, perseveringly, without support of husband or brother; and who, having attained the age of forty-five or upwards, retains in her possession a well-regulated mind, a disposition to enjoy simple pleasures, and fortitude to support inevitable pains, sympathy with the sufferings of others, and willingness to relieve want as far as her means extend."* We have already seen the impersonation she eventually sketched of such a character in one of the old maids in "Shirley." But that same story contains ample evidence of the struggles and searchings of heart, which this vext question cost the still unmated writer. Caroline Helstone is made to pine, with blank misgivings, and obstinate questionings, as she calculates her chances of becoming an old maid—and asks herself, What was I created for, I wonder? where is my place in the world? Ah, she sees, presently, *that* is the question which most old maids are puzzled to solve: other people solve it for them by saying, "Your place is to do good to others, to be helpful whenever help is wanted." That is right in some measure, she reflects, and a very convenient doctrine for the people who hold it; but she perceives that certain sets of human beings are very apt to maintain that other sets should give up their lives to them and their service, and then they requite them by praise: they call them devoted and virtuous. "Is this enough? Is it to live? Is there not a terrible hollowness, mockery, want, craving, in that existence which is given away to others, for want of something of your own to bestow it on? I suspect there is." And later we are told that Caroline felt with pain that the life (we have seen what that was) which made Miss Ainley happy could not make *her* happy: pure and active as it was, in her heart she deemed it deeply dreary because it was so loveless—to her ideas, so forlorn. And still later, a disquisition ensues on the social status of single women in England, and the author's belief that they should have more to do—better chances of interesting and profitable occupation than they possess now. She complains, for example, that while the brothers in certain households she names, are in business or in professions, their sisters have no earthly employment but stitching and sewing; no earthly pleasure, but an unprofitable visiting; and no hope, in all their life to come, of anything better. "This stagnant state of things makes them decline in health: they are never well: and their minds and views shrink to wondrous narrowness." The great wish, she continues,—the sole aim of every one of them is to be married, but the majority will never marry: they will die as they now live. They scheme, they plot, they dress, to ensnare husbands. The gentlemen turn them into ridicule: they don't want them; they hold them very cheap; they say "the matrimonial market is overstocked."—And then anon comes this apostrophe: "Men of England! look at your poor girls, many of them fading around you, dropping off in consumption or decline; or, what is worse, degenerating to sour old maids,—envious, backbiting, wretched, because life is a desert to them; or, what is worst of all, reduced to strive, by scarcely modest coquetry and debasing artifice, to gain that position and consideration by marriage, which to celibacy is denied."† Currer Bell at least spoke that she knew, and testified that which she had seen.

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* Story of a Feather, ch. xxxiii. and ch. xliv.

† The Collegians, ch. ii.

‡ "But is there no rule, no operation of nature, by which the change may be both effected and discovered? When a horse is aged, it is known by his teeth; a cow by her horns; birds moult their feathers, and snakes cast their skins at given times. Surely if Buffon had considered this matter . . . .

"I tell you, madam, there is no criterion! I have studied the subject, and you may rest assured there is nothing so indeterminate. It is in fact inconceivable how the signs vary and fluctuate, and fade, and glimmer again—how differently, in point of time, the different species of this extraordinary animal exhibit the decisive marks of their crisis. In some auspicious subjects, I have known it to take place at forty, and they have continued ever afterwards to a happy old age, in constant respectability and good humour. In others the symptoms have appeared and disappeared, and varied, so as to puzzle the most sagacious observer, from forty to sixty. And I have even known the phenomena fluctuate in some instances till near seventy, before the commotion has thoroughly subsided."—See the forty-sixth chapter of that most didactic of didactic novels, once fashionable among the many, and still readable by a few, "*Tremaine*."

Society—to adopt the similar complaint of a living author, masculine gender, whom we have no very frequent occasion or inclination to quote—society is ever harsh and witheringly scornful to any whose chances are past; never considering that an old maid often represents the romantic constancy of a young but unfortunate attachment, or the devoted sacrifice of love and duty.* This tribute is Mr. Tupper's. An admiring one is accorded, on the same grounds, *not* in the same manner, by Mr. de Quincey, to what he calls that "increasing class," of "women who from mere dignity of character, have renounced all prospects of conjugal and parental life," rather than wed for wedlock's sake. Cordial is the homage he tenders to "women capable of such sacrifices, and marked by such strength of mind."† Elsewhere he dilates on the insipid as well as unfeeling ridicule which "descends so plentifully upon those women who, perhaps from strength of character," have refused to make a marriage connexion where it promised little of elevated happiness. This ridicule, he admits, *does* make the state of singleness somewhat of a trial to the patience of many; and to many the vexation of this trial has proved a snare for beguiling them of their honourable resolutions. Meantime, adds Mr. de Quincey, as the opportunities are rare in which all the conditions concur for happy marriage connexions, how important it is that the dignity of high-minded women should be upheld by society in the honourable election they make of a self-dependent virgin seclusion, by preference to a heartless marriage! Such women, as Mrs. Trollope justly remarks, fill a place in society which in their default would *not* be filled, and are available for duties requiring a tenderness and a punctuality that could not be looked for from women preoccupied with household or maternal claims. If there were no regular fund (so to speak) of women free from conjugal and maternal duties, upon what body could we draw for our 'sisters of mercy,' &c.? In another point Mrs. Trollope is probably right: few women live unmarried from necessity. *Par exemple:*

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* Life of Charlotte Brontë, vol. i. p. 342.

† See the tenth chapter (headed "Old Maids") of "Shirley," *passim;* also the closing pages of chapters xii. and xxv.

"Miss Wordsworth [apropos of whom, Mr. de Quincey had been conducting his argument, all along,] had several offers; amongst them, to my knowledge," he affirms, "one from Hazlitt; all of them she rejected decisively. And she did right. A happier life, by far, was hers in youth. . . . . Her time fleeted away like some golden age, or like the life of primeval man; and she, like Ruth, was for years allowed

To run, though *not* a bride,
A sylvan huntress, by the side

of him to whom she, like Ruth, had dedicated her days; and to whose children, afterwards, she dedicated a love like that of mothers. Dear Miss Wordsworth! How noble a creature did she seem when I first knew her!—and when, on the very first night which I passed in her brother's company, he read to me, in illustration of something he was saying, a passage from Fairfax's Tasso, ending pretty nearly with these words,

Amidst the broad fields and the endless wood
The lofty lady kept her maidenhood,

I thought that, possibly, he had his sister in his thoughts."‡

Our witnesses to character have been getting graver as we advance, but the gravest authority of all we have reserved for the last. It is no less grave and reverend as well as potent a senior than Mr. Population Malthus himself. "There are very few women who might not have married in some way or other. The old maid, who has never formed an attachment, or has been disappointed in the object of it, has, under the circumstances in which she has been placed, conducted herself with the most perfect propriety; and has acted a much more virtuous and honourable part in society, than those women who marry without a proper degree of love, or at least of esteem, for their husbands; a species of immorality which is not reprobated as it deserves."* Considering his peculiar and unpopular, not to say depopulating, doctrines, Mr. Malthus might be suspected, by the suspiciously disposed, of interested motives and *ex parte* enthusiasm in this praise of Old Maids. But not less absolutely would we acquit him of any such underplot in this encomium, than of ever having, in a solitary instance, and with all his prowess, induced any old maid to remain *in statu quo*, who, but for his book, would have changed her name.

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* Rides and Reveries of the late Mr. Æsop Smith.

† See the first of Mr. de Quincey's discursive but masterly Essays on Style, contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, in 1840.

‡ De Quincey's Autobiographic Sketches, vol. ii.

THE LAST WITCH BURNING.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

At Forfar, June —, 17—.

THERE was a swoon of yellow cloud,
  A scud of wind-tossed blue,
A drift of vapour, crimson proud,
  Shot purple through and through,
Then a scurl of the greys of a wild-dove's wing
  With shifting pearly hue.

At Forfar, on a bright June eve
  (The sun in blazoned pride),
They led old Elspeth to the stake,
  Her withered hands both tied;
They brought her with a blast of pipes,
  As men bring home a bride.

The pointing children hooted her,
  Even the beggar's bitch
Bit at her as she trembling went
  To die—"the poisoning witch."
Patched cloaks flocked with soft scarlet hoods—
  The poor as well as rich.

They struck her as men do a thief,
  Pelting the blackening mud;
They would not stay to file the bridge,
  But dragged her through the flood.
Old bedrid hags from windows screamed,
  Longing to drink her blood.

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* Malthus on Population, book iv.

Looking across the fields you saw
  Black lines, that widened out,
Of ploughmen running; on the wind
  Came curse, and groan, and shout:
But, God! to hear no single sob
  Or sigh from all that rôut!

She gasped for mercy. Ask the dog
  To spare the strangling life
That in the vixen moans and barks
  Deep in the tumbling strife;
Or ask the Indian chief to give
  Mercy when blood is rife.

Old Elspeth, with her lean arms crossed
  Humbly upon her breast,
Walks painfully with bleeding feet,
  A rope strains round her chest;
Sickly her watery eyes upturn
  To the gallows further west.

Her coif is off, her ragged hair,
  Snow-streaked with wintry years,
Floats out when any gust of wind
  Brings billowing storms of cheers;
The rolling mob still screech and roar,
  No bloodshot eye drops tears.

She kissed a Bible,—close she kept
  The volume to her lips;
Oh! then arose a flame of yells
  As when war's red eclipse
Passes. The leaping hangman then
  Cried out for "stronger whips."

Yet all this time the mounting larks
  Sang far from human toil,—
Miles, miles around the ripening corn
  Was in a golden boil;
The bee upon the blue flower swings
  In restless, happy moil.

With stolid care across the moor
  The distant death-bell rung,
And drowning it five thousand screamed
  The ribald dirge that's sung
When the great King Devil has his own,
  And another witch is hung.

'Twas pitiful to see them bind
  Those shrunk limbs to the stake;
Her idiot sisters' thankful smiles
  Approve the pains they take,
And all the cruel, mocking care
  With which the sticks they break.

A calcined collar round her neck
  The hard-faced hangman fits,
An iron chain around her waist
  And round her ankles knits,
As ready for the fire his man
  The beech log cleaves and splits.

They thrust the cruel arrowy flame
Into the billet heaps,
Its fiery, serpent quivering tongues
Make eager, hungry leaps;
The poor old creature stretched her hands
To warm them. No one weeps!

The savage tiger fire is lit,
A thunder-cloud of smoke,
In one ribb'd column tall and black,
Rose thirty feet, then broke:
It blotted out the setting sun
As with a burial cloak.

You heard from thickness of the cloud
The mumble of a prayer,
And lo! a shriek, swift, dagger keen,
Sprang up and stabbed the air,
Then just one burning hand that strove
To wave and beckon there.

A silence came upon the crowd,
As when the softening spring
Breaks up the icy northern seas,
Melting ring after ring:
Then, rising o'er their guilty heads,
The lark sought Heaven's King.

Was it the sinner's pleading soul
That rose up to those skies,
High, high above the burning light
And sea of brutal eyes,
The storms and eddies round the stake
Of brutal wild-beast cries?

* * * *

An hour ago! Now but a ring
Of ashes silvery white,
And filmy sparks that broke in blooms
Of fitful scarlet light,
When scudding winds, with fiery gush,
Drove the children left and right.

And chief amongst the staring crowd
A child laughed with those bands—
She was the maid the hag bewitched
Upon the laird's own lands;
And when she saw the ash blow red
She clapped her little hands.

Thank God, the frightened, cruel folk
Ne'er lit that fire again;
None wore that calcined collar more,
With its griping, throttling strain:—
'Twas a cruel deed, and only sweet
To the bigot's blighted brain.

THE KING'S HEAD AT TAMWORTH.

When I draw up the curtain this time, readers, you must fancy you see a room in the George Inn at Millcote, with such large-figured papering on the wall as inn rooms have; such a carpet, such furniture, such ornaments on the mantelpiece, such prints.—Jane Eyre.

Little more than ten years have elapsed since I took my place in Liverpool on the morning of the 30th of January, and in due time arrived at Tamworth station. On asking as to the prospect of reaching Nottingham that evening, the reply was not consoling—"No train before half-past seven, and that only to Derby!"

But before attempting to abuse the authorities for their untoward arrangement, or trying to enlist the reader on my side, it is but fair to own that the 30th of January was a Sunday. Verdict, "Served you right!" would, no doubt, be the finding of most good people; that stricter part of the community, who maintain the doctrine of cold meat and non-locomotion on the first day of the week.

I had little excuse to plead. I was on my way from Ireland, hastening to get the two last days of pheasant shooting. The laws are stringent as to the destruction of these birds ceasing about this time, but the precise day is enveloped in mystery, for while some maintain that with the last day of January the slaughter (for so it generally is) ends, there are many who read the law as extending the period four-and-twenty hours longer, and have their final and grand battue the 1st of February. But country gentlemen, like lawyers and every one else, "differ." Dan O'Connell said there never was an act of parliament so framed "but he could drive a coach-and-four through it;" and what would be the use of lawyers if acts of parliament were so framed as to be intelligible? As they never are, I dismiss the subject, and return to the Sunday.

It was the 30th of January. I had thus two days left, provided I got to my journey's end within the next twelve hours, and that mine host read the law in the most extended sense, and did not wish to save his pheasants: did he think the other way, the betting could only be even, and there was but one day. It was, therefore, a bore to be detained all Sunday at Tamworth, and to find that one could not get further than Derby that night.

Something very nearly approaching to an oath, only it was not one, escaped as I saw my gun-case and effects placed upon a platform, and elevated by machinery to the upper regions of the station-house on the other line and level, from whence the departure for Derby was to take place at the above-mentioned hour.

There were then nearly six hours to kill.

"Which is the way to the head inn?"

"You cannot mistake it, sir. Straight on—the King's Head."

So off I set to the King's Head in search of food and shelter, for the rain began to descend, and added fresh gloom to my prospects. At the King's Head—not our first Charles, he is never selected for the portrait of a king's head; Henry VIII., though, often, probably because the pictures represent him fat and jolly, Falstaff-like, what mine host would wish to be or to persuade the vulgar his good cheer would make them; some of the Georges, for the same reason, come in for their share of public approbation in the hanging line as signs. A spruce-looking landlady makes her appearance, and eyes one with a suspicious glance, as much as to say, "Where is your baggage? what good will you be to us? are you to be trusted?"

"I have come in search of food and shelter; I am going on to Derby to-night, but cannot do so before seven o'clock. Can I have some dinner?"

"Certainly, sir.—Here, Elizabeth, show this gentleman into the coffee-room."

COMMERCIAL ROOM was printed in large letters over the door, and one commercial ambassador was seated at the table, making up his accounts (Sunday), and writing letters; his gig-box was by his side.

"I want some dinner—what can I have?"

Ude is dead, but lives in print; poor Soyer, too, immortalised by *Punch* when in Ireland as the "Broth of a boy," and since his Crimean campaign, now no more. Poor fellow, *Soyez tranquille!* Mrs. Glasse and her old hare, what would they have said to Elizabeth's reply, "Rumpsteaks, sir?"

A good story is told of Ude when he lived at Quorn with Lord Sefton, and some one, coming in very late, asked for anything that could be had at once—a beefsteak. Well, a beefsteak was ordered by Lord Sefton for his friend, an agricultural acquaintance, no doubt. The order was taken to the kitchen, but it so happened that there was no kitchen-maid present, and the message was taken straight to head-quarters, to the *chef* himself. What was to be done? certainly not the beefsteak. The *chef* swore lustily at the footman, and declared he had never heard of such a thing, and that he would have nothing to say to it.

"What answer, then, am I to take to his lordship—he will be very angry?"

"You may go tell milor I be dam—I make one beeftake!"

Well, to return to my question to Elizabeth as to what I could have for dinner, her reply was, "Rumpsteak, sir."

"How dreadful!" will be the exclamation from some would-be swell, who would affect to be horrified by even beefsteak; but the Ude of the King's Head at Tamworth had probably never heard of filets de sole à la maître d'hôtel, côtelettes à la Soubise, or riz de veau, under any disguise, so Mr. Would-be-Swell, who talks a good deal before the uninitiated as to what a good dinner should be, and whose superficial knowledge in the gastronomic art has been picked up by study from the carte at his club (not a bad one either), let me remind him of the saying, "When you are in Turkey do as the Turkeys do;" so when you are detained in Tamworth on a Sunday, and stopping at the King's Head, do as the commercial gentry do; and so I did, and ordered a beefsteak.

This done, I went to the window. Not a soul moving in the streets; the shops, of course, shut. No amusement to be looked for in that line. Where is the population? not a soul moving, not an umbrella discernible. Perhaps all in church, "where you ought to have been, instead of travelling on a Sunday," whispers the advocate of cold meat.

STEVENSON, TAILOR AND DRAPER,

flourished in white and gold letters over a door directly in front of the coffee-room window. Doubtless that is Stevenson himself whose head appears over a fragment of the window-blind, razor in hand, his face disguised in soap-suds, engaged in making his Sunday toilet, and his chin smooth.

ADDISON, NEWSAGENT,

appeared in grass-green and gold next door. In the coffee-room of the King's Head at Tamworth there is no newspaper of any kind; nothing save the Midland Railway Time Table for February, 1848. This I spelt over and over, but by "no hook or crook" could the first and only train for Derby be construed into departure before a quarter to seven; and there it stopped.

I then rang the bell, which Elizabeth and her black eyes answered, and departed in search of a newspaper. The door opposite has shut with a bang, and a glimpse of a most elaborate neckcloth and waistcoat is sufficient evidence that the tailor and draper's toilet is complete, and that the bang of the door followed his exit, for an exceedingly pretty profile, which probably belongs to his daughter, has taken the place of the soap-suds and his shorn physiognomy, and is gazing after his retiring steps; and now that he has turned the corner, and is, as poor Power would have said, "clean out of sight," the profile has suddenly turned to a full face, and has lost nothing by the transfiguration, for two dimples are exposed and come into play instead of half a one, and two laughing blue eyes are evidently endeavouring to fathom the obscurity of the commercial room.

The bagman is not bad-looking, but is what ladies' maids would call an exceedingly smart gentleman; and, moreover, has an enormous pair of whiskers. Probably, then, it is his custom to put up at the King's Head on occasional Sundays—possibly he may be hers—of the dimples—Sunflower.

Oh, the heart that has truly loved!

Elizabeth enters with the *Times* of Saturday—the great Cotton Lord's speech at Manchester on the Thursday before—national defences—bales of cotton, not bad ones either in every sense, as we found them to be at New Orleans long ago, for old Hickory made his ramparts of them.

But our beefsteak makes its appearance: "done to a turn—perfect—gravy; a light pile of horseradish, and fine powdery, mealy-looking potatoes smoking in a deep round dish. The cover matches the dish, and is of the old willow pattern—the two men going over the bridge represented in quaint Chinese perspective. I always had a weakness for this old blue and white delf—now rapidly being superseded by showy and vulgar patterns.

"What have you got to drink?"

"Bitter beer, sir."

"Is it good?"

"Our customers like it, sir; there are no complaints."

"Vulgar dog!" from Mr. Demmi, the would-be swell; "beefsteaks and beer—low!"

The ale is excellent—just bitter enough—clear and sparkling; and so are Elizabeth's eyes!

The bagman has finished his correspondence, sealed his letters, locked his gig-box up, and has approached the window, hat in hand.

From where I am seated I can just discern the blue orbits over the way peeping over the blind, which hides the dimples as well as the rosy lips, and I pick out a delicious onion from amongst the accompanying piccalilies, and proceed vigorously with my repast, the bagman still at his post in the bay-window—immovable, tiresome dog.

I have begun to munch the very crispest bit of celery it was ever my fate to encounter, when the bagman shows signs of a move, and I am fast coming to the conclusion that he knows what to order and what he is about in Tamworth. He passes out, and I rush to the window; the double-barrelled dimples have excited my curiosity. No one is to be seen in the window, but passing towards the opposite corner, where the tailor and draper disappeared, is a black chip bonnet, particularly well put on, with one scarlet rose placed, and so piquantly, too—in stable phraseology, if proper to apply it so—on the off side! Briedenback once told me he recollected a man in Paris whose sole employment was to determine the exact spot where a flower should be fastened on each capote, and his charge was a Napoleon! It was worth it, too, for if there be one thing more than another offensive to good taste, it is that overloading amounting to disfigurement which one generally sees on those worn by our fair countrywomen. When will they learn better? No matter whether it be ribbon or artificial flowers, they must have them in profusion, and so laden with artificial fruit, as to call to mind nothing short of a market garden!

But to return to the possessor of the black bonnet and scarlet rose. All of her figure visible was faultless, though a good deal is enveloped in a Scotch shepherd's plaid shawl, with a deep maroon-coloured border, exceedingly well adjusted. Rigolette could not have arranged it better. She holds her dress up as she paddles along on tiptoe to avoid the puddles on the defective trottoir, and exposes well fitting boots, and stockings so well pulled up that the slightest wrinkle cannot be detected; her petticoats are as white as the driven snow, and possibly the riddle of the housekeeper, and a great deal of bustle about a little waist, might apply.

An Isle of Skye terrier is following.

My inclination is to run out and get a nearer view of the owner of the scarlet rosette, to see if she is really as pretty as my fancy pictures. She must be. But at the moment she turns the corner, I imagine, from a reflexion in an opposite window, she has joined some one. She never once looked behind her; her umbrella is up, as it should be, for the rain descends in torrents.

Well, I finish dinner, cogitating over and dreaming all sorts of things, and work myself into a dreadful fever as to the face that belongs to so faultless a figure. Elizabeth enters. I must have killed a deal of time in this most unsatisfactory manner, for it has become dark, and she proceeds to close the window-shutters, draw the curtains, put on fresh coals, poke the fire, brush the cinders under the grate, and is fumbling for the hook to hang the brush upon; and she departs, and I am again alone, and ruminate once more. The fire light strikes full upon

FINEST HOLLANDS AND GENEVA.

I pull the bell. Elizabeth with her black eyes soon appears.

"Confound the fellow," from Demmi, "the vulgar dog is going to make love to the chambermaid." No such thing, Mr. Demmi; I am too much interested about the possessor of the black bonnet, and anything that may have struck me as remarkable about Elizabeth's orbs has been eclipsed for ever by the imaginary ones which must live under that same bonnet.

"Which is the best—Hollands or Geneva?"

"Our customers like both, sir. There are no complaints, sir. Mr. Gallyshield takes Hollands, sir; Mr. Fustian always drinks Geneva, sir; and Mr. Dimity likes 'em both, sir!"

"But which do you like? I only want one kind, which do you recommend, eh? I'm sure you know which is the best. Come, now?"

"Indeed I don't, sir; I never drinks none. Mr. Shrub, sir—*that's* him that's just gone out—invariably prefers the 'Ollands; the young man is a good judge, sir, for he's in the trade; he's the gentleman as travels for that 'ouse, sir, and that card with the eunuch-corn and lion upon it comed from him."

"Oh, then, bring me some Hollands and hot water, and mind that the water boils."

"Yes, sir."

"A lemon and some sugar."

"Yes, sir."

The brew is made. What is to be done? "Drink it, to be sure!" from my friend Demmi, who has become interested, and is impatient, to know something more of her of the dimples.

And so I intend, and interrogate Elizabeth a little while so doing.

"What sort of a person is this Mr. Shrub? What does he do with himself here on Sundays? I thought I saw him looking very hard at a young lady in the opposite window just before he went out, and she must have gone at the same time. Does she wear a black bonnet with a red rose in it? I fancy she is very pretty, is she not? Is there anything between them?"

"Oh dear no, sir, I don't think there is nothing between them; she is a very pretty girl, sir, but——"

Mr. Shrub enters the room, and my curiosity is again doomed to disappointment, for he at once takes his place at a table by the closed shutters and calls for his dinner, which very shortly appears, borne in by Elizabeth, who looks unutterable things.

His dinner is precisely the same as that I have just discussed, but he has ordered half a pint of *pale* sherry—which looks very pale indeed. The shop (the Geneva) he wishes, perhaps, to sink in our presence, but that may come later.

He has finished—has drunk the moiety of his half-pint, the remaining half he has put carefully away: and now approaches the curtains of the window, which, after some fumbling, disclose the canework of the window, and above, in the room where the tailor had committed shaveology, a human head; probably a nearer observer, say, Mr. Shrub, from his proximity, could discern whether it was the same face that had first appeared in soapsuds, or that which succeeded and was dimpled—but I could not.

Mr. Shrub takes an elaborately embroidered cigar-case from the breast-pocket of his coat—turns over three or four uncommon good-looking weeds, and selects one; and I think I should not mind to choose from those left, for a most aromatic and fragrant whiff finds its way to the olfactory nerves as he has lighted it in the hall.

The rain beats against the window, but is drowned by a rumbling noise, as if a carriage of some sort had been pulled up before the door. I have drained a glass of Geneva to the dregs, and right good it was; and Elizabeth enters in rather a bustle, but I must interrogate her, the little minx.

"Sir, the omnibus is at the door. You will have to be quick, sir."

I jump in the omnibus. The door is banged to.

"All right, Bob."

It is pitchy dark—a faint glimmer, as from a lighted cigar, quickly recedes, and a very flickering lamp makes me aware there is one person at the further end of the long coffin-like contrivance.

A faint lamp is again passed; a female figure is there ensconced. A third lamp reveals a scarlet rose on a black ground; a fourth and fifth, the Scotch shawl with the purple border; a sixth, a rough Skye terrier upon the sitter's lap; and finally, the *tout ensemble* of the lady *en face* of the commercial room of the King's Head at Tamworth is revealed to my eager eye. But, provoking creature, she averts her head, and it is impossible to get a good look at her.

The jolting omnibus has passed rapidly over the ground, and has arrived at the station.

She cannot now escape me.

"Down, Thistle; down, sir," in such a voice—so sweet!

Now I have a chance.

"Confound the thing!" It is all darkness, the omnibus has drawn up in such a manner as to totally eclipse the only light at the back of the station, and there may not be a chance of seeing her face; but as I move the terrier flies at my legs, and she leans very forward. The very thickest possible veil is down.

"Pray, beat him, sir"—(to me)—in the same sweet voice. "Thistle, come here; down, sir! down!"—(to the dog).

"No time to lose, sir!"

And I descend—and leave to mount a steep stair to the upper platform; she follows—it's all right then, she must be going to Derby!

I have taken my ticket, and stand aloof, anxiously and fixedly staring at the impenetrable veil, and my heart beats quickly as she turns to the light at the booking-place, Thistle held tight in her arms.

"A ticket to Lichfield, if you please."

"We do not book for Lichfield in this office, marm; in the one below. You must go down the steps. Here, porter, show this lady to the Trent Valley."

She turns to descend. There is nothing for it. I must see her face at all hazards; what is to be done? A lucky accident—her veil has caught in the crook of my umbrella, and is rudely dragged on one side. The gas is flaring, and brilliant, and she is—dreadfully marked with the small-pox!

Alas for day-dreams!

A shrill whistle. "This way for Derby! Take your places for Derby, gentlemen!"

Another whistle—an almost imperceptible stir, a palpable one—whish! I am off.

POLITICAL MEMOIRS: M. GUIZOT AND LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

ALMOST simultaneously there appear new volumes of political memoirs, by two ex-Prime Ministers, French and English; by the former, of himself; by the latter, of his party's sometime chieftain, traditional glory, and abiding oracle, Charles James Fox.

M. Guizot resumes his Memoirs* at a memorable date, July, 1830. On the 23rd of that month he left Nismes for Paris, which he reached on the 27th, at five in the morning. Six hours later he received a note from M. Casimir Périer inviting him to meet several of their colleagues, and discuss the fatal decrees, and the incipient struggle they had already occasioned, betokening another Revolution, very imminent if not quite inevitable.

Ministers and nations live fast in hours of crisis. They know not, in the morning, what a day may bring forth, but they every evening see what it can. Seeing is believing; yet is it hard in some such cases to believe one's eyes. It was only on the 26th, as M. Guizot was passing through Pouilly, that he obtained from the guard of the mail the first intelligence of the decrees. And now, before noon on the 27th, a dynasty was manifestly doomed.

His description of the state of things in Paris at this juncture, gives animation and excitement to the very opening of his new volume. "The struggle had scarcely begun, and already the entire establishment of the Restoration,—persons and institutes,—was in visible and urgent danger. A few hours before, and within a short distance of Paris, the decrees were unknown to me; and by the side of legal opposition I saw, on my arrival, revolutionary and unchained insurrection. The journals, the courts of justice, the secret societies, the assemblies of peers and deputies, the national guards, the citizens and the populace, the bankers and the labouring classes, the drawing-rooms and the streets, every regulated or unlicensed element of society either yielded to or pushed forward the general movement. On the first day, the cry was, *Long live the Charter! Down with the Ministers!* On the second, *Up with Liberty! Down with the Bourbons! Long live the Republic! Long live Napoleon the Second!* The decrees of the preceding eve had been seized on as the signal for exploding all the irritations, hopes, projects, and political desires accumulated during sixteen years.

"*Amongst the evils with which our age and country are afflicted, one of the heaviest is, that no serious trouble can burst forth in any part of the social edifice, but immediately the entire building is in danger of subversion;* there exists a contagion of ruin which spreads with terrible rapidity. Great public agitations, extreme abuses of power, are not new facts in the world. More than once nations have had to struggle not only by law but by force, for the maintenance and recovery of their rights. In Germany, in Spain, in England before the reign of Charles I., in

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* Memoirs to illustrate the History of My Time. By F. Guizot. Translated by J. W. Cole. Vol. II. London: Bentley. 1859.

France as far back as the seventeenth century, the political bodies and the people have often opposed the King, even by arms, without feeling either the necessity or right of changing the dynasty of their Sovereigns or the form of their government. Resistance and insurrection had their curbs and limits, whether arising from the state of society, or the conscience and good sense of men: the entire system was not continually in the hazard. In the present day, and with us, each important political struggle resolves itself into a question of life and death. People and parties, in their blind excitement, rush on the instant to the last extremes; resistance suddenly transforms itself into insurrection, and insurrection into revolution. Every storm becomes the deluge."

We have taken the liberty to italicise the commencement of this paragraph—and only stopped where we did, because stop somewhere we must. The eloquently enforced truth of the entire paragraph may be, in fact, a truism. But none the less it deserves to be written in letters of gold; to be, by every Frenchman (and indeed others), learnt by heart, and laid to heart; lest again, and yet again, it be written afresh in letters of blood. Not that it is the enunciation of a doctrine; it is only the statement of a fact. But what an amount of instruction, suggestion, and warning, that plain fact, or historical truth, or trite and time-tried truism, does contain!

M. Guizot avows his desire to be frank in recording the lessons experience has taught him. He explicitly promises to be faithful to his friends, just towards his adversaries, and severe in judgment on himself. "If I carry out this design, my work perhaps, when completed, may reflect honour on my own name, and confer some advantage on my country." Again: "In matters that relate to myself, I wish to conceal no particle of the truth which time has taught me." As regards others, his colleagues or contemporaries in general, his procedure is just what might have been predicated of him, and just what will disappoint the Paul Prys of personal politics, who have no relish for what is impersonal and philosophic, but a keen and cruel set of double-teeth for anything piquant, even if putrid. When he commenced these Memoirs, M. Guizot asked himself (he tells us, p. 38), not without perplexity, with what degree of liberty he should speak of men—friends or adversaries—whom he had closely studied, whether in the exercise of power, or in the struggles for it. His conclusion was, and is, that the dead belong to history; they have a right to justice, and history has an equal claim to freedom: in their case, therefore, "I shall use the joint privilege with candour. But the living still elbow each other in this world; they demand mutual forbearance, and this I have promised myself never to forget." It is in reference to the eleven Ministers who (himself included) formed the first Cabinet of the Citizen King, that our author makes this resolve. Of the eleven, eight are dead: MM. Lafitte, Dupont de l'Eure, Marshal Gérard, Baron Bignon, Count Molé, Baron Louis, Marshal Sébastiani, and M. Casimir Périer. The three survivors are the Duc de Broglie, M. Dupin, and himself.

The most striking likeness among these portraits*—if it be possible for outsiders to form, and allowable in them to give, an opinion—is that of M. Lafitte, with his unanswerable money-bags and his very questionable statesmanship. M. Guizot does justice to him as an intelligent and decided man of business, a free and agreeable converser, anxious to please all who came in contact with him, and ever ready to gratify *tout le monde.* But, as for his political character, although extremely susceptible to the revolutionary influences that surrounded him, he is said to have "had, on his own account, no general or defined ideas; no determined or obstinate party views; he was neither an aristocrat nor a democrat, neither a monarchist nor a republican; attached to progressive movement by natural instinct, and more for personal gratification than from any profound design; seeking importance from vanity rather than ambition; mingling weakness with carelessness, and impertinence with good nature; a veritable financier of high comedy, engaged in politics as his parallels under the old system were with worldly and literary indulgences; desirous, above all things, of being courted, flattered, and praised; trusting as much to success as to merit; the same with the King and the people, in revolutions as in matters of speculative business; and treating all questions, whether monetary or political, with a presumptuous levity which believed that it could reconcile everything; dreaming of no obstacles, and foreseeing no reverses. In 1830, he had reached the summit of his destiny, happy and proud at having witnessed, or rather, as he tried to think, produced, a revolution which satisfied the country, and a King who pleased himself; and expecting to remain powerful, popular, and rich, without bestowing much thought or care on the labours of government."—The Millionnaire Minister has often had his portrait taken, but we question if any previous painter (however big his brush) has so taken it to the life. There is nothing like caricature about it; lights and shades are noway overdone, but all is in good keeping. And yet how effectively it turns the man inside out—unless indeed his art was too deep for the art of M. Guizot to fathom, which nobody, with any knowledge of the two, can very easily suppose.

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* Among other note-worthy sketches of character, are those of Benjamin Constant, Talleyrand, the late Emperor Nicholas, and the present King of the Belgians. But M. Casimir Périer is by far the foremost figure in the volume.

More open to exception will be thought the character given, on the whole, to the late King of the French. One passage in which the ex-Minister portrays his old master, commences with these words: "Many will disbelieve me, and yet I do not hesitate to affirm that the Duke of Orleans was unambitious." Louis Philippe is depicted as a man of moderation and prudence, notwithstanding the activity of his mind, and the changeable vivacity of his impressions, who had long foreseen the chance which might elevate him to the throne, but without seeking it, and more disposed to dread than desire its fulfilment. We cannot here discuss the accuracy of this presentment. But we may remark upon the excellent account M. Guizot affords of the complications of the King's position, and the uncertainty in his ideas, so perceptible in his attitude and demeanour towards the very opposite councillors by whom he was surrounded. "His inclination led him, from the beginning, to shrink from a strong, decided policy, and alternately to succumb to or resist the Revolution; in the hope, by thus beating about, of gaining the tone and strength he required, to surmount the obstacles that beset the difficult Government he was called on to establish."

The present volume carries us on from the Revolution of July, 1830, to the formation of the Cabinet in October, 1832, when M. Guizot was appointed Minister of Public Instruction. His Ministry of the Interior during three months of the year 1830, forms the subject of Chapter II., which comprises a deal of interesting matter illustrative of his official doings (though the Opposition accused him of doing Nothing). Chapter III. describes the trial of the Ministers of Charles X., and the progress of disaffection and anarchy, exemplified in particular by the sack of the Church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois and of the Archiepiscopal Palace at Paris. Then comes (Ch. IV. and V.) the Ministry of M. Casimir Périer, whose strenuous endeavours in the cause of order, and whose equal moderation and energy in the exercise of power, are most ably set forth. The untimely death of that eminent man, in May, 1832, was followed by legitimist and republican insurrections, advantage being taken of the increasing weakness of the Cabinet, notwithstanding the determined and in part successful resistance of the Party of Order. At this crisis we turn from the Duchesse de Berry in the West to see Paris in a state of siege; Chateaubriand, Fitz-James, and other legitimists, are arrested; anon Marshal Soult is called to the head of affairs, and with the formation of his Ministry—not accomplished without many a hitch, this one crying off, and that one backing out—the second volume of these Memoirs comes to an end. They are like to be voluminous; but of that, probably, neither public nor publishers will be apt to complain.

Almost austerely as M. Guizot abstains from allusions to private life, or glimpses of the home department, he does now and then relieve the stately march of his narrative by a moment's pause for homestead memories. Thus, while Paris is rioting about the Pantheon question—upon which, by the way, our author frankly allows himself to have been in error, and of which he retains "such a disagreeable impression"—he is gratified at having Rossini come to breakfast with him. The *maestro* had been engaged by Charles the Tenth's Civil List to compose two operas for the French stage, and M. Guizot was anxious to endorse the commission. "We conversed together without reserve. I was struck by his active, varied disposition, open to every subject, gay without vulgarity, and disposed to jest without bitterness. He left me after half an hour of pleasant intercourse, which, however, led to nothing, for I soon after ceased to hold office. I remained alone with my wife, who had been interested by M. Rossini and his conversation. My daughter Henriette was brought into the room, a little child who had just begun to walk and prattle. My wife went to the piano and played some passages from the composer who had just left us,—from 'Tancredi' amongst others. We were alone. I remained thus for I know not how long, forgetting all external associations, gazing on my daughter, who attempted to run, perfectly tranquil, and absorbed in the presence of these objects of my affections. Thirty years have since passed over, and yet it seems like yesterday. I do not agree with Dante, when he says—

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria. . . .

I think, on the contrary, that the reflection of a light upon the places it no longer illuminates is a precious enjoyment, and when Heaven and time have allayed the ardent rising of the soul against misfortune, it pauses and gratifies itself in the contemplation through the past, of the blessings and advantages it has lost."

Surely this is a charming "interior." Welcome would be many more such glimpses of the Home Minister at home. For what few others there may actually be, we must refer the reader to a volume that will remunerate him for perusing it, page by page, and whet his appetite (if it be but a healthy one) for the volumes that are yet to come.

Lord John Russell's long-expected LIFE AND TIMES OF CHARLES JAMES FOX,* of which the first volume lies before us, rather follows the political career of the great Whig leader than attempts to portray his private life. As Editor of Mr. Fox's Correspondence, the noble lord had intimated his intention, at a future time, and in a separate form, to "place in a connected narrative the relation of Mr. Fox's political career and an account of his Times. In that manner the great events of his life will be prominently set forth, and his public policy fully discussed." The present Life is avowedly "very deficient" in what would have constituted the chief interest of Lord Holland's projected one—namely, a description of the statesman's domestic life, and "such fragments of his conversation as the memory of his friends could supply." The *Life*, in fact, bears a very small proportion to the *Times*, of Charles James Fox, in these politico-biographical pages. It is Lord John's endeavour to study, "in all their different aspects," such mighty events as the American War, the French Revolution, and the French Revolutionary Wars: "they are the great elevation from which the streams of modern history must flow towards the ocean of time." The American War, accordingly, is the central topic of the present volume; and his lordship enters into the details of its rise and progress, its character and merits, with a fulness answerable to his estimate of its importance. Were the Americans justified in dissolving the connexion between themselves and Great Britain? This is a question which he has to discuss, as a matter of course, when he comes to the Declaration of Independence. In order to solve it, he makes a preliminary examination of their position, that he may arrive at a fair judgment. The only terms, he remarks, upon which the most moderate of the colonists of North America would have been content to remain in subjection to Great Britain were, that their legislatures should be perfectly free; that no money should be exacted from them without their own consent; and that their judges should hold office during good behaviour. "Recent suspicions had made Franklin and other Americans add to these terms a condition that no British troops should be quartered in the colonies without the consent of the provincial legislatures. These terms were surely, in the then posture of affairs, reasonable and fair. Had not the troops been employed to bend America to submission, a restriction of the prerogative in this branch could not properly have been demanded. But circumstances had rendered such a condition necessary. It was clear, however, that no such terms would be granted by the King of Great Britain. Every overture for conciliation, even the petition to the King drawn up by Dickenson, and which Mr. Penn was charged to present, had been contumelliously rejected. An entire and absolute submission was required in return for some vague promise of not taxing the colonies, provided the colonies taxed themselves for imperial purposes, according to a rate to be fixed by the British Minister." Lord John Russell concludes, that, as such a submission would have been intolerable —since the freedom of America would have been thenceforth dependent on the absolute will of the King, or the narrow policy of his Ministers, —the Declaration of Independence became justifiable, because necessary for the liberty and welfare of the colonies. It "flowed naturally from the love of free and equal laws, which the English race had carried with them to the West. It was a corollary of the Bill of Rights."

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* Vol. I. London: Bentley. 1859.

Of Washington, his lordship always* speaks with the highest admiration and respect. "How much folly and injustice were required before such a man could be driven to arms against his sovereign!" (p. 99). "Among the great men of modern times, his fame, if not the most splendid, shines with the purest light" (p. 65). "Beset by enemies, undermined by cabals, his troops suffering from nakedness and famine, his conduct and his language, during this critical period [after General Howe's victory at Brandywine], bear the stamp of a great and good man" (p. 146). "In this extremity of the fortunes of the revolted colonies, it may be affirmed that the character of Washington alone preserved the liberties and secured the independence of his country. Had he been disposed to encourage the licence of his troops, the freedom of the people would have been subverted. Had he not magnanimously persevered in the command in spite of calumny and conspiracy, it is probable that a more ambitious chief would have risen on his ruin, perhaps a Cæsar or a Cromwell would have acquired despotic power in the State as a reward for services in the field, and would have crushed the liberty of his country as the price of asserting her independence" (p. 150).

In discussing the difference between Lord Chatham and the Rockingham Whigs, as to recognising American independence, in 1777-78, Lord John Russell is clear that the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Fox were in the right. He appeals to the march of General Burgoyne to prove the general enthusiasm of New England in the cause of independence; and to the little progress made by General Howe in the south, to prove that Washington, though driven back, could not be destroyed. He has *ex post facto* proof that Lords Chatham and Shelburne were mistaken in thinking that with the loss of America the sun of England would set for ever. He points to seven years of unavailing contest, and seventy-five years of British greatness after separation, to prove the wisdom of the advice which the Rockingham Whigs gave to their country. "Mr. Fox said truly, that commerce with America on friendly terms would serve us better than a nominal independence. Experience has proved the truth of his assertion. The trade between Great Britain and America has increased at least fivefold since the separation." And his lordship's own rider (à posteriori) to Mr. Fox's proposition (à priori) is, that not all the jealousy of the mercantile system, not all the prohibitions to which Lord

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* "*Always.*" Not in the case of Major André, however, whose execution, says Lord John, "leaves a blot on the fair fame of Washington never to be effaced." P. 231.

Chatham adhered, nor all the taxes which the financial genius of Mr. Grenville might have devised, could have furnished to Great Britain any advantages to be compared with the profits of unrestricted intercourse founded on the sense of mutual benefits, and the amity of two great independent States.

In considering the contest carried on in America from first to last, nothing is more remarkable, Lord John observes, than the inadequacy of the efforts made by Great Britain when compared to the magnitude of the task she had undertaken. "Some thirty to thirty-five thousand troops, of whom twelve thousand were Germans, seem to have been thought sufficient to subdue a whole continent and keep in subjection three millions of exasperated insurgents. It is difficult to account for such negligence, except by supposing that the Ministers really believed that the Americans were cowards [as Lord Sandwich, for one, expressly called them], and that the flame of loyalty only required a match to be applied to burst forth into a blaze. But this is only to excuse one kind of incompetency by alleging another. Either the Ministers grossly deceived themselves, or their measures were disgracefully inadequate. One or the other of these conclusions is unavoidable. It must be admitted also, that while the British soldiers displayed their accustomed valour, the American War did not produce any military talent on the part of the British generals. Sir William Howe, General Burgoyne, and their subordinates, contributed, by their over-caution or their over-confidence, to the defeat of the Ministry which employed them" (pp. 253-54). In contrast with which deficiency, Washington's sagacity, temper, choice of ground, and combined boldness and prudence are here appreciated to the full. The volume itself closes with another tribute (pp. 365-66) to that great man, from which we can cite only the final words: "To George Washington nearly alone in modern times has it been given to accomplish a wonderful revolution, and yet to remain to all future times the theme of a people's gratitude, and an example of virtuous and beneficent power."

The last three chapters of this volume are concerned respectively with the defeat and resignation of Lord North, the administration of Lord Rockingham, and that of Lord Shelburne. It breaks off at the Peace of 1783.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES STRANGE.

PART III.

MOST men have their romance in life, earlier or later. Mine had come in due course, and she who made it for me was Annabel Brightman. The first time I ever saw her was an epoch in my life: not because I made acquaintance with her, but because Mr. Brightman had invited me to his house, an honour never before accorded to any clerk in his office, whether paid clerk or articled, and which I thought amazingly great. I was just twenty, with prospects rather uncertain as to the future, for it had not occurred to my ambition then, that I should ever be made Mr. Brightman's partner.

It was on Easter Sunday. The evening previous, it happened that I had remained later than the other clerks, to finish something in hand. I had just done it, and was shutting my desk in the front office on the ground-floor, when Mr. Brightman came down stairs to leave, and looked in.

"Not gone yet!"

"I am going now, sir. I have only just finished."

"Are you one of those coming on Monday?" continued Mr. Brightman.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Lennard told me I might take holiday, but I did not care about it, so I am coming as usual. I have no friends to spend it with, and it would not be much of a holiday to me."

Mr. Brightman paused and looked at me. I was gathering the pens together. "Have you no friends to dine with to-morrow?"

"No, sir: at least, I am not asked anywhere. I think I shall go for a blow up the river."

"A blow up the river," repeated Mr. Brightman. "Don't you go to church?" he added, after a pause.

"Always. I go to the Temple. I meant in the afternoon, sir."

"Well, if you have no friends to dine with, you may come and dine with me: it's Easter Sunday. Come down when church is over: you can get an omnibus at London-bridge, or at Charing-cross."

Be very sure I did not fail to go: some of the clerks would have given their ears for the invitation. Mr. Brightman's residence, near Clapham, was a handsome enclosed villa, with fine pleasure-grounds. He lived in good style, keeping seven or eight servants and two carriages, an open and a close one: sometimes he drove up to town in the former, but not often. It was a well-appointed house inside, full of comfort, or, as I thought, luxury. Mr. Brightman was on the lawn when I entered.

"Well, Charles! I began to think you late."

"I walked down, sir. The two first omnibuses were full, so I would not wait."

"Rather a long walk," remarked Mr. Brightman, "but it's what I should have done myself when my legs were young. Dinner will be ready soon. We dine at three on Sundays, which allows ourselves and the servants to attend evening service as well as morning."

He had been walking towards the house as he spoke, and we went in. The drawing and dining-rooms opened on either side a spacious hall; in the former was seated Mrs. Brightman. I had seen her occasionally at the office, mostly in her carriage at the door, for she rarely entered, but I had never spoken to her. She was considerably younger than her husband, for he had married late in life, and very handsome, but of cold, haughty manners. "Here is Charles Strange at last," Mr. Brightman said to her as we entered, and she replied by a slight bend, but whether in answer to him or in greeting to me, was only known to herself.

"Where is Annabel?" asked Mr. Brightman.

"She is gone dancing away somewhere," was Mrs. Brightman's reply. "I never saw such a child: she's not five minutes together in one place."

Presently she came in. A graceful, pretty child, apparently about twelve, dressed in light blue silk. She wore her brown hair in curls round her head, and they flew about as she flew, and the bright colour rose in her cheeks with every word she uttered, and her eyes were like her father's, dark, tender, and expressive. Not the least resemblance could I trace to her mother.

We had a plain dinner; a quarter of lamb, vegetables, tarts and creams. Mr. Brightman did not exactly apologise for it, but he explained that on Sundays they had as little cooking as possible. But it was handsomely served, and there were two or three sorts of wine, and three servants waited at table, two in livery and the butler in plain clothes.

Some little time after it was over, Mr. Brightman left the room, and Mrs. Brightman, without the least ceremony, leaned back in an easy-chair and closed her eyes. I said something to the child: she did not answer, but came to me on tiptoe.

"If we talk, mamma will be angry," she whispered; "she never lets me make a noise while she goes to sleep. Would you like to go out on the lawn? we may talk there."

I nodded, and Annabel silently opened and passed out at one of the French windows, holding it back for me, and then I as silently closed it. "Take care it is quite shut," she said, "or the draught may get to mamma. Papa is gone to his parlour to smoke his cigar," she continued, "and we shall have coffee when mamma awakes. We do not take tea until after church. Shall you go to church with us?"

"I dare say I shall. Do you go?"

"Of course I do. My governess tells me never to miss church twice on Sundays, unless there is very good cause, and then things will go well with me in the week: and if I wished to stay at home, papa would not let me. Once, do you know, I made an excuse to stay away from morning service: I said my head ached badly, though it did not: it was to read a book that had been lent me, the 'Old English Baron,' and which I feared my governess would not let me read, if she saw it, because it was about ghosts, so I had only the Sunday to read it in. Well, do you know, that next week, nothing went right with me: my lessons were turned back, and my drawing was spoilt, and my French mistress tore my translation in two.—Oh dear! it was nothing but scolding and crossness; so at last, on the Saturday, I burst into tears and told Miss Shelley about staying away from church and the false excuse. But she was so kind she would not punish me, for she said I had had a whole week of punishment."

"Of all the little chatterpies!" I thought to myself. "Is Miss Shelley your governess now?" I asked her.

"Yes; but her mother is an invalid, so mamma allows her to go home every Saturday night and come back on Monday morning. Mamma says it is much more pleasant to have Sunday to ourselves, but I like Miss Shelley very much, and should be dull without her, if papa were not at home. I do love Sundays, because papa's here. Did you ever read the 'Old English Baron?'"

"No."

"Shall I lend it you to take home?" returned Annabel, her bright cheek glowing and her eyes sparkling. "I have it for my own now: it is such a nice book! Have your sisters read it? Perhaps you have no sisters?"

"I have no sisters, and my father and mother are dead. I have one brother, but he lives abroad."

"Oh dear, how sad!" cried Annabel, clasping her hands. "Not to have a father and mother! Who do you live with?"

"I live in lodgings."

She stood looking at me with her earnest, thoughtful eyes, thoughtful then.

"Then who sews the buttons on your shirts?"

I burst out laughing: the reader may have done the same. "My landlady professes to sew them on, Annabel, but they often go buttonless: sometimes I sew them on myself."

"If you had one off now, and it were not Sunday, I would sew it on for you," said Annabel. "Why do you laugh?"

"At your concern about shirt-buttons, my dear little girl."

"But there's a gentleman who lives in lodgings comes here sometimes to dine with papa; he's older than you: and he says it is the worst trouble of life to have nobody to sew his buttons on. Who takes care of you if you are ill?" she added, after another pause.

"As there is no one to take care of me, I cannot afford to be ill, Annabel. I am generally very well."

"Oh, I am glad of that. Was your father a lawyer, like papa?"

"No. He was a clergyman."

"Oh, don't turn back," interrupted Annabel, "I want you to see my birds. We have an aviary, and they are so beautiful. Papa lets me call them mine, and some of them are mine in reality, for they were bought for me."

Presently I asked Annabel her age. "Fourteen."

"Fourteen!" I exclaimed.

"I was fourteen in January. Mamma says I never ought to tell my age, for people will only think me the more childish; but papa says I may tell it to everybody."

She was, in truth, a child for her years; at least, as years are counted now. She flew about showing me everything, her frock, her curls, and her eyes dancing: from the aviary to the fowls, from the fowls to the flowers: all innocent objects of her daily pleasures, innocent as she was.

We went to church in the evening, ourselves, and the servants behind us. Afterwards we had tea, and then I rose to depart. Mr. Brightman walked with me across the lawn, and we had nearly reached the iron gates when we heard swift steps and words behind us. "Papa! papa! Is he gone? Is Mr. Strange gone?"

"What is the matter now?" asked Mr. Brightman.

"I promised to lend Mr. Strange this: it is the 'Old English Baron.' He has never read it."

"There, run back," said Mr. Brightman, as I turned and took the book from her, "you will catch cold."

"What a nice child she is, sir!" I could not help exclaiming.

"She is that," he replied. "A true child of nature, knowing no harm and thinking none. Mrs. Brightman complains that her ideas and manners are so unformed, there's no style about her, she says, no reserve; but in my opinion that ought to constitute a child's chief charm. All Annabel's parts are good; of sense, intellect, talent, she possesses her full share; and I am thankful that they are not prematurely developed; I am thankful," he repeated with emphasis, "that she is not a forward child. In my young days, girls were girls, but now there is not such a thing to be found; they are all women. I do not admire forced commodities myself; forced vegetables, forced fruit, forced children: they are good for little. A genuine child, such as Annabel, is a treasure rare to be met with."

And that was my first meeting with Annabel Brightman. From that time I was occasionally invited to her father's house, and I watched her grow up; grow up to be a good, unaffected, pleasing woman, lovable as she was when a child. The childishness had gone, and thoughtful gentleness had come; and to my eyes and my heart there was no other in the whole world who could compare with Annabel Brightman.

Her father suspected it; and had he lived but a little longer he would have known it beyond suspicion, for I should have spoken out fully. Some time before his death I was at his house, lingering in the garden with Annabel. She had my arm, and we were pacing the broad walk on the left of the lawn, thinking only of ourselves, when raising my eyes I saw Mr. Brightman watching us from one of the French windows. He beckoned to me, and I went in, leaving Annabel.

"Charles," said he, when I stepped inside, "no *nonsense*. You and Annabel are too young for it."

I felt that my face flushed to the roots of my hair, and I felt that his eyes were full upon me as I stood before him. But I took courage to put a bold question.

"Sir, every year that passes over our heads will lessen that objection. Will there be any other?"

"Hold your tongue, Charles. Time enough to talk of these things when the years have passed. You are over young, I say."

"I am twenty-five, sir; and Miss Brightman——"

"What's twenty-five?" he interrupted. "I was between forty and fifty when I thought of marriage. Now don't go turning Annabel's head with visions of what years may bring forth, for if you do I will not continue to invite you here. Do you hear? Time enough for that."

But there was sufficient in Mr. Brightman's manner to show that he had not been blind to the attachment that was springing up between us: and that he did no doubt regard me as the future husband of his daughter.

However, Annabel knew nothing of this conversation, and things had remained as they were, until Mr. Brightman died his sudden and lonely death. He left but little money, comparatively speaking, behind him; his rate of living had tended to absorb it: but still, allowing for that, there was less than could have been expected.

One evening, not a fortnight after his death, I had an appointment at Mrs. Brightman's on business affairs, and the moment I had swallowed my dinner, I went out to keep it. I met Leah on the stairs, coming up with a bucket in her hand. "Leah, if anybody calls, I am out for the evening. And tell Watts, when he comes in, that I have left the *Law Times* on the table for Mr. Lake: he must take it round to him."

"Very well, sir."

I was nearing the top of Essex-street when I met the postman. "Anything for me?" I inquired, for I had been expecting an important letter all day.

"I think there is, sir," he replied, looking over his letters by aid of the gas-lamp. "'Messrs. Brightman and Strange:' there it is, sir."

I opened it by the same light: it was the expected letter, and required an immediate answer. So I went back, and letting myself in with my latch-key, turned into the clerks' room to write it.

Leah had not heard me. She was up-stairs, deep in one of her two favourite ballads, which appeared to comprise all her collection. During office hours Leah was quiet as a dumb woman, but in the evening she would generally be croning over one of these old songs in an under tone: if she thought I was out, and that she had the house to herself, as she was thinking now, she sang out in full key, but in a doleful, monotoneus kind of chant. One of these songs was a Scotch fragment, beginning "Woe's me, for my heart is breaking;" the other was "Barbara Allen." Fragmentary also, apparently; for as Leah sang it there appeared to be neither beginning nor end, only middle.

And as she wandered up and down,
She heard the bells a ringing,
And as they rang they seemed to say,
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!

She turned her body round and round,
She saw his corpse a coming:
"Oh, put him down by this blade's side,
That I may gaze upon him!"

The more she looked, the more she laughed,
The further she went from him:
Her friends they all cried out "For shame!
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"

Whether it may be the correct version of the ballad, I don't know; it was Leah's: many and many a time had I heard it, and I was hearing it again this evening, when there came a quiet ring at the street door bell, My door was pushed to, but not closed, and Leah came bustling down. Barbara Allen going on still, but in a lower voice.

"Do Mr. Strange live here?" was asked, when the door was opened.

"Yes, he does," responded Leah. "He's out."

"Oh, I don't want him, ma'am. I only wanted to know if he did live here. What sort of a man is he?"

"What sort of a man!" repeated Leah. "A very nice man."

"Yes, but in looks, I mean."

"Well, he's good-looking. Blue eyes and dark hair. Why do you want to know?"

"Ay, that's him; but I don't know about the colour of his eyes, I thought they was dark. Blue in one light and brown in another, maybe: I've heered of such. A tall, thinnish man."

"He's tall: not what can be called a maypole, but still tall. Taller than Mr. Brightman was."

"Brightman and Strange, ain't it? 'Tother's an old gent, I suppose," was the next remark, while I stood, amused at the colloquy.

"He wasn't over old: he's just dead. Have you any message to leave?"

"No, I don't want to leave no message; that ain't my business. He told me as he lived here, and I wanted to make sure as he did. He's a social, pleasant man, ain't he?"

"Wonderful pleasant," returned Leah. "Not got a bit of pride about him with those he knows, whether it's friends or servants. Mr. Brightman was uncommon fond of him."

"Needn't say no more, ma'am; he's the same cove. Takes a short pipe and a social dram, and makes no bones over it."

"What?" retorted Leah, indignantly. "Mr. Strange doesn't take drams and smoke short pipes: he wouldn't demean himself to neither. If he just lights a cigar at night, when business is over, it's as much as he does. He's a gentleman."

"Ah," returned the visitor, his tone expressing a patronising sort of contempt for Leah's belief in Mr. Strange, "gents as is gents in-doors, ain't always gents out. Though I don't see as a man need be reproached with not being a gent, because he smokes a honest clay pipe, and takes a drop short: and Mr. Strange does both, I can tell ye."

"Then I know he doesn't," repeated Leah. "And if you knew Mr. Strange, you wouldn't say it."

"If I knew Mr. Strange! Perhaps I know him as well as you, ma'am. He don't come a courting our Betsy, without my knowing of him."

"What do you say he does?" demanded Leah, suppressing her temper.

"Why, I say as he comes after our Betsy. And that's why I wanted to know whether this was his house or not, for I'm not a going to have her played with: she's our only daughter, and as good as he is. And now, as I've got my information, I'll say good night, ma'am."

Leah shut the door, and I opened mine. "Who was that, Leah?"

"Good patience, sir!" she exclaimed in her astonishment. "I thought you were out, sir."

"I came in again. Who was that at the door?"

"Who's to know who it was?" cried Leah. "Some brandyball-faced man, who had mistaken the house. You must have heard what he said, sir."

"I heard."

Leah turned away, but came back hesitatingly, a wistful expression in her eyes. I believe she looked upon me almost with a mother's feeling: I am sure she cared for me as one. In my boyhood she had taken me to task and given me good advice often. "It is not true, Mr. Charles?"

"Of course it is not true, Leah. I neither take drams short, nor go courting Miss Betsys."

"I'm an old fool; and I should just like to wring that man's tongue, for his impudence!" exclaimed Leah, as she returned up-stairs.

I went out with my letter, put it in the post, and then made the best of my way to Mrs. Brightman's. The tea waited on the drawing-room table, but no one was in the room. Presently Annabel entered.

"I am sorry you should have had the trouble to come," she said, "when perhaps you could not spare the time. Mamma is not well enough to see you."

"I was not busy to-night, Annabel. Is Mrs. Brightman's illness serious?"

"Yes—no—I hope not."

Her voice and manner appeared excessively subdued, as if she could scarcely speak for tears. She turned to busy herself with the teacups, evidently with a view to evade my notice.

"What is the matter, Annabel?"

"Nothing," she faintly said, though the tears were even then dropping from her eyes. I had seen her several times since Mr. Brightman's death, and could make allowance for her grief, but this looked different, like trouble.

"Is Mrs. Brightman angry with you for having come up last evening with that deed?"

"No; oh no. I told mamma of it this morning, and she said I had done right to take it up, but that I ought to have gone in the carriage."

"Then what causes your grief, Annabel?"

"You cannot expect me to be in high spirits just yet," she replied, which was decidedly an evasive answer. "There are times when I feel—the loss——"

She fairly broke down, and, sinking on a chair, sobbed without concealment. I advanced and stood before her, not speaking till she was calm.

"Annabel, that loss, that grief, is not all that is disturbing your peace to-night. What else is there?"

"It is true I have had something to vex me," she said, "but I cannot tell you what it is."

"It is a temporary trouble I hope; one that will pass away——"

"It will never pass away," she interrupted, with a further burst of emotion; "it will be a weight upon me for ever, so long as my life shall last. I almost wish I had gone with my father, rather than have lived to bear it."

I took her hands in mine, and spoke deliberately. "If it be a serious grief like that, I must know it, Annabel."

"If it were of a nature that I could speak of, you should: but it is not."

"Could you speak of it to your father, were he alive?"

"We should be compelled to speak of it, I fear. But he——"

"Then, Annabel, you can speak of it to me. From henceforth you must look upon me as your protector in his place; your best friend: one who will share your cares, perhaps more closely than he could have done; who will strive to soothe them with a love that could not have been his.

In a short period, Annabel, I shall ask you to give me the legal right to be this."

"It can never be," she replied, lifting her tearful eyes to mine.

I looked at her with an amused smile: for I knew she loved me, and where else could there be an obstacle? "Not just yet, I know: in a few months."

"Charles, you misunderstood me: I said it could never be."

"I do not understand that. Had your father lived, it would have been: and I do not assert this without good reason. I do believe that he would have given us to each other, Annabel, with all his hearty will."

"Yes; this may be; I think you are right; but——"

"But what, then? One word, Annabel: the objection would not surely come from your heart?"

"No, it would not," she softly answered. "But do not speak of these things."

"I did not intend to speak of them so soon. But I wished to remind you that I do possess a right to share your troubles, of whatever nature they may be. Come, my darling, tell me what your grief is."

"Indeed I cannot," she answered, "and you know I am not one to refuse from caprice. Let me go, Charles: I must make the tea."

I did let her go: but I bent over her first, without warning, and kissed her fervently.

"Oh, Charles!"

"As an earnest of a brother's love and care for you, Annabel," I whispered: "if you object for the present to the other."

"Yes, yes, do be a brother to me," she returned, in a strange tone of yearning. "No other tie can now be ours."

"My love, it *shall* be."

She rang for the urn, which was brought in, and then sat down to the table. I took a place opposite to her, and drew towards me the silver rack of dry toast. "Mrs. Brightman prefers this to bread-and-butter, I believe; shall I spread some?"

Annabel did not answer, and I looked up. Her throat was heaving, and she was struggling with her tears again. "Mamma is not well enough to eat, thank you," she said, in a stifled voice.

"Annabel," I suddenly exclaimed, a light flashing upon me, "your mother is worse than you have confessed: it is her illness which is causing you this pain."

Far worse than what had gone before, was the storm of tears that shook her now. I rose and approached her in consternation, and she buried her face in her hands. It was very singular: Annabel Brightman was calm, sensible, and open as the day: she seemed to-night to have borrowed a false character. Suddenly she rose, and gently putting my hands aside, walked once or twice up and down the room, evidently to obtain calmness: then she dried her eyes, and sat down again to the tea-tray. I must confess that I looked on in amazement.

"Will you be kind enough to ring, Charles. Twice, please: it is for Hatch."

I did so, and returned to my own seat. Hatch, Mrs. Brightman's maid, knew her signal, and came in. She was a faithful attendant on Mrs. Brightman, and had lived with her ever since her marriage; indeed, I believe before it; but in the matter of personal appearance Hatch did not shine. In the first place, she had a wide mouth, and teeth that stuck out prominently in front; in the next place, Hatch's nose turned up to the skies; and in the third place Hatch had red hair. But Hatch had a capacious forehead, and shrewd, powerful eyes: very smart, too, was she in her dress. She wore her hair in a profusion of long red ringlets, invariably backed by a gaudy cap, whose gay ribbons flew out like the colours of a ship. Just now, the ribbons were, of course, black.

"Mamma's tea, Hatch."

"She won't take none, miss."

That was another peculiarity of Hatch's: she rigidly adhered to the grammar and idioms of her peasant-home, and had never condescended to change them: but what Hatch wanted in accuracy, she made up in fluency, for a greater talker never flourished under the sun.

"If you could get her to drink a cup, it might do her good," pursued Hatch's young mistress. "Take it and try."

Hatch whisked round, giving me full view of her streamers, and brought forward a small silver waiter. "But 'twon't be of no manner of use, Miss Annabel."

"Here's some toast, Hatch," cried I.

"Toast, sir! Missis wouldn't look at it. I might as well offer her a piece of Ingy-rubbins to eat. Miss Annabel knows——"

"The tea will be cold, Hatch; take it at once," was the interposed command of Miss Annabel.

"Annabel, who is attending your mamma?"

"Mr. Close. She never will have any one else. I fear mamma must have been ailing some time; but I have been so much away that it had escaped my notice."

"Ay: Hastings and your aunt will miss you; for I suppose Mrs. Brightman will not spare you now, like she has done."

Annabel bent her head over the teaboard, and a burning colour dyed her face. What had there been in my words to call it up? Presently she left the room to see if Mrs. Brightman had drunk her tea, and she came back with the empty cup, looking a shade more cheerful.

"See, Charles, mamma *has* drunk it! I do believe she would take more nourishment, if Hatch would only press it upon her."

"Is your mother dangerously ill, Annabel? You did not answer me when I put the question to you just now."

"I hope not: Mr. Close says not. But she appears to be so very low and weak."

Annabel had been filling the cup again while she spoke, and Hatch now came in for it. "Hatch, suppose you were to take up a small piece of toast as well: mamma might eat it," she said, placing the cup on the waiter.

"Oh, well; not to conterairy you, Miss Annabel," tossing her long cap-strings behind her; "I know what use it will be of, though."

Hatch brought round the waiter, and I was putting the little plate of toast upon it, when screams arose from the floor above. They were loud, piercing screams, screams of fear, of terror, and a peculiarity in the tone told me they came from Mrs. Brightman. Hatch dashed the waiter down on the table, upsetting the cup of tea, and tore out of the room, her black streamers flying behind her.

I thought nothing less than that Mrs. Brightman was on fire, and should have been up-stairs as speedily as Hatch, but Annabel darted before me, closed the drawing-room door, and stood against it to impede my exit, her arms clasping mine in the extremity of agitation, while the shrieks, above, resounded still.

"Charles, you must not go! Charles, stay here! I ask it you in my father's name."

"Annabel, are you in your senses? Your mother may be on fire! She must be: do you hear the screams?"

"No, nothing of that. I know what it is. You can do no good, only harm. I am in my own house; its mistress just now; and *I tell* you that you must not go."

I looked down at Annabel. Her face was the colour of death, and though she shook from head to foot, her voice was painfully imperative. The screams died away.

A rush of servants was heard in the hall, and Annabel turned to open the door. "You will not take advantage of my being obliged to do it," she hurriedly whispered—"you will not attempt to go up."

She glided out and stood before the servants, impeding their progress as she had impeded mine. "It is only another attack, similar to the one mamma had last night," she said, addressing them. "You know it arises from nervousness, and your going up will but increase it. She prefers that only Hatch should be with her, and if Hatch requires help, she will ring."

They began to move towards the kitchen again; but, slowly: servants do not like to be balked in their curiosity. Annabel turned to me. "Charles, I am going up-stairs. Pray continue your tea, without waiting for me: I will be back as soon as I can." And all this time she was looking ghastly, and shaking like an aspen leaf.

I went to the fire, almost in a dream, and stood with my back *to it*; my eyes were on the tea-table, but they were eyes that saw not. Something running attracted my attention; it was the tea, that Hatch had spilt, slowly guttering down to the handsome carpet. I rang the bell to have it wiped up.

Perry, the butler, answered it, and bringing a cloth knelt down upon the carpet. I stood where I was, and looked on, my mind far away.

"Curious thing, sir, this illness of missis's," he remarked.

"Is it?" I dreamily replied.

"The worst is, sir, I don't know how we shall pacify the servant maids. I and Hatch told them last night what stupids they were, to take it up, and that what missis saw could not affect them: but now that she has seen it a second time—and of course there's no mistaking them screams just now—they are as rebellious as can be in the kitchen, cook especially, and nearly ready to scream, themselves. Cook vows she won't sleep in the house to-night; and if she carries out her threat, sir, and goes away, she'll just take and open her mouth to all the neighbourhood."

Was Perry talking Sanscrit? It was about as intelligible to me as though he had been. He was stooping still over his white cloth, rubbing at the carpet, and continued, in a matter-of-fact voice, which shook with the exertion, for he was a fat man, and was rubbing vehemently, "I'm sure I couldn't have believed it; and wouldn't have believed it, if missis and Hatch had said it to me with their own lips, sir; only that I have been in the house and a witness to it, as one may say: at any rate, to the screams. For a more quieter, amiabler, and peaceabler man never lived than master, kind to all about him, and doing no harm to anybody, and why he should Walk, is beyond our comprehension."

"Why he should—what?"

"Walk, sir," repeated Perry. "Hatch says it's no doubt along of his dying a sudden death; that he must have left something untold, and that he won't be laid till he has told it. It's apparent that it concerns Mrs. Brightman, by his appearing to her."

"What is it that has appeared to Mrs. Brightman?" I asked, doubting my ears.

Perry raised himself and looked at me as if in doubt. "Master's ghost, sir," he whispered, mysteriously.

"Master's—ghost!" I echoed.

"Yes, sir. But I thought Miss Brightman had told you."

I felt an irreverent inclination to laugh: in spite of the topic appearing to bear so disagreeably upon poor Mrs. Brightman. Ghosts and I never had any affinity together: I had refused credit to them as a child, and I most unhesitatingly did so as a man. When I returned the "Old English Baron" to Annabel, some seven years before, she wished she had never lent it me, because I declined faith in the ghost.

"I'm sure, sir, I never suspected but what Miss Annabel must have imparted it to you," repeated Perry, as if doubtful of his own discretion in doing so. "But it's certain somebody ought to know it, if it's only to advise her, and who so fit as you, sir? master's partner and friend. *I* should send for a clergyman, and let him try to lay it, that's what I should do."

"Perry, my good man," and I looked at his bald head and round form, "you are too old, and I should have thought, too sensible for ghosts. How can you possibly grant belief to stories so absurd?"

"Well, sir," argued Perry, "missis did see it, or she didn't: and if she didn't, why should she have screamed and said she did? You heard her screams now, and they were worse yesterday."

"Did you see it?"

"No, sir, I wasn't up there. Hatch thought she did, as she went into the room. It was in a corner, and had got on its shroud: but when we all got up there, it was gone."

"When was all this?"

"Last night, sir. Miss Annabel went out after dinner, and was out for two or three hours—at one of the neighbours', I dare say; but she didn't say, and didn't take any of us to attend her. She came home, and took her things off in the drawing-room, and then rang for tea, and told me to call Hatch to her, which I did. 'Is mamma's head better now, Hatch?' said she—for missis's head had been bad all day, sir, and it mostly has been, since master's death. 'No, miss,' said Hatch, 'it's as bad as bad can be, and you mustn't go in, miss, for she can't abear nobody anigh her to-night'—you know how Hatch speaks, sir. 'Has mamma had her tea?' next said Miss Annabel. 'Yes, she's had her tea,' returned Hatch, which was a downright falsehood, for missis had not had any, but Hatch is master and missis too, as far as we servants go, and nobody dares contradict her. Perhaps she only said it to keep Mrs. Brightman undisturbed, for she knows her ways and her wants and ailments better than Miss Annabel. So, sir, I went down stairs, and Hatch went up, but it seems that she went into another room, not into Mrs. Brightman's. In two or three minutes, sir, the most frightful shrieks echoed through the house; those, to-night, were nothing half as bad. Hatch was in the chamber first, Miss Annabel next, and we servants last. Missis stood at the foot of the bed, which she had jumped out of——"

"Was she dressed?" I interrupted.

"No, sir, in her night-gown. She looked like—like—I don't hardly know what to say she looked like, Mr. Strange, but as one might suppose anybody would look, who had seen a ghost. She was not like herself a bit; her eyes were starting, and her face was all alight as one may say, so red was it with terror; indeed, she looked mad. As to her precise words, sir, I can't tell you what they were, for when we gathered that it was master's ghost which she had seen, appearing in its shroud, in the corner by the wardrobe, the women servants set up a loud crying, and cook went into hysterics, and was sick when we got her down stairs again."

"What was done with Mrs. Brightman?"

"Miss Brightman—she seemed terrified out of her senses, too—told me to fetch Mr. Close; but Hatch put in her word and stopped me, and said, first get them shrieking women down stairs. So I took cook, and John took Sarah, and the kitchen-maid tumbled down after us in the best way she could, a-laying hold of our coat-tails—the coachman was round in the stables and knew nothing about it. By-and-by, down comes Hatch, and said Mr. Close was not to be fetched, her missis wouldn't have him: what good could a doctor do in a ghost affair? cried she. But this morning Mrs. Brightman seemed so exhausted that Miss Annabel sent for him."

"Mrs. Brightman must have had a dream, Perry."

"Well, sir, I don't know, it might have been: but missis isn't one given to dreams and fancies. And she must have had the same dream again now."

"Not unlikely. But there's no ghost, Perry; take my word for it."

"I hope it will be found so, sir," returned Perry, shaking his head as he retired; for the carpet was dry, and he had no further pretext for lingering.

I stood, buried in thought. It was inexplicable that a woman, in this age of enlightenment, moving in Mrs. Brightman's station of life, could, by any possibility, yield to so strange a delusion. But, allowing that she had done so, was this an explanation of Annabel's deep-seated grief? allowing that Annabel yielded to it—which was altogether an absurd supposition—was that an explanation of the remark that her grief would end but with her life; or of the hint that she could never be mine? And why should she have refused to confide these facts to me? why, indeed, should she have prevented my going up-stairs? I might have calmed and reassured Mrs. Brightman far more effectually than Hatch; who, by Perry's account, was one of the ghost-believers. It was totally past comprehension, and I was trying hard at a solution when Hatch came in.

"Miss Brightman's compelmens, sir, and will you excuse her coming down again to-night; she's not ekal to seeing nobody. And she says truth, poor child," added Hatch, "for she's quite done over."

"How is your mistress, Hatch?"

"Oh, she's better, she is. Her nerves have been shook, sir, of late, you know, through master's death, and in course she starts at shadders. I won't leave the room again, without the gas a burning full on."

"What's this tale about Mr. Brightman?"

Hatch swung round herself and her streamers, and closed the door before answering. "Miss Brightman never told you *that;* did she, sir?"

"I may have gathered a word from the servants, when they were congregated in the hall: and a nod's as good as a wink, you know, to a blind horse. You fancy you saw a ghost?"

"Missis do."

"Oh, I thought you did also."

"I just believe it's a fancy of hers, and nothing more," returned Hatch, confidentially. "If master had been a bad sort of character, or had hung hisself, or anything of that, why the likelihood is, as he would have walked, dying sudden: but being what he was, a gentleman as went to church, and said his own prayers to hisself at home on his knees, regular—which I see him a doing of once, when I went bolt into his dressing-closet, not beknowing he was in it—why 'taint likely as it's his ghost as comes. I don't say so to them in the kitchen: better let 'em be frighted at his ghost than at—at—anybody else's. I wish it were master's ghost, and nothing worse," abruptly concluded Hatch.

"Nothing worse! Some of you would think that bad enough, were it possible that it did appear."

"Yes, sir, ghosts is bad enough, no doubt. But realities is worse."

So it was of no use waiting. "Tell Miss Brightman I will come down to-morrow night to see how Mrs. Brightman is."

"Yes, do; you had better," cried Hatch, who had a habit, not arising from want of respect, but from her long and confidential services, and in the plenitude of her attachment, of identifying herself with the family in the most unceremonious way. "Miss Annabel's life hasn't been a bed of roses since this ghost came, and I'm afeard it isn't like to be, and if there's anybody as can say a word to comfort her, it's you, sir: for in course I've not had my eyes quite blinded. Eyes is eyes, sir, and has got sight in 'em, and we can't always shut 'em, if we would."

I went into the hall when the speech was half over, and Hatch followed me to finish it, when at that same moment Annabel flew down the stairs to the first landing, within our view, her voice literally harsh with terror.

"Hatch! Hatch! mamma is frightened again!"

Hatch bounced up, three stairs at a time, and I after her. Mrs. Brightman had followed Annabel, and now stood outside her chamber door in her white night-dress, shaking violently. "He's watching me," she shrieked out—"he's standing there in his grave-clothes!"

"Don't you come," cried Hatch, pushing back Annabel, "I shall get missis round best alone: I'm not afraid of no ghostesses, not I. Give a look to her, sir," she added, pointing to Annabel, as she drew Mrs. Brightman into her chamber, and fastened the door.

Annabel, her hands clasped on her chest, shook as she stood. I put my arm round her waist and took her to the drawing-room. The servants, servants like, were peeping from the passage, leading to their apartments. I shut the door, and shut them out, and Annabel sat down on the sofa near the fire.

"My darling, how can I comfort you?"

A burst of grief came, grief that I had rarely witnessed: the servants must have heard her sobs, had they listened. I let it spend itself: you can do nothing else with emotion so violent: and when it was over I sat down by her.

"Annabel, you might have confided this to me at first. It is nothing but a temporary delusion of Mrs. Brightman's, arising, no doubt, from grief, combined with a relaxed state of the nerves. Imaginary spectral appearances——"

"Who told you that?" she interrupted, in agitation. "How came you to know of it?"

"My dear, I heard it from Perry. But he broke no faith in speaking of it, for he thought you had told me. There can be no reason why I should not know it: but I am sorry that the servants do."

Poor Annabel laid her head on the sofa-arm, and moaned.

"I do not like to leave you in this distress, or Mrs. Brightman either. Shall I remain in the house to-night? I can send a message to Leah——"

"Oh no, no," she hastily interrupted, as if the proposal had startled her. And then she continued in a slow, hesitating tone, pausing between her words: "You do not—of course—believe that—that papa——"

"Of course I do not," was my hearty reply, relieving her from her difficulty of speaking. "Nor you either, Annabel: although, as a child, you did devour every ghost-story you came near."

She said nothing in confirmation, only looked down, and kept silence. I gazed at her wonderingly. Was it possible that she, the sensible, well regulated, Christian-minded girl——

"It terrified me so much last night," she whispered, interrupting my thoughts.

"What terrified you, Annabel?"

"Altogether: mamma's screams, and her words, and the nervous state she was in. You have no idea of her nervousness. Mr. Close has helped to terrify me too, for he says that such cases have been known to end in madness."

"Mr. Close is a—practitioner not worth a rush," cried I, suppressing what had been at my tongue's end. "So he knows of this?"

"Yes, Hatch told him."

"He will observe discretion, I suppose. But you must have a clever physician from town, and without delay."

"But mamma will not."

"Your mamma is scarcely in a state to express a will upon the point."

"She is in the day. With the morning light——"

"I understand. With the morning light these fancies subside, and she is herself again."

"Yes, that is it," Annabel continued, hastily. "I spoke to her this morning, about calling in a physician, and she angrily forbade it. It was only nervous depression, she said, and would wear off. I don't know what to do for the best. And now, Charles, if you will excuse me, I must go up again."

I rose, as she did. "I shall be down to-morrow evening, Annabel, to see how things are going on."

"Had you—better come?" she said, in very much hesitation.

"Yes, Annabel, I had better come," I firmly said. "And I cannot understand why you should wish me not—as I can see you do."

"Only—if mamma should be ill again—it is so uncomfortable. I dare say you never finished your tea," she added, glancing at the table. All trivial excuses, to conceal the real and inexplicable motive, I felt certain.

"Good night, Charles."

She held out her hand to me. I did not take it: I took her instead, and held her to my heart. "You are not yourself to-night, Annabel, for there is some further mystery behind yet, and you will not tell it me: but the time will soon come, my dearest, when our mysteries and our sorrows must be in common." And all the answer I received was a look of despair.

In going through the iron gates, I met Mr. Close. He knew me by the light of the gas-lamp, and stopped, for we had met occasionally. "How is Mrs. Brightman?" he asked.

"Very poorly. Have you any apprehension that her illness is serious?"

"Well—no," said he, "not immediately so. Of course it will tell upon her in the long run."

"She has had another attack of nervous terror to-night: in fact, two."

"Ay, seen the ghost again, I suppose. I suspected she would, so I thought I'd just call in."

"Would it not be as well—excuse me, Mr. Close, but you are aware how intimately connected I was with Mr. Brightman—to call a consultation? Not that we have the slightest reason to doubt your skill and competency, but it appears to be so singular a malady: and in the multitude of counsellors there is safety, you know."

"It is the most common malady we have to deal with," returned he. "Let a consultation take place, if you deem it more satisfactory, but it won't be productive of the least benefit, for the whole faculty combined could do nothing more for her than I am doing. It's a lamentable disease, but it is one that must run its course."

He went on, to the house, and I got on to an omnibus that was passing, and lighted my cigar, more at sea than ever. If the seeing ghosts was the most common malady doctors have to deal with, where had I lived all my life not to have heard it?

SIR HENRY SYDNEY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART III.

LET me now revert eagerly to the question I before started, viz.—how did it come to pass that the Celtic people of Wales had changed from the wild state they were in at the time of their conquest by Edward I., and had grown amenable and friendly to the English, while their Celtic brethren on the other side of St. George's Channel continued in almost their pristine state of incivilisation, and had waxed more and more averse and hostile to Saxon rule? This historic question is so curious a one, that I submit it to the consideration of the archæologists of those countries; yet will, at the same time, offer some remarks in humble elucidation of the interesting theme. Ethnologically viewed, there was no marked difference between the two nations, since they are generally supposed to be of the same extraction, there being authoritative reasons for believing that most of the original Gael of Erin emigrated from Wales, or *le pays de Galles*, as the French still style this mountain retreat of the descendants of Britons from Brittany, and Picts and other Gauls from Picardy and Armorican Gaul. What causes, then, produced these changes in the Welsh, that enabled their governor under Elizabeth to draw so strong a contrast between them and the ungovernable Irish? Probably, it was the completeness of the conquest effected by Edward I. that, by thoroughly subjecting these people, resulted in their posterity becoming good subjects. If our view be correct, what a misfortune that the same mighty monarch, who also was "the Hammer of the Scottish nation," did not bring his crushing and welding implement down upon the Irish; and spend as many years in, as doggrel Derrick says, "malling" the Macs and Os, as he passed in subduing the Aps! But, if ever a Plantagenet king, like Henry II. and Richard II., came over with an army, *pellere* the mediæval Paddies *malleo*, he generally quitted the country pell-mall—preferring, perhaps, the sunny side of Westminster Palace to a shady game of pell-mall with the denizens of a Leinster forest.

Again, Edward I. used another and better instrument than his iron mace, for, as "the English Justinian" (as he has been aptly styled), he extended, with Roman and true policy, the conqueror's law to the conquered. The sword may have been his foible, but law was his forte. He erected the feudal system in Wales in all its panoply, admirably adapted to the wants of the age—a sort of social arch, or bridge, of which the lower feudal tenants formed the principal material, the knights and nobility the coins, and the crown the keystone, while the principle of feudality—individual responsibility—cemented the mass. The wise Plantagenet also took the precaution, during the ten years he was occupied in subduing the northern Welsh, to provide means of commanding the country for the future, by constructing those magnificent castles, Carnarvon, Conway, and others, which, with the noble piles of Ludlow, Montgomery, and Wigmore (subsequently repaired by Sir Henry Sydney), remain as monuments of the strong and kingly hand, the lion's paw, he laid upon the conquered Britons. Yet, firm as may have been the governing power exercised over the Welsh, and futile as were the attempts of every patriotic insurgent, such as the "wild and irregular" Owen of Glendower, to throw off the yoke, a sounder and juster cause may be looked for, as accounting for the peaceable and satisfied manner in which this once independent and proud people lived under *their Tudor kings.* In these last three words, indeed, we conceive we find the key why "the king's peace" was so well kept in the principality from the period when Henry VII. ascended the throne. This monarch, perhaps our wisest, was a Welshman, and, as such, king of his countrymen's hearts; and both he and his politic son rendered a warm and constant attention to the state of the fine country whence they sprang.

Our biographer was well aware of the political causes that had rendered the Welsh loyal and peaceable. In a state paper he wrote respecting the Presidency of Wales, he notices that the effects of establishing this office, and of the enactments of Henry VIII. regarding the government of the principality, had been to bring "the whole people from their disobedient, barbarous, and (as may be termed) lawless incivility to the civil and obedient estate they now remain; and all the English counties bordering thereon brought to be freed from spoils and felonies, which the Welsh before that time, usually by invading their borders, annoyed them with." According to one of Sydney's proclamations, dated 1576, the Council of the Marches of Wales, "being given to understand," saith the document, "that there are sundry light, lewd, desperate, and disordered persons within sundry of the counties and marches of the principality that daily wear dyvers kinds of armour and weapons, as livery coats, shirts of mail, quilted doublets, skull-caps, quilted hats" (the *barrat* of Celtic nations), "and caps, Moores' pikes, gleyves, long staves, bills of unlawful size, swords, bucklers, and other weapons, defensive and offensive, unto divers fairs, markets, churches, sessions, and other places of assembly, to the terror of her majesty's subjects, whereby divers assaults, affrays, manslaughters, and murders have been done, by this unlawful retaining of servants, and giving of liveries, contrary to the law, which they have small regard unto, but, in mere derogation of the statute, do wear the same weapons, facing and bracing the queene's highness's quiet, loving subjects," &c.

The streets of London, at that time, were even oftener the scene of brawls than were Welsh towns. Sir Philip Sydney, in his dissertation on Valour, notices, as no proof of it, a gentleman well armed, and master of fence, taking away a serving-man's weapons, which had cost the man his quarter's wages. These retainers found at their own cost the arms they carried; and so many occasions for quarrelling arose, that affrays were fought, with much uproar and little bloodshed, all about the metropolis. Their bucklers, or small buckling-on shields, hung at their backs. One of them exclaims, in "The London Prodigal," "Our year's wages and vails will scarce pay for broken swords and bucklers that we use in our quarrels."

The broils among the Welshmen were plainly petty squabbles between the serving-men of the Capulets and Montagues of the mountainy principality, a mere biting of thumbs at one another, in comparison of the bloody contests, the terrible civil wars, that had long raged between those game birds—Irish clans, who, as the old proverb observed, "fought one another, like Teague's cocks, though all on the same side."

Sir Henry Sydney had, verily, ample experience of two great Celtic countries, gained during his happy government in Ludlow, his vexed one in Dublin Castle, and his frequent military expeditions through the length and breadth of the wide island the latter fortress nominally commanded. No one would have been better qualified to answer the censures cast by a modern writer, the author of "The History of Civilization in England," upon the feudal system, to whose strictures he might have replied, that, although manifest faults were inherent to this form of polity, Teutonic civilisation, as contrasted with Celtic barbarism, grew up from its firm base. Having seen, with his own eyes, that feudal tenure was as productive of peace and welfare in Wales as tanistry, or succession to power by election, and male gavel, or division of property among the males of a clan, were of intestine feuds and miserable poverty, with their consequences, predatory habits and civil war, in Ireland, he providently prevailed on a large number of chieftains in the latter country to receive their estates as fiefs from the crown, liable to forfeiture for treason, and descendible primogeniturally, or according to English common law. The paramount value of this first step towards social improvement is descanted on by, among other qualified authorities, Sir John Davys, the wit and poet-lawyer, who emphatically terms Sydney's government "a course of reformation," and describes "the many monuments of a good governor he left behind him"—monuments consisting not in crenelated castles and battlemented town walls, but in legal measures and changes, which, being calculated to make the Irish and the English one people under the same law, effected a surer amalgamation than the sword could do, and, by giving security to property, soon produced evident and truly glorious results. Historically considered, or taking into view that loyalty, as a consequence of feudal tenure, was the leading principle most needed in Ireland at the time, the fame of our autobiographer justly rests upon his exertions and success in establishing feudality in that kingdom.

Space does not permit of our more than noticing the various other measures that distinguished the administration of this excellent viceroy. He seems to have been the first to give the impetus of his care and a considerable expenditure to the extension of the native linen manufacture; an honour ordinarily, but incorrectly, assigned to his successor, Strafford. In one of his despatches, protesting against the granting of licenses to export unwrought yarn, he lays claim to be deemed the first to promote its manufacture at home, styling a recent measure in this direction "a creature of his making, an invention of his own, devised for the benefit of the commonwealth, that the people may be set on work." He also declares in his memoir that he was offered an enormous bribe to consent to grant licenses for export of yarn to Manchester. In his day the science of political economy was in swaddling-clothes, so we must not blame his ignorance that export quickens production; and we are sure to approve and admire his liberal public spirit.

Writing under the circumstances he did, he might, indeed, reasonably revert with honest pride to all his memorable achievements during his rule of a country that stood so much in need of reform, and that he had governed in times of extreme convulsion. The days of his life as lord-deputy had been divided between the troubles of a painful warfare upon rebels and the harassing cares of an office, which, however exalted, was controlled by factions at court, and was almost utterly thankless. The terms in which he speaks of his post are, perhaps, the sorest ever employed by an office-holder in inveighing against his situation. He used to declare that his high station was "a miserable thraldom," and that "he would rather be steward of Kenilworth Castle than vice-king in Kilmainham Hall!" Crowns are proverbially uneasy to the generality of heads that wear them; and the deputed sceptre-sword of state of the Island of Destiny appears to have normally proved an instrument nearly as offensive to the wielder as to the rebels it chastised. On one occasion, he writes to the queen's secretary, to remind him that he, the writer, has "passed three months over and above three years' peregrination in," as he says, "this purgatory,"—that term of time being, he states, "the utmost her majesty undertook I should be detained in this ungrateful government." And some weeks after he repeats his appeal, expressing his hope that the next east wind will bring an order for his revocation from, says he, "this miserable and accursed island." One of his departures, in 1571, is livelily described by a contemporary, Campion: "He was honoured, at the point of his going," says this eye-witness, "with such recourse, pomp, musick, shewes, and enterludes, as no man remembreth the like. He took ship at the quay, accompanied to sea by the estates and worshipfull of Ireland, with innumerable hearty prayers, and that wish of his return, whereof few governors in these last sixty years have had."

The mere climate of Ireland has caused, says Mr. Froude, in his recent "History of Henry VIII.'s Reign," the corruption of the worthiest Englishmen sent thither, whose great minds, says he, sank under its influence. This theory, that likens the spirit of man to a barometer—damped, depressed, and rotting where the atmosphere is humid—is certainly unwarranted in the case of Sydney, whose stout heart appears to have beat freely and purely, as well when seated under the canopy of state in Kilmainham Hall as when walking in the park at Penshurst. *Cœlum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt*, saith the proverb; and why the Irish sea should make exceptions to this rule is a curious psychological and archæological question; for we avow that Mr. Froude is not wrong, generally speaking: however, Sydney was not corrupted; and neither St. Leger, nor Strafford, nor Spenser, lost any vigour of mind, nor did Cromwell, nor Lords Cork, Cornwallis, and Clarendon (we could almost run through the alphabet), by their sojourn in a country that has produced a fair share of solid and brilliant intellects.

Our lady readers will disapprove of the tone in which the elderly writer speaks of his wife, and of probabilities connected with prospects of future matrimony. Lady Mary Sydney appears to have entirely merited a husband's affections, which should purify, ripen, and grow less worldly as the world recedes from view. In 1578 she writes from Chiswick to her husband's secretary, desiring him to move the lord chamberlain, the Earl of Sussex, to have a room provided for her husband within the queen's palace of Hampton Court, because, as she alleges, he will have none but her chamber in the palace, which is very small, in which she, being constantly in ill-health, lies much in bed. "For the night tyme," continues her ladyship, "one roof, with God's grace, shall serve us; but in the day time the Queen will look to have my chamber always in a readiness for her Majestie's coming thither; and though my lord himself can be no impediment thereto by his own presence, yet his lordship trusting to no place else to be provyded for him, wilbe, as I sayd before, trubled for want of a convenient playse, for the dispache of souche people as shall have occasion to come to him. Therefore I pray you, in my lord's owen name, move my Lord of Sussex for a room for that porpose, and I will have it hanged, and lyned for him, with stoof from hens. I wish you not to be unmyndfull hear of: And so for this tyme I leve you to the Almyghty. *From Chiswike* this xii of *October*, 1578.

"Your very assured, loving
"Mistris and Frend,
"M. Sydney."

The veteran viceroy and president concludes his appeal to Walsingham with these straightforward expressions:

"The rest of my life is with this overlong precedent discourse in part manifested to you, which I humbly and hartelie desire you to accept in good part. Some things written may haply be misplaced or mistimed, for helpe had I none, either of any other man, or note of myne, but only such helpe as my ould mother memorie afoorded me out of her stoore. But this to your little comfort I cannot omitt, that, whereas my father had but one sonne, and he of no great proof, being of twenty-four yeres of age at his death, and I having three sonnes, one of excellent good proof, the second of great good hope, and the third not to be despaired of, but very well to be liked, if I dy to-morrow next, I should leave them worse than my father left me by 20,000*l.*, and I am now fifty-four yeres of aige, toothlesse, and trembling, being fyve thousand pounds in debt, yea and 30,000*l.* worse than I was at the death of my most deere king and master, King Edward the VIth. I have not of the crowne of England of my owne getting so much ground as I can cover with my foote; all my fees amount not to 100 marks a yere; I never had syns the Queen's reigne any extraordinary aid by license, forfect, or otherwise; and yet for all that was don, and somewhat more than here is written, I cannot obteyne to have in fee-farm 100*l.* a yere allready in my owne possession, paing the rent. *Dura est conditio servorum.*

"And now, deere Sir and brother, an end of this tragicall discourse, tedious for you to read, but more tedious it would have been if it had come written with my owne hand, as first it was; tragicall I may well tearme it, for that it begann with the joyfull love and great lyking, with likelihood of matrimonial match, between our most dere and sweete children (whom God blesse), and endeth with declaration of my unfortunate and bad estate.

"Our Lorde blesse you with long life and healthfull happiness; I pray you, Sir, comend me most hartely to my good ladie cowsen and sister your wief; and blesse and busse our sweete daughter. And if you will voutchsauf, bestowe a blessing upon the yong knight, Sir Philip.

"From Ludlow Castell, with more payne than hast, the first of March, 1582.*

"Your most assured fast frende and loving brother."
(Not signed.)

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* 1582-3. The entire memoir, with copious notes, may be read in the Ulster Journal of Archæology.

The character of Sir Henry Sydney, as appreciated in his native country, is to be gathered from the not too partial pages of the "Sydney Memoirs." In Ireland, he earned the highest character as a just, vigorous, and disinterested governor. His proceedings were judicious and prompt, and the soundness of his measures for the social regeneration of the country was evident to even the greatest bigots to custom among the Celtic Irish. His shining and statesmanlike qualities, which give historic lustre to his name, as that of almost the earliest among the best of those great statesmen by whom the viceregal sword has been wielded, were such as made his tenure of that emblem of authority valued even by those he strove to reform—less by drawing it from the scabbard, than extending it as a sceptre of mercy, and using it to enforce salutary laws.

The Irish secretary of state writes in 1581, to his master at Whitehall: "Sydney is mighty and popular with all sorts, and in all parts of Ireland; and is reverenced as a patron that would deliver the country." And, a few days after the author of this memoir had completed it, viz. on the 17th of March, 1583, the same functionary, writing to Walsingham that he has urged the lord general, Ormond, to have the new and formidable rebel, Desmond, assassinated, adds, "the public desire Sir Henry Sydney above all others to be lord-deputy." The entire people had, indeed, formed a deservedly high estimate of their chief governor. Archbishop O'Daly, while, in his curious contemporary "History of the Geraldines," he characterises this viceroy as "a man of cosummate craft," acknowledges his "splendid accomplishments;" and l'Abbé Macgeoghegan, whose work is addressed to continental sympathy for the "persecuted Catholic Irish," and whose turn and temper were, therefore, popish and ultra-patriotic, writes:

"Sydney was considered an upright man. He had filled high offices in England with integrity, and, as a proof of his disinterestedness, it is affirmed that he never, though four times lord justice, and three times deputy of Ireland, appropriated to his own use an inch of land in the country, which was a rare example among his countrymen."

Exceedingly rare; for we could go through the alphabet in naming distinguished Englishmen who gave a contrary example.

From the preceding passages, we see that, so far from profiting by his employments, he permitted his too liberal hand to lead him into the extreme error of lessening his patrimony, and even to the extent of loading himself with the terrible oppression of debt. "Would you rise early, borrow the pillow of a debtor," saith the Spanish proverb. His hobby-horse, an excessive generosity, became a nightmare. There is surely a moral to be derived from his complaints on this score, so grievingly disclosing himself as self "condemned to be a needy supplicant," since they add to our knowledge of the vanity and vexation of human life, and that misery is inseparable from even the loftiest stations; and, by exemplifying the human maxim, "Be just before you are generous," strengthens our respect for the spirit of the divine commandment, which, in teaching men not to covet, warns them against taking more of other men's goods than they can readily pay for.

NOTES FOR GOLD.

Among the many classes of society whom the sudden discovery of gold at the Antipodes persuaded to cross the Atlantic, it might naturally be expected that the *artistes* would not remain long unrepresented. So much has this grown the fashion, that every pianist, singer, or danseuse who excites any interest among ourselves, very soon ships herself for Australia, in the hope of amassing a large fortune. During the last five years our artistic journals have kept us *au courant* with the movements of the Hayes, the Montez, and the Bishop, and we doubt not but that a slight degree of research would enable us to give a full account of the successes achieved at the Antipodes by these distinguished artistes. Fortunately, however, this trouble is spared us: others besides English artistes have visited the gold-fields, not the least important among them being the celebrated Hungarian violinist Michael Hauser, who, after exhausting old worlds, proceeded to the new, in search of fresh fame, if possible, and a valuable addendum to his private fortune. For five years M. Hauser wandered about California, Peru, and Australia, and he has just published the result of his observation on men and manners in two unpretending volumes, a résumé of which will, we trust, prove attractive to our readers.*

M. Hauser had this great advantage when setting out on his last tour, that he had already visited the United States, although at slight profit to himself. The impresario had netted all the money, leaving the artiste the fame, but on this occasion M. Hauser did not see why he should not have both. He sailed from New York to California, accompanied by a pianist, and had the comfort of proceeding by the overland route, which in 1853 was most sadly mismanaged, but on arriving at San Francisco his heart was cheered by the sight of Miss Hayes, whose acquaintance he had formed just seven years before at a concert in Norway. She had created a perfect furore in California, and places were taken for her concerts weeks beforehand. Our author had no cause to complain of his reception; but, on the other hand, his expenses were enormous: it cost him thirty dollars a day, and even a shirt could not be washed under half a dollar. The average receipt of his concerts was 2500 dollars, but then he had to pay all his assistants, who were very numerous, as the Yankees insist on variety. Surprising was the effect he produced on the Celestials by playing variations on a Chinese air, when they expressed their delight by howls. From the capital M. Hauser proceeded to Sacramento, where, however, he did not realise such large profits, as each of his companions demanded sixty dollars a day, and the miners did not display any great enthusiasm. On his return to San Francisco he found the great Lola the Cynthia of the minute; she was dancing, acting, and boxing ears, all in the old style. In "Yelva, the Russian Orphan," she delighted the democratic audience, as well as in a piece of her own composition, "Lola Montez in Munich." But her greatest success was owing to her "spider dance," by which she wove a net round the hearts of her susceptible admirers. To M. Hauser she evinced great cordiality, and they agreed to go up to the diggings together on a professional tour. At Sacramento a most curious scene took place. Lola had been attacked in the papers, and a party determined on putting her down.

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* Aus dem Wanderbuche eines österreichischen Virtuosen. Von M. Hauser. Two Vols. Leipzig: Herbig.

The curtain rose, and Lola appeared in a fairy-like costume; turning a bold and daring glance upon the audience, she prepared to dance. A loud burst of laughter disturbed the portentous silence. Lola made a sign with her hand: the band stopped. Walking haughtily to the edge of the stage, with pride in her gestures and flames in her eyes, she addressed the audience in the following words: "Ladies and gentlemen,—Lola Montez has too great a respect for the people of California to recognise the silly laughter of a few ridiculous apes as decisive. (Renewed laughter.) I will speak!" she began again, in a louder voice, and her eyes flashed lightning. "Come here," she continued; "give me your coats and take my petticoats. You are not worthy to be called men. (Shouts of laughter.) Lola Montez is proud to be what she is, but you, who have not the courage to fight with a woman, who despises you all—yes, this woman——" She was proceeding, but the fury and noise of the audience had reached the culminating point. Rotten apples and eggs traversed the air, and the bombardment continued until the weaker party diverged from the line of fire. I was looking on from a stage-box, and thanking my stars for my escape, when, to my utter terror, the director rushed in and implored me to save his house by striking up. I would sooner have been exposed to the most violent storm than to the fury of such an audience. Still, the prayers of the manager and the six hundred dollars he offered me in his despair, moved my heart, and within five minutes I stood ready armed with fiddle and bow. I began "The Bird on the Tree," which pleased so much that the audience shouted, "No Lola, only M. Hauser shall play to us." Just at this moment, Lola, who had overheard all, bounded on the stage, and began dancing. This redoubled the fury of the audience: benches were broken up, windows smashed, and shouts were raised, "Give us back our money!" Still the courageous danseuse would not be defeated, and completed her dance. She was escorted home to her hotel by armed men, and held another most violent speech to the crowd, until a man climbed up the balcony and put out her lamp, while an armed body dispersed the mob.

Strange to say, the next might Lola was greeted with shouts of applause; and she told M. Hauser that she would not have missed such an evening as the last for a thousand dollars: it was quite a pleasing excitement. On returning to San Francisco, she evinced her gratitude to her companion by presenting him with a silver inkstand, the sand being represented by gold dust. She also sent him continually bouquets, which cost as much as 150 dollars each; but she could afford such slight luxuries, as she was earning 16,000 dollars a week. M. Hauser, too, must have been earning large sums, for in five months he gave fifty concerts, while presents flocked in from every quarter. The most surprising was a brilliant ring, given him by the editor of the *Californian State Journal*. What a difference from more civilised countries!

Among the establishments our author thought it his duty to visit was a grand gambling-house, where, on his retiring in disgust, a very polite Frenchman demanded two dollars' entrée, as he had not thought proper to play. At the hall door, a negro servant would not give up his hat and umbrella till he had received his half-dollar. Such is the difference, M. Hauser philosophically adds, between a savage and a Frenchman. Equally strange was a visit to the Chinese quarter.

All the Chinese in the city had collected for a national festival, and every respectable man had sent a pig, an ox, or a calf, which was publicly roasted and eaten. If I could not quite understand this mode of worship, the ensuing scenes convinced me that I could only be among Chinese. This was a spectacle of a most peculiar style: imagine six to seven thousand Chinese, all intoxicated at the end, who fought furiously and uttered the most terrific yells. Most amusing were the children. Their eyes are scarcely perceptible, and lie deep in the cavities, like those of fattened pigs. That they had much in common with those useful domestic animals was proved by the fact that they selected the deepest mud in which to roll about. Sick of this scene, I proceeded to the theatre, which was even worse; the smell of opium had an overpowering effect on my nerves, and I was glad to reach the open air again.

At Stockton, M. Hauser's courage was subjected to a severe trial. While playing "The Bird on the Tree," the audience surprised him by uttering a yell. Quite at a loss for the meaning of this, he looked round the room, and saw a huge tiger staring him out of face. Next door to the concert-room was a menagerie: owing to the pressure, the door of communication had been broken down, and there stood the terrific animal. The audience tried to escape, when, fortunately, some one detected that the brute was caged. So the concert proceeded, while M. Hauser had the melancholy satisfaction of paying 200 dollars for the injury caused by his unwelcome guest; but, then, the owner of the rooms was mayor of Stockton.

At length M. Hauser made up his mind to proceed further, as Ole Bull had announced his speedy arrival, and comparisons are proverbially odious. Loaded with presents, he went down to Panama, to take the steamer for Lima. He considers Panama the dearest town in the world, even a glass of water being paid for, and, then, he had no opportunity of making any money. At Lima he was most hospitably received by the American minister, Lionel Clay, brother of the great statesman, in whose house he lived. At his third concert, when all the notabilities of the city were present, the audience was dispersed by the horrible news that the insurgents were within two hours' march of the city. All fled in terror, M. Hauser, with violin under his arm, not pulling foot till he found himself aboard a vessel in Callao harbour. In two days, however, the rebels were defeated with great slaughter, and Lima was given up to universal joy. Wearied of amusement, our author retired to the baths of Copiapo, where a tragical event proved to him that all is not paradise in South America.

Don José Alvarez, secretary to the government, had married, just a year before, the daughter of the minister of war. The marriage was a very happy one, and Alvarez, who adored his lovely wife, put the rare confidence in her that he allowed her to accompany her ailing mother to Copiapo. Before long, scandal began its work, and reports at length reached the ears of Don Alvarez. He rushed off to the village, raging with jealousy, and found, as he had expected, a stranger seated in the garden by his wife's side. The gentleman had scarce quitted her, when the infuriated husband rushed upon his wife, stabbed her to the heart, and then gave himself a deadly wound. He had hardly accomplished the fearful deed ere the mistake was cleared up. The stranger, whom Alvarez had taken for a rival, was his wife's brother, who had returned the day before from Brazil, where he had been serving for the last twelve years. Too late was the unhappy murderer convinced of his false suspicions.

At Valparaiso, M. Hauser was forced to give up his concerts, owing to the bigotry of a parcel of old women, who went about the streets calling down vengeance on him. During his stay here, the commandant of a French steamer lying in harbour received official notice of the hostilities between France and Russia. A Russian frigate also in port prepared for action, and the whole population flocked out to witness the unexpected treat of a sea-fight. They were disappointed, however; the frigate had a favourable wind, and bowled along, with the Frenchman at her heels, till both vessels sank on the horizon. Sad disappointment! It would have been a pleasing relief to the somewhat monotonous bull-fights. The outbreak of disturbances in the La Plata states caused our author to alter his tour, and he was obliged to proceed to Australia, where we will follow his movements rather more closely than we have hitherto done.

On board the steamer was a Chinese general with his family, who had fled from the wrath of his Celestial master. M. Hauser was anxious to form his acquaintance, and as he had learned a few words of Chinese in California, while the general knew some English, they got on capitally. At first he looked with contempt on the violin, saying that the Chinese gong produced greater effect; but when our author played him a Chinese air he had picked up in San Francisco, the ice of his Chinese heart melted. He burst into tears, fell on M. Hauser's neck, and the splendid ring he forced on his finger was a proof that even Chinese enthusiasm was a thing not to be contemned. So great was his affection that our author received enough presents from him to stock a shop, and was forced to cry, "Hold, enough!" from sheer lack of room. But the greatest honour was an invitation to supper.

> On entering the cabin, which was lighted by coloured-paper lamps, I was saluted with shrill shrieks—such being the fashion—and formally dragged to the table by the lady with gravely comic courtesies and gesticulations with the hands. After a prayer had been said, a piece of salted horseflesh opened the meal. This was followed by pickled fish, birds, and other mysterious-looking animals, which, however, did not at all suit my European palate, although the children, continually putting their dirty hands in the dishes, thrust the pieces by force into my mouth. A species of frumenty made of Chinese roots formed the centre of this original meal, while tea and cake were the finale. After supper the lady indulged us with a song, not much pleasanter to the ear than the supper had been to the throat.

At Tahiti the steamer stopped a week to coal, and M. Hauser had the distinguished honour of being the first artist who had given a concert there. It took place in an old temple, which the French had converted into a court to try rebels. But M. Hauser did not meet with the success he expected at first; the natives did not understand it, for their ideas of music were limited to a noisy French band. Queen Pomare got up and left the room (though our author begs us to understand this was owing to the presence of the French governor's lady), and it was not till he began playing the *Carnaval* on one string that he excited a sensation. The man who could whistle on his instrument as well as a bird naturally became a somebody, and the grateful natives sent him a profusion of bouquets and fruits. The appearance of the audience must have been curious, to say the least of it, if we may judge from the following excerpt:

> The dandies walk about dressed in a style which would not find its parallel in the whole civilised world. Their hair is nicely arranged and combed, as if a French artist had curled it, and covered by a broad Palmetto hat. A thick white cloth, intended as a substitute for the French cravat, is twisted most clumsily

round the neck, and the body is swathed in a black dress coat, so inconvenient and broad, that it must have been made originally for a person of thrice the size. A white waistcoat also takes the place of the palm-leaf girdle; but the legs—oh, cruel! veil thy face, civilisation!—are naked, and in the bargain tattooed blue, yellow, or green. I must confess that for a long time nothing has horrified me so much as this combination of Tahitian and European fashion; and when I noticed the tattooed legs, I was assailed by a terror which was only appeased by the sight of the civilised bust.

Before leaving the island, M. Hauser was honoured by a private interview with the queen. At first she paid no attention to the music, but when the artist began "Yankee-doodle," which was familiar to her, she smiled with pleasure, while her daughter danced an original hornpipe. He had one terrible ordeal to go through, however; the queen desired to inspect his violin, and he feared lest she might ask for it as a present; but she was generous, and returned it. Then she asked him, in broken French, if he too came from France; and when he replied in the negative, she pressed his hand and whispered mysteriously, "I do not like those people." No wonder, if all that Mr. Salmon tells us in his pamphlet addressed to Napoleon III. be true. At parting, the queen gave M. Hauser a gold cross from her neck as a keepsake, and he quitted the island much impressed by all he had seen.

The first sight of Sydney filled our author with admiration, for he had scarcely believed that Englishmen could thus carry their home about with them over the world. Still he cannot refrain from a gentle sigh of regret that it cost him four pounds a day to live respectably, and he had to recruit his exhausted purse. Anxious to pave the way to notoriety, he began paying his court to the newspaper editors, and the following account of his visit to the first shows how the press gang manage matters at the Antipodes:

> A palatial residence, with a printing-office hard at work on the ground-floor, received me. On the first floor I saw, among various notices, one on which was legible in large letters that Mr. —— could only be seen during business hours, if his time were paid for. Everybody, therefore, was directed to procure a ticket in the waiting-room: an hour cost 10s., half an hour 6s., and a quarter 3s. I went to the office, bought of an Australian negro an hour of his master's time, and entered the sanctum of this disinterested editor with much curiosity. He received me very coolly and sleepily. "You are an artist? Just arrived from England, in the hope of making money?" These were the questions he asked me, not in a very friendly tone. When he heard, however, that I had just come from South America, he brightened up and became more animated. He asked me what pecuniary recompense I was prepared to give if his paper helped me to a success. I replied, somewhat startled by this impudent demand, that I would prove myself most grateful. He shook his head, and said that was not sufficiently decisive. I was forced to come to a clearer understanding with him, and promise a certain sum, which would ensure my success. I asked a couple of days to think it over, and proceeded to the other newspaper offices, where I was received most kindly, and valuable advice given me gratis.

The first concert M. Hauser gave in Sydney was attended by very portentous omens. One of his coats was stolen when given out to brush, and though he had another, the vehicle in which he was going to the theatre upset him in the mud. For a whole hour he rushed about Sydney trying to get a coat, and at length succeeded in finding an old blue swallow-tail, with brass buttons, for which he paid 8*l*. But his troubles were not yet ended. When he appeared on the stage in this costume, and minus gloves, the whole audience hissed him off. It was with great difficulty the director could explain the fatality, but at length M. Hauser was allowed to play. To soothe down all ruffled feathers, he gave them "Rule Britannia," with Beethoven's variations, and the concert ended in a decided success.

After giving four concerts our artist proceeded with a tenor-singer and a pianist to Newcastle and Maitland, where he was greeted with enthusiasm, although he had to undergo a terrible alarm through missing the steamer, and having to go overland to Maitland, for the natives were a continual source of terror to him, as he was enormously fat. But this trip was nothing to the trials he underwent while proceeding by her Majesty's mail to Goulburn. They set out from Sydney in an excellent stage-coach, which put them down at the Black Dog to dinner, where they found the host amusing himself by dragging his wife about by the hair of her head. When they had fed, great was their disappointment at finding that they would go on in an open waggon, already crowded with passengers. The whole night through they had to trudge over precipices of mud, for the horses continually fell, and, on arriving at Goulburn, no innkeeper would take them in, so deplorable was their condition. During the first concert a droll incident occurred:

> As I was on the point of retiring, my equanimity was sorely tried. I suddenly felt a heavy hand on my shoulder, and, on turning round, in my surprise I saw a broad, clumsy Irishman in gold-digger's costume, who asked me before all the people what I would charge to play such a piece to his old woman at home, adding that he did not care for a pound or two, as he had done well in the Paramatta Mines, and, to set me longing, he rattled his pockets and awaited my reply. I turned my back contemptuously upon him, and the public burst into a hearty laugh.

At Goulburn, too, M. Hauser comes behind a mystery. A Mr. Sackville invites him to his country house, and tells him his story. He had killed a rival in a quarrel, and was transported for life. His betrothed, however, collected the whole of her riches and followed him across the water, where they lived in comparative happiness. Strange that travellers still continue to see strange things; but if there were some trickery about this story, there was none about the handsome watch and chain presented to M. Hauser by the people of Goulburn, after he had given a concert on behalf of the poor.

At Bathurst, M. Hauser was utterly defeated by a sudden inundation, which sent the audience home in boats, and the weather continued so bad that he pushed on to Moreton Bay. He was growing quite a bushranger by this time, and did not run away at the sight of a black man, as the following extract will prove:

> A few days after my arrival at Moreton Bay I formed the acquaintance of Mr. Toussaint. He is the only descendant of the celebrated General Toussaint l'Ouverture, who contended for the independence of his black brethren in Hayti. His wife is a Creole of French descent, who has given her two daughters—two noble beauties—a first-rate education; and Mr. Toussaint himself, who is a rich merchant trading with China and Japan, has reached a high stage of mental development. His house is at a short distance from the bay, on a gentle elevation, in the midst of splendid gardens. There is a certain nobility in the tall, athletic form of this negro, and something chivalrous in his features, that please me remarkably. He is hospitable and liberal even to extravagance.

Lately he gave 300*l*. to found an hospital, where the poor are tended at his expense; and in this country, where dirty selfishness is more powerful than all noble emotions, it is a curious contrast that so fair a soul should be enshrined in this rough black body.

The journey from Moreton Bay to Penrith was a terrible trial for our poor artist's nerves, for the country was in a disturbed state, gangs of bushrangers and savages plundering all the travellers. For five long days M. Hauser read and re-read an English paper, containing an ode in his honour, thus striving to dispel his fears by his vanity; but it was all in vain. On the evening of the fifth day his terror reached its climax, when the post was stopped. Fortunately it was a troop of policemen taking a savage to Penrith, and six of them entered the mail, tying the prisoner on the roof. Before reaching the town they stopped to liquor, and the prisoner managed to unloose himself and escape. Even on reaching Penrith M. Hauser did not feel more comfortable, for all the inhabitants were preparing for the end of the world, which was to come off the next day. Some spirit-rappers had prophesied it, and it must be true. However, the appointed time passed by, and our artist restored the nerves of the population musically.

M. Hauser's next halt was at Melbourne, which city he found in its transition period; and the contrast between wealth and poverty was most striking. After the usual inspection of the curiosities, our author formed an engagement with the manager of the theatre, for all the rooms were engaged double deep. The first concert was the occasion of a strange scene: it opened with a ballet, in which a Frenchwoman and a Creole performed solo parts. The former, being defeated, insulted her rival grossly, which led to a grand fight on the stage. The police interfered, and M. Hauser fled to his hotel, most happy at his escape; but he had reckoned without his manager, who pursued him sharply, and forced him to appear on the stage. Just as he was about to play, however, a company of soldiers entered the theatre and dispersed the audience. Until peace was restored, M. Hauser had no other resource than to pursue his favourite Chinese researches:

> There are about twenty thousand Chinese in Melbourne, who cause me immense fun: they alone can cheer my drooping spirits. The strangest groups present themselves to notice, on walking through the crowded streets. Here, before a traiterie, where some gourmets are indulging their palate, will be eaten, in addition to the usual domestic animals, roast dog, cat and rat, worms, sodden leather, baked roses, locusts, and other preserves. Here some of the higher class are playing chess, which, however, is entirely different from our game. A quarrel takes place, then a violent combat, which has no bloodthirsty end; at the most the pigtail of the vanquished remains in the hand of the victor. At a corner of the street a bookseller has his stall; he does not sell his books according to the value, or any regulated price, but by weight. If the latter prove deficient he tears a number of leaves out of the nearest book, throws them into the scale, and the purchaser is satisfied. It is a curious custom that the children present their parents with gaily-painted coffins during their lifetime: a tender sign of filial affection.

In 1855, when our author visited Melbourne, the lion of the day was an Indian prince, son of the King of Ava, who, however, did not behave himself at all like a prince. He was in the habit of getting very excited on rum, and, when in that state, made the most astounding propositions to the ladies, which necessitated his violent expulsion from the ball-room.

Among other concerts at which our author assisted, was one in behalf of the Patriotic Fund, which brought in 2000*l.*, and was soon followed by a French ball of fraternisation, at which the consul's wife, a certain Célestine Mogador, whose name strikes us as familiar, did the honours. After supper, this lady held a speech of such powerful effect that 30,000 fr. were subscribed in a few minutes for the French soldiers in the Crimea.

Our author found in Melbourne several acquaintances, among others Miss Hayes, just returned from Calcutta, where she had done badly, and had been nearly burned to death, and the ubiquitous Countess of Landsfeldt, the same as ever. An old Australian merchant had fallen madly in love with her, and followed her everywhere, but she did not reciprocate. Still, she made use of him. Thus, when the editor of the *Melbourne Argus* had spoken sharply about Lola, she challenged him: he declined, merely making some contemptuous remarks in his paper. This was oil on Lola's flaming rage: she armed herself with her famous riding-whip and proceeded to the editor's house, but he, being forewarned, had her turned out. Then the lady appealed to her old admirer, who readily challenged the editor, and received a ball in his arm. Unfortunately, M. Hauser was an intimate friend of the editor, and this broke off his hastily patched-up truce with the fair lady. Henceforth she was to be his enemy, and she proved herself a dangerous one.

From Melbourne M. Hauser went up to Ballarat, where he found the diggers in great excitement about the license fees, which eventually led, as our readers may remember, to a deplorable émeute. At the time of which we write, however, the diggers had not got beyond monster meetings.

At the "Lord Palmerston" hotel, where our author stopped, a theatrical company was held in pledge, properties and all, by the host. They could not pay their bill, so he forced them to play every night to crowded houses, scarcely giving them enough to eat. This led to a catastrophe: one night, when "Hamlet" was announced, it had to be performed with the principal character omitted, for the leading tragedian had bolted from the rotten state of Denmark, being tired of sighing for nothing. But M. Hauser was not on a bed of roses himself: an attack of ophthalmia confined him to his bed for a fortnight, and when he had recovered he could not find a room in which to play. A German conjuror and beast-tamer had offered him his menagerie out of sheer patriotism and love of art, but he could never be brought to the point. At last, M. Hauser determined on building his own *locale* of boards and canvas, but when it was completed the magistrate interfered and closed the booth, as he had not obtained permission to open it. By the sacrifice of 20*l.*, however, the necessary sanction was granted, and M. Hauser was soon playing to crowded houses. It was at Ballarat that he gave his eight hundredth concert on transatlantic ground.

The next halting-place was Geelong, where three more concerts were given. The audience smoked and drank, mounted on benches and chairs to hold patriotic addresses, and the row was deafening, but while the performance was going on they were as silent as mice.

M. Hauser was delighted with Adelaide, which town formed a marked contrast to the deserts he had lately passed through. The streets are bordered with Norfolk pines, in the American fashion, while the houses are very clean, with verandahs, gardens, and green jalousies. This town is the chief German colony in Australia, and it seemed to M. Hauser as if a lump of his fatherland had suddenly dropped before him from the moon. Here he heard for the first time Bochsa and Madame Bishop, who created a great sensation, although the lady did not satisfy our fastidious artist. The concert was interrupted by the entrance of Lola, with her train of admirers. Extraordinary was the fascination this lady produced. It was most inexplicable to M. Hauser. She marched through Australia like a feminine Alexander, taking every town by storm. He is obliged to confess, however, that she was more beautiful and seductive than ever, and the powerful magic of her eyes must gain a smile from even the severest reprover of her follies. She was now a declared enemy of M. Hauser, and took her revenge by having all his bills torn down as soon as they were put up. An additional cause of enmity was produced by the fact that his letters home had been published in an Austrian paper, and had found their way back to Australia. No one was more furious against him than the editor of the Sydney paper to whom we have alluded, who quoted his letters after taking great liberties with them, and thus hoped to excite odium against him. Till the storm blew over, M. Hauser retired to a sequestered German village, but managed eventually to regain the public favour by playing on behalf of some immigrants who had been plundered by the natives. He resided with the governor thenceforth, and became quite the hero of the day. Thence he proceeded to Sydney, where he gave his last concert on the 13th of May, 1858, and three hours later was on board the *European*, homeward bound. He was, however, induced to stay another month at Melbourne, and the packet agent very liberally allowed him to wait for the next mail-steamer.

Melbourne was wondrously improved since his last visit; Tent Town had disappeared, and a magnificent suburb had sprung up in its place. The streets, formerly a pool of mud, were now paved, and formed an uninterrupted succession of stone buildings, with tall airy rooms, balconies, and verandahs. The population, too, had vastly improved; the safety of person and property had been secured, and everything seemed to forebode a prosperous career for the young city. M. Hauser made a most successful trip through the diggings during his month's leave, but, having missed the mail at Eureka, was obliged to return to Melbourne in the company of a band of Chinese players. Fearful was the ordeal, but he survived it, and on the 15th of July gave his final concert in Melbourne, proceeding from the rooms straight on board the *Emu*, accompanied by the greater part of the audience, who bade him farewell with regret.

And here we may leave M. Hauser; his voyage home presents no special points of interest, even though Mr. Smith, the mayor of Melbourne, was on board, going home in the hopes of being knighted. Suffice it to say that our author reached home in safety, and is now resting happily from his fatigues. It is no slight labour to traverse the world for five years, performing as you go; and even the solid results obtained can scarcely compensate to a real musician for the sacrifices to good taste he is compelled to make if he would ensure success and gain the applause of his audience.

POEMS AND BALLADS OF GOETHE.*

We are glad to find that the greatest poet of this age—the greatest German poet of any age—is being gradually rehabilitated among his countrymen. That broad line of demarcation which angry Liberals drew between Goethe and Von Goethe—between the ardent lover of liberty and the supple courtier—is being effaced, and all recognise the necessity of forgetting the weaknesses of the man to concentrate their attention on his glorious career as a poet. Much of this, we firmly believe, is owing to the admiration so many of our writers have evidenced for Goethe. Carlyle familiarised us with the magnificent eccentricities of Wilhelm Meister, while Mr. Lewes has put forth a carefully studied apology for the object of his hero-worship. Last, but not least, the twin-creators of Bon Gaultier have put their hand to the plough, and have sought to render their countrymen cognisant of the many beauties which lie veiled from the public gaze in the earlier ballads and poems of Goethe.

There is no denying that the gravest labour fell on the latest champions of the German arch-poet, and the difficulties they had to contend with would have justified them in displaying on their title-page the hackneyed quotation from Cato:

> 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it.

Most ready are we to acknowledge the merits of this translation, and the reverend love with which the two poets approached their task; but we regret being obliged to add that, regarded as a translation, this volume does not fulfil the conditions. As a genial paraphrase, as poems after Goethe, they are inimitable; but they do not reproduce the diction, nor, in several cases, the sense of the original. This opinion of ours must not be regarded in any way as a reproach, for we do not consider that Goethe could be efficiently translated; all we would urge is, that the reader of this translation is far from appreciating all the manifold merits of the original. On the other hand, we find many exquisite passages in this volume which, read without *arrière pensée*, sufficiently prove the poetic merits of the colleagues; and it would be a matter of difficulty to say who of them has earned the crown.

It is a curious fact that, despite the affinity of the languages, such extreme difficulty should be found in reproducing German poetry in an English garb. The few successful results can be almost counted on the fingers. With the exception of Walter Scott's version of Lenore, and Monk Lewis's translation of The Erl King, we can hardly remember any instance in which the conditions we demand have been fulfilled. On the other hand, German literature overflows with literal and yet elegant translations from the English, and we would more especially refer to some translations of Highland songs that appeared a few years back in *Tait's Magazine*, and to Freiligrath's versions of Hood's Bridge of Sighs and The Song of the Shirt. The immense difficulties of translating such poems can only be appreciated by the thorough German scholar. Fortunate, indeed, would our English poets be if they could always ensure so conscientious and truly poetical a translator as Freiligrath.

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* Poems and Ballads of Goethe. Translated by W. E. Aytoun, D.C.L., and Theodore Martin. Blackwood and Sons.

The task which the present translators of Goethe undertook was even more difficult than that presented to Sir Bulwer Lytton in his translation of Schiller's ballads, and it is not surprising that both should have erred in a similar way. Schiller's ballads are, in great measure, objective (to employ a Germanism)—that is to say, the poet confines himself almost exclusively to the descriptive, while Goethe's ballads ever have a deep current of thought, not perceptible at the first glance, but which must be reproduced, if the translator desire to have his author duly appreciated. It redounds greatly to the credit of Messrs. Aytoun and Martin that they have in nearly every instance kept this in view, but, by doing so, they have fallen into the other extreme. They have sacrificed the metre, and too often the terseness of the original, in their anxiety to reproduce, as far as in them lay, the idea or spirit of each poem. This is specially observable in those poems "in the manner of the antique," which Goethe wrote in hexameter and pentameter, as a necessary condition of the antique illusion. We cannot accept the apology they offer for this divergence, for we do not see why the English language should not be rendered amenable to the laws of the classic metre. There are few more exquisite poems than Evangeline, and yet the readers of Longfellow would regret any alteration in the rhythm. This view is corroborated by the translators themselves. The two most effective productions in this volume are decidedly the Bride of Corinth and the God and the Bayadère, in which the original metre has been most strictly adhered to, and consequently the translators were forced to keep closely to the text. That the difficulty was enhanced, we do not doubt; but we regret that the same rule was not preserved throughout, for it would have supplied additional nerve to the translation, and have thus given us what was so much wanted—an honest translation of Goethe's ballads and poems. As it is, the non-observance of this fundamental rule has led to many blemishes, from which we will select a few.

Probably the best-known of Goethe's ballads among us are The King in Thule, The Fisher, and The Erl King, upon which countless translators have experimented with more or less success. The first line of The Fisher, as all our readers will remember, is "Das Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll," and the effect of the line is certainly enhanced by the repetition of the word "Wasser." How does Mr. Martin translate this line? "The water rushed and bubbled by," which, we are bold to say, does not convey the slightest notion of what Goethe meant. An angler is lying idling on the bank of the stream, when suddenly he notices a commotion in the water; we have no equivalent for "rauschen" in our language, but the nearest approach to it is the "rustling" of a silk dress. In that magnificent line of Schiller's, "Und es siedet und brauset und wallet und zischst"—the most perfect word-painting contained in any single line—the very action of the water is conveyed to us, and the word "rauscht" is used much in the same way by Goethe in this instance. How tame, then, is Mr. Martin's paraphrase, which gives no notion of commotion, but merely leaves the stream in its natural condition. Again, the line "Sie sprach zu ihm, sie sang zu ihm," is not represented by "She sang to him with witching smile," nor can we accept "Half drawn he sank beneath the wave" as an equivalent for "Halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin."

The King in Thule is equally unsatisfactory to us, as will be seen by a comparison of the last verse:

> Er sah ihn stürzen, *trinken*,
> Und sinken tief in's Meer;
> Die Augen thäten ihm sinken:
> Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr.

The word "trinken" appears to us the most effective that could be employed: we can see the cup gradually filling with water, and slowly sinking to the bottom; but this idea is not conveyed to us by Professor Aytoun's version:

> He saw it flashing, *falling*,
> And settling in the main;
> *Heard death unto him calling*—
> He never drank again.

The Erl König is disfigured by a dreadful word, "Erlie King," which conveys no idea, and belongs to no known language. Goethe himself employs the word "Erlen König," which is far happier than the hybrid the translator employs. In that splendid song, Mignon, again, the refrain is neglected, sadly to the detriment of the translation. How is it in the original?—

> Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühn,
> Im dunklen Laub die Gold-orangen glühn?
> Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
> Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht,
> Kennst du es wohl?
> Dahin! dahin!
> Möcht' ich mit dir, O mein Geliebter, ziehn!

To us the repetition of the word "dahin" appears to render the rhythm of this exquisite verse perfect. We regret, then, that fatal necessity compelled Mr. Martin to neglect it in his version:

> Know'st thou the land where the pale citron grows,
> And the gold orange through dark foliage glows?
> A soft wind flutters from the deep blue sky,
> The myrtle blooms, and towers the laurel high.
> Knowest thou it well?
> Oh, there with thee,
> Oh that I might, my own beloved one, flee!

It is in no hypercritical spirit that we indicate these blots; but the very essence of Goethe's poetry may be said to lie in this repetition of a word, by which the effect is so enhanced; and yet we find the translators, in nearly every case, neglecting it.

One more instance, and our unfavourable comments will be ended; but we have to call attention to one case in which Goethe's meaning has been perverted. It is in the translation of the following epigram, headed "Heilige Familie."

O des süsses Kindes, und O der glücklichen Mutter,
Wie sie sich einzig in ihm, wie es in ihr sich ergötzt!
Welche Wonne gewährte der Blick auf dieses herrliche Bild mir,
Stünd'ich armer nicht so, heilig wie Joseph, dabei!

The idea Goethe intends to convey is unequivocal: it is an expression of that naturalism, or rather sensual philosophy, of which he was the arch-priest, and in which he has had so many followers. Bad as such a creed may be, still we must protest against English readers forming such an opinion of the poet as that he would express such Dr. Watts-like views as the following:

O child of beauty rare—
O mother chaste and fair—
How happy seem they both, so far beyond compare!
She in her infant blest,
And he in conscious rest,
Nestling within the soft warm cradle of her breast!
What joy that sight might bear,
To him who sees them there,
If with a pure and guilt-untroubled eye,
He looked upon the twain, like Joseph, standing by.

We think we have sufficiently proved the position we laid down: the instances we have selected serve to show that decided liberties have been taken with the text, and that they in some measure result from a non-adherence to the metre. More gratifying is it to be enabled to quote two verses from The Bride of Corinth, which, after close comparison, we can honestly say are an exact version of the original. Nor is the fire extinguished in the process of translation:

Round her waist his eager arms he bended,
With the strength that youth and love inspire:
Wert thou even from the grave ascended,
I could warm thee well with my desire.
Panting kiss on kiss!
Overflow of bliss!
Burnst thou not and feelest me on fire?

Closer yet they cling, and intermingling,
Tears and broken sobs proclaim the rest:
His hot breath through all her frame is tingling,
There they lie, caressing and caressed.
His impassioned mood
Warms her torpid blood,
Yet there beats no heart within her breast!

The only common-place expression we notice in this exquisite translation is in the third stanza:

All the house is hush'd—to rest retreated
Father, daughters—*not the mother quite.*

The four last words are decidedly enigmatical, and we trust will be altered in the next edition; but it is no slight praise to say that this is the only line we should wish to see corrected in twenty-eight stanzas. Equally beautiful is the version of The Pariah, in which all the spirit of the original is preserved, and, sooth to say, we prefer the English to the German text.

But where Messrs. Aytoun and Martin chiefly excel is in the rendering of fancy pieces, when the poet is in a sportive mood, and suns himself in the contemplation of the beautiful as represented by the fair sex. Very charming is the translation of Who'll buy a Cupid? and of Lili's Park, which are perfect gems in both languages, although in the English the roughness of the original metre is advantageously toned down. Our space will not allow us to make any extracts from these, but we *must* find room for the following:

THE VIOLET.

A violet blossomed on the lea,
Half hidden from the eye—
As fair a flower as you might see—
When there came tripping by
A shepherd maiden fair and young,
Lightly, lightly over the lea:
Care she knew not, and she sung
Merrily!

"Oh, were I but the fairest flower
That blossoms on the lea,
If only for one little hour,
That she might gather me—
Clasp me on her bonny breast!"
Thought the little flower;
"Oh, that I might in it rest
But an hour!"

Lackaday! up came the lass,
Heeded not the violet,
Trod it down upon the grass:
Though it died, 'twas happy yet.
"Trodden down although I lie,
Yet my death is very sweet:
Oh, the happiness to die
At her feet!"

Most felicitous Professor Aytoun has proved himself in the translation of the comic portion of this volume. His Treacherous Maid of the Mill and The Page and the Maid of Honour (Wirkung in der Ferne) may vie with the most grotesque of Bon Gaultier's lines. Although differing greatly from the original, this may be pardoned, for no grand truth is sought to be inculcated by these *facetiæ*, and we therefore think the professor quite justified in following his own impulse, while adhering to the spirit of the original. These translations only confirm our opinion, that Professor Aytoun's strength lies in the comic line: at any rate, we prefer him in this volume to the more exalted sphere he tried to reach in "Bothwell." It is refreshing to find that, even as a translator, the professor makes a brave stand for nationality: such phrases as the "bonnie wie bride," "mickle might," "stoup and bicker," could only reach us from across the Border.

We close this volume with regret, for we could spend hours in culling stanzas of rare beauty. All we can do is to recommend it strongly to our readers as worthy their attention. We cannot commend it to the German student as a handy "crib," but to every lover of genuine poetry it will prove most acceptable. In the next edition we hope we shall greet our favourite "Ballade vom zurückkehrenden Grafe," with its charming refrain, "Die Kinder sie hören's es gerne," which always reminds us so irresistibly of Béranger's Souvenirs du Peuple.

THE RELIQUES OF ST. PHILOMELE.

A LEGEND OF MUGNANO.

About the close of the year 1826, the inhabitants of Mugnano had the misfortune to lose their curé, one of those worthy sort of men, not ambitious of fame or fortune, who content to instruct his flock as far as he knew, both by precept and example. Having found the church without the smallest relique, in default of other saints he placed it under the protection of St. Anthony, in which it continued till his death; but the parishioners had the perpetual mortification of seeing in the adjoining parish an altar erected to the Madonna del Arco, a virgin more miraculous than any seven virgins in Naples. Favouring this jealous feeling, no sooner was his successor installed in his parish, than he opened his mind to his people, and descanted largely and urgently on the necessity of having a saint of their own. Several discussions took place as to the choice of a male or female saint; but the majority decided in favour of a female, because there could be no rivalry in the selection, and according to the laws of politeness St. Anthony must cede his protectorship and power of working miracles to the new saint.

These arrangements having been unanimously decided on, after very many meetings and discussions on the subject, the ambassador went to Rome, and, descending into the Catacombs, placed in a box the first bones that came to hand. These were baptised by the Pope with the melodious name of Philomele, and transported to Mugnano with great care and attention. The inhabitants still, however, preserved a suitable veneration for their ancient patron, whom they did not wholly abandon for their new poetical patroness. Like St. Rosalie at Palermo, the virgin martyr of Mugnano is placed in a reclining posture in a shrine on the altar exclusively dedicated to her. She is dressed in a robe of blue silk, embroidered in silver, and crowned with a wreath of white roses. The face is of wax, and of an agreeable expression, but the body is formed of a coarse kind of pasteboard moulded to resemble the human shape. There are several manufacturers of this sort in Naples, and bodies, legs, and arms are exposed for sale in many shops, similar to those used by tailors to set off ready-made clothes.

For nearly ten years after the translation of the bones of St. Philomele to Mugnano the saint remained inert, for the few miracles wrought by her were of a nature so insignificant, and withal so ill executed, that they excited no curiosity beyond the boundaries of the parish. The curé was in despair, and trembled for the reputation of his favourite saint, for the Madonna del Arco was ever and anon performing wonders, calling forth the fervent devotion of the faithful, who flocked in multitudes to her shrine. But the time was at hand when this reproach was to be wiped away, and the fame of the saint established for ever.

Some time in the year 1834 the son of a cattle merchant or farmer at Nocera was attacked with paralysis. The father, who adored his son, consulted all the best physicians of Naples, but the healing faculty were ineffectual in procuring any alteration in his state. The charlatans were next consulted, but their powders and pills had the same result. In utter despair the farmer prayed for a miracle, and sought the intercession of seven different Madonnas, all of whom had been omnipotent on numberless occasions, repeatedly saving the victims of accidents, and appearing in time to rescue drowning men. But, to the surprise and disappointment of the unhappy farmer, the seven Madonnas were as powerless as the medical tribe and the charlatans. As a last resource, he determined on a vow to some saint who had been highly recommended. For this end he started for Naples with his afflicted son, and on his way thither met an intimate friend and companion, who, upon perceiving the melancholy countenance of the farmer, demanded if the poor invalid was not better. "See," replied the disconsolate father, pointing to his son, and at the same time brushing away a tear that stole from his eye—"I am become quite a fool, and know not what to do."

"Why is all this?" demanded the friend.

"Because," said the farmer, "I don't know now to whom to address myself, except St. Januarius, and I have some hopes of him."

"Nonsense," cried the friend; "the saint is worn out, and no longer of any use in such matters, and can no longer perform a proper miracle. Besides, he is occupied all the year with his own affairs, and has no time to think of a case like yours."

"What shall I do, then?—to whom shall I apply?" demanded the farmer, with increasing anxiety.

"I tell you what it is," replied his friend, "were I in your place I should at once address myself to St. Philomele. She is a new saint, you know, and has a reputation to make. Go at once to her, my friend; if she don't do you good, she won't do you harm."

"Thank you, my good friend," said the farmer; "there is reason in what you say—I shall follow your advice."

The farmer returned to Nocera, determined to execute the advice of his friend the next day. Accordingly, at an early hour he started for Mugnano, assisted devoutly at the mass, and as soon as he found the church empty, cast himself on his knees before the shrine of the saint, and made a solemn vow that, if the saint was propitious to his prayers, and restored his son to health, he would scrupulously, conscientiously, and religiously devote to the saint all the cows that should follow the bull the first day his paralytic son should himself be enabled to open the door of the cow-house.

From the day on which this vow was registered there was observed a sensible alteration in the health of the young man. Six weeks after he rose from his bed of suffering, where he had lain for more than a year, and walking across the farm-yard without the slightest assistance, in the presence of his family and all the villagers, who had collected to view this spectacle, accomplished to the letter the first part of the vow of his father.

NINETEEN COWS, out of a herd of *thirty*, followed the bull!

The farmer was overjoyed at seeing his only son so completely restored to health and the use of his limbs. But his first ebullitions of delight were soon calmed down; discontent and dejection succeeded. The saint, he observed, had done the business well, but she had been far too largely recompensed; and he thought with sorrow on the immense diminution of his herd of cattle. He now thought of the friend who had given him such good advice, and he determined to consult him again in this fresh dilemma. The following morning he betook himself to Sarno, the village where he resided. The news of the miracle had already preceded him, but the friend affected great surprise at the gloomy countenance of the farmer.

"Well," said he, "what have you got to say—is it not all true?"

"Oh yes," replied the farmer.

"Then you ought to be very happy!" exclaimed the friend, in evident exultation at the success of his project.

"Yes, certainly, very happy!" responded the farmer—"very happy indeed! only I am *two-thirds* ruined by it!"

"How is that?" demanded the other.

"Nothing more simple, my good friend. I made a vow that the day my son should be sufficiently recovered to open the door of the cow-house that I would devote to the saint all the cows that followed the bull."

"Very well; and what then?" said the friend.

"Very well, my son opened the cow-house yesterday, and out of *thirty* cows that were within, NINETEEN went out!"

"Diavolo!" cried the friend; "this is very embarrassing. All that remains to be done is to drive the cows to the house of the curé of Mugnano, who is probably chargé d'affaires of the saint, and to take at the same time *half* the value of the cattle in money. There is a chance that the holy man, who has not as yet heard of this godsend, may accept the money, as he is probably ignorant of the real value of the cows, which will only prove a source of great trouble to him, and are entirely out of the line of any but a cattle merchant. Mind you offer him only *half* their value in money, and if he accept it, which is very probable—indeed, almost certain—you will have lost only *nine cows and a half*, and will consequently be only a third part ruined."

"Excellent idea!" cried the farmer, with a sensation of profound admiration. "You are the best counsellor I have met with. I shall go to-morrow to Mugnano, and take both cows and money as you direct."

"No, no," rejoined the friend. "I should not take both; one or the other will be sufficient."

"True," replied the farmer. "But if he should prefer the one which I did not bring with me, I should be obliged to return to Nocera again, and that, you know, would be a day lost."

"Very true," said the other; "then do as you like."

The farmer, enchanted with the proposition of his friend, and in high good humour with the saint, set off the next morning. Driving before him the *nineteen cows*, and taking in his pocket the half of their value in money, he arrived at Mugnano under the best possible auspices. The cattle entered the court-yard of the Presbytery in proper order, and the farmer ascended to the apartment of the curé, to pay his respects and ascertain his wishes.

Meanwhile the curé, supposed to be ignorant of what had occurred and of the vow of the farmer, expressed great astonishment on seeing his court-yard invaded by such a host of horned cattle. The honest farmer explained, and was received by his reverend host with an expression of countenance and in a manner so gracious, that he became fully persuaded in his own mind that the negotiation, as arranged by his friend, would most certainly come to pass. The curé was very agreeable to any accommodation about the cows, and understood wonderfully well how much more satisfactory to the saint the payment in money rather than in kind would prove; and after some little time spent in debating the price of the cattle, finally accepted the FIVE HUNDRED Roman écus which the farmer had proposed.

The farmer, on taking leave of the curé, descended to the court-yard, enchanted with having got off so cheaply, and without incurring any reproach of want of proper respect for the saint. Flushed with the success of his mission, he proceeded to drive the cattle out of the yard. This, however, was not so easy a job, for they had found some nice fresh herbs springing up under the shade of the high walls, and were in no hurry to leave such agreeable pasturage. Various methods were tried by the farmer to induce them to return home, but in vain. In a fit of desperation, he seized the cow nearest the gate by the tail, and endeavoured with all his might to pull her out in the road, hoping that the rest would then follow. But he was not more happy in the success of the coercive than in the persuasive, for the cow, thus served in a manner so unusual, fixed her four feet firmly to the ground, and had no more intention of moving than if she had been made of bronze, giving at the same time a proof of her resentment for such treatment by lowing in a most lamentable tone.

Seeing the extreme obstinacy of the cattle, which the farmer now began to think somewhat supernatural, a sudden thought rushed across his mind—namely, that the saint evidently preferred the possession of a herd of cattle to the money, and would not ratify the arrangement made by her chargé d'affaires, who, perhaps, for his own convenience, had accepted the five hundred écus. No sooner was he possessed of this idea than he let go the tail at which he had been labouring with all the desperation of a Brahmin, and rushing up-stairs with a countenance pale and covered with sweat, entered the apartment of the curé at the very moment when he had deposited the five hundred écus in the open drawer of his secretary.

"Well, my good man," demanded the curé, "what now—what has happened?"

"May it please your reverence," replied the farmer, in a state of great excitement, "the saint is discontented with the bargain you have made."

"What makes you think so?" asked the curé.

"Because," answered the farmer, "the cows will not stir out of the court-yard, in spite of all I can do."

"And what do you infer from that?" again demanded the curé.

"Why," responded the farmer, with an air of confidence, "that St. Philomele prefers the cows to the money."

"That is exactly what I perceive," rejoined the curé.

"But how is that?" demanded the farmer, indignantly.

"Why," replied the curé, "you see the cattle will not be driven home. Is not that the case?"

"That they won't," cried the farmer—"not for the devil himself."

"Then you are now convinced that it is the saint who prevents their leaving the court-yard, are you not?" demanded the curé.

"Clearly," replied the farmer, with emphasis.

"Very well; you see in that open drawer of my secretary the money which you just now gave me. Suppose the saint, who evidently prefers the cows to the money, because she has prevented their leaving the court-yard, should also prevent the drawer containing the money from being pushed into its place, what will you say to that? One miracle is not more difficult than another."

"Very true," replied the farmer, with evident confidence. "Push the drawer, and you shall see that it won't go in."

The curé made a movement of his head in token of assent, and pushing the drawer at the instant, it slid into its place as if by magic. The farmer was filled with astonishment.

"Now you see," said the curé, "what has happened."

"I do, indeed," replied the farmer; "but what does it prove?"

"It proves that we have committed a serious error, my dear friend," responded the curé, locking the secretary, and putting the key into his pocket. "I am now convinced the saint will have the money and not the cows."

The farmer looked confounded.

"Now do you still think that the saint prefers the cows to the money?" again demanded the curé.

"I do, indeed," replied the farmer.

"Ah, my friend, as I have already told you, we have committed a serious error in this business. We have both been deceived. St. Philomele will have *both money and cows!*"

"True, true!" said the farmer, looking the very essence of stupidity. "I am wrong, the saint is right." And the poor simple fool returned to his home without the money or the cattle. The very day after this stupendous event the curé refused an enormous sum for the reliques of St. Philomele. In the court-yard of the Presbytery a fresco will be found commemorative of this singular miracle. The painter has happily chosen the moment when the farmer had seized upon the tail of the cow nearest the gate, and was endeavouring to pull her out by force. The expression of his countenance when he began to suspect that the cause of the animal's immobility was supernatural, exhibits a strange mixture of fear and astonishment. The fresco is extremely rude, and in the execution there is a total absence of study or artistic sentiment.

BREAKING THE ICE.

A MODEST CONFESSION. AFTER THE STYLE OF AN AMERICAN POET.

By George Moore.

It was going out a walking,
Out a walking with my mother,
That first took me into courting,
  And for me a husband got;
Now, had I gone out a walking
With my father, or my brother,
There would have been no flirtation,
  And I should have married not:
  At that season married not.

For, you see, 'twas thus it happened:
We, that is, I and my mother,
Being weary, warm, and thirsty,
  Went into a pastrycook's;
There we sat, with others, gazing
Furtively at one another,
With a "Who-are-you?" expression—
  Very speculative looks:
  Very grave and ghostly looks.

So we sat, in solemn silence,
Having ordered two pine-ices,
Which we scraped with great precision,
  And a modest mincing air;
And we took two wedgy slices
Of that primrose-tinted pound-cake,
Which the little children covet,
  And is always lying there:
  Temptingly inviting there.

Well, as I my ice was scraping
With a spoon, in dainty dalliance,
And my mother closed her eyelids
  (For the cold her teeth had bitten),
Suddenly I saw reflected
By a mirror's silver radiance,
Some one's gaze upon me settled—
  That of one immensely smitten:
  One unquestionably smitten.

Young he was, and slim of figure,
With his garments loosely fitting;
And a chain of gold, suspended
  On his vest, held trinkets rare;
And a collar, stiff and tiny,
Fixed his head, as he was sitting,
So that he, to turn towards me,
  Was obliged to turn his chair:
  That was why he moved his chair.

Yes, I *knew* he was a lover,
And no foolish imitation,
For his manner was respectful,
  And his homage was profound;
And the Bath bun he was eating,
Lost in fervent admiration,
With poetic resignation,
  He let fall upon the ground:
  Down upon the gritty ground.

That his little dog devoured—
A dear, clever, loving creature,
With two beady eyes that glistened
  Through long soft and silky hair;
And his master, smiling on him,
Showed to me, in every feature,
Qualities so sweet to woman,
  Gentleness and kindness rare:
  Qualities extremely rare.

Then I, somehow, let *my* cake fall,
Trying all in vain to catch it;
And the spoon too followed after
  Down upon the dusty floor.
At the morsel rushed the poodle,
Eagerly at once to snatch it,
But his master said "Come here, sir!"
  That he said, and nothing more;
  To the poodle nothing more.

Then advancing most politely,
And with charming self-possession,
With one hand he took his hat off,
  And the other raised the spoon;
Then with a devout expression,
And a bow that spoke his feelings,
He to me another handed,
  Which the shopmaid brought him soon:
  For a shopmaid, very soon.

All the while this was transpiring
(Moments sometimes are as ages),
Many eyes on me were resting
  With a most unpleasant stare;
And my mother, who, of late years,
One thing at a time engages,
On the pine-ice, most intently,
  Still bestowed her tender care:
  Patient and exclusive care.

Then the little dog advancing,
With intelligence surprising,
Came to me, all uninvited,
  And a begging posture took;
So his flossy head I patted,
Much timidity disguising,
When a card into my hand he
  Placed with quite a knowing look:
  Placed with quite a Christian look.

Then he ran away, delighted,
While his tail wagged without measure,
And his master seemed regarding
  Some lone fly, that crawled above;
Then upon the card so glossy
Words I read with secret pleasure,
For it bore this superscription:—
  "To the lady I *could* love:
  To the lady I could *love*."

This was how the ice was broken,
And commenced my woman's mission;
And that card I slyly treasure
  In a perfumed box of gold.
And the messenger that bore it
Dozes on a velvet cushion,
Jealous of a lovely baby,
  My sweet Constance, one year old:
  Our sweet Constance, one year old.

MAGIC AND MYSTERY.*

Few books are more interesting than those in which professional men, after retiring from the scene of past triumphs, chronicle their successes and failures, their struggles and their opportunities. The actor appears before us in his natural face—chalk and carmine laid aside—and we learn that, after all, he is just such another man as ourselves, obnoxious to the same impulses of good and evil, and, although proud of the popular appreciation he has acquired, very glad to seek the solid joys of home and family, so soon as circumstances enable him to do without publicity. Such memoirs teach us an excellent lesson as to the beauty of perseverance; we find that the men whom we have learned to regard with admiration as the passed masters of their respective professions only reached that proud eminence after an amount of labour they would have shrunk from could they have foreseen it, and in too many cases the darling of the public is ungratefully allowed to sink into obscurity without one of his former admirers caring to know what has become of him. Doubly laudable, then, is the persistent energy which enabled the author of our memoir to retire at a comparatively early age from the stage, and enjoy the *jucunda et idonea vitæ* on his own estate, where he has occupied his leisure hours by writing the history of his professional life. Robert-Houdin deserves our respect, not merely as the prince of modern conjurors, but as a talented diplomatist, selected by the French government to undeceive the turbulent Arab chiefs as to the pretended miracles of their marabouts.

Robert-Houdin was born at Blois in 1805; his father, M. Robert, was an eminent watchmaker, and brought up his family with credit to himself. From an early age his son evinced a remarkable aptitude for mechanics, but old Robert, with the natural ambition of a parent, wished the lad to rise a step in the social scale. Hence, after he left college, he bound him to a notary; but the lad showed such disinclination for this, that he was eventually apprenticed to a watchmaker. While thus employed, an accident threw into his hands two volumes of the "Amusements des Sciences," and his vocation was fixed. He would be a conjuror, and he spent all his leisure hours in practising the tricks shown in the book. He exercised himself in palmistry and "sauter la coupe" until he had attained a certain degree of proficiency, while at the same time devoting himself to the construction of pieces of mechanism and automata. Another extraordinary accident decided his future life: during a fever produced by the action of verdigris in a ragoût, an irrepressible longing assailed him to return to his parents. With the cunning peculiar to the brain-fevered, he eluded the vigilance of his nurses, and started off in the diligence. During his journey, his torture increased to such a degree that he threw himself out on to the high road from the carriage. When he returned to his senses, he found himself in bed in a travelling caravan, and learned that he had been picked up by a wandering conjuror, the Chevalier Torrini, who nursed him like a parent. With him he remained several months travelling about the country, and repairing an automaton, until, at Aubusson, where the chevalier's leg had been broken by the upsetting of the vehicle, young Robert made his first public appearance. He was very successful, although he had a dreadful accident in burning the hat in which he made the omelette, but the owner was good enough to act as his accomplice. However, the money netted by the representations enabled Torrini to re-horse his carriage, and, having thus evinced his gratitude, young Robert thought it time to return to his parents.

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* Confidences d'un Prestidigitateur. Par Robert-Houdin. Two Vols. Paris: Librairie Nouvelle. 1859.

The chevalier was not only a very clever conjuror, but a gentleman as well. His real name was M. de Grisy, son of an old French nobleman, who died in the defence of the Tuileries, and he had taken to conjuring as a livelihood, which he greatly enjoyed, until, on one occasion, in performing the gun trick, he had the misfortune to shoot his own son. His wife, a lovely Italian woman, died of grief, and to the old chevalier the world was henceforth a blank. He wandered about the country attended by his faithful foster-brother Antonio, and had learned to love young Robert, as he bore so striking a likeness to his lost son. He had taught the boy all he knew himself, but little thought that he would hereafter profit so greatly by the knowledge.

On returning to Blois, a marriage was made up between Robert and a Mdlle. Houdin, daughter of a watchmaker—hence his name of Houdin, which he at first assumed to distinguish himself from the many other Roberts, and which the council of state eventually allowed him to retain. The young couple proceeded to Paris, where Houdin intended to study carefully ere he opened his own séances of magic. At that period the chief favourite of the Parisian public was Comte, of whom we learn the following graceful anecdote:

> At the end of a séance he gave at the Tuileries, before Louis XVIII., Comte asked his majesty to choose a card. By accident, or otherwise, the king drew the king of hearts; during this time a servant had placed on a table a vase filled with flowers. Comte then took a pistol, in which he put the card as a wad, and fired at the vase. Immediately the bust of Louis XVIII. appeared among the flowers. The king, not knowing what to think of this unexpected dénouement, said, in a mocking voice, "I fancy, sir, your trick has not ended as you bade me expect." "Pardon me, your majesty," Comte replied, assuming the manner of a courtier, "I have quite kept my promise. I pledged myself that the king of hearts should appear in that vase, and I appeal to all Frenchmen: does not that bust represent the king of all hearts?" The king, moved by this compliment, congratulated Comte on his skill. "It would be a pity, friend sorcerer," he said to him, "to have you burnt; you have caused us too much pleasure for us to cause you pain. Live a long time, for yourself first, and then for us."

Another talent Comte possessed to an eminent degree was that of ventriloquism, which, however, led him at times into scrapes. Thus at Friburg, in Switzerland, the peasants were about to throw him into a lime-kiln for a sorcerer, had not he saved himself by causing a terrible voice to issue from the kiln. Another useful acquaintance Houdin formed about this time was that of Jules de Rovere, the first physician who employed the designation of prestidigitateur, which is now so common. After several years spent at watchmaking, and preparing his conjuring apparatus, Houdin turned his attention to automata, which formed part of his original scheme. Of course he applied himself to books to learn what had been already done; and, although he found many fables, he pinned his faith on Vaucanson, whose celebrated duck, which performed all the functions of digestion, quite staggered him. Curiously enough this duck came into his hands for repair in 1844, and he found out it was a nice *canard*, as far as the real digestion was concerned. He discovered, in fact, that Vaucanson was as clever a deceiver as himself. Those who would like to know the trick must turn to the book itself, for we have to find room for the real story of the automaton chess player, who puzzled our fathers so wondrously. Let us condense twenty pages into one.

In 1776 an insurrection broke out in Russia, under an officer of the name of Worousky, who had both legs shot off in the final engagement. A Dr. Osloff took compassion on him and gave him shelter, and during his confinement to his room played chess with him, until Worousky became a superb player. At this time Kempelen, a Viennese mechanician, paid the good doctor a visit, and they consulted how to get the rebel chief out of the country, as his presence was dangerous to himself and his saviour. The idea of the chess-player struck Kempelen, and in three months the figure was ready. Needless to say that Worousky was the player, and his small size and want of legs materially aided the deceit. The experiment was first tried on the doctor, who at length began to smell a rat, for the figure always moved with its left hand, just as Worousky did. However, the trick was so cleverly managed that, feeling sure of not being detected, Kempelen had a large chest made to hold the figure and the cripple. At Toula they made their first public trial, and so great was the success, that the Empress Catherine ordered the figure to St. Petersburg. Kempelen was horribly frightened, but Worousky delighted in defeating a lady who had set a paltry sum on his head. The big chest was carried into the imperial library, and the figure put up. The empress began playing, but soon found she had met her match. In consequence, she deigned to make a false move; the Turk restored the piece to the old square: the empress repeated the fraud, when the automaton violently swept all the pieces off the board. Catherine chose to regard this as a concession to her superior play, but insisted that Kempelen should leave the figure in the library all night. Perhaps some feminine curiosity instigated her; if so, she was disappointed, for Kempelen took care to remove the chest, and in it, of course, Worousky. Foiled in her efforts to buy the automaton, the empress allowed Kempelen to depart. Soon after, the Turk was shown in London, but it is probable that Worousky left the figure prior to its going to America, for there it was repeatedly beaten. These most curious details Houdin has direct from a M. Hessler, nephew of Dr. Osloff.

Houdin now turned his attention to the construction of a writing and drawing automaton, for all his hopes of building a theatre for himself had been dispelled by the bankruptcy of his father-in-law. About this time, too, he invented that curious crystal clock which astonished us some twenty years back, consisting, as it did, of a plain piece of glass with the hands on it, but no visible works. Eighteen months' incessant labour were devoted to the construction of the writing automaton, and this was followed by a curious nightingale, which sang exactly true to nature.

The latter compelled the artist to spend many watchful nights in the wood of Romainville, until he had caught the exact notes of the real bird. He was, however, well repaid for his trouble by receiving 7000 fr. for his two automata, and in the mean while his business had prospered. Comfort once more smiled on the ruined family. Still it says much for the energy of Robert-Houdin that he should voluntarily exile himself for eighteen months from his home, and live in a garret on haricot beans, in order that he might work undisturbed.

At this period the celebrated Philippe made his début in Paris. He was the first to light all the candles by the explosion of a pistol, a trick which always takes, although Houdin confesses a frightful risk of failure is continually run. From a Chinese he had learned, too, the two tricks of the basin of fish and the rings, which were quite novel at that day. The success of Philippe enkindled in Houdin the desire to commence his séances, but his wife died at the time. For two years he struggled on, but found himself so plundered that he was obliged to marry again for the sake of his three young children. In 1844, his automata were displayed at the exhibition, and the king took a lively interest in them. Then he inquired how many inhabitants Paris contained; the automaton wrote distinctly 998,964. The king remarked, with a smile, that the new census, just on the point of completion, would alter these figures. Then the king wrote three lines of poetry, which the automaton capped correctly with the fourth rhyme. Then it began drawing for the Comte de Paris a regal crown, but in the midst of the operation the pencil broke. "No matter," said the king; "as you can draw, my boy, you can finish this yourself." A Roman augur would have derived an omen from this simple incident.

All this while Houdin was looking about for a suitable room to convert into a theatre, and at length found what he wanted in the Palais Royal. After considerable difficulties with the police, he was enabled to open on the 3rd July, 1845; but he was so dissatisfied with the result that he determined on giving up all idea of making a fortune that way. Fortunately for him, a good-natured friend coincided in his views, which so stung him that he decided on reopening the room. After a certain interval the press began to take notice of him; people became curious, and his success was established. Before long he had invented that marvellous system of second sight, in which he was so ably assisted by his son, and which, though entirely mechanical, demanded an immense amount of practice before it could be publicly shown. Here is a curious instance of the necessity of presence of mind. The scene took place at the Vaudeville, where Houdin gave a séance after his own room was shut for the night:

> A spectator, who had come with the express purpose of embarrassing my son, suddenly said to me, "As your son, sir, is a diviner, he can certainly guess the number of my seat." The spectator thought he would force me to confess our inability, for he covered the number from sight, and the other seats were all full. But I was on my guard against every surprise; my answer was ready. Still I pretended to draw back, in order to make my adversary's defeat more striking. After some sparring, I consented to make the trial, the public taking great interest in the debate, and patiently awaiting the issue. "Emile," I said to my son, "prove to this gentleman that nothing can escape your second sight." "It is

number sixty-nine," the child replied, without hesitation. Shouts of applause rang from every corner of the theatre, in which my adversary readily joined, for, while avowing his defeat, he exclaimed, "It is astonishing! magnificent!" Now how had I managed to discover the number? It was very simple. I knew that in all theatres where the seats are divided down the centre by a passage, the uneven numbers are on the right, the even on the left. As at the Vaudeville each row was composed of ten seats, I had not the slightest difficulty in finding out the number of my opponent's seat.

Of the few revelations given us by M. Houdin as to the working of this second sight, we learn that he managed to open purses, books, &c., without being noticed. One glance was always sufficient for his practised eye. If a parcel were given him tied up, his long finger-nail dug a rent in the paper, which allowed him to see the contents, while his old watch-making skill allowed him to open a watch with one hand, undetected. But, indubitably, the greatest advantage Houdin possessed was in the extraordinary memory of his son, which had been developed to the utmost extent. The way in which this was done was as follows: father and son walked rapidly past a shop window, noticing as many objects as they could; then each wrote down the result, and went back to verify it. Houdin himself never got beyond thirty articles, but his son could reach upwards of forty. By this power of retention the lad frequently performed some marvellous tricks in private houses, giving, for instance, the names of the books on a shelf which he was supposed never to have seen, but on which he had cast a hurried glance in passing. It is really too bad to find that we are deceived by such simple contrivances.

After a summer trip to Brussels, in which Houdin found himself awfully let in, the theatre in the Palais Royal was reopened with fresh tricks. So great was the reputation the magician attained, that he was commanded to St. Cloud, where the royal family did their utmost to baffle him. One of the tricks was very clever: Houdin borrowed several handkerchiefs of the party, made them up in a packet, and asked the king to select a spot from three he designated, where he would like to have them found. The first was "under the candlesticks"—that was too easy; the second "in the dome of the Invalides"—that was too far; hence only remained the third, "the chest of the orange-tree at the right end of the avenue." The king ordered a guard round the tree at once to prevent any fraud: Houdin placed the parcel under a glass shade, and bade it go to the place ordered by the king. Then, raising the glass, the parcel had disappeared, and a white turtle-dove had taken its place. A gardener was then ordered to open the last orange-box on the right-hand side, and found in it a rusty iron coffer. This was handed the king, the key being taken from the dove's neck, and he found in it a piece of parchment, on which he read as follows:

> This 6th day of June, 1786.
>
> This iron box, containing six handkerchiefs, was placed amidst the roots of an orange-tree by me, Balsamo Comte de Cagliostro, to aid in the accomplishment of an act of magic which will be performed on this same day sixty years hence, before Louis Philippe d'Orléans and his family.

To this deed was appended the seal of Cagliostro, a mould of which Houdin had got from Torrini, who had been an intimate friend of the arch-impostor. Under the parchment was a parcel, which, on being opened, was found to contain the six handkerchiefs.

Spurred on by this defeat, the royal family were more than ever determined to foil the experiment of second sight. Among other difficult objects was a Chinese coin with a round hole in it. At length the Duchess of Orleans went into an adjoining room, whence she returned with a case. Handing it to Houdin, she asked him if his son could reveal the contents without its being opened? Houdin, of course, soon found out the contents; then, returning the case to the duchess, said that his son could tell what it contained. He stated that it was a diamond pin set in light blue enamel. This was perfectly correct, and the duchess most kindly begged Houdin to keep it in remembrance of the séance. In short, everybody was charmed.

In 1848, M. Houdin was forced to close his room owing to the revolution, when suddenly he was released from his unwilling idleness by a visit from Mr. Mitchell, of St. James's Theatre, who offered him an engagement. All who are acquainted with that gentleman will readily endorse the character Houdin gives of him, as a man of honour and thorough business habits:

> The conditions appearing to me highly favourable, I willingly accepted. Mitchell then offered me his hand: I gave him mine, and this amicable process was the only agreement we made about this important affair. There were no conditions, no signatures, and yet never was a bargain better cemented. From that moment, during my long, lasting relations with Mitchell, I had many opportunities to appreciate all the value of his word. I may say openly that he is the most conscientious director I ever met. To a religious observance of his plighted word Mitchell adds an extreme affability, a generosity and disinterestedness that will stand any trial. In all circumstances he will be found to act "quite a gentleman," as they say in England. One of his most brilliant qualities, as a director, is the delicacy of his behaviour towards his artistes.

Mr. Mitchell conducted Houdin to comfortable lodgings, giving him the celebrated bed on which Rachel, Déjazet, and several others had rested from the emotions of their successes. Still the magician had a very hard task: performing three alternate nights with the Opéra Comique, he was always hurried in making his preparations, for he could not keep the stage when wanted for their rehearsals, and, of course, could not ask the aid of strangers for fear of his secrets being betrayed. Still he was so satisfied with his reception, that he endured the fatigue gladly. He allows that the audiences at the St. James's were the most brilliant he had seen at any theatre; all the fashion of London flocked in, and the only thing wanted for perfect success was the presence of the Queen. But here there was a difficulty: the managers of the London theatres had been making a great disturbance about the presence of so many foreign artistes in London, which ended, as our readers may remember, in a violent demonstration against the troupe of the Théâtre Historique. Hence there was some delicacy felt about the Queen's visit to any foreign performance; but Mr. Mitchell was not the man to own himself defeated. An occasion soon presented itself, and the talented impresario did not neglect it. A fancy fair was to be held in the grounds of Sir Arthur Webster, at Fulham, at which the Queen would be present, and Houdin's services were offered in the cause of charity. They were accepted: the magician performed, and the next day the bills came out with the heading, "Robert-Houdin, who has had the honour to perform before her most gracious Majesty the Queen," &c. At this fête Houdin formed the acquaintance of Baron Brunow, the Russian ambassador, who tried very hard to penetrate the magic circle, and learn how to perform the tricks, but Houdin stood firm.

From London Houdin proceeded to Manchester, where he was heartily welcomed by the factory hands. During the performance of "the inexhaustible bottle," an extraordinary scene took place: the whole pit rose at the liquor, the glasses were all broken, while the audience held up, some their hollowed hands, some their open mouths, to receive the benign draught. At first he had a difficulty in not being able to talk English, but he got along by asking continually, "How you call this?" to which hundreds of voices would eagerly give the answer. It certainly formed a strange contrast to the refined audience of St. James's, and yet Houdin appreciated his reception.

On returning to London, Houdin was commanded to the palace, and he gives a comical account of his misadventures. The séance was ordered for three, and it was two ere he was ready. While rushing off to his dinner, which he sadly wanted, an officer announced that the Queen had altered the hour to two. There was no help: Houdin performed, and was then revelling in the thoughts of food, when an army of workmen invaded the gallery. There was a ball that night, and all must be cleared at once: so the poor magician had to set to work stowing away his traps instead of his dinner. So soon as this operation was over, the party started off to the dining-room, but, as no servants were in attendance, he rang for candles. They sat down to dinner in the dark, but when in full swing, in came two servants with candles, who were so frightened at seeing the magician dining in the dark, that they could hardly be prevailed to wait upon him.

Things being still very queer in France, Houdin determined on taking a tour through the English provinces. At Hertford, he acted the third night to an audience of three, and when all was over, he called them on to the stage, and, inviting the musicians to join, they were presented with an inexhaustible bowl of punch. At Cambridge he was astounded by the noisy welcome of the students; while, at Colchester, his nerves were set on edge by the audience cracking nuts during the whole performance. Nothing would induce him to stay another night, although the manager told him that he would soon grow used to it, and that his actors often cracked nuts on the stage. We throw out this hint for the benefit of *Notes and Queries:* Why do the good folk of Colchester crack nuts? We always supposed their foible was oysters.

After a lengthened tour through Scotland and Ireland, Houdin returned to Paris, but finding that his strength was failing him, he looked out for a successor. Him he found in Mr. Hamilton, who eventually became his brother-in-law, and, in 1852, formally took possession of the Salle in the Palais Royal. Houdin then retired to the environs of Blois, where he employed himself in studying the application of electricity to mechanics, when a most honourable mission was offered him. He was requested by government to proceed to Algiers and give representations before the chiefs. In the first place, it was thought advisable to destroy the prestige of the marabouts, who were continually exciting insurrections by their miracles; and, secondly, Houdin could keep the minds of the Arabs quiet during a foray about to be made by the French troops in Kabylia. On the night of the first performance, the balcon presented a magnificent appearance; some sixty chieftains, in their red mantles, were assembled, and gazed with stolid amazement on the kafir who was about to defeat their prophets. Their attention was not aroused until Houdin began producing cannon-balls from a hat. Then came the horn of abundance, which gave an opportunity of presenting small gifts to the chiefs, which they accepted very suspiciously; but when "the inexhaustible bowl" produced fragrant mocha, they could not resist the temptation. The next striking experiment was that of the box that becomes light or heavy at the will of the operator: a muscular Arab came forward to lift it; he did so with disdainful ease, but when requested to try again, he found it impossible to move it. Again and again he essayed, when suddenly he uttered a yell, and fell on his knees: a tremendous shock of electricity had been passed through the box, and he was rendered helpless as a child. This experiment produced various shouts of "Shaitan!" "Djenoum!" and the chiefs began to grow uncomfortable.

One of the methods employed by the marabouts to increase their importance was to induce a belief in their invulnerability. One of them, for instance, would load a gun and order a spectator to fire at him; the sparks might fly from the flint, but the charge did not explode—of course, the touch-hole had been stopped. To destroy the effect of this, Houdin declared he possessed a talisman rendering him invulnerable, and defied the first marksman in Algeria to hit him. In a second an Arab leaped on the stage, and expressed his desire to kill the magician. He had no compunction, so Houdin handed him a pistol, bidding him see that it was unloaded. Then he was ordered to put in a double charge of powder, and a ball he had previously marked. He fired, and Houdin produced the bullet in the centre of an apple he held on the point of a knife. A general stupefaction was visible on the faces of the audience; but the marabout suddenly caught up the apple and rushed away with it, feeling convinced that he had obtained a magnificent talisman.

The last trick was performed on a Moor of some twenty years of age. He was led to a table in the centre of the stage, after mounting which an extinguisher was placed over him. Houdin and his servant then lifting the table bodily, carried it to the foot-lights and turned it over: the Moor had disappeared! The terror of the Arabs had reached its climax, and they rushed frantically from the theatre. The first object they saw on reaching the street was the young Moor.

Such an effect having been produced, the interpreters were set to work explaining to the chieftains that all these tricks were performed by human means, and they were soon so convinced of it, that they treated Houdin most kindly. They presented him with an address, testifying to their admiration of him, and Houdin was much pleased with the effect he had produced. He then proceeded on a tour through Algeria, being always welcomed with great kindness by his Arab hosts, and repaying their hospitality by exhibiting some tricks; but on one occasion, he could only save himself from a most serious dilemma by his presence of mind.

While M. and Mme. Houdin were staying with the chieftain Bou-

Allem, a marabout looked with supreme disgust on his tricks. When the séance was over, the marabout said, "I now believe in your supernatural power: you are a real sorcerer, so I hope you will not fear to repeat a trick you performed at your theatre." Then, producing a pair of pistols from under his burnous, he said, "Come, choose one of these pistols; we will load it, and I will fire at you. You have nothing to fear, as you are invulnerable." This was certainly a staggerer, and Houdin hardly knew how to escape; and the marabout smiled malignantly at his triumph. Bou-Allem, who knew that Houdin's tricks were the result of address, was very angry, but Houdin would not be beaten. Turning to the marabout, he said that he had left his talisman at Algiers, but that he would, for all that, allow him to fire at him the next morning. During the night he made his preparations, and the next morning the pistols were loaded with all due solemnity, the marabout putting in the powder, Houdin the balls. The marabout fired, and the ball appeared between the wizard's teeth. Then, taking up the other pistol, Houdin fired at a newly whitewashed wall: immediately a large stain of blood appeared on it. The marabout was overwhelmed: at that moment he doubted everything, even the Prophet. Such experiments, however, must be very dangerous; for if the marabout had been anything of a conjuror himself, he might have slipped in a bullet unawares, which would have been attended with fatal consequences. The balls, in this case, were made of wax, blackened with soot, and cast in a bullet-mould.

Having so successfully accomplished his mission, M. Houdin returned to Blois, where he is still engaged in making experiments which he hopes will yet attain some useful end. At present he is trying to make electric clocks as simple and cheap as possible, so that they may be employed in every house. He is also engaged with another book on prestidigitation, in which he promises to reveal all the mysteries of the art. We cannot say that he has given us much information as to his secrets in the present volumes; we therefore look with impatience for the publication of the supplementary work, which we trust will enable us to set up as conjurors in the domestic circle.

In conclusion, we may observe that several of Houdin's most remarkable experiments have been performed by other practisers of white magic. A servant who had been in his employment for seven years betrayed his secrets in 1850 to an amateur. Although the former was punished by two years' imprisonment, the secrets oozed out, and thus speedily became the property of Houdin's rivals.

UP AMONG THE PANDIES:

OR, THE PERSONAL ADVENTURES AND EXPERIENCES OF A FERINGHEE.

BEING SKETCHES IN INDIA, TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

PART V.

OUDE.

It will easily be believed that during my short stay in Cawnpore I visited all the chief points of interest in the place with a greedy excitement. I rode past the spot where the "slaughter-house" (now razed to the ground) once stood, and where, when our troops first reoccupied the place, they found pieces of women's dress, and long hair, and clotted blood, and splashings of the same about the walls, and children's little frocks all dabbled in it, and other signs of slaughter too horrible, but too marked and real to be mistaken. I saw the well, now filled up, and with a monument to mark the spot, commemorating in simple words the dreadful deeds there done, and with an iron railing round it. It is now the only piece of brick or stone-work standing amid a great sea of ruins, the buildings in the neighbourhood having been pulled down to afford a free range to our guns in the fort hard by. There is something indescribably sad about Cawnpore, where destruction has been carried on by friend and foe with such an unsparing hand. You may yet, through the *débris* and rubbish of razed houses, trace the walks and beds of what once were gardens, with occasionally a few poor crushed flowers, that have slept through all these changes and tumults, and are now springing into life, wondering where the hand is that used to tend them so carefully.

The native bazaar is, from its great size and the insatiable craving for everything and anything which characterises the British army, and which must long ere this have raised the not over conscientious buneahs to an unprecedented state of affluence, even noisier and more crowded than these pandemoniums usually are. The narrow, filthy streets, with that peculiar smell—I wonder what it is!—which one notices immediately on landing in India, or, indeed, in any Eastern country, and which is to be had in the highest perfection in the native towns and houses, form one huge labyrinth filled with shops of every description, in the heyday of their prosperity. English officers galloping recklessly along on their tatts (the Indian substitute for that hardy, hairy, half-fed animal, the Crimean baggage pony) in quest of karkee-coloured turbans, or coats, find themselves suddenly brought up by an elephant, whose huge carcase effectually blocks up the narrow street, while his flapping ears seem almost to brush the houses on either side, and looking, as he decidedly is under the circumstances, very much out of proportion; or, occasionally, a camel, with bells tinkling gaily, and his nose high and haughty in the air, trots rapidly round a corner, to the great alarm and confusion of the tatt aforesaid, who disappears backwards, in spite of the frantic kicks administered by his rider, accompanied by an irascible and not very sweet-toned "Come up (thud), you infernal brute (thud), will you?" (thud, thud, thud); about which time, the camel being close upon him, tatt *en route* overturns a jeweller's table, a money-changer's stock-in-trade, and steps into a basket or two of vegetables, all of which articles—jewels included—are exposed *in* the street for sale, after the manner of the baked chesnuts and veal pies, "all 'ot!" of London notoriety, subsides into a graceful attitude among some hookahs and pipes, the property of some Cawnpore "Milo," manifestly to their detriment—the camel trots by—tatt narrowly escapes hysterics as it passes—after which he recovers. British officer rides forth once more, probably, with true Anglo-Saxon sense of justice, abusing the jeweller, the money-changer, the vendor of vegetables, and the pipe man, whose shop he had ridden into backwards, for not getting out of the way!

Cawnpore is celebrated for the manufacture of harness; but, oh! such stuff as it is! The saddles are not badly-shaped, being made on English trees, or correct models of the same; but the leather! I should like to see the face of a pig, if he was told that that was the skin of one of his brethren! And yet these saddlers drive a thriving trade: when a man has bought a pony—as nearly every officer in the army did—a saddle becomes indispensable, and a saddle begets a bridle, a brush, a curry-comb, and various other articles of a like nature, so that the Cawnpore harness-makers are generally well to do. There are tailors, too, who have got their hands as full as they will hold, and fuller, employed as they are in making summer clothing for the troops, and turning out sun-defying but exceedingly unbecoming wicker helmets, at the shortest notice; orders from fresh regiments for eight hundred and nine hundred suits, which *must* be finished in three weeks, says the colonel, which *shall* be finished in three weeks, promises the tailor, and which are not finished for two months, proves experience, pour in day after day. Gopal Doss, with orders for some thousands of helmets, coats, inexpressibles, and turbans, is literally up to his eyes in karkee, to which colour (a sort of bluish-slate) everything in Cawnpore seems, in the excitement of the moment and the flourishing state of commerce, to be rapidly turning.* Another tailor appeared to be gradually becoming a drivelling idiot, under the combined effects of pressure of business and the prospect of incalculable wealth.

And now, good-by to Cawnpore, and its thriving buneahs, and its forts and ruins, and, if we *can* bid adieu to them for a while, to the sad recollections which those ruins suggest, for we are about to cross into Oude. Baggage all loaded — everything ready — *allons!* and away we go, through an atmosphere suggestive of Scotch mist, petrified and then pulverised, and unpleasant work it is trudging on through these grey penetrating clouds of gritty matter. Usually, a dust storm blows steadily, in one particular direction, but I notice as a peculiarity of this one (and of Indian dust-storms in general), that it blows in every direction, and therefore always right into one's face; wherever one turns, however one twists, and wheels, and goes round corners—north, south, east, and west—still one is sure to have the storm in one's teeth, and the state of frenzy to which it drives one, the irritation it causes to one's eyes, and the way in which it envelops one in a sort of light grey paletot, are worthy of observation.

My respected commanding officer, whose words, at certain periods of my career, I may have treated with less respect than the rank of the utterer demanded, and whom oft, in waywardness of spirit, "to the prejudice of good order and military discipline," I confess with shame and sorrow I have thwarted and opposed, now inspired perforce an unwonted reverence and awe, for the hoary garb of wisdom had fallen upon him, in a gritty and arenaceous form, it is true, but nevertheless it had whitened his beard patriarchally, and the ends of his hair Methuselah-ically, adding some twenty years to his appearance, and giving to the sentiments which fell from his lips such additional weight and importance that words of command were metamorphosed into moral sentiments, and even the curt gruff "Halt" seemed, as he uttered it, to embody some sage and golden maxim. So much for the dust-storm, an evil of constant occurrence in India, and making life still less endurable in this horrible country. We are crossing the Ganges by the bridge of boats, which groans and creaks audibly, and whines out a protest against this daily infliction, this never-ceasing tramp of armed men and baggage, and artillery and stores, over its long-suffering planks; but kindly condescending to bear us in safety, we at last place foot in Oude.

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* *Karkee* is the colour fixed on by regulation as that of which the summer clothing of the troops is to be.

Miles of white glaring sand, whose component particles glitter like diamonds in the sun, stretch away along the river bank, and dazzle the eye painfully with the reflected glare; and owing to this, and to having to ride over the heavy surface, our horses sinking deep at every step—owing to the hot sun, now shining with more splendour than was agreeable—owing to the dust which had insinuated itself into ears, eyes, nose, and mouth, and which made life a burden—owing to a certain barrenness of country, which struck me forcibly and dismally; and, in short, owing to being in a very bad humour, my first impressions of Oude were not favourable, nor was my peace of mind made greater by certain mysterious evolutions on the part of the bullocks drawing our baggage, whose deeply-rooted villany began to bud about the bridge, and to expand into full bloom as soon as they arrived on the soft white sand, where the hackeries sank up to their axles, and the bullocks gave themselves up with much zest, and in a fine acrobatic spirit, to a series of field sports and athletic performances, such as tumbling, upsetting the carts, turning so sharply that the wheels came off with a crash, tilting out the baggage, and gambolling so gaily as quite to justify (and a little more) my previous forebodings on the subject, and effectually putting to shame the sanguine, unsuspicious mortal who had not travelled up country by bullock-train, and who had found them so nice and quiet to pat, and who now begins to be sorry he spoke, and to express himself accordingly.

We get over the sands at last on to the main road, along which we rattle along merrily, passing, as we go, over the scene of one of Havelock's fights, during his advance to the relief of Lucknow. After a long and not very pleasant march we reached Oonao, celebrated as the scene of another struggle on the 29th of July, 1857, in which, after a severe "pounding match" between our own and the enemy's artillery, our troops had achieved a brilliant victory, captured nineteen guns, and won yet more laurels for General Havelock and his gallant little band. Oonao is a large village, strongly situated, and having, at a little distance, more the appearance of a large irregular fort than anything else; and the general aspect of the country, which I characterised on first crossing the river as "barren," here becomes well-wooded and fertile, striking and pretty, though as level as a bowling-green. A short distance beyond Oonao we found encamped a large portion of the army, consisting chiefly of the enormous park of artillery and ordnance stores, the Naval Brigade, Hodgson's Irregular Horse, some Punjab infantry, some regiments of Highlanders (as our ears soon found out to their cost), horse artillery, and a few other troops; and here we halt also, and encamp. Ah! what "griffs" we were in those days! what poor hands at campaigning. *Experientia docet* is indeed true, and I quite shudder when I look back on that dismal period of "griffendom" and inexperience; new to the work of picketing horses—new to the usages and customs of the country—unable to speak a word of the language—driven mad by "syces," "grass-cutters," "kulassies," "khitmutgars," "bhistees," "bearers," and others of your native establishment, who neither understand you, nor you them; burnt by the sun into blisters, fiercely hot, tired and hopeless. I look back upon that time as the most miserable I ever spent in my whole life. Yet so elastic was our temperament, that when, thanks to the hospitality of others, we had partaken of a good breakfast, and were in a state of profuse perspiration from hot tea and military ardour, which, conjointly with "Worcestershire sauce" and curry, was burning within us, our existence, which not half an hour ago looked blank and worthless, now assumed such a delightful *couleur de rose*, that, rising superior to adverse circumstances, we looked forward with a pleasurable excitement to continuing our march, as we expected to do, on the following morning towards Lucknow. In this, however, we were disappointed. Various reasons were assigned for the delay, none of which, in all probability, were the right ones; but for several days did the force remain stationary at Oonao, the gunners and Naval Brigade rubbing up their guns and gun-drill, cavalry and horse artillery doing ditto to their horses; the Highlanders disported themselves in kilts, and aired their legs, to the no small astonishment of the natives; and the force, generally, strove by a happy mixture of races and routine to while away and improve the time till the commander-in-chief thought fit to let slip his "dogs of war" upon the foe.

The delay is over at last. The idle halt has come to an end, and the army once more is on its legs. Tents struck, baggage loaded, and away to Lucknow. We do not move up *en masse*, however, but in driblets, some troops moving forward every day. The monster siege-train, with an appropriate guard of cavalry, infantry, and field artillery, travels in two divisions, the second half being one day's march in rear of the first; far along the road does the straggling line of guns, mortars, howitzers, and hackeries loaded heavily with shot and shell, and tumbrils crammed with thousands upon thousands of pounds of powder, and ammunition, and diabolical contrivances of war. Far along the dusty road, I say, does all this extend; nor are its movements by any means swift, owing to innumerable break-downs, and not a little to certain before-mentioned eccentricities on the part of our old friends the bullocks, who somehow contrive never to have less than about five hundred carts stuck in ditches, or inextricably jammed at one and the same time, and so as always to have on hand some very fine specimens of chaos.

After two or three days' journeying along a road remarkable for its monotony, except when one passed through some walled village, such as Basserat-gunge and Nawab-gunge, where ragged shot holes denting the old gateways, and making splintered gaps in the rotten wooden gates, showed us the nature of key which Havelock had used to open them—

but even this became monotonous after a time, from the fact of the keys being all off the same bunch, as we had opportunities of observing at each succeeding village—we arrived at last at the appointed rendezvous for the army, Bunterah, about seven or eight miles from Lucknow. Here such a force was collected as must have paled the cheek of Pandy's spies when they first became aware of its presence, and must have made the old Begum tremble in her palace at Lucknow when she heard of its approach. Magnificent it was to see this vast assemblage of white tents stretching out for miles, and among which went hither and thither some fifteen thousand troops, English and Sikhs, full of ardour, life, and hope. Nor did this force, large as it may appear, include all the troops who were to be employed in the capture of Lucknow, for at the Alum Bagh General Outram had some four thousand men, while General Franks was expected in a few days with a force of five thousand eight hundred men, after a long but victorious march through the south-eastern portion of Oude, while I suppose the six or eight thousand exceedingly useless Ghoorkas must find a place in our calculations.

Well, we encamp at Bunterah, adding our mite of tents to this vast canvas city; we eat our breakfast (we are no longer "griffs" in the campaigning line); we smoke a cheroot, and then lie down for a snooze in our hot tents; it is nearly mid-day, all is silent as the grave in camp, except when half a dozen well-toned ghurrees (a sort of native gong) clang out the hour. "Hallo! get up!" "What's the row?" A hideous clatter, a rushing of men past your tent, a shouting, a neighing of horses—an unwonted hurry and confusion, and ringing again and again through the camp the cry of "Stand to your arms, the enemy are coming!" Away you rush, buckling on your sword as you go, and meeting men in shirt-sleeves, buckling on swords very fast, and breaking their nails in the attempt, and swearing gutturally—but I fear earnestly—to themselves, or mounting their steeds in the very hottest of hot haste; and as you pass a tent door you catch a glimpse of a wretched mortal *à la belle nature*, or very nearly so (he having been engaged in the operation of "tubbing" when the row commenced), now engaged in an attempt to perform the impossible feat of getting into a pair of trousers back side before, and the fastening round his waist of a revolver at one and the same moment, and vociferating madly for his "bearer," and, of course, swearing desperately; while elsewhere is another equally wretched mortal trying to get on a boot, tumbling and hopping about on one leg in a manner stupendous to behold, very red in the face, and using exceedingly strong language. I just see and hear these various domestic tragedies or farces, which you will, *en passant* towards the front of the camp, whither soldiers and officers are swiftly hurrying. Everybody says the enemy are coming, some men swear they can see them, or very nearly, but they are not quite sure in which direction, nor, in fact, is any one. Conjecture is at a loss; officers are still galloping to and fro; Sir Colin, on his white Arab, starts off across country with the intention of judging for himself; bullocks and camels out grazing are coming into camp helter-skelter, urged along by their alarmed drivers, and all looks as if in our joyous expectation of a "mill" we should not be disappointed. It is pleasant looking at those dense masses of troops drawn up in readiness in front of their respective camps, and none the less fitted for fighting, you may be sure, because the greater part of them have got neither stocks nor coats on; it is equally pleasant to look at the long array of guns, with the burly detachments *en chemise* standing by them, slow-match lit, and wanting but two words of four letters each—"Load!" "Fire!"—to cause them to belch forth flame, and death, and destruction. A dead silence pervades the camp now, almost oppressive after the noise and confusion, and one could not help thinking, as one ran one's eye over the scene, that "Jack Sepoy" would be a sad fool if he chose this moment for making his attack, and I suppose "Jack Sepoy" thought much the same, for he did not put in an appearance that day, and, indeed, I believe he had never had the slightest intention of doing so, the whole being a false alarm. We returned to our tents, cheroots, and pyjamas, and heard nothing more of the matter till evening, when an order from Sir Colin appeared on the subject of alarms generally, and concluding with a request that on similar occasions staff officers would "not gallop wildly about, vociferating to regiments to turn out, and thereby causing panic;" whereat we who were not on the staff chuckled.

The following morning, March 2nd, at daybreak, a force marched for Lucknow, Sir Colin Campbell himself accompanying it, they being intended to drive in the enemy's outlying pickets, and open the way for the rest of the army. The 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the 42nd Highlanders, 93rd Highlanders, and three troops of horse artillery, with two or four guns of the naval brigade, and I believe some cavalry, composed the chief part of this column; and it was not very long before heavy firing told us that they were at it, and in the afternoon of the same day we had the pleasure of hearing that they had occupied the Dilkoosha, with little or no loss, after driving the enemy before them and clearing the Mahommed Bagh, a large walled garden near the Dilkoosha, in which preliminary operations the troops under General Outram had also assisted; these successes enabled more troops to push on that evening, when the 34th, 38th, 53rd, and 79th Regiments, the remainder of the Naval Brigade, and six guns (heavy) of the Royal Artillery, and possibly a few other troops that I have not the names of, marched to join Sir Colin, and to occupy the ground taken in the morning. The main portion of the park of artillery had not advanced yet, it being necessary, or at least desirable, to get a perfectly firm footing before hampering ourselves with heavy guns; moreover, as yet, they could be of but little use. Heavy firing throughout that night and the following morning, and in the evening, March 3rd, the order came for the remainder of the army, with the park of artillery, to march at half-past ten, P.M. Oh what a slow and wearying march that was! the night seemed interminable, and from having to go the whole of the way across country, the riding was none of the pleasantest. As day broke we found ourselves under the walls of the old fort of Jellalabad, which is the right of our Alum Bagh position; it certainly was a pretty scene, for Jellalabad is charmingly situated, embedded in dark topes of mango trees, about the branches of which skip innumerable monkeys; and the effect of the scenery was much enhanced by the groups of men, and guns, and bullocks and horses, and the thousands of camp-followers, with their wives and ponies and domestic belongings, scattered about over the face of the country for miles, or gathered in picturesque parties among the trees, a sort of ever-changing, many-hued panorama of novel and pleasing beauty.

Allons! en avant, mes braves! we leave Jellalabad some miles in our rear, and at last, about ten A.M., we receive orders to halt and encamp. We do so, and then, *malgré* the fatigue consequent on our long night march, we stroll out to the front of the ridge whereon our camp is situated in order to look at the view. What do we see? Immediately beneath us the florid and gilded "Dilkoosha" (Heart's Delight) —a strangely fantastic-looking domicile it is too—built apparently of nothing but domes, and arches, and points, and peaks, and cupolas in endless and bewildering variety, and reminding one of those crowded collections of chimney-pots which one sees exposed for sale in London. Behind it are groups of Highlanders, musket in hand; and close by it is a battery of heavy guns, which is carrying on a duel with the Martinière, that immense and very extraordinary-looking establishment by the river's bank, among the trees. General Martine, the founder of this place, must have had some odd notions of his own on the subject of architecture, or possibly he may have been possessed of the noble idea of outting out the Dilkoosha; in which case I must admit that he has succeeded, for even that very peculiar building must yield the palm in point of outlandishness to the Martinière. A faint pop-pop-popping of rifles is going on between the advanced pickets, varied by the heavy boom of a mortar or 18-pounder. Every now and then a little puff of white smoke issues from the Martinière, and while we are watching the tiny cloud expand, curling up, and fading away in the blue sky overhead, we hear a rushing sound like the concentrated essence of express-trains passing you at full speed; we duck—yes! I confess it—we duck involuntarily as a something lodges with a dull, heavy thud in the bank behind us, and warns us that we have advanced a little too far in our eagerness to see the view. To our right lies the river Goomtee, winding about, serpent-like, in a great open green plain, fringed with dark trees. This evening our engineers will commence constructing a bridge of boats across it. Beyond the Martinière, which lies directly to our front, we can see the golden minarets and gay domes of Lucknow, with a few snow-white buildings, and some red roofs gleaming and glittering among the bright green trees, which, by their pleasant fresh colour, set off picturesquely the much-painted temples and bright-looking houses, and give a sort of relief to the otherwise almost too glowing scene. We cannot see much of the fair city, but we can see enough to excite in a high degree our admiration and interest, and our longing to be inside it. Ah! how many of us will never see the inside of that city—how many a gallant heart will lie cold —how many a noble soldier perish in the attempt! Ah! did we but know who were to be taken and who left, could we but read the dim future, and foretel events as surely as we can gaze back into the past, what a strange thing would life be—what a sad trade soldiering! Should we have so many heroes, I wonder, as we have now? It is, indeed, a kind Providence which ordains that the future should be a sealed book for us, though there may be moments when we almost wish it otherwise.

Yes, many were to fall in the capture of that doomed city, and many a mother's heart would bleed, and many a wife would mourn, when the proud tale was told at home of how the rebel stronghold fell; but it was my good luck unscathed to pass through the ordeal, and so I shall be able to relate, I hope not unfaithfully, the story of the siege.

V. D. M.

THE HISTORY OF MR. MIRANDA.

By Dudley Costello.

Part II.

MR. BENJAMIN MONTEFIORE.

CHAPTER I.

A COMMERCIAL CRICHTON.

It is well known to many, besides geographers, that when the famous Bartholomew Diaz returned to Lisbon with the account of his having doubled the southern extremity of Africa, and spoke of the great headland which he had sighted as "The Cape of Storms," King John of Portugal, confident in the value of the discovery, converted the appellation given by the adventurous navigator into that of "The Cape of Good Hope."

This change took place about three hundred and seventy years ago, but it may be questioned if the name of "Good Hope" were ever more deservedly applied to that promontory—or to the flourishing town which lies sheltered beneath it—than in the month of September, 1857; for at that date hope beamed on every countenance, inspired every bosom, and danced in every eye.

It was not the grant of a new constitution, the advent of a popular governor, the successful termination of a Kaffir war, or any such commonplace cause of rejoicing that stirred the hearts of the inhabitants of Cape Town on the occasion referred to; the excitement that so universally prevailed had its origin in a circumstance which, while its leading characteristic was simplicity, had in it the essential elements of romance.

It was the *avatar*, so to speak, of a most illustrious stranger, whose reported wealth reached to an extent that might almost be thought fabulous, if the enormous fortunes of European capitalists were not accredited facts. Nor was it the wealth alone of the newly arrived *millionnaire* which created so vast a sensation—though that is reason enough with most people—but the beneficial uses to which, as it seemed, the *millionnaire's* money was about to be devoted. There was no end to the expectation of advantage, personal and public, which the stranger's arrival—and his words—had caused.

The *Lightning* steam-boat from Liverpool was the fortunate vessel which conveyed this live nugget to the Cape. That he was fully entitled to the auriferous designation who could doubt, when he announced himself as Mr. Benjamin Montefiore, a nephew of the House of Rothschild?

Wealth and beauty are not of necessity adjuncts. Else it had fared ill with Mr. Benjamin Montefiore, whose personal appearance was certainly not in his favour. Unlike Sterne's Maria, he could not boast of "the finest of fine forms," for his height was barely five feet, and a protuberance between his shoulders, while it might have added to the solidity of his frame, somewhat disturbed its symmetry. His legs, too, were very much bowed, and there was a strange peculiarity in his gait caused by the total absence of toes, the ten which nature gave having—he said—been cut off by a railway engine. As a set-off to these disadvantages he had very long arms, and seemed able to do anything with his hands. A Semitic origin was clearly perceptible in his face, and his well-developed Hebrew nose threw its shadow over lips remarkable alike for fulness and flexibility. His hair was of the true dissembling colour, and there was plenty of it—an attraction or the reverse, according to the fancy of the beholder. To sum up:—Mr. Montefiore was not an Adonis—but what, after all, are physical charms when compared with moral endowments? and with these he must have been largely endowed, for he no sooner showed himself in Cape Town than high and low testified at once to his merits.

Mr. Montefiore's visit, as soon as he was settled in his hotel in the "Heeren-gracht"—the principal street of Cape Town—was, of course, to the Colonial Bank, where he presented letters which at once established his name and credit. He was authorised, so his credentials stated, to draw for whatever he might require, and the Colonial Bank felt only too happy to meet his wishes to any extent. But Mr. Montefiore was one who liked to distribute favours with an impartial hand, and while he graciously intimated his intention of availing himself of the Colonial Bank's polite offer—parenthetically observing that he might call upon them for a good round sum if events took the course which he hoped for and anticipated—he remarked that his visit to Cape Town being for the benefit of the colony at large, he must include the four other banks and some of the leading commercial houses in the arrangements he was empowered to make. Accordingly, after an interview satisfactory alike to the representative of the House of Rothschild and to the chief public moneyed interest at the Cape, Mr. Montefiore waited in turn upon the firms to which he was also the bearer of letters. These included the Commercial, the Union, the Cape of Good Hope, and the South African Banks, the English establishments of Messrs. W. Dickson and Co., of Messrs. Hawes and Hedley, of Messrs. Dean and Johnson, of Messrs. Searight and Co., and of Messrs. W. Anderson, Saxon, and Co.; and three Dutch houses: Messrs. Zwart Broeders, of Plein-street, Messrs. Moker and Appelbloessem, of Hottentot-square, and Messrs. Lollepot and Halfgedaan, of Hout-street; and his reception by all of them left nothing for Mr. Montefiore or his principals—had they been there—to desire. Frontier wars, changes of government, and local embarrassments had combined in succession, for several years, to check the progress of commercial enterprise, and the appearance at the Cape of a member of that family at whose slightest sign the whole monetary world is set in motion, was hailed as the most unfailing prognostic of colonial prosperity.

The large views of Mr. Montefiore, the vast transactions in which he was engaged, the intimate knowledge he possessed of mercantile affairs, were things to excite the admiration of the industrious and aspiring Cape merchants; but while they admired his great abilities, they could not suppress the pleasure it gave them to find that one whose sphere of operations was so far above their own should be endowed with so much *bonhomie*, and be ready to meet them on such equal terms. In Mr.

Montefiore were seen none of the austerity and *hauteur* which so generally characterise the plutocracy: he, on the contrary, displayed a freedom of manner, amounting almost to a joyous *abandon*, which at once put everybody at his ease, and it really seemed to the honest Cape merchants that instead of conferring inestimable benefits he was actually the recipient of them. Liberality is a virtue that demands the highest praise, in whomsoever it may appear; but when we behold it in the Hebrew race, in the midst of matters of business, it shines a "perfect chrysolite." What wonder, then, that the little deformed Jew became, as it were, the bosom friend, the *enfant gâté*, of the good people of the Cape?

CHAPTER II.

A GREAT BUSINESS MEETING.

THE sun of Southern Africa, whose fervid rays—if we are to believe the advertisements—have rendered "wine an inexpensive luxury," never shone on a happier set of mortals than that which was assembled at the Commercial Exchange of Cape Town on the seventh day after the arrival there of Mr. Benjamin Montefiore.

The meeting had been convened at the instance of several of the most influential persons in the colony, whose signatures were attached to the announcement that appeared in the columns of the *Cape Argus*, the great political organ of that part of the world, and of the *Zuid-Afrikaan*, which latter, being printed in English and Dutch, is read alike by all. This announcement, though briefly worded, was pregnant with meaning, for it proclaimed the dawning of a new commercial era, under auspices which justified the most sanguine expectations, and it had the effect of filling, not only the Exchange itself, but at least one half of the Grand Parade in which that building stands, its most conspicuous ornament. Hither came flocking, not only the Zwarts, the Appelbloessems, the Mokers, the Halfgedaans, the Lollepots, the Dicksons, the Searights, the Deans, the Saxons, from their respective counting-houses, but Stellenbosch, and Worcester, and remote Swellendan, sent in their waggon-loads of representatives, all eager to participate in the promised advantages. Even those who had no direct interest in the meeting—but this happens everywhere—were present, and a calm observer, if there had been one, might have taken that opportunity of classifying the various breeds in the colony, beginning with Europeans of every nation, and ranging through every shade of colour, from the yellow Malay to the duskier Hottentot and the still more dusky negro.

The heat was intense, but what care people for heat when a chance is offered of making money? We know the powers of endurance, under such circumstances, of those who boast of British origin, and it may be admitted without much difficulty, that, where gain is in perspective, our friends the Dutch are seldom in the background. On this occasion, in fact, the Dutch element may be said to have preponderated, and the chair was filled—and filled completely—by the head of the firm of Van Donker, Bosch, and Company, who, in a few inarticulate grunts—as good as the best eloquence—opened the proceedings of the day.

It was gathered—not exactly from these grunts, but from a general understanding—that the precise object of the meeting was to hear and adopt, rather than take into consideration, certain proposals which would be submitted by "an esteemed member and relative of the great house of Rothschild, who at that moment honoured the colony with his presence." To elicit these proposals, a resolution was formally made by Mr. Appelbloessem, and seconded by Mr. Searight, to the effect that the statement of Mr. Benjamin Montefiore should then and there be laid before the meeting. It was carried, of course, by universal acclamation, and when the applause had subsided by which the mention of his name was greeted, Mr. Montefiore rose.

Merely to have risen would scarcely have sufficed for the purpose for which he found himself on his legs; and when we say that he rose, it ought at once to be understood that he was borne forward by those who were nearest, and placed upon the table in front of the chairman, from which elevated position his oratory stood a better chance of reaching the ears of his eager audience than if he had addressed them from the level floor.

We have already said that there was nothing remarkably prepossessing in the *physique* of Mr. Montefiore—even the expression of his countenance gained nothing by the large pair of blue spectacles which he constantly wore—but it was the *moral* of the man that constituted his value. This lent a wonderful charm to his words, though the words themselves were well chosen, and the voice that uttered them was excessively pleasing. That man, however, must have been made of singularly inflexible materials who could have listened, unmoved, to propositions that went straight to the expansion of every breeches-pocket in the assembly.

The House of Rothschild, he said—and there was unctuousness in the very sound of that potent name—the House of Rothschild had long entertained the project of repaying to Africa something of the debt long owing to her golden shores, by establishing a balance of interests in the South Atlantic Ocean. The wealth aggregated in Europe might be likened to a determination of blood to the head, impeding a circulation which ought to be general. The chief object of commerce, as all his hearers knew, was universal development: the wider the world's transactions the greater the amount of positive good to mankind. Had the Cape of Good Hope been neglected? Not altogether. But yet its resources had not been drawn upon to an extent commensurate with its capabilities of supply. Its corn, its hides, its horns, its tusks, its wool, its feathers, its honey, its oil, its drugs; the two last named—and here he smiled—being distinctly separate articles—(Hear, hear, and a general laugh)—these products had, it is true, received encouragement; without them, indeed, the colony would have been a blank; but was this all that was demanded of South Africa—was this all that could be obtained from her fertile bosom? (Hear, hear.) When he looked at that combination of faculties by which the most difficult ends were achieved—when there floated before his mind's eye the intelligence of England—(Hear, hear)—and the perseverance of Holland—(Hear, hear)—he might counterchange those expressions with no impeachment of their truth—(Hear, hear)—when to the intellectual energy of the European—(Hear)—was added the docility of the African—(Hear)—when a soil that yielded everything to labour, and a favourable climate invited, when nothing but capital—(Hear, hear)—was wanted—capital, he meant, in hands that knew how to guide it—(Hear, hear)—when all these considerations were pressed upon him, and they had been pressed upon the observation of the House of which he was the unworthy—(No, no)—well, then, he would say the willing representative—(Hear, hear)—when, he repeated, he beheld a vista opening up so wide a field of enterprise, he was, he confessed, lost in astonishment at seeing that field, by comparison, so little cultivated. (Hear, hear.) But the cultivators were now at hand —(cheers)—a great day was fast approaching—(cheers)—and, let what he said be taken for no more than it was worth, but he spoke as one not without experience—(renewed cheers)—he entertained no doubt that if the colonists themselves would only put their shoulders to the wheel, the result of their efforts would elevate the Cape to a pinnacle of prosperity unexampled in the history of colonial endeavour. (Deafening and repeated cheers.)

Rather florid this language, it may be said, for a man of business and a Rothschild; but he who used it seemed to be aware, or to think, that it was necessary. They, on the other hand, who listened, took no exception to the glowing tone in which the future of the colony was adverted to; neither did they quarrel with the terms in which their own qualities were described: in homely phrase, they might as well have quarrelled with their bread-and-butter, for was it not a Rothschild who, thus unsolicited, came amongst them to pour out the horn of abundance? No! Mr. Montefiore, had he been so minded, might have been hyperbolical in his estimates, hyperbolical in his praises; he might have said much more than the occasion warranted, without exciting one critical observation. If the thing actually were not, the word of a Rothschild could create it: that was a fact patent to all the world, believed in on both sides of the equator.

But business-like views were by no means wanting to the speech of Mr. Montefiore, who, having thoroughly warmed his auditory, entered into a general explanation of his plans, and proceeded to show what was the one thing necessary if the colony hoped to thrive.

"For a country," said Mr. Montefiore, "destitute, with all its advantages, of navigable rivers, and possessing no mines that deserve the name, it is surprising to find of what development your colony is capable! But yet that development is comparatively useless, owing to the absence of proper means of communication. That which has caused the astonishing progress of European prosperity within the last thirty years must be applied to Southern Africa. You, too, must have railroads, and I am here to give them to you." (Cheers.)

Then followed an exposition of figures,—the amount of capital required, the rate of shares, the data of construction, and a host of technical details,—all that was requisite for satisfying the meeting that a railway from Cape Town to Wellington, the line he was prepared to support, was a feasible undertaking.

This idea was not a new one in the colony, but enterprise to carry it out had hitherto been wanting. If, said the colonists, any great capitalist would but come forward! And now the capitalist appeared, and to prove how earnest he was in the matter, Mr. Montefiore closed his address by stating that the House of Rothschild would guarantee a loan of half a million sterling, and head the subscription-list to the extent of five hundred shares, at a hundred pounds per share!

Impossible to describe the enthusiasm which followed this declaration, and, when the meeting broke up, what interchanges of greeting took place between the Searights and the Saxons, the Collinsons and the Johnsons, the Zwarts and the Lollepots, the Appelbloessems and the Halfgedaans, the Mokers and the Van Donkers! What glistening faces they had, what chuckling sounds they emitted! Yes, it was true, the Cape millennium had at last arrived, and he who brought it in his pocket-book was Mr. Montefiore.

CHAPTER III.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

But besides labouring, or being willing to labour, for the prospective good of the colony, Mr. Montefiore was no niggard of his means for the purpose of conferring immediate benefits; and if he drew largely upon the different banks and commercial houses in Cape Town, on the strength of his letters of credit, he was at the same time liberal in his charities and even profuse in his expenditure.

Although a Jew, he had none of the narrowness of the Pharisee in his character, but gave freely to the members of all creeds, and aided the funds of every religious worship; in this respect offering a favourable contrast in his own conduct to that of the bitter zealots who, in their sectarian animosity, had made the word "Afrikander" a term of reproach, instead of a Christian epithet. In this catholic spirit Mr. Montefiore gave fifty pounds towards the Cathedral, as much to the Wesleyans and Baptists, and sent a subscription of twenty more to the Missionary Society; by way, no doubt, of neutralising the support he rendered to his own Synagogue in a gift of similar amount. To show, however, that his impulses did not all tend in one direction, and it might be to guard against the imputation of seeking to conciliate religious hostility by calling in the aid of Mammon, he left none of the secular establishments uncared for: the Museum, the Public Library, the Somerset Hospital, the Sailors' Home, the newly created Art Exhibition, the Agricultural and Horticultural Societies, even the Race-course Committee and the rival Cricket Clubs had reason to acknowledge Mr. Montefiore's liberality.

This would be a much worse world than it is if some popularity did not attach to one who could devote himself so unsparingly to the common weal, and, at the risk of employing a hackneyed metaphor, we are bound to say that Mr. Montefiore contrived to win golden opinions from all sorts of men. Had a political revolution at the Cape been a question at that time in the public mind, many things are less improbable than that Mr. Montefiore might have been raised to the supreme power. Had it only been the period of the elections, he could not have missed a seat for any constituency he chose, whether on the "Afrikander" or any other interest.

But, apparently, Mr. Montefiore made no account of political affairs: he seemed content with doing good, and if he did not absolutely blush to find it fame, the reason was, perhaps, that a long habit of rendering services to his fellow-creatures kept down the eloquent blood which else had suffused his cheeks. One thing, however, is certain: he did not set himself up on the strength of his benevolence, but simply said it was nothing to make a fuss about,—a God's penny, that the colony would one day repay him a thousand-fold, when the day of its prosperity, through his agency, came to pass.

So far, indeed, was he from seeking to earn a utilitarian reputation, that, having once put the colony on the right track, he gave himself unreservedly to all the pleasures which Cape Town had to offer. Of course not to the utter exclusion of business: that could scarcely be expected of one who was not only of Hebrew race, but of the House of Rothschild into the bargain. A few hours, therefore, he gave daily to his correspondence, for he had many matters to write about, as well those which took him to the Cape as those which the Cape merchants urged him to undertake on their own separate behalf. Recommended by Mr. Montefiore, transactions to any amount were sure to meet with a favourable reception in London, Paris, Vienna, and elsewhere; and many good bills passed through his hands, as the safest medium of communication. The letters which Mr. Montefiore wrote were consequently almost as great a blessing to the colony as his actual presence in it. Even the post-office clerks, who profited little by the extension of commerce, could not withhold their admiration at the sight of his despatches: they were so exquisitely superscribed, that, instead of being a mere effort of penmanship, one might almost have taken them for copper-plate engravings.

If it were a pleasure simply to read the outsides of these missives, what a pleasure it must have been to become acquainted with their contents! The recipients were numerous. The first English mail from the Cape, about a month after Mr. Montefiore's arrival there, was the bearer of letters from him, not only to the Rothschilds, Cohens, and Salomons of Europe, but to eminent firms in the United States; the latter might have attracted attention from the fact of their being addressed, in triplicate, to the same individual, to the care of different houses at New Orleans, Charleston, and New York, as if the person to whom they were addressed were travelling by an uncertain route. That person bore the name of Francisco Miranda.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DÉLASSEMENTS OF MR. MONTEFIORE.

It has been said that, when his more laborious avocations were ended, Mr. Montefiore entered cheerfully into the amusements of Cape society. He received encouragement enough to do so, for there was not a person of note in the place who did not claim the privilege of calling him friend. As an illustration of his manner of life, take the following outline of what may fairly be called "a day well spent."

An early riser, as he must of necessity be who wishes to get on in the world, Mr. Montefiore despatched his correspondence before he gave audience to any one. He then descended from his private apartments to the public coffee-room of his hotel, where breakfast was always prepared for six, his guests being principally opulent merchants, whose conversation, while it smacked somewhat of business, by no means excluded considerations less severe. This meal was, in fact, a sort of early 'Change, and hither for inspiration came the Mokers and the Appelbloessems, the Searights and the Saxons, that man departing the happiest among them who managed to secure Mr. Montefiore's company the same day to dinner. Without altering his costume, but still wearing the gorgeous Parisian dressing-gown and richly-worked Turkish slippers in which he breakfasted, and merely substituting a broad-leafed straw hat for his embroidered Greek cap, the Hebrew capitalist then lit a *regalia* and lounged outside upon the Stoep, or brick-terrace, which, after the old Dutch fashion, is raised in front of every house, and forms the substitute for a continuous line of foot pavement. Here, sometimes leisurely pacing up and down, sometimes seated beneath the shade of the oak-trees which border the canal—called the Heeren-gracht in imitation of parental Amsterdam—Mr. Montefiore held a species of levee, which was attended by the sprightlier sort who objected not to smoke in the morning—rather preferred it, indeed—and whose talk was chiefly of the race-course, the pic-nic, the billiard and the ball-room; by what may be called "Young Cape," and by most of the military officers not on duty. What the coffee-room at George's Hotel had been for the elders of Cape society, the Stoep was for its juvenile representatives: Mr. Montefiore's cedar-wood cigar-box was open for all his acquaintance, who freely helped themselves also to the pale ale, brandy-and-water, and claret that stood on the same table, set out by the active waiters beside Mr. Montefiore's favourite oak. An hour or two of this light, agreeable *passatempo*, and then a general invitation to lunch inside, when the occupation of the day, if not previously fixed, was decided on. This was, perhaps, a cricket-match between the Garrison and the Rondebosch Clubs, the issue a dinner, given by Mr. Montefiore alike to winners and losers; perhaps a trial of archery for ladies, in the Botanic Garden, with prizes of silver-shafted and gold-headed arrows, provided also by Mr. Montefiore; perhaps a fête champêtre on the Wynberg, for which Mr. Montefiore purveyed the wines, the *comestibles*, and the conveyances, the music being supplied by one or other of the regimental bands. In short, whatever the projected entertainment, Mr. Montefiore was the Nong-tong-paw, the Marquis of Carabas, whose overflowing purse swept away all the expenses. If, however, no special festivity was on the *tapis*, then Mr. Montefiore, giving his young friends their *congé*, attired himself point-device, and, ordering his horses, rode forth to pay a round of visits at the charming villas which lie scattered outside the town, where his presence was hailed with as much delight by the fair sex as had previously been evinced by the much browner one. Finally came that pursuit, serious in all climes where its importance is understood, and not likely to be other than serious in a wealthy Anglo-Dutch community, which, if it does not absolutely live to dine, inherits by double descent a rather strongly pronounced predilection in favour of good dinners. It was, as has been intimated, a contest amongst the Searights and the Saxons, the Mokers and the Appelbloessems, which should possess Mr. Montefiore, under whose mahogany should be stretched the varnished boots which held his toeless feet. Was Mr. Montefiore quite impartial in the distribution of his person? It is a difficult thing to observe a strict neutrality, no matter what the object that should evoke the divine, negative virtue, but as far as it lay in the power of man to forbear the manifestation of a preference, Mr. Montefiore exercised forbearance. He dined with Searight, he dined with Saxon, he dined with Moker, he dined with Appelbloessem, and indiscriminately he praised their dinners: dancing was not in his line, owing to that awkward railway accident, but there are a thousand ways, besides capering, of making oneself agreeable to the ladies, and in his devotion to the blooming damsels of the Cape, graceful as their own jasmine, is it any impeachment of Mr. Montefiore's impartiality if he hesitated to decide between the stately Matilda Moker and the fairy-like Gertrude Appelbloessem? He thought not, and each of these young ladies, gratified by the attentions he paid, felt equally delighted; each played to him, each sang to him, each did her best, with or without conversion, to secure the Jew for her husband; and Mr. Montefiore may be pardoned if, in returning home at night to his hotel, his sentiments were those of Captain Macheath or the proverbial Ass of Buridan.

CHAPTER V.

WELL-DESERVED POPULARITY OF MR. MONTEFIORE.

But it was not alone amongst the private friends whom he so speedily acquired that Mr. Montefiore played the part of the prosperous Timon: his desire to make people happy was of universal scope. Having laid the foundation of a work which was destined to give full employment to colonial labour, he could not feel content without ministering to colonial amusement.

"Panem et circenses" was his motto, and in order to carry it out as far as he could, he gave encouragement to the Isthmian games of Southern Africa, by getting up a Cape "October meeting"—Montefiore races, in fact, the entire cost being defrayed by himself. There was a Montefiore Handicap, a Montefiore Cup, and Montefiore Stakes, for which last a greater number of horses started than had ever been known on the course before; their owners, who were also the riders, hurrying in from Zwartland, Stellenbosch, Worcester, Swellendam, Caledon, and Smitswinkel, as they never had hurried within the memory of living man. This last race was a perfect "Derby" in point of numbers, no fewer than twenty-four gentleman-jocks appearing at the starting-post; and on the course were assembled, if not quite as many as gather on Epsom Downs, a crowd full as motley; not the least joyous spectators being the Hottentots and Mozambique boys, who, on that day at least, indulged in as much Cape beer as they were capable of swallowing. Their betters were no worse off, the refreshment-booths being opened for the *élite*, where champagne was as common as ditch-water. And rejoicing in the happiness he imparted, Mr. Montefiore drove about the course in a carriage and four, preceded and followed by outriders, and everywhere received with acclamation so general as to revive in the memory of many who witnessed the ovation the loyal greetings which attend Queen Victoria when she sweeps with her *cortége* across the heath at Ascot.

Having gratified the public at large, Mr. Montefiore, ascending in the scale, determined to give a grand dinner to all the Cape aristocracy; but the claimants to this distinction being more numerous than might have been supposed, no apartment in George's Hotel was found large enough for Mr. Montefiore's purpose, and he therefore caused all the partitions in the lower part of the house to be cleared away, and constructed an immense saloon, capable of dining three or four hundred persons. The invitation-cards, the bill of fare, and the music programme were printed in letters of gold; the dinner itself comprised every delicacy that Southern Africa could produce; the wines were the finest imported, rare old Constantia being the only one admitted of native growth; and the reputation of the Cape for fruits and flowers suffered no disparagement at this sumptuous banquet. Mr. Montefiore's health was drunk amid rapturous applause, the proposer of the toast being Mr. Appelbloessem, and the princely host responded in a strain of mingled humour and feeling which drew tears from every eye. As the small hours advanced, the delighted guests raised Mr. Montefiore in his chair and carried him on their shoulders triumphantly round the room, the excited band spontaneously striking up the tune of "He's a right good fellow," and old Mr. Lollepot actually kissed him, and called him his brother! Since the days when Solomon sat in all his glory, it may be questioned if any Jewish gentleman was ever made so much of.

The dinner was followed, next day, by a ball; the ball, like the dinner, was magnificent; all the beauty of Cape Town was there; but Mr. Montefiore outshone all other attractions. He might, if he pleased, have rivalled Solomon even in the item of connubiality.

The Cape Town people, whatever they may say of each other, when waging religious or political warfare, are not insensible to liberality nor deficient in generosity. Appreciating the first of these qualities in Mr. Montefiore, they resolved to exhibit the second in their own persons. The word went round and a meeting was held, with Baron Lorenz, the chief police magistrate, in the chair, at which a subscription of ten guineas a head was entered into, one-half of the sum subscribed being devoted to a dinner in Mr. Montefiore's honour, the other half applied to the purchase of a testimonial to be presented to him.

Only one regret was associated with this demonstration: the little time that remained to prepare a testimonial worthy of the distinguished man to whom it was to be offered, for already Mr. Montefiore had intimated that his days at the Cape were numbered. In fulfilment of the great object for which the House of Rothschild had sent him out, the next mission of their nephew was to Natal, and however agreeable the hours he passed in Cape Town, those hours were fleeting. A testimonial, then, must be adapted rather than made, and after some search a silver vase was found in the shop of Mr. Hiram Pegler, the jeweller in Plein-street, which seemed appropriate enough for the purpose required. In a grateful hour it had been manufactured for a popular governor of the colony, but the governor's popularity having been of little more than an hour's duration, the subscriptions for its purchase were never paid, the testimonial was never presented, and it had consequently remained from that time a dead weight upon the shelves of Mr. Hiram Pegler. Luckily the vase bore no inscription, and all that was wanting for the occasion was to supply one. The original draught, however, of that which had been intended for the popular governor remained on Mr. Pegler's books, and, like the letter of La Fleur, it needed only a few verbal alterations and the dedication was accomplished. Without saying anything of the wreaths of vine-leaves, bunches of grapes, branches of olive, and heads of corn—emblems of the condition of a prosperous colony under a popular governor—with which the vase was adorned, we may transcribe the inscription, which ran as follows:

TO
BENJAMIN MONTEFIORE, ESQ.,
A WORTHY SCION
OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD,
THIS HUMBLE TRIBUTE,
EXPRESSIVE OF GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION,
IS
RESPECTFULLY OFFERED
BY
THE COLONISTS OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

OCTOBER THE 24TH, 1857.

Rapiamus, amici, occasionem de die.
HOR.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EXODUS OF MR. MONTEFIORE.

IT was not Mr. Montefiore's intention to proceed to Natal by land. The Cape waggons and Cape roads held out a prospect of much rougher travelling than his nerves could bear; he had, moreover, acquired a liking for the sea on his way out from England, and made his election, therefore, in favour of another voyage. Several vessels were, at that time, lying in Table Bay—two or three for the Mauritius, one for Ceylon, one for China, one for Rio Janeiro, and several that traded to Natal. Out of the latter he selected a smart little schooner, in which he offered to give such of his friends a trip as might have business in the sister colony. Two of them, Mr. Bosch, of the firm of Van Donker, Bosch, and Co., and young Mr. Halfgedaan, of Lollepot and Halfgedaans, accepted this invitation, and very snug berths were found for them on either side of that which was prepared for Mr. Montefiore, one of whose especial attributes it was always to succeed in making everybody comfortable.

But besides his own departure for Natal, Mr. Montefiore had other things to think of. Amongst the instructions with which the House of Rothschild had charged their nephew, was an order for the shipment of certain Cape produce to Rio Janeiro, in the event of his having an opportunity to do so. This opportunity, as we have seen, presented itself, the barque *Atalanta*, for that port, being almost ready to sail.

Mr. Montefiore had been brought up in too severe a school to entrust to others that which was most likely to be best performed by himself, and with his own eyes, in his own apartments, he superintended the packing of the produce, and, after the workmen were dismissed, occupied a leisure hour or two in affixing the right addresses to the various cases, saving time, which he always liked to save, by choosing that moment for labelling his personal baggage, of which he had a good deal. The shipments, together with what was bulkiest of his own, were then sent on board the different vessels, these to Rio Janeiro, those to Natal, and Mr. Montefiore remained with only a light portmanteau and two or three carpet-bags to toss at the last moment into the boat that was to take him and his two friends on board the little schooner, named after that charming young lady, Miss Gertrude Appelbloessem.

To that fair maid, as well as to Miss Matilda Moker, Mr. Montefiore paid his latest visits on the morning of the 24th of October, the day of the testimonial dinner, and the one that preceded his departure. What took place at those interviews, which were strictly private, can but be guessed at, only he was known to have said—it oozed out somehow—that on his return from Natal, in a couple of months, *somebody* would be made happy, and if Mr. Moker furtively squeezed Mr. Montefiore's hand in wishing him *bon voyage* at the dinner, or if Mr. Appelbloessem significantly said he hoped soon to see him back again, depend upon it each of those worthy gentlemen felt fully persuaded that they knew what they knew, and had the best authority for knowing.

Leave-taking is a sad affair. Byron so describes it, even when the most unpleasant people are left behind. How sad, then, must Mr. Montefiore have been at the thought of parting from those with whom his warmest feelings and strongest interests—so he declared in his farewell speech—were eternally identified! He bore up, however, tolerably well; seemed, perhaps, to bear up better than he really did, for the inscrutable blue spectacles concealed the tears that must have filled his eyes when the word "adieu" was trembling on his lips. Something of his emotion might be inferred from the fervour with which Mr. Montefiore pressed the testimonial to his bosom, and the grasp with which he clutched the precious vase, vowing that he and it should never be separated. Trifles often prove a man's sincerity, and Mr. Montefiore's sincerity was shown by a very slight incident: he insisted on carrying the testimonial away with his own hands, and, when he finally took leave, buried it beneath the folds of his ample *paletot*. On the following morning, too, when he left his hotel to embark, accompanied, early as it was, by a host of admiring friends, the ebony case that held the vase was still in his hand.

Mr. Montefiore's Exodus was not allowed to be a sorrowful event. Why, indeed, should it have been so, for was he not—in commercial phrase—due on that very shore a couple of months hence? So far, then, from sorrow prevailing, his progress towards the quay partook of the most cheerful—one might, in some senses, say of even a bacchanalian character—for many of the tipplers of the previous night had only half recovered their sobriety, and——No matter just now for the rest of the resemblance.

Mr. Montefiore shook hands with every one that lined the beach, Hottentots and all. A fresh breeze was getting up from the south-east, and Mr. Searight, who was an oracle in things nautical, pointing to the *Atalanta*, on board of which the blue-peter was flying, observed that she, he was sorry to see, would have a fairer wind than the *Gertrude Appelbloessem;* Mr. Montefiore must expect to be tumbled about a little as the schooner headed for the Cape; and Mr. Montefiore smiled and said he would weather it. So also said Mr. Bosch and Mr. Halfgedaan, proud to be his companions.

The boat shoved off amidst loud hurrahs, and handkerchiefs were still waving when the party reached the schooner. Mr. Bosch and Mr. Halfgedaan were seen to go on board; but why did not Mr. Montefiore follow? Mr. Searight levelled his glass to ascertain the cause.

"Why the boat and Mr. Montefiore in it are pulling away from the schooner! Where the deuce can she be going to? She seems to be making for that Rio vessel!"

And this was the fact. At the very last moment Mr. Montefiore had forgotten some most important papers for Rio Janeiro, which, he said, he must himself deliver to the captain of the *Atalanta*. Thousands of pounds depended on it! To the *Atalanta*, then, he was rowed with all speed, without waiting even to put the few things he had with him, including the testimonial, on board the schooner.

The sea was rather rough; but "What fear ye?" Mr. Montefiore might have exclaimed to the dubious boatmen; "ye carry Cæsar and his fortunes!"

So, indeed, they did: all his fortunes, save and except the personals already shipped on board the *Atalanta*, which was just getting under weigh when the boat got alongside.

"Hang on," said Mr. Montefiore, "while my things are being taken out. Here are five sovereigns to drink my health. Go back to the schooner, give my kind regards to Mr. Bosch and Mr. Halfgedaan. Tell them I hope they'll have a pleasant trip to Natal, but if they don't like to go without me they may go ashore again, and disembark the produce belonging to their houses, which by some accident was sent on board the *Gertrude Appelbloessem* instead of the *Atalanta*. And now, my dear fellows, God bless you. I hope they won't forget me at Cape Town."

They didn't in a hurry. Who were done the brownest there it is difficult to say, but public opinion inclined to the belief that the principal sufferers were Moker and Appelbloessem. On the first Sunday after Mr. Montefiore's departure, the reverend preacher, at the chapel which those gentlemen attended, took the following for his text: "Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf: in the morning he shall devour the prey, and in the night he shall divide the spoil."

As to the amount to be divided, that depended, Mr. Montefiore said to himself, after the shore boat cast off from the *Atalanta*—that depended upon circumstances.

"I don't think," he said, as he lit his regalia and gazed from the poop of the vessel upon the receding shore—"I don't think Miranda has done much better at Sydney than I amongst these thick-headed Dutchmen. Let me see—cash, so-and-so; bills on London, so-and-so; values, so-and-so; altogether, seventeen thousand pounds! Not bad for a visit to the Cape. Now for New York, where I hope to arrive as soon as Miranda."

POT-POURRI OF ART AND LITERATURE.

THE expectation that the Royal Academy will come out in force on Monday next is fully warranted by the number of excellent pictures which have been sent in. Freed from the fetters of court-painting, Mr. E. M. Ward has once more taken as his subject the imprisonment of Marie Antoinette, choosing for illustration the memorable scene with Fouquier-Tinville, when the republican commissary made himself the bearer of the order for her execution. The exulting wretch is insolently seated on a table, reading by the sickly light which streams through the prison window the infamous decree that condemned "the widow of Louis Capet" to suffer death. He has just glanced from the parchment to watch the effect of the order, but he looks in vain for any trace of emotion on the worn but lofty features of the royal victim, who, with an air of the most supreme indifference, as if nothing could touch her further, continues the occupation on which she was engaged when the ruffian entered. Mr. Ward has never painted anything finer than the emaciated face and wan hands of the illustrious prisoner, a queen to the last in despite of outrage; there is, indeed, no part of this interesting picture that is not admirably treated. The truth of portraiture and the charm of fancy are shown in two minor works by Mr. Ward, one of them called "Home Thoughts," the other "Morning:" very beautiful women must have sat to the painter. Mrs. Ward takes a higher range this year than usual, and her highly successful execution quite justifies the attempt. Her subject is from the life of "Friedrich the Great," where his martinet father, returning from a review, finds the infant hero beating a drum, to his own great delight but sadly to the annoyance of his favourite sister. Both the children are in full court dress, and their rich costume has given Mrs. Ward an opportunity of showing her skill as a first-rate colourist. Mr. Philip has two pictures; one, a portrait of Mr. Egg, the artist, the other an exquisite Spanish scene, called "The Huff," in which the most beautiful girl in Seville—if it were not for her companion—is represented, scornfully turning away from her lover as he carelessly rides past. The place is the public garden of the city, and all the attributes of that locality are in perfect keeping. Mr. O'Neil has rivalled the "Eastward ho!" of last year in its companion "The Return;" it would be difficult to say which is the finer picture. Very powerful, too, is Mr. Egg's "Cromwell in his Tent the Night before the Battle of Naseby;" the attitude and expression of the great Puritan leader are exceedingly grand, and the moonlight effect is excellent. Mr. Rankley, whose domestic themes are always replete with interest, gives us "The Parting Sermon" of a young clergyman; he is writing it at night, with his tearful wife and slumbering babe beside him; it is her native village which he is on the point of quitting. "Evening Song," where a group of girls are returning home in full chorus, is the subject of Mr. Rankley's second picture, which, besides the figures, may also be highly commended for the landscape. We trust that the success with which Mr. Solomon has treated his new picture "The Acquittal," will lead to a right appreciation, in a commercial point of view, of that admirable work "Waiting for a Verdict,' which, powerful as it was, remains, we believe, unsold; they ought both to be the property of one purchaser.

Mr. Frith concentrates all his art this year on a portrait of Mr. Charles Dickens: it is a speaking and thinking likeness. Mr. Herbert is scriptural, "The Sister of Lazarus at the Saviour's Tomb," being his theme: the Magdalen's face is full of loving tenderness, and her dress is very carefully painted. Sir Edwin Landseer delights us again with his unapproachable animals, all of them true to nature and full of character. He has four pictures: a stag hunt in a stormy lake, a patient terrier waiting for the reversion of a mastiff's dinner, a young calf led by a Scottish lassie across a stream, and an illustration, in Sir Edwin's best manner, of "Mine own stricken deer." "A Man digging his own Grave," and an "Apple Orchard in full Bloom," afford scope for those tendencies in Mr. Millais of which he professes himself unconscious: pre-Raphaelite drawbacks apart, there is much merit in both pictures. Mr. S. A. Hart has gone to English history for his principal subject in the forthcoming exhibition. It is in that page of our chronicles where Archbishop Langton, in a meeting held at St. Alban's Abbey, in 1213, proposed to the barons to rally round the charter granted by King Henry I., on his accession to the throne a century before. This important event Mr. Hart has most worthily rendered. The solemnity of the primate's appeal and the eager response of the warlike nobles are delineated in the most masterly manner: energetic expression, skilful grouping, fine colouring, and accurate detail, make up a very remarkable picture. Mr. Frank Stone has been busy on his favourite coast of Boulogne—a boy accompanying his father on a first night's fishing at sea, and two love passages, in which the fair Boulonnaise matelottes are the actors, form the interesting subjects which Mr. Stowe has contributed. Whoever seeks for an admirable portrait of the Earl of Derby will find it in Mr. Grant's full length of the premier, represented in the act of addressing the House of Peers: the high qualities of Lord Derby's mind shine out in this noble illustration. Mr. Clarkson Stanfield maintains his well-earned reputation. His largest picture is a view of the island of Ischia crowned by the volcanic peaks of Mount Epomeo: a wild sky and a sweeping sea breaking on the rocks of Procida afford ample scope for his unrivalled pencil. Simpler in detail, but not less grand in treatment, is Mr. Stanfield's smaller work, "The Wave"—breaking on a sandy shore. Mr. George Stanfield, whose progress we note every year, gives us transcripts of the Moselle and Lake Leman—the first at Beilstein and Saarburg, the last beneath the walls of the Castle of Chillon; he has also a very charming reminiscence of Richmond, Yorkshire, in the solitary tower of the old monastery of the Grey Friars. Mr. David Roberts cannot tear himself away from Venice, nor will any wish him to do so while he paints such an interior of St. Mark's, or such an exterior of the church of the Salute, as he has sent to the Academy this year. Neither can any desire that Mr. Cooke should seek new subjects; for, whether he exercise his art amid the still waters of Adria's floating city, or on the storm-beaten coast of Holland, he equally commands our admiration, and to this fact the present exhibition bears witness.

But the lover of Art has plenty on his hands this month besides the Royal Academy. There is the French Gallery in Pall-Mall, with works by many well-known favourites, the most important amongst them being the "Early Days of the Reformation," by Leys, and "The Brussels Archers paying the last Respect to the Counts Egmont and Horn," by Gallait. There is the Old Water-Colour Exhibition, where Frederick Taylor, and Hunt, and Topham, and a host of talented compeers, appear in fullest force; and the New Water-Colour with Louis Haghe, the two Warrens, E. Corbould, Bennett, Vacher, and Maplestone. The public may safely predict the nature of the contents of these their accustomed haunts, but there is one exhibition, newly opened this season, not likely to be a fixture, which none should omit to visit. We speak of "The Victoria Cross Gallery" of Mr. Desanges, where the nucleus has been formed of a series of pictures illustrative of those deeds of valour which have won from the sovereign the proudest decoration that can adorn the warrior's breast. It was an admirable idea of Mr. Desanges to commemorate the heroism of our countrymen during the Crimean and Indian wars, and, as far as he has yet gone, admirably has his task been executed. Besides fourteen studies for other large pictures already in progress, Mr. Desanges has completed eight, to see which all the world are flocking. We enumerate those he has finished, to give an idea of the nature of the exhibition. They are: Commander Hewett, R.N., nobly disobedient of orders, repelling a sortie of Russians from Sebastopol by working the Lancaster gun which he had been directed to abandon; Major Loyd Lindsay at Alma, rallying the Scots Fusilier Guards when his brother colour-bearer was slain; the desperate feat of gallantry of Sir Charles Russell, in the sand-bag battery, at Inkermann; Major Probyn's chivalrous feats of arms in the hand-to-hand fight of Agra; Major Goodlake defending the Windmill Ravine before Sebastopol; Lieutenant-Colonel Bell, at Alma, capturing a Russian gun single-handed; Major Teesdale at the battle of Kars; and that gallant soldier, Corporal Shields, of the Welsh Fusiliers, seeking his wounded adjutant, Lieutenant Dyneley, under a death-shower of bullets after the unsuccessful attack on the Redan. Every one of these heart-stirring pictures is full of interest, the last named crowning the series by the sentiment which o'er informs the valorous deed. There can be no doubt that Mr. Desanges's gallery will be the favourite haunt of the season.

Passing from Art to Literature, we briefly glance at some of the latest and most note-worthy publications.

Mr. Owen Maddyn's "Chiefs of Parties" is a clever book, in which various leaders in parliaments—past and present—are, for the most part, as impartially as they are amusingly sketched. Mr. Maddyn has qualifications which eminently fit him for this form of political and personal biography, and his volumes will, we doubt not, be very widely read. We could have wished that some of his portraitures had been more elaborately finished, and there are some singular omissions from his political gallery, Lords Aberdeen, Lansdowne, and Derby being amongst them: but those subjects to which Mr. Maddyn has given his principal attention are drawn with freedom and truth. An excellent title to at least *one* half of his book is given by Mr. William Chadwick, the author of "The Life and Times of Daniel Defoe; *with remarks digressive and discursive.*" But this title, good as it is, might have been improved, and the character of the work more truly stated, had Mr. Chadwick called it: "Remarks digressive and discursive, with a few observations (none of them either new or interesting) on the Life and Times of Daniel Defoe." If the mania for rushing into print cannot be stayed, we ought, at any rate, to be indemnified, in what we have to read, by meeting with something à propos of the subject. This digressive work consists of 472 pages, and for the satisfaction of those who like a bulky tome, we are told in the advertisement that "a few copies are printed on thick paper." Mr. Chadwick has realised the Dutchman's idea of a book: "Zo dyk, myn Gód, als een Kaas." Much pleasanter reading is there, and a great deal more to the purpose, in Mr. Leonard Simpson's "Handbook of Dining," derived almost exclusively—though there is a faint effort made to put in some original claims—from the well-known manual of Brillat-Savarin. The precepts and experiences of that distinguished gastronomer are, however, placed before the English public in a very agreeable form by Mr. Leonard Simpson. There are, indeed, many "Things about Horses worth knowing" in the smart volume of Harry Hie-over, who, to the sorrow of all true sportsmen, can now, unfortunately, write no more—this work being posthumous. In its particular line this volume is a *vade-mecum*.

In "The Mothers of Great Men," beginning with Letizia Buonaparte, Mrs. Ellis, so skilful in female portraiture, has very happily commenced a series which promises to be very interesting; but we trust her design will not be imitated, else we shall, one day, be favoured with the grandmothers and great-uncles of all the distinguished individuals whom the world has ever produced—a series as little to the purpose as that celebrated one which professed to describe the unseen characters in Shakspeare's plays—Lady Macbeth's father, Robin Ostler, the landlord of "The Sagittary," and others more or less apocryphal. A very admirable volume has reached us from "ayont the Tweed," in the shape of Mr. Robert Chambers's "Domestic Annals of Scotland." Pity that Walter Scott had not lived to read it. He would have found there the germs of as many romances as those on which his fame was founded. It is not often that brothers are rivals in fame in the same field of action, but literature acknowledges with pride the novelist Anthony, and the biographer Thomas Adolphus Trollope. Each has added to his reputation, and greatly so by his latest work, the former in "The Bertrams," which is certainly one of the best novels of the day, and the latter in "A Decade of Italian Women"—one of the most charming series that it has been our fortune to read. While adverting to Italy, we must not omit the praise that is due to Miss Mabel Harman Crawford for "Life in Tuscany," a most graceful and agreeable volume.

Serial publications scarcely come within the range of these passing comments on the literature of the hour, but an exception may well be made in favour of Mr. Routledge's "Illustrated Natural History," which claims attention alike on account of the text by the Rev. G. Wood and of the admirable designs by Wolf, Harvey, Coleman, and other distinguished artists. If the promise be kept which is held out by the first number of this work, devoted to the Quadrumana, Mr. Routledge's venture will be the best natural history of which this country can boast. Already we hear of an enormous sale; but large as that is, we expect soon to find it doubled.

The Combat of the Thirty.

FROM A BRETON LAY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

By William Harrison Ainsworth.

Fytte ye Second.

Of the Combat and the great feats of arms done thereat.

I.

Now when the day appointed for the combat had arrived,
De Beaumanoir and his knights and squires by holy priests were shrived;
At early dawn they mass did hear, then to the altar led,
They knelt them down, and took the cup, and ate the sacred bread.

II.

"Good sirs," quoth lordly Beaumanoir, while marshalling his band,
Be of stout heart, and valiantly these Englishmen withstand.
And if Christ Jesus in his grace shall give us mastery,
Throughout the realm entire of France rejoicing there shall be;
And Charles de Blois of Brittany,—Duke Charles the Debonair,—
He and his gracious Duchess Jeanne, valiant and wise as fair,—
Mine own right-noble kinswoman—great love for us shall bear.
Then before God, the mighty God of Battles, let us swear,
That if proud Pembroke and his host we find in yonder plain,
Not one of all their lineage shall see their face again!"

III.

That morn, betimes, proud Pembroke, with his gallant company
Of thirty fearless combatants, unto the field did hie.

Now would ye know the spot whereon this famous fight befel,
Midway it lies 'twixt Josselin and the Castle of Ploërmel.
A solitary tree doth grow on the far-stretching plain,
Known as the Mid-Way Oak*—long may that mark remain!
When to the place of rendezvous proud Pembroke had drawn nigh,
Unto his thirty men-of-arms he thus spake boastfully:

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* *Le Chesne den my voie, ainsi est son appel.* This ancient tree, which one would suppose all true Frenchmen would have spared and protected, was ruthlessly hewn down by the partisans of the League towards the close of the sixteenth century, and a stone cross set up in its place. The act of vandalism was twice repeated, for the cross was thrown down in 1775, and again in 1795. The site of the Mid-Way Oak, near which the famous combat took place, is now marked by a granite obelisk, reared in 1819 to the perpetual memory of the Thirty.

"My magic books I've caused be read,[*] and Merlin unto me
Doth prophesy, upon this day, a signal victory.
Be confident, then, valiant sirs, as well, I wot, ye may,
For of the host of Beaumanoir few shall survive the day.
And such as shall surrender in the combat I ordain
In his name, shall to Edward good, our sovran lord, be ta'en.
An earnest shall they be to him, that not alone Bretaigne
But all the realm of fertile France shall to his crown pertain!"

Thus spake Sir Robert Pembroke, thus spake he as he thought;
But if it please the King supreme with whom all kings are nought,
Things to a different issue far shall surely yet be brought!

IV.

As Pembroke and his company by the Mid-Way Oak did halt,
"Where art thou, Beaumanoir?" he cried, "I have thee at default;
Hadst thou been here, full speedily discomfited thou'dst been."

E'en as the words fell from his lips De Beaumanoir was seen.

"Ho! Beaumanoir!" cried Pembroke, then, "good friends we yet may be,
If to adjourn this combat sworn we both of us agree;
License to fight from my liege lord, great Edward, I'll obtain,
And from the King of Saint-Denis, like license thou shalt gain.
This done, our compact we'll renew, and fix at once the day."[†]
"Counsel I'll take," quoth Beaumanoir, sternly, "on what you say."

V.

Without more words, the Baron good did to his men return,
And while he thus bespoke the throng, with wrath his cheeks did burn:
"How think ye, sirs?" he scornful laughed, "Pembroke would have us go
Back from this field, where we have come to fight, without a blow.

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[*] *J'ai fait lire mes livres.* "This expression," Mr. Weld remarks, "is explained by the fact that the knights and gentry of the period referred to in the poem were unable to read." But it may also imply that the superstitious English leader, being unable to decipher the mystic characters on his scrolls, caused them to be interpreted to him.

[†] This hesitation on the part of Pembroke would appear, at first, to be irreconcilable with his previous address to his followers, as well as with his own subsequent conduct. But it seems to have occurred to him (somewhat too late his opponent thought), that the combat between himself and Beaumanoir, unauthorised by their respective sovereigns, would be irregular, and ought, therefore, to be deferred till due license for it could be obtained.

He would adjourn the combat, sirs. Speak! will ye have it so?
For mine own part I swear to you—and Heaven the truth doth know!—
For all the treasure upon earth, I'd not the fight forego!"

Then out and spake Yves Charruel, with choler raging hot—
Betwixt the sea and where they stood a bolder knight was not:
"Sir, here are thirty men-of-arms have come unto this spot,
Tough spear, martel, and battle-axe, dagger and sword we've got;
Ready prepared we are to fight, and by Saint-Honoré!
With Pembroke and his fellowship we mean to fight to-day.
We mean to fight and vanquish those base braggarts, since they dare
Dispute the title of the land with the Duke Debonair.
Perish the dastard vile I say, who tamely would go back,
And when his foes before him stand, would not those foes attack!"

"Thou sayest well, Yves Charruel, to go back were foul scorn;
The combat we will have with them, even as it hath been sworn."

VI.

"Pembroke," quoth lordly Beaumanoir, as toward him he did turn,
"Hear what my brave companions say—thy offer they do spurn.
Shameful they hold 'twould be in us the combat to delay,
Which thou hast proffered Charles de Blois, through me and mine, to-day.
We all have sworn, that in the sight of the Barons of Bretaigne,
Thou and thy fellowship this day shalt shamefully be slain!"

"Tush, Beaumanoir," Pembroke cried out, "mere folly thou wilt do,
And, when too late, thy rashness great full bitterly thou'lt rue.
For the flower of all thy duchy shall upon this plain be left,
And thy liege lord of his noblest and his bravest be bereft."

"Sir Robert," answered Beaumanoir, "I utterly deny,
That I unto this field have brought the flower of Brittany.
Rohan, Laval, and Lohéac, and Quentin are not here,
And many other noble knights of prowess without peer;
But I have with me thirty men, who nothing living fear—
Thirty clean men-of-arms, who practise not treason or perfidy—
And all have sworn, ere compline-time, thou and thy host shall die!"

Then to him Pembroke answer made, laughing disdainfully:
"Less than a clove of garlic rank, proud lord, I value thee;
Thy fellowship I hold as cheap, and will have mastery.
All Brittany shall soon be ours, and eke all Normandy."

Then turning to his company, he shouted lustily,

"Upon them!—strike these Bretons down, and put them to the sword!
Spare none!—to work us deadly harm they all are of accord."

VII.

Unto their leaders' battle-cries loud shouts responsive rose,
Impatient were the sixty all from words to come to blows.
Like bolts unto the fray they rush; the shock is fierce and dread;
Yves Charruel is prisoner ta'en, Mellon is stricken dead.
Tristan de Pestivien, that squire of stature high,
By blow from Bélifort's rude mawle is wounded grievously.
Sore hurt is Rousselot, the brave. And I may not deny
The Bretons have the worst.—Saints, to their succour fly!

VIII.

Fierce does the conflict rage, loud do the blows resound;
Caron de Bosdegas, senseless, is on the ground.
And brave De Pestivien, who all-disabled lies,
On Beaumanoir for aid thus dolorously cries:
"Help me, good Baron, help me straight! if I be captive ta'en
By these infuriate Englishmen, thou'lt see me ne'er again."

Then Beaumanoir he sware by Christ, who on the tree was tied,
Ere that should be, full many a shield and hawberk should be tried!
Hereon he flung his spear aside, and out his good sword drew;
And all who came within its range he quickly overthrew.
But by his deeds the Englishmen were in no wise dismayed;
And lion hearts, on either side, the combatants displayed.
Wearied, at length, with such great toil, they on a truce agreed,
And for a while repose they took, whereof all stood in need.
With good wine of Anjou full soon their thirst they did allay,
And, thus refreshed, the deadly strife they recommenced straightway.

IX.

Again the conflict rages fierce—again blows loud resound,
And splintered spears and battered helms bestrew the blood-stained ground.
The Bretons have the worst of it—it may not be gainsaid—
For two of them are slain outright, and three are prisoners made;
Thus twenty-five alone are left. Christ Jesu lend them aid!
Then Geoffroy de La Roche, an esquire of high degree,
Knighthood besought from Beaumanoir upon his bended knee.
Whereon the Baron dubbed him straight, and thus said heartily:
"My fair, sweet son, spare not thyself, but emulate the knight—
Thy valiant sire, Budes de La Roche,—who at Stamboul did fight.

Swear—and may Mary Mother be gracious unto thee!
That, ere the hour of complines, our foes shall worsted be!"

These words proud Pembroke overheard, and seeking how to flout
The noble Breton chivalry, he scornfully cried out:
"Render thyself quick, Beaumanoir, and I will promise thee
Thy life, for I design thee as a present to my *mie*,
For I have vowed before her, and my vow I will not break,
That thee this night unto her bower I will as captive take."

Then grimly answered Beaumanoir, "I'll do as much by thee;
Thy gory head I'll send this night as a bauble to my *mie*.
The die is cast, and thou must stand the hazard; if it be
Against thee, by Saint Yves thy soul shall from thy body flee!"

X.

Now Pembroke's taunts had roused the ire of rough De Kerenrais,
And thrusting toward the English chief he fiercely thus did say:
"Presumptuous traitor, dost thou deem that thou canst captive take
A noble knight like Beaumanoir thy mistress sport to make.
Beshrew thee!—never more thy tongue shall utter jape and jeer."

On this he smote him 'twixt the eyes with the sharp point of his spear—
Right to the brain the steel did pierce as after did appear.*
Albeit wounded mortally, Sir Robert yet regained
His feet, and would with Kerenrais brief conflict have maintained;
But that Du Bois, discerning him, like lightning toward him sped,
And smote him with his spear so hard, that down he fell stark dead.

"Ho! Beaumanoir!" Du Bois cried out, "behold thy haughty foe
Upon the ground, like slaughtered hound, doth breathless lie and low!"
When this he heard, the Barón good made answer joyfully:
"The time is come when we must needs double our energy;
Return ye to the fray at once, and let this dead man be."

XI.

Meanwhile, the English men-of-arms, they all of them have seen
What sore mischance befallen hath their boastful chief, I ween.
When brave Croquart, the Almayn, thus to animate them strives.
"Too true it is—alack! too true—no longer Pembroke lives.

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* Que par my le visage, sy que chacun l'a veu,
Jusques en la cervele lui a le fer embatu.

His magic books by Merlin writ, in which he put his faith,
Have played him false, since they could not forewarn him of his death.
But though our leader we have lost, yet be ye of good cheer,
Do as I counsel ye, brave sirs, and ye have nought to fear.
Keep close together, back to back—keep close, betide what may;
And all who venture on attack, ye so shall maim or slay.
Heavens! how 'twill anger Beaumanoir if he shall lose the day."

XII.

Hereon arose De Bosdegas, and brave Yves Charruel,
And Tristan, who was hurt full sore,—as erstwhile I did tell.
To Pembroke, when he captured them, parole they gave all three,
But Pembroke being slain, ye wot, they from parole were free.
Their shields they dressed, their swords they gat, then to the fray did hie,
Burning for vengeance on their foes, vowing they all should die.

XIII.

Now though the hardy English chief, proud Pembroke, he is gone,
Still furiously as heretofore, the conflict rages on.
Great smiting is there of their swords, great splintering of spears,
And their broad shields in cantels fly, while blood their harness smears.
Natheless, the English yet can count full many a stalwart knight,
Whose strength and prowess doubtful make the issue of the fight.
Croquart the dauntless, Bélifort that knight of giant mould,—
Who, like a toy, within his grasp, his ponderous mawle doth hold,*—
Both these are left; and left also is Hugh de Calverley,
With crafty Knolles, and many more.—And thus they fiercely cry,
"Vengeance for Pembroke we will have—spare none! but hew them down—
And victory shall crown our arms, ere yet the sun go down."

XIV.

But Beaumanoir, who never did at face of peril quail,
Seeing the English stand aloof, would closely them assail.

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* Grose, in his Treatise on Ancient Armour, makes mention of Bélifort's formidable weapon, calling it "a *leaden* mallet, weighing twenty-five pounds." The writer of the lay, however, is particular upon the point, for he says:

"Tommelin Belifort qui moult sçut de renart,
Cil combatoit d'un mail qui pesoit bien le quart
De cent livres d'achier."

And again:

"Et Thomas Belifort y fu comme guéant,
Cil combatoit d'un mail d'achier qui fu pesant."

And then began a strife so dread, that one incessant clang
Of weighty blows on helm and shield far o'er the wide moor rang.
Already two brave Englishmen and an Almayn stout are slain;
Geoffroy Poulard in death doth sleep, and near him lies Dardaine.
E'en Beaumanoir himself is hurt.—Be pity on them ta'en!
Or not a man on either side shall ere draw sword again.

XV.

But fiercely yet the fight doth rage—loudly the blows resound—
With streams of blood from gaping wounds blusheth the trampled ground.
The day is passing hot, I ween—for the sun in heaven doth blaze,
And the combatants are bathed in sweat beneath his burning rays.

Now pious Beaumanoir that day had fasted rigorously,
—'Twas Mid-Lent vigil, and such fasts he kept religiously—
And being faint and sore athirst, for water he did cry.
Hearing the cry, Geoffroy Du Bois in accents stern did say,
"Drink thy own blood, De Beaumanoir, thy thirst 'twill quench straightway."*
Roused by these words of rough rebuke, and full of wrath and pain,
The Baron good forgot his thirst, and joined the fray again.

XVI.

Within a bowshot of the Oak, where grow the genists green,
Like iron wall, immovable, the English band is seen.
There Calverley ye may discern, the hardy jovencel,†
Gigantic Bélifort also, armed with his dire martel.
When Beaumanoir he found it vain to break their firm array,
Had not Saint Michael lent him aid he must have felt dismay.
But brave Du Bois, who near him stood, and saw his visage fall,
Essayed by cheerful look and speech his stout heart to recal.
"Look around you, gentle Baron," quoth Du Bois, "and you will see
That the bravest and the best are left of all your company.
Tinteniac, Yves Charruel, and Robin Raguenel,
With De La Marche abide as yet, and Olivier Arrel.
De Rochefort he doth yonder stand—you may note his pennoncel.‡

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* *Beaumanoir, bois ton sang!* became afterwards the war-cry of the Beaumanoirs.

† Carvalay, le vaillant, le hardy jovencel,
Thomelin Belifort combatoit d'un martel.

‡ The small, swallow-tailed flag attached to the lance of a knight.

Weapons for service lack we not—spear, sword, and dagger keen—
And hands to use them well we've got, as know our foes, I ween."

XVII.

Terrific is the conflict now—ne'er hath been seen the like!—
Incessantly the welkin rings with the great blows they strike.
The Bretons hurl against their foes; but moveless as a rock,
The English phalanx firm withstands the fury of the shock.*

Guillaume de Montauban hereon, that brave and subtle squire,
Seeing how matters stand with them, doth from the press retire.
His breast swells high with secret hope, and loudly he cries out,
That if a charger he can get, he will the English rout.
Sharp-rowelled spurs he fastened on, then horsed him quick, I wist,
And a great iron-headed spear he took within his fist.
Yet toward the English rode he not, but semblance made to fly.

Astonied mightily and wrath, De Beaumanoir did cry,
"Whither so fast, De Montauban?—what art thou, friend, about?
Is it by flying from the field that thou thy foes wouldst rout?
Turn thee for very shame, false squire!" The other loud laughed out,
"Mind thy own business, Beaumanoir, and certes thou shalt find,
As thou art frank and valiant knight, my business well I'll mind."

Then rowel-deep the spurs he plunged into his charger's flanks,
And wheeling round with lightning speed dashed towards the English ranks.
With the first shock seven doughty foes—yea, seven!—were overturn'd;
And other three he trampled down, as quickly he returned.

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* In the edition of the "*Combat des Trente,*" printed by M. Crapelet in 1827, from the manuscript in the Bibliothèque Royale, occur the following remarks in reference to the disposition of the English in the conflict. "It was within a hair's breadth that the position taken by the English did not procure them the honour of the day. The ardour and impetuosity of the Bretons would have been soon exhausted against this wall of iron; and tired of striking, after their first attack, they would themselves have fallen under the blows of their enemies. It is thus, that in the hapless days of Crécy and Poitiers, the sang-froid and discipline of the English troops triumphed over the number and valour of the French armies; in the same manner that at Fontenoy, a column of English infantry sustained the shock of all the French regiments that came in succession to break themselves against its immovable mass; until at last, impaired by the artillery, it was forced into retreat, which it effected by falling back, always close serried, and in good order. History thus offers the most useful lessons of every kind, which, too often, remain without fruit for the people."

By this great stroke De Montauban the English phalanx broke,
Into disorder threw them all, and their high courage shook.
Each Breton knight, as pleased him then, a captive straightway took.
And while the prisoners gave parole, De Montauban did cry,
"Now is the time!—strike, Barons brave! Montjoie and victory!
Tinteniac, Yves Charruel, and Guy de Rochefort brave,
Strike all of ye with double force, and conquest ye shall have.
Christ Jesus in his clemency avert from you all ill!
And help you on these Englishmen to work your vengeful will."

XVIII.

But still the conflict is not o'er, but rages fiercely on.
'Midst those who fought with Beaumanoir Tinteniac best hath done,
And on this memorable day hath palm of valour won.

But few upon the English side the combat now sustain,
For some are captives on parole, and others have been slain.
Sir Robert Knolles and Calverley are in great jeopardy,
And so is giant Bélifort, despite his bravery.

Vainly they struggle on.—'Tis o'er with every squire and knight
Who came that day in company with Pembroke to the fight.
John Plesington, Helcoq, Repefort, and Richard de La Lande,
With more to Josselin now are ta'en by Beaumanoir's command.

XIX.

Oft shall they of this famous fight, in after times, hear tell,
For all its matchless feats of arms remembered are right well.
Pictured they are in castle-hall on gorgeous tapestry,
And sung in ditties of our old Armoric chivalry.
Full many a squire and hardy knight shall the stirring tale elate,
Full many a dame of beauty bright shall it serve to recreate.
And all shall glow as when they read of Guillaume D'Aquitaine,*
Of Arthur and of Oliver, Roland and Charlemagne.
Three hundred years hereafter—nay, a thousand!—they shall hear
Of this Combat of the Thirty, which, I ween, was without peer.

L'Envoy.

Great was the Battle, doubt it not, and great the change it wrought.
Shame on those envious Englishmen—shame and defeat it brought,
Who Brittany, before that day, to subjugate had thought.

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* "Guillaume, Duke of Aquitaine, named also *de Gellone*, flourished in the time of Charlemagne, and was beloved by that prince, who employed him usefully against the Saracens. His deeds of arms form the subject of a romance, or rather warlike song, composed towards the end of the ninth century, or the beginning of the tenth, under the title of *Roman de Guillaume au court nez.*"—*Biog. Universelle.*

Now to Jesu, born of Mary, let us reverently pray,
That, by His intercession, all those valiant foemen may
Compassion find from pitying Heaven upon the Judgment Day!
May Saint Michael and Saint Gabriel plead for them with the
Lord,
That to their souls at that dread hour his grace He may accord!

Here endeth the Battle of Thirty Englishmen and Thirty Bretons, which took place in Brittany in the Year of Grace, One Thousand Three Hundred and Fifty, on the Saturday before Letare Jerusalem.

The authenticity of the Combat of the Thirty, beyond doubt the most remarkable episode of the civil wars that desolated Brittany during the fourteenth century, was long disputed by both French and English historians, who seemed to regard the engagement as apocryphal. Yet there was no just reason for their doubts. The question, however, has been finally set at rest by the discovery of the ancient and almost contemporary Ballad, of which I have attempted the foregoing version; and by the recovery of a missing chapter of Froissart, supplying details of the affair. The manuscript of the old Ballad was found in the Bibliothèque du Roi, by MM. de Freminville and Penhouet, the former of whom published an incorrect edition of it at Brest in 1819. A second and beautifully-printed edition, which left nothing to desire on the score of accuracy—the proofs having been collated word for word with the original manuscript by M. Méon—was brought out in 1827, by M. Crapelet, under the auspices of the Comte de Corbière, Minister of the Interior. More recently, the zeal and antiquarian learning of M. Pitre Chevalier, the author of "Ancient and Modern Brittany," have been devoted to the illustration of this curious historical poem, which he is willing to regard as the testimony of an almost eye-witness of the conflict, while he even ranks it above the newly-restored chapter of Froissart, as more "simple and characteristic, more complete and impartial." Indeed, with an enthusiasm excusable in a "Breton de la Bretagne bretonnante," he terms it a "*trésor sans prix.*"

The new chapter of Froissart, to which I shall now advert, was discovered amongst the manuscript collections of the Prince de Soubise, and was published, in 1824, by the finder, M. Buchon, in his *Chroniques nationales et étrangères.* As this very interesting historical morceau has not, that I am aware, been included in any English edition of the old chronicler, or ever been translated into our language, I propose to give it entire.

How Messire Robert de Beaumanoir went forth to defy the Captain of Ploërmel, by name Brandebourg; and how he had a rude battle of Thirty against Thirty.

About this time, there occurred in Brittany a marvellous great feat of arms, which deserves to be had in remembrance, and to be held up as an encouragement and example to all bachelors. And to the end that you may the better understand it, you must know that there were continual wars in Brittany between the adherents of two noble dames,* in consequence whereof Messire Charles de Blois was made prisoner. Now the war was conducted by the adherents of the two dames by means of garrisons, which they maintained in castles and strong towns on either side. It chanced, one day, that Messire Robert de Beaumanoir, a valiant knight, and of the highest lineage in Brittany, and who was, moreover, governor of a castle called Castle Josselin, and had with him great store of men-at-arms of his kin, and other mercenaries, went forth to the town and castle of Ploërmel, the captain whereof was named Brandebourg, and had with him great store of German mercenaries, Englishmen, and Bretons, and belonged to the party of the Countess of Montfort. Now the afore-mentioned Messire Robert and his men rode nigh unto the barriers, and would fain have seen some one come forth to them. But no one issued out.

When Messire Robert beheld this, he drew yet nearer, and commanded the captain to be called. Hereupon, the captain came forth to speak with Messire Robert, assurances of safeguard being given on either side. Then, said Messire Robert, "Brandebourg, have you no men-at-arms within, yourself or others, some two or three of you, who would like to joust with spear and sword against three others for love of their friends?" Brandebourg made answer, and said: "My friends do not desire to be slain ingloriously in a single joust, for that would be a trial of fortune without result, and we should gain rather the name of rashness and folly than reap renown, honour, and reward. But I will tell you what we will do, an you list. You shall take from your garrison twenty or thirty of your fellowship, and I will take the like number from mine. Then let us repair to an open plain, where none can hinder or disturb us, and give orders, on pain of the halter, to our companions on either side, as well as to all beholders, that they shall not render aid or comfort to any combatant. This done, we will make proof of our prowess, and so do that they shall speak of us hereafter in halls, palaces, and other places throughout the world. And may fortune and honour befal those for whom God hath destined them."

"By my fay," said Messire Robert de Beaumanoir, "you speak bravely. I agree. Therefore, be you thirty, and we will be thirty likewise; for thus I promise it on my knightly faith." "Thus also do I promise it," answered Brandebourg, "for by this means more honour will be acquired, and maintained, than by a joust."

Thus was the affair plighted and settled. The day was fixed for the Wednesday then after, being the fourth day from the defiance. In the interval, each chose his thirty men, as seemed good to him, and all the sixty provided themselves with arms fitted for the occasion.

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* "The Countess, at that time widow of Jean de Montfort, and Jeanne de Penthièvre, wife of Charles de Blois, who had been made prisoner at the battle of Roche-Derrien. These two heroines placed themselves at the head of their husbands' partisans, in defence of their respective rights. The war of succession of Jean III. lasted more than twenty years. Begun in 1341 it was only ended in 1364, by the Battle of Auray, at which Charles de Blois was killed by an English soldier, after performing prodigies of valour."—*Note in the Edition of the "Combat des Trente," published in* 1827.

When the day was come, the thirty companions of Brandebourg heard mass, after which they armed themselves, and repaired to the spot where the battle was to take place. Dismounting from their horses, they forbade all such as were there to interfere in case mischance befel them or their companions; and thus likewise did the companions of the Baron de Beaumanoir. Now these thirty companions, whom we shall call Englishmen, had tarried long for the others, whom we shall style Frenchmen. When the thirty Frenchmen were come, they dismounted, and gave the orders to their companions, as before related. Some say that five of their number remained at the entrance of the place of combat, while twenty-five dismounted, as the English had done. When the sixty were drawn up in front of each other, they parleyed together for a short time, and then retired on either hand, and made all those who were looking on withdraw to a distance. Then one of them gave the signal, and they rushed together at once, fighting stoutly in a heap, and generously rescuing one another when they saw their companions in danger.

Soon after they came together thus, one of the Frenchmen was killed, but this did not prevent the others from fighting, but the combat was maintained right valiantly on both sides, as if they had been so many Rolands and Olivers. I cannot say for truth "if these or those did best," neither can I fairly place one above the other; but all fought so long that they completely lost strength and breath. Being compelled to stop and repose themselves awhile, a truce was proclaimed, which was to last until they had rested sufficiently, when the first who should arise was to summon the others. There were found dead four Frenchmen and two Englishmen. They rested for a long time on either side, and such as could obtain it drank wine, which was brought them in bottles, then braced up their battered armour, and dressed their wounds.

When they were thus refreshed, the first who arose gave the signal, and recalled the others. Then began again the combat as furiously as before, and it lasted for a long while. The combatants had swords from Bordeaux, short and stiff, pikes and daggers, ands ome had axes, wherewith they gave each other marvellously great blows. And some grappled with their foes in the strife, and smote them and spared them not. You may well believe that amongst them there was many a fine feat of arms; set as they were man to man, body to body, hand to hand. Not for a hundred years has been heard of the like.

Thus they fought like good champions, and very valiantly maintained this second attack. But in the end the English had the worst of it. For, as I have heard tell, one of the Frenchmen, who remained on horseback, broke their ranks and trampled them under foot without difficulty, so that Brandebourg, their captain, and eight of his companions, were then slain; and the others, seeing that they could neither defend them nor lend them aid, surrendered themselves prisoners, for they could not, and would not fly. And the aforesaid Messire Robert, and such of his fellowship as were left alive, took them and conducted them to Josselin Castle as their prisoners, and afterwards allowed them ransom courteously, when their hurts were healed, for there was not one amongst them, French or English, who was not grievously wounded. Sithence, I saw, seated at the table of Charles, King of France,* a Breton knight, who had been

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* Charles V., surnamed the Wise, who ascended the throne in 1364.

present at the conflict, Messire Yervains (Yves) Charruel; his visage was so gashed and hacked that it showed plainly enough that the affair had been well fought. There also I saw Messire Enguerrant Duedins, a good knight of Picardy, who gave like proof that he had been at the fight; and another esquire, named Hues de Raincevaus. So this action came to be much talked about. By some it was looked upon as of little account, by others as a marvellous feat, and of great hardihood.

Froissart's account of the combat, as will be seen, corresponds in a great measure with the description of the engagement given in the ballad; but the old chronicler says that the day appointed was the Wednesday after the defiance, whereas the writer of the lay fixes it, with great precision, upon Saturday, the vigil of Sunday, *Lætare Jerusalem*. Froissart also makes no mention of the most striking incident in the combat; namely, the tremendous rebuke administered by Geoffroy du Bois to the Breton leader, when the latter, athirst and bleeding, cried out for drink—"Drink thy own blood, Beaumanoir, thy thirst will pass away." The old chronicler's description of Yves Charruel's slashed visage is very striking; but the names of Enguerrant Duedins and Hues de Raincevaus do not appear in the list of combatants given by other historians.

Mr. Weld, in his pleasant "*Vacation in Brittany*," states that, "according to tradition, Beaumanoir, though severely wounded and wearied, slew no less than five Englishmen with his own hands." But this wondrous display of prowess on the part of the Baron is not supported by more authentic narratives of the fight. On the contrary, the real hero of the day on the Breton side, though the palm of valour was adjudged to the Sire de Tinténiac, was Guillaume de Montauban. But for Montauban's device, the English, under the guidance of Croquart, would unquestionably have come off the victors. This stout German mercenary, the winner of the prize of valour on the English side, was taken with the other prisoners to Josselin, and subsequently released. Froissart devotes a chapter to him (chap. cxlviii.), and thus winds up his history: "King John of France made him the offer of knighting him, and marrying him very richly, if he would quit the English party, and promised to give him two thousand livres a year; but Croquart would never listen to it. It chanced one day, as he was riding a young horse, which he had just purchased for three hundred crowns, and was putting him to his full speed, that the horse ran away with him, and, in leaping a ditch, stumbled into it, and broke his master's neck. Such was the end of Croquart."

Of the chivalrous Marshal de Beaumanoir, the friend and companion-at-arms of the renowned Bertrand du Guesclin, the character is thus summed up by a French writer: "In his long career, illustrated by important embassies and difficult commands, he was ever remarkable for loyalty and courage; but his first title to glory is having been the leader of the Bretons at the Combat of the Thirty."

Concerning the English leader, Sir Robert Pembroke (Bembrough, Bembro, or Brandebourg, as he is indifferently styled), nothing can be discovered; except that, on the death of the brave Sir Thomas d'Agworth ("the English Achilles," as M. Pitre Chevalier terms him, "who covered himself with glory, by resisting with a handful of men the whole army of Charles de Blois"), he was appointed by Montfort and Edward III. to the command of the garrison at Ploërmel, where he practised great cruelties upon the unfortunate Bretons.

As it cannot fail to interest the reader, I will now cite the very accurate description of the locality of the memorable combat given by M. Pitre Chevalier in his "*Bretagne Ancienne et Moderne:*" "The traveller, proceeding from Ploërmel to Josselin, after quitting the smiling environs of the first-named town, enters upon an arid and vast moor, without verdure and without trees, covered with the wild heath of Armorica, which hardly sparkles beneath the brightest rays of the sun. In the centre of this moor, equidistant from the two towns, formerly stood the venerable oak that shaded the champions of Mi-Voie. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, this old witness of the combat of giants was thrown to the earth by the axe of the League. Soon afterwards a stone cross replaced the oak. Reared close by the roadside, it enjoined the passer-by to bare his head and pray. The cross was thrown down, firstly, in 1775; but at the request of M. Martin d'Aumont, the States of Brittany restored it, and engraved upon its base the following inscription, reported by Ogée:

A LA MÉMOIRE PERPÉTUELLE
DE LA BATAILLE DES TRENTE, QUE MONSEIGNEUR LE MARÉCHAL
DE BEAUMANOIR A GAGNÉE EN CE LIEU
LE XXVII. MARS, L'AN MCCCL.

"The Revolution of 1793, not less brutal than the League, sought to destroy the remembrance of the Thirty with the mark whereby it was preserved. But the memorial was gloriously revived, while the Revolution itself perished.

"In 1811, the council of the arrondissement of Ploërmel demanded that a grant of 600 fr. should be dedicated to the erection of a monument in honour of the combatants of Mi-Voie. The council-general of Morbihan applauded the idea, and voted for the same object the sum of 2400 fr. On the 11th of July, 1819, the first stone was laid by the Comte de Coutard, lieutenant-general, commander of the thirteenth military division, by M. de Chazelles, Baron de Lunac, prefect of Morbihan, and by M. Pitou, chief engineer of the corps of Sappers and Miners. The benediction was pronounced by M. de Bausset Roquefort, Bishop of Vannes.

"This monument, which all may now see, is an obelisk fifteen metres high, one metre and sixty centimetres wide at the base, and one metre wide at the top. Composed of layers of granite, it occupies the centre of a plantation of pines and cypresses, the highest of which does not exceed a hundred and forty metres.

"On the eastern front may be read these words:

SOUS LE RÈGNE DE LOUIS XVIII.,
ROI DE FRANCE ET DE NAVARRE,
LE CONSEIL GÉNÉRAL DU DÉPARTEMENT DU MORBIHAN A ÉLEVÉ CE MONUMENT
A LA GLOIRE DES XXX. BRETONS.

"The west front bears the same inscription in the Celtic language. On the south are engraved the names of the combatants; on the north the date of the combat, March 27th, 1351. Near the monument is placed the stone restored in 1775 by the States of Brittany. *Voilà tout.*"

M. Pitre Chevalier then proceeds to broach the notion of what he deems would constitute a fitting monument to the Thirty, and it must be owned that the conception is not devoid of grandeur. "In place of this needle of stone, which resembles everything and signifies nothing, dare to realise the dream of a Breton pilgrim. Take from the bowels of the 'land of granite' thirty gigantic blocks, such as are to be found at Carnac or at Lok-Mariaker. Peradventure, you may find them on the very moor which was bedewed with the blood of the Thirty. Range these blocks in line of battle upon the place of the combat, as were ranged the champions of Brittany before the Marshal de Beaumanoir. Summon thirty Breton artists, and, if artists are wanting, summon workmen; order these simple statuaries to carve from each block a colossal knight, with his helm on head, his hand upon his sword, and his shield by his side; all this to be naturally and largely indicated, as becomes men of iron sculptured in granite. Provided that the manly visage is distinguishable under the visor, that the outline of the human form is preserved, that the armour defines itself boldly against the sky, and that the pedestal and the statue form an indestructible mass, nothing more is wanted. Upon these thirty escutcheons engrave the thirty names and the thirty armorial bearings. Plant in the middle of the line an oak like that of Mi-Voie. Let it grow and spread itself out freely till it shall cover all the knights with its shade. And when, one day, the traveller crossing this moor shall see rising before him this enormous tree, and those thirty stone warriors, whether the sun may project afar their gigantic silhouettes, or the moon may multiply and render yet larger their phantoms, that traveller will recognise a nation which for three thousand years has repulsed the foreigner, and which yet knows how, like the ancient Druids, to erect memorial stones to its heroes."

It may be mentioned that among the signatures of those who were not present at the ceremony of laying the first stone of the pyramidal monument to the Thirty, but who desired to subscribe the procès verbal, occur the names of the Duc de Serent (the last descendant of Jean de Serent, one of the Thirty), who died in 1822, without issue; the Comte de Tinténiac, descendant of the renowned Sire de Tinténiac; the Comte du Parc and the Vicomte Maurice du Parc, descendants of Maurice du Parc, one of the Thirty.

So great was the impression produced by the Battle of Mi-Voie, that, for more than a century after its occurrence, in Brittany, France, and England, it was a common expression to say, in allusion to any gallant or terrible action, "They fought as they did at the Combat of the Thirty."

The memory of the famous combat, so dear to their national pride, is still fondly cherished by the Breton peasantry. To this day, Mr. Weld tells us, they chant its glories at their Pardons, in a ballad in the Cornouaille dialect, called "Stourm Ann Tregont." Mr. Weld also states that the same ballad was very generally sung, to incite each other to valour, during the Chouan war.

Honour to the brave men, on either side, who fought by the Mid-Way Oak. Honour to those who fell. Honour to those who won. Honour to those who lost. Assuredly, we have no cause to be ashamed of our share in the Combat of the Thirty.

THE HISTORY OF MR. MIRANDA.*

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

MR. MIRANDA ARRIVES AT NEW YORK.

THE fast-sailing clipper *Good Intent* made a prosperous voyage to Callao, but before Mr. Miranda decided upon landing at that port he instituted very particular inquiries as to the state of political affairs in Peru.

It was a necessary precaution on the part of one who was the master of more than twenty thousand pounds in gold; for though the soil of Peru is rich in precious metals, its rulers—for the time being—very seldom are so, and scruples with regard to the appropriation of private property rarely trouble them.

The result of his inquiries satisfied him that it would be anything but safe to go to Lima. Another revolution—the twenty-fifth since the establishment of the republic—had broken out only a few days before: the new president was at war with the old president; each denounced the other as a traitor to his country, each appealed to the patriotism of his troops, and each was dreadfully in want of money to pay them. Such a windfall as twenty thousand pounds was a godsend that did not happen every day, and whether the lawful or the rebel president—for the time being—got scent of it, Mr. Miranda's fate would have been the same: both would have borrowed his cash, and from neither would he have got it back again. Like a wise man, therefore, Mr. Miranda determined to remain on board the *Good Intent*, and proceed in her to Panama, her final destination.

This arrangement caused no disturbance of Mr. Miranda's original programme: it had been settled in London, when he discussed the plan of his commercial operations with a city friend—one Mr. Montefiore—that they should rendezvous, some six or eight months later, in New York, Mr. Miranda proceeding by Australia, Mr. Montefiore by the Cape of Good Hope. Personal reasons—such, for instance, as the fact of his being the possessor of more capital than he cared to divide with a partner—might have induced Mr. Miranda to alter his intentions *en route*, if allured by a pleasant locality, and in that case his partner might shift for himself; but when he found that if he made Peru his place of abode he ran the risk of being robbed of every shilling he was worth, his high-minded integrity carried the day, and he resolved to act with good faith towards Mr. Montefiore, and meet him, as he had promised, in the United States.

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* It is probable that most of the readers of *Bentley's Miscellany* have seen, in the daily papers, the account of the painful suicide, in Blenheim Park, of Don Antonio Arrom de Ayala, whose name appeared in the first part of "The History of Mr. Miranda." We advert to the lamentable event with feelings of the profoundest commiseration for the unfortunate gentleman, in order to make it known that the deception practised by Mr. Miranda on the Spanish consul at Sydney was no invention of the writer of "The History," but an occurrence which actually took place.

Leaving, then, General Castilla to fight it out with General Echenique, those parties being at that time, as they probably are now, the contending patriotic presidents, Mr. Miranda pursued his voyage northward, and in due time arrived at Panama, where he only remained long enough to pick up a little necessary information, and then took the railway across the Isthmus. At Aspinwall Mr. Miranda embarked for New York, on board the steamer *Golden Eagle*, in company with several other gentlemen—adventurers from California, none, perhaps, quite so wealthy as himself, but every one of them quite as capable of laying his hand on his heart and asseverating with equal truth that what fortune he had was the fruit of his own industry.

Not that Mr. Miranda boasted of his means. Such was not the habit of this grave, dignified man. If he was rich, he left people to find out the fact some other way: perhaps to infer it from the indifferent tone in which he spoke of large transactions, as if they were occurrences too common to dilate upon. Allusions of this kind, however, slipped out now and then in the course of conversation; those who listened drew the natural conclusion that where large transactions exist, corresponding profits must ensue; and the consequence was that a vast deal of respect was paid to Mr. Miranda by all on board the *Golden Eagle*, no one being more assiduous in his attentions than Colonel Washington M. Snakes, of Snakesville, New Jersey, a gentleman whose leading characteristic was speculation, to an extent remarkable even amongst his speculating countrymen.

Notwithstanding this tendency on the part of Colonel Snakes—perhaps, indeed, on account of it—his Californian venture had not been so successful as he expected, and to this circumstance it may be owing that he attached himself so closely to Mr. Miranda. He had heard Mr. Miranda say that he came from Peru, he had curiously tested the weight of his luggage, he had fished out various admissions from him, and, putting these things together, Colonel Washington M. Snakes decided that he could not do better than make the most of his new acquaintance.

On the other hand, in his quiet way, Mr. Miranda gave the American every encouragement, eliciting much about the country to which he was bound that was likely to be useful to one fairly disposed to embark capital in some great remunerating enterprise. Poor devils, who live from hand to mouth, cannot understand why the man who has realised a good round sum, not satisfied with his accumulation, should run the risk of losing it; but "the wise"—that is to say, the successful—"have a far deeper knowledge;" they know that money makes money, and call him a fool who, contentedly, halts on the high road to fortune.

Mr. Miranda was not one of these. He had vast designs. Most likely they were philanthropic, but whatever character they bore he was bent on carrying them out, and if he had been in want of an ally—if no Montefiore had existed—he might, perhaps, have freely unbosomed himself to Washington M. Snakes, though unbosoming with freedom was not altogether in his line. But Montefiore did exist, and, as it seemed, in a very flourishing way, for Mr. Miranda found a letter from him at Aspinwall, in which the lively little Jew gave a very satisfactory account of his doings at Cape Town.

"We shall be very poor men of business," thought Mr. Miranda, "if, with our combined capital, we cannot pile up the dollars—as my new friend here would say—till we have increased it tenfold; and in a very short time, too, or I have mistaken the character of New York speculation. The colonel's projects are worth thinking of, but I won't trust *him* too far: certainly not with anything in the shape of money!"

To all appearance, however, Mr. Miranda trusted him with everything else, conversing candidly—that was his way—with just so much reserve as tended to make his candour the more valuable; and if Washington M. Snakes, charmed with the progress he had made in the rich Peruvian's confidence, built a few castles in the air in consequence, some excuse must be made for him in the fact that, knowing as he himself was, he had met with more than his match in Mr. Miranda.

What a pity it is that men of the world should indulge in castle-building! As great a pity as re-enact the fable of the dog and his shadow. Who can predict with safety the proceedings of the morrow?

Nothing could have been more delightful than the passage of the *Golden Eagle*. She was a magnificent steamer, and made the run in an incredibly short time, but unfortunately her commander, Captain Isaac A. Dodge—familiarly called "Old Go-ahead"—had laid a wager that this should be the quickest voyage on record. The last evening had arrived, already the lights at Sandy Hook were in sight, the pilots would be on board by daybreak, and the passengers turned in for the night fully expecting to open their eyes on New York.

This expectation might have been realised, but suddenly a dense fog came on, and the chances now were that the captain would lose his wager. He swore a tremendous oath: was he, Captain Isaac A. Dodge, going to cave in for an almighty fog? Not while he had an ounce of steam-power to keep his paddles in motion! So he carried on boldly, and just about midnight a violent crash informed him that the *Golden Eagle* had not got safely into port. She was, in fact, hard and fast on a sunken reef to the west of Long Island.

Up rose the passengers in affright and rushed on deck, all, save a few, in their night-clothes, amongst the exceptions being Colonel Washington M. Snakes, who always slept in his pants. Mr. Miranda awoke like the rest, and guessed the nature of the disaster which had befallen the *Golden Eagle*. But his presence of mind did not forsake him: his thoughts, as he hastily dressed himself, were how he best might save his property. For once his habitual caution had proved his foe. While at Panama he might have sold his specie for bills on the United States, but he had not fancied the bills; there was the possibility of their being no better than those which he had discounted at Sydney and Melbourne; so he kept his gold, and now it proved an encumbrance. Personal safety was, however, the first consideration, and after securing such valuables as were most accessible he also went on deck, where the noise and confusion were at their height. Still the fog prevailed, and still the vessel bumped upon the rocks; in vain the paddles were backed, in vain every nautical expedient was tried for setting her free; vain were the oaths of Captain Dodge, vain the screams of the female passengers, for now the word went round that the *Golden Eagle* was filling fast: she had gone end on with so much force as to start every timber in her bows.

"Out with the boats!" was the cry; and before they were well lowered the scared people were all leaping in.

"Are we far from shore, captain?" asked Mr. Miranda.

"No further, I should say," replied the captain, "than a man can reach if he's able to swim tolerable. Gently with those boats. Hold on, there!"

But words of command were, at this crisis, unheeded; every one shifted for himself as well as he could without reference to his neighbour—with one slight exception.

That exception appeared in the person of Washington M. Snakes.

He had probably been taught a lesson in philanthropy by Mr. Miranda, for it was with the affairs of that gentleman, and not his own, that Colonel Snakes at that moment occupied himself.

He had disappeared from the deck immediately after Mr. Miranda reached it, but just as the last boat was being lowered his head became visible above the companion stairs. He moved slowly, as if impeded by some heavy weight, and as he rose gradually to the view the quick eyes of Mr. Miranda fell upon a box clasped in the colonel's arms, which he recognised as his own: it was, indeed, the brass-bound chest which contained his golden store.

"Thank you, colonel," said Mr. Miranda, confronting his zealous friend. "This *is* kind. I could never have moved that load without assistance!"

For a man who was performing a good action, Washington M. Snakes seemed pretty considerably disconcerted. He stammered out something about the cabin being half-full of water.

"We must be quick, then," said Mr. Miranda, seizing one handle of the chest; "there is evidently no time to lose."

The colonel looked round and appeared to think so too. The vessel was nearly empty, and three out of the four boats belonging to her had already pushed off.

"Halves!" he exclaimed, grasping the opposite handle.

"With all my heart," replied Mr. Miranda.

They staggered across the deck, cleared the bulwark, and, by dint of almost superhuman strength and activity, scrambled down the side, still clinging to the chest, with which they rolled into the boat, nearly sinking it by the sudden accession of weight.

"She's going down," cried Mr. Miranda. "Jump in, for God's sake!"

These words were addressed to Captain Dodge, who yet stood upon the poop of the *Golden Eagle.*

"No!" said the gallant commander. "My place is here, I reckon."

"Shove off!" shouted Washington M. Snakes.

The order was obeyed; unluckily with too much energy: the boat tilted, her gunwale went under, in the attempt to right her she was upset, and the next moment all on board were struggling in the sea.

"Tarnation take that ere yaller chink!" were the only words heard through the din by Mr. Miranda as the waters circled round him: the speaker was Washington M. Snakes.

Which way he headed Mr. Miranda knew not, but he struck out with all his might, contending for his life amidst the impenetrable gloom. That life was all but lost—his strength was all but gone—when the rough grating of shingles reached his ear. He was nearing the beach; another effort, which a wave assisted, and Mr. Miranda was cast on shore. Whether he alone had escaped was more than he knew: he was conscious only of the fact that he had saved his life and lost his treasure.

CHAPTER II.

AND SO DOES MR. MONTEFIORE.

WHILE Mr. Miranda was on his way to Panama, the good ship *Atalanta* was bearing Mr. Montefiore to Rio Janeiro, two of the brightest stars of commercial probity thus converging.

For gentlemen whose views were identical, it is remarkable how different were their modes of action. The elder confederate conducted his arrangements with all the sober method of an experienced statesman —though we have known some statesmen, laying claim to experience, who were neither sober nor methodical; the younger partner, on the contrary, made business the liveliest and pleasantest thing imaginable— and here again we might trace a political resemblance, certain great men of whom we have heard applying the same principle to affairs of state. Mr. Miranda was not exactly *Jean qui pleure*, being of a temperament not easily stirred to betray any kind of emotion; but you might have called Mr. Montefiore *Jean qui rit*, and have characterised him truly. Mr. Miranda considered all things in a serious point of view; Mr. Montefiore found a comic side to every question.

Of all the transactions in which he had been engaged, there was none, perhaps, that the sprightly Hebrew looked back upon with more mirthful satisfaction than his adventure at the Cape of Good Hope. He had got through it in such a clever, off-hand manner, enjoying himself so much all the time! If he could have felt sorry under the circumstances, it would only have been because the farce, in which he was the principal actor, was so soon played out. As John Knox said to the court ladies of his time, "A fine world this, if it could but last for ever!" So Mr. Montefiore apostrophised the two months he had passed in the society of his friends at Cape Town. Matilda Moker and Gertrude Appelbloessem —sweet creatures! Their respectable sires—how soft! Messieurs Bosch and Halfgedaan—what spoons! The cash he had pocketed—how delightful! And then the testimonial—what a perfect joke! Oh, he would fill that testimonial to the brim with rare Constantia, and drink to all their good healths!

With these recollections acting upon a naturally joyous disposition, Mr. Montefiore made himself the most agreeable companion possible. He was the only passenger on board the *Atalanta*, but Captain Smith, her commander, said he was worth a dozen of the common sort—a little influenced, it might be, by the liberality with which the amiable Jew dispensed his store of wine and cigars. Then the good stories he told as they sat smoking after dinner! "They were enough," Captain Smith said, "to make a man bust with laughter;" and certainly did great credit to Mr. Montefiore's invention. Who could resist being pleased with such a merry fellow? He had such winning ways! Indeed, he showed this quality in more senses than one, as at the end of the voyage Captain Smith discovered, his losing score at cribbage being within a fraction of the amount which Mr. Montefiore had paid for his passage.

There are great temptations at Rio to induce a stranger with money at command to make a long stay there; and if a delicious climate, the finest scenery, and the *agréments* of a capital had alone been taken into account, Mr. Montefiore would, doubtless, have fixed himself in Rio while Mr. Miranda was wandering in another hemisphere. But circumstances obliged the adventurous Hebrew to take another view of the case. Communication was frequent between Cape Town and Rio Janeiro; it was known at the former place to which port the *Atalanta* had sailed, so that pursuit was not unlikely; and, finally, Mr. Montefiore was in a hurry to dispose of the produce which he had brought from the Cape, and, this accomplished, to depart, and leave no trace behind.

For his immediate purpose, the name he bore, his presumed connexion with the House of Rothschild, and the favourable report of Captain Smith, proved quite sufficient. It is true that no public banquet was given him at Rio, neither did the Brazilian merchants combine to present him with another testimonial, but he soon negotiated his bills and advantageously disposed of his Cape shipments, and then, without waiting for any demonstration of public gratitude, or making that necessary by conferring any public benefit, embarked for New York on board the United States steamer *Samuel Brown*, with so little ostentation that—the better to preserve his *incognito*, a condition he greatly longed for after all the *éclat* that had attended his progress—he took his passage under the simple name of Jones.

If I could permit myself to digress from my narrative, I might expatiate at some length on the value of such a name to any person in want of one. Mr. Montefiore's reason for taking it was, most likely, its great adaptability to all sorts and conditions of men. Jones may be rich or poor, noble or base, tangible or intangible: everybody knows some one named Jones, for either good or evil, and if you happen to be mistaken for a bad Jones, the responsibility can be shifted in a moment without damaging any Jones in particular.

Could he have disguised his person as easily as he changed his name, Mr. Barnard Jones, as he now called himself, would have been more than content; but the unhappy accident by which he lost his toes had made him a cripple for life, and so singular a cripple that once having seen his little stumpy feet it was difficult to forget their owner, who, moreover, had several peculiarities of face and person which do not fall to the lot of every one. We cannot, however, have everything our own way, and it sufficed Mr. Barnard Jones that none of the passengers of the *Samuel Brown* had any previous acquaintance with his person.

Although outwardly as gay as ever, and quite as ready to take his part in whatever amusements were going on, serious thoughts began to multiply in the mind of Mr. Barnard Jones the nearer he drew towards his destination. What, he asked himself, had been the result of Mr. Miranda's speculations at Sydney? Had his deeply-laid plan succeeded, or had it proved a failure? If skill in the conduct of an enterprise were the sole question, there need be no fear of the issue, for Mr. Miranda's abilities were undoubted; but accidents will happen to defeat the wisest combinations. After all, the matter stood thus: Mr. Miranda's *grand coup*, if made, was an enormous mutual gain; if, contrary to all expectations, the Sydney people had proved too much for his astute ally, in that case, Mr. Miranda would be the only sufferer. Though he, Benjamin Montefiore, *alias* Barnard Jones, was actually the one who, on account of his manual dexterity, had forged all the letters of credit, the Sydney people could not reach him. Each had his mission, each ran his separate risk, and—Mr. Barnard Jones could answer for himself—each designed to profit by the labours of his confederate. To what extent should he acknowledge his own success? That was a question which must depend on circumstances. Mr. Miranda was as useful to him as he to Mr. Miranda. If he found the Portuguese gentleman candid, he would meet him with corresponding candour. At all events, he would not be too open at first. Let your partnership be as intimate, your confederacy as close as possible, there is always somebody to be considered before the firm; that somebody, said Mr. Barnard Jones, is *yourself*. In his letters to Mr. Miranda, he had only spoken in general terms: it would be time enough when they met to enter into details.

More fortunate than the *Golden Eagle*, the *Samuel Brown* entered the East River at New York without accident, only three days after the first-named steamer. As they passed Long Island, Mr. Barnard Jones, who was looking over the taffrail, little imagined that Mr. Miranda's vessel had gone to pieces at that spot, little suspected that twenty thousand gold coins, in which he ought to have shared, lay sunk beneath that wave!

Mr. Barnard Jones was amongst the last to disembark, his infirmity rendering him slow of motion; but he met with no worse accommodation in consequence, a very polite gentleman who accosted him on the quay suggesting Astor House as the best hotel for a stranger, and kindly consenting to accompany him thither; an act of courtesy which was not altogether disinterested, seeing that the very polite gentleman was one of the commissioners of the hotel.

CHAPTER III.

LA BELLE ALLIANCE.

So far as he knew, Mr. Barnard Jones was not acquainted with a single person in New York. Had this been an inconvenience it could have been as easily remedied there as in any other great capital, for Mr. Barnard Jones, who professed to have no concealments, did not care how rich people thought him; and when a man is supposed to have plenty of money his least difficulty is the acquirement of friends. The talisman which he had applied at Cape Town would have been equally potent if used in New York, provided he fell in with no one familiar with the members of the House of Rothschild; but to personate a Montefiore in a place where all perhaps were known, and where one of the family might possibly be, was too dangerous an experiment, and consequently Mr. Barnard Jones resolved to preserve the unobtrusive appellation which he had last bestowed upon himself.

His first object was to endeavour to obtain tidings of Mr. Miranda, and for this purpose he lost no time in calling on Messrs. Barclay and Livingstone, the house to which one of the letters addressed to his partner had been written by him from the Cape. He was informed by one of the firm that the gentleman whom he inquired after had been there the day before, having only just arrived in New York. Had he transacted any business? No: he merely received his letter, offered his thanks, and withdrew, leaving his address, however, in case it should be asked for.

On looking at the card which was handed to him, Mr. Barnard Jones perceived that Mr. Miranda was also staying at the Astor House. That they had not met was by no means surprising, for the enterprising little Jew had sallied forth in quest of his associate the moment he had deposited his goods and chattels in safety. He now returned to the hotel, and went to the bar-room to learn the number of Mr. Miranda's apartment, but, while making the inquiry, he happened to turn his head, and saw approaching the identical person he wanted. Mr. Barnard Jones set down untasted a glass of "chain lightning" which he was about to drink, and hobbled across the saloon, eager to have the first word.

With so discreet a man as Mr. Miranda, there was, however, nothing to apprehend. The imperturbable Portuguese received Mr. Barnard Jones as calmly as if only five minutes, and not eight months, had elapsed since last they met, and in returning his greeting seemed merely to be continuing a conversation that had just been interrupted. Neither was there any indiscretion on the part of the younger capitalist, and after a few common-place words, which anybody was welcome to overhear, Mr. Miranda negligently walked out of the saloon, followed by his Hebrew friend.

There was, however, something more of animation in the manner of each when they were fairly closeted in a private apartment, with the door double-locked to prevent intrusion.

"S'help me!" exclaimed Mr. Bernard Jones, bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and capering—as well as he could—about the room—"s'help me, Miranda, here you are!"

The grave features of the Portuguese gentleman slightly relaxed at this salutation, though his smile was not quite so expressive of satisfaction as it used to be when pleasant thoughts crossed his mind.

"Yes," replied Mr. Miranda, "I am true, as you see, to our appointment. But sit down, Montefiore, and tell me all that has happened to you since we parted in Great St. Helen's."

"You must drop that name here, Miranda," said the other; "I call myself now Mr. Barnard Jones—quite at your service, quite at the service of all the Wall-street gentlemen, s'help me! ha! ha! ha! But, I say," he continued, checking his mirth, "how does it stand with you? Are you still Mr. Miranda?"

"Yes," returned the Portuguese; "there has been no occasion yet to make any change."

"So much the better if you've made it all square at Sydney, and left no track."

"Square! Well, you shall hear about that by-and-by. As to the track, a vast continent and two oceans lie between us at present."

"May they keep so till we've done here all that we want to do. Well?"

"Well?"

"Oh, I see," said the Jew, "you mean me to begin. I've no objection, I'm sure."

Knowing to a nicety the amount which Mr. Miranda had intended to realise in Australia, and presuming, from his appearance in New York, that he had fulfilled his intentions, Mr. Barnard Jones made a tolerably correct statement of his proceedings at the Cape, suppressing not much more than half his profits. He should be ready, he said, to put down values to the extent of eight thousand pounds. And now, what had Mr. Miranda done?

"More than you, my dear friend," replied the Portuguese; "twice as much! We shall have too large a capital to start with."

"Yes," said the Jew, laughing, "if we meant to embark anything real. But what's the shape of your tin? Is it in bills or cash?"

"Bullion!" said the Portuguese, unable to check a rising sigh.

"Ah, you wish it was more," observed the quick-eared Jew—"so do I."

"Never mind," returned Mr. Miranda, recovering from his momentary depression, and resolved to put the best face on the matter—"never mind, we shall do very well."

"And where is it? Lodged in a bank or in your keeping?"

"In my keeping, of course. How can you ask such a question? Do you think I would trust a single house in this place? You ought to have known better, my dear friend! No, no—it is amongst my effects in there. I can show you the chest, if you like. The porters had some trouble to get it up so high.

"They ought to keep a lift here, s'help me!" cried the Jew, indulging in another burst of laughter, "for gentlemen—ha! ha!—with property like us. They ought indeed, s'help me! Yes! I should like to see it."

Mr. Miranda rose and took his companion into an inner room, where he slept.

"There!" he said, pointing to a large brass-bound box that stood in a corner. "Try and move it!"

The little Jew applied one of his toeless feet to the chest, but it offered too solid a resistance for him to overcome.

He rubbed his hands with glee and listened with a delighted air to the tale which Mr. Miranda now told of all that had befallen him at Sydney. Like Mr. Barnard Jones, however, the Portuguese suppressed what he thought fit, and amongst the facts he did not communicate was the rather important secret which he shared with the bottom of the Atlantic. But that did not signify. As far as appearances went, the chest which he had bought that very day and filled with pig-lead, an hour or two before the arrival of his colleague, was as substantial and valuable as if it had been filled with the purest Australian gold. It was a cruel deception—more cruel to himself than to any one else just then. Yet he bore his loss with so much equanimity that even the Jew, cunning as he was, never entertained the slightest suspicion of anything having gone wrong. In his turn, Mr. Barnard Jones bestowed his (reserved) confidence on Mr. Miranda, producing bills to the amount of which he had already spoken, and thus, relying upon each other, the Hebrew and the Gentile took counsel together to prepare a fresh plan of operations.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. MIRANDA MEETS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

ALTHOUGH the *Golden Eagle* went to pieces in a gale of wind which sprang up within two or three hours of her striking on the rocks, it so happened that none of the passengers or crew were lost. Those who first got into the boats made the shore at different points; the party that was swamped when Mr. Miranda's chest went down, contrived to save themselves by clinging to scattered spars—all, save the Portuguese himself, who swam ashore, as we have seen, and Colonel Washington M. Snakes, who managed to get astride of a hencoop, which was driven on Staten Island; Captain Dodge and his people remained long enough to construct a raft, which they launched when the vessel's timbers began to part, and thus were borne on it in safety to the opposite coast of New Jersey.

With the majority of these shipwrecked persons this history has no more to do, Colonel Washington M. Snakes being the only one, besides Mr. Miranda, in whose adventures it takes any interest.

With respect to that gentleman, it may be sufficient, for the present, to say that when he landed on his hencoop, which he sold to procure a breakfast, his fortunes—*minus* only a hat and coat—were in precisely the same condition as when he took his departure from Snakesville, about a year before, on the Californian expedition. To be without money was, therefore, no novelty to the gallant colonel, and he met that feature of his fate with becoming equanimity, relying on the chance which, somehow or other, always comes to the rescue of the genuine Loafer. But it was not without a feeling of regret that he gazed on the remorseless sea which had robbed him of the "halves" he had claimed in Mr. Miranda's treasure: however, there was no help for it now, and, consoling himself with the reflection that it was best to "keep a stiff upper lip," he turned his back upon the waves, and, shouldering his hencoop, "took a bee-line," as he said, "in the *di*rection of civilisation."

Mr. Miranda, without employing the same phrase, did the same thing, when he recovered his legs on the shore of Long Island; that is to say, he went straight to the nearest habitation. Though he had suffered a calamity sufficient to overwhelm any ordinary man, he had not absolutely lost all: there still remained a tolerably well-filled purse in his pocket, and the ornaments he wore, together with his large gold watch and massive chain, were of sufficient value to maintain him for some time, if he should be driven to the necessity of parting with them. But he hoped for better things. The period was near at hand when Mr. Montefiore might be expected at New York; independently of other views, there was the prospect of again working in concert with his ingenious partner; and, moreover, a new and wide field presented itself for that enterprise which he had long so successfully cultivated. Yet he must act with prudence in his revelations to Mr. Montefiore, of whom he knew quite enough to be aware that the avowal of his recent misfortune, if his friend possessed anything himself, would be the signal for the immediate break-up of their alliance. This was the reason why his first care, on reaching New York, was to procure a chest similar to that which he had lost, and being speedily provided with wearing apparel, no outward sign declared that he was not the wealthy man he might in reality have been.

"We must look about us, my dear friend," said Mr. Miranda, at the close of the conference in his private room; "we have practical people to deal with here, who are themselves accustomed to *exploiter* schemes to the full as ingenious as any that we can devise."

"No doubt of it," replied Mr. Barnard Jones. "Yankees don't walk about with their eyes shut. But we have this advantage over them:

they can't help putting a great deal of faith in the *millionnaires* of the old country."

"That is true. I have already observed that they worship the names of the leading London bankers, just as in general they adore the English aristocracy, and I have come to the conclusion that the more we stand for the more we are likely to get. Think over the matter, then. We will dine at the *table d'hôte* this afternoon, and you will there have an opportunity of judging for yourself what manner of men we have to encounter; for since I arrived here—short as the time is—I have noticed that the language if not the spirit of speculation accompanies them under every circumstance of their lives."

"When is the dinner-hour?" asked Mr. Barnard Jones. "I must dress myself for the occasion. That always did a great deal for me at the Cape!"

"You are quite right. There is an essential advantage in being well dressed, though the Americans very often overlook the fact in their own persons. Five is the time. Till then I shall take a walk in Broadway. You, I know," continued Mr. Miranda, glancing at his friend's feet, "are not fond of promenading. Besides, you will have enough to do, I dare say, between this and dinner."

On this they separated, Mr. Barnard Jones to make his *toilette*, Mr. Miranda to meditate in motion.

There is, in Broadway, much to meditate upon, even if only its externals are considered. The most magnificent and the wealthiest street in the world must needs be curiously suggestive. What turn Mr. Miranda's thoughts might have taken, it is scarcely necessary to inquire; but whatever they were, they met with a sudden interruption. At the corner of Broome-street, where it intersects Broadway, he found himself suddenly face to face with Colonel Washington M. Snakes.

Their astonishment was mutual, each being under the impression that the other was drowned.

"Well, I swan!" said the colonel, stretching out his large brown hand, "this *is* an all-fired meeting! I thought you was amongst the missing."

"No," replied Mr. Miranda. "I escaped, as you see."

"Do tell!" exclaimed the colonel. "You realised the land, then. Whar?"

"On Long Island, as I have since learnt. And you?"

"I fixed it just under Staten light. Dreadful difficult it was *to* fix, sailing on a biddy-coop; that was the critter carried *me*. Well, merchant, I *am* happified to see you!"

Thereupon they shook hands for the second time; but not to part: the colonel had no desire to lose sight of Mr. Miranda so speedily.

"I say, merchant," he resumed, "whar shall we liquor up? *To* what *ho*-tel are you staying?"

Being informed that Astor House was the place, the colonel said he had thoughts of going there himself. He had business in New York before he could go down to Snakesville, and was waiting for money. "I lost every cent I brought back from Ca.," he said, "on board that thundering steamer. She ripped up, I'm told, like an old shoe. But, I say, merchant, you must have made an all-fired smash with that 'ere chest! I kinder look upon it, you know, as half my property. We ought to have reck'nings, I guess!"

"As much reckoning as you like," returned Mr. Miranda, "if you can recover the chest. But, in the mean time, I must ask you not to speak of it again."

"What! It riles, eh? No wonder! It hefted some, *it* did!"

"Its value was great, certainly," said Mr. Miranda, "but it is not altogether on that account."

The colonel looked steadily at the Portuguese, but his face was inscrutable.

"Well," said the former, after drawing a long breath, "I can disremember, when I'm wanted to, as well as any chap in the Union. Shall we hifer?"

Mr. Miranda was obliged to confess that he did not understand the question.

The colonel explained that he had proposed a lounge till dinner-time. He had made up his mind to go to Astor's.

Remembering the remarks on the subject of dress, which he had lately made to Mr. Barnard Jones, Mr. Miranda would willingly have dispensed with the society of Colonel Washington M. Snakes until he had provided himself with a decent tailor, for the colonel's costume was anything but fashionable. He wore the very same pants that adorned his nether man when the *Golden Eagle* struck; waistcoat he had none, and the rest of his attire consisted only of a loose slop jacket of brown holland and a broad-brimmed straw hat, which flapped over his face at every movement. It is not for us to say how or where the colonel had procured the last-named articles: enough, that he was content to wear them, and so content, that he seemed to think, if there were any difference between his appearance and that of Mr. Miranda, it was rather in his own favour, as being, at all events, more light and airy.

What manner of man he had to deal with in Colonel Washington M. Snakes, Mr. Miranda had divined when first he met him on board the *Golden Eagle*: that impression was now confirmed, and although a hanger-on, for his own advantage, was no very desirable acquaintance—there were points about the New-Jersey man which might be turned to account. Still there were the objectionable pants and linen jacket, and Mr. Miranda hesitatingly observed that he believed the company always sat down in full evening dress at Astor House.

"Well," said Colonel Washington M. Snakes, "I approbate that view, only it's above my bend just now. I'll tell you what, though. Loan me a twenty-dollar note till they remit from Snakesville, and I'll dress full chisel. If you haven't a note, merchant, hard money will do as well. You needn't to feel streaky; I shan't slope."

Mr. Miranda was a good-natured as well as a politic man. He might want a reference. It was better to have a friend in the tall colonel than an enemy. He took two gold Eagles from his purse and placed them in the colonel's ready palm, saying, "Whenever it's convenient, not before."

"I mean the clean thing," said the colonel, depositing the twenty dollars in the pocket of his pants. "Shall we liquor up *now?* I'll stand Sam. No! Well, then, I'll make tracks till five o'clock."

"Do so," said Mr. Miranda, guessing at his meaning. "And when we meet, I will introduce you to a particular friend of mine."

"Vamos," said the colonel.

Mr. Miranda smiled, and they separated till dinner-time.

ROUGE ET NOIR.*

This is the way he wrote down his name at the last census: "Jean-Pierre Bitterlin, of Lunéville, 60 years of age; 35 years' active service, 11 campaigns, 2 wounds; captain 1834, chevalier 1836, retired in 1847; medal of St. Helena." Such is the way he described himself; but M. About's portrait of the inner man, though not flattering, is far more photographic: "He possessed a most loyal, frank, and delicate character, which, at the same time, was the most bitter, jealous, and ill-tempered in the world." As for his external qualities, he wore a moustache which no cosmetic in the world would render lissom, and which, black as jet on Sunday morning, grew gradually grey by Thursday; while his hair, thanks to the perruquier's skill, ever maintained its raven gloss: all that betrayed his age were the small tufts of grey hair that peeped out of his ears.

Yet Captain Bitterlin ought to have had no reason to be continually cross, for he did not, apparently, suffer from indigestion. As a boy, he had been the happiest drummer in the French army at the battle of Leipzig, and never slept without dreaming of the traditional marshal's bâton. He earned his first epaulette at Waterloo, though he did not get it till nine years later in Spain. During that interval he had often felt inclined to retire, and plant his native cabbages; but, though he was dissatisfied, and a sergeant to boot, he had never plotted. Gaining his captaincy by seniority, at the age of thirty-six, he proceeded to Africa, and came back with a dysentery: he was sent to patch himself up at Briançon, where he married a restaurateur's daughter, as a pleasant mode of passing the time. No sooner married than he was ordered to join the depôt at Strasburg, his wife following in the baggage train. In 1839 he became the father of a girl, born betwixt the three hundred and tenth and three hundred and eleventh milestones on the Strasburg road. Unfortunately, his wife was young and coquettish, and allowed herself to be made love to without meaning any harm. After passing through the agonies of jealousy, and killing a comrade who annoyed him with his jokes, the captain determined on retiring when he was forty-nine. He set up his Lares in the Marais, on an income of about 5000 fr. a year, and the solitude settled madame in four years; as M. About profoundly remarks, "the angels themselves would have grown weary of tending the captain in his desert."

The captain was inconsolable at the loss of the only domestic animal he had to bully; but the pangs wore off when the last war aroused his martial instincts. The greatest blow the gallant captain ever received was, that Sebastopol should be taken without him, for he had been anxiously expecting that the minister of war would send for him, as the only man capable of finishing the campaign properly. Hence, when the capture of the Malakoff took place, he was so agitated by it, that fat Agathe, his maid-of-all-work, compassionately asked him whether the government had deprived him of a portion of his property, and if it would not be advisable to put down one dish at breakfast in consequence. At times the captain would certainly remember he was a father; but it only ended by exasperating him, for he could not make up his mind whether his wife had been unfaithful to her vows. Besides, when he went to see the little Emma at St. Denis, he found her so ugly that he felt no interest in her. And yet, strange to say, when she suddenly burst forth into a lovely girl, this annoyed the captain the more, for so great was the trouble the care of her would entail upon him, that he declared her beauty was really indecent.

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* Trente et Quarante.—Sans Dot.—Les Parents de Bernard. Par E. About. Paris: Hachette et C^ie^. 1859.

Such a treasure as this the suspicious captain must keep from mortal eye; hence, he broke off all Emma's school acquaintances, and only allowed her to go out with Agathe to church. Little did the poor man suspect this was the very way to lose his daughter. One morning, as she was returning from church, she was insulted by a parcel of schoolboys, when suddenly a very handsome young man came to her rescue, and bore her away to his lodgings in a fainting state.

He was a young Italian, of good family, Bartolomeo Narni, ex-Count de Miranda, who had fought bravely during the siege of Rome; and, after mortgaging his estate and title, he had retired to Paris, his whole fortune consisting of his family portrait-gallery, which he could not bear to part with. Up to the present he had earned his livelihood as reader to an Italian printer, but, now that love took full possession of his senses, like a true Italian, he could not do anything but think of his love. Of course, Emma, who never saw any young men, gave her heart to her champion, and for her part dreamed pleasantly about the future, though not a word was dropped to the captain, who would probably have gone mad at the thought. Their only chance of meeting was at church, where, as M. About remarks, "the mass they heard was not placed to their credit in the ledger of paradise." Still they were happy, and Meo invented a way of communication which, for its originality, deserves extract:

> There are theatre bills in the arcade connecting the Rue des Vosges with the Place Royale. Every morning, between eleven and twelve, the Italian went there, and underlined with a pencil the letters which formed a sentence addressed to Emma. It was a game of patience, but Meo had employed it before in corresponding with his friends at Bologna, by means of an old number of the *Débats*. Emma went out with her father, and stopped, like a child, before the play-bills. How could the captain refuse her such an innocent amusement? The first bill would run thus:
>
> "Co*mé*die Fr*an*çaise.
>
> "*J*eudi, 25 Mai 1858.
>
> "Les c*o*m*é*diens ordinaires de *l*'Empereur donneront 'Gabr*ie*lle.'"
>
> Emma easily deciphered *Ma Jolie*, and carried on the same game till she reached the Théâtre Beaumarchais.

The captain had reasons for liking this stoppage: for he, too, would cast a glance on the bills, which enabled him to give Emma a fine moral lecture. He showed her that authors are obliged to invent scandalous titles to attract the public to the theatre, and preached to her utter contempt of plays. "You are very lucky," he would say, "at only knowing these extravagances by name. Look here: 'Le Fils Naturel'—why, that is scandalous! 'Le Fruit Défendu'—that is immoral; 'La Joie fait Peur'—that is ridiculous; 'Les Lionnes Pauvres'—what can that be but a history without head or tail, and probably indecent in the bargain? The scamps who write plays can't earn a living, and serve 'em right." Emma merely replied by marking the corner of the last bill with the dusty end of her parasol, as a sign to her lover that she had deciphered the billet, and thus was the poor captain tricked beneath his very nose.

At length, Emma's passion became so intense that she could no longer conceal it from her father, and so she confessed her great secret, and though the captain laid it down as a rule that children should only be managed by kindness, on this occasion his wrath was superior to his theory. The poor girl received a couple of tremendous boxes on the ear, and was locked up in her room, while Agathe was bundled out neck and crop, under the natural suspicion of being an accomplice. As for Emma, the captain swore she should remain under arrest till she made a full confession of her crimes, but she declared with equal firmness that, so long as she was kept a prisoner, she would remain dumb.

In such a scandal-loving quarter as the Marais, the most astounding reports soon spread about the captain's barbarity, and the family doctor thought it his duty to call and inquire. After seeing Emma, he candidly told her father he was killing her by inches, and that she required change of air and scene. Hence the captain, much to his regret, was forced to leave his household gods and travel with his perverse daughter. But not unaccompanied: Meo, who was constantly prowling round the house, saw him one evening copying a poster on the wall, and on reading it after him he found it was a pleasure trip through Switzerland and the Grand Duchy of Baden. Emma started for Switzerland "like cowards go into action, looking back every step." Unable to communicate with her lover, she still hoped he would be acquainted with their movements, and follow them: nor was she mistaken, for, to her ineffable delight, Meo took the eighth seat in the railway carriage. So soon as the captain slept, the young couple began their mutual confessions. Unfortunately for Meo, he had started on a wrong tack. He intended to be most courteous to the captain and win his good graces, but he ought to have treated him roughly, having to deal with a man who commenced his pleasure trip in this way at the Hôtel des Trois Rois, at Basle:

M. Bitterlin was not yet served. He went from the dining-room to the terrace, unable to choose a table or order breakfast. The head waiter and the landlord both pressed him, and were unable to satisfy him. "Listen to me," he said, "I wish to breakfast, not like a glutton, who makes a god of his belly, or like that gentleman, who looks like an ox in a stall. Still, I must restore myself after my night's travel. I am not afraid of expense, and I should blush to breakfast like that mean student, who is dipping a slice of bread in his coffee."

"We have, sir," the landlord said, "salmon, trout, crayfish," &c.

"Is your fish fresh, though? I know your tricks of passing on travellers all the carps that came out of Noah's Ark. Besides, the sauce makes the fish, and you fellows never knew how to compose one. It is a French science, and so you can keep your fish to yourself."

The head waiter went on: "In game we have roebuck, chamois, hare, partridges. The shooting season began this morning."

"No, thank you—killed this morning. Perhaps you will like me to eat the soles of boots."

"In butcher's meat we have roast mutton and beef, kidneys, cutlets," &c.

"Yes, and I bet you put onion in everything."

Here he approached an inoffensive traveller, who was eating a duck and onions with considerable appetite.

"Are you going to eat that stuff, sir?"

"Well, sir?"

"And you will perhaps say it is an exquisite dish. Well, opinions are free, especially as the animals of this canton indulge in the luxury of a republic. But, allow me to say, in my turn, that a man must have a most perverted taste to eat such rubbish, and call it good in the bargain."

And here the gallant captain ordered the waiter to bring him what he liked, and the meal went on tolerably serenely, except that the butter was not fresh (in Switzerland!), and he threw a doubtful plate at the waiter's head, with this comment: "I am not fastidious. I have drunk horse broth out of a cuirassier's helmet. But here I represent the great army of France, and the slightest neglect is an insult. You see the river that runs below your barrack: it belonged to me. I conquered it with my comrades."

Within twenty-four hours the captain had a special object of aversion in the Italian, who would insist on paying him polite attentions. Still the party proceeded onwards, the captain abusing the inevitable trout till they reached Lucerne, where the principal sight, according to our author, is "honest plantigrade Swiss, lounging about in their Sunday clothes, and pretty English girls holding up their gowns to display their red petticoats." At Schaffhausen, where the party broke up for a short period, M. Bitterlin had an opportunity of expressing all his horror of gambling, for he had never touched a card in his life, always acting on the golden rule when asked to play: "I am not poor enough to need your money, nor rich enough to make you a present of mine;" and he concluded by an assertion that such dens of iniquity as Baden-Baden ought to be put down. Another of the party took up the cudgels and defended public gambling in a very specious manner.

However plausible his arguments might have been, they did not alter the captain's decision. He laughed at the fascinations of rouge et noir, and at length declared he *would* go to Baden and prove that one man, at any rate, could be firm. With these doughty resolutions the French gentleman, whose name was M. le Roy, and Meo took leave of the captain, who promised to follow them to Baden in a few days and prove the firmness of a French soldier.

On reaching Baden, Meo soon yielded to the temptation. He played with varying luck for two or three nights, and had staked his last Louis, when, accidentally turning his head, he saw the ferocious Captain Bitterlin standing behind him. Horrified at being thus detected by the father of his Emma, who had so inveighed against gambling, the young man turned and fled. The captain had time, however, to recognise him, and said to himself, with lofty contempt, "A rotten pear: he has not the courage of his vice. Why, he has forgotten his 20 fr.—20 fr. at one stake! two hundred pounds of ammunition bread." However, he determined to have a hearty laugh when the Louis was lost, but unfortunately the black gained, and Meo's Louis received a companion.

"Well, after all," the captain thought, "the young humbug will lose at the second round." But he was mistaken, and the captain saw 80 fr. before him. He regarded with contempt this gold, stained with the curse of gambling. It was quite new, and glistened in the lamplight; and, on seeing the coins, the captain thought involuntarily of the first four Louis he ever possessed. They were twenty-four franc pieces of yellow gold, very old, very worn, and rather clipped. His mother had taken them out of a stocking, and slipped them into his hand when he went to the wars. "What a difference," he thought, "between these immoral counters and those respectable medals which my mother had sanctified by labour and economy." This reflection was interrupted by the rake bringing him four more Louis. This aroused a fresh train of thought. "Parbleu! there's the justice of fortune. When I was second captain, I had to fight a whole month to gain the sum this young scoundrel has got by three turns of the cards. Fortunately, there's 39 for the black—and, no! there's 40 for the red. Two months of my pay in M. Narni's pocket."

So things went on: the black passed continually, till the captain had 200 and odd Louis before him, and the room was becoming excited. Already three or four pretty young women had come to borrow five Louis of the captain, and he had received them like a boar would the hounds; at length the black had passed again and left before him a total of 5120 fr. This multiplication of gold scandalised him! 5000 fr.—one year of his income gained in a few moments! A servant brought him a chair, but, though he said he was not playing, he gradually sank into it. The banker began dealing again, and gave the black 31. M. Bitterlin noticed the scowling face of this person, and thought there would be a noble and chivalrous pleasure in winning from these immoral enterprises. And when he had 10,000 fr. before him, he regarded himself as a champion of virtue, who had gained a victory over the demon of play. At length the banker asked "How much *à la masse?*"

"I—I don't know," the captain replied, redder than a hundred crayfish. "I—do not play—my—principles——"

"You are aware, sir," said a croupier near him, "that the maximum is 6000 fr."

In vain did the captain look round for Meo, who carefully kept out of his way; but as he could not keep the game waiting, he stammered, "6000 fr., sir—I—I believe so, at least. It is not I——"

His hand trembled; he counted six notes, left them on the black, and drew back the the rest of the money. The touch of this treasure produced a species of dizziness; a swarm of gilt butterflies began dancing round his head; he held on to the table and closed his eyes. A cry of amazement around him: black had passed for the tenth time.

So things went on until all at once the red gained, and the captain was quite fascinated by the demon of play. He must win back the 6000 fr. he had lost for M. Narni, and then he would leave off. Unfortunately, though, these six thousand francs followed the others, and this was enough to exasperate the old gentleman. He returned to the charge; gained, then lost; with his hands filled with gold and notes he punted, now on the red, then on the black, or on the colour, according to the inspiration of the moment.

At last the game was over; the bank was broken, and the captain held 121,240 fr., which belonged to M. Narni. Then came the revulsion; he must find the young Italian and hand him over the accursed money, which seemed to burn his pockets, and he rushed off, regardless of the crowd that pursued him, to Meo's hotel. But he was not to be found; for hours the captain walked up and down in front of the Victoria, expecting him to come in; but Meo had by this time reached Strasburg, *en route* for Paris, and M. Bitterlin went back to Emma with a heavy heart.

Lover though he was, Meo had read in the father's face sufficient to tell him that this gain would not help him in obtaining Emma's hand; and he thought it very probable that M. Bitterlin would throw the money at his head, and say, "That is yours; it cost you a Louis, and me my honour. Now, good night." And as Meo had no desire for matters to end thus, he thought it better to get back to Paris and await the result there.

M. Bitterlin, too, was equally decided on returning to Paris and hiding his shame; all he wanted to do was to gid rid of the money, and then he might feel easier in his mind. But even at Paris his fame had preceded him; "Our Own Correspondent" had sent the news home, and the poor captain was driven out of his mind. His door was besieged by hungry speculators, or founders of an anonymous company offered him a situation of 200,000 fr. a year on condition of his depositing 60,000 fr. as security. A commander of unknown orders offered him a grand ribbon nearly like that of the Legion of Honour. Then shoeless projectors pledged themselves to triple his fortune in a fortnight. In short, it only depended on the captain to start the mushroom coffee and the haricot-bean sugar, the umbrella-pipe, the toilette-piano, and the saucepan-helmet, a precious utensil in peace, and an incomparable arm in war. The captain felt himself rapidly going mad; his only chance of safety was to find Meo, and so he applied to the police for assistance, who laughed at him. However, when he reached home, he found a note to inform him where Meo lived, written, to tell the truth, by the young gentleman himself. Off the captain rushed, but, to his horror, Meo would not accept the money; he said, and indeed proved, most logically, that it belonged to M. Bitterlin, and he could not think of taking it; so, to end the controversy, the captain threw the money on the table and made his escape. For the rest of the day he was most agreeable, took Emma for an airing, but, when he retired to bed, he began raving like a madman—he had found the 120,000 fr. waiting for him on his pillow.

The next morning the captain started off again to Meo, but the young gentleman was just as resolute, though he allowed there was one way of settling matters, which, however, he must decline. On being pressed, he said he alluded to a marriage with Emma, on whom the money could be settled, but that did not suit his views. This was enough to set the captain off raving; he insisted upon knowing why Meo thought an alliance with *his* family derogatory, and on the young man persisting in his silence, challenged him, which challenge Meo at once accepted.

Naturally enough, the captain applied to some of his old comrades in the 104th Line to act as his seconds, while, by a curious coincidence, Mr. Narni selected as his second the colonel of the same regiment, whose acquaintance he had formed at Rome. To him he confided all the circumstances, and the colonel very willingly joined him in his plot.

When the opponents met the next morning at Vincennes, and just as they were about to salute, the colonel interposed, and begged to ask whether the quarrel could not be amicably settled. After some argument, the captain was caught in the trap by Meo assenting to marry his daughter. However, by pretending that he wished to defer the marriage, he diverted the captain's suspicions, and got him into that state of obstinacy, that he insisted on the marriage coming off in a fortnight, or he would ask the reason why. He also insisted that Meo should visit

Emma every day, that she might get used to him. But the lovers were far too careful to let him see they had met before, and the captain was in a fool's paradise, as he had an opportunity of keeping an eye on Meo lest he might be off to Italy before the marriage took place.

At length the great day arrived: Meo and Emma were married, and the captain gave a great feast, to which all the seconds were invited, when he became gloriously boozy; so much so, that the family doctor, also present, asked him if he ever had himself bled, as he had an apoplectic tendency, to which the captain replied, in an inimitable voice, "Never, sir. I only shed my blood before the enemy!"

Emma had been married a fortnight, and was happy to a degree, though very careful to hide it from her father, as she knew by experience how much the happiness of others annoyed him. The young countess was growing lovelier every day in the rays of the honeymoon, "for the beauty of woman is a delicate fruit; it blossoms almost anywhere, but it only ripens on an espalier, when leaning on a husband." The happiness that makes philosophers extravagant (see M. Michelet's last work) sometimes restores sense to mad people, and this was the case with Meo; and he began to do without rings and chains for himself, in order to present his wife with a Cashmere shawl.

Agathe, the indefatigable creature, now restored to favour, divided herself between the captain's rooms and the nest of the young couple, and it was her stupidity that killed her master. One day, as she was dusting the sitting-room, the captain, wearied of being all alone, said to her,

"I must confess that, for a pious woman, you behaved very queerly."

"I, sir?" she replied, shouldering arms with the feather-broom.

"Why, did you not help your young mistress with her first gallant? I kicked you out for that."

"What first gallant?"

"The one whose name I never could learn."

"You know it now, then, for it was M. Narni. What!" she added, with surprise, "you *didn't* believe my mistress could love two men? No, no, master, there never was but one, and he must have managed famously to make you swallow the pill."

The captain thought more in one minute than he had ever done in his life, but he did not feel at all comfortable, for the blood rushed to his head with the ideas. He saw in a moment that he must be laughed at by the whole of the 104th, from the colonel down to the drummer-boys; there had been a huge conspiracy to humbug him, and in his rage he went off in a fit of apoplexy, from which he did not think it worth while to recover. The family doctor, when called in, could scarce refrain from a cry of delight. "It is a great misfortune for the family, but I was in the right."

Emma and Meo are in deep mourning, and weep from morning till night. The poor children will probably never be consoled for an event which ensures their happiness.

Such is a rapid sketch of M. About's latest contribution to French light literature. We leave it to our readers to judge its merits for themselves, assuring them that an hour devoted to the volume will not be wasted, for it contains two other tales, also written in this promising author's best style.

GEORGE IV. AND HIS COURT.*

WHATEVER divergence of opinion may exist as to the propriety of our nobles converting their family records into shekels by the kind assistance of our enterprising publishers, there can be none as to the benefit the general public derive from such revelations. It is the only way in which we of the unprivileged class can gain a peep at our great men *en robe de chambre*, and there is something most refreshing in the discovery that they are of the common clay after all, that no divine *afflatus* attended their birth, and that they intrigue for garters and place with the same pertinacity which our free and independent electors display in seeking government berths for their sons and nephews. When John Tomkins and his fellows can only consent to give their vote for "a consideration," they but follow the example of our hereditary legislators, who, however, put a somewhat higher price on their support. In a word, the more we peruse such volumes as the two we have now under consideration, the more do we admire the profound Walpolian axiom, "that every man has his price."

But, there is another apology we may offer for such ventilation of character and motives: greatness necessitates publicity, and if a noble desire to deserve well of his country, and be handed down to posterity as a public benefactor, he must put up with such retrospective tributes to his memory as the Duke of Buckingham has presented through a long series of volumes. In fact, how should we be able thoroughly to appreciate those statesmen and orators, who, we are taught to believe, were the Ultimi Romanorum, and whose places are so poorly filled by our present legislators, were it not for the publication of the chit-chat gossip which humble jackals presented as an offering to the Lion of Stowe? In these letters—certainly never intended for publication—we have the heroes of the day dissected, their amiable and unamiable weaknesses laid bare, and we must therefore, in the interests of history, regard the present Duke of Buckingham as a benefactor to the present age, as well as a conservator of precious materials for the future Macaulay or Alison.

But, while awarding him this meed of praise, we regret we cannot compliment him on his editorial comments: after careful investigation, we think we may credit him with just four pages of original matter, in two pretentious octavo volumes. Perhaps this is all for the best, but, at any rate, he might have selected better materials for his running commentary than the rubbishing Memoirs of Sir William Knighton, Physician and Baronet, who acted the part of fly-flapper to his extensive majesty George IV., and attempted the impotent conclusion of proving the Adonis of fifty "a pious man, an excellent husband, and a model king." He, the most courtly of doctors, who never offered a pill without a glass of brandy to wash the bitter taste down, the most "booing" of lacqueys when any specially dirty work was to be performed, is not the man who should have been consulted when writing a *précis* of the reign of Great George the King; for our part, we prefer Thackeray, who, if not erring on the side of politeness, is at any rate truthful, and is in the habit of calling a spade a spade, doubtless to the horror of the noble editor. Nor can we pardon the tone employed in speaking of Canning, that giant among the pigmy legislators of the day, whom the duke "damns with faint praise," while he has nothing but eulogy to proffer to the memory of his master. All the while, be it remembered, the letters he publishes teem with the immorality of the king by right divine, who suffered his country to go to ruin, while he was dallying in the arms of a Conyngham, or, like an Eastern satrap, formed a body-guard of troops around him, to defend him from the populace that espoused the cause of his injured and outraged wife. With these revelations before us, it appears to us a mystery how England escaped from a terrible revolution, and we can now well understand the feeling of alarm which prompted a Sidmouth never to travel without a case of pistols in his carriage. The times were pregnant with menaces, the country was agitated by the Catholic question, and by the collecting storm of Reform, but, during his ten years of regal pomp, George IV. could do no more for his people than put himself in evidence by processions to his outlying dominions, whence he returned, exhausted, to seek solace with his lady-love amid the sequestered grottos of Virginia Water. But it is high time for us to begin our analysis, else our feelings would betray us into expressions which would be unpardonable, when we remember that to the family which gave us a George IV. we are indebted for a VICTORIA.

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* Memoirs of the Court of George IV., 1820-1830. By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G. London: Hurst and Blackett.

In 1820, George III., who, with all his faults of education and Germanic origin, was a truly honest ruler, made way for the Prince Regent, who had so long acted as *de facto* king. "The fatal tidings," we are told, "were received by the prince with a burst of grief that was very affecting," but the state of the nation soon aroused him from his affliction. Not only had he to contend against bloody revolution, as prepared by Thistlewood and his gang, but a worse enemy was looming in the distance—a wife was coming across the water to claim her proper place. It may be that Queen Caroline was guilty—that the charges attempted to be proven against her were too true—but, on the other hand, what right had her husband to complain? He, the notorious reprobate, from whom no home, however humble, was safe, was the last person who could go into court for a divorce *à vinculo*. If the English people possess one good quality pre-eminently, it is a rude sense of justice; their sturdy mother-wit taught them that Caroline was more sinned against than sinning, and, even were she guilty, she had been driven to crime by the behaviour of her princely husband. What wonder, then, that the populace of London espoused her cause eagerly, and received her with triumph, as the representative of a principle. They, at any rate, had not forgotten the "For God's sake, give me a glass of brandy, Harris!" with which the Prince of Wales had greeted the poor girl whom he had doomed to splendid misery, as the only means of paying his debts, nor the treatment to which the child-bride was exposed. What a fate was hers! Brought, from a happy home, among strangers, and meeting no sympathy from those female relatives who should have supported her, finding her only protector in a poor old man already drifting into insanity, alienated by birth, habits, and associations from the country henceforth to be her home, how could she remain virtuous, or true to her position? Every studied insult which a husband could employ to sting a wife's feelings was had recourse to; she was beset by a swarm of intriguers who forced her into an equivocal position; her own child was taken from her, never to know a mother's love or gentle care; what wonder, then, that Caroline of Brunswick should fly from all this, and seek shelter abroad from contumely and the knowledge of her husband's perfidy to her?

No need to repeat the sad story: how, stung by insult, she determined on forcing a recognition; how she returned to England to share the regal pomp with her husband, who was, to the full, as guilty as herself; how she was forced to the bar, and all the talent at the government command was employed to crush her, while a Brougham and a Denman nobly fought her cause; how the House of Lords was coerced into finding her guilt proven, and the government, through self-respect, was compelled to abandon the prosecution. All this is matter of sad and painful history, and need not be described here.

All this while the government were actively engaged in putting down sedition, that is to say, in punishing those who ventured to think contrary to themselves; among others being the celebrated Hunt, who will live for ever, were it only for his retort discourteous to Sir Robert Peel: "I am the first of my family who was a tradesman, while the honourable member is the first of his who was a gentleman." The king himself condescended to interfere in such matters of opinion, as will be seen from the following note:

THE KING TO LORD ELDON.

Brighton, Jan. 2, 1821.

MY DEAR LORD,—As the courts of law will now open within a few days, I am desirous to know the decision that has been taken by the attorney-general upon the mode in which all vendors of treason, and libellers, such as Benbow, &c. &c. are to be prosecuted. This is a measure so vitally indispensable to my feelings, as well as to the country, that I must *insist* that no *further* loss of time should be suffered to elapse before proceedings be instituted. It is *clear,* beyond dispute, from the improvement of the public mind, and the loyalty which the country is now everywhere displaying, *if properly cultivated and turned to the best advantage by ministers*, that the government will thereby be enabled to *repair* to the *country* and to *me* those evils of the magnitude of which there can be but one opinion. This I write to you in your double capacity as a friend and a minister, and I wish, under the *same* feelings to Lord Sidmouth, that you would communicate my opinions and determination to him.

Always, my dear lord,
Very sincerely yours,
G. R.

We may safely pass over the regrets these Whig gentlemen express because Sir Francis Burdett wa sonly fined 2000*l*., and imprisonment for three months, for matters more attractive. How delightful, for instance, is it to find that "Lady Conyngham is striving to introduce the Opposition. I was told last night (writes W. H. Fremantle) that Lord and Lady Grey and children are invited to the Carlton House ball for this evening; if so, nothing can more strongly mark her influence, for you must remember the language the king held to me, not six months ago, about Lord Grey individually. There was no harsh or opprobrious epithet he did not use." And so, while the nation was wondering what the king would do as to emancipation, after all the marchioness was governing the country. What an interesting book might be written about "queens of England who never reigned!" Of them exactly the reverse may be said of Thiers's famous axiom, "le roi règne, mais ne gouverne pas."

The king did not feel himself comfortably seated till he had really felt the weight of the crown on his head—hence, he pushed on the preparations for his coronation, not forgetting a private box for the great chamberlain, "in which Lady Conyngham was accommodated." The news that the queen intended to be present produced a very deleterious effect. "The report has given such an impression of riot," writes the courtly W. H. F., "that the seats have fallen to nothing, and though they are preparing accommodation for thousands and thousands, the sale of the tickets is very heavy indeed." We all know how the queen tried to force her way in, and how she was repulsed: the shock was so great that she died within a fortnight after, and those who, like ourselves, have stood by her coffin in Brunswick, and read upon it the inscription of the "murdered Queen of England," will understand how the contumely preyed upon her mind.

No matter how the king received the news—although some democratic writers have described his behaviour as unnatural and indecent—we find here, after Sir W. Knighton, that he "observed the strictest privacy"—for three days before he made his triumphal entry into Dublin. But what could a wife's loss be in comparison to the risk the king ran on his return from Ireland, when the waves had the impertinence to run foul of the royal yacht? The new Canute was in a decided state of alarm, but escaped safely; it affords us, however, an opportunity of quoting a bit of ducal writing which must not be neglected: "In this position the royal yacht and her amateur sailors must have made a study for a marine painter, than which nothing, we believe, more striking has ever appeared on canvas." We presume that the ducal editor alludes to the last passage of the king's letter to Sir W. Knighton. "Every one almost flew up in their shirts upon deck in terrors that are not to be described." Æolus, king of the winds, must have modestly retired at the sight of his brother monarch in such a state of unkingly dishabille. As a parallax to the duke, we may be permitted to quote the following from the ubiquitous W. H. F.:

> The passage to Dublin was occupied in eating goose-pie and drinking whisky, in (of?) which his majesty partook most abundantly, singing many joyous songs, and being in a state, on his arrival, to double in sight even the numbers of his gracious subjects assembled to receive him. The fact was, that they were in the last stage of intoxication. However, they got him to the park. Lady C. has been almost constantly at the Phœnix Park, but has not appeared much in public.

No sooner was the queen dead, than the king decided on proceeding to Hanover, and the omniscient W. H. F. tells us a marriage had been already cooked up for him with a princess of "Towering Taxes," as Thackeray has christened the Tour and Taxis family. But W. H. F. sagely adds: "Query—whether Lady C. will oppose or promote a match? indeed, it is hinted she is trying to push her daughter for the prize."

At such a depth of immorality we may leave the ducal jackal. In the mean while, her ladyship was not neglecting her own position; though she did not accompany the king to Hanover, she sent her husband and sons to look after the "wandering mutton;" still Mr. Charles W. Wynn, the other jackal, appears to think this dangerous: "Lady C. seems to hazard a good deal in letting her husband and two sons perform the parts of deputy-guardian angels while she remains behind, especially if Lord Londonderry be in favour again, since he may contrive to bring some rival charmer in view." However, the king returned home heart-whole, as we may judge from the following passage from Mr. Henry W. W. Wynn's letter:

> I fear there was not time for his majesty to find a German countess with more patient ears and sounder form than the marchioness, and till then, I cannot conceive that her influence is on the decline, particularly as no quarrel or coldness is likely to have taken place by letter. Her folly and rapacity will sooner or later have their effect.

In a further letter, Mr. W. H. Fremantle gives us a most decided proof of his patriotism; anxious to draw the Marquis of Buckingham into accepting office, he mentions: "My principle is to take office;" and, judging from his letters, we cannot gainsay him. At any rate, the marquis was so agreeable to the offers made him, that he agreed to join the government for a certain consideration, such being his own elevation to a dukedom, while the jackals were magnificently provided for, C. W. Wynn receiving the appointment of president of the Board of Control, while W. H. F. and Dr. Phillimore were appointed to the Board, and a cub jackal, Mr. Henry W. W. Wynn, was sent as ambassador to Switzerland.* Almost before the cabinet was formed, came a hitch: the king dismissed his private secretary, Sir B. Bloomfield, from the following grounds, so writes W. H. F.:

> On what ground the dismissal has taken place, I cannot tell you more than common report, which varies and invents ten thousand different reasons—one, that there was a large sum to be accounted for in the expenses of the coronation, incurred for diamonds. The whole of these expenses were referred to an auditor, and Bloomfield was summoned to give an account of these diamonds; his answer was, that they had been furnished by order of the king, and his directions were to place them on the coronation account. Whether they were so applied he could not say, but took it for granted they were. It was, however, not so proved; and the king, considering such a disclosure, or rather explanation, on the part of Bloomfield as a breach of confidence, made it the grounds of his dismissal.

Here is a little bit which deserves honourable mention: "Bobby Smith," writes Mr. Charley Wynn, "the other night proposed a caricature of a private conference between Hume and Vansittart, as a dialogue of penny-wise and pound-foolish."

On the death of Londonderry, the ministry were compelled to fall back on Canning to take his place, and most edifying are the letters in which this terrible event is described. In the mean while the king was shut up in his cottage with the "régnante," as Mr. Wynn christens her, and he is thus described in no very flattering terms: "His face is deeper sunk in the lines than I have yet seen it, but the colour was better than I expected—a dark brown, instead of the dead, tallowy colour I have sometimes seen." Otherwise his majesty was not gaining golden opinions, as the following extract will show:

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* This appointment was the best of the bunch, for the envoy to Switzerland has since won his spurs nobly as ambassador to Denmark.

> The king has had a party with him for two days at the cottage, and by all accounts is well in health, though much averse from going to sea: whether they will persuade him or not, remains to be seen. Lady C. is very anxious he should, in order to get some holidays; and I believe Knighton likewise presses it. In the mean while, he is injuring himself greatly in public opinion by his seclusion: he professes he is so ill he cannot go to his parliament, or stir out in public in London, and then comes here and sees forty or fifty people, and is driving all day in the Park. The real fact is, they cannot manage him; his mind becomes daily more capricious, and his indisposition to public display or communication of any kind increasing upon him to an extreme degree. The people at Windsor are outrageous, for he has shut up the terrace and all the public walks, and is doing everything to render himself unpopular with them.

Among the general signs of the times, we may mention that Mr. Hume moved for a committee to examine into the coronation expenses, which Mr. Wynn justly allows to be most embarrassing. "It must, I suppose, be resisted; but true it is that the crown, made up of hired jewels, was kept till within the last three weeks, so that there will be twenty-two months' hire to be paid, which might have been saved, amounting to 11,000*l*. The charge of 24,000*l*., for robes, is also terrible!"

Plumer Ward, also, an indefatigable purveyor of gossip to Howe, is decidedly the most versatile of the three; thus, for instance, he gives many excellent anecdotes, the following being decidedly not the worst: "I have only heard of Lord Westmoreland's complaint of French *double entendre*. He is just come from Paris, where, being put upon explaining what was the meaning of Lord Privy Seal, he described himself as keeper of *les grands sceaux*, which they, from his pronunciation, turned into *les grands sots*."

In 1825, the great debating point was the suppression of the Catholic association, and the king was in a very bad temper with his ministry, because they would act independently. This ill humour, however, W. H. F. ascribes partly to another cause: "The king still in bed, sulky, out of humour, and therefore venting his spleen when and where he can. It all originates, however, in the domestic concerns. Lady C. is not gone back, and cannot be prevailed on to embark again so soon as an exile to the royal cottage: until this is brought to bear, he will be restless and angry, and therefore I think it worth while for his ministers to lay a petition before her."

It is natural that we cannot pursue any system in our desultory survey of these volumes: the history of the times is well known to our readers, and we, therefore, only cull some illustrative passages. Here, for instance, is one which might have been written in 1857. A regiment had mutinied at Barrackpore, and this is how W. H. F. writes on the subject:

> The Indian authorities here are not so much depressed upon it as I should have expected, and consider that it will not spread. Fortunately there is nothing in *our proceedings* towards the army that would have given ground of complaint. In the new regulations sent out in November last, the whole system of change was beneficial both as to the promotion and pecuniary concerns of the army. It is said that the local government had lately deprived them of

> some minor comforts in canteens, &c. &c., and that they did not like the idea of entering a very difficult country under privations which they had never experienced in other campaigns. However, be the cause what it may, no one can contemplate a mutiny of the Indian army without feelings of the most alarming apprehension. There was no European or Indian officer that took part with the men; the whole abandoned the regiment when they had no control over them. My own opinion is, that the most serious evil has arisen from the tone and temper of our commander-in-chief, Sir Edward Paget, with whom it has been a fashion to cry down and despise the native troops; and, of course, this has been followed by his staff, and come to the knowledge of the native army.

In the debate on the Catholic Emancipation Bill, the Duke of York made a celebrated speech in opposition, which must have gladdened the heart of sturdy Lord Eldon. Lord Liverpool and the Duke of Wellington were extremely angry at it, and the king was obliged to disclaim all knowledge of it. The bill was thrown out in the Peers by a majority of forty-eight, but the same process went on in those days as with us on the Jewish question. The Lords stood out until matters began to look dangerous, and ended by a compromise.

In 1827 died the Duke of York, of whom the noble editor says: "Few royal princes have been so generally lamented, or left so many memorials of courtesy, liberality, and goodness of heart." Another, possibly more lamentable, death in the same year was that of Canning, just when he had attained the object of his ambition by forming a ministry which was sufficiently united to enable him to carry out the plans for which he had so long fought. After some chopping and changing, the Duke of Wellington was called upon to form a ministry, which he did, we can imagine, with great pleasure. Very amusing was the way in which he accepted Mr. Huskisson's resignation, after he had voted in opposition, when that gentleman only meant the offer as a sop to Cerberus, and was horribly disgusted to find himself taken at his word. In the same year, too, died Lord Liverpool, the late dummy premier, who had held on to office for so many years through good and evil report, and in whose favour it can only be said that he did less harm than the others.

The next year saw a most astounding change. A Tory government itself proposed Catholic Emancipation, which created as much disgust as did at a later date Sir Robert's tergiversation about the corn-laws. Lord Winchelsea, allowing his temper to overcome his discretion, wrote a letter to the secretary of the King's College Committee, insinuating a charge of duplicity against the Duke of Wellington. It is really amusing to find so recently as 1829 a nobleman writing thus: "Late political events have convinced me that the whole transaction was intended as a blind to the Protestant and High Church party; that the noble duke, who had for some time previous to that period determined upon 'breaking in upon the constitution of 1688,' might the more effectually, under the cloak of some outward show of zeal for the Protestant religion, carry on his insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties, and the introduction of Popery into every department of the state." This was exactly what the Iron Duke wanted: he challenged the noble earl, and they indulged in some harmless ball practice. But the duke never did anything without a motive. What it was on this occasion we will allow him to tell in his own words:

London, April 21, 1829.

My dear Duke,—I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 6th, which I received this morning.

The truth is, that the duel with Lord Winchelsea was as much part of the Roman Catholic question, and it was as necessary to undertake it, and carry it out to the extremity to which I did carry it, as it was to do everything else which I did do to attain the object which I had in view.

I was living here for some time in an atmosphere of calumny. I could do nothing that was not misrepresented as having some bad purpose in view. If my physician called upon me, it was for treasonable purposes. If I said a word, whether in parliament or elsewhere, it was misrepresented for the purpose of fixing upon me some gross delusion or falsehood. Even my conversations with the king were repeated, misrepresented, and commented on, and all for the purpose of shaking the credit which the parliament were inclined to give to what I said.

The courts of justice were shut, and not to open till May. I knew that the bill must pass, or be lost, before the 15th April.

In this state of things Lord Winchelsea published his furious letter. I immediately perceived the advantage it gave me, and I determined to act upon it in such a tone as would certainly put me in the right. Not only was I successful in the execution of my project, but the project itself produced the effect which I looked for, and intended that it should produce. The atmosphere of calumny in which I had been for some time living cleared away. The system of calumny was discontinued. Men were ashamed of repeating what had been told to them, and I have reason to believe, moreover, that intentions not short of criminal were given up in consequence of remonstrances from some of the most prudent of the party, who came forward in consequence of the duel. I am afraid that the event itself shocked many good men, but I am certain that the public interest at the moment required that I should do what I did.

Everything is now quiet, and in Ireland we have full reason to be satisfied. We must, however, lose no time in doing everything else that is possible to promote the prosperity of that country.

Believe me, my dear duke,
Ever yours most sincerely,
Wellington.

The last year to which these volumes refer closes the history of George IV., whom the duke pronounces "the kindest of friends and most affectionate of masters," and he enters on a long discussion, apparently on the principle *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, of the great service the king did during his lifetime to literature and the fine arts. This we have neither space nor inclination to analyse, for we believe that George IV.'s best friend is he who says the least about him: with him passed away those bad old times which he had upheld by his example, and we of the next generation look back with awe upon the manners and customs of our forefathers. We, too, have our Prince of Wales; but, owing to his admirable training, we need not fear his giving way to such excesses as disgraced his grand-uncle.

DASHWOOD'S DRAG:

OR, THE DERBY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY OUIDA.

PART II.

I.

"I'VE forgotten to congratulate you, old fellow—when is it to be?" said Winters. We had been supping with Rosalie L——, the première danseuse, with whom Dash was a favoured admirer; and Winters and Cardonel, and one or two more, were smoking their last pipe in Dun'small-street, discussing Rosalie, her mots, her smiles, and her champagne, the second article being voted much better quality than the other two.

Dash actually started and looked superb: "I do not understand you, Winters."

"Then you're not so wide awake as everybody else, my dear Dash. Any other man in town would twig easily enough. I'm very glad of it, Dash—deucedly glad, 'pon my word. If I could pick up two hundred thousand with as little trouble, I should thank my stars. Don't get henpecked, old fellow, that's all. Go your own ways and keep to them. Begin as you mean to go on, that's the only way with women. It's a pity such a good fellow should have to marry, but if you can't keep the drag without it——"

"Good Heavens, Winters, are you mad? What on earth are you talking of?" cried Dash. I never saw him so excited, no, not even when his own Cartouche, the favourite for the Cesarewitch, was doctored the night before the race.

"Too much love hath made *thee* mad, my Festus, rather," answered Winters, staring hard. "Surely the widow must know herself whether or not she is going to marry you."

"The widow—what widow? If you mean that Mrs. Curry-Dohl, I'd be shot sooner than sully my name by giving it to her. When did she tell such a lie—where, how, to whom?"

"My dear Dash! don't take a man's head off," said poor Winters, pathetically; "your marriage is town talk. It will be in the Court Circular next week. I ventured to hint about it to the fair relict, and she blushed and insinuated it was true, as those silly Crinolines always do on such occasions; and little Morning went dead white and vanished from our presence like a shot. Don't look so furious, man. The widow can't elope with you against your will, though, to be sure, we're all laid siege to and taken into bondage now-a-days, *nolens volens*."

"Contradict it wherever you hear it," said Dash, shortly. "The report is a lie, like the woman who set it afloat. Pass me the whisky, Johnnie."

We called in Park-lane the next day. There were other people there; but Dash made himself an opportunity. I heard him ask, as he picked up Flora's pencil, "Mrs. Curry-Dohl let Winters in for a great falsehood yesterday; but you kept your promise, you did not believe her?"

Flora coloured, but lifted her blue eyes: "No, I believe you."

"God bless you!" said Dash, warmly; then added aloud: "Those jungle sketches are splendidly done, Miss Benyon: will you let me copy them?"

"Keep them," said Flora, delightedly, "if you think them worth anything."

I saw Dash was gone, and I sighed over his fate. That ever I should have to record it of Dash; Dash the misogamist, whose indifference to bright eyes and soft cheeks had so long been my admiration, that he should be spoony—be in love!

I hated Flora Benyon, who had spoiled the best fellow going by the glamour of her pretty face and kitten-like ways and clever little head. That Dash should have yielded to the weakness! I was disgusted with her and him.

I stood thinking about it that night at a ball Emily gave. I had been waltzing and taking ice till I was bored to death, and knowing a balcony where I thought I might enjoy a weed undiscovered, I stole out to taste the forbidden joy. I hadn't smoked half a delicious Manilla, when, horror! my hostess entered the boudoir adjoining. I guiltily flung my cherished darling into the street below, and stood *perdu* in the darkness. She couldn't see me, but I saw her fully. She looked very well, that I must admit, with a lot of black lace draping round her, and diamonds flashing in her hair and on her arms and neck. She was speaking to Dash, who had come in with her. "You are cruel, Lionel, and unjust in your harshness. You so hate me that you hesitate at imputing nothing to me, however black may be the charge. It is ungenerous in you to so revenge yourself for an early wrong."

Appeal to Dash's generosity and you put him up a tree at once. He would blow his brains out cheerfully rather than seem, or be, mean.

"I do not bear malice, Heaven knows. I should scorn such petty vindictiveness," he said, with our hot Dashwood blood mounting over his forehead. "How can you believe me capable of cherishing resentment so long? All I ask of you is to contradict this unfounded report which associates your name and mine."

"Time was when such a union would have been your dearest wish," she murmured, reproachfully.

"Admit, Emily, that you gave me plentiful cause to change," said Dash, sarcastically.

"And now it is not only hatred to me but love to another that you feel. Do not deny it, Lionel. I see it, I know it, and it maddens me. Oh! Lionel, you are fully revenged. If I did not love you well enough once, I love you only too well now!" Her tone changed into passionate vehemence, and she threw herself on his breast, sobbing bitterly.

As she lay there, Dash, too taken by surprise to repulse her, looked up and swore a mighty oath unto himself. Flora Benyon stood in the doorway, pale, mute, gazing at him fixedly. Dash sprang forward to her and seized her hand in both his: "Stay, stay!" he began. But Flora wrenched herself from his grasp.

"Let me go! let me go! you have deceived me—you whom I so trusted!" she stammered, her voice hoarse and broken; and giving him a glance of reproach, suffering love, and grief, that would have made even me feel spoony, she broke away from him. Dash swore again, not very mildly I am afraid, fair lectrice, and turned fiercely on to Emily. But the widow was vanished too, much too wise to encounter the storm.

Dash began pacing up and down the little boudoir like an embodied tornado. We're as fiery as game-cocks, I can tell you, when we are roused. The imprecations he flung after Mrs. Curry-Dohl were enough to blow up Cronstadt, if words, as the admirals seemed to fancy, could have done it. Then he threw himself down on a sofa like a raging hound held in leash, while there was I in my balcony, without my Manilla, with not an earthly thing to amuse me, cramped up among a lot of flowers, forced to hear the storms and private feelings of the sort of fellow very capable of sending you to the deuce by the very shortest road for prying into his business. But I couldn't stay in the balcony for eternity, so I walked up to him.

"What do you want?" asked my lord, with more brevity than politeness.

"To make a confession."

"Then I must say it is a very ill-timed one. You are with me often enough without following me like my shadow in a ball," said he, impatiently.

"Be quiet, Dash. I only want to tell you I've been in the balcony the last half-hour."

"The devil you have!" cried my brother, looking right willing to knock me down.

"I was smoking there, and I couldn't get out."

"Then you heard everything I said, you confounded young puppy!" said Dash, with a deliciously stiltified and disgusted air.

"Possessing a tympanum, I unhappily did."

"Don't be a fool," answered Dash, with his old winning smile passing over his stern face. "But as you did, do me a service now, Master Johnnie. Go and find out from your friend Marie what has become of her mistress; whether she is still in the ball-room or not."

Now Marie was a very piquante but a very faithless little lady's-maid in Emily's pay, but in attendance on Flora. Marie and I had many a tête-à-tête, in which, though she called me a "petite peste" and a "garçon ridicule," she was generally very amiable. I found her at length, and with a kiss and half a sovereign and a good deal of nonsense, I got the information.

"Mademoiselle est allée se coucher, mademoiselle a très mal à la tête. C'est M. Darshvood qui veut savoir, n'est-ce pas, mon petit monsieur?"

"Ruination!" swore Dash, when I told him. "That cursed woman will get her ear to-morrow, and tell her Heaven knows what lies. See here, Jack, I'll write her a line to-night. I'll lay it under the bronze Milton in the library, and you'll give it to Marie, there's a good boy."

He sauntered back into the ball-room, waltzed two or three times, flirted a little, then I lost him in the crowd. When I went into the library two hours after I looked under the bronze Milton, and consigned a little sealed billet, directed to Miss Benyon, unto Marie's tender mercies.

"Je la donnerai à mademoiselle tout de suite. Il est si beau, ce pauvre monsieur. Ma foi, il est magnifique, plus beau que son frère, monsieur!" And with a *malin* smile Marie darted up the stairs.

As we sat at breakfast the next morning about two o'clock, Dash smoking and drinking strong coffee, eating little, and speaking not at all, a note was brought him, and for the first time in my life I had the pleasure of seeing the woman-hater colour. He tore it open, his own note dropped out, and I give you my honour that strong fellow shook like a woman. He crushed them both in his hand, then flung them on the floor, stamping them into a million pieces, his face as white as death. He started up and paced about the room, his arms crossed on his chest, silent and stern.

"Twice am I ruined by her! Oh, why is she not a man, that I may wash out my wrongs! Once she robbed me of herself, now she robs me of one far dearer. Devil incarnate, the first injury might have sated her!" The words broke from him in fierce mutterings; he had wholly forgot my presence; and he threw himself down in his chair, his face covered with his hands, while his frame shook with tearless sobs.

It takes a good deal to make me feel down in the mouth, and I should say I'm as little given to what the ladies call "emotion" as any fellow going, but I assure you, sir, when I saw Dash—calm, strong, stoical Dash—done up like that, so utterly broken down, I felt more of a donkey than ever I felt in my life. It was terrible to see him—'pon my life it was. I took my hat, walked gently out—he never heard or noticed me—and left the house, for I knew he did not want a witness.

I met Blasé, of the Guards, and I went with him to the club and played billiards, and drank sherry and seltzer, and looked out of the window, and quizzed the women that went by. But I wasn't up to the mark—somehow, I couldn't get Dash out of my head—and about five I took a Hansom and drove back again.

He was sitting just the same, his head resting on his arms. He looked up as I went in. His face was pale and stern, but his manner quiet and calm as usual. "Well, Johnnie, where have you been? Enjoying yourself?"

As I told you before, I like Dash. He has been a good old fellow to me; and gave me many a tip, and saved me in many a scrape, when he was a Trinity man and I a little chap in petticoats. He has no faults to me, whatever he may have to the governor, and if he is extravagant, that's his own affair, isn't it? and if he is wild and reckless, men can't be saints, madam, can they?

So, as I say, I like Dash, and his wrongs moved me to wrath, and I spoke—hot and fiercely of the widow, and then of Flora too. But here he stopped me sternly:

"Hush! never speak her name."

"But are you sure she——"

He pointed to some little notes lying before him, notes to thank him for a bouquet and return him a book—notes all signed "Flora." The writing was the same as on the envelope enclosing his returned letter.

"You see!" said Dash. "Silence on the subject once and for ever."

"But will you seek no explanation—attempt no renewal of——"

"Do you dare to ask me?" repeated Dash, his brow dark and his eye flashing. "Young fellow, in that letter I gave her the word of a gentleman that the explanation I gave her was a true one. I offered her all that a man can—my love, and my home, and my name. She chose to doubt the one and reject the other. Well as I love her, no woman who disbelieves my honour shall be my wife!"

I didn't say any more. It's about as safe to put a match to a powder depôt as a question to Dash in one of his grand moods. But I felt—I'm sure I can't tell you why—that there was a mistake which, if Flora couldn't and Dash wouldn't explain away, would remain a mistake to the end of the chapter. I met Emily in her barouche in Pall-mall the next morning. She was alone, and signed me to her. She put out her delicate lavender glove with a smile of the sweetest melancholy. I pretended not to see it, and busied myself with the bridle of my horse.

"I take the hint, Johnnie," she said, with tender reproach. "We are to be strangers henceforward; but, believe me, you will have no truer friend than your poor cousin if ever you cease to misjudge her. Tell your brother that, little mercy as he had for me, I grieve sincerely for his disappointment."

"Though you caused it, Mrs. Curry-Dohl," said I, bluntly. I was astonished at the crimson flush that spread over her face, for I did not know how true to the mark I had shot.

"I—I cause——" she began, vehemently; then recollected herself, and lapsed into her reproachful, injured melancholy, and said, with calm dignity, "You forget yourself, Mr. Dashwood. Good morning."

"Good morning. I wish you nothing better, Mrs. Curry-Dohl, than that your own good deeds may come home to you, for what a reward you will reap!" With which rude speech I bowed to my saddle-bow and turned into Piccadilly.

When I went back to Dun'emall-street I found a little note from Dash, telling me he was gone down to Cowes, should probably take a cruise in the Levant, and that I was to stay in his rooms, use his stable, and enjoy myself till the season was over. But Dash hadn't been gone a week when the governor came up to town, much to my discomfiture, for he dropped in on a nice little loo-party I was giving, lectured me before all the fellows, produced on everybody much the same sensation as a pouring storm gives one in a pic-nic, and put me altogether in a hole. My mother and the girls were on the Continent, and the governor came up from Badgeley (our place) to see Dash about some law business, which, profoundly as he detested his eldest-born, he couldn't settle without the heir. Dash came up, for he did not want his entail endangered; and as what the governor wanted to do was a thing rankly unjust to the younger children, he flatly refused to sign. The governor was very wrathful: he wanted the money to try a new mode of draining; for, screw as he is to us, he wastes thousands on his farms, and he departed with many epithets hurled at his heir, as little polite as they were paternal. When he was off back to Badgeley, I told Dash of Mrs. Curry-Dohl's kind message.

"Disappointment! my disappointment!" he repeated, his brow scarlet and his lips white. "She dared to triumph over me a second time! I lay my life on it, then, it is her arts that have wrought me my second ruin."

"I never doubted it," said I, striking a fusee.

"What do you mean, Jack?" said Dash, eagerly.

"What I say. I don't believe your young lady ever saw your letter, more than I see the Derby winner for 1900."

He sprang up and caught my arm. "Great Heaven! that I dare think so! But the writing—the writing?"

I pushed him a bit of paper with which, the fusee failing, I was lighting my pipe. It was a dinner invitation from Emily. "Take your grasp off, Hercules, and look here," said I; "with very little difficulty Emily could write like the girl, if she tried."

"'Pon my life, the boy's much more wide awake than I am! God bless you, Johnnie; you've put new life into me," cried Dash, pacing the room stormily. "What a fool I have been! What a blind bat not to have thought of it before! My poor little Flora! Order the tilbury round directly. No, wait a bit! I cannot swallow my pride—no, hang it, I cannot—unless I am sure. And yet to lose her through misunderstanding!" With which disconnected remarks the once calm and never-to-be-excited stoic flung his cigar on the floor, tossed himself down in a chair, and pushed his hair off his forehead.

"Let me go and see how the land lies," I began.

Dash stared at me. "You—you graceless cub, you unfledged bird—*you* manage my affairs? Confound your impudence!"

"Confound your pride, rather!" I retorted. "See here, Dash; it's Friday. They always go to the Gardens, you know. Let me go and talk to your little beauty, while you keep about by the pond, and I bet you a bloodhound to a lurcher that I bring her to you without compromising that delicious stiltified dignity of yours one bit."

Dash looked disgusted, thought a minute, and held his head in the air. "That I should live to confide in a boy! Well, get along, beardless ambassador."

Ungracious as was the permission, I accepted it, for I rather liked the fun. Dash took the drag, and we drove twice round the ring, which was just then filling. As we passed the corner by Apsley House the Curry-Dohl carriage drove in; Emily brilliant, and armed for conquest, Flora lying back, pale, *distraite*, grave. She coloured violently as Dash bowed to her, gave a wild beseeching glance, and hid her face with her parasol. They alighted in Kensington Gardens: so did we. Dash stalked off towards the pond, and I lounged towards the band. I found Emily chatting with Cardonel and Winters, and Flora sat, at a little distance, under a tree with some women she knew. She started when she saw me. We talked of the "Trovatore," whose airs the Life Guards were giving in full force, of the mixed assemblage, &c. &c.; then I asked her to walk about a little. Flora took my arm with a look of surprise; Emily's head was, by a blessed providence, turned the other way, and I led her away from the crowd. I opened fire *sans préface:* I hate beating about the bush. "Miss Benyon, how could you be so cruel to poor Dash?"

"*I* cruel to him!" she murmured, her little soft cheeks like two blush roses.

"Yes. He's too proud to ask you why, but I will, for I don't want my brother to throw himself into the Serpentine. How could you send back his letter?"

"A letter! What letter? I have had none. Did Mr. Dashwood write to me? Tell me—tell me at once, please. Pray do not keep me in suspense!"

She turned so white, and looked so wild and so pretty, that though I don't believe in love, as I have told you, I could almost have envied Dash. I pointed to him leaning against an elm at some distance.

"To be sure he did. He's wretchedly spoony. I mean quite—quite——But there he comes, Miss Beayon; he'll explain it all better than I can."

Dash came on with furious strides, looking clean beside himself; I discreetly turned round and walked away, but for the fun of the thing I got behind an elm and looked to see how things were going on. Very well, I presume; for she was hanging on Dash's arm, gazing up in his face, while my cool, proud, indifferent brother seemed to be wild with joy: and as his ecstasies seemed very unlikely to come to an end, and there was nothing in sight to amuse me, I strolled off towards the distant points of scarlet, and left Dash to his felicity.

II.

But nothing in love ever went right yet, and that is why I have solemnly vowed never to have anything to do with it.

You never saw such a change in any fellow as there was in Dash when he drove home the drag that day after making the pack of cards wait most shamefully. That tired, bored, worn, aimless man of the world was full of new life, new eagerness, new youth. I should never have thought Dash had that sort of thing in him, but then he certainly was madly in love.

But with the morning a screw or two in his new happiness came loose. In answer to his letter demanding her ward, Mrs. Curry-Dohl wrote briefly word that, as her guardian, she forbade the marriage during Flora's minority; and the governor, in reply to Dash's request for a fair forestalment of his future property, informed him that, unless he signed what he wished, he should cut him off his present hundreds a year, as he heard from his niece, Mrs. Curry-Dohl, that Dash was about to form a foolish alliance.

"What will you do, Dash?" I asked, as he sat looking sternly at the two epistles.

"Marry her," was the brief reply.

"On nothing?" I cried, horrified.

Dash laughed. "Well, I don't know; she is a little fairy, but still I fear she'll want feeding like the rest."

"Then I suppose you'll sign what the governor wants, and make it all square with the old cove?"

Dash looked thunder and lightning at me. "You think I shall defraud you and my mother to serve my own ends? You don't know me, young one."

"Then what the deuce will you do? Set up a livery-stable, and have Flora as head groom?"

"Or a divan, and supply commercial gentlemen with cabbage-leaf tobacco and broad-beans coffee? Her pretty little face would bring plenty of customers," answered Dash, sitting down to write to her.

Their only means of communication was the post, since Marie was no more to be trusted—that estimable young female having confessed, after severe cross-examination and terrific threats, that she had for a heavy bribe carried Dash's letter to Mrs. Curry-Dohl instead of to her ward.

"My dear Jack, I don't wish to seem inhospitable, but I'm afraid I must give you notice to quit. There are some nice rooms at 11, over the way: Cardonel had 'em once, and the woman's daughter is not a bad-looking girl." So spake my lord some three weeks later, lying back in his rocking-chair, smoking, and reading the "Salamandre."

"The devil! What's in the wind?"

"Well, it is shabby, I admit, to ask a fellow and then turn him out; but you see, though Flora won't mind my cigar, I'm afraid she mightn't like yours."

I stared at him aghast. "Confound it, Dash, you're not going to——"

"Marry her?" said he, carelessly knocking off the ashes. "Yes I am, to-morrow; or elope with her if you like it better, as the beloved widow must be kept in the dark. As Flora innocently says, she 'has nobody really to ask; and she is quite sure I shouldn't tell her to do it if it wasn't right.' I'm not quite so clear on that point myself, as I wouldn't vouch for my disinterestedness if it were called in question; but I do know that I should deserve a cap-and-bells if I waited for Emily's consent. God bless me! she'd strychnine the child rather than let her marry me."

"By Jove! Dash," said I, "I never knew before there was insanity in the family. For mercy's sake, reflect——"

"Hold your tongue, innocent, and don't moralise; 'tisn't your line, and doesn't look respectful to your seniors. Because I can't afford a house in Eaton-square, is that any reason that I may not, if I choose, keep a wife in my *chambres de garçon?* If I like to buy a wedding-ring for Flora instead of a bouquet for Piccolomini, and they cost much the same, and if she prefers me and my empty purse to another man and his coronet, surely nobody need dispute the matter."

"Certainly not; but how will you keep her?"

"Qui vivra verra. Devil take the boy, he's as practical and prudent as the governor himself. If I've taken my full swing of life, and wish to try and be a good boy, you ought to applaud me, Johnnie. Ah! that's their trot, I'd swear to it anywhere."

He sprang to the window. I followed him. The pack of cards were turning the corner, driven by Dash's groom.

"Go along, my beauties," muttered he. "I shall never take your ribbons again. We've had many a merry day together, but I shall never tool you down the Epsom road any more."

He shaded his face with his hand, but his lips were tight shut, and if ever I saw tears in my granite brother's eyes I saw them then, as he watched Spades, Clubs, Hearts, and Diamonds trot out of sight.

"By Jove! Dash, is the drag——"

"Sold," said he, briefly and sternly. Then he turned from the window with a forced laugh. "You see I can't keep Flora and the pack of cards both; and as I love her 'a little dearer than my dogs, a little better than my horses,' the greys must go. But mind this, Jack, the new pet must never know what it cost me to sacrifice the old one for her."

The elopement was done very neatly. Dash took a brougham from Dun'emall-mews, and his man drove us to Park-lane three full hours before Mrs. Curry-Dohl was up. Dash handed Flora in, who was dressed in her walking toilette, and looked sweetly pretty, blushing and then turning pale, and clinging to him as if he were her guardian angel, he meanwhile provokingly radiant at having gained his ticket of admittance to Paradise. Dash banged the door, drew down the blinds with a jerk, I jumped on the box, and we drove as hard as we could to a church in May Fair (I won't tell you which), whose parson was a jolly good fellow, an old college chum of Dash's—quite a brick, considering his cloth.

Dash went through the whole thing with an amount of *sang-froid* few fellows in that spoony portion of their existence can attain. Flora looked very happy, and didn't cry, for which unfeminine piece of sense I have always respected her to this day. It was only when they got into the vestry, a little before us, and Dash kissed her and called her his wife, that I saw the silly little thing throw her arms round his neck and sob with joy. He soon carried her off to the carriage, and they went away down into Wales for a few weeks, and Dash swears they were the first happy weeks of his life, which I can't understand, as they spent their whole time in the hills and woods, and I know he'd nothing to amuse him but his fishing-rod and sketch-book. *I* should think it was preciously slow, but *he* says it was heaven.

They came back, and were as jolly as bricks in the old bachelor rooms, and Dash don't seem as if he could ever pet the girl enough. Now he's found out he can love, by George! he doesn't do it by halves. The governor kept his word, and dropped Dash, which was rather a convenience to Dash than otherwise. My mother and the girls came to see Flora, and went into raptures about her, and my *blasé* brother is as happy as all the birds in the air. He has a government post, which suits him very well, and Flora tells him she shall be an ambassador's wife before she dies. She mayn't be far wrong.

And the widow—the beloved widow? I'm sorry I can't say how she took it; but as soon as she heard of the marriage she sent Flora all the letters Dash wrote during their engagement ten years before, to show her, she said, to what a faithless flirt she had tied herself. Flora burnt them all unopened. All I know of her is, that last week she managed to marry poor Winters. He was wretchedly hard-up, so I suppose the 200,000*l.* reconciled him to taking "Dives's leavings." At any rate, she wanted to be Lady Winters, and if you give a widow—and an Indian widow—play with a fellow, take my word for it she will hook him somehow. The poor trout may struggle, but it's no go; he will be hauled to land if a widow is throwing the line, and he has once been fool enough to nibble.

The drag—the pack of cards. What do you think has become of the trap? Dash will drive the greys after all to the next Derby.

A little while ago Flora's Indian agents sent word that the chief of her property had been recovered, or rather had never been really lost, only it suited Mrs. Curry-Dohl to say that it had.

Yesterday morning I, who have run up from Granta for a week, crossed over from No. 11, to show Dash a terrier I had bought. I found him sitting, after breakfast, reading the *Times*. We were talking over the terrier's points, when Flora, dressed in the lightest of "organdie muslins" (the girls say that's the name), and the most wonderful little bonnet, danced in, and with a toss of the head and a smile to me, went and took the *Times* out of Dash's hands, laid her own hands on his shoulders, and kissed him.

"Well, young lady," laughed the whilom stoic, "how is a man to get through any work while you come and interrupt him in this unbusinesslike manner?"

"Work!" repeated Flora, contemptuously tossing the *Times* on to my dog's nose. "Reading how the old women quarrel in the worshipful Commons. No! I've a real piece of work before me, and I want you to help me with it."

"I can't embroider, dear; nor yet crochet."

"Do I ever descend to a needle and a hook for amusement, Mr. Dashwood?" said Flora, with much dignity. "You know I hate them both. My herculean task is to choose some horses for a friend of mine, and as he's a very good judge, I should like your advice."

Dash raised his eyebrows. "He, too! Who's the man?"

"Never mind. He is handsome, and I like him rather, and I want to please him. Come and look. I went round to Tattersall's this morning and chose him these. Do you think these will do?"

"Is the child mad?" laughed Dash. "You go to Tattersall's? I should like to see you there."

"Well, come and look, Lionel." She took his hand, and made him go to the window. In the street, chafing their bits, pawing the earth, tossing their green and silver rosettes, and flecking their bright harness with foam, stood the pack of cards.

Dash started back. "Gracious Heavens! My greys——"

Little Flora threw her arms round him and kissed him some fifty times. "Yes, your own beauties. My noble, generous, darling Lionel, you sacrificed them for your little wife, who can never half repay you. Let her have the joy of giving them back to you. Though they are my rivals, I'm not afraid of them. I got Johnnie to buy them back for you, to surprise you. I know how you love your horses, though I know you love little Flora still better!"

Tears of pleasure stood in her eyes, little goose! but Dash kissed them away, swore she was an angel, with a hundred other like hyperboles, and sprang down the stairs into the street, to pat Clubs, Spades, Hearts, and Diamonds, separately. The greys knew him, and tossed their heads and champed their bits harder than ever, while Dash lifted Flora on to the box, took the ribbons, jumped up himself, and set off at a gallop to the Park, where he drove the pack of cards six times round the now empty ring, Flora laughing with a child's glee, and Dash tooling them along with as much delight and go in him as when he was a Rugby boy of nine, and followed his first fox.

And if you go down to Epsom, and look out for the nicest trap on the Downs, you'll be safe to see the pack of cards and my brother Dashwood's drag.

THANATOS ATHANATOS.

A MEDLEY.

XVIII.

Is it Hard to Die?—Montaigne's quasi-Experimental Evidence—Scarron—Buffon—Friedrich Schlegel—The Deaths of Mme. de Montespan and Louis XIV.—Notes from Bacon's Essays, Landor's Poems, "Clarissa Harlowe," Paley's "Natural Theology," Memoirs of Ph. de Comines, Pascal's "Pensées," Montaigne's "Essais," Pope's Letters, "Nile Notes of a Howadji," the "Rapports" of Cabanis, Southey's Autobiography, De Stendhal's Correspondence, the Colloquies of Erasmus, Dr. Baillie's Experience, Mrs. Jameson's Common-place Book, Moore's Diary, Sir Benjamin Brodie's "Psychological Inquiries."

Peu de gens connaissent la mort; on ne la souffre pas ordinairement par résolution, mais par stupidité et par coutume; et la plupart des hommes meurent parce qu'on ne peut s'empêcher de mourir.

De la Rochefoucauld: *Maximes.*

La nature, épuisée par la douleur, assoupit quelquefois le sentiment dans les malades, et arrête la volubilité de leur esprit; et ceux qui redoutaient la mort sans péril la souffrent sans crainte.

Vauvenargues: *Réflexions et Maximes.*

But the illness of the body usually brings out a latent power and philosophy of the soul, which health never knows; and God has mercifully ordained it as the customary lot of nature, that in proportion as we decline into the grave, the sloping path is made smooth and easy to our feet; and every day as the films of clay are removed from our eyes, Death loses the false aspect of the spectre, and we fall at last into its arms as a wearied child upon the bosom of its mother.

Sir Edward B. Lytton: *Ernest Maltravers.*

The courage that dares only *die*, is on the whole no sublime affair; necessary indeed, yet universal; pitiful when it begins to parade itself. On this globe of ours, there are some thirty-six persons that manifest it, seldom with the smallest failure, during every second of time.

Thomas Carlyle: *Essay on Boswell's Johnson.*

Is it hard to die? There needs a ghost come from the grave to tell us that. For who else shall decide when doctors disagree?

Montaigne's experience on this subject approximates to the ghostly, and is interesting in proportion to its proximity. He has left a detailed account of an accident which befel him in the neighbourhood of his château—when he was thrown violently from his horse, and carried homewards for dead. On the road, however, after having been thought dead for two hours, he moved and breathed—and his return to sensation and thought is minutely described in the Essays. He "was dead, and came to life again." It seemed to him that life was fluttering on his lips. He says that he "shut his eyes to help it to go, and felt pleasure in giving way. The willingness to die floated superficially in his mind, like all other imaginations; but his feelings were not unpleasant, rather sweet than otherwise, like those who are sinking into sleep. This must be the sensation, he believed, of those who faint at the approach of death, whom we probably pity without reason, thinking them to be suffering from pain or troubled with painful cogitations." "It has always been my opinion," he says, "against that of many, and even of Estienne de la Boëtie, that those whom we see thus stupified at the approach of death, though they may sigh and groan, are, as it were, without feeling."

Scarron is anything but a pattern of propriety, and Scarron's death-bed sayings are, for the most part, the reverse of edifying. Still it is worth notice that Scarron said at the last, that "he never supposed it would be so easy a matter to laugh at the approach of death." Buffon affirms that the majority of men die without knowing it; that death is by no means the terrible thing we imagine it; that we judge of it erroneously at a distance; that it is a spectre which, seen afar off, daunts and dismays us, but which evanishes as we draw close to it. A living French divine, who utterly opposes the drift of Buffon's general doctrines, allows him to be apparently right in this particular affirmation—that it is a mistake to suppose great physical suffering attends the moment of dissolution. "He seems to be right, for everything tends to prove that the last breath is scarcely ever a painful one, even when it has been preceded by great suffering, and that in those cases where it is so, it is not greater than what has been gone through before." The sufferings of disease are, indeed, often "agonising," says Frederick Schlegel—in what he calls "the pang of dissolving and decaying organisation in the last awful struggle of nature, as it tears itself so reluctantly from life. But," he adds, "even in the midst of all this, occasionally at least another and a better state intervenes. A cessation of all physical pain seems suddenly to occur, and to be followed by an almost joyous, or at least composed state, which may often be regarded as the harbinger of approaching dissolution." Sometimes those who, in health, have been in consternation at the bare thought of death, avowedly lose their alarm when it "comes to the worst." St. Simon tells us that Madame de Montespan was "so tormented with the fear of death, that she employed several women, whose sole occupation was to watch her. She went to sleep with all the curtains of her bed open, many lights in her chamber, and her women around her." But he also tells us, in his account of her last moments, that "the fear of death which all her life had so continually troubled her, disappeared suddenly, and disturbed her no more." The tranquillity with which Louis XIV. himself met death, was a matter of surprise to many people, "as, indeed, it deserved to be," says the same ducal observer. "By way of explanation, the doctors alleged that the malady he died of, while it deadens and destroys all bodily pain, calms and annihilates all heart pangs and agitations of the mind."

The second of Lord Bacon's Essays, that entitled "Of Death," contains this passage: "You shall read in some of the friars' books of mortification, that a man should think with himself what the pain is, if he have but his finger's end pressed, or tortured, and thereby imagine what the pains of death are when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved; when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb —for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense: and by him that spake only as a philosopher and natural man, it was well said, 'Pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa.'"

> When we are come to it, the stream
> Is not so dreary as they deem
> Who look on it from haunts too dear,

thus Landor reminds Southey (1833)—not as though the latter needed the reminder, as such. Richardson makes affecting use of this truth, in the closing days of *Clarissa*. "She mentioned," writes *Belford*, "the increased dimness of her eyes, and the tremor which had invaded her limbs. 'If this be dying,' said she, 'there is nothing at all shocking in it. My body hardly sensible of pain, my mind at ease, my intellects clear and perfect as ever.'" And again, in the last scene of all, as *Colonel Morden* kneels by her bedside, her "right hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears," after one of the necessary intervals of silence, she says, as her breath will let her, and in gasping sentences, "My dearest cousin, be comforted—what is dying but the common lot?—The mortal frame may *seem* to labour—but that is all—It is not so hard to die as I believed it to be!—The preparation is the difficulty—I bless God, I have had time for that—The rest is worse to beholders than to me."

If the horror of death proves the value of life, it is yet in the power of disease—as Paley remarks, with his usual sagacity—to abate, or even extinguish, this horror; which it does in a wonderful manner, and oftentimes by a mild and imperceptible gradation. Every man, he justly affirms, who has been placed in a situation to observe it, is surprised with the change which has been wrought in himself, when he compares the view which he entertains of death upon a sick-bed, with the heart-sinking dismay with which he should some time ago have met it in health. "There is no similitude between the sensations of a man led to execution, and the calm expiring of a patient at the close of his disease. Death to him is only the last of a long train of changes; in his progress through which, it is possible that he may experience no shocks or sudden transitions." Louis XI. had, all his life long, commanded his attendants not to tell him, when they should see him in danger of death, "for he did not believe," says Comines, "that he could ever endure to hear so cruel a sentence. However, he endured that manfully, and several more things equally terrible, when he was ill; and indeed he bore them better than any man I ever saw die." *Quand on se porte bien*, as Pascal has it, *on ne comprend pas comment on pourrait faire si on était malade*—especially if the sickness be unto death; but the case is altered when the sickness is actually present and at work, preparing and smoothing the way for the last scene of all. Montaigne says, of the painful disease from which he was a "dreadful sufferer," as the phrase goes, "I have at least this advantage from it, that what I could not hitherto wholly prevail upon myself to resolve upon, as to reconciling and acquainting myself with death, it will accomplish for me; for the more it presses upon and importunes me, I shall be so much the less afraid to die. . . . God grant that in the end, should the sharpness of it be once greater than I shall be able to bear, it throw me not into the other extreme, to desire and long to die!"

Pope writes to Steele: "When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who, being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, What care I for the house? I am only a lodger. I fancy 'tis the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with confidence, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me."

Swift writes to Bolingbroke: "When I was of your age I often thought of death, but now after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me less. I conclude that Providence hath ordered our fears to decrease with our spirits."

The "Nile Notes" of the "American in Egypt" tells us how that *Howadji* was sick, seemingly unto death, during his voyage in the *Ibis*, and in the chapter quaintly entitled "A Crow that flies in Heaven's sweetest air," he records his experiences therein, and his reflections thereupon. They are many, and matterful; but we can quote in snatches only: "It is not strange that when severe sickness comes, we are ready to die. Long buffeted by bleak, blue icebergs, we see at last with equanimity that we are sailing into Symmes' hole. . . . . Otherwise Nature were unkind. She smoothes the slope because she is ever gentle. For to turn us out of doors suddenly and unwillingly into the night, were worse than a cursing father. But Nature can never be as bad as Man. . . . . It is only the gift of nature that we die well, as that we are born well. It is nature that unawes death to us, and makes it welcome and pleasant as sleep. . . . . Priests and physicians agree, that at last all men die bravely, and we are glad to listen. O Howadji, that bravery was ours! We should be as brave as the hundred of any chance crowd, and so indirectly we know how we should die, even if, at some time, Death has not looked closely at us over the shoulder, and said audibly what we knew—that he held the fee-simple of our existence."

Especially when to the pains of sickness are superadded the infirmities of age, does the terror of death, physically considered, lose its sting. "Dans la vieillesse," says Cabanis, of course speaking generally, "l'esprit est calme; l'âme n'éprouve aucun sentiment pénible de terreur ou de regret." "Enfin, dans la mort sénile, le malade n'éprouve que cette *difficulté d'être*, dont le sentiment fut, en quelque sorte, la seule agonie de Fontenelle," dying at a hundred years old. Montaigne argues that the dying out of youth into age is "a harder death" than that of age into dissolution itself—"it is really a harder death than the final dissolution of a languishing body, which is only the death of old age; forasmuch as the fall is not so great from an uneasy being to none at all, as it is from a sprightly and solid being to one that is unwieldy and painful." To adapt Pope's verses, we are taught in, and by means of, life's decline, its joys and loves and interests to resign,

> Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
> To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Southey tells us, that when first he understood what death was, and began to think of it, the fearful thought it induced of his losing his mother seemed to him more than he could bear. He goes on to say: "Nature is merciful to us. We learn gradually that we are to die—a knowledge which, if it came suddenly upon us in riper age, would be more than the mind could endure. We are gradually prepared for our departure by seeing the objects of our earliest and deepest affections go before us; and even if no keener afflictions are dispensed to wean us from this world, and remove our tenderest thoughts and dearest hopes to another, mere age brings with it a weariness of life, and death becomes to the old as natural and desirable as sleep to a tired child."

But to return more immediately to the question of the "last agony." Henri Beyle, during his foreign travels in 1813, had an illness which was all but fatal; and he writes thus, after his recovery: "J'ai été étonné du peu d'effet du voisinage de la mort; cela vient, je crois, de la croyance que la dernière douleur n'est pas plus forte que l'avant-dernière." *Phædrus*, the interlocutor in one of the "Colloquies" of Erasmus, is made to say, in answer to *Marcolphus* (who asks, whether death is so dreadful a thing as the vulgar make it out to be?): "Iter ad mortem durius, quàm ipsa mors. . . . . Quod attinet ad sensum mortis, cum jam animus distrahitur à corpore, arbitror aut nullum esse, aut perquam stupidum esse sensum, quod natura, priusquam huc veniatur, consopiat, ac stupefaciat omnes partes sensibiles."—But let us take a modern medical opinion on this subject. That eminent physician, Dr. Baillie, used to say, that all his observation of death-beds inclined him to believe that nature intended that we should go out of the world as unconsciously as we came into it. "In all my experience," he declared, "I have not seen one instance in fifty to the contrary." Upon which declaration Mrs. Jameson has remarked, that even in such a large experience the occurrence of "one instance in fifty to the contrary" would invalidate the assumption that such was the law of nature (or "nature's intention," which, if it means anything, means the same). But she adds, as her own supposition (not that it is hers alone), that the moment in which the spirit meets death is perhaps like the moment in which it is embraced by sleep. "It never, I suppose, happened to any one to be conscious of the immediate transition from the waking to the sleeping state."

In 1846, Thomas Moore was the guest of Sir Benjamin Brodie, at his country seat in Surrey, and the following entry in the poet's Journal is pertinent to our inquiry: "In the morning I had walked with my host for some time about his grounds, and was struck by his saying, in the course of our conversation, that among the many dying patients he had attended, he had but rarely met with one that was afraid to die. Let us hope that this picture of death-beds, drawn as it is by one who had often studied them, is as true as it is consolatory and even cheering." The reader of Sir Benjamin Brodie's "Psychological Inquiries"—published anonymously in the first instance, but since then, we believe, acknowledged by the distinguished author—will remember a remarkable passage in that little work, in which the question is discussed somewhat in detail: "Really, according to my observation," ERGATES *loquitur*, "the mere act of dying is seldom, in any sense of the word, a very painful process." It is true, he allows, that some persons die in a state of bodily torture, as in cases of tetanus; that the drunkard, dying of *delirium tremens*, is haunted by terrific visions; and that the victim of that most horrible of all diseases, hydrophobia, in addition to those peculiar bodily sufferings from which the disease has derived its name, may be in a state of terror from the supposed presence of frightful objects, which are presented to him as realities, even to the last. But these, it is added, "and some other instances which I might adduce, are exceptions to the general rule, which is that both mental and bodily suffering terminate long before the scene is finally closed." Then as to the actual fear of death: it seems to our author that Heaven has, for the most part, given it to us when it is intended that we should live, and takes it away from us when it is intended that we should die. "Those who have been long tormented by bodily pain are generally as anxious to die as they ever were to live. So it often is with those whose life has been protracted to an extreme old age, beyond the usual period of mortality, even when they labour under no actual disease. It is not very common for any one to die merely of old age:

Like ripe fruit to drop
Into his mother's lap.

But I have known this to happen; and a happy conclusion it has seemed to be of worldly cares and joys. It was like falling to sleep, never to awake again in this state of existence. Some die retaining all their faculties, and quite aware that their dissolution is at hand. Others offer no sign of recognition of outward objects, so that it is impossible for us to form any positive opinion whether they do or do not retain their sensibility; and others again . . . who appear to be insensible and unconscious, when carefully watched, are found not to be so in reality; but they die contentedly." The learned and widely experienced author himself declares that he never knew but two instances in which, in the act of dying, there were manifest indications of the fear of death—these were cases of death from hemorrhage which, from peculiar circumstances, it was impossible to repress. "The depressing effects which the gradual loss of blood produced on their corporeal system seemed to influence their minds, and they died earnestly imploring the relief which art was unable to afford. Seneca might have chosen an easier death than that from opening his arteries."*

To a remark on the part of the other interlocutor, *Eubulus*, on the influence of religious sentiments on the minds of the moribund, *Ergates*, with full acquiescence in the power of a pure and simple religious faith to disarm death of its sting, candidly avows, "Nevertheless, according to my own experience, and what I have heard from others, the influence of religious feelings is, for the most part, not so much perceptible at the moment when death is actually impending, as it is at an earlier period, when the individual, who was previously in health, or supposed himself to be so, first discovers that it is probable that he will die."

Upon this latter topic we had some remarks to append—gathered (consistently with the spirit of our Medley) from divers and diverse quarters; but these must be shaped into a brief chapter by themselves, to which this present month refuses room. The reader probably wishes that future months might follow its example. Well, of Thanatos Athanatos it may be said, as of every other mortal thing, And *this*, too, will have an end. Perhaps the end may be drawing near. At any rate, the end of one division of it is. For our subject is divided into two parts, characterised respectively by the two words which compose the title. For the title does not mean, as waggish impatience might suggest, that Thanatos is only to be Athanatos in the sense of really never coming to an end; but it intimates man's twofold destiny as a *mortal immortal;* and we hope, after a chapter or two more, *περι του θανατου*, to touch, in passing, and in parting, on the *αθανασια* to which he aspires, and without which he were indeed a discord and a dream.

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* Mr. Merivale, in his latest volume, while describing the "protracted agony of a death, which his [Seneca's] age and the sluggishness of his blood rendered peculiarly painful," remarks in a note, that this mode of bleeding to death seems to have been commonly adopted from an idea that it was comparatively painless. In what follows, he apparently refers to Sir B. Brodie: "I have heard that a high medical authority has pronounced it to be much the reverse, at least when the circulation is languid. In such cases the Romans were wont to accelerate the flow of blood with the warm bath: Seneca, in his impatience, allowed himself to be stifled with the steam."—Merivale's *Romans under the Empire*, vol. vi. p. 189.

RACHEL, AS THE EXPONENT OF TRAGEDY IN FRANCE.*

Talma was dead, and tragedy itself had perished with that "model of nature, dignity, and audacity," to use an expression of Madame de Staël's. The drama had invaded the stage, and occupied it with its passions and its sympathies. If Corneille was absent, if Racine was silent, if no sound came from Crébillon or Voltaire, a great poet had at this epoch of the decline of antique poetry taken possession of the imagination by the simple force of his genius. "Hernani," played by Mdlle. Mars; "Marion Delorme," Dorval's greatest part; "Ruy Blas," in which Frédérick Lemaître surpassed himself, monopolised the interests and emotions of the day. M. Scribe, one of the most prolific and most charming inventors of modern times, sufficed in himself for comedy and vaudeville, and his successes were not a little enhanced by the fascinating Léontine Fay, afterwards Madame Volnys. These were the times when Alexandre Dumas, Victor Hugo, Casimir, Delavigne, Frédéric Soulié, and Bayard had it all to themselves. Balzac and Eugène Sue followed in their footsteps.

Still even the strange drama, with its thousand various aspects—"Les Mystères de Paris" themselves—could not entirely eradicate the memory of the past, of the tragedies of olden times. Arnault, De Jouy, and Delrieu ventured to raise their voices in defence of the almost forgotten classical, as opposed to the long triumphant school of romance. But the "Pertinax" of the first, although sustained by Mdlle. Duchesnois, and the "Junius Brutus" of the second, were only two more of the numerous defeats which the classical party were doomed to be submitted to; "and each of these defeats was," according to the renowned feuilletonist, M. Jules Janin, "equal to a Waterloo!"

Rachel was at that epoch in her aurora. She was still a child—a child scantily dressed, and yet already proud. If her garments were humble, her attitude was haughty. Just escaping from childhood, she might have been taken, by her walk, her smile, her quick yet firm look, for a young man—for some youthful Roman patrician who was about to assume the viril toga, rather than for a princess—even a theatrical princess. At that epoch she most resembled the young slave, whose history is related in the declamations of the grammarian Orbelius.

This young slave, child of the barbarians, had been taken to Rome in a vessel, and the captain, anxious to escape the heavy tax laid on youthful captives, disguised his slave in the garb of a student: he wore the toga and the golden bulla. Thus dressed, the Roman custom-house officials took this handsome child for the son of a senator, and, instead of exacting payment, they paid every mark of respect to the young patrician, who appeared made to adorn the family of the Camillas and the Fabiuses, rather than to be led to the market-place, his feet marked with white chalk.

No sooner, however, had this handsome boy touched the soil of the great city, than he exclaimed: "I am a Roman citizen! I came here as a freeman; they themselves gave me my liberty, the merchants, who now wish to take me to the slave market! Romans, look at my toga and my golden bulla!" He said more than this: "Romans, look at my forehead, look at my eyes; consider my beauty; see if I am a brave, intelligent, hardy boy; if these hands are made for chains; and if these shoulders are fashioned for the whip." He was so young, he was so handsome, he spoke so well, with so much grace and natural eloquence, that the magistrates declared him to be free.

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* Rachel et la Tragédie. Par M. Jules Janin. Ouvrage orné de dix photographies. Paris: Amyot.

It was the first day in the month of May, in the year 1837, that Mdlle. Rachel Felix was announced to appear for the first time at the Gymnase, the very scene of the triumphs of Scribe and of Madame Volnys. The announcement was modest, the débutante was humble and retiring; she was about to take a part of small import in a little drama in two acts, one of those little dramas such as the Gymnase has, perchance, produced some thousands. They come, they go; they come back again, and then again disappear; children of the same family, and destined to the same oblivion. This one would have been forgotten in a fortnight—it will be remembered to the end of dramatic art—an art that has no beginning and will have no end.

But while the crowd went away with unflurried step before the spring that was opening to them, there happened to be in that theatre, half filled with persons who were insensible of either a phenomenon or a revolution, two or three spectators of greater powers of discrimination, or perhaps more accustomed than the remainder of the audience to take a part in literary questions, who contemplated, with a feeling nearly akin to stupor, this strange child, collected, intelligent, attentive, full of emotion, and earnest in the path of success, amidst brambles and briers, songs and verses.

One page has remained in relation to this incident—to this event, or rather, let us say, to this miracle—and that page we give it here, just as it was penned, the day after the event:

M. Dupont has constructed a Vendean drama out of a fine and touching scene of "La Prison d'Edimbourg." And the idea is truly touching, of a poor girl who comes alone, and on foot, from afar, to the palace of a prince to intercede for a sister or a father. M. Paul Dupont must not be reproached for his plagiarism; it can be readily shown that our author had his reasons for borrowing one of his finest dramas from Sir Walter Scott.

General Fresnault had been sent by the First Consul to pacify La Vendée. This Fresnault was a kind-hearted man; he did not wish to exterminate the Vendeans, and yet he is devoted to the First Consul. One fine day, Fresnault received orders to deliver up to the council of war a certain Vendean peasant, Thibaut by name. The fatal order was brought by a young and handsome captain, aide-de-camp to General Bonaparte, and cousin to his wife, much beloved, therefore, and high in favour at Malmaison. The young man's name is Victor—it was a name much in vogue in the time of the Empire. But oh, horror! when Victor comes in the bearer of Thibaut's condemnation, there is a poor young girl there in the corner, pale, trembling, and who listens in agony to the fatal edict. This young girl is Geneviève, the daughter of the Vendean condemned by that iron will. There is no hope; her father is lost; her father must perish!

You guess at once that Geneviève is beautiful and touching, and that she has great, irresistible eyes, full of fire, full of tears and supplications. "Bah!" exclaims Victor, at the sight of this child weeping, "come what will." And to give the child time to go and ask for her father's pardon, he throws the Consul's order into the fire. A pretty bold stroke for a young sub.

We pass in the second act from the Vendean hut to the gardens of Malmaison. The amiable Josephine, the good angel of Bonaparte, breathes there, but tremblingly. Madame Bonaparte is that day more than usually terrified and despondent. Georges Cadoudal has reappeared; only the other day an attempt had been made to carry off the First Consul to London under a good escort. The Vendeans were not in favour at such a moment, and the fortunes of the young Captain Victor and the little Geneviève were not in the ascendant. Yet had Victor returned that very day to implore an audience with his cousin, who granted it, and reproached him with his imprudence. What, has he dared to tear up an order of Bonaparte's! He has spared a friend of Georges Cadoudal's! "Fly; you deserve to be shot, Victor. Fly!" Thus spoke that good and charming woman; and as his cousin's reproaches appeared to be replete with prudence, our officer began to think of making his escape. But he is arrested at the very moment by order of the First Consul. There is no longer any hope!

The next arrival at Malmaison is the little Geneviève—the Vendean. She has walked a long way, and when she has attained the end of her journey everything fails her—her protector Victor, her hopes, and her courage. Alas! the poor child thus abandoned to herself, falls, half fainting, in a corner of the empress's salon. I say empress advisedly, for that very day the First Consul had resolved to finish with the life-consulate, and to exchange it, for better or worse, for a royal, imperial, hereditary, and eternal majesty. Whilst Josephine, thus raised to the pinnacle of glory, gives herself up to the first dazzle of a crown, which is destined to cost her so much, she hears this grief of sixteen years, struggling against its sobs, near to her. The empress turns round and sees Geneviève at her feet, and a touching scene ensues.

At last the Vendean succeeds; her supplications carry the day; the Emperor pardons Captain Victor and the father of Geneviève—a happy dénoûment, mainly, however, brought about by the fact that the Emperor wishes to signalise the commencement of his reign by an act of clemency, and that the whole of that fine and cloudless day shall belong to Josephine.

This little drama is ably managed. The Empire and La Vendée, the Republic and the Monarchy, all the powers and the personages are happily treated; it was impossible to get over so many difficulties with greater felicity. But the object the author had in view was not simply the production of a drama, he had also to bring before the world a child new-born to the drama—a little girl scarcely fifteen years of age, called Rachel. This child, thank Heaven! is not a phenomenon; she will never be called a prodigy. Mdlle. Rachel plays with much soul, heart, and intellect, but with very little skill; she possesses naturally the sentiment of the drama that is confided to her, and her intelligence suffices her to understand it; she does not want lessons or counsels from any one. There is no effort, no exaggeration, no cries, no gestures, a great sobriety in all the movements of her body or her countenance; nothing that resembles to coquetry; on the contrary, something that is bold, abrupt, and almost wild in gestures march and look: such is Rachel. This child, who has already the conscience of truth in art, clothes herself in the most scrupulous fidelity of costume; her voice is unformed, like that of a child; her hands are red, as are the hands of a young person; her feet are like her hands, scarcely formed yet. She is not pretty, but she pleases. In one word, there is a great future before this young talent, and already there are many tears, and much interest and emotion.

This was penned in 1837, at a time when the press was free, and had therefore some influence. Yet, by some accident, the success of this young girl passed by without attracting notice; nay, the author of the notice was exposed to much raillery. "So you have made a discovery, have you? You have found Mdlle. Contat, Mdlle. Duchesnois, or Mme. Perrin?" was exclaimed on various sides. The public did not want Rachel. They had at that time the pretty Léontine Fay—the clever Mme. Volnys. Yet was that distinguished talent and success about to be tumbled down from its throne by that unformed, half wild, pale-faced girl—Rachel!

This child, destined to give utterance to the noblest inspirations of poetry, in the language of Racine and of Corneille, was born on the Swiss frontier, in the hut of a small village in the canton of Argovie, February 28, 1821. Misfortune had overtaken the family, and her parents were wanderers on the face of the earth, carrying about with them, in purple rags—porphyrogenitus—the future tenant of the palaces of Thebes, Corinth, and Memphis. Her earliest years were like those of the tragic princesses of Greece—like the family of Priam; she derived that firmness and power from her long exile and trials, with which a wholesome poverty endues certain well-tempered intellects. Plautus was a slave, Horace the son of a slave, Sophocles a blacksmith, Giotto a shepherd, Sixtus V. a swineherd; Shakspeare, Rousseau, Beaumarchais, Rollin, Diderot, Rembrandt, and a host of others, sprang from the lowest social ranks. Talma was the son of a dentist. Mdlle. Duchesnois had been a servant at Valenciennes.

Rachel, destined to perish so young, was one of those who also felt at her earliest years that she had a mission to perform. Already in her Vendean drama she laid a peculiar emphasis on certain lines, which she afterwards repeated when borne down by sickness in a "petit entre-sol" of the Chausée-d'Antin:

Une ville inconnue, immense:
Paris.
Vas-y seule, à pied, car c'est là
Que tu pourras sauver ton père!

Shut up in the Gymnase, Mdlle. Rachel, like a young lioness in a wicker cage, was not at first sensible of her powers. She was satisfied with making her second appearance as *Suzette* in the "Mariage de Raison;" but she soon wearied of this—she felt that therein did not lie her spécialité. Luckily, Rachel was in the hands of a man who understood and appreciated her—M. Poirson, the first who had nurtured Scribe, and had fostered Gontier, Bouffé, and Léontine Fay. This kind manager foreclosed his agreement with Rachel of three thousand francs a year to wear shepherdesses' hats and grisettes' kerchiefs, that she might force open the doors of the Théâtre-Français.

It is the practice there that the débuts shall take place during the heats of summer. At such a time there are fewer witnesses of the incessant failures that follow upon one another than at any other time. The parterre of the Théâtre-Français is not especially tempting during *les grandes chaleurs*. Mdlle. Rachel's first appearance was on the 12th of June, 1838, in "Horace;" and she played that month and the next in the solitude of the dim stage lights. The receipts at the door of the first nights of her peformances were—June 12, "Horace," 753 fr.; the 16th, "Cinna," 558 fr.; the 23rd, "Horace," 303 fr.; July 9th, "Andromaque," 373 fr.; the 11th, "Cinna," 342 fr.; the 15th, "Andromaque," 736 fr., with a few odd centimes. If the month of August had followed to the same tune, it would have been all over with Rachel —a name without glory or repute would have descended to the common abyss.

What, in the mean time, had become of the professed critics and connoisseurs? Did they discover the germs of that talent, of that genius which was soon to command a European applause? Not in the least. Not a word was penned in favour of *Camille's* imprecations or of

Hermione's sorrows. For three long months did Rachel struggle alone and neglected against the absence and indifference of the public and of critics alike. She alone toiled on, confident in her star, without hesitation, without dread, fearless of breaking down, working on in simplicity and firmness to the great end which she proposed to herself.

Luckily at this moment Jules Janin, returning from an Italian excursion, went on the 18th of August, 1838, to the Théâtre-Français, and his experienced eye—its acuteness probably heightened by temporary absence—told him at once, that amidst all this solitude and silence, the young débutante was in full progress to sway her auditors. If she was not already the absolute sovereign that she became afterwards, she had, at all events, manifestly won over her *parterre*—she dominated over it, she imposed her will on it, and the pit, enchanted and charmed, could do nothing but listen and applaud. They had before them that child who was destined to crush under her marble feet, in the rags of *Hermione* or the tunic of *Camille*, all the charms and the beauties of "Marion Delorme," of "Ruy Blas," and of "Hernani!"

Two days afterwards the *Journal des Débats* had its revenge for the indifference with which the first revelation of Rachel's talent in the "Vendeans" had been treated.

> It is well for our readers to know (said the experienced feuilletonist) that at the moment that I speak to you there exists at the Théâtre-Français itself—at the Théâtre-Français, I repeat—an unexpected victory, one of those happy triumphs of which a nation like ours has a right to be proud, when, returning to feelings of common honesty, to the language of honour, and to a chaste and modest love, she escapes nameless violences and endless barbarisms.
>
> What a glory, indeed, for an intelligent nation to see itself suddenly restored to those very chefs-d'œuvre so long and so unworthily ignored!
>
> This time, at least, we possess at length the most astonishing and the most marvellous little girl that the present generation has seen upon the stage. This child (learn her name!) is Mdlle. Rachel. It is now about a year since she made her début at the Gymnase, and I, almost unsupported by a single sympathetic voice—I said that there was a serious, natural, profound talent, and a future without limits, but no one would believe me—I was accused of exaggeration. I by myself could not sustain that little girl on that little theatre. Some days after her début, the child disappeared from the Gymnase, and perhaps I alone still thought of her, when suddenly she reappeared at the Théâtre-Français in the undying tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. This time the child was listened to, encouraged, applauded, admired. She has entered, at length, upon the career which is alone suited to her precocious genius. And, truly, what a strange thing! a little ignorant girl, without art, without preparation, to fall into the very midst of the old tragedy! She gives to it a new life by blowing vigorously on its august cinders. She brings forth animation and flames! Yes, it is admirable! And then to think that that child is little, plain (assez laide!), with a narrow chest, a vulgar air, and a trivial enunciation. I met her yesterday, and she said to me, "C'est moi que j'étai t'au Gymnase," to which I felt it proper to reply, "Je le savions!"
>
> Do not ask of her what is Tancred, Horace, Hermione, the wars of Troy, Pyrrhus, Helena; she knows nothing about them—she knows nothing. But she has something better than science—she has that sudden light which she casts around her. No sooner is she on the stage than she grows by ten cubits: she assumes the height of the heroes of Homer; she lifts up her head, extends her chest; her eye beams with animation, her foot steps to the ground with a sovereign touch; her gestures are like sounds that have emanated from her soul;

her words vibrate in the distance all full of the passions of her heart. And thus she marches on in the drama of Corneille, without hesitating for a moment, scattering terror and fright around her! Then she grapples, active and all-powerful, with the pomp and glitter of Voltaire! Happy and poetic, she gives herself up, body and soul, to the tender passion of Racine, and nothing astonishes her, of all these passions, all these majesties, all these grandeurs! Truly, there is the earth and the heaven of this child of miracles! She is born in the midst of the domain of poetry; already she knows all the windings, she unveils all the mysteries. Those who have to play with her are astonished at her audacity; old tragedy once more hopes; the pit, moved and charmed, lends an enchanted, a ravished ear to the divine language of those beautiful verses which we have been deprived of ever since the death of Talma. Proud and haughty, the crowd yields itself up to the omnipotence of those great poets, the honour of France, the pride of all humanity.

Let her grow up, that little girl who is accomplishing a revolution without even being aware of the fact; let some young man arise, inspired like her, and take his place by her side, and we shall see the true deities of the poetic world revived—we shall once more behold Racine and Corneille.

Notwithstanding this public proclamation of the advent of a new star, there were a thousand incredulous persons to one believer. In France, the country of "Candide," it suffices to announce a chef-d'œuvre or a great talent to be laughed at. The feuilletonist was not, however, discouraged: he returned to the task before another week had elapsed, and could boast of converts. There were, indeed, amidst the crowd of disbelievers a few select, who hailed the new talent with raptures—who vaunted the discrimination of the critic, and wondered how it was that the discovery had not been made before, and that "this noble tragedy had so long remained buried under its own purple."

The progress of the young actress was now rapid. The whole audience were imbued with the same happiness as herself, intoxicated themselves with the same poetic inspiration, and animated themselves with the same glorious sound of the same passions. Her childlike audacity, her wild passions, the sudden emotions that bubbled from her heart, her rude energy, her charming indifference, filled all hearts with joy and pride. The audience became to her like the members of her own family. Soon it was discovered, notwithstanding her extreme thinness, her gloves of dubious colour, and her black velvet bonnet with a yellow rose—in the very worst taste possible—that Rachel was beautiful! Her hair was fine as silk, the contour of her head charming, her complexion was clear and decided, her teeth marvellous, her smile gracious, her manners those of a queen. "La fillette était devenue une reine de Paris!" Two days ago the *parvenue* had scarcely wherewith to clothe herself, now she was dressed, and she had the appearance and assumed the manners of "les plus grandes dames de Paris!" Even out of doors, she was still the lady with the sceptre, the cup, the purple, and the dagger! That was the secret of her success. A great poet, M. de Chateaubriand, deigned to give her his arm in public. The young princes saluted her, and inquired after her health at her carriage door.

Five years afterwards, when Rachel had a house at Montmorency, where she divided with her father and mother, with a brother and sisters, the delights of a fortunate independence—where she was herself surrounded, admired "adorée à genoux," Jules Janin suddenly interrupted her contemplations by inquiring after the velvet bonnet and the yellow rose of 1838. "Oh, what a reminiscence!" she exclaimed, laughing heartily; and then she related how she had gone one evening to the theatre to see Mdlle. Mars (she had herself realised 700 fr. in "Hermione" the previous evening), and she was stopped on account of the bonnet: it was inadmissible! An old gentleman afforded, however, some relief to her disappointment. "Those people," he said, making a profound bow, "will repent one day having failed in their respect to you; as for me, I should be but too proud to carry that yellow rose in my button-hole!"

Incredible success of a child of poverty. She herself felt less than any one the fears and trepidations, the hesitations and the mischances of a sudden elevation. Yet she did hesitate, and that at each new part that she undertook. She was three years studying her chef-d'œuvre—her *Phèdre*. Her inspiration did not come all at once, but she was so much superior to all around her that she could afford to wait, and when it did come, it carried all before it; it was irresistible. It was this that made the sometimes silent, undemonstrative girl, change before the eyes into a Pythoness, and rendered her—calm, self-confident herself—a puzzle and a study for an experienced critic, as much as for the public generally. Rarely did Mdlle. Rachel abandon the art for the profession. She was indeed, of all artists naturally inspired, the one that was the least adapted for the mere profession. She forgot all that she had learned the moment that her foot touched the stage-boards. Tragedy did not rule her, she swayed tragedy. She had within herself —a rare gift—the true and sincere image of the passions which she represented. Hence it was that, with her quick intelligence, her exquisite tact, and indomitable energy, she took possesion of tragedy as if herself a sovereign.

Rachel was not, however, totally incapable of receiving impressions from without. It is difficult to say in the present day how much she may have been indebted to Miss Smithson, who, by the admission of the great feuilletonist, first made Shakspeare comprehensible to the French. That elegant and frail young lady, appearing on the stage in the modest white garb of *Ophelia*—phantom-like—was a whole revelation to the French. They had seen Talma in "Othello," Miss Smithson's *Desdemona* made them forget it. Miss Smithson did more; she first made the French feel the superiority of the English poet over any that the Gallic soil has yet produced, and to admit the superiority of the English over the French tragedy. Mdlle. Rachel, contemplating in after days a portrait of the unfortunate young English actress, exclaimed, "Oh! there is a poor woman to whom I am much indebted."

Mademoiselle Rachel, to use the words of her eloquent biographer, followed up the revolution which she had commenced, valiantly. The crowd accumulated, attentive and enchanted; the critics sat down to what they considered as a serious study, and they tracked her footsteps from London to St. Petersburg, and the confines of Asia—even to the grave! The tragedy of olden time reposed upon that delicate young woman, as Œdipus, of old, had done upon Antigone. The days that the Théâtre-Français announced MDLLE. RACHEL on its bills were so many festivals. Rachel became, in the grandiose language of the feuilletonists, the queen of gods, the wife of Jupiter, the daughter of the Kings of Ilion and the mother of Cæsars. *Camille*, *Hermione*, and *Aménaïde* were her three first creations, to use the language of theatrical criticism. The imprecation of *Camille*—almost vulgar by frequent repetition—was the first revelation of the peculiar talent and genius of Rachel. Nothing could be greater than that undaunted *Camille*. She was as much a Roman as a woman could be so, and yet she was too much of a woman to rejoice when her lover expires in the midst of those grand debates for and against the greatness of the young republic. Equally pitiless, and still more intrepid, was Rachel, when, as *Hermione*, abandoned by *Pyrrhus*, she delivered him over to the sword of *Orestes*. The part of *Aménaïde* did not suit Rachel as well as the other two; instead of dominating, she is oppressed; but still there were several points deserving of being designated as inspirations.

M. Cuvillier-Fleury, the distinguished preceptor of the young princes, was the first who had the courage to trace the success of Rachel to its true source, her own natural gifts, and not to what Jules Janin insists upon at such tedious length, the opposition of the classicals to the romancists! "The public," remarked this judicious critic, "takes little interest in the quarrels of schools. Rachel was born with the genius for the stage. She can recite the verses of Racine and Corneille with native simplicity." Such was the origin of her success, while, at the same time, M. Fleury admits that the rapidity of that success was in part determined by the weariness experienced at the long ascendancy of the drama, and the inclination generally felt to return to a more classical tragedy. There was a real pleasure in listening to those fine old French verses, familiar to every schoolboy, declaimed in extreme purity, without either exaggeration or violence.

Louis Philippe went to see Rachel in the character of *Emilie*, in "Cinna." On quitting, he met the actress in the passage. "You are reviving the fine days of French tragedy," said the king. "Business rarely permits me to visit the theatre, but I will come back to see you." The young actress was much moved; once off the stage, the fierce *Hermione* was only a timid little girl; *Emilie* was only a child. *Camille*, *Emilie*, and *Andromaque* were the three first surprises, the three first festivals of the public; it was long since so many tears had been shed at the Théâtre-Français. When she grappled for the first time with the part of *Hermione*, she had to guess everything; there was no one to teach her, and, had there been, she would not have listened to them. The same instinct that had ensured her other triumphs, sufficed for her that she should not, as La Champmeslé had done before her, fail in this. Some people preferred the imprecations of *Camille*, to the griefs of *Hermione*—the majesty of Corneille to the touching complaints of Racine—but most considered *Hermione* as one of Rachel's finest parts.

The first time that Rachel performed on the stage of the Opera, so vast and sonorous that it requires the genius and the orchestra of Meyerbeer to fill it, she played the part of *Camille* in "Horace." The first three scenes went off with a degree of solemn reserve that would have sufficed to paralyse many a haughty spirit; but such was Rachel's confidence in her powers, that she went on, regardless of the danger to which she was exposed, developing gradually all the resources of her prodigious talent, till the authority which she would allow no one to contest was once more established, and the audience, at first moved, then entranced, was finally carried away resistless at her feet. The triumph, however, cost many efforts: Rachel was recalled, and covered with flowers, but she was broken down with the fatigue of the exertion. This part of *Camille* had so glorified and consoled Rachel, it had left so many traces in her grateful memory, that she held by it in her last moments. She is said to have murmured sweetly, with her dying voice,

Albe, mon cher pays et mon premier amour!

Rachel has left a lasting impression, not less in "Andromaque" than in "Cinna." *Emilie* is one of those parts which she played with the greatest ardour and conviction, and "Cinna" owes her much.

The finer parts of "Cinna" are admirable. It is difficult to surpass that energetic painting of the proscription of the triumvirate, and of the violent regrets of the expiring republic. Apart from its drawbacks—*Maxime* in love with a woman always furious, irritated, bent upon the murder of her benefactor—still is it one of the greatest efforts of the genius of Corneille. Racine, like Shakspeare, the poet of women, did not approve of the character of *Emilie*, and, however Roman she may have been, he was in the right. Rachel relieved this otherwise repulsive character by the simplicity and the purity of her diction, and the dignity and pride with which she invested it. Between the 12th of June, 1838, and the month of March, 1855, Rachel played in "Horace" 69 times, in "Cinna" 60, in "Andromaque" 86.

"Tancrède," that glorious play, full of all the pomp of chivalry, and dedicated by Voltaire to Madame de Pompadour in his sixty-fourth year, was announced on the 20th August, 1838. The part of *Aménaïde* did not suffice to carry the play through. Rachel played it fourteen times; but there was no *Tancred*, no *Argire*, no *Aldaman*, and *Aménaïde* alone was not sufficient in a piece of much movement and action. It was replaced, therefore, by "Iphigénie en Aulide"—a poem of incontestable beauty. This admirable tragedy, revived after a sleep that had lasted upwards of a quarter of a century, delighted the Parisians as if they had never before heard of it. Yet Rachel only played the part of *Eriphile* ten times at the Théâtre-Français. She played it the eleventh at the Théâtre Italien, to Mdlle. Georges's *Clytemnestre*. "Nothing," says Jules Janin, "could be more fearful than to see those two women, like two serpents, apparently ready to bite one another." This was one of the most brilliant evenings that ever shone, even upon Mdlle. Georges, who defended herself like a lion against the progress of time (she made her début in 1804), and such a conjunction of rare talent and histrionic genius has been seldom witnessed.

The same year, in the month of October, Rachel played for the first time in the play of "Mithridate." Rachel made as much of *Monime*, beloved by the King of Pontus, but herself loving another, as she did of most characters with which she was entrusted. She brought into it grace and dignity, passion, and yet reserve. It was a glorious struggle that of the young Greek slave with the haughty old monarch; she could not conquer nor resist, and yet she could feel and grieve as only Rachel could feel and grieve. She played this part no less than fifty-five times at the Théâtre-Français. In the space of six months Rachel had played in six tragedies, "Horace," "Cinna," "Andromaque," "Tancrède," "Iphigénie," "Mithridate," and "Bajazet," all resuscitated by her youth and genius, and these six tragedies, played forty-three times, brought the rare sum in those times of 170,822 fr. "Andromaque" alone brought in 6000 fr. on the 29th of December. A strange fancy came over the delighted Parisians: it was to celebrate the success of Rachel, a Jewess, by a grand performance of "Esther." But the attempt to convert an elegy, written by Racine for the demoiselles of Saint-Cyr, into a drama failed. Luckily the *Pauline* of "Polyeucte" was there to avenge the actress. She had only played *Esther* four times, and between that and *Pauline* came the charming part of *Laodicea*, in "Nicomède;" but *Pauline* was one of her greatest successes. She played it no less than sixty-one times, and re-enacted it for the last time the eve that preceded the last performance she ever gave.

Pauline was first played in May, 1840; in December of the same year Rachel undertook, but not without much hesitation, the part of *Marie Stuart*. Rachel was then too young for a widowed queen. She had given three years to the study of the character, and still did not like it; but the rivalry of Mdlle. Maxime, to whom the part of *Elizabeth* had been confided, roused all her energies. It became a real contest in a double sense, and Rachel blazed in her triumph as she exclaimed, contempt on her lips, and fire in her eyes,

J'enfonce le poignard au sein de ma rivale!

Rachel had been so often told that she would be admirable in the part of *Chimène*, that she at length consented to undertake it, and "Le Cid," the glory of the Spanish theatre, was brought out. The part of *Chimène* is avowedly the most perfect, the most touching that issued forth from the heart and brain of Corneille; yet did Rachel not affect it, or she did not study it as she had done *Marie Stuart*, and it fell to the ground after six performances. *Ariane* took the place of *Chimène*, but the success attendant upon the revival was not more marked than in the first. The play itself is an impossibility. "Bérénice" another impossibility; "Catherine II.," by M. Hippolyte Romand, unworthy of Rachel's merits, and "Don Sanche d'Aragon," only played a few nights, led the way to the actress's first of all successes, and greatest of all triumphs—her *Phèdre*.

Rachel had long coveted the part of *Phèdre*—that woman of disordinate passions and incestuous guilt! Till she had made that great but difficult character her own, she felt that she might be a great tragedian, still she was not *the* tragedian. The more difficult the part, the more time, care, and effort she devoted to its study. It was full of perils—the love of a queen for a husband's son—the great but repulsive scene of the declaration and the ridicule, not to say something worse, that inevitably attends upon a woman's being in love with one who despises her—and even Rachel failed at first. The task of narrating and personifying all those disorders, those miseries, that shame, and that despair, mingled with that fiery love which is at once the shame of earth and the dishonour of Olympus, was too much for a then sensitive young woman. She knew what she had to say, but she could not say it. The part was to her not simply impossible, it was odious and detestable. It was only by a skilful graduation that *Phèdre* revealed herself entirely to Rachel, and it was slowly, and almost imperceptibly, that she ultimately reached the acme of grief and horror—the very culmination of remorse, jealousy, and shame. Then it was that she passed the Columns of Hercules of ancient tragedy!

The conquest of *Phèdre* enabled Rachel to bring her sister Rebecca on the stage, which she did in Voltaire's tragedy of "Oreste." But the grand image of *Electre* that dominates antique tragedy is monotonous and without grandeur, as traduced by the poet of Ferney. It was in vain that the youthful Rebecca exhausted herself to sustain her sister. The night of the first performance of "Oreste" was one of pain to all parties concerned—to actors as well as to auditors. Rebecca was Rachel's second sister, and she was sixteen years of age at her début. She never expected to be aught but a shadow to her sister, but she achieved several marked successes, more especially in Casimir Delavigne's "Don Juan d'Autriche," and in Hugo's "Angelo, Tyran de Padoue." She held her place for ten brief years at the Théâtre-Français. She was studious, intelligent, and active; there was something charming in her youth and gaiety, and who would have thought, at her fresh and joyous aspect, that she was struck by the angel of death. Yet so it was. Rebecca anticipated Rachel in reaching the early goal of their common labours.

The parts of *Athalie* and *Bajazet* may be said to have been the complement of Rachel's great work—the resuscitation of tragedy of old. It took her five long years of study before she had completely mastered all the terror, all the grace, and all the charms with which Racine has invested the inimitable *Roxane*.

The purely poetic labours of Rachel terminated with this last great conquest (if we except one night, and an unsuccessful one, of *Agrippine*, in "Britannicus"). She passed over, as if for pure *délassement*, from Corneille and Racine to Molière, and she exchanged, as it were, in the very height of wilful playfulness, *Phèdre* for *Marinette*, and *Camille* for *Célimène*. The caprice, however, soon went by, and the young tragedian gave comedy the go-by with a most malicious sneer.

Still it appears that change was necessary, even to an all-commanding genius like that of Rachel's, and the olden repertory being pretty nigh exhausted, the fertile pens of the age had produced for her "Frédégonde," "Jeanne d'Arc," "Lucrèce," "Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle," "Angelo," "Louise de Lignerolles," and other tragedies not born, it would appear, to the immortality of their great predecessors. Not even the "Judith" nor the "Cleopâtre" of Madame de Girardin! Rachel, however, had faith in Madame de Girardin, and she played twenty-seven times in a drama written by that lady, "Lady Tartufe," and which M. Villemain called "la comédie de tous les talens." Such partial successes induced her to continue her excursions amidst modern art, and not always to her credit. "Catherine II.," for example, was a decided failure. Her

Virginie and *Lucrèce,* two characters which she was induced to take to humiliate her rival, Madame Dorval, who was representing the Romans, as depicted by M. Ponsard, at the Odéon, were real successes. But still change, change, was the order of the day, and "Adrienne Lecouvreur" soon followed "Fatima, the Daughter of the Old Man of the Mountain, chief of the tribe of assassins." *Adrienne Lecouvreur* was incontestably the most successful of all the modern parts played by Rachel. She had also two pretty little parts, *Lesbie* and *Lydie,* which came luckily to relieve the griefs and troubles of 1848. It was the success of M. Barthet's little poem, for it cannot be called a play, "Le Moineau de Lesbie," that induced M. Ponsard to pen "Horace et Lydie" for Mdlle. Rachel, and both were charming.

The revolution came in the midst of these artistic pleasures and triumphs, and carried off a too indulgent king, a beloved queen, and a group of young princes "glorieux, dévoués, bons soldats et beaux esprits." Rachel had to sing the hideous "Marseillaise"—the chant of drunken soldiers, sanguinary red-caps, and frantic rebels—to the insatiate Republic! Strange to say, "La Marseillaise"—the song of glory and of triumphs, but the song also of massacres and proscriptions—was the supreme point to which Rachel was ever destined to ascend. She played in that year *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle,* and in 1850, *Thisbé,* in "Angelo, Tyran de Padoue," as also Mdlle. Mars's old part, *Louise de Lignerolles.* Finally, to "Valérie" succeeded "Rosemonde," and to "Rosemonde," "La Czarine;" but the results were not favourable to "la caisse." Rachel had played 1063 times at the Théâtre-Français alone, and these 1063 representations had produced a total of 4,369,329 fr. 15 c. What between travel and playing, Rachel had never known any respite. She was perishing in purple, dying amidst her very triumphs. "O misère! ô profession sans pitié!" exclaims the feuilletonist. She returned from the United States afflicted, utterly broken down. She sought repose on the calm waters of the Nile, beneath the balm of an Egyptian sky, and returned thence to her last resting-place at Cannes. There she died on the 3rd of January, 1858, without a complaint, like a Roman, like a child worthy of Corneille. Her career had been so short, so brilliant! Death seemed to add to her very prestige. She had exhausted herself in efforts and trials, in conquests and triumphs, in gathering flowers, and garlands, and crowns. Death claimed too soon the supreme crown of all!

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES STRANGE.

CONCLUSION.

I.

I STOOD in Mrs. Brightman's drawing-room, the light from the chandelier falling full upon Hatch, her maid, who had taken up her station before me. I had received a remarkable missive by the late afternoon's post, and it had brought me down in haste: the schoolmaster was certainly abroad wherever Hatch may have pursued her education.

"sur this coms hoppin youle eccuse blundurs as i hanet no skollerd sur missus is worser and if youle com ive got som things to tell you your umbul survint hatch but dont say to peri as i sent."

So I went to Mrs. Brightman's. Perry, the butler, received me. "Oh, sir, such a house as it is! my mistress is in bed with brain fever, and Miss Annabel's gone to Hastings, and——"

"Gone to Hastings!" I uttered.

"My mistress sent her yesterday, sir: she was not very ill then."

Hatch came into the room and ordered Perry out: she assumed great authority in the house, and was encouraged to do so by Mrs. Brightman. She closed the door and then advanced. "Mr. Strange, sir," said she, in a low tone, "did you get a epistle from me?"

I nodded.

"You said you should be down here last night, sir."

"I intended to be, but was unavoidably prevented at the moment of setting out. I had to go elsewhere on business that could not be delayed."

"I want to know what I be to do," continued Hatch. "I ain't a person of edication or learning, sir, but my wits is alive, and they serves me instead. Now I've been a thinking that I'd better tell it out, as to what's the matter with missis. Last night, when she was a raving—and towards morning it took me and Perry all our strength to hold her—I got frightened, sir, which is a complaint I'm not given to; so, says I to myself, 'The very first time I sets these eyes on Mr. Strange I'll tell him; for there's none of the famerly more nearer to tell it to; and then, whether missis lives or dies, the 'sponsability is off my back.' And with morning light, sir, I wrote that epistle."

"Yes; never mind all that. What about Mrs. Brightman?"

Hatch dropped her voice to a mysterious whisper. "Sir, missis indulges, she do."

I looked at Hatch. The words I heard, but catch their meaning I did not. "What does she do?"

Hatch took a step forward, which brought her on to the rug, quite close to me. "She indulges, sir."

"Indulges in what?" I uttered, still marvelling.

"In stimilinks, sir."

The meaning, in spite of Hatch's English, dawned upon me now: and I felt a cold shiver run through me. Annabel's mother! and honoured Mr. Brightman's wife!

"Yes, sir, in stimilinks," proceeded Hatch. "Brandy, gin, rum, wine; any sort as comes: she likes brandy best; but, failing that, takes the rest."

Question upon question rose to my mind—Was it known to Mr. Brightman?—Had it been a prolonged habit?—Was it deeply indulged in? But Annabel was her child, and my lips refused to utter them.

"It have been the very plague of my life and master's to keep it from getting wind," continued Hatch. "'Hatch does this in the house, and Hatch does the t'other,' the servants cry. Yes; but master knowed why I set up my authority; and missis knowed it too: it was to screen her."

"How could she have fallen into the habit?"

"It have growed upon her, sir. A little at first, and a little, and then a little more. But since master's death, there haven't been nobody to check her. Whole days she have been in her room, shutting out Miss Annabel, under the excuse of her headaches or her lowness, drinking all the time; and me there to keep the door. I'm sure the black stories I have gone and invented, to balk Miss Annabel and put her off the right scent, would drive a parson to his prayers."

"Then Miss Annabel does not know it?"

"She do now," returned Hatch. "The first night there was that row in the house about missis seeing the ghost, her room was opened, in the fright, and all the house got in. I turned the servants out: I daredn't turn out Miss Annabel, and she couldn't fail to see that her mother was the worse for drink. So then I told her some, and Mr. Close telled her more next morning. Miss haven't been herself since, sir."

Annabel's strange grief, so mysterious to me, was accounted for now. "Perry says Mrs. Brightman is now lying in brain fever!"

"We calls it brain fever to the servants, me and Mr. Close; it's near enough for them," was Hatch's reply. "I thought sure-ly Perry would suspect last night—and I don't know as he didn't—for she shook the bed under her, as she laid. It's the trimmings, sir."

I thought—reader, I *did*—that Hatch had wandered to the subject of dress: her own cap trimmings, the streamers in full view, may have helped the delusion. She soon enlightened me.

"Many threats, sir, have she had of the 'lirious trimmings, but they have come on with a vengeance now. She is in a weskit," added Hatch, confidentially.

"In a waistcoat!"

"A strait-weskit. Mr. Close and me consulted together, sir, and we thought it best. They *is* put on, in bad cases of brain fever, and if she'd not been put in one, it would have took three to keep her to-day; and then nothing could have saved the disgrace from coming out, down stairs."

Nothing could save it from coming out, as it was, in my opinion; down stairs and up, in doors and out. Oh, Annabel! "But Hatch," I cried, awaking from a reverie, "why need you have invented a story of Mr. Brightman's ghost?"

"I invent it!" returned Hatch. "I didn't invent it. Missis did see the ghost: not that there was any ghost to see, sir, but when these poor creatures is in the trimmings, they does see things, animals, and ghostesses, and devils, there's no doubt on't. Nobody won't get me to believe as master comes back, because he was a good man; and good men, as dies in peace, is pretty sure to rest quiet in their graves: missis saw it, as she thought, right afore her, and though it were only in her own brain, she'll never be persuaded but what she did see it. And

I didn't say a nay to the kitchen: for which was best, Mr. Strange, sir—to let 'em think she was shaking and raving from fear of a ghost, or to let 'em know she was mad with drink?"

Hatch's policy had been wise. I told her so.

"I have seen the trimmings afore to-day, so that I ain't afeard of 'em," continued Hatch. "I had a step-uncle as was give to drink, and he had 'em often. Beer were his first weakness, and gin were his next: wine were missis's. If that step-uncle of mine, sir, had been put to soak in a hogshead of beer up to his neck, and nothing to do but dip his mouth in, to drink, he wouldn't have had enough of it: the trimmings took him off at last, just afore I went out to service, and a good riddance it were, to his famerly. He'd be always a seeing of things; blue and red and green imps a creeping up his bed-postesses, and horrid little black devils. He used to start out into the village, for fear of 'em, and once, when he were stark naked, all but his shoes, he runned out past the cottages, and flung hisself into the pond oppersite the stocks, and all the women and childern, as seed him from their doors and winders, a rushing out and follering after him. We thought at least it were a mad dog broke loose, to see the folks a running like that, whereas it were nothing but my step-uncle, stripped."

"And Mr. Brightman knew of this! knew that she was given to—to like stimulants?"

"He couldn't be off knowing of it, sir, habiting, as he did, the same rooms; and it have just bittered his life out. She have never had a downright bad attack, like this one, therefore we could hide it from the servants and from Miss Annabel, but it couldn't be hided from him. He spoke to me about it six or seven months ago, when he was having a iron bedstead put up in the little room close to hers, and he sent off Miss Annabel to her aunt's at Hastings, and kep' her there to be out of the way. Missis had got worse, and master couldn't make believe no longer not to see it, and he spoke to Mr. Close."

"Has it been long growing upon her?" I asked, in a low voice.

"Sir," returned Hatch, looking at me with her powerful eyes, "it have been growing for years and years. I think it come on, first, from idleness——"

"From idleness!"

"I mean what I say, sir. She were young when she married master, and she didn't care for him. She cared for somebody else—but that's over and done with: things wouldn't work convenient, and they had to part. Of high famerly were Mrs. Brightman, but the sons had ruined the property till nothing was left; and Mr. Brightman had a good home to bring her to. Well, she came here, and brought me with her; I had been her maid beforehand: but she never liked the place; commercial, she said, these neighbourhoods was, round London, and the people were beneath her. So she wouldn't visit, and she wouldn't sew nor read; she'd just sit all day long with her hands afore her, a doing of nothing. 'Wait,' says I to myself, 'till the baby comes.' Well, it came, sweet Miss Annabel, but it didn't make a pin's difference: missis got a maid for it, and then a governess, and turned her over to them. No more babies follered after it: pity but what a score of 'em had come: it might have roused her. And the days and the years went on, and missis only grew more sad and snappish, and had no pleasure in life: when the morning broke, she'd wish the day was over; and when the day broke, she'd wish it were evening. Then she'd say—it come on quite imperceptible—'Hatch, get me a glass of wine; I'm so low and exhausted;' and I used to get her one, thinking nothing. She took it then, just because she wanted something to rouse her, and didn't know what. But, after a while, she got to like the wine, and in course o' time, she couldn't do without it: a glass now, and a glass then; a bottle in the day, it grew to be, more than a bottle some days, besides what she took with her dinner. Master couldn't make out how it was his wine went, and he spoke sharp to Perry, and when missis found that, she took to have in lots on her own account, unbeknowing to him. Then it grew to brandy. Folks don't stop at the first liquor, sir, when it gets to that pitch: my step-uncle would have swallowed vitriol, sooner than have confined hisself to beer."

"Hatch, this is a painful tale."

"And I've not finished of it," was Hatch's response. "Missis had a illness a year or eighteen months back, and weak enough she were when she began to get about: some thought she wouldn't live. 'She must take stimilinks,' says Close: 'she don't want stimilinks,' says I; 'she'll get better without 'em;' for she was a taking of 'em then, on the sly, though he didn't know it. 'Mrs. Brightman must take stimilinks,' says he to master. 'Whatever you thinks necessary,' returns master—though if he hadn't begun to suspect then, it's odd to me. And missis warn't back'ard to take Close's stimilinks, and she took her own as well; and from that time she have been a going on worse and worse. It's a dangerous plan for doctors to order stimilinks to weak people," added Hatch, thoughtfully: "bad comes of it sometimes."

I had heard that opinion before; more than once. I had heard Mr. Brightman express it to a client, who was recovering from an illness. Was he thinking of his wife?

"And for the last six months, or so, missis have been a'most beyond control," resumed Hatch. "There was no keeping her within bounds. Me and master tried everything. We got Miss Annabel out of the way, not letting her come home but for two or three days at a time, and them days—my patience! if I hadn't to watch missis like a cat! She didn't wish to exceed in the day when Miss Annabel was here, she wished to wait till night, and make up for it then: but you know, sir, these poor creatures can't keep their resolves; and if she once got a glass early, then all her prudence was give to the winds, and she'd go on at it. My step-uncle were the same, and it's the same with 'em all: let 'em keep from the first glass, and they'll do, but let 'em get that, and they can't help theirselves going on to more. We tried everything, as I say: master talked to her and showed her what the end of it must be; and he coaxed her and was tender with her, and begged of her to leave it off. No, she wouldn't: my belief is, she couldn't: it's a disease on 'em, when it gets to that stage, like the measils or the janders, and they can't put it from 'em, if they would, and it has to run to its course's end, and that's death."

Death!—and after it!

"On the Thursday night afore master died, there was a quarrel," Hatch went on. "Miss Annabel had come home, and missis wasn't fit to appear at the dinner-table, and her dinner was sent up to her room, and master came up after, and they had words. Master said he'd send

Miss Annabel back the next morning, and he did so, and then missis declared she'd go off somewhere too: and she went to Hastings, and took me with her—not to master's sister's, where miss was, but to an hotel. On the Sunday, sir, if you remember, you came down to tell us of master's sudden death."

"Yes."

"Missis were sober when you come down, sir: she had been to church: and she were more prudent out than at home. But, to be sure, how she did take on about master's death, when she was alone with me! They had parted bad friends, and she remembered how aggravating she had been, and she thought, for certain, that he had pisoned hisself. When she knew the rights of it, and that he had been took away peaceful and natural, she didn't get much happier, and kep' on a saying that her conduct had druv him miserable. She have been a seeing imps and monsters, and such-like articles, for a week past, and then it come to master's ghost——"

"She could not have been sober, when she fancied that."

"Nor was she," returned Hatch. "Half-and-half, like; bad enough to betray herself to Miss Annabel. 'Now, don't you go and contradict about the ghost,' I says to her, poor child; 'better let the kitchen think it's a ghost than brandy.' Then a fresh freak took her: that Miss Annabel must go to Hastings, and she ordered one of the servants to attend her. Miss Annabel would not go: she said it was not proper that she should leave missis, and there was a scene; miss a sobbing and crying, and missis a raving and commanding, and it ended in her forcing her off. 'I don't want no spies upon me,' says she to me yesterday, when miss was gone, 'and she shall stop at Hastings for good.' Then down she sat and drank till she couldn't drink no longer, which the trimmings is the end of it, and there she is in a weskit."

What a life! what a life it had been for Mr. Brightman! I had often thought that he appeared like a man who bore some inward grief, and, once, I ventured to remark so to him. "We have all our trials, Charles, some more, some less," was the answer, but in a tone that forbade me speaking further.

Hatch would have talked till now: if wine was her mistress's weakness, talking was hers, but she was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Close, and had to attend him up-stairs. On his return, he came into the drawing-room.

"This is a disagreeable business, Mr. Strange. Hatch tells me she has informed you of the true nature of the case."

A disagreeable business! The words and the matter-of-fact tone seemed like a mockery: the business nearly overwhelmed *me*.

"When you met me the other night, here, at the gate, and spoke of Mrs. Brightman's illness, I was uncertain how to answer you," continued Mr. Close. "I thought it probable you might be behind the curtain, connected, as you are, with the family, but I was not sure."

"I never had the slightest suspicion of such a thing, until Hatch's communication to me to-night. She says Miss Brightman, even, did not know it."

"No, they have contrived to keep it from Annabel."

"Will Mrs. Brightman recover?"

"From this illness she will: she has dropped off to sleep this evening, which is all we want: but from the habit, never. It has obtained too safe a hold upon her."

"What is to be done?"

"What can be done?" returned the surgeon. "Mrs. Brightman is her own mistress, is subject to no control, and she has a good income at command: I suppose she will go on drinking to the end."

Go on drinking to the end! What a fearful thought! what a fearful life! Could *nothing* be done to prevent it; to recal her to herself; to her responsibility for this world and for the next?

"I have seen enough of these cases," continued Mr. Close, "few medical men more. Before I came into this practice I was assistant-surgeon to one of the debtors' prisons up in town: no school, equal to that, in all Europe, for initiating a man into the mysteries of delirium tremens."

"Ay, so I believe. But can Mrs. Brightman's case be like those?"

"Why should it differ? The same habits have induced it. The servants' belief in the ghost-story is amusing," he added, a smile crossing his countenance: "they are overdone with horror, I understand; and, last evening, made up a roaring fire in the kitchen and bolted themselves in, and passed the night round it, the women servants, fearful of venturing up-stairs. Poor thing!" he went on, changing his tone, "she'll see more ghosts in her room before she dies, if she continues to make a friend of the brandy."

"What is to be done, when she gets well from this attack?"

"In what way?" asked Mr. Close.

In what way, truly! My brain was at work over the difficulties of the future. Was Mrs. Brightman to live on, in that, her home, amidst her household of servants, amidst the prying neighbours, who would revel in a tale of scandal?

"I was thinking of the immediate future," I said, aloud. "This cannot be a desirable home for Annabel."

"No. Were she my child she should not live in it."

The following day took me to Hastings. Annabel was alone when I got there, Miss Brightman out. She started up, full of surprise and apprehension.

"Oh, Charles! has anything happened? Is mamma—is mamma worse?"

"No," said I, cheerfully; "I was at your house last night, and Mrs. Brightman was, not well, but better. Do you know what I have come down for?"

"No," she answered, in a tone of hesitation.

"When I saw you on Wednesday you were in very great grief or trouble. I asked you to share it with me, but you would not. Annabel, my darling, I now know all."

Her heart beat violently as I held her. "You cannot know it!"

"I know all, more than you do. Mrs. Brightman was worse after you left, and Hatch sent for me. She and Mr. Close have told me the truth."

Annabel would have shrunk away, in her full tide of shame, and a low wail broke from her lips.

"Nay, instead of shrinking from me, you must come to me for ever. My home must be yours now."

She did break away and stood trembling, her hands clasped and her emotion strong.

"Charles, weigh well what you are saying. Do not suffer the affection—I must speak fully—the implied engagement that was between us, ere this unhappiness came to your knowledge—do not suffer it to bind you now. It is a fearful disgrace to attach to my poor mother, and it is reflected upon me."

I stopped her words; I think I appeased her doubts: the child of an upright and honourable man, like Mr. Brightman, to talk of disgrace! "Annabel, as I hold you to my heart now, so will I, in as short a time as may be, hold you in my home and at my hearth. Let what will betide elsewhere, you shall have one true friend to shelter you with his care and love for ever."

II.

SIX months later, on a fine September day, I was again at Hastings. Annabel had not been suffered to return home: she begged hard: her mother was her mother, and she believed it her duty to be with her; but Miss Brightman would not allow it, and, had she yielded, I should have interposed my veto: in Hatch's words, strong in sense, but weak in grammar, their home warn't no home for Miss Annabel. The question could not be agitated much longer, for, ere the long vacation was over, she was to come to mine, and the chief purport of my present visit was to settle with Annabel where that home should be.

Miss Brightman, a kindly lady, and upright as a dart with her sixty years, suddenly interrupted what we were saying. She was seated near the window, partly knitting, partly looking into the street. "Why, bless my heart," she uttered, in a voice of astonishment, "if ever I saw Hatch in my life, that's Hatch, coming here. Annabel, child, give me my glasses."

The glasses were on the table, and I handed them to Miss Brightman. Annabel flew to the window, and grew white and sick: she was never free from fears of what horror might happen in her mother's house. Hatch it was, and apparently in haste. "What can be the matter? What can bring Hatch at Hastings?"

"Hatch is nodding heartily up, as if not much were amiss," remarked Miss Brightman, who had now put on her glasses. "Hatch is peculiar in her manner, Mr. Charles, but she means no disrespect."

Since Mrs. Brightman's illness in March, she had been going on in not a very satisfactory way: sometimes better, sometimes worse.

"What brings you at Hastings?" Annabel and her aunt exclaimed together, when Hatch entered.

"Missis brought me," returned Hatch. "You be frighted, Miss Annabel, but there ain't nothing wrong. Missis have been better lately; only yesterday she took it in her head to come down here, and we druv down with four posters in the carriage, for she can't abear the rail, she says folks stares at her, and here we be, at the hotel, she, and me, and Perry."

"Would you like to take a chair, Hatch?" said Miss Brightman, in her stiff, but not uncourteous manner.

"My legs is used to standing, mum," replied Hatch, with a nod of thanks. "This morning, up gets missis, and down stairs she comes to her breakfast in the sitting-room, and me with her to wait upon her, for at her breakfast she's always shaky, and prefers me, to be about her, to anybody else. 'Waiter,' says she, when the man brings up the coffee. 'Mum?' says he. 'I'm subjec to spadical attacks in the chest,' says she, 'and it's obligate that I have some brandy in my bedroom, for they takes me in the middle of the night. Put a couple of bottles into it,' says she, 'the very best French, and a corkscrew.' 'It shall be done, mum,' says he. I was as vexed as could be to hear it," broke off Hatch, "but what could I do? I couldn't expose missis before the man, and say there mustn't be no brandy put in her room, or else she'll drink it. Well, mum, I goes down to my own breakfast with Perry, and while we was at it, a chambermaid comes through the room: 'I've put two bottles of brandy in the lady's bedroom, as was ordered,' says she. With that, Perry looks at me, all in a fluster—he haven't got no more wits to turn things off than a idiot, haven't Perry. 'Very well,' says I to her, a eating at my egg as if I thought nothing, 'I hopes my missis won't have no call to use 'em, but she's took awful bad in the chest sometimes, and it's as well to be ready.' 'I'm sure I pities her,' says the girl, 'for there ain't nothing worse than spasms. I has 'em myself now and then——' "

When once Hatch got into the full flow of a relation, there was no getting in a word edgeways, and Miss Brightman had to repeat her question twice: "Does Perry know the nature of the illness that affects Mrs. Brightman?"

"Why, in course he do," was Hatch's rejoinder. "He couldn't be off a guessing it for hisself, and the rest I told him. Why, mum, without his helping, we could never keep it dark from the kitchen servants at home. Better have him for a confidant, a aiding to screen missis, than to have it get round to everybody. He's as safe and sure as I be, is Perry: and when it first came out to him he cried over it, that he did, to think of what his poor master must have suffered in mind, afore death took him short. Well, mum, I makes haste over my breakfast, and I goes up-stairs, and there was the bottles and the corkscrew, so I whips em off the table and hides 'em. Missis comes up after, and she looks about, and down she goes, she thought as they hadn't been brought up yet. Three separate times she comes up, and the third time she gives the bell a whirl, and in runs the chambermaid, which she was only outside. 'I gave orders, this morning,' says missis, 'to have some brandy placed in the room.' 'Oh, I have got the brandy,' says I, afore the girl could speak; 'I put it in the cubbart, mum, again it's wanted.' So away goes the girl, a looking from the corners of her eyes at me, as if suspicious I meant to crib it for my own use: and missis begins: 'Draw one of them corks, Hatch.' 'No, mum,' says I, 'not yet: please don't.' 'Draw 'em both,' says missis—for there are times," added Hatch, "when a trifle puts out missis, and then it's dangerous to cross her. I drawed the cork of one, and missis just pointed with her finger to the tumbler on the washhand stand, and I brought it forward and the decanter of water. 'Now you may go,' says she; so I took up the corkscrew. 'I told you to leave that,' says she, in her temper, and I had to come away without it, and the minute I was gone she turned the key upon me. Miss Annabel, I see my words is a grieving of you, but they's the truth, and I can but tell 'em."

"Is she there now—locked in?" asked Miss Brightman.

"She's there now," returned Hatch, with solemn enunciation, "locked in with them two bottles and the corkscrew, and she'll just drink herself mad, and what's to be done? I goes at once to Perry, and tells him. 'Let's get in through the winder,' says Perry—which his brains is fit for a gander, and not for human. 'You stop at her door, to listen again downright harm,' says I, 'that's what you'll do, and I'll go to Miss Brightman.' And I come, mum, a running all the way, for I think if you'll go back with me and knock at her door, and call out that you have come to pay a visit, she'll undo it; she's more afeared of you, mum, than of anybody living. She can't be far gone yet, and you might coax her out for a walk, or invite her to dinner here—if I'm a making too free, mum, it's for the famerly's sake—anything to get her away from them two bottles to-day. At home we manages her in the best way we can, but to have a scene at the hotel will be a making of it public."

"What is to be the ending?" I exclaimed, as Miss Brightman went in haste for her bonnet.

"Why the ending must be—just what it will be," observed Hatch, philosophically, "and all we can do is to tempory off the fits of inclination as they rises. Begging your parden, Miss Annabel, you'd better not come—she won't undo her door, if she thinks many's round it."

Annabel stood at the window, as they departed, her face turned from me and her eyes blinded with tears. I drew her away from it. "My darling, I know it is a heavy grief to bear."

"My days are passed in dread of what tidings may be on the road to me," she began, after a while. "I ought to be nearer to my mother; not so far off as this: she might be ill and dead before I could get to London."

"And so you will be nearer to her, Annabel. Where shall our home be? I was thinking of Richmond——"

"No, no," she interrupted, with sufficient haste to betray she had some project at work.

"Annabel! it shall not be *there*: at your mother's. Anywhere else."

"You have already said so: I was not thinking of it. I want to be somewhere else."

"Then you shall. Where?"

She lifted her face, like a pleading child's, and spoke in a whisper. "Charles, let me come to you in Essex-street. You say sometimes the house is lonely: let me come to brighten it."

"No, no, Annabel. Essex-street and its inconveniences I will certainly not bring you to."

"They would be no inconveniences to me. I would make them into pleasures. We would take another servant to help Watts and Leah: I would not be the least encumbrance, I would not be in the way of your professional rooms. And in the evening, when you had finished for the day, we would make haste to dine, and run down to mamma's for an hour, and then back again. Charles, it would be a happy home: let me come to it."

Annabel found an advocate to back her, and that was Miss Brightman. When she returned—without Mrs. Brightman, who, however, was kept within bounds, and the next morning started for town, without causing scandal in the hotel—she urged the same plea. "Why spend money in setting up another home, Mr. Charles? Mrs. Brightman's cannot be a long life, and then you know her house will be Annabel's, and you may probably choose to reside in it. I think Essex-street might be made comfortable." And Essex-street was decided upon.

Leah was in an ecstasy when she heard the news. The workmen came into the house to paint and paper, and then I told her.

"Of course, Mr. Charles, it—is——"

"Is what, Leah?"

"Miss Annabel."

"It should be nobody else, Leah. We shall want another servant or two, but you can be major-domo still."

"If my poor old master had but lived to see it!" she uttered, with enthusiasm. "How happy he would have been! how proud to have her here!"

"I fear we shall be cramped for space, Leah. We must see how the rooms can be arranged for the best."

"Not cramped at all, sir: the house is large. Though I don't see," added Leah, after a pause of consideration, "which room we can make into a nursery."

"A what! Who wants a nursery?"

"Why you know, Mr. Charles," returned Leah, in her simple way, "a nursery is generally wanted in time. Why should it not be here?"

"I can't say, I'm sure. That's dating forwards, Leah."

III.

OCTOBER came. I could not spare more than a fortnight's holiday, leaving Lennard as my locum tenens: Annabel would have been glad to spare less, for she was haunted by visions of what might happen to her mother.

The fortnight came to an end, all too soon, and late on the Saturday night we reached home. Watts threw open the door, and there stood Leah in a silk gown: yes, it was positively silk; black, and rather rusty. The large front sitting-room, gayer than it used to be, was bright with its fire and its preparations for tea.

"Oh, how home-like it looks!" exclaimed Annabel. "Charles," she whispered, turning to me, with her earnest eyes, as she had used to do when a child, "I will not make the least noise when you have clients with you; you shall not know I am in the house: I will take care not to drop even a reel of cotton. I do thank you for letting me come to Essex-street: I should not have seemed so completely your wife, had you taken me to any but your old home."

The floor above was also nicely in order and refurnished, a sitting-room, bedroom, and dressing-room. Leah went up to it with her new mistress, and I went down to the clerks' office for five minutes. One of them had waited, Allen; but I had expected Lennard.

"He has not been here all day, sir. A message came this morning that he was ill."

The five minutes lengthened into twenty: and little enough too. Allen left, and I went up-stairs again, expecting to have kept Annabel waiting tea. She was not there, and I ran up higher, and found her sobbing in the bedroom. It threw me into a cold chill.

"My love, what is this? Are you disappointed? Are you not happy?"

"Oh, Charles," she sobbed, clinging to me, "you *know* I am happy: you know my life, now, is as one long dream of happiness. But I was thinking of my father. Leah got talking of him, and the last time I ever was in this room, a little girl, he was with me: he——"

There came a knock and ring at the street door: not a common knock and ring, but sharp and loud and prolonged, as of some impatient messenger of evil. Who could it be at that time of night? Annabel's fears flew to Mrs. Brightman; as indeed did mine.

"Charles!——"

"Hush, my darling. Listen."

As we stood outside the chamber door, and I held her to me, her heart beating against my side, and her senses strained to listen, the street door was opened. "Is Mr. Strange come home?" was heard in a woman's voice.

"Yes," replied Watts.

"Can I speak to him? It is on a matter of life and death."

"Where do you come from?" demanded Watts.

"I come from Mr. Lennard."

"Go up and tell the master, Leah. It's a messenger from Mr. Lennard."

Leah was ascending the stairs. I leaned over the banisters. "All right, Leah; I shall be down in a moment." But I stayed to hold my dear wife's face to mine, and to kiss its tears away.

A young woman stood in the hall: I was at a loss to tell her condition in life. She looked and spoke like a lady, but her clothes were poor.

"I have come from my father, sir," she said, blushing very much: "we fear he is dying, and——"

"Who is your father?" I interrupted.

"Mr. Lennard. He says, sir, that he must see you, or he shall never die in peace. Will you be at the trouble of coming?"

One hasty word to Annabel, and I went out with her, hailing a cab, which had just been setting down its freight. "What is the matter with your father?" I inquired, as we whirled along towards Blackfriars-bridge, over which, though not far, we had to go.

"It is an attack of inward inflammation. He was taken last night, and has been in great agony all day. This evening he grew better; the pain was less; but the doctor said he must not count upon that, as a favourable symptom. My father asked whether he was dying, and the answer was, that he might be. Then my father grew dreadfully uneasy, and said he must see you, sir, if you had reached home."

We arrived at the house—of which it appeared to me they occupied the upper apartments. The remnants of faded gentility were mixed with barrenness and poverty. Poor Lennard was a gentleman born and bred, but had been reduced by untoward misfortune. Trifling ornaments were scattered about, and "anti-macassars" were thrown over the bare chairs. Miss Lennard went up-stairs, but came down quickly.

"It is the door to the left, sir, on the first landing," said she, putting a candle in my hand. "He is expecting you, and seems very anxious, but he says I am not to go up."

It was a confined landing, nothing in front but a bare wall, and *two* doors to the left. Of course I blundered into the wrong one. A night-cap border looked up from the bed, and a girlish face from under it.

"What do you want?" she said.

"I am in search of Mr. Lennard."

"Oh, it is the next room. But—sir! wait a moment. Oh, wait, wait!"

I turned to her, in surprise, and she put up two white, thin hands in an imploring attitude. "Is it anything bad? Have you come to take him?"

"To take him! What do you mean?"

"You are not a sheriff's officer?"

I smiled down her troubled countenance. "I am Mr. Strange—come to see how he is."

Down fell her hands peacefully. "Sir, I beg your pardon: thank you for telling me. I know my father has sometimes been in apprehension, and I lie here and fear things till I am stupid. A strange step on the stairs, or a strange knock at the door, sets all my inside shaking."

The next room was the right one, and Lennard was lying in it: his face pale, and his eyes wildly anxious. "Lennard, I am sorry to hear of your illness. What's the matter?"

"Sit down, Mr. Strange; sit down," he added, pointing to a chair, which I drew near. "It is an attack of inflammation of the bowels: the pain has ceased now, but the doctor says it is an uncertain symptom: it may be for better, or it may be for worse. If the latter, I have not many hours to live."

"What brought it on?"

"I don't know: unless it was that I drank a large draught of cold water when I was hot. I have not been very strong for some time, and a little thing sends me into a violent heat. I had a long walk, four miles, and I made nearly a run of it all the way, being pressed for time: when I got in, the perspiration was dripping off me, and I asked Leah for some water, and drank a pint. It seemed to strike a chill to me at the time."

"It was at the office, then. Four miles! why did you not ride?"

"It was not your business I was out on, Mr. Strange; my own. But whether that was the cause or not, the disorder came on, and it cannot be remedied now. If I am to die, I must; God is over all: but I cannot go without making a confession to you. How the fear of death's approach alters a man's views and feelings!" he went on, in a different tone. "Yesterday, had I been told I must make this confession to you, I should have said, Let me die, rather: but it appears an imperative duty now, and one I must nerve myself to perform."

Lennard lay on his pillow—bolster, correctly, for pillow there was none—and looked fixedly at me, and I, not less fixedly, at him. What, in the shape of a "confession," could he have to impart to me? He had been head clerk in Mr. Brightman's office long before I was a partner; a man of severe integrity, and respected by all.

"The night Mr. Brightman died—the bag of gold was missing—George Coney's. You remember it."

"Well?"

"I took it."

Was Lennard's mind wandering? He was no more likely to take gold than I was. I sat, looking, still.

"Yes, it was I who took it. Will you hear the tale?"

A deep breath, and the drawing of my chair closer to his bedside, was my only answer.

"You are a young man, Mr. Strange. I have taken an interest in you since you first came, a lad, into the office, and were under my authority—Charles, do this; Charles, do the other: not that I have shown it, for, outwardly, I am cold and undemonstrative, but I saw what you were, and I liked you in my heart. You are a young man yet, I say; but, liking you, hoping for your welfare, I pray Heaven that it may not be your fate, in after life, to be trammelled with an undutiful and spendthrift son."

"Have you been?"

"I have been, and am. It has been my later cross. The first was the losing my property and my position in life; the last has been Leonard—that is his name, Leonard Lennard—and it has been worse than the other, for it has kept us *down*, and in a perpetual ferment for years. It has kept us poor, amongst the poor: my salary, as you know, is a good and handsome one, but it has to be wasted on him."

"What age is he?"

"Six-and-twenty yesterday."

"Then you are not forced to supply his extravagance, or to find money for his faults and follies. You are not obliged to let him keep you down."

"By law, no. But these ill-doing sons are sometimes entwined round your very heartstrings; far rather would you suffer and suffer, than not ward off the ill from them. He has tried his hand at many things, many occupations, but remains at none; the result with all is trouble: and yet, his education and intellect would fit him to fill a responsible position in life. Get into what scrape he would, whether of debt, or what not, here he was sure of a refuge and a welcome: I received him, his sisters loved him.—One of them is bedridden," he added, in an altered tone.

"I went first, by mistake, into the next room: I probably saw her."

"Yes, that's Maria. It is a weakness, some chronic affection, I suppose, that has settled in her legs, and there she has been for ten months. With good advice and good sea air, she might be restored, they tell me, but I can provide neither: Leonard's claims are too heavy."

"But, should you waste means on him, that ought to be applied to her necessities?" I involuntarily interrupted.

He half raised himself on his elbow, and the effort proved how weak he was, and his voice and eyes had alike a strange earnestness: "When a son, whom you love better than life itself, has to be saved from the consequences of his follies, from prison, from worse disgrace even than that, other interests are forgotten, let them be what they may. Silent, patient requirements give way to loud wants that stare you in the face, and that may bear fear and danger in their train. Mr. Strange, you can imagine this."

"I do: it must ever be so."

"The wants of a young man, such as Leonard is, are as the cry of the horseleech, Give, give! One of these wants, imperative, and to be provided for in some way or other, occurred last February—the beginning of it. How we managed it, I can hardly tell, but it stripped us of all the money I could raise, and left me with some urgent debts upon me. The rent was owing, twelve months the previous December; and the tradespeople—some would not be put off any longer: and the landlord came in. That I had not the means to pay him out, you may judge, when I tell you that we had not the money to buy in a bit of meat or a loaf of bread. And my credit was gone!"

Lennard paused, and, stretching out for his handkerchief, wiped his brow.

"Maria was in bed, wanting comforts; Charlotte was worn out with fear; Leonard was away again; and we had nothing. No credit, and a distress in for the rent. I looked round on my position, and I resolved to disclose part of it to Mr. Brightman, and ask him to advance me a portion of my next quarter's salary. I hated to do it: a reduced gentleman is over-fastidious, and my pride rose against it. In health, I could not have spoken to you, as I am now doing. I went on, shilly-shallying for three days. On the Saturday morning Charlotte came to me 'That man in the house says if the rent is not paid to-night, the things will be taken out and sold on Monday: it is the very last day they'll give.' I went to the office, my mind made up at length, and thinking what I should say to Mr. Brightman: should I tell him part of the truth, or should I urge some plea, foreign to it. It was an unusually busy day: I dare say you remember it, Mr. Strange, for it was that of Mr. Brightman's sudden death: client after client called, and no opportunity offered for my speaking to him in private. I waited for him to come down, on his way to leave, thinking I would speak to him then: he did not come, and when the clients left, and I went up-stairs, I found he was stopping in town to see Sir Edmund Clavering. He told me to look in again in the evening, and I hoped I might find him alone then. You recollect the subsequent events of the night."

"I shall never forget them."

"When I came in, as he directed me, between seven and eight, there was that flurry with Leah—the rights of which I never knew. She said Mr. Brightman was alone, and I went up. He was lying in your room, Mr. Strange, had fallen down close to his own desk, the deep drawer of which stood open. I tried to raise him, I sprinkled water on his face, but I saw that he was dead. On the desk lay a small canvas bag; I took it up and shook it: why, I do not know, for I declare that no ill had then come into my mind. He appeared to have momentarily put it out of the drawer, probably in search of something, for his private cheque-book and the key of the iron safe, that I knew were always kept in the drawer, lay near it. I shook the bag, and its contents sounded like gold: I opened it, and counted thirty sovereigns. Mr. Brightman was dead; I could not apply to him; and yet money I must have; the temptation upon me was strong—and I took it. Don't turn away from me, sir: there are some temptations too strong to be resisted by man, in his necessities."

"I am not turning from you. The temptation was indeed great."

"The devil was near me then. I put the key and the cheque-book inside, and I locked the drawer, and placed the keys in Mr. Brightman's pocket, where he kept them, and I leaped down the stairs with the bag in my hand. Where should I put it, now I had got it? Upon my person? No: it might be missed directly, and inquired for. I was all in a tumult: scarcely sane, I believe, and I dashed into the clerks' office, and taking off the lid of the coal-box, put it in there. Then I tore off for a surgeon. You know the rest. When I returned with him you were there, and the next visitor, while we were standing round Mr. Brightman, was George Coney, after his bag of gold. I never shall forget the feeling when you beckoned me to take Mr. Brightman's keys from his pocket to get it out of the drawer. Or when—after it was missed—you took me with you to search for it, in the very office where it was, and I moved the coal-box under the desk. Had you but happened to lift the lid, sir!"

"Ah!"

"When the unsuccessful search was over, and I went home, I stole first into the room and put the bag in my breast-pocket. The gold saved me from immediate threatening trouble, but——"

"You sent it back to me in September: the bag and the 30*l.*"

"Yes, I could not do it previously, though the crime coloured my days with remorse, and I never knew a happy moment until it was restored. But Leonard had been back again, and restoration was not easy. I——"

Miss Lennard had opened the door. "Papa, the doctor is here. Can he come up? He says he ought to see you."

"Oh, certainly he must come up," said I, speaking for Lennard.

He came in, and stood looking at the patient, after he had questioned him. "Well," said he, "you are better; you will get over it."

"Do you really think so?" I asked.

"Decidedly I do, now. It has been a sharp twinge, but the danger's over. You see, when pain suddenly ceases, mortification sometimes begins, and I could not be sure. But you will do this time, Mr. Lennard."

Lennard had little more to say; and, soon after the doctor left, I prepared to follow him.

"There's a trifle of salary due to me, Mr. Strange," he whispered; "what has been going on since Michaelmas Day. I suppose you will not keep it from me?"

"Keep it from you! No. Do you want it before the quarter's end? You can have it if you do."

Lennard looked up wistfully. "You do not think of taking me back again? You will not!"

"Yes I will. You and I shall understand each other better than ever now."

The tears welled up to his eyes, and coursed down his cheeks. He laid his other hand—I had taken one—across his face. I bent over him with a whisper.

"What has passed to-night need never be recurred to between us: and I shall never speak of it to another. Don't you come to the office, mind, before you are strong enough. But I shall see you again on Monday, for I have five hundred questions to ask, as to what has been going on, during my absence. Good night, Lennard: you will outlive your troubles yet, I hope."

And never could I have a more faithful servant than Lennard has proved to me since: and I hope and believe that he *is* outliving his troubles. And my darling Annabel is outliving hers: for poor Mrs. Brightman, though no longer in the world, quitted it under far more consolatory circumstances than could have been hoped for. And we have moved from Essex-street to a commodious habitation, and Leah was gratified by being allowed a voice in planning out the furniture for the nursery, though, in consequence of a difference over it, she and Hatch nearly had a battle royal.

UP AMONG THE PANDIES:

OR, THE PERSONAL ADVENTURES AND EXPERIENCES OF A FERINGHEE.

BEING SKETCHES IN INDIA, TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

PART VI.

AND so the big guns were booming hoarsely, and rifles, matchlocks, muskets, and small-arms were popping briskly, and the bullets pinged with a soft but unpleasant sibilation before the fair city of Lucknow on the fourth day of March, in the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight.

And now the time was come, as Sir Colin Campbell worded it in his despatch, "for developing the plan of attack which had previously been determined on," the first step of which was to bridge the Goomtee. Hereat did Engineers, Royal and Bengal, her Majesty's Sappers and Miners, and Sappers from Madras, dusky of hue, big turbaned, and intelligent, work gaily through the night, and the following morning did the enemy appear in force upon that wide green plain, through which the little river Goomtee flows so snake-like, and they threatened the bridge, and appeared disposed to retard its completion; whereupon were field-guns sent down to overawe these gentlemen by their presence, and to bark hoarsely at them like huge watch-dogs suffering from bronchitis, and to play at "long bowls" with other and hostile guns, which they did to their heart's content the livelong day, while the big guns kept on booming and the bullets softly pinging, and the city glittered and gleamed unconsciously the while in the bright hot sun. Swiftly did the making of the bridge (or rather of the two bridges) progress, and plank after plank was laid down with a workmanlike and pleasant celerity. With the exception of this operation, the 5th of March was an uneventful day, in the course of which much ammunition was wasted, and many a bullet fell harmless, and artillerymen and sailors grew hot with the exertion of manning the 18-pounders. And some curious specimens of hammered shot,* unsightly, and far from mathematically spherical, came spinning into the camp and crashing through the trees, beneath the shade of which the drivers and horses of Gibbon's field battery of Royal Artillery, whose guns were playing at the long bowls aforesaid, were reposing; and but little harm was done, I wot, that day to friend or foe.

But this night will a move be made; and at an hour past midnight, in the darkness and the fog which overspread the scene, and silently, without sound of trumpet or bugle, there assembled in front of the camp a dense body of men, who were about to test the efficiency of the bridges that day constructed by crossing over them. It was a strange scene this midnight assembly, and a sort of forced stillness pervaded the whole as the tooops moved, regiment after regiment, up to the rendezvous. I use the word "stillness" advisedly, reader, for to those unaccustomed to the noise and clamour usually attending the parading of a mass of troops it would have seemed far from still. Now the even, measured tramp of men falls upon the ear, and now the dull rumbling of the artillery guns and waggons; here, trotting briskly to the front, comes a regiment of cavalry, their steel scabbards making a light jingle as they fall against the stirrup-irons; there comes another regiment of cavalry, likewise trotting, but who jingle not as they advance, and who seem to have even muffled their horses' hoofs, so silently, almost stealthily, do they pass by. Why is this? Because these are Sikh cavalry, who know not steel scabbards and their attendant jingle, but who wear leather sheaths, wherein the swords do not become blunt and dull, and who, though perchance they might fail to gladden the hearts of those good folks at home, who love the clatter and the clash, and the ringing of spurs, stirrup-irons, and scabbards, and look on them as part and parcel of a soldier, are able, by foregoing these same, to have tulwars, with edges like that of a razor—keen, bright, and ready, as many a deep and ghastly cut on Sepoy corpses can testify.

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* The enemy's shot were chiefly hammered—*i. e.* lumps of heated iron beaten into a spherical form, and not cast as ours are—probably from want of furnaces, moulds, and other appliances.

And so this body of troops pressed on through the darkness (with now and again the flash of a heavy gun, or a sharp rattling volley of musketry, to give a sort of zest and piquancy to the scene), finding their way—so it appeared to me—by instinct; for where we were going, how we were to get there, how penetrate the gloom, and, in fact, how anything was to result from all this, it was not easy to foresee; and, in fact, I still have my doubts on the subject, had it not been that we were suddenly favoured by the appearance of Luna looking rather pale from the severity of her struggle with the fog, but radiant with the triumph she had accomplished over the same. I have a dim consciousness of all this and all these noises—of finding myself with great, big, armed masses of shadow—for such the troops appeared to be—tramping on every side of me; of innumerable halts and delays; of being somewhere on the open plain, and not far from the river; of taking advantage of certain stoppages to curl myself up in my cloak on the ground in the warrior-taking-his-rest style, and snatch a few moments' sleep; of asking and being asked a score of times the question, which was never answered except by vague hypotheses, "Where are we going to?"—of a sort of confused notion that we were going to cover ourselves with glory; of gradually becoming insensible to the romance and picturesque strangeness of the scene which had at first attracted me, and more sensible of the cravings of Morpheus, who refused to be comforted by the light snatches of sleep above mentioned; of crossing the bridge, and of being a good deal squeezed by my fellow-man in doing so; and, moreover, of hearing a good deal of strong and emphatic language, which, as far as I could judge in the dark, sounded very much like swearing; and, finally, of morning breaking, and of a brave and gay *coup d'œil* as one looked and saw between one and the dazzling sun the various regiments composing the force drawn up in column, and beheld how out of the nettle Chaos we had plucked the flower Order.*

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* The regiments present on this occasion were the 2nd Dragoon Guards (the "Bays"), the 9th Lancers, and one or two regiments of Irregular Cavalry; D'Aguilar's troop Royal Horse Artillery, Rimington's and Mackinnon's troops Bengal Horse Artillery, Gibbon's and Middleton's field batteries of Royal Artillery, the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the 79th Highlanders, 2nd and 3rd battalions Rifle Brigade, 1st Bengal European Fusiliers, and Green's regiment of Sikhs.

Ahead are the cavalry and horse artillery, sending out skirmishers in all directions; there are the Queen's Bays, who look, in their scarlet coats, as if they had come out for the express purpose of attracting all the rays of the sun; there are the 9th Lancers, looking as they ever do, smart, neat, and business-like, with their lances slung lightly on their arms; there are large bodies of Sikh Irregular Cavalry, big-whiskered, monster-turbaned, and for the most part slate-coloured as to clothes, while each man presents the appearance of an armoury in miniature, what with the spear, tulwar, and pistols *à discrétion* wherewith he is equipped; there are three troops of Horse Artillery, one whereof is Royal, and the other two Bengal, all equally ready to gallop over the stiffest line of country you can point out to them, and to blaze away with perfect and deadly precision afterwards, and these complete the cavalry column, which is halted on the slope of a hill, waiting the order to advance.

Reader, a word in your ear. There is an officer among those scarlet-coated Bays, chatting away merrily enough now—a gallant soldier, full of life, courage, and hope. Look on him well, my friend, now while you can, and then seek not to look on him again, for three short hours' hence, or when you next shall see him, 'twill not, as now, be a glad sight which shall meet your eyes, but a ghastly and a horrible one, from which you will turn shuddering and pitying away. How bravely does the great round sun rise up!—how bravely and how bright!—gilding the gay scene and gladdening all hearts; and yet did some of us but know—did he I have just spoken of but know—that this was the last sunrise *he* would ever see! and that when to-morrow the round sun rises up as brightly and gilds the green plain and the waving tree-tops as now, its rays will light up and fall upon a dank and mutilated corpse lying away there towards the city upon the dewy grass, where, then, would our gladness be?

Plumes of Highlanders waving gaily, dark coats of Riflemen, the red uniforms of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the blue of the Bengal Fusiliers and of the Artillery, and the serviceable karkee-coloured vestments of the Sikh regiment of infantry, are clustered pleasantly *en masse* below the ridge on which the cavalry are halted. There is an everlasting glint and glitter from the bright locks of the rifles, from steel ramrods and polished belt-plates and burnished buckles, as the sun's slanting rays fall upon them, and the whole makes up a scene in which the pomp and circumstance of war are so blended with its stern reality that it will not readily be effaced from the beholder's memory.

I like to look back upon all the picturesque details of the same, to see in recollection the horses, with their heads deep buried in their nose-bags, feeding greedily—the men carving away with their pocket-knives at the hunch of bread, or sucking down the "go of grog" which composes their frugal breakfast—the officers gathered in knots round doolies, wherein are pieces of cold beef and mutton, pleasant to the eyes of hungry men, but which are rapidly becoming "small by degrees and beautifully less:" while the meat receives a peculiarly racy and *prononcé* flavour from somebody insisting on carving it with the same knife that he uses for tobacco. The tops of innumerable flasks, both wicker and leather, are being unscrewed, and the "dew off Ben Nevis" is fast evaporating, while it is astonishing how many people find it necessary to "correct acidity" by "nips" of "Exshaw's No. 1." There is a large display of cigar-cases and short, black pipes, accompanied by a strong smell of tobacco, very sweet and fragrant in the early morning air, and——But why dwell on trifles such as these, and leave unnoticed a very pleasing and prominent feature in the scene? A little to the left are gathered a group of officers "of high degree," and among them is one who, at this moment, is attentively observing through his glasses some of the enemy's videttes and cavalry, who are visible at a distance on some rising ground—a short, strongly-built man, black haired, with a keen, twinkling eye, and a cheerful bright smile, and a kind word for all—dressed in a blue frock-coat, and everlastingly puffing away at a cheroot—quiet in manner, cool, unwavering, and determined; one whom neither the hottest and most deadly fire, the gravest responsibility, or the most perilous and critical juncture can excite or flurry—a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*—the "Bayard of India" —General Sir James Outram—of all the host here assembled the kindest-hearted and the gallantest.

General Outram's character and services are too well known to need any praise from my pen; but there were many among us who, as they looked on him and thought of his brilliant career of forty years—thought of his exploits in days gone by against the rebels of Khandeish, the wild and savage Bheels—of his many deeds of personal valour and the bright romance which attaches itself to them—of his performances in the Affghan campaign, and in Lower Scinde, among the Mahrattas, and in Persia—of his political, as well as of his military, services—and more recently of the noble part he has borne during this rebellion, in the annals of which no act will stand out in clearer relief, or more gloriously, than the generosity which prompted this noble soldier to serve where he might have commanded, that he might so avoid robbing a gallant comrade, now, alas! no more, the illustrious Havelock, of the glory of leading the troops he had commanded so well to the relief of Lucknow—I say, there were many among us who, as they looked on the hero of all these deeds, felt that it was in truth an honour to serve under such a general. All the world know these, the public services of General Outram; but all the world do not know by how many little acts of kindness and generosity he has endeared himself alike to officers and men; they do not know that, thanks to him, many of the regiments who entered Lucknow with Havelock and himself, and who were subsequently under his command at the Alum-bagh, enjoy at this moment books, papers, periodicals, cricketing things, and other amusements, wherewith to beguile the weary hours in camp, and which Sir James has provided them with at his own expense—these and many other like acts, I say, are not generally known, they have not been trumpeted loudly forth, but they are none the less real, and none the less appreciated by those who are acquainted with them: they are jewels which neither lose their lustre nor their value because enclosed in a case, or hidden in the mine; and to the warmth of devotion which they and his many other qualities have called forth among all ranks, those who have served under him will readily testify. There is one other characteristic of General Outram's which I must mention, for it is one which, alas! is far from universal—I refer to that courtesy of demeanour which he invariably exhibits in his conversation with the lowest, as with the highest, of those with whom he may have to do, never for a moment forgetting in his position of commanding officer that he is a gentleman, or that he with whom he may be conversing, or to whom he may be giving an order, be it general or private soldier, has feelings and sensibilities like himself, which no rank, however exalted, gives the right to insult.

By this time the nose-bags are empty, and the maws of the hungry ones are filled—the black pipes have been smoked down to mere ash, and the cheeroots are beginning to burn the lips that hold them—and, in short, our hasty meal is over. "Attention!" and in a moment the mass of men are re-formed in their even ranks, the cavalry are upon their horses, and all is ready for a start. It would be difficult to describe the route we took that day without a plan on which to mark it out, and my best course will therefore be, to endeavour to explain the movements we were intended to execute, and the results which were expected to be derived therefrom. I must first, however, inform you that Pandy's knowledge, or, at any rate, his practice, of strategy and tactics is exceedingly limited, and that, luckily for us, he judges of his opponents by himself, never anticipating any originality of conception on their part, or giving them credit for more than one idea on any one given subject; acting upon this, therefore, he obtusely imagines that the same operation must on all occasions be performed in exactly the same manner, and that if we wish to fight a battle or capture a city, we shall invariably go through the same steps, over the same ground, and, in fact, set about it in identically the same way as we did last time we attempted it. Thus, after Havelock had thrown reliefs into Lucknow, the enemy set to work energetically to erect defences along the road by which he had entered the city, so as to foil any troops who might again attempt to enter the place by the same path; very naturally Sir Colin, when he rescued the beleaguered garrison, sagaciously declined to advance his troops by the way which they had so carefully prepared for his reception, and by making a slight *détour* to the right, he steered tolerably clear of these defences on which the enemy had expended so much time and trouble. It was scarcely courteous, perhaps, but decidedly wily—and I doubt not, Pandy lamented much over the gross incivility which prompted us to decline so fair an invitation, and must have thought the "Feringhees" sadly uncomplaisant and *brusque* when he saw them come bustling in past "Dilkoosha," "Martinière," "Secunderabagh," "Mess House," and "Shah Nujeef," which fell one by one into their hands, till the Residency was reached, the garrison relieved, and the feat of arms accomplished, without ever once troubling his well-prepared fortifications. No sooner had Sir Colin gone, than the enemy again commenced their old plan of locking the stable door after the steed was stolen, and vigorously did they work at repairing the unfortunate gap which they had before left open; thus, when we advanced for the capture of the city, we found the defences along the line of Sir Colin's former route greatly enlarged and strengthened, and fortifications grown up where previously none had existed. This was all well and good—Pandy was perfectly happy; in blissful ignorance of the art of taking defences in reverse, or of the many cunning devices and resources of engineers; in the fond hope that this time he was ready for us, he reposed behind his huge mud parapets, or popped away from numberless loopholes and embrasures in charming confidence, or threw up trenches, ditches, and batteries in all sorts of sly streets and roadways, and set a thousand traps in a thousand unexpected corners wherein to catch the unsuspicious infidel.

Alas, for Pandy, he had quite overlooked one thing: the side of the city along which the little river Goomtee runs (a side against which no hostile demonstrations had been made on former occasions, a fact which, according to Pandy's reasoning, inferred that none ever would be made) was left bare, naked, and comparatively unguarded. True, there was the river, and was not that a defence in itself? *Nous verrons*. And, in the mean time, my black friends with the black hearts, child-killers and murderers of women, lie calm and happy within your fortified palaces; set your sly traps, and blaze away with matchlock and booming gun, and heap fresh insults upon those two English ladies whom you hold captive within your walls; and be merry, my friends, over the coming fall of the "Feringhees," for have not your fakirs and gooroos told you that the sun of the infidels is set, and that they shall be confounded and put to shame? And is not Allah great, and Brahma good and powerful? It was a pity, to be sure, for your sakes, that Sir Colin should have had a head upon his shoulders at all, or that any of our generals should have been capable of putting *this* and *that* together, in logical conjunction, and that it should have occurred to us to make a demonstration on that particular side of the city where the Goomtee is the sole defence; it was likewise somewhat unfortunate that there should have been a general of Sir James Outram's experience and ability to conduct these trans-Goomtee operations. But so it was; and now, reader, perhaps you begin to comprehend why bridges were built, and why the troops crossed over the river as I have above described. It was not, however, with the intention of actually effecting the capture of the city in this direction, but in order to assist it very materially by, in the first place, diverting the enemy's attention, and in the second, by establishing batteries, which should enfilade and take in reverse their line of defences (which were chiefly erected at right angles to the river), and thereby render them untenable. This movement had also another important effect—viz. that of keeping the enemy in a state of chronic alarm lest all outlets to the rear should be closed, and all means of escape cut off. Doubtless the bloody scene which had been enacted in the "Secunderabagh," at Sir Colin's relief of Lucknow, where two thousand Sepoys were caught like rats in a cage, and whence, I believe, *not one escaped*, thanks to the keen bayonets of the Highlanders and Sikhs—doubtless this bloody scene, and the recollection of the two thousand corpses, as they were taken out on the following morning, was ever dancing and flitting a horrible vision before their eyes, and fostered an unconquerable dread that, did they stand their ground on this occasion, a similar fate might befal them, and that as Sir Colin advanced against them on the one side, Sir James Outram, forcing the passage of one of the two regular bridges across the Goomtee, would take them in flank and rear, and that thus the tragedy of the 16th November* would be re-enacted; and to this dread, very probably, do we owe, in a great measure, their rapid desertion of their elaborate defences, and our comparatively easy capture of the city.

It will thus be evident that the army was now divided into two great divisions, the one under General Outram on the left bank, the other under Sir Colin Campbell on the right, both moving in the same direction, and parallel to one another, but the former always so far in advance of the latter as was requisite for the establishing of the batteries which were to drive away Pandy from his fortifications, by a deadly enfilade fire of shot and a dense shower of shell which night and day they poured incessantly into them, after they had accomplished which Sir Colin would push forward his troops, capturing position after position in regular succession, General Outram the while moving forward, repeating the operation, bombarding and enfilading further defences until they in their turns became untenable, and were captured.

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* The day on which the Secunderabagh fell.

And now, having as best I can, without plans or drawings, made clear the principles of attack adopted, let me return to the force which I have kept waiting all this time in a very hot sun, impatient to advance.

We are in the middle of a plain. On our left lies Lucknow. We do not, however, continue parallel to the river, but make a wide sweep to the right, which occupies us for some time, and then again turning to the left, advance in our former direction at a rapid pace. It was now about eleven o'clock; the cavalry and horse artillery were far ahead, having trotted on, and we were, therefore, unable to see what they were doing, but reports began to be circulated that they were engaged, nor did these reports long want confirmation, for the sound of brisk firing became audible, and we shortly came upon some of their handiwork, and a sickening sight it was. A knot of women were sitting weeping bitterly over some half-dozen gashed and mangled corpses, the bodies of a small picket of the enemy whom our cavalry had surprised. The poor women looked up at us imploringly, with tearful eyes and clasped hands, as we passed, and sadly down at the wretched, mutilated remains of perhaps all that was dear to them in this world. Some of them had covered the still warm bodies over with a cloth, as well they might, for many of the cuts were the most trenchant and ghastly I had ever seen, while others gazed, mute and horrified, on the disfigured features and severed skulls, and on the great red-gaping wounds, as idiots look upon a sight which fascinates while it terrifies them, and as though they sought in vain to realise the terrible and awful truth. And, in the mean time, where are the cavalry? They have swept onward, away past weeping women and dead men, away in hot pursuit of a flying rabble! A portion of the "Bays" and 9th Lancers are called upon to charge, and headlong they ride, dealing death around them with their long flashing swords, and cutting up a large number of the enemy; though, unfortunately, the "Bays," who were the leading regiment, advancing with that wild and reckless courage which the taste of blood stirs up, galloped on on their work of destruction further than necessity demanded or prudence prompted, till, in scattered groups of twos and threes, their ranks broken by the rugged nature of the ground, they reached the "race-course," where the gallant Major Percy Smith, with one or two privates (I believe) fell victims to their temerity. Sir Hope Grant, seeing the disorderly nature of the charge, and fearing the results might be disastrous, had halted the 9th Lancers, and at last the "Bays" were checked in their mad career; but, spite of the courageous self-devotion and strenuous efforts of Ensign Sneyd and Corporal Goad,* they were unable to bring away Major Smith's body, which had to be left on the field to the mercy of a merciless enemy—a circumstance which added greatly to the grief we all felt for this officer's loss; and sad were the faces of his regiment as they rode back exhausted and with breathless horses to join the rest of the column.

Ah! it is a sad moment that, when the excitement which hurried you on, and bore you unshrinking through the heat of battle has died away, and you have nothing left but to count over the friends who are gone, and to familiarise yourself with the cruel thought that never again will that hand grasp yours, and that the dear eyes are closed for ever. A wretched waking it is on the morn which succeeds an action—a blank and joyless day that follows. It is hard to seek in the glory you have won for the companions you have lost, and poorly does the success of yesterday fill up the gaps which shot and steel have made; the "old familiar faces" that you miss; the well-known footsteps that you hear no more; the kind voice, with its cheering accents of friendship and brotherhood, where are they now? Oh! who among us, my friends, has not in the course of a lifetime had to ask this pitiful question? How few among us are there who, in the course of this wretched rebellion and its attendant war, have not felt that dreary blank and vacuum in their hearts as they mourned over some dear and well-loved comrade? It is not when the blow first strikes upon the heart that it is felt most keenly, but it is the bruise which it leaves behind, and which refuses to be healed, that is the hardest to be borne. How cruelly in those days of sorrowing do we apply nature's probes—truth and affection—to the gaping wound, and search into it, and feel its depth, and measure its extent, and realise for ourselves the greatness and the fulness of our grief! Ah, then it is, when, as day follows day, and the void remains still unfilled, and the slow cure seems still to stand aloof, that we suffer most; then, while the world rolls on as it did before, and folks around us pass to and fro upon their several paths, careless and gay as ever, and heedless of our loss, that the anguish gnaws fiercest at our souls. War is but poor work after all; a little glory, a little glitter, to season much sorrow, grief, and woe!

In the above skirmish the main body of the force had taken no part, but as we arrived on some rising-ground we saw the horse artillery densely enveloped in self-created smoke, and firing away very fast in the direction of a large yellow bungalow (the "Chucker-wallah Khotee," which I shall have occasion to mention again more than once in the course of this narrative), situated on the "race-course," and from which some guns were replying, and making the most unsatisfactory practice. I use the word "unsatisfactory" here in a selfish sense, for the shot which were, or ought to have been, intended for the Horse Artillery, would occasionally insist on plumping in among poor innocent us, in by no means an agreeable manner. We were halted, and had the supreme satisfaction of standing, or sitting quite still to be shot at for some few minutes—a period not wholly devoid of excitement, as thus: there was a cloud of smoke, then a distant report, then a few moments of comparative silence, then half a dozen cries of "Here comes another!" a small dark speck visible against the blue sky, a rapid hurtling through the air of the approaching missile, a whish-sh-sh-sh which became every moment louder—louder—louder, till it passes you with a sort of scream, and lodges in the ground behind. Hardly has it passed when another puff of smoke, and another distant report, announces the arrival of a fresh iron messenger. It was curious to hear the various speculations while the ball was still in flight, as to where it would fall. "Here it comes, straight at us." "No, it'll go over us." "It's into the Highlanders." Whish-sh-sh-sh-SH-sh-sh. "Just cleared them, by Jove!" And a deep breath of relief is drawn as it falls harmless, tearing up turf, and stones, and dust, and ricocheting away in the distance, carrying dismay and causing confusion among the stragglers and spare horses. However, our chief object, viz. that of making a reconnaisance of this portion of the enemy's position, and of establishing ourselves upon this side of the river, was effected; and General Outram ordered the troops to retire about two miles, and there to await the arrival of the baggage, which had been directed not to cross the Goomtee until we had sufficiently cleared the neighbourhood of the enemy to ensure its safety. The position to which we retired was on the Chinhut road, and not far from the village of Chinhut itself—consequently on the site, or very nearly so, of the fight of the 30th June, 1857, the disastrous consequences of which (attributable mainly to the treachery of a portion of the hitherto seeming-loyal native troops) had probably hastened in a great measure the complete investment of the residency of Lucknow.

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* This man has, I believe, received the Victoria Cross for the gallantry he displayed on this occasion. Captain (now Colonel) Seymour brought away Major Smith's helmet, medals, and watch.

Here, after watering our wearied nags, we sought shelter from the fierce rays of the sun in some friendly topes; and about one P.M., protected from Sepoy intrusion by the pickets which had been thrown out, thoroughly tired and exhausted, we lay down to take a "nap," after being some eleven hours in the saddle, six or seven of which, it must be remembered, were passed in the full glare and heat of an Indian sun. Hungry though one may be, and hungry as we were, eating becomes but a secondary consideration on these occasions—every other feeling yields to the all-absorbing one of intense fatigue. But, alas! to return tenfold when one awakens, as I did in about two or three hours' time, only to find—like Dame Hubbard—that "the cupboard was bare," or comparatively so, for our united contributions amounted to a few potatoes, with a modicum of grease! which we fried, and contented ourselves withal. Such is campaigning.

When the heat of the day had in some degree subsided we issued from our tope, and amused ourselves by "laying out" our camp, and grooming the poor horses (who were thoroughly "done," all of them having been in harness for two whole days, and some of them for three!) for the baggage had not yet arrived, nor, indeed, did it all come up that night, so we e'en bivouacked, and made what beds we could in the soft, sandy soil, at the imminent risk of being stepped upon by a camel or an elephant, which animals bearing baggage, together with some horses who were wandering about all night in a state of semi-somnambulism, kept strolling through the camp from "dewy eve" till morn. How any one ever found their own baggage, or the baggage its owners, it is hard to say, but the noise and confusion which continued all night was something past belief; long strings of camels with great piles of tables, portmanteaus, tents, and chairs, which looked in the gloom like houses, on their backs, and elephants bearing, apparently, whole cities, kept on passing continually, and treading alarmingly near one's face. Camp followers and others shouted without intermission, and it seemed without ever drawing breath, for their "bhaies" (friends or brothers) the long night through; and there was an individual called "Mattadeen," who seemed to be in the bonds of friendship and brotherhood with all the world, and to be "bhaie" in ordinary to humanity at large, judging from the constant cries of "Ho, Mattadeen! Mattadeen, h-o-o-o-o-o!" which echoed through the darkness; these, and various other little noises, tended to sour one's temper and disturb one's rest. But at last, spite of baggage-animals, camp-followers, and Mattadeens, and of an under-current of snoring which was going on, I fell into a sound and delightful sleep.

V. D. M.

THE JACOBITE FIDDLER.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

The south wind tore in hot pursuit
Full drive upon the cloud,
So eager, wrathful, hot, and swift,
Fierce, conquering, and proud.
He drove it as with Fury whips,
And lashed it on its way,
Till the consuming fire rose up
To burn the guilty day.

'Twas a sight to see, in the year of grace,
The gallows on the moor;
There Highlandmen, from hill and glen,
Were strung up by the score.
Many there were, black-choked by law,
Who died with a stifled prayer,
Yet never but one who, bright and free,
Took his last leap in the air.

I saw the wretch they were going to stretch
Take up his fiddle and bow:
"Jocky, my lad," he said, "don't cry,
But make the old chanter blow,
And play 'Mad Meg.'" He screwed a peg,
And made the old strings quiver;
With rasp and squeak he made it speak,
And gave us "Ferry the River."

His feet began to shuffle and trip,
He sprang, and leaped, and capered,
His pirouettes were double quick,
His bound was like a leopard;

And all the time the fiddle went,
With witches' oil for rosin—
If he played a single reel to us,
He played at least three dozen.

He made the very gallows-tree
Shake with the merry dances,
With old strathspeys and Highland jigs,
And "The Marching of the Lances;"
"The Bells of bonny Cupar Town,"
With their one-two-three, came laughing,
And then a smuggler's ranting lilt,
Sung when the "moonlight's" quaffing.

He sawed and sawed, to hear him, O Lord!
'Twas enough to gladden a Quaker;
'Twas "Caller Moonlight," and "O, such a Night!"
And "Go to the Devil and shake her."
His fingers flew the gamut through,
Leaping from top to bottom,
The gallows-tree with his minstrelsy
Shook as he roared "Od rot 'em!"

The hangman, clapping hands, admired,
Until the sheriff beckoned:
"You've played enough—that's *quantum suff.*—
I've two-and-thirty reckoned."
"One moment more, to double the score—
Just hear my 'Tullochgorum.'"
May I never sup if he didn't screw up,
And play it *variorum.*

The hangman stooped, the rope he looped—
That knot will solve the riddle—
Then turned to Rob, with a scrape and bob,
And begged to take his fiddle;
But the ne'er-do-weel, as staunch as steel,
Caught up the old bread-maker,
And over his knee, and against the tree,
He smashed it—the law-breaker!

Then threw up his hat, cried out, "A rat!—
Hanover rats love barley—
They've got in the barn and stolen the yarn—
God save the good King Charlie!"
Then, lashing out, he danced a spring—
His stout heart did not falter;
In the hangman's lap he flung his cap,
And looped for himself the halter.

With no prayer or sigh but a look at the sky,
He ran up the gallows stair,
With a pull at the rope, and a wish and a hope
That the hemp the weight might bear,
Shut eye and mouth, first whistled to south,
Then made—God save the mark!—
What for forty year he had scorned to fear—
That DREADFUL LEAP IN THE DARK!

Miscellanies by Monkshood.

THE GUILDHALL WHITE BOOK.*

It is upwards of two years since Sir John Romilly, as Master of the Rolls, submitted to the Treasury a proposal "for the publication of materials for the History of this Country from the Invasion of the Romans to the Reign of Henry VIII." His suggestion was, that these materials should be selected for publication under competent editors without reference to periodical or chronological arrangement, but unmutilated and unabridged, preference being given, in the first instance, to such materials as were most scarce and valuable. Also, that the editor should give an account of the MSS. employed by him, of their age and peculiarities; and that he should add to the work a brief account of the life and times of the author, and any remarks necessary to explain the chronology; but no other note or comment was to be allowed, except what might be necessary to establish the correctness of the text. The works were to be published separately, as they were finished, in octavo size; the whole responsibility of the task resting upon the editors, who were to be chosen by the Master of the Rolls with the sanction of the Treasury.

Their lordships approved of Sir John's proposal throughout, adding, however, a suggestion of their own, which has been carried out in this, the initial volume of an important series—viz. that the preface to each work should contain a biographical account of the author, so far as authentic materials existed for that purpose, and an estimate of his historical credibility and value. The first fruits of this large and liberal scheme may now be enjoyed by whosoever will, in the form of a handsome octavo of some nine hundred pages, adorned with an illuminated facsimile in Day and Son's best style.

When M. Jules Delpit visited England, in 1843, he devoted three months to that cynosure of "green fat" eyes, the Corporation of London's Guildhall. But he went not thitherwards on aldermanic thoughts intent. He was not prepared to go all lengths with Hood's "florid, corpulent, and rich" Sir John, whose confession of faith (and practice) had this for its main article—

"Talk of your Spring, and verdure, and all that!
Give *me* green fat!
As for your Poets with their groves of myrtles
And billing turtles,
Give me, for poetry, them Turtles there,
A-billing in a bill of fare!

"Of all the things I ever swallow—
Good, well-dress'd turtle beats them hollow—
It almost makes me wish, I vow,
To have *two* stomachs, like a cow!"

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* Munimenta Gildhallæ Londinensis; Liber Albus, Liber Custumarum, et Liber Horn. Edited by H. T. Riley, M.A., &c. Vol. I. containing Liber Albus, compiled A.D. 1419. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longman and Co. 1859.

And lo! as with the end, an inward thrill
Upheaved his waistcoat and disturb'd his frill,
His mouth was oozing and he work'd his jaw—
"I almost think that I could eat one raw!"

It was not, then, for callipash and callipee that M. Delpit so assiduously haunted Gog and Magog's Hall. A three months' course of turtle would be as bad as *toujours perdrix.* His object was to ransack treasures to which the average alderman is supposed to be supremely indifferent, and for whose meaning it must be an *un*common councilman that cares two figs. This persevering French student has the reputation of having devoted more time and thought to the examination of the City records, in their entirety, than any other person since the time of their being written. He succeeded in collecting from the City Archives, says the editor of the present volume, "copies of more than one hundred and fifty documents bearing reference to the early relations of this country with France, the existence of the great majority of which had until then been unknown." His commendations of the Guildhall records were of a kind to fix the attention of all concerned. He expressed his conviction that an attentive examination of these documents might reveal facts unknown or unanticipated, and lead to the discovery of curious revelations as to the then state of manners, and the form assumed by civil or commercial transactions. It was undoubtedly a great glory for the community of London, he declared, not only to possess archives more complete than those of any other city, but to possess archives which contain, so to say, the title-deeds (*titres*) of the nation itself; and these, not merely in the form of incorrect, partial, or incidental copies, but, on the contrary, regular, authentic, and more complete than those in any of the repositories from which the published copies have been taken.

The time having at length arrived, says Mr. Riley,* "thanks alike to the public spirit and munificence of the Government, the courteous liberality of the City Corporation, and the discernment of the Master of the Rolls, for the publication of the more valuable portions of the City records, the *Liber Albus* has been selected as the first of the present Series." The selection appears in every way a judicious one, and is justified by the Editor partly from this "White Book's" comparatively superior merits as a compilation; partly from the large amount of new light which is reflected from its pages upon social life, more especially, and civic usages, during the 13th and 14th centuries; partly from the high esteem in which it has always been held by the civic authorities, as one of their choicest heirlooms; and, in part, with a view to the advantages afforded by its invaluable Calendar to the principal civic records in existence at the date of its compilation. M. Delpit has pronounced this volume to be "a grand Repertory of the archives of the City;" and elsewhere he declares (after a brief quotation from it) that had his design been "to indicate everything that is curious and interesting in that work," he "should have had to copy it from beginning to end." In short, he marks the White Book with a white stone, and in such a way, that all the pathetic previsions of the motto, or epigraph, are now effectually dispelled—to wit,

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* Introduction, p. xvii.

Qui "Liber Albus" erat, nunc est contrarius albo,
Factus et est unctis* pollicibusque niger.†
Dum tamen est extans, istum describite librum;
Ne, semel amisso, postea nullus erit.
Quod si nullus erit—nonnulla est nostraque culpa,—
Hei! pretii summi, perdita gemma, Vale!

The "gem" of once "whitest" purest ray serene, was not to be lost in dark unfathomed caves of human oblivion; the precious pages were not doomed to utter obliteration by the impress of greasy thumbs. Her Majesty's Printers have now secured the imperilled treasure a safe and lasting place among *Rerum Britannicarum medii ævi Scriptores*, or Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages.

The *Liber Albus* is described as a large folio volume, in a leather binding, the boards and bosses of which are of the date probably of the 16th century. It was compiled in the year 1419, under the auspices of the Common Clerk, or Town Clerk, one John Carpenter, a Memoir of whose Life and Times was published in 1856 by Mr. Thomas Brewer. It is written throughout in the hand known as "Modern Gothic," by a variety of penmen. Its "great and peculiar merit," as the editor observes, will be found to consist in the new and abundant light it throws upon the social condition, usages, and institutions of the 13th and 14th centuries, of England's most important, and in every respect most favoured, community. The period under illustration extends from the earlier years of the reign of Edward I. to about the middle of that of Richard II., during the whole of which time there appears to have been but little change in the internal laws and regulations of our civic communities;‡ most of the arts and handicrafts practised here remaining in much the same state; and the enactments and ordinances as to manufactures and the supply of food, being characterised by almost identical features throughout. Such was "the non-progressive tendency of the times, such the *vis inertiæ* of the few who had to do with making the laws, and so guiding the multitude, that the reader may rest assured that, in nine cases out of ten, the usage mentioned as belonging to the reign of Edward I. equally belonged to that of Edward III.

"The only great difficulty that the Editor has met with has been, owing to the extremely inartistical plan of compilation pervading the greater part of the original work, in the grouping and arranging of his collection of facts. Happily, however, he has, with a fair degree of satisfaction to himself, succeeded in producing somewhat of system and order out of an accumulation which, when originally excerpted, seemed little short of chaotic." As the result, Mr. Riley proposes to view what might be termed "Civic and Social Life in the mid-days of the Plantagenets," under the following phases:—Houses and shops; chimneys, fuel; builders and building materials:—Streets and street regulations; city gates:—Regulations in reference to the River, the watercourse of Walbrook, and the city fosses:—Police regulations:—Hostellers and lodging-house keepers:—Brewers and taverners; ales and wines:—Bread and bakers, corn-dealers, millers, cooks, pie-bakers, and pastelers:—Fishmongers and fish:—Butchers and butchers' meat:—Poulterers and poultry:—Food and miscellaneous articles:—Clothing and clothiers; fripperers, shoemakers, furriers, and other trades:—Commerce, imports, and exports:—Offences, punishments, and prisons. His introductory sketch (pp. xxix.-cix.), which illustrates the foregoing particulars in the order here given, may be said to present an analysis of the entire volume, and will be read with real interest by many to whom Liber Albus itself might seem uninviting as the bluest-looking of *Blue* Books. We can only touch here and there, in touch-and-go, off at a tangent style, on a few of the medley items which make up the motley whole.

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* *Unctis* is evidently meant for a noun-substantive. Mr. Riley would translate it "grease-spots."

† It is now, in fact, known to the City officials as the Liber Niger—the original title being unhandsomely transferred to a transcript, made in 1582.

‡ See Introduction, pp. xxxvii. *sqq.*

One of the first things that strikes the observer, whose stand-point belongs to Free-Trade times, and whose lot is cast (for better or worse) in an age of Political Economy, is the constant control exercised by those in authority over those in business—the amount of magisterial interference with rates of wages, tariffs of prices, and all dealings whatsoever between buyer and seller, or master and man. Early in Edward the Third's reign, spurriers were ordered to sell spurs at the rate of 6d. and 8d. the pair, the very best not to exceed 12d. Under Edward I., the prices to be charged by shoeing smiths, or *mareschals*, for their labour and materials, were—for putting on a common horse-shoe with six nails, 1½d.; with eight nails, 2d.; and for removing the same, ½d.; for putting a shoe on a courser, 2½d.; on a charger, 3d.; and for removing a shoe from either, 1d. Workmen and labourers, says Mr. Riley, "seem to have been dealt with in a very summary manner, and, though their wages appear to have been regulated on a sufficiently bountiful scale, and they were nominally styled free, in reality they could hardly call their hands their own." Shortly after the great pestilence of 1348-1351, and in consequence of the scarcity of labour caused thereby, we find an enactment, "that every workman and labourer shall do his work just as he used" (*i.e.* on the same terms as) "before the pestilence;" also, "that the servants of substantial people (*bons gens*) shall take no more than they used to take;" and, "that labourers and workmen who will not work, shall be arrested and imprisoned." At an earlier period, too, but in the same reign, that of Edward III., we meet with royal Writs, directing that working "Saddlers, Skinners, and Tanners, shall be chastised for charging excessively; and that Fishmongers, Poulterers, and other journeymen (*operarii*), shall take no more than they used to take."

In the time of Edward I. the following prices of butchers' meat were assessed by public enactment. For the carcase of the best ox, 13s. 4d.; of the best cow, 10s.; of the best pig, 4s.; and of the best sheep, 2s. In what Mr. Riley calls the usual spirit of illiberality pervading most trade regulations in those days, there was a provision tacked to this tariff, by way of rider, to the effect that, if any person should withdraw himself from the trade, by reason of the said ordinance, he should lose the freedom of the City, and be compelled to forswear the trade for ever.

By an ordinance of the third Edward's reign it is enacted, that "Tailors shall henceforth take, for a robe garnished with silk, 18d.; for a man's robe, garnished with thread and buckram, 14d.; also, for a coat and hood, 10d.; also, for a lady's long dress, garnished with silk and cendale, 2s. 6d.; also, for a pair of sleeves, for changing, 4d." Skinners and furriers were subjected to very severe regulations as to the making up of suits of furs, upon breach of which they were summarily consigned to the pillory. No mixed work, formed of different kinds of skins, was allowed to be made, and no new fur was to be worked up with old. For preparing a thousand (skins, perhaps) of grey work, the price allowed to be charged by the skinner was 5s.; for one hundred English coney-skins, 12d.; and so forth (p. lxxxix). The prices allowed to be charged for boots and shoes, midway in the reign of Edward III., were—"A pair of shoes made of cordwain, 6d.; made of cow-leather, 5d.; a pair of boots made of cordwain, 3s. 6d.; made of cow-leather, 3s." A pair of gloves of sheepskin was to cost 1½d.; and a pair of the best quality, 3d.

Upon ale-brewers a very tight hand was kept. The Assize price of ale seems to have varied; but to exceed that price, whatever it might happen to be, involved heavy penalties; while, as in the case of the butchers, previously mentioned, provision was made that "if any man or woman shall decline to brew, or shall brew a less quantity than he or she used to brew, in consequence of this ordinance, let such person be held to be a withdrawer of victuals from the City, and, for such disobedience and malice let him or her incur the penalty of imprisonment, according to the will of the Mayor for the time being; and nevertheless, let the said person forswear for ever the said trade within the liberties of the City." The bakers, too, were cribbed and confined with restrictions of a stringent sort; it must be allowed, however, that some of the laws *de pistoribus* (pp. 356 *sq.*) imply a knavish ingenuity on the part of the trade, which required sharp looking after, and occasionally deserved even, what it obtained, a front place in the pillory.

Certain of the ordinances *de pistoribus* read oddly enough, five hundred years after date. For instance, the prohibiting bakers from setting foot within particular regions, such as the markets of Westcheap and Billingsgate, &c. &c. "Nullus pistor ingrediatur Cæmeterium Sancti Michaelis, nec Mercatum de Weschepe, de Greschirche, de Billyngesgate, nec de Botulves-wharf, nec Ripam Reginæ." (It seems, by the way, or out of the way, that bakers had a hankering after cemeteries. What was the attraction? The days of adulteration by bone-dust had hardly then dawned; besides, it was as a good place for selling bread, not for making it, that they appear to have selected such localities.) Again, they were forbidden to heat their ovens with fern, straw, or reeds: "Nullus pistor furiuare faciat de feugeria, de stipula, de stramine, nec de arundine." Any bread made out of London and brought there for sale, was to be deemed adulterated—*credite posteri!* "Panis extra Londonias factus, et in civitate Londoniarum ad vendendum deportatus, discernimus esse adulterinum." A discernment *not* perhaps worthy of Dr. Hassall. The bread, too, was to be delivered "all hot:" if brought to your door cold, you were to shut your door on it, with an angry bang if you liked, in poor Pistor's face. "Nullus panis frigidus captus sit, sed calidus," &c. One is half glad to find that Pistor had his special privilege, amid all this hard measure: he was specifically privileged to rear a pig in his own house. "Pistores nutrientes porcos salvo sibi intrant [nutriant] in domibus suis, vel alibi, extra vicos et venellas civitatis." Pork seems to have been more extensively consumed than any other kind of butchers' meat, judging from the frequent mention of swine, and the laws about them, living and dead. "Lean swine" are named as frequenters of Smithfield Market, apparently as a means of improving their condition. In Edward Longshanks' days, persons living in the City were allowed to keep swine "within their houses," with as free a range as that porcine pet of the Irish schoolmaster, which joined the classes on all fours, a regular snapper-up of unconsidered trifles:

> ——alsoe,
> He keeps a parlour boarder of a pig,
> That in the College fareth to and fro,
> And picketh up the urchins' crumbs below.

But these Plantagenet pigs were not to occupy sties that encroached on the streets. At a later day, the permission to keep them even within one's house would seem to have been limited, as we have seen, to master bakers; and Mr. Riley takes it to have been at all times a standing rule, that swine were not to be allowed to roam about the streets, fosses, lanes, or suburbs of the City. If an erring specimen was found, grunting along his solitary way, defiant of statutes and ordinances in such cases made and provided, then might such vagrant porker, whether straying in the mere naughtiness of his heart, or

> Compell'd by hunger and in quest of *grub*,

be lawfully slain by whatsoever citizen lighted on him in his vagabondage, —said citizen being also at liberty to retain what had been pig but was now pork, the carcase whole and entire; unless, indeed, the pig's sometime owner bought it of him at a stipulated sum. Not even this license for any citizen to kill any stray pig was considered effectual enough to answer the legislative purpose. The vagrant propensity that emptied so many a sty of its denizen became a nuisance that must be abated by a New Police. For we find that early in the reign of Edward I. four men were "chosen and sworn [fancy the ceremony of taking the *oaths*] to take and kill all swine found wandering within the walls of the City, to whomsoever they might belong." We find, however, that the Renter of St. Antony's Hospital (the patron Saint of swine) was "a privileged person" in this respect, though his honesty was impeachable, since he had to make oath that he would not "avow any swine found at large in the City," nor "hang any bells* around their necks, but only around those pigs which have been given them in pure alms."

It was equally forbidden, too, "that dogs should wander about the City, either by night or by day, without some one to look after them." But here again there were the privileged orders. The prohibition did not sweepingly and indiscriminately affect alike

> Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
> Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym,
> Or bobtail tyke, or trundel tail.

No indeed; stray dogs of the upper classes might wear their rue with a difference. Express exceptions were made for what the ordinances call Genteel Dogs, *chiens gentilx*, who came of good family, and moved in the best society. Not Burns himself distinguished so definitely betwixt The Twa Dogs as did the lawgivers of London's good old times. *Cæsar*, whose

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* The distinguishing mark of St. Antony's pigs.

—— lockit, letter'd, braw brass collar
Show'd him the gentleman and the scholar,

had the run of the streets, and welcome: but *Luath*, albeit "a gash and faithful tyke

As ever lap a sheugh or dike,"

being of plebeian race, and altogether homely aspect, might not perambulate the streets without a keeper, or if he did, *tant pis pour Luath*.

The learned Editor's summary of these and similar enactments and ordinances, "arbitrary, illiberal, and oppressive," sanctions the inference that the favoured and so-called free citizen of London hardly possessed more than the semblance of liberty, as we at least are accustomed to construe the term. For that summary includes, for example, laws which compelled each citizen, whether he would or no, to be bail and surety for a neighbour's good behaviour, over whom, perhaps, it was impossible for him to exercise the slightest control; laws which forbade him to make his market for the day until the purveyors for the King and the "great lords of the land" had stripped the stalls of all that was choicest and best; laws which forbade him to pass the City walls, for the purpose even of meeting his own purchased goods; laws which bound him to deal with certain persons or communities only, or within the precincts only of certain localities; laws which dictated, under severe penalties, what sums, and no more, he was to pay to his servants and artisans; laws which drove his dog out of the streets, while they permitted "genteel dogs" to roam at large: nay, even more than this, laws which subjected him to domiciliary visits from the City officials on various pleas and pretexts; which compelled him to carry on a trade under heavy penalties, irrespective of the question whether or not it was at his loss; and which occasionally went so far as to lay down rules, at what hour he was to walk in the streets, and incidentally, what he was to eat and what to drink. Viewed individually, laws and ordinances such as these may seem, perhaps, of but trifling moment; but "trifles make life," the poet says, and to have lived fettered by numbers of restrictions like these, must have rendered life irksome in the extreme to a sensitive man, and a burden hard to be borne.

"Every dark picture, however, has its reverse, and in the legislation even of these gloomy days, there are one or two meritorious features to be traced. The labourer, no doubt, so far as disposing of his labour at his own time and option was concerned, was too often treated little better than a slave; but on the other hand, the price of bread taken into consideration, the wages of his labour appear—at times, at least—to have been regulated on a very fair and liberal scale. The determination, too, steadily evinced by the civic authorities, that every trader should really sell what he professed to sell, and that the poor, whatever their other grievances, should be protected, in their dealings, against the artifices of adulteration, deficient measures, and short weight, is another feature that commands our approval. Greatly deserving, too, of commendation is the pride that was evidently felt by the Londoners of those times in the purity of their much-loved Thames, and the carefulness with which the civic authorities, in conjunction with the Court, took every possible precaution to preserve its banks from encroachment and its stream from pollution. The fondness, too, of the citizens of London in former times for conduits and public fountains, though based, perhaps, upon absolute necessity to some extent, is a feature that we miss in their representatives at the present day."

We subjoin a few miscellaneous details to illustrate these latter remarks, as regards the sanitary aspect of the question. At p. xl. of the Introduction notice is taken of the great precautions which seem to have been used, though with indifferent success perhaps, for keeping clean the City streets, lanes, and highways. Kennels, it would appear, were pretty generally made, on either side of the street (leaving a space for the footpath), for the purpose of carrying off the sewage and rain water. There were two kennels in Cheapside, at a period even when nearly the whole of the north side was a vacant space. The City Conduit (at the east end of Cheapside) is frequently mentioned in this volume,* and from it, in conjunction with the Thames (the water from which was conveyed in carts), the City derived its main supply of water. A fountain is also spoken of as being situate before the Convent of the Friars Minors in Newgate; and some houses were provided with (so-called) fountains of their own. The kennels of Cornhill are often referred to. The highways were directed to be kept clean from rubbish, hay, straw, sawdust, dung, and other refuse. Each householder was to clear away all dirt from his door, and to be equally careful not to place it before that of his neighbours. No one was to throw water or anything else out of the windows, but was to bring the water down and pour it into the street. An exception, however, to this last provision, seems to have been made in the case of fishmongers, for we find injunctions frequently issued (in contravention of the precautions mostly taken to preserve the purity of the Thames) that they shall on no account throw their dirty water into the streets, but shall have the same carried to the River. The lanes too running down to the Thames, and the highways between Castle Baynard and the Tower, were to be kept free from all impediments, so that persons on horseback might experience no difficulty in going to the Thames.† We give, in the original, the regulation on this subject, *de Vicis et Venellis mundandis:* "Et qe touz les venelles tendantz a Thamise, des les rues realx de Chastel Baynard jesqes a la Tour de Loundres, soient deliverez, issy qe gentz a chival puisse sanz destourbaunce chivacher et aler a Thamise; et sinounn, les Viscountz le facent faire al costage des ceaux qi la desturbaunce unt faitz; et jalepluis tant soient les destourbours grevent asmerciez."‡ Which "grave amercement" no doubt the *Viscountz* exacted, and the *destourbours* had to pay, not without a grudge at those excessively particular cavaliers, and possibly a protest against thus befouling the purity of Old Father Thames.

A certain number of *Rakyers*, or Rakers,—corresponding to our

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* See p. xlv.

† Ibid. p. xl.

‡ Liber Albus, p. 274.

Scavengers—were kept at the expense of each ward, whose duty it was to remove all refuse, from the middle of the street probably, to places duly provided for its reception. Twelve carts, with two horses each, were ordered to be kept in the City for this purpose, in Edward the Third's time. Ordinances were repeatedly issued by the City authorities for cleansing the field (*campum*) "called Smithfield," and for keeping clean all hythes, fosses, walls, conduits, the River Thames, and the Watercourse of Walbrook; proclamation was also made that no one should throw dung, sand, rubbish, or filth, into the Thames, Fleet, or fosses of the City. "In the same regard for the purity of the River, it was ordered that all boats taking in loads of rushes, hay, or straw, should load only the very moment before their departure; in addition to which, each boat, bringing rushes,* was to pay 12d. for cleansing the place where it was unloaded. The butchers of St. Nicholas Flesh Shambles were evidently in the habit of carrying their offals down to the Thames; this, however, was forbidden by the authorities, and places provided for the burial thereof. No person was allowed, *temp.* Edward III., to bathe in the Tower Foss, or in the Thames near the Tower, *under penalty of death.* For the purpose of keeping clean the Watercourse of Walbrook, every householder on its banks, from the Moor† (*Mora*) down to the Thames, was ordered to keep a rake, the better to intercept any refuse thrown into it."‡

A variety of curious particulars relating to "the great social evil," and its remedies, or restrictions, will be found, soiling the whiteness of the White Book. Of other miscellaneous matters a few incongruous specimens may here be appended, by way of conclusion. No "Leper," for instance, was allowed to enter the City Gates, to dwell in the City, or to walk or beg in the streets thereof; but these unhappy people were to have a common deputy (*attourne*), whose duty it was to go round the parish-churches on Sundays for the collection of alms in their behalf. The officer who acted as "Supervisor of the Lepers" was specially exempted from service on all Assizes, Juries, Watches, and Summonses. Lazars, or diseased beggars, were forbidden to beg alms in the streets of the City, and frequent ordinances were issued, to the effect that no one able to gain his subsistence by labour should beg within its walls.—"On the body of each dead Jew buried in London, a custom of threepence-halfpenny was levied, in the latter part of the reign of Henry III. After enduring almost unheard-of cruelties, the Jews were banished from England in 1290, by Edward I.; and an ordinance was made that they should on no account be admitted into the City of London. Prior, too, to their expulsion, it had been declared illegal, as we learn from *Liber Horn*, for any landlord to let his house to a Jew, in case it were not 'within Jewry' (*infra Judaismum*)."—"*Temp.* Edward I., Barbers were forbidden to expose blood in their windows, but were ordered to carry it privily to the Thames—one of the comparatively few ordinances of these times to the detriment of that now much ill-used stream." The blood was, of course, that which they took chirurgically, with the lancet; and implies no sort of reflection on their possible mismanagement of the razor. —Milk is nowhere mentioned, says Mr. Riley, as an article of sale or otherwise, throughout the Volume: he suggests that it was perhaps little used, if at all, by the City population. The same negative evidence will scarcely warrant a corresponding suggestion in the article of "drunkenness," which he couples in the same sentence with milk, because, like that innocent beverage, the subject of drunkenness is "nowhere" in these pages. The Editor infers that intoxication was probably not deemed an offence by the authorities if unattended with violence. "The best ale, too, which was no better than *sweet-wort*, was probably so thin that it might be drunk in 'potations pottle deep' without disturbing the equilibrium of the drinker." Ale-houses were to be closed at Curfew, under heavy penalties, as also were wine-taverns,—to prevent persons of bad character from meeting to concoct their "criminal designs." No allusion occurs to wine in bottles or flasks; it would seem to have been consumed wholly in draught. The price of Rhenish in Richard the Second's time was 8d. a gallon; Malmsey, then called Malvesie, was just double that price.—"It seems to have been a prevalent custom with knavish bakers to make bread of fine quality on the outside and coarse within; a practice which was forbidden by enactment, it being also forbidden to make loaves of bran or with any admixture of bran." The servants of *bons gens* were legally entitled to be present when the baker kneaded his dough. Fines were at one time extensively exacted from the baking trade, but, "by a civic enactment *temp*. Edward II., it is ordered that from henceforth the Sheriffs shall take no fines from bakers and breweresses, but shall inflict upon them corporal punishment (by pillory) instead." For a first offence, against the required weight or quality of his loaves, the culprit was drawn upon a hurdle—shoeless and stockingless, and his hands tied down by his side—from Guildhall, through the dirtiest and most densely peopled streets, the short-weight loaf pendent from his neck. For the second, he was dragged by the same conveyance to the pillory in Cheap, to air himself for an hour, and receive the mob's voluntary contributions, animal, vegetable, and nondescript. For the third, he had a third journey on the hurdle, his oven was ignominiously pulled to pieces, and himself compelled to abjure baker's business in the City of London for evermore. The hurdle appears, however, to have been discontinued in Edward the Second's reign, and the pillory substituted for it in first offences. Really the baking business must have had many a hard crust in its oven or on its counters, in those crusty times. At any rate, the staff of life was very frequently used to give its makers a hard rap on the knuckles—hard enough to disable them for future kneading, and so, in a manner, to take the bread out of their mouths. Nevertheless, the tricks of trade were numerous and impudent enough to warrant some sharp practice on the other side; there were "rogues in grain" not only among bakers and millers, but among "certain buyers and brokers of corn," of whose artifices, as well as those of butchers and other greasy citizens, together with the diversified punishments liberally awarded them, edifying evidence may here be had for the seeking. For this White Book, like white light, is quite a vari-coloured composition; and, as in the witches' caldron, red, black, and grey, all mingle as they may.

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* Rushes are frequently mentioned as being brought by boat; they were extensively used for covering the floors of houses. Sedge, too, for fuel, may possibly be included under the name of rushes (*junci*, *scirpi*, and *jones*).

† Finsbury Moor; from which "Moorfields" takes its name.

‡ Introduction, pp. xli., xlix. *sq.*

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Elections are over!

That trial of strength, which began with the sham-fight in Marylebone, and most appropriately ended in a battle-royal in Kilkenny, whose candidates, emulating the pugnacity of the cats for which the county is so famous, enjoyed a regular Irish fight—all to themselves—and fought it out to the very last moment!

Upon the result of that trial of strength we may fairly congratulate the Government, for though there have been a few losses—owing chiefly to local influence and neglected registries—the Ministerial gains have been prodigious. The appeal to the country has been responded to by an excess of thirteen in the Boroughs—where the Liberals looked for nothing but victory—and of eleven in the Counties, making twenty-four in all, a number equivalent, on a division, to forty-eight votes: the real amount may, indeed, be stated at forty-nine, in consequence of the death of Mr. Fagan, the member for Cork, who voted always with the Opposition.*

A compact body, then, of over three hundred Conservatives enters the new House of Commons, a phalanx which needs no stimulus to union. Nominally the Opposition muster some three hundred and fifty, well meriting, by the diversity of their opinions, the character of Falstaff's regiment: "Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth,—discarded serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen; prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks." Whether there be only "a shirt and a half in the whole company" we will not take upon ourselves to assert, but we may safely say with the fat knight that, politically speaking, "no eye hath seen such scarecrows!" Sir John refused to march with his men through Coventry; when called upon to march, we apprehend the Opposition force will refuse to follow their leader.

Their leader! That raises a curious question. Who is the enterprising individual? Is it Lord Palmerston, with six or eight score followers—Lord John Russell, with only half as many—or Mr. Bright, with a crooked tail of still smaller dimensions? The "coming man" is not alluded to by any of the Opposition journals, and for the best of all possible reasons: he is (to use a phrase permissible on the Derby Day) "the darkest horse in the stable."

But though the leader be wanting, the principle of union is conjured into existence; vaguely enough, indeed, as we may judge by the following paragraph in the *Daily News* of the 24th ult., in which the "cordial concurrence" (!) of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell is anticipated "on the *two* (?) all-important subjects of Parliamentary Reform and Foreign Policy." "The public," says the *Daily News*, "may, we are assured, place confidence in the statement circulated yesterday, that such a general agreement had, on explanations, been arrived at as is calculated to give life, spirit, and unity to the party of which they are the leaders. We make no attempt to gauge the differences which may have existed on the question of Reform between Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell. If they are now in accord, it must be on general outlines, or on a plan such as the Liberal party will support and the country will sanction, and their declared policy must be of a thoroughly liberal and comprehensive character. On a question so important, retrogression is not in the present temper of the public, nor, after the discussions that have occurred in Parliament, is it to be apprehended. Should, therefore, the new House of Commons declare its want of confidence in Lord Derby and his colleagues, there is every probability, if the Queen resort to the leaders of the Liberal party for counsel and advice, of the formation of a Government in which may be found the best minds of the party, irrespective of minor shades of difference, and not subject to the embarrassments of previous associations."

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* This estimate is given according to the detailed return in the *Times*, which, however, in an article on the subject, speaks of the clear Conservative gain as equivalent to fifty-two votes. On the Ministerial side the amount is raised to thirty seats, or sixty votes.

All this is very high-sounding language, but it presupposes two things which are by no means certain—the loving fellowship of the two noble lords, who, like the two kings of Brentford, are smelling at one rose, and the importance of Parliamentary Reform at a time when every man's mind is fixed on a totally different subject. The *Times*, which, on the Reform question, really expresses what all sensible people think of it, is disposed to the opinion that, as "adversity makes strange bedfellows," so "Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell will no doubt co-operate to restore what their differences have overthrown." This means an Opposition party of momentary substantiality, by which the *Times* infers that the Government must be turned out, "in all probability," on a question of confidence. Without stopping to inquire whether the wish here is not father to the thought, or commenting on him "who sold the skin before the beast was slain," we may point to the impotent conclusion at which the *Times* arrives: "What we lament is, that the Liberals would return to power with an aggravation of the difficulties which drove them from it. If their divisions left them before at the mercy of an independent party, steady to no other game but its own advancement, much more so will it be now. We cannot flatter ourselves that the events which have reconciled Palmerston and Russell will make Bright less assuming and confident. Whatever mischief he did before he can do now; and whatever he can do to stop Government on ordinary principles he most probably will. What, then, have we gained by the resolution which gave Lord Derby a fair pretence for going to the country? We have gained only the moral lesson for the Liberal chiefs, and we can only regret that at their respectable time of life they should require such a lesson, and have to learn to be wise at such a cost to themselves and their country."

So it is for a repetition of the famous magic-lantern comedy of "Pull Devil, pull Baker," with the confession that no good can come of it, that the present Government is to be ejected!

We cannot, of course, expect to be told on what question this "suppository" vote of confidence, as Winifred Jenkins would have called it, is to be raised, but, supposing the fusion of discordant elements effected, we may put a query ourselves. Is it the presumed absence from the

Queen's Speech of a definite programme of that Reform which Lord Palmerston so heartily abhors, that Reform on which he is *censé* to combine with Lord John, who likes no Reform but his own, or the larger measure of Mr. Bright, whose Reform is only another word for revolution. Rotten ground this, as the *Times* has shown, for the rivals for power to take their stand upon! If not, however, with this hackneyed cry, what other can be shouted as they take the field? We will not, however, discuss improbable issues, but turn to an actuality which absorbs universal attention—the war in Italy, which Lord Derby and Lord Malmesbury have laboured so honestly and so energetically to avert.

This war, then, what is it?

An honest and generous interference on the part of France to render Italy free and independent, or a war undertaken in that spirit of propagandism to which Sardinia has sold herself, not for the subversion of right only, the right made lawful by treaty, but for the ill-concealed though loudly-disavowed object of family influence and territorial acquisition?

The Italians, it appears, by the observant correspondent of the *Times*, who only a few days since arrived in Turin—the Italians believe in the singleness of purpose proclaimed by the Emperor of the French. "No reference," he says, "to past transactions or present appearances avails with the honest and earnest Italian patriots whom I everywhere meet. Napoleon, they think, is perfectly honourable, utterly disinterested in his views. He wishes to drive the Austrians out of all Italy, and join Lombardy and Venice with Piedmont in one great northern kingdom. He has no designs on Central Italy for his cousin, no afterthought as to Naples in behalf of the heirs of Murat. He wishes for no land for himself, no crowns for his dynasty. The liberation of Italy is too noble a task to be sullied by sordid, selfish considerations. Such perfect faith, you will allow, is beautiful to witness, and may work wonders."

But declarations so favourable to the hopes of Italy are not the only weapons employed by the agents of Louis Napoleon in his warfare with Austria.

Amongst the traditions of the Empire, not unforgotten, is the system, embalmed in the bulletins of the first Napoleon, of calumniating the enemy it seeks to conquer. Official telegrams strike the key-note, and "liberal" correspondents of English newspapers—*gobemouches*, at least, for we will not suppose them to be worse—strike up the air, with variations *ad libitum*, but all in harmony with the original motive. No lie so improbable, no assertion so exaggerated, but is recorded as Gospel truth, if its result be damaging to the Austrian side. The fact of there being Croats in the Austrian army—and a Croat is at once set down as the "fiend in human shape" of the London police reports—is warrant enough with these telegram and letter writers for saddling the brave, humane, and orderly Austrian soldier—whose discipline is a characteristic as strikingly marked as his loyalty to his sovereign and his devotion to the cause of fatherland—with crimes from which his nature, if they who write only understood it, instinctively revolts. In ascribing to the Austrians excesses of the worst description—excesses which we should be the first to denounce if, for a moment, we believed them to be true—have the aforesaid writers perchance been thinking of the possible conduct of *le soldat Français, de tout le monde le plus rangé?* Are there not the despatches of General Bonaparte, written, too, from Italy, to prove of what that model soldier is capable?

Subornation also appears to be a means to the end which the allies have in view—subornation to which duplicity has been the handmaid. We allude to the circular distributed in Milan and the neighbourhood amongst the Hungarian troops as far back as March last, a whole month, at least, before the event occurred which was imperially alleged to be the cause of the existing war! "We inform you," says the circular of March, "that not only the Piedmontese, but also the French, *are about to attack Austria*, and drive her out of Italy. When Austria is beaten there the united army will hasten on to Hungary. *When the war begins*, when and where you can, come over to us." As the Mortara correspondent of the *Times* observes: "So, in March, France and Sardinia had determined on war, and were merely fooling England with the acceptance of mediations and congresses!"

Apropos of the alliance between France and Sardinia, let us parenthetically remark that the feeling already prevails in Piedmont that Victor Emmanuel and his government (with Count Cavour at its head), his army and his people, are fast sinking into insignificance beneath the crushing weight of importance assumed by their French auxiliaries. It is the old fable of the unequal alliance, a type of which we were ourselves amused with during a recent journey in Italy, where a team consisting of several stout horses, and headed by a little, conceited, and highly decorated donkey, were dragging a heavy waggon across the dry bed of a mountain river. The work done, the horses were fed, and the donkey was turned adrift!

Others besides Sardinia are conceited too. The Austrians are to be driven out of Italy by the invincible French soldier—no account made of Austrian skill, of Austrian courage, of Austrian resistance, of that wonderful tenacity in defence, or that power of vital reproduction, which is as much the distinguishing characteristics of the Austrians as headlong impetuosity, overweening vanity, and dejection under defeat, are those of the French.

But see, exclaim the partisans of France at the moment these lines are being written—see! We have already won the first battle! We have again gathered laurels on the field of Montebello! *A la bonne heure!* But, unless we have read the despatches wrongly, the new victor of Montebello was surprised by these sluggish Austrians, these troops that are only fit for defensive uses; and the advantage which he finally gained, paying for it dearly enough, was solely owing to the preponderance of his numbers. That this *alerte* became a general engagement, that the Austrians drove out the French from Montebello and held the place for two hours, that the combat itself was of twice that duration, and that General Stadion withdrew his forces with almost unexampled order, afford convincing proof, if proof be wanting, that the Austrian army is one equal to any emergency, and that to drive her out of Italy will require more military genius than the world is inclined to believe is the endowment of Louis Napoleon.

CARLYON'S VACATION:

HOW HE TROLLED FOR JACK AND GOT HOOKED BY CUPID.

BY OUIDA.

I.

LION AND DUPE.

"CONFOUND 'em all!" amiably ejaculated Leicester Du Plât, of No. —, King's Bench-walk, barrister-at-law, addressing his Skye, that sat bolt upright on the *Times*, a pipe in its teeth, and spectacles on its nose—"confound 'em all, Punch, I say, and you into the bargain."

"Who, why, and what for? Have you been bumped at Putney, caught out at Lloyd's, or cheated in the yard? Has Daffodil gone lame, or Octavie ceased to smile? It must be a desperate case, for the devil's cold, and the beer's undrunk."

The disconsolate Templar looked up. "Halloa, Lion, my boy, how are you? I'm simply going to the dogs, that's all."

"No news, my dear fellow," said the new comer, seating himself in a rocking-chair. "You've been *en route* to join those mystical quadrupeds ever since we hooked jack after second lesson, headed the Crick run, and worried poor Arnold's life out. But what's the particular mess just now?"

"Oh! no end of a row!" swore the barrister. "Priggs has cut up rough and gone and dunned the governor, and that miserable little Balls has sent in a bill for a clear thousand only for the horrid gooseberry and Cape he's palmed off on me: ain't it a rascally shame? The governor's mad, of course, and, of all infernal things, what do you think he says?—that if I don't marry some woman he's found out for me, he'll never give me another shilling! Marry—I—only fancy!" And Du Plât puffed away at his cutty-pipe with an air which plainly said, "The mines, or Cayenne, would be mercy to *that*."

Carlyon lay back in his chair, and laughed a laugh like his voice, low, sweet, and musical. "What an idea! Who's the poor victim?"

"I am, I should think," growled Du Plât.

"Of course—*sous-entendu*. But who's your fellow-sufferer?"

"Deuce take me if I know!" said the barrister, taking a pull at the Burton, and sitting down to the devilled drumsticks which were waiting for him on his breakfast-table. "I burnt the governor's stave, and forget the woman's name—some heiress, you're sure—trust the old boy for that. But marry her I never will. The devil! I'll go to San Francisco, I'll work as a navvy, I'll sell hot pies at the crossings, or cry periwinkles in Oxford-street, rather than tie myself to a lot of crinoline who will eternally check me with her confounded—tin."

"Are you better?" said Carlyon, quietly. "You are visionary, my dear fellow. Why shouldn't a man marry a woman because she chances to have some money that will keep her? Just now you think a pretty face worth all the world; by-and-by you'll estimate a good house, good position, and a good income at their right value."

"I'll be shot if ever I buy 'em with *my* wife's tin."

"Yes you will, some time or other."

"Oh, of course *you* say so!" said Du Plât, testily.

"Because I am engaged to Honoria Cosmetique? Yes, when I was walking St. George's, I had much such fantastic notions as your own, but my Quixotism died out, as yours will."

"Hang it, Phil, your heart's as cool as your head!" cried the barrister. "Beauchamp has often said there wasn't a wilder man in town than you were; yet you always look as cool as any jolly old stoic."

Carlyon smiled. "What would my patients say if I reeled into their bedrooms? I never let any thing excite me. That is the great secret. You take cognac, and get *entre deux vins;* I take claret, and am only refreshed. *Voilà!*"

"You never had a *grande passion*, Phil?"

"No, I am much obliged to you. Never wish to have."

"What does Honoria say to that?"

"Nothing. She is philosophic. So am I. But how can you understand this, you inflammable Lauzun? Poor Mrs. Leicester Du Plât, how I pity her!" said Carlyon, throwing back his head with a laugh. "Oh! the rose notes that will destroy her peace! The latch-key that will elude her wifely vigilance! The curtain lectures she will have to prepare, the pretty danseuses she will have to rival her, the breakfast and suppers and Richmond dinners her purse will buy for other women!"

"The devil take Mrs. Leicester Du Plât! See here, Carlyon," cried the barrister, springing up as a bright idea struck him, "hang me if I don't go down to old Chip's—town's deucedly hot and dull—and that will out-manœuvre the governor charmingly; he wants me to go to Hawtree, where the heiress hangs out, and he hates me to be at Chip's, because they've a lot of girls there generally. Come with me, old fellow—do!"

Carlyon thought a minute: "Perhaps I can. I always take a month this time of year, and there is not much illness now. But I must be off. By Jove! it's just one, and I've a consultation with Hawkins, operations to see at St. George's, and no end of people—one of 'em at Greenwich—to visit before seven. So *au revoir!*"

"Good-by, old boy!" And Du Plât relighted his pipe, filled a tumbler of sherry and seltzer, and sat down to read "Arthur;" while Carlyon sprang into a Hansom, and drove as fast as he could to St. George's, pondering, as he went, on a very interesting case of gastralgia.

Lion and Dupe, as the school nicknamed them, had been cronies at Rugby, and chums ever since. They were as unlike as soda-water and brandy, but mixed as well together; contrasts often do, you know. Their physiques were a type of them—faces generally are. Du Plât was like a young Greek, with his gay debonnaire air, long chesnut hair, and languid hazel eyes; while Carlyon's pale features were as classic as a Roman emperor's, and his graceful figure, his dark eyes, "so soft when they smiled," as ladies said, the haughty beauty of his mouth and forehead, joined to his suave manners and gentle ways, won him conquests right and left among his fairer patients.

Du Plât furnished his chambers, kept his hack, his cab, and his outrigger, gave his Richmond breakfasts and his Opera suppers, as if he'd 3000*l.* a year instead of 300*l.* He never read, most surely never pleaded, was petted by every woman he came near, from dowagers to danseuses, and at eight-and-twenty led as amusing a life as any fellow needs to do. Carlyon, on the contrary, wild as the Quartier-Latin had seen him, freely as he had plunged into life at all times and in all scenes, unceremoniously as he once left his practice for a three months' scamper over the Continent (N.B. All his patients came back to him when he returned), now worked hard with his masterly intellect in town as a general practitioner. His birth was good, the contrast of his poverty galled him ceaselessly; on the spur of it, he tied himself to money. Though reserved, fastidiously proud, and not a little satirical, he was a man to be passionately loved by women, and his fascinations won him easily enough the daughter of a wealthy stockbroker. The alliance was distasteful to the pride of well-born Carlyon, but—people like their doctor to drive to their doors in his brougham—he was three-and-thirty, the romance of his life was over, he thought, and so—he let money buy him.

II.

THE HEIRESS AND THE GOVERNESS.

That evening, with his silent step and stately grace, Carlyon ran up the stairs of a house in Portman-square, and entered its gaudy drawing-rooms unannounced.

His fiancée glanced up from her embroidery. Tall, severely handsome, about five-and-twenty, with black hair, done, as ladies say, à l'Impératrice, and no end of crinoline, white moire, and jewellery, sat Honoria Cosmetique. One of those dragons—you know them, I dare say—who are like a protest against matrimony carved in marble, and on whose awful brows is written: "If you marry me, sir, you'll give up latch-keys, Epsom, bals d'Opéra, loo parties, and all the cognac of life, and be ironed down into a model husband forthwith."

"You are late, Philip," she said, without rising, in a voice as chilling as a nor'-wester across a common.

"I know I am, Honoria, but I couldn't get away before."

Her lip curled. "Your practice has increased wonderfully?"

"It has," he answered, simply, leaning his arm on the mantelpiece. (*Entre nous*, sir, *I* often envy medical men the deliciously easy, incontrovertible excuse they have in their "practice" when they don't want to do a thing.)

There was a long pause. He broke it. "Town is quite empty now. Do you go to Muddybrook soon?"

"Next week. Will you take some coffee?"

"None, thank you. I hope you will like to hear I shall be near there too. Du Plât has asked me to go down with him to his cousins the Chippenhams. I think I can get away; he promises me good fishing, and Monkstone is very close to Muddybrook."

Miss Cosmetique froze a little harder. "You could have come to Muddybrook, Philip, had you chosen. Since the same river runs through both, I should have imagined your only attraction, 'fishing,' would have been as good there as at Monkstone. If you have such a patrician disgust for trade, it is a pity you should condescend to ally yourself to a stockbroker's daughter."

"I have no disgust for trade, but I have a great disgust for men who, like your Muddybrook host, have enriched themselves with the ruin of others, and try to gloss over vulgarity by pretension. I have no right to dictate your father's friends, but I have a right to dictate whether they shall become mine," replied Carlyon, haughtily. "But come, Honoria, I am tired to-night; I want rest, not quarrelling. I was up all last night with an anxious case, and have been about in the heat to-day till I am weary and worn to death, and when I come here, where I hoped for a little sympathy and quiet, I am received with nothing but hinted reproaches and covert sneers. I had better have stayed at home with my pipe and a book; there, at least, if there be no happiness, there is no wrangling. By Heaven! if my life is to be nothing but toil abroad and bickering at home, I wish I had died in poor Montresor's stead at Scutari!"

So unwonted a burst from Carlyon touched the very small germ of kind feeling in Miss Cosmetique's chill and dignified soul. None knew him without becoming more or less fond of him.

"Poor Philip," she said, with a gentler intonation, as she looked at his pale, handsome, haughty face.

Carlyon bent forward and kissed her forehead—certainly I can't say with much lover-like ardour—and sank back on the sofa with a sigh as much of mental as of bodily fatigue.

"Carlyon, my friend, you made a fool of yourself to-night," said he to himself, as he smoked his last pipe before turning in. "Shut the door on all that boyish nonsense about sympathy, and peace, and happiness; it's all bosh for you to talk so. You've been alone all your life, and alone you always will be. Your fate is to work and make money, not to sentimentalise—you haven't time for it. Your destiny's settled, an ass only would quarrel with it; so put away regrets, they're very dangerous, and think of the tin and the brougham, and the nice easy life money will bring you. You ought to be a happy fellow, Philip Carlyon—why ain't you?" With which query to himself Carlyon put his pipe out and went to bed.

A few days afterwards he went down to Monkstone.

"Neat trap that—showy grey! Trust old Chip for horseflesh," murmured Du Plât at the station, surveying with critical glance the dog-cart sent to meet them. "How are you, Robert? How's Katie? Shot any poachers? When's the wedding?"

Robert grinned—Katie, the still-room maid, was his future: "Thank'ee, sir—quite well, sir—haven't shot none, sir, took two—and it's on Christmas-day, sir."

"All right, I'll come down on purpose to kiss the bride. Jump up, Lion. Don't the country look jolly after six months of drums and crushes, and club windows and bouquet d'Ess atmosphere? 'Pon my life, it's quite refreshing—like soda water after one's last night's wine."

"Yes; thrushes and hedgerows *are* pleasant after squares and cock-sparrows. I confess I rather long for my first day of jack-fishing. But for all that," continued Carlyon, lighting a weed, "if country air be purer for the body, London air's rather stronger for the mind; and I like succeeding in a critical case still better than hooking a three-pound trout."

"All very well, my luminary of St. George's, so that you don't chloroform me, I don't care. By Jove!" cried Du Plât, "here's a tolerable-looking little girl. Pretty, ain't she?"

Carlyon put up his glass. "What a wild head, what breadth of shoulder, what good action," he muttered, admiringly.

The two they apostrophised passed them in a narrow lane. The mare was a chesnut, three-parts thorough-bred, fifteen hands high, with straight neck, slender legs, and coat like satin. The rider a girl, quite young, with gold-brown hair, large brilliant eyes, and a mignonne air, half-dashing, half-childlike. She wore a coquettish Spanish hat, a sky-blue tie, and a black habit. She glanced merrily at them, shook her bridle, and cantered past.

"Who's that, Robert?" asked Du Plât.

"Please, sir, that's Miss Wyndham."

"Wyndham? Wyndham? why the devil, Lion, that's the name of the governor's heiress."

"This one, sir, is oncommon rich, I have heered say. A good many tin mines down somewhere in the south, sir," responded Robert.

Leicester groaned audibly. "Heaven preserve us! It's the identical girl. Does she live near here, Robert?"

"She is staying at our house, is Miss Wyndham, sir."

"Oh, Phil!" whispered poor Du Plât. "It's fate; it's all up with me. I know it is. She'll make horrid love to me, and I shall give in. I never can say 'No' to a woman; and——"

"You'll have a capital stud," laughed Carlyon. "Think of the tin mines, my dear fellow, and be practical and philosophic for once in your life. Here we are. Mind the gate-posts; all right."

Monkstone Court was a sturdy pile of incongruous architecture, calculated to drive Mr. Ruskin mad, but to rejoice the heart of us barbarians, who like a comfortable bachelor's room, a good billiard-table, and a nice wide sweep for a *deux temps*, better than all the styles and orders, with Doric, Gothic, and Ionian technicalities. Its owner, Sir Godfrey Chippenham, better known in the county as "Turnip Chip," from his marvellous swedes, was quite in keeping with it; neither literary nor scientific, political nor fashionable, but a jolly, generous, good-hearted sporting man.

He was out at the petty sessions, and Carlyon and Du Plât found only Lady Chippenham and a young girl in the drawing-room. The latter was sitting in the window, making paper boats for a couple of little Chips. She, too, was a Windham, but spelt with an "i," as she afterwards made them observe; tall, handsome as an Andalusian, with a Spanish form and beauty, and something half-pride, half-melancholy, in her dark eyes.

"By George, what a stunning girl!" murmured Du Plât, lounging over to her in the free-and-easy manner of his set—the fast men, whose ways and slang, cutaways and wide-awakes, would cause such acute agony to Brummell, or Alvanley, or Edgeworth, if we could resuscitate the dandified ghosts of those worthies.

"Will you take me out fithing, Lethter?" asked one of the boys of Du Plât.

"Certainly, Bertie," rejoined Du Plât, with great amiability, to find favour in Miss Windham's eyes; "and you shall catch a whole stickleback for the nursery dinner."

Inez Windham looked up and smiled. "Do not let my little pupil fall headlong into the Alder, as he did the other day. Town is quite empty, I suppose, as you have left it for Monkstone?"

"Pupil! Oh, hang it, she can't be the governess," thought Du Plât, as he answered, "Quite. Not a lounger in the bay-window, or a Park hack in the ride. Piccolomini has a respite, and so have the Crystal Palace waiters. In the district 'W.,' as they now style it, all is barren, and the *pavé* of Pall Mall is as hot as the sands of Sahara."

"Town is disagreeable," she replied, "when the few, who are everybody, are off; and the million, who are nobody, stay to work."

"Town disagreeable! Oh, Inez! how can you say so? It's the most charming place in the world. The lots of people one sees are fun enough. Don't you know what Jekyll says? 'If he had to live in the country he would pave the road before his house, and have a hackney-coach to drive up and down on it, to make believe it was London.'"

Carlyon, chatting with Lady Chippenham, turned in surprise at the glad laughing voice which greeted his ears, and saw, balancing herself on the French window-step, and swinging her black hat, the little Die Vernon.

"Come in, Leila," said Lady Chip, a pretty, delicate woman, mother of six small male Chips.

The girl shook her head, laughed, and ran off.

"Not till I am *en grande tenue*. Since I left Sir Godfrey I have taken two gates and a staken-bound fence, not to mention ditches innumerable."

"What a strange little thing, but very graceful and attractive," mused Carlyon. "She the heiress! She is scarcely out of the schoolroom. Du Plât will have neither eyes, nor taste, nor sense, if he does not take her."

"I say, Phil, she's the governess," said Leicester, coming into his chum's room while Carlyon was dressing.

"Who?"

"Who? Blockhead! why that superb Spanish creature, of course."

"Well, why shouldn't she be?"

"The devil take you, Lion, how prosaic you are. What! a woman of that style, that beauty, that age, a governess? Preposterous!"

"I don't see it at all. There is no particular reason why she shouldn't impart instruction well because she happens to be good-looking."

"Impart instruction! Good Lord deliver us from philosophy and platitudes. Fancy that girl teaching the little brutes their A B C, hearing the multiplication-table, and setting roundhand copies!"

"Useful, if not interesting."

"But, good Heavens! she can't be twenty."

"Very sad if she has to support herself so soon; but at the same time no affair of ours," said Philip, smiling, as he brushed his handsome black whiskers. "Don't be romantic, my dear Dupe. Think of the tin mines, and keep out of the schoolroom."

"The tin mines!" repeated Du Plât, with intense scorn. "I wouldn't marry that little heiress—no! not if the governor forbid me; and I can't picture a stronger motive. Marry money! Not I, old fellow."

Carlyon shrugged his shoulders. "*Comme vous voudrez*. If you fancy the cap and bells, far be it from me to dissuade you, *mon cher;* but Chicot's *rôle* would not be to *my* taste. There goes the gong."

"The governess dines; that's all right," thought Du Plât, crossing over to where she sat, while Carlyon, leaning on the mantelpiece, looked up as the little heiress entered, a Fay Oriande, in tulle illusion, with flowers Puck himself might have gathered, in her shining hair. As she gave him a pretty French *révérence*, and a bright, unaffected glance, Carlyon smiled and bowed with that winning grace and fascination which did such damage among his lady patients. I don't know whether he knew it or not, but Carlyon's smile was a very effective weapon, and had cured many a fair invalid of a migraine only to give incurable disease of the heart. It now seemed to charm Leila Wyndham, for she held up a King Charles she carried, with its paws in an attitude of prayer, and asked him if he liked dogs.

Carlyon assured her he liked everything in zoology, spoke of his dog Pluck, a Skye, he held in higher estimation than any other living thing, and told her of his pets—his monkey, cockatoo, Persian cat, bellises, dianthuses, serpulæ, trogs, and madrepores.

"And where are they all?" asked Leila.

"At home—in town."

"You live in London? Oh! how I envy you. Don't you enjoy it?"

"No, I can't say I do particularly."

"Not? What do you do there, then?"

Carlyon smiled. "Work myself like a cab-horse all day long, get home an hour too late for dinner to find cold soup and overdone meat, bring all my energies to bear on a difficult case, only ten to one to be blamed for the issue, go to sleep every night with the pleasant conviction that I may be called up any minute—that is my life. Do you see much 'enjoyment' in it?"

"I see much that is noble and useful in it, and, therefore, a certain amount of enjoyment," answered the young lady, decidedly. "The vocations of all men whose lives are of any value to their generation entail on them an amount of toil and self-sacrifice. Be the end fame, money, position, whatever it may, it cannot be attained without the surrender of some leisure and some comforts. Neither riches nor reputation will come to a man who folds his hands to slumber and dozes in his arm-chair. Were I you, I should glory in conquering death, to say nothing of the good you do."

"Good? Not at all," laughed Philip. "I am only getting money. I assure you I am very glad to have no good to do, and to be able to sleep without fear of hearing the night-bell. Money is the sole lever now-a-days, Miss Wyndham. It wakes all the eloquent philippics from the pulpits, and prompts all the holy zeal in the missionary papers. It wins forensic talent to the defence of the guilty, and buys a conscience as easily as a commission or a borough. It makes an 'eminent Christian' as quickly as it erects a gin-palace, and tempts a bishop's virtue with the same bait that lures a burglar. We are no better than our fellows. Why should we be? Medical men never pretend to be the pharisees of the English synagogue, and our benevolence usually corresponds to the amount of the fee we receive."

"There's plenty of truth in all that, no doubt," said the little heiress, meditatively. "People's own interests are usually the guide for their conduct. But I fancy that though you would make yourself out a terrible egotist, still, unlike the generality, who delight in belying others, you take pleasure in belying yourself."

Carlyon laughed. He felt pleased to be read more truly by this five minutes' acquaintance than by friends he had known for years.

"Well, of the many men I knew at St. George's, one died of cholera at Scutari, another was shot down in the trenches, another of consumption, brought on by the dissecting-rooms, a fourth from the virus he got into his hand at a post-mortem, a fifth from low fever from distress at his failure in four consecutive delicate operations, which, if successful, would have established his reputation. Of myself I say naught, but do you suppose we run all these risks for anything but our own interests—for any other reason than the hope of putting guineas in our pockets?"

Leila lifted her eyebrows and looked disgusted. "You might put a rather more exalted motive—love of science or desire for fame! But you may say what you like, I don't believe your soul is shrined in money-bags."

"Pray, why not?" asked Carlyon, highly amused. "You have not lived very long to learn to study character."

"Intuition is as good as study sometimes," said Leila, indignantly. "I go by physiognomy, and I know at once a face noble and true."

Carlyon but for courtesy would have laughed outright; the compliment was so candid.

Dinner was served. Jack Huntley, a man in the Fusiliers, gave the heiress his arm. Carlyon, to his disgust, had to take in a Mrs. Edgehill, who was staying at Monkstone, a lively little woman separated from her husband, and much happier since the separation than before it. Philip lapsed into his grand hauteur, felt unreasoning but unconquerable hatred for Huntley, thought him an insufferable puppy, and wondered how women could tolerate that style of man. Carlyon consequently got satirical and severe, and electrified the table with his brilliant cutting and slashing at everything and everybody—at Palmerston and Louis Napoleon, John Bright and street organs, popular preachers and crinoline, Puseyism and the perambulator nuisance. No matter what, he satirised everything with wit as keen as Talleyrand's, till he caught Leila's bright eyes fixed admiringly on him from behind the épergne, when he dashed into a fire of repartee with her; after which his spirits were so good that poor unoffending Jack Huntley voted that doctor "a splendid fellow—a regular brick, and no mistake."

In the evening, while the governess (no relation, they found, to the heiress) sang bravuras in an artistic contralto voice, and Du Plât hung over her, enraptured, Carlyon sat himself down beside the heiress on a *vis-à-vis* sofa, and chatted that quiet, clever, charming chat that wrought him half his cures and won him half his reputation. They talked of zoophytology, of literature, of Comte's Positivism, and all the other "isms," of Gosse's discoveries, and Bulwer's novels, and Carlyon found the little heiress could talk with a wit, a depth, and an originality such as he had scarcely hoped for with her girlish exterior. He found at last a young lady who was neither affected nor superficial, who had read a good deal and thought for herself, who could argue, and reason, and fence with him with his favourite weapons of wit and of logic; and somehow Carlyon thought of Honoria Cosmetique as he retired to rest that night, and indulged himself with a few not over mild oaths at his destiny, and pondered much why the useful and the agreeable hadn't been combined in the stockbroker's daughter as they were in this bewitching little heiress.

III.

FISHING FOR A HEART.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Carlyon prepared to start for his seventh heaven, for though very unlike old Izaak Walton in temperament, he resembled him exceedingly in the ardour of his piscatory passion.

"Your paradise, Lion, will be full of chalk streams to a dead certainty. I believe, on my soul, you'd prefer a 3lb. trout to a black-eyed houri," said Du Plât, as Philip unpacked his tackle and flies with all a lover's ardour.

"Much safer game in this world, at any rate, and much less expensive," said Carlyon. "Your rod will never deceive you, never alter, and never pall; you can't say as much for houris, old fellow. Won't you come and try the charmers hid in the waters of the Alder?"

"Not I. I'm going to the schoolroom to hear the Smalls say their catechism. You know my rigid feelings on such subjects, and I've an idea I'm godfather to one of 'em."

Carlyon looked scorn unutterable. "I don't doubt you'll show, *tête-à-tête* with your Andalusian beauty, that you consider your duty to your neighbour is to love her as yourself."

"Well! I may as well set my affections on a live governess as a dead pike any day. I bet you my sport in the schoolroom will be as good as yours in the Alder." And Du Plât sprang up the stairs, three at a time, to the schoolroom, where he obtained the young Chips an immediate holiday, and sang duets with the governess all the morning. Carlyon went forth to his loves—jack, perch, trout, and roach—beauties, to which, ever since he fished for sticklebacks with a phial, he had always been addicted.

Day after day he spent crouching down in the sloppy grass, a shower wetting him to the skin, waiting for the fish to nibble, or standing in the full blaze of an August noon, concentrating all his energies on trolling for jack. Wading home through dank fern and brushwood in a thunderstorm—getting up before dawn to walk ten miles, only to find the stream had been whipped before him—spinning fruitlessly, hour after hour, while the rain dripped off his wide-awake in miniature Niagaras—getting benighted, and following a Jack-o'-lantern straight away into a bog—or finding himself stranded on a common, the night too dark to decipher the sign-post—all this was the source of purest delight to Philip, because—O uninitiated!—it was FISHING! The Egyptian canaille might as well have sought to penetrate the mysteries of Isis, or neophytes aspired to propound the learning of the schools, as ignorant tyros seek to understand the mysterious joys locked up in that one word for all brethren of the gentle craft. Of course, if this toil and travail had been his trade, never, he would have vowed, was there so ill-used a man, but being sport, the knowledge that he was *fishing* made Carlyon, wet, weary, footsore, with every limb aching, and every thread dripping, experience a deep, strong sensation of delight, which the uninitiated need never strive to explain or comprehend, and which he himself, I dare say, if put to it, would have been puzzled to analyse, piscatory philosopher though he was.

On the banks of the Alder Carlyon forgot his cares, his profession, his fiancée—everything disagreeable; and came home to dinner in such charming spirits that every one at Monkstone Court voted him the best conversationalist in the world. And so he was; his sweet voice, his fascinating ways, and his brilliant chat were not lost on somebody to whom he specially addressed them. I can't say whether he was aware of it or not (we'll hope not, and that he didn't hook hearts with as little remorse as trout), but certain it was that Philip conquered as many fair ladies as he cured. As Lady Chip averred, he was a "dangerous doctor," and Leila Wyndham began to grudge the jack so much of his company, and think this handsome, graceful, winning angler might just as well talk with her, and ride with her, as whip the Alder all day long. Before very long Carlyon began to share her opinion, and robbed the jack of several hours to spend them in the Monkstone drawing-room, or in riding and driving with the little heiress. Every evening Carlyon took possession of the *vis-à-vis* sofa, and talked his way into the young lady's heart as he had talked it into a good many, for when Carlyon chose to go trolling with the bait of his fascinations, woe be to any trout that came nigh, for hooked it was, *nolens volens*. Leila soon began to believe that nobody was ever so kind or so perfect as Mr. Carlyon; and when he saved a small Chip from a grave in the Alder, thought him the noblest paladin that ever breathed.

He was strolling on the river bank one day with her and Mrs. Edgehill, when screams at the top of a shrill, terrified voice interrupted them in the middle of a dissertation on Pendennis.

"Good God! the boy'll be carried into the sluice," cried Philip, taking off his coat, as he beheld, a good many yards distant, a tub floating fast towards a water-mill and destruction, and Chip's son and heir within it.

Carlyon was into the water in a second, and swimming like another Leander, while Leila stood on the banks, looking, Mrs. Edgehill told her afterwards, desperately inclined to throw herself in after him. Philip, who was as plucky as he was strong, swam steadily after the brat, caught hold of the tub close to a sluice, through which the water rushed to fill the mill-pond, and landed it in safety. Mrs. Edgehill overwhelmed him with praises, but he only shook himself like a Newfoundland, took out his watch to see if the works were wet, threw back his head, laughed, and told her it was only a little agreeable exertion of his muscles. Leila took both his hands in hers, and looked at him, the tears falling down her cheeks, with an expression which flattered him more than the capture of a salmon in the Tweed when he was seventeen, or the compliments the examiners paid him when he passed the College. Lady Chip, you are sure, worshipped him from that hour; and when Leila heard him protesting that it was all nonsense to thank him—what had he done? nothing but what a Yarmouth boatman, or a water-dog would have done every atom as well—that there was no danger in the sluice, and if there had been, his life wasn't so delightful to him that he'd shown much magnanimity in risking it—she thought, "What a warm, generous heart this man has under all his assumed coldness and philosophy!" Whereon mademoiselle looked at Carlyon's pale, handsome face, and slid into dangerous speculations.

"I suppose endangering your life to-day was pure selfishness, wasn't it?" she whispered, as she passed him.

Carlyon looked at her with a merry smile. "Entirely; because, don't you see, if there had been a death in the family my visit would have been cut short?"

"Comme vous me taquinez!" cried Leila, tossing her head, lifting her eyebrows, and dashing away from him in indignation. "So you are going fishing again," said she, next morning, at breakfast. "I think, if I were a man, I would find some better amusement for my lordly intellect than hooking a few poor fish."

"But if your lordly intellect had been wearing itself to death in London streets, operations, and lectures, you would be very glad to rest it for a little while, and have a quiet day under the trees, with no greater trouble than how to fill your basket," laughed Carlyon.

"There, then, by your own admission, it is only an excuse for the *dolce*, a cover to your idleness, your cigar-case, and your flask!" said the little heiress, handing him his coffee.

"A quiet day under the trees I could perfectly understand your enjoying, my dear fellow, but a stormy night spent in dancing after a Will-o'-the-wisp, with your things dripping like a Skye after a bath, and mud half way up to your knees, I must say *is* beyond me," observed Du Plât.

"I never knew one of you great anglers bring home enough for dinner for the cat," laughed Lady Chip.

"Fishing is neither manly nor exciting, and it's very lazy and cruel," cried Leila. "Dear me! our pursuits are sneered at. Why, they're industry itself, compared to knocking some ivory balls about, or firing small shot into unhappy birds, or sitting round a card-table with a few pieces of pasteboard, or any other amusement of you noble creatures, the lords of creation. If *we* lay on the grass all day, or whipped the water with a marchbrown or a caperer, what lectures we should get on waste of time, what sneers at women's *petitesses*, what scoffs at female frivolities!"

"Quite right, Leila," chimed in Mrs. Edgehill. "Fishing's not a quarter so useful as crochet or novel-reading."

"Or scandal. Don't forget ladies' pet pastime," smiled Carlyon. "I've known some rosebud lips torture more with their words than I ever do with my hook, and slay more reputations than I ever take perch or roach."

"Oh! you're a horrid man," said Mrs. Edgehill. "I believe the first words you uttered as a baby were a sarcasm against women."

"Or a petition for a fishing-rod," added Leila.

Carlyon laughed, and thought, "Is that little thing vexed I leave her for the jack?"

He went and spent the day with the jack, nevertheless; enjoyed himself immensely, and brought home some fish too good, even Lady Chip allowed, "for the cat."

At dinner Lady Chip asked him to do her a great favour—to go and visit some poor woman in the next village, who'd been given up by the parish doctors, and decided to be in consumption.

Carlyon thought of his fishing. The visit would take a good couple of hours; sighed, but—acquiesced.

Leila looked at him with a *malin* smile. "You had better not go; you'll have no fifty-guinea fee, and the fee, you know, is all medical men care for. They never do anything except to fill their purses."

"Oh! we like to see interesting cases," answered he, carelessly; "and I don't like to disoblige my hostess."

"And we don't like to do a kindness, do we?"

"It is *not* a kindness; I may gain some knowledge out of this case. That is why I go."

"You provoking man!" cried Leila, giving him a blow with her bouquet. "I've known plenty of people try to make one think well of them, but I never knew anybody so obstinate in depreciating himself as you are. However, it is no use with me. I have the lorgnon de Balzac, and I can see your heart beneath your words, and I know your actions give the lie to your pretence of philosophic egotism. But I will adopt your phraseology, if you like it, and call giving up a morning of your darling sport to visit a poor woman 'selfishness' instead of kindness."

Carlyon laughed heartily. "Well, if you invest every ordinary action with a chivalrous aroma, I can't help it. You'll tell me next that I passed at St. George's solely to benefit mankind. What are you reading there—the *Westminster*?"

"Yes; it is a great favourite of mine. It dares to tell truth, and does not sneak out of discussion. Too many people of the present day are afraid to let in daylight upon orthodox subjects, because they know the sun shining in upon the orthodoxy will show it up to be a mesh of cobwebs."

"True!" said Carlyon. "Most of the creeds and prejudices of society might soon be tilted over if brought into the arena of argument. We are to be silenced if we simply dare to question the 'received' dogmas, because the interrogation would perplex and probably unseat the priests; and grown men are hushed if they begin to discuss the great problems of nature, merely because the combat of opinions would end in opening people's eyes to reason."

"And reason," laughed Leila, "rational thought, is the *bête noire* of the red-tapeism, now the *règle* in everything. It is so easy to protect a subject from discussion by saying it is 'too sacred,' when the truth is that it is too weak."

"Ay, and we are told to take our faith on trust, as the devotee of the middle ages was bidden to believe in winking statues and weeping virgins, because the priest profited by the credulity given his machinery. But you and I cannot help it if our eyes will open, and our reason assert its dominion."

So "you and I" talked away, till Carlyon contrasted this intercourse, where tastes agreed and minds fought with equal weapons, with Miss Cosmetique's vapid discourses on dress and jewellery, new bonnets and fresh *scandales*. And Philip made hay while the sun shone, and talked while talk he might, though the figure of his fiancée hung like a dense thunder-cloud on the horizon of his present enjoyment.

"Miss Wyndham, I want to convert you—to make you a disciple of Izaak Walton. Come with me to-morrow. I promise you a luxurious seat under the willows, and you shall see the trout lying behind their stones, and tell me if the piscatory art you despise does not make an August day pass pleasantly." So spake Carlyon, leaning over the piano one evening.

Leila looked enraptured. "Yes, I will come; but, as to being converted, *nous verrons!* I shall fancy myself Undine—an Undine for your Alder, Sir Godfrey—in a black hat and high-heeled boots. Won't that be novel and poetic?"

"And an 'awakener' in a shooting-coat, ribbon-tie, and wide-awake; don't forget that, Leila," said Mrs. Edgehill, maliciously.

Carlyon put up his head in the air, and looked haughtiness unutterable. Leila coloured, and began to play the "Express" at a mad gallop, whereon Du Plât and the governess, Huntly and Mrs. Edgehill, whirled themselves down the drawing-rooms; and Honoria Cosmetique came over Philip's mind with a chill which made him shudder. Du Plât had become seriously involved with the handsome governess, with a complete renunciation of his former estimation of governesses, and oblivion of how often he had sworn at his friends for keeping such temptations when they were pretty, and such nuisances when they were ugly, running tame about their houses. Du Plât dashed into love much as he gave a Star and Garter déjeûner, or sent a bracelet to an actress, without thinking what price he might have to pay for it. He had shot in and out of love as fast as an aphrodite changes its hues, and whispered more vows in *deux temps*, ice-rooms, pic-nics, and moonlight balconies, than fickle King Solomon himself in his seraglio. And in love he went headlong; and the governess, proud and stately though she was, accepted it, nay, encouraged it; which was very unprincipled in a penniless orphan, severe young ladies will say, who have never been similarly tempted; for we all know how amusing it is to be rigid, and crushing, and virtuous—on other people. Whether it is so amusing on one's own sins is another matter. Pharisees say, Yes; publicans, No. I go with the publicans myself—don't you? So, belle lectrice, though it is easy for you to say she should have repulsed Du Plât, with his handsome face and sparkling talents, and a hundred and one attractions, I doubt it is not quite so easy for poor Inez to do so, especially as she is a governess, and unused to that sort of thing, of course.

And as for Carlyon and Leila—dear me! a couple of weeks had brought them quite into "friendship." She was a new species to Philip, jaded, sceptical man of the world that he was; and such a telling contrast to the stockbroker's daughter! The little heiress's lively, winning, girlish ways were a great relief to Miss Cosmetique's dignified nothings and chill majesty of demeanour, and, had Carlyon been less of a practical philosopher, might have proved somewhat dangerous. Poor little Leila was *not* a philosopher. Unhappily, as Heaven hath been pleased to create young men and maidens, Carlyon's society, his soft voice, his fascinating smiles, his brilliant, witty chat, all the weapons with which he caused more heartaches than all his morphia could soothe, or skill cure, were not without their effect on her: but then Carlyon did not think of that. We never do, you know, when we're amusing ourselves: what are the agonies of the little trout on the hook to us, so that we've the fun of catching him? So Philip, in his bullet-proof armour of philosophy, told himself no possible harm could come of it, and was exceedingly satirical and contemptuous on Du Plât for paying such compromising attentions. "I suppose, Dupe, you mean to marry on the sale of allumettes made out of your dunning letters, or keep your governess in Ben's place to run for the beer, and say 'Not at home' to sharks, eh?" said he, standing on the hall steps, waiting for Leila.

"Don't be a fool," rejoined Leicester, with courtesy. "When a man's up a tree, it isn't nice to kick him."

"Yes it is, if one kicks him *down*. You're getting caught in the branches, my boy, and I want to pull you to earth before you are out of my reach."

"Much obliged to you, but you may keep your civilities to yourself, as the woodcock said to the small shot."

"Talk common sense, then. What would you marry for?"

"What do you marry Honoria for?"

"Money," said Carlyon, his mouth stern. "For what else do you imagine I take that cold, artificial——" He broke off with a short laugh. "Come, my motive, at the least, is practical. You can't say as much for yours. Tell me, Dupe (Heaven knows you deserve the name!), do you dream of marrying this governess?"

Du Plât made a wry face. "Marry! I don't like that word; it sounds ugly; has a detestable odour of family boots, screaming children, legs of mutton, and the semination of one's wild oats. But I'm quite sure that if I *don't* have that girl I shall shoot myself."

"Do, my dear fellow. It will be far the lesser evil of the two," said Carlyon, shrugging his shoulders. "It's all up with you if you're gone so far as that."

"It's all up with *you*, or will be before long, so don't talk," said Du Plât, as Leila came across the hall in the identical black hat and high heels. She ran up to Carlyon. "Oh, I have just thought of it—how dreadful it will be! I shall have to hold my tongue, shan't I?"

He smiled at her "very kindly," as Leila called it. "Certainly, or we shall catch no fish; and I fancy silence is about the severest deprivation you could have, mademoiselle."

"That it is. I would rather sew for an hour, or learn a sermon by heart, than not talk for a whole five minutes. You must fasten my lips up, Mr. Carlyon?"

Philip looked at the said laughing lips, and thought of a mode of silencing them to which he should by no means object.

However, when they were under the willows, and he lay on the soft grass, initiating her into the mysteries of dead and live bait, spinning and trolling, minnows and gudgeons, and the more recent "spoon," and looking up into the bright eyes, beaming at him under the black lace, Carlyon, devoted angler though he was, found the lively talk and joyous voice more beguiling than all the jack, roach, or trout in the Alder. Indeed, his line lay idle on the surface, and an epicure trout came out of his hole, and carried off fly, hook and all, in his pretty pink stomach, without eliciting more comment from Carlyon than a surprised "By Jove!" To such a pass will the wisest come!

They discoursed on Hallam and Macaulay, Goethe and Lamartine, Hyperion and Jocelyn, till they glided on to a dangerous topic, which, if people talk of, ten to one they fall into.

"I don't like to hear you say you do not believe in love, Mr. Carlyon," said Leila, meditatively. "It seems as if you had met with neither truth nor sincerity in the world. Had you no mother, whose life showed you love?"

"My mother sent me to school at four years old, kissed me once in the holidays, liked me about a third as well as her lapdogs, and writes to me now once a quarter. Not much remarkable affection there, mademoiselle?"

"No, indeed. What a wicked woman!" cried Leila, heartily.

"Not at all," said Carlyon, laughing. "People can't help it if their hearts are not patent Vestas, warranted to ignite at the touch. When I was twenty I was as ready to believe in affection, and to respond to it, as you are; but a few years' experience soon showed me my folly, and the world's cold water soon put out my romance."

The little heiress looked earnestly at him. "I do not believe it is put out; hidden fire may smoulder a long time, you know. You will never dissuade me that you have not warm and deep feelings, though you like to hide them under simulated sarcasm and coldness."

"Perhaps I have," said Philip, with something very like a sigh, "but I do not spread them out for the world like a pedlar showing his wares."

"But if you have them, you might give others credit for them?"

"To what avail? Love is contraband to me. I can never enjoy it, therefore I will never think of it. Love is a *passagère* chimera at the best, and I choose the wiser course—I neither look for it nor believe in it."

He could not see her face, for she dropped the black lace over it, but both of them were silent, and Carlyon, I dare say, gave himself great credit for the masterly manner and great self-sacrifice in which, by this enigmatical speech, he had showed the girl it was no use to fall in love with him. Whether it would not have been a better and quicker way never to have begun his attentions, "kind" smiles, fascinating chat, &c. &c., is another matter; but I suppose Carlyon knew best what suited him.

As the little heiress sat with the lace down and her merry tongue quiet, and Philip lay on the grass, his rod flung aside, his basket empty, and the trout rising under his very eyes; while he gathered with one hand the heaths and foxgloves and orchises round him for Leila, lazily enjoying the sultry August air and the hum of the gnats and the bees—a chill, dignified, deep voice fell on his ear from the other bank of the Alder.

"Good morning, Philip. You have good sport, I trust?"

Leila started, tossed up her lace, and coloured. Carlyon sprang to his feet with an imprecation, which happily did not reach across the Alder.

For once in his life, haughty, nonchalant, self-possessed Carlyon was nonplused and confused. He spoke, he wasn't quite sure what. "Honoria! you here—how unexpected a——"

"Very unexpected, since I wrote you word I should be at Muddybrook as yesterday," observed Miss Cosmetique, with cutting satire, standing and contemplating him with an air of dignified displeasure.

"To be sure, I remember now; how forgetful I am," said Carlyon, hastily. "I ought to have come to meet you, but——"

"Fishing is very absorbing, I have heard," answered his fiancée, dryly, not taking her eyes from Leila Wyndham.

"I cannot come to you," said Carlyon, recovering himself, with a laugh. "There is no bridge within a mile, and we are as far separated as if the Atlantic were between us. You are out for an early walk, I suppose?"

"Which I will now continue. Do not let me interrupt your—fishing. Farewell!" And Miss Cosmetique bowed majestically and floated on.

Carlyon lifted his hat with a rather distant "Good-by, for an hour—I will come down to Muddybrook this afternoon," and began to take his rod to pieces with many anathemas on the luckless wood and brass.

"Is that your sister?" asked Leila, quickly.

"No. The deuce take this thing, how tight it fits!"

"Your cousin, then?"

"No."

"But she called you 'Philip?'"

Carlyon's pale cheek flushed. He could not tell this frank, generous, warm-hearted little thing that he, Philip Carlyon, with all his pride and chivalric honour, had tied himself to a woman whom he could not love—for money.

"You told me the other day you liked wild flowers. See, can anything be lovelier than that little pink heath? Conservatories cannot beat it," he said, giving her his bouquet wound together with some bindweed. She thanked him, but absently, and their walk home through the park was rather silent and distrait. As they crossed the lawn they found Du Plât sitting under the cedars with Inez Wyndham, and two small Chips shooting at a target, and Leicester's raillery on the troutless basket was more piquant than pleasant to Philip.

"Can you tell me if Miss Wyndham ever stayed at Hawtree?" asked Du Plât, as Carlyon and his companion went into the house.

Inez hesitated and coloured. "Hawtree? Yes. I believe the heiress stayed there before coming here; and I think I have heard that she met a Mr. Du Plât, a charming old gentleman. Could he be any relation of yours?"

"My governor! Cantankerous old fellow! I asked you about her, because he met an heiress at Hawtree, with whom, or rather with whose tin mines, acres, and consols he fell in love, and wanted me to do the same."

The governess blushed vividly, and played with her parasol.

Du Plât saw the blush, and bent eagerly forward. "But I swear I'll never marry an heiress to save myself from beggary. I wouldn't be indebted to any woman living for her tin. I'd sooner pass the rest of my days in the Queen's Bench. I would, upon my honour. I loathe the present fashion of weighing a wife by her sheer value in specie. What is true and noble, worth winning and worth wearing, is too high to be put in the balance with pounds, shillings, and pence."

Inez looked pleased and vexed, happy and anxious, at the same time. She poked up the turf with her parasol, and her voice shook as she said: "Your generous thoughts will change like all the world's. The time will soon come when you will recant them as visionary and Quixotic."

"I'll be shot if ever I do," swore Leicester; "and I'll prove it. Inez, the only thing I care for on earth is——"

"Lethter, my awow's up the twee," cried Bertie, running up to them. Du Plât could have kicked him without the smallest hesitation. "Devil take that little wretch; he's always in the way. What a misery it is. That comes of loving a governess," thought the unhappy Templar.

IV.

THE HORTICULTURAL FÊTE.

There was an horticultural fête in Monkstone Park the day after Carlyon's inopportune rencontre with his fiancée, and thither came Miss Cosmetique, with her Muddybrook friends, parvenus tolerated in the county for the sake of their tin, stud, dinners, cook, and wine. The stockbroker's daughter was grand to sight, in her Parisian chaussure, extensive toilette, and fifteen-guinea bonnet. But Carlyon thought the little heiress, in her white muslin and blue ribbons, ten thousand times fresher and fairer, and compared them in his own mind to a vain, stiff, gorgeous dahlia, and a soft, sweet, little Rose d'Amour. But the dahlia, not the rose, was for his conservatory; and the philosopher preached sharp practical lessons to himself on the folly of such regrets and comparisons.

Honoria kept him well up to hand, and wouldn't let him leave her for five minutes. She questioned him closely about Leila; but few people were able to get much out of him, unless he chose to be questioned, so Honoria, not being able to find ground for quarrel, contented herself with being cold, dignified, and excessively vigilant, for she was proud of Carlyon—of his talents, his courtly manners, and his gentleman's name, and didn't want to lose him. Carlyon strolled about with her, sat with her by the band, introduced her to Lady Chip; and through it all was haunted by a pair of blue eyes following him with wonder and reproach. The eyes worried him dreadfully, and made him answer so *à tort et à travers* to his betrothed, that she stared at him in haughty surprise. "Good Heavens, Philip!" she said at last, "has your fishing turned your head? You are strangely altered since you were in town."

Carlyon made his peace with her somehow, told her he had a headache, which was true enough; managed to leave her with a guardsman for ten minutes, and went after some white muslin and blue ribbons he saw afar off. He followed Leila into a rose allée, where she was walking with two cornets, a young rector, and a couple of other girls; he stepped quietly in between her and the rector, and strolled along into the tent. He and Leila waited behind the others, by some of the Chippenham fuschias and verbenas.

"Who is that lady you have been with all day?" she whispered, with an anxious, eager look.

Philip's mouth shut tight, his eyebrows contracted, and his face grew stern, as he answered briefly, "Miss Cosmetique."

"Is she such a great friend of yours?" asked the little heiress, tremulously.

"Friend? No. Heaven knows! But she will be, some day, my wife."

He did not look at her as he spoke, but bent over the flowers, his lips as white as hers, and the veins swelling on his forehead. She did not answer, but her little hands clenched on her parasol-handle till the ivory snapped, and the mute misery he saw on her face made him feel that in fishing for hearts with the live bait of love, though trolling is very good fun to the angler, dying only to fill the basket of conquests is not quite such fun to the victim. The cornets and girls came up; Leila hurriedly pleaded the heat of the tent, and went into the house alone. She did not come down to dinner, and over the fish and soup Lady Chip said she was so sorry poor little Leila was quite unwell; had caught a chill, she feared, on the grass; what a pity it was girls would wear such thin boots; did not Carlyon think so? This speech stabbed uncomfortably into Philip's heart; he felt guilty. The spinning had been very pleasant, certainly, but the death-agonies of the poor fish worried him. The warm springs that lay hidden under the conventional ice in Carlyon's heart were stirred, and as he stood in his bedroom window smoking his Cavendish gloomily, he swore heartily at himself, called himself very hard names, wished Honoria Cosmetique at the bottom of the Red Sea; and when, at last, he turned in and fell asleep, as the sun streamed through his room, philosophical Philip saw nothing in his dreams but the pale face of his poor Rose d'Amour, asking him why, for her sake and his own, he had ever come out fishing in August?

"Come here, you star of St. George's," said Lady Chip, smiling, "and tell me what is the matter with Leila Wyndham. She tells me she is not ill, but I fear very much she is."

She led the way to the library, and Carlyon followed her, looking all the more stern and stoical because he was feeling uncomfortably remorseful and unhappy.

Leila was sitting in a window, and did not look up, as she assured him she was quite well—never better, &c. &c. Carlyon sat down by her, felt her pulse, and asked a few quiet questions, to which he obtained very unintelligible answers; and, soon after, Lady Chip was called out of the room. There was a dead silence. Leila played with Pluck's ears, who (more faithful to her than his master) lay at her feet. Carlyon got up, sat down again, opened a window, shut it, played with his whiskers, cut six pages of the *Westminster*, then suddenly spoke:

"You asked me, yesterday, who Miss Cosmetique was. I wish to tell you more fully how I—I first came to form an engagement with her. Heaven knows I bear her little love, and wish I had never met and never known her. I acted wrongly at the first, and now I bear the punishment. I engaged myself for money; men told me, and it is so far true, that in our profession more than any, money is wanted. If I can give good parties, keep my carriage and my footmen, and make some show, people will say, Carlyon must have a good practice, he lives in such style, and patients will come to me. If not, they say, Carlyon is going to the dogs, and patients will fall slack. I knew this. I am not rich. I met Miss Cosmetique, who is; she sought me, I may say without vanity. I did not *then* believe in love, and I thought I had done with romance. This is my excuse for my engagement to her. I have none for my fault in coming here as a free man. Judge me gently, Leila; you cannot blame me more than I blame myself. I could not resist the fascinations of your society; you were so fresh, so charming, so novel a study to me, who disbelieved in all truth and innocence. Forgive me! Great as has been my fault, I suffer, Heaven knows, enough for it!" His voice lost its forced calmness, his face was white as death, and his lips worked convulsively, in the double effort of conquering his pride and combating his love. Leila flung herself down, her face buried in the sofa cushions, and sobbed passionately; deep, heart-breaking sobs, which nearly drove poor Philip mad. "I never dreamt of this—I never thought that you would care thus for me," he murmured, half distracted. "My God! to see this and be compelled to renounce it. Oh, Leila! never shall I forgive myself. But tell me, for pity's sake, that you forgive me, my poor darling!"

He drew away her hands as he spoke, and the little heiress lifted her face to his, woe unutterable in the once bright eyes. "Forgive you? Yes; what would I not forgive you? But—but——"

Sobs choked her voice, and she sank down in an *abandon* of grief. Carlyon bent over her, his warm, passionate nature breaking away from the ice of years.

"Leila, my dearest, I shall go mad! Better had I gone down to the grave unloving and unloved, than brought the misery of my own fate on your young head. Tell me—tell me once more you do not hate me, cruel and selfish as I have been."

"Hate you?" murmured the girl. "Never—never. God bless you always, Philip!"

As she whispered his name, Carlyon, haughty Carlyon's tears dropped on her brow, and he kissed her passionately again and again.

Heaven knows what he might not have sworn if Lady Chip had not at that moment turned the handle of the door. Leila sprang up and rushed away through a side-door. Carlyon, with his head high in the air, for fear Lady Chip should detect the unusual moisture in his dark eyes, began to talk rather hurriedly of headache, remittent fever, cold caught on the lawn, chloric ether, and quinine, telling as many medical falsehoods as ever a professional man did on occasion, till Lady Chip, reminded thereby, gave him a telegraphic despatch, just come for him. It summoned him to one of his best patients in town. Carlyon was glad of it. It gave him time for thought, and obviated the irksome duty of attendance on Honoria, and in half an hour he was in the train and off. It was a dangerous case: he was kept there three weeks; and as he sat night after night in his own house, smoking in his solitude, the generosity, and passionate feeling, and depth of affection that lay *perdus* in his inner nature rose up, grew and strengthened.

V.

A PIC-NIC PARTY AT THE ABBEY RUINS.

THE day of the horticultural show, so wearisome to Carlyon, was very literally a *jour de fête* to Du Plât. In the aforesaid rose allée, *au clair de la lune*, did the improvident Templar swear eternal fidelity to the Chips' governess, and beseech her to be his wife; whether to live in chambers, disguised as the aforesaid Ben, according to Philip's suggestion, he did not pause to inquire, though how he could keep her in any other capacity, Leicester, if put to it, could not have explained. But it was the real thing this time, you see—no *deux temps* love or ice-room flirtation—and obstacles were therefore in his eyes only so many hoops to be jumped through.

"But what will your friends say to your marrying a governess?" said Inez Windham, smiling.

"My friends? Confound them all. What are they to me, love? If they were to cut me—which they won't—it would be rather a relief, for I am not very fond of the lot. I cannot offer you money, Inez, but I can work, and I will; it is time I should, at nine-and-twenty. I've been a sad idle dog, but I'm getting rather sick of the life, and it will be a change to get into harness and work one's brain a little. I'll imitate Jeffreys, darling, and if I only make as good an ending as he did, we shall do!"

Inez murmured a great deal about his generosity and self-sacrifice, &c. &c. Very pleasant to Du Plât's ears, I dare say; it always *is* pleasant to be praised for magnanimity when one is doing a thing to gratify oneself. "But if you should marry the heiress, after all, Leicester!" whispered the governess, looking up in his face with a *malin* glance.

"Marry whom? I would fling myself into the Alder sooner!" cried Du Plât, with vehement reproaches to her for doubting his love, for supposing him capable of such treachery, for thinking any riches could be to him what she was—and all the rest of it *ad infinitum*.

"And yet I have an idea that you may marry her, after all," continued Inez, an arch smile hid under her long lashes.

"Good God, dearest! what *can* you mean?" exclaimed Du Plât, fairly startled at this persistent disbelief in his truth and constancy.

"I mean," murmured Inez, "that as you were generous enough to wish to take me penniless, as you fancied me, you will be too generous to let my unhappy 'tin mines, acres, and consols' part us. Don't be angry with me, Leicester—don't let this miserable money break your poor Inez's heart."

He gazed into her eyes bewildered, mystified, scarcely crediting the veracity of his auricular or ocular organs. "You—the heiress—what do you mean? You cannot be——"

"Yes," she answered, clinging to him—"yes, I am the heiress your father met at Hawtree. I am the Miss Windham who has 10,000*l.* a year, that she will wish to Heaven had never been hers if it annoys or angers you. Dear Leicester, I was sick to death of lovers and friends who sought me for my wealth. I longed for love unsoiled by avarice, and a heart unbought by gold. I had heard your father's wishes for you and me. I thought when you came here you were like the rest—heiress-hunting—and I resolved to trick you; the Chippenhams, and Leila Wyndham, a school friend of mine then coming as governess here, helped me. Her name being the same, made it very easy. She is a dear little thing, ready for any fun, and we all entered into the plot for pure amusement, never thinking of the consequences. Tell me you forgive me, Leicester. Many a time have I been on the point of betraying myself, but the longing to be loved—loved for myself alone—made me go on with the deception. Never mind the money, love; you would not have let poverty part us—you will not force us both to be wretched for the sake of my unfortunate riches. Speak to me, Leicester. Tell me you do not love me less!"

Du Plât could answer such an appeal only in one way; and though he was certainly more astonished than ever he had been in his life, and was sincerely disappointed to be chiselled into doing the very thing he had always vowed not to do, he was far too wildly in love to part from Inez, if, to marry her, he had been compelled to live on the extreme peak of Mont Blanc.

"And you won't throw yourself into the Alder, Leicester, rather than marry 'the heiress,' will you?" laughed the quasi-governess, an hour after, when they had settled everything *couleur de rose*.

"I shall throw myself into the Alder if I *don't*," said Du Plât. "By Jove! to think that *I* should be done in this way, that *I* should marry Money! The worst of it is, the governor 'll be so pleased; he's set his heart upon your wonderful tin mines. But, however, the mistress of the tin mines knows I don't care a rush for them, and her verdict is the only one important to me."

One night Carlyon sat in his dining-room alone; his cat asleep on his knee, his cockatoo dozing on its stand, and the surgery-bell quiet on its wire. Pluck alone sat gazing at him with his true brown eyes, puzzling in his clever canine head what had come to his master to make him so stern, so silent, and distrait. People's lives were in danger from Carlyon, and I'm not sure that at that time he didn't prescribe belladonna as a tonic, and send a child's grey powder to a gouty member of parliament.

He sat and smoked, and smoked and thought, and as he did so, his broad, pale forehead knit, and his white teeth closed hard on his meerschaum. As the clock struck twelve he started up, exclaiming,

"By Heavens, I can't stand this any longer!"

That night, too, little Leila sat in her room in the moonlight, crying bitterly over a withered bunch of wild flowers, and thought to herself, "I shall never be his wife, but I shall love him dearer than his wife ever will, all my life through."

"Halloa, Lion, where the devil did you come from?" said Du Plât, seeing Philip come across the lawn at Monkstone Court, at noon the next day. "You look deucedly ill, old boy. I'm glad you've come down to finish your holiday."

"How are you all? Is—is—Miss Wyndham well?" asked Carlyon, throwing himself down under the cedars.

"Inez? Oh yes, thank you, she's all right, and as——"

"Inez? Pshaw! I mean my—my—patient."

Du Plât whistled gently to himself. "That's the way the wind lies, is it? No, she looks as ill as—as you do. By George! Lion, you know she's not the heiress after all."

"Not?" asked Carlyon, with a quick glance of his dark eyes.

"No. Oh, I've got no end to tell you." And Du Plât, taking his pipe out of his mouth, proceeded to tell the tale of how he, poor victim, had been trapped into marrying 10,000*l*. a year. Great was his marvel to hear at the end of his peroration a solemn and fervent "Thank Heaven!"

"The devil, my dear Lion, what's that for? Are you thanking Heaven that I've got the tin mines. I'll return thanks in church about it if you think I ought."

"No," said the once calm Carlyon, springing to his feet, "I thank Heaven she is poor, that I may prove to her how dearly I love her, and that her cold rival may never say I married *her* for money."

"Ye gods! Phil, whom are you going to marry? Honoria's governor hasn't smashed, has he?"

"Honoria be hanged," cried Philip. "Cold, passionless nonentity, I blush to think I could ever have stooped to let her buy me with her gold. At last, in my life, Dupe, I love; love I disbelieved in, but nevertheless sighed for; and I will break, break at once and for ever with these hateful ties that bind me to one with whom I have not even one thought in common. I have erred—erred to both. My fault is great to Honoria; my engagement to her was an acted lie, and a lie ever brings its own punishment, but I will not add to the sin by marrying her."

Du Plât stared at him, amazed at this outburst from his calm and philosophic friend.

"But, good Heavens! Phil, she may bring a breach of promise case against you."

"Let her."

"But it will ruin your practice."

"So it must, but I shall be free from her, and a man with brains can always live somewhere. But she will not do that; cold and phlegmatic as she is, little affection as there is in her heart, she is neither low-bred nor coarse-minded, and would have as small sympathy as you or I with a woman who, for the sake of revenge—and a revenge, after all, only imaginary—would expose herself in court. Poor Honoria's pride will be bitterly hurt, but she will not heal it by proclaiming her injuries in the *Times* law reports."

"And your pride will be hurt too, old fellow. Haughty Philip Carlyon will have to confess that he was actually once in the wrong."

Philip smiled. "Unpleasant, but I am not so morally weak as to shirk the confession. I have wronged Honoria, and I should have gone on to wrong her still further by marrying her, that her money might keep my brougham, and make me a good position, if I had not been roused by a passion too strong for me to resist. When I was alone there up in town, I felt that union with a woman I detested would be insupportable. The solitude and barren egotism of my life became hateful; and I began to realise the possibility of a warmer, truer, higher existence. I cannot now go back to what satisfied me then; and it would be a crime to Leila, and a moral suicide to myself, if I could. I must either break my chains and marry where I love, or never marry at all, and lead a life as lowering and profitless as it will be bare and void of either aim, end, or happiness."

"Break your chains then, Lion; you are too good to be lost. Leave Honoria and Money to some fool with neither heart nor brains, and take two better mistresses, Leila and Ambition; they'll make you a happier, and I bet, in the end, a more successful man; for at your age, and with your nature, if you set your fancy on this girl and lose her, you'll go to the dogs as safe as this pipe stem's made of cherry-wood. Have you told the young lady of your entanglement?"

"Yes. It was my duty to tell her."

"Your duty six weeks ago, *I* humbly conceived. Well, what did she say?"

"Forgave me, like an angel."

"Never heard angels were given to forgiveness; their office generally seems, according to the parsons, to consist in writing down our sins. Of course she forgave you. She would if you blew her brains out, and she were able to speak to the fact afterwards; and besides, women are always flattered at an old love being turned over for 'em. But, by the powers! they're bringing the carriages round. We're going pic-nicking to the ruins at Carlton. Come along. Poor Inez 'll think I've been shot for a poacher, or disappeared for evermore into the Alder. By George, there she is, too!"

Du Plât tore across the lawn, Carlyon following more leisurely. He met Lady Chip, was warmly welcomed, and made her a pretty speech about having run away from his patients to apologise to her for having quitted Monkstone so unceremoniously three weeks before. Then he encountered Sir Godfrey, who made him an instant offer of his pet bay mare to ride to Carlton; then turned to Inez Windham, just being installed in her pony-carriage by Du Plât, and offered her courteous congratulations; and then made his way to a little pale face under a Spanish hat. There were the eyes of twenty people upon them, so Philip could only take his hat off and shake hands with her; but though she tried to smile and seem unconcerned, and said "Good morning," talked of the weather, and the pony she was riding, with forced vivacity, Carlyon read quite enough in the sad eyes and the circles beneath them to satisfy him. "Old Chip" called to him to mount the bay; as he turned, his eyes fell upon Honoria Cosmetique.

She was just driving up with her Muddybrook friends, and she gave him a haughty surprised stare; for his two letters in three weeks, and those two laconic and cold to the last extent, had very naturally incensed her. Carlyon saw little Leila shudder slightly, strike her pony sharply, and ride away as the Muddybrook barouche drove up. Honoria gave him the extreme tips of two fingers, uttered one or two dry sarcasms, and then leant back in the carriage in chill majesty; while the heir of Muddybrook, a pale, timid, sandy-haired individual, a snob, but an unobtrusive one, busied himself in putting the tiger-skin over her rich flounces.

Carlyon sprang on the bay and moved from the Muddybrook carriage. He rode like a rough-rider—rode as only those do accustomed to horses from boyhood; for Carlyon's father, an improvident rector, who saved nothing out of an income of sixteen hundred a year, and died when Philip was fifteen, had liked nothing better than to see his son taking hedges and ditches after a Suffolk fox. Leila looked at him reining in the fiery mare, at his graceful figure, his handsome chiselled features, his high-bred air, and thought, "He fancies I can easily forget him! He little knows his own attractions. Let him forget me, I shall never cease to care for him."

It was three miles to the abbey ruins, but not once during the three miles could Carlyon manage a tête-à-tête with Leila. Though she was the Chips' governess, men admired and sought the little thing, and Jack Huntly, and the rector of Monkstone, a young fellow fresh from Granta, accommodated their pace to the Shetland's short trot with all the dogged perseverance of lovers. Carlyon grew fairly in a passion at last; he felt if he stayed much longer he should probably knock the Fusilier off his horse, and the rector's hat over his eyes; so, striking the bay savagely, he galloped the last mile at a tremendous pace, arriving at the ruins twenty minutes before any of the party, and causing the heir of Muddybrook to ask if Mr. Carlyon wasn't a little mad; to which Miss Cosmetique replied, with a sarcastic up-lifting of the eyebrows, "*I* begin to think so."

They lunched on the grass, of course; people always do, because it's the most uncomfortable position they can select. However, a young lady once told me that it is the discomfort which makes the fun, so *chacun à son goût*. Carlyon somehow began to feel that this detestable luncheon would never come to an end. He could have shot Huntly and the rector without the smallest compunction; Miss Cosmetique flirted unnoticed at his elbow; and Du Plât whispered to Inez, that if he were to put salt into Lion's claret, he'd bet he'd drink it without knowing; to which she answered, sympathisingly, "And so would you, Leicester, if two men were usurping me; so don't make fun of your friend."

Luncheon over, Carlyon's martyrdom ended. As they broke up into different parties, he bent down to Leila. "Come down the river with me; I will take you safely in the punt."

She looked at him in surprise and hesitation. "But Miss Cosmetique——" she murmured.

"Miss Cosmetique? Bah! she is nothing to me now. Come!"

She took his arm, the black lace hiding eyes full of tears, and Philip led her down towards the river. But the river went straight away out of the memories of both, and he found it more agreeable to stay in some of the old cloisters overhung with ivy and aspen, where, with no listeners save the blackbirds and mavises, and no witnesses except the campanulas, nodding themselves to sleep on their stems, Carlyon told his sins and asked for absolution, and, throwing over Money, gave himself up—to Love.

"I cannot help loving you, Philip," whispered Leila. "I should always have loved you if—if even you had married *her*. Oh! are you sure that you will never look back and regret what you now do? Never wish that you had not renounced money for me, given up ambition for love?"

Carlyon kissed her lips to silence. "Never! With her my life would have been blighted. I should have had for my wife one with whom I had neither thought, feeling, nor taste in unison, and fools would have been able to point at me, and say, 'See! Carlyon, proud as he is, yet sold himself for money.' In you, on the contrary, I shall ever have with me one to rejoice in my success and inspire my energies, a spur to exertion, a motive for ambition; you have woke me to a nobler hope, given me a warmer life. Had I never met, and never loved you, I should have gone on in my cold and egotistical routine, deadening myself to every fonder feeling, because I despaired of finding one who would respond to them. Then do you ask me whether I shall regret giving up darkness for light, hell for heaven?"

"A very pretty scene—I beg your pardon for interrupting it." The voice was cold, sharp, and clear.

Carlyon raised his eyes, Leila uttered a cry, blushed scarlet, unclasped her hands from round his neck, and stooped to pick up her hat, which lay on the grass.

There, in full dignity, with her India cashmere gathered round her, and her point-lace parasol held with the majesty of a sceptre, stood Miss Cosmetique, looking in upon them from between the aspen boughs. How gratifying it must have been to have heard oneself symbolised by "hell!"

Carlyon felt glad the *éclaircissement* had come at last. He took a few steps towards her, and said, calmly, "I have long wished for this opportunity, Miss Cosmetique; I ought to have sought it before. Hear me for a few minutes, and——"

She turned her black eyes on him with fierce hauteur.

"There is not the slightest necessity, Mr. Carlyon; I have seen and heard quite sufficient, and do not wish to be insulted by any attempt at explanation."

Carlyon's colour rose.

"Your anger is just; you cannot reproach me more than I reproach myself. I have acted wrongly to you from first to last. In engaging myself to you I deceived you, as a man always deceives a woman in simulating an affection he cannot feel. There I erred; I admit it frankly, and I ask your pardon for it."

He spoke with the grace natural to him. There is always, too, something winning in the voluntary self-condemnation of a very proud man, but it neither disturbed nor won Miss Cosmetique. She answered very coolly, admiring her tight lavender kid glove.

"There is no wrong done, Mr. Carlyon; there is, therefore, no question of pardon. We have both of us, for some time, felt the want of congeniality between us. We shall be happier free, I hope. Whether your conduct has been exactly according to the rules of that chivalrous honour and gentlemanlike courtesy you are wont to say you admire, I will not pretend to decide; but of that you are the best judge."

Carlyon bit his lip, but kept all passion down, for he felt Honoria had a right to condemn as severely as she chose.

"I do not defend myself," he said, gently, "and I tell you I have done wrong. I feel you have a right to judge me harshly, and had I ever thought you loved me, I should blame myself indeed. But you never did; we shall both, as you observe, be happier free. I can only say, what I would say to no living man, that I ask your pardon for the wrong done to you."

"Very condescending!" said Honoria, with a sneer, slightly shrugging her cashmere-covered shoulders. "The next time I hear people talk of a 'man of honour,' I shall remember Mr. Carlyon. I offer you and Miss Wyndham my sincere congratulations, and beg to wish you good morning."

Wherewith Miss Cosmetique gathered her cashmere round her, shifted her parasol between her and the sun, and without deigning to glance at either of them more, swept through the trees in solemn majesty, her thick bayadère flounces knocking the heads off the campanulas right and left, and spreading destruction among the heaths. Carlyon stood still, and swore a little bit to relieve himself, till Leila whispered,

"Don't be angry, dear Philip; I can afford to pity her now, poor thing, for has she not lost *you?*"

Whereon Carlyon called her every caressing name he could lay his tongue to, and talked more of what six weeks before he would have decreed bosh and spoonyism, than anybody who only knew his "practical" and "philosophic" exterior would have credited.

"How strange it is that you, you little thing, should have such power over me. I could have defied any one to shake my self-control or unman my resolution, but you, my darling, with a word, could desolate my life, or make existence paradise," said sceptical Carlyon, still rather surprised at the strength of the new-born love within him.

"I won't abuse the power, Philip," she whispered, looking at him as if he were some sublime archangel descended to earth for her especial worship. "If I have such power over you, what have you over me?" Then she laughed the laugh that Carlyon, in his present state of mind, thought the divinest music he had ever heard. "But don't you know that you admired me from the first, monsieur? When I met you in the lane the day you came down here, did you not praise 'my wild head, breadth of shoulders, and strength of action?'"

A month or two afterwards, Carlyon heard that Honoria was wooed and won by the scion of the house of Muddybrook. It was the fusion of two *nouveaux riches*—they can't carp at each other for lack of pedigree. She rules her sandy-haired lord with triumphant vigilance, and he submits to be henpecked with admirable grace and meekness; and when a regret rises in her mind for Philip's clever brain and handsome face, she consoles herself with the recollection that she certainly never could have so ruled him. As her carriage turned into the Ring the other day, she saw Carlyon and Leila walking across the Park. They were close by the rails, laughing and talking as they hurried on, and Honoria, as she saw his face, could no longer hope she and her brougham were regretted, or Philip made to repent the preference he had given to Cupid over Plutus.

Du Plât is reconciled to the tin mines, and finds 10,000*l*. a year anything but a disagreeable addenda to existence. He was married from old Chip's at the same time with Carlyon, which day, he avers, recollection of the tin mines alone carried him through. Lion and Dupe are as fast chums as ever. They see a good deal of each other, as Du Plât spends the best part of the year in town, and a trout stream running through his place in Devonshire is carefully preserved for Lion's especial benefit. Philip hasn't tin mines, either literal or figurative, but he likes his Rose d'Amour better than a brougham, and, when he comes home tired at night, finds a joyous welcome more refreshing than one of Honoria's chill soirées would have been. His deep warm heart has found an object to lavish itself upon, and the noble inner nature of the man finds sympathy and rest in the sunshine of affection. And I do really believe he is perfectly happy, since, during a fortnight on the banks of the Wye last August, he converted his little wife to the piscatory art, or rather to interest in his fishing. If she has become an apostle of Izaak Walton, he has become a convert to Love, and Carlyon and Leila both agree in blessing that fateful autumn vacation when—he trolled for jack and got hooked by Cupid.

Miscellanies by Monkshood.

ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS:

XIV.—Hartley Coleridge.

On the nineteenth of September, 1796, Hartley Coleridge was born, in a cottage at Clevedon, near Bristol—(it ought to have been, had pantisocracy prospered, somewhere on the banks of the Susquehanna). His father was from home at the time; but was in the act of journeying homeward when the news reached him, on the day following. He wrote a sonnet on the occasion—the opening lines of which are suggested by Plato's speculation, in the "Phœdo," *ἠν που ἡμων ἡ ψυχη πριν ἐν τῳδε τῳ ἀνθρωπινῳ ἐιδει γενεσθαι.* This sonnet, as well as other verses connected with Coleridge's hopes and aspirations and prospective schemings for his first-born, we shall quote—trusting the reader will share the interest we feel in studying the "antecedents" and early associations of this gifted child of so much blighted promise. Merely to read what the father has written of and to the infant son, cannot but excite in readers of sensibility,—who may otherwise have yet to learn who Hartley Coleridge was, and what his life-history, what his life-performance,—a thoughtful curiosity to know how the father's hopes and plans turned out: how far he realised his educational ideal, in the nurture and bringing up of the boy; and how far the boy answered to the expectations that were formed, and helped, as much as in *him* lay, to further or to mar the accomplishment of them. This interest *à priori* is seconded by occasional allusions we meet with to the childhood of little Hartley, in the writings, verse or prose, of some of his father's dearest friends—Wordsworth, for example, Charles Lamb, and Robert Southey.

The following is the Sonnet just referred to:

Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll
Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past
Mixed with such feelings as perplex the soul
Self-questioned in her sleep; and some have said
We lived, ere yet this robe of flesh we wore.
O my sweet baby! when I reach my door,
If heavy looks should tell me thou art dead
(As sometimes, through excess of hope, I fear),
I think that I should struggle to believe
Thou wert a spirit, to this nether sphere
Sentenced for some more venial crime to grieve;
Did'st scream, then spring to meet Heaven's quick reprieve,
While we wept idly o'er thy little bier.

The paternal fear, "through excess of hope," was banished when, on his reaching home, bright not "heavy looks" told Coleridge the child lived. A friend afterwards asked him "how he felt when the nurse first presented his infant to him," and an answer was given in the form of another Sonnet:

Charles! my slow heart was only sad, when first
I scanned that face of feeble infancy:
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, *and all my child might be!*
But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile)
Then I was thrilled and melted, and most warm
Impressed a father's kiss.

The child was named Hartley, after

him, of mortal kind
Wisest, him first who marked the ideal tribes
Up the fine fibres thro' the sentient brain
Pass in fine surges,

David Hartley,—whom Coleridge had thus characterised in his "Religious Musings," written two years before, and who was then his oracle in philosophy. The fine verses entitled "Frost at Midnight" were composed as the father kept watch beside the infant's cot, after all was still in the house. He there conjures up memories of his own boyhood past afar from rural solitudes and calm—and resolves that his sleeping darling shall be otherwise brought up—that to him all seasons shall be sweet, whether the summer clothe the earth with greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing on the snow-laden apple-tree:

Dear babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars—
But thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

It has been said that to the desultory ideal expressed in this prophecy Wordsworth attributed much of the unhappiness of Hartley's actual career: he *did* wander like a breeze—and like a breeze that bloweth where it listeth, and of which thou hearest the sound, soft, subtle, melodious—but without knowing whence it cometh or whither it goeth. An acquaintance who visited the jasmine-and-myrtle-covered cottage at Clevedon in 1797, thus alludes in a letter to what he saw within its walls: "Coleridge has a fine little boy about nine or ten months old, whom he has named David Hartley—for Hartley and Bishop Berkeley are his idols—and he thinks them two of the greatest men that ever lived. This child is a noble, healthy-looking fellow, has strong eyebrows, and beautiful eyes. It is a treat, a luxury, to see Coleridge hanging over his infant and talking to it, and fancying what he will be in future days."

In the poem, again, entitled "The Nightingale," the child is thus paternally portrayed:

That strain again?
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small fore-finger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening star; and once when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)
I hurried with him to our orchard plot,
And he beheld the moon, and, hush'd at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropt tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moonbeams. Well,
It is a Father's tale: but if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was doomed to see plan after plan of his weaving, literary and social, political and private, foiled or frustrated more or less. Sanguine and magnificent in his designs, he was pre-eminently deficient in the energy and persistent endeavour required for their fulfilment. Not the least of the "foiled potentialities" (to use Mr. Carlyle's expression) which we associate with his name, was his own first-born son. Hartley Coleridge, it is true, did turn out a remarkable man, and has unquestionably left behind him writings both in prose and verse which attest his distinguished powers; but when we think of what he *might* have been——?

In the autumn of 1800 Coleridge removed to the Lakes. Let us here put together a few illustrative fragments relating to Hartley from this time forward, showing what manner of boy he was. Wordsworth's exquisite lines *To H. C., Six years old,* claim precedence, and amply justify it:

O thou! whose fancies from afar are brought;
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol;
Thou faery voyager! that dost float
In such clear water that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream;
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one imagery;
O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,

I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.
I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest
But when she sate within the touch of thee.
O too industrious folly!
O vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.
What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a dewdrop, which the morn brings forth,
Ill-fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives;
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife
Slips in a moment out of life.

For the far-fetched fancies spoken of in the first line, young Hartley was singularly renowned. As the boy Thomas de Quincey had his imaginary kingdom of Gombroon, so had Hartley Coleridge his shadowy (but to him most actual) realm of Ejuxria. Seated upon Mr. Jackson's knee, or standing by "Wilsy's" apron (Mrs. Wilson, once the belle of Keswick; long years after *that*, the "aged friend serene" of Southey's "Pilgrimage to Waterloo"), the chirp of whose knitting-needles (says his brother, Derwent) formed an accompaniment to the chirrup of his voice,—with flashing eyes, which those who have seen will not easily forget, the child Hartley would pour out his strange speculations, and weave his wild inventions, believing in his own tale; for indeed he had hardly become conscious of the difference between fact and fiction.

He would keep his brother (four years younger) listening *ad libitum* to exhaustless intelligence from the Ejuxria his creative mind, of imagination all compact (giving to airy *nothings* a local habitation and a name), had brought into life, and kept alive by daily supplies of ever incoming fancies, fresh and fair. "His usual mode of introducing the subject was—'Derwent,' calling me by my name (for these disclosures in latter years were made to me alone), 'I have had letters and papers from Ejuxria.' Then came his budget of news, with appropriate reflections, his words flowing on in an exhaustless stream, and his countenance bearing witness to the inspiration—shall I call it?—by which he was agitated. Nothing could exceed the seriousness of his manner, and doubtless of his feelings. He was, I am persuaded, utterly unconscious of invention: and if the early age in which this power was exercised be remarkable, the late period to which it was continued was not less so. I have reason to believe that he continued the habit mentally, from time to time, after he left school, and of course had no longer a confidant; in this, as in many other ways, continuing a child." A serviceable illustration, this, in its psychological import, to any one who may be getting up an investigation of the rationale of the Mytho-pœic faculty in man.

The elder Coleridge appears at one time, biased perhaps by his own predilections, to have believed Hartley's forte would be metaphysics. And judging by allusions in Southey's published correspondence, Hartley bade fair, while still in petticoats, to go deep into, and out of his depth in, ontological pursuits. In his seventh year his great delight was to get his father to talk metaphysics to him. He tormented himself in his attempts to solve the problems that would equally torment the full-grown man, if the world and its cares and pleasures did not distract his attention. At five years old, by his father's account, the child used to be in agony of thought, puzzling himself about the reality of existence. He had no pleasure, we are assured, in *things;* they made no impression on him till they had undergone a process in his mind, and were become thoughts or feelings. But the metaphysical monomania wore itself out—perhaps for want of sustenance; or was absorbed in the Ejuxrian provinces of castle-building and world-making extraordinary. He would invent the wildest tales, Southey says, still speaking of him in his seventh year; a history of kings of England who are to be; a series of legendary extravagances, so odd and preternatural as sometimes to terrify himself; when he would exclaim, "*I'se* afraid of my own thoughts." At nine Southey describes him as the oddest of all God's creatures, and becoming quainter and quainter every day—totally destitute of anything like modesty, yet without the slightest tinge of impudence in his nature. "His religion makes one of the most humourous parts of his character. 'I'm a boy of a very religious turn,' he says; for he always talks of himself, and examines his own character, just as if he was speaking of another person, and as impartially. Every night he makes an extempore prayer aloud; but it is always in bed, and not till he is comfortable there and got into the mood. When he is ready he touches Mrs. Wilson, who sleeps with him, and says, 'Now listen!' and off he sets like a preacher. If he has been behaving amiss, away he goes for the Bible, and looks out for something appropriate to his case in the Psalms or the Book of Job. The other day, after he had been in a violent passion, he chose out a chapter against wrath. 'Ah! that suits me!' The Bible also is resorted to whenever he ails anything, or else the Prayer-book. He once made a pun upon occasion of the bellyache, though I will not say that he designed it. 'Oh, Mrs. Wilson, *I'se* got the *colic!* read me the Epistle and Gospel for the day.' In one part of his character he seems to me strikingly to resemble his father—in the affection he has for those who are present with him, and the little he cares about them when he is out of their sight. It is not possible for one human being to love another more dearly than Mrs. Wilson loves him, and he is as fond of her as it is in his nature to be of anything, and probably loves her better than he does anybody else. Last summer she was dangerously ill, and Hartley in consequence came and lived at home. He never manifested the slightest uneasiness or concern about her, nor ever would go near her. I do not know whether I should wish to have such a child or not. There is not the slightest evil in his disposition, but it wants something to make it steadily good; physically and morally there is a defect of courage. He is afraid of receiving pain to such a degree that, if any person begins to read a newspaper, he will leave the room, lest there should be anything shocking in it. This is the explication of his conduct during Mrs. Wilson's illness. He would not see her because it would give him pain, and when he was out of sight he contrived to forget her. I fear that, if he lives, he will dream away life like his father, too much delighted with his own ideas ever to embody them, or suffer them, if he can help it, to be disturbed. I gave him Robinson Crusoe two years ago. He never has read, nor will read, beyond Robinson's departure from the island. No, he says; he does not care about him afterwards, and never will know. You will find infinite amusement from him when you come to visit us."

In his memoir, among the Lives of the Poets, of Dr. Young, Johnson remarks: "Poets, with reverence be it spoken, do not make the best parents. Fancy and imagination seldom deign to stoop from their heights—always stoop unwillingly to the low level of common duties. Aloof from vulgar life, they pursue their rapid flight beyond the ken of mortals, and descend not to earth but when compelled by necessity. The prose of ordinary occurrences is beneath the dignity of poets." Whether we agree in part, or wholly, or not at all with Dr. Johnson's ironical dictum, it is unhappily true, in the spirit of it, as applied to S. T. Coleridge, in the character of paterfamilias. What shall be said of the man, Samuel Phillips somewhere asks, whom a faithful friend, grieved by his negligence and addiction to a life-destroying habit, thus ventured to address?—"Your wife and children are domesticated with Southey. He has a family of his own, which, by his literary labour, he supports, to his great honour; and to the extra provision required of him on your account he cheerfully submits; still, will you not divide with him the honour? You have not extinguished in your heart the father's feelings. Your daughter is a sweet girl. Your two boys are promising, and Hartley, concerning whom you once so affectionately wrote, is eminently clever. These want only a father's assistance to give them credit and honourable stations in life. Will you withhold so equitable and small a boon? Your eldest son will soon be qualified for the university, where your name would inevitably secure him patronage, but without your aid how is he to arrive there? And, afterwards, how is he to be supported? Revolve these things, I entreat you, calmly on your pillow." Well; Hartley goes to Oxford; is settled at Merton; and the following passage occurs about the same time in one of his uncle's letters (Southey to Neville White), which, taken in connexion with the remonstrance just cited, it is most painful to read: "What will his [Hartley's] fate be? I hardly dare ask myself the question. He goes with the invaluable advantage of having a cousin in the university old enough to be his adviser, and not too old to be his friend; he takes with him a larger stock of Greek than is often carried to college, a powerful intellect, good principles, and good feelings. But with these he has some dangerous accompaniments; for he is headstrong, violent, perilously disposed to justify whatever he may wish to do, eccentric in all his ways, and willing to persuade himself that there is a merit in eccentricity. But his greatest danger arises from a mournful cause, against which it is impossible to protect, or even to caution him,—it arises from his father. Hartley is able to comprehend the powers of his father's mind, and has for it all that veneration which it is both natural and proper that he should feel. The conduct of the father is, of course, a subject on which no one would speak to the son; and Hartley, I believe, contrives to keep it out of his own sight; but if Coleridge should take it in his head to send for the boy to pass any of his vacations with him, there is the most imminent danger of his unsettling his mind upon the most important subjects, and the end would be utter and irremediable ruin. For Coleridge, totally regardless of all consequences, will lead him into all the depths and mazes of metaphysics: he would root up from his mind, without intending it, all established principles; and if he should succeed in establishing others in their place, with one of Hartley's ardour and sincerity, they would never serve for the practical purposes of society, and he would be thrown out from the only profession or way of life for which he is qualified. This you see it is absolutely impossible to prevent. I know but too well, and Coleridge also knows, what an evil it is to be thus as it were cut adrift upon the sea of life; but experience is lost upon him."

Among Charles Lamb's letters to Southey, we find one, written this same summer, in which the following parallel passage occurs: "Your fear for Hartley's intellectuals is just and rational. Could not the Chancellor be petitioned to remove him? His lordship took Mr. Betty from under the paternal wing. I think at least he should go through a course of matter-of-fact with some sober man after the mysteries. Could not he spend a week at Poole's before he goes back to Oxford? But there's a man in my office, a Mr. H. [what an ungrateful name *that* must have been to Charles Lamb the farce writer, "Mr. H.!"], who proses it away from morning to night, and never gets beyond corporal and material verities. He'd get these crack-brain metaphysics out of the young gentleman's head as soon as any one I know."—The concurrence of two such men as Lamb and Southey, in their apprehension of deleterious paternal influences, is only too significant.

However, things went well with Hartley at Oxford for a time. He obtained a fellowship at Oriel with great distinction. Great was the joy and pride of his father and family. But, in his brother's words, a reverse was at hand.

Briefly to intimate the nature and results of this, that brother's words will best serve our purpose: "At the close of his probationary year he was judged to have forfeited his Oriel fellowship, on the ground, mainly, of intemperance. Great efforts were made to reverse the decision. He wrote letters to many of the Fellows. His father went to Oxford to see and expostulate with the Provost. It was in vain. The specific charges might have been exaggerated. Palliations and excuses might have been found for the particular instances in which they were established. A life singularly blameless in all other respects, dispositions the most amiable, principles and intentions the most upright and honourable, might be pleaded as a counterpoise in the opposite scale. It was to no purpose. The sentence might be considered severe, it could not be said to be unjust, and alas! my poor brother did not take the only course which could have discredited the verdict of his judges. The infirmity which was thus heavily visited, was not subsequently overcome. As too often happens, the ruin of his fortunes served but to increase the weakness which had caused their overthrow.

"The stroke came upon his father, with all the aggravation of surprise, 'as a peal of thunder out of a clear sky.' I was with him at the time," adds Mr. Derwent Coleridge—whose relation of this distressing occurrence is admirable alike for frankness and good feeling, the candour of a conscientious biographer, and the delicacy of a true brotherly attachment—"and have never seen any human being, before or since, so deeply afflicted: not, he said, by the temporal consequences of his son's misfortune, heavy as these were, but for the moral offence which it involved." To what did that offence amount? is a question into which his brother enters in detail; and though we cannot follow him, the reader who would rate correctly the nature of the case, should on no account fail to do so.

What Hartley Coleridge was as a poet is beyond the scope of these sketches, desultory and perversely digressive as they too habitually are. His Sonnets are, in certain respects, excelled by very few indeed, if any, in the language. But of his poems generally—beautiful as they often are, and worthy of a much wider recognition than they appear to have yet attained—he probably himself felt, and might have said, something of what the speaker in Tennyson's Lyrical Monologue deplores—

For I had hope, by something rare,
  To prove myself a poet;
But, while I plan and plan, my hair
  Is grey before I know it.

Indeed, he *did* say, in a sonnet of consummate sweetness in the expression, and pathos in the thought,

Nor child, nor man,
Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is grey,
For I have lost the race I never ran;
A rathe December blights my lagging May;
And still I am a child, though I be old,
Time is my debtor for my years untold.

As a critic, he had proved his competency, natural and acquired, by frequent passages in his *Biographia Borealis*. A Quarterly Reviewer (in 1835) commended the "Northern Worthies" as interwoven with a series of literary and philosophical criticisms, which generally, for their truth and delicacy, and always for their ingenuity and beauty, deserve, and will richly repay, the careful perusal of every man of letters. His Essays and Marginalia fully warrant the character his brother claims for him as a wit and a humorist, a keen observer, and a deep but not sustained or comprehensive thinker; "intensely *subjective*, or at least introspective, yet not disposed to dwell in pure abstractions; seeing the universal in the individual, yet resting in the individual rather than the universal; acute and sagacious, often under the disguise of paradox; playful and tender, with a predominance of the fancy over the imagination, yet capable of the deepest pathos." Mr. Derwent Coleridge adds that the qualities of his brother's mind—clear, rapid, and brilliant—may almost be regarded as supplemental to those by which their father's later and more elaborate productions are distinguished. A comparative course of reading through the elder Coleridge's Lay Sermons, and cognate miscellanies, on the one hand, and Hartley's essays on (*e. g.*) Love Poetry, and Black Cats, and the Fine Arts, and the Character of Hamlet, and Parties in Poetry, and the Poetical Use of Heathen Mythology, will, we incline to think, corroborate what we by no means consider this *partial* view of so near, but intelligent and discerning, a kinsman.

All the essays just enumerated are more or less spirited and original productions—composed, too, with deliberation and much painstaking (for Hartley made a point of doing well what he did at all, and was even punctilious in matters of correction and transcription), as well as quickened with verve and a multiformity of illustration. "Shakspeare and his Contemporaries" is a criticism of admirable taste, learning, and judgment—congenially conceived, and most graphically worded. The Marginalia abound with felicitous characterisation; they are never without pungency and point, never sink into conventionalism or common-place.

In his magazine papers he is, at times, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. Sometimes his discourse is of Brevity, or Antiquity, or Old Age, or the Books of my Childhood—and we follow it in all its divisions, and its many digressions (he was great at a digression, great and good), with untiring attention and not unseldom a pleased surprise. Sometimes what he gives us is an Old Bachelor's Nursery Lecture, or a graver inquiry into the nature and results of Church Sectarianism. Sometimes it is a discursive thesis "De Omnibus Rebus et quibusdam aliis"—wherein the essayist wishes he were a Jew—not in envy of the wealth of Rothschild ("to whom Solomon, in all his glory, was but as a parish poor-box to the Catholic rent")—nor from love (more than beseems a good Christian) of the black-eyed Rebeccas of Duke-street: no; he envies not the Jew his bargains; nor covets his wife, or his servant, or his maid, or anything that is his, except his pedigree, and his *real* property in the Holy Land. For the Jew, our essayist affirms, is the only gentleman: the tree of his genealogy is the oak of Mamre: he has a portion far away—in the land which, above all others, is the land of imagination, the scene of the most certain truths, and of the wildest fictions: he may, at least, feed his fancy with the product of his never-to-be-seen acres; and, though forbidden to possess a single foot of ground, may rank himself with the landed aristocracy. And then the writer launches out in ethnological digressions—about his own possible pedigree—about the aboriginal Britons, and the "invaluable Treatise" of Tacitus on the Manners (or Morals) of the Germans, and the demerits of the later Latin authors (whose artificial rhetoric did more to cramp and enervate the human mind, to prevent the increase and diffusion of real learning, than all the subtle distinctions and hair-splitting casuistry of the long-neglected and ignorantly-despised schoolmen),—and, again, the Celtic practice of tattooing or scarifying, and the philosophy of dandyism, and the patient endurance of pain, and the contempt of death, and the paradises of human invention—whether the paradise be a Gothic expectation of chasing hereafter an everlastingly revivified boar, and drinking ale, in the Hall of Odin, out of the skulls of their enemies; or a Virgil's Elysium, filled with warriors, poets, and lawgivers—each reacting, in glorified semblance, their old parts beneath that purer sky; or a Plato's heaven, derived from those yearning aspirations after a closer intuition of the ideal Good and Beautiful, which illuminated his mighty genius to the very verge of inspiration. "Thus the philosopher's Elysium is speculative—the politician's practical—the labourer looks for rest—the injured for vengeance—the prisoner for freedom. The Goth transferred his drinking bout, the Mahometan his Haram, to the skies. Thus each and all build up a Heaven with the shadows of carnal affections, or the brighter effulgence of self-pleasing thought"—and at length these subjective constructions assume the reality of an objective existence, becoming in effect a power separate from the mind—controlling the will, and modifying the total nature.

Another time the essayist takes for his theme, Shakspeare a Tory and a Gentleman. Nor can a living soul that loves and reveres Shakspeare (and what "living soul" does not? what soul with the breath of life in it—what creature but one of the class branded in common phrase as having "no soul"—*can* do otherwise?)—no individual being, with a spark of Shakspearean feeling, in short, or a ray of Shakspearean imagination, can be Radical enough, or philo-prolétaire enough, or Christian (or most unchristian) Socialist enough, to find offence in the subject of this essay. Shakspeare was a Gentleman, it is here contended, by creation from on high, by a super-terrestrial patent, by a true right divine. In other respects, he had, it is freely owned, little opportunity of learning to be genteel till he was too old to learn; for his birth was humble, his education scanty and imperfect, his early companions unlettered, rude, and riotous. And if the imprudence of his youth and its consequences drove him into the purlieus of lofty rank and courtly splendour—if he lived to play before a maiden queen, and to be patronised by a high-minded peer; such intercourse with power and grandeur is, we are reminded, a searching test, a touchstone that proves, not improves, the intrinsic quality of the ore. "But can it be doubted that Shakspeare, the man Shakspeare, was in heart and soul, in speech and action, in hue and lineament, gait and gesture, a Gentleman of God Almighty's own, undebased by proximity of baseness; unstained even when he fell, and vigorous as a young eagle in his rising?

He bears no token of the sabler streams,
But soars far off among the swans of Thames."

Hartley forgets not to appeal to the portraits of Gentle Willy—*gentle* in the good old sense—for if these portraits may be trusted, he had a most gentlemanlike visage; and that is justly asserted to be no small matter. His very *precepts* of politeness are eulogised, too, as better than Lord Chesterfield's, and as comprising the substance and the lustre of civility. And then as to his Toryism, we are reminded of the respect with which he always treats established orders, degrees, institutions, and opinions; never seeking to desecrate what time and the world's consent have sanctified. "Even prejudices and superstitions he touches gently, as one would be loath to pull down a crazy old shed, if the swallows had built under its eaves, and the ewe and her lamb resorted to its shelter from the storm:

If the sad grave of human ignorance bear
One flower of hope, oh! pass and leave it there."*

Of course it were the easiest thing in the world to produce from the plays of the All-sided Poet, what shall seem testimonies bearing in the opposite direction, in favour of democracy, and liberalism, nay communism and Jack Cadism itself. And an essayist equally ingenious and ingenuous might indite a counteracting essay, to prove Shakspeare a Whig, and a Man of the People. But passing by this question, there is small occasion for even stubborn Whig or rampant Radical to stumble at Hartley Coleridge's discourse. By his doctrine, every Gentleman is a Tory. But then many true gentlemen, he explicitly states, and some great poets, have doubtless called and thought themselves Whigs, Republicans, even Jacobins and Radicals. But, says he, however Whiggish or revolutionary their particular opinions may be, however absurd or unjustifiable the means whereby they hope to improve the condition of mankind, they are still Tories in their object. "They aim at a high mark—they would raise social institutions to their standard of human nature, and forget that this standard is purely ideal." Still the error, he maintains, is a Tory error—as it acknowledges an absolute Truth, an indefeasible Majesty.

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* Wordsworth.

What sort of Toryism Hartley's was, after all, may perhaps be guessed at from the notion a good orthodox Tory had of it, his uncle to wit, Robert Southey. In a letter to Mr. Wynn, in 1834, Southey alludes to his own anonymous nondescript work, "The Doctor"—not even Charles Wynn being then in the secret of its authorship—and proceeds to say: "No clue to the author has reached me. As for Hartley Coleridge, I wish it were his, but am certain that it is not. He is quite clever enough to have written it—quite odd enough; but his opinions are desperately radical, and he is the last person in the world to disguise them. One report was that his father had assisted him: there is not a page in the book, wise or foolish, which the latter *could* have written; neither his wisdom nor his folly are of that kind." And again, in a letter to Mrs. Hughes: "His son Hartley, who was here last week, is confidently believed in his own circle to be the author of the 'Doctor.' I do not believe it, because, though he is one of the very few persons who could have written that extraordinary book, I think he neither could nor would have expressed with so much apparent earnestness, opinions which are directly the reverse of his own, for his are in many respects most pestilent ones. He, however, has far greater powers than any one who now [Aug., 1834. —S. T. C. had died in the July] bears the same name, and more genius than all of them collectively."—If Hartley was not such a plenipotentiary in Pantagruelism, not quite so quaintly and queerly Doctor Dove-like, as his uncle, he had the humour of it (in Corporal Nym's phrase) very strongly developed—and probably could Pantagruelise to jump with some people's humour better even, because with a lighter bound, than Robert the Rhymer of Greta Hall.

But we are getting digressive as well as diffuse beyond all bounds. With a glance, then, at one other essay, of special interest among the Essays and Marginalia, we take leave of the Essayist.

The disquisition On the Character of Hamlet is one of the most precious reliques of Shakspearean criticism that our literature has to show. Right or wrong in his interpretation of, or aids to the solution of, the problem, Hartley has written a noble commentary, such as will always delight, instruct, and refresh every genuine Shakspeare's scholar. The essay is subtle, amply suggestive, and rich not only with the eloquence of a masterly expository style, but the poetry, the imagination of congenial and deeply appreciative exegesis. The Prince of Denmark he takes to be an habitual dweller with his own thoughts,—preferring the possible to the real,—refining on the ideal forms of things, till the things themselves become dim in his sight, and all the common doings and sufferings, the obligations and engagements of the world, a weary task, stale and unprofitable: one who by natural temperament is more a thinker than a doer; whose abstract intellect is an overbalance for his active impulses.—But the development of this view in detail must be followed out, with the attention its excellence is safe to command, in the essay itself. It *is* a "study" to *be* studied, like the great original, in the elucidation of which it is so suggestively if not successfully concerned. Successfully, in the sense of satisfyingly, no essay on Hamlet has yet been written, nor is like to be, unless Hamlet's creator, like Hamlet's father, revisit again the glimpses of the moon, to reoccupy himself with pen and paper, and tell us the reason why. There needs a ghost come from the grave to tell us that. *His* ghost. Nay, even he too, *revenant* or *redivivus*, might—with reverence be it spoken—might fail: perhaps it would diminish our awed admiration of the mystery of his tragic masterpiece, if we could suppose that he would not.

THE BIRTH OF GUNPOWDER.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

A Legend narrated by a Monk of Schwartz's Convent.

A STARVING monk, by chemic art,
Drew poisons from the flowers;
Like liquid moonshine he distilled
The quicksilver in showers.

BLACK was his name, and black his heart,
An evil man and dire,
Or why lean stooping night and day
With eyes upon the fire?

He made the gold arise a tree,
And branch out glittering veins;
He smiled to view, 'mid scarlet coals,
The salamander's pains.

He made the amber wine blush red
When he stirred round the flask;
Full fifty summers' yellow moons
Had found him at his task.

He bade the mummy in the chest
Pant with convulsive throes;
Homunculus's flaccid cheek
To blossom like a rose;

Dry skeletons to shake and dance
Around him in a ring;
He called, and lo! the clouds would poise,
And fold each snowy wing.

He stamped: red creatures from the mine
Broke out in wafts of fire;
Yet he was poor, for popes and kings
Know not that word—ASPIRE.

He was the scorn of barons' halls,
  The scoff of jester fools;
The dogs flew at him when he came
  To doors of pimps and tools.

Oh, hollow-cheeked the thinker was,
  And very wan and pale,
His frock was patched and clouted like
  The fisher's oldest sail.

The children pointed at his beard,
  And laughed to scorn his age;
The very clowns would leave their ploughs
  To pelt the wandering sage.

One night, when autumn moonbeams shed
  Soft crimson on his hand,
They say he broke his rod and freed
  The spirits of his band.

There came dark figures through the fog
  And struck a vein that bled;
He scraped the Bible's parchment clean,
  And signed the bond with red.

Though poor and famine-pinched he was,
  He was a king of earth:
And yet, in forty devils' names
  He cursed his day of birth.

At once the lust of knowing died,
  And, like a burning flame,
Fierce ruling in his brain and heart,
  The lust of riches came.

"The *secret!*" cried he. "Deepest hell
  Yield it, for it is mine;
I give my soul, O Lucifer,
  And every part is thine."

He swore by all the blood Christ shed,
  For one more mighty spell
He'd yield all hope of Heaven's bliss,
  And fling his soul in hell.

That instant, as he broke his flasks
  Together in the flame,
An earthquake shook the riven vault,
  And lo! the wonder came.

He saw hell's secret writ in fire,
  Then, swooning, reeled and sunk:
This was hot nitre's devil's birth—
  God's curses on this monk!

A thunder-clap split roof and tower,
  And shook the sleeping town,
Then, with the crash of coming doom,
  Blew all the abbey down.

Upon a blackened heap of stones,
  Scorched, shapeless, torn, and shrunk,
One hand upon a crucible,
  They found the cursed monk.

BLANCHE LEVEL.

I.

On one of those warm, promising days that we now and then get in February, which seem all the more warm and lovely from their contrast to the passing winter, the secluded parsonage of Littleham put on its gayest appearance within—perhaps in unison with the gay face of nature without. A group of girls, four, had collected in the drawing-room: one was taking the brown holland covers from the chairs, sofa, and footstools; another was bringing out certain ornaments, elegant trifles, not displayed save on state occasions; and the other two were filling some glasses with evergreens and hot-house flowers. Whilst thus occupied, a middle-aged lady entered, the mistress of the house, and wife of the Reverend John Ravensworth.

"Oh, Mrs. Ravensworth, why did you come in? We did not want you to see it until it was finished."

Mrs. Ravensworth smiled. "My dears, it will only look as it has done many a time before: as it did at Christmas——"

"Mamma, you must excuse my interrupting you," cried another of the young ladies, the one who was getting out the ornaments, "but it will look very different; for, at Christmas we had wretched weather, and, see it to-day: and at Christmas we had not the visitors we shall have now."

"We had one of the two visitors, at any rate, Cecilia," returned Mrs. Ravensworth.

"Oh yes, we had Arnold, but he is nobody: we are used to him."

"And Major Carlen is somebody," interposed the only beautiful girl present, looking round from the flowers with a laugh. "Thank you in papa's name, Cecilia."

Very beautiful she was. Exceedingly fair, with dark blue eyes and a somewhat haughty cast of features, Blanche Carlen stood conspicuous amidst the rest. They were pleasing-looking and ladylike, but that was all. Differently educated, Blanche Carlen would have turned out a vain, worldly, and arrogant girl; but, enshrined, as she had been for the last eight years, within the precincts of an humble parsonage, and trained in its doctrines of practical Christianity, Blanche had become thoroughly imbued with the influences around her; and now, at nineteen, she was sweetly simple and guileless as a child.

The living of Littleham was a poor one: and Mrs. Ravensworth, when she was educating her only child, had sought and found three young ladies to participate in the foreign governess, and other advantages provided for Cecilia. Blanche Carlen was one: she had been placed there on the death of her mother, and it was so long since she saw her father, four years, that she had almost forgotten what he was like. He was expected now, on a two days' visit, and for him the house was being made to look its best. The other visitor, coming by accident at the same time, was Arnold Ravensworth, the rector's nephew.

The promised visit of Major Carlen was an event in their quiet country life: not the expected arrival of a duke royal would have made more stir at the rectory than he. All the rector and his wife knew of him was, that he was the father of Blanche, and a man who moved in the gay circles of the world. Had they but been behind the scenes—but, in their simplicity, they would not have understood them. Blanche Carlen had four thousand pounds of her own, and the interest of this had paid for her education and clothes: the major would have liked the fingering of it excessively; but, to covet is one thing, and to obtain is another.

The first to arrive was Arnold Ravensworth; a distinguished looking man, with a countenance full of intellect: and the next to arrive was not the major; for the day passed on, and the trains came in to the neighbouring station, but they did not bring Major Carlen. Blanche cried herself to sleep.

Neither had he come in the morning. After breakfast, Blanche went to the end of the garden, and stood at the gate, looking over the intervening field to the road beyond, as if the looking would bring her father. Arnold Ravensworth strolled up to her.

"You know the old saying, Blanche: 'A watched-for guest never comes.'"

"Oh dear!" cried Blanche, "why do you damp me, Arnold? To watch is something. I shall cross the field and look up the road: we can see, from thence, nearly as far as the station."

Blanche opened the gate, and Mr. Ravensworth held out his arm to her. Very soon some one, a stranger, turned into the field, and came swinging along towards them. Blanche gazed at him eagerly.

"Blanche, is this the major?"

It was a tall bony man in an old blue cloak, lined with scarlet. He had a profusion of iron-grey hair, a profusion of iron-grey whiskers; grey, hard, stony eyes, a large twisted nose, and large false teeth. Blanche burst into a merry laugh.

"That papa! what an idea you must have of him, Arnold! Papa was a handsome man with black hair, that beautiful purple black, you know, and two of his front teeth were out. They were knocked out, fighting with the Caffres."

The stranger came on, staring at them: at the good-looking young man and at the beautiful girl he held on his arm: he looked as if he had a knack of staring at girls, whether they were pretty or plain. Mr. Ravensworth whispered his companion.

"Are you quite sure, Blanche? Black hair goes grey, remember: and he has a portmanteau under that cloak."

Even as he spoke, something in the glance of the stranger's eye struck upon Blanche Carlen's memory. She left Mr. Ravensworth's arm and approached the stranger, too agitated to weigh her words.

"Oh—I beg your pardon—are you not papa?"

Major Carlen stopped and regarded her closely. "Are you Blanche?"

"Yes, I am Blanche. Oh, papa!"

A short explanation ensued. The major had not been able to get there on the previous day, and had come down by a night train. He tucked his daughter under his own arm; Mr. Ravensworth took his portmanteau, and went forward to give notice of the arrival.

"Papa, I never saw any one so altered!"

"Nor I," interposed the major. "I was wondering what deuced handsome girl was strolling along, towards me. You are beautiful, Blanche: more so than your mother, and she was handsome."

Blanche, confused though she felt at the compliment, could not return it. "Papa, when I saw you last, you seemed to have the most glossy, silky hair I ever looked at, quite a purple black."

"Had I?" returned the major, not caring to confess that he had discarded the use of the "Royal Circassian purple-black dye, for dyeing hair instantaneously;" the process growing tedious with his advancing years, or the major's vanity less. "Who is that young fellow, Blanche?"

"Arnold Ravensworth; Mr. Ravensworth's nephew. He came down yesterday on a short visit."

"Where does he live?"

"In London, papa."

"Oh. Does he come frequently?"

"Pretty frequently. We wish it was more so: we like him to be here."

"He seems a presuming puppy."

"Dear papa! He! He is one of the most unassuming men you could know; and very talented and clever. He took a double first at Oxford."

"I see," said the major, displaying his large and regular teeth with a sort of grin.

"Papa, do you know I thought to have remembered that you had lost two of your teeth—the two front upper ones," hesitated Blanche, not quite liking to add, Have you had them replaced?

"Did you, little one? Your memory is treacherous. Is this the parson? I forget him. He looks like one of the set; a regular Simon Sankey."

"Oh, papa!" interrupted Blanche, half frightened, half inclined to cry. "He is the best man that ever lived: every one loves and respects him."

"They are all humbugs, my dear," charitably concluded the major, as he met the extended hand of the Reverend John Ravensworth.

Ere middle day, the major had scattered a gloom through the parsonage, in announcing that he had come to take away his daughter. Blanche felt it bitterly: it was her home, and a happy one. And to exchange it for the major's did not look, at present, an inviting prospect; for, though she would not acknowledge it to her own heart, she regarded him with a deal more awe than love.

"Mrs. Ravensworth, do you plead with him; do persuade him to leave me," she implored, with sobs. "It must be quite a new resolution that he has taken; for in his letter he said he could only stay two days with me here, and must leave me again when they were over."

"My dear, the blow has come quite as grievously upon me," was the reply of Mrs. Ravensworth. "I wish it had been otherwise. But he is your father, Blanche, and you owe him full obedience."

"Papa, my things can never be ready," was Blanche Carlen's last forlorn argument when the others had failed.

"Things! Trunks, and clothes, and those sort of rattletraps? They can be sent after you."

"I have a bird," cried Blanche, her eyes filling. "That is it in the cage, and——"

"Leave it as a souvenir. Blanche, you are nineteen; don't be a child: you should be thinking of other things now."

And in this way she was hurried off. Not the day the major came, but on the morning of the following one. All the parsonage accompanied her to the station, Blanche nearly choking with the efforts she made to keep down her sorrow.

"You will come and see me when you return to London," she found a moment to say to Arnold Ravensworth, while the major was overwhelming the clergyman and his wife with regrets and compliments, shallow without, and false within.

"Of course I will, Blanche."

"I don't quite understand where it is papa lives: he changes about often: but I will write you a note and tell you when I get there. If there is one drop of comfort in this unhappy movement, it is that I shall be near you. Good-by, Arnold!"

Major Carlen was one of those, always in debt and difficulty. His property was mortgaged and remortgaged again, and all he had to exist upon, so far as anybody knew, was his half-pay, save what he made at cards and betting, and such-like pursuits. But he continued to retain his club and his visiting connexion, and dined out three parts of his time. Just now he was up in the world, and had fashionable rooms in a fashionable part of town: and to those he introduced Blanche.

"It will be very dull for me, papa," she sighed.

"Not at all," said the major. "You will have plenty of friends to call upon you and take you out, when once it is known that you are here. And, dull or not dull, you are safer under my wing, than ruralising in the parsonage fields and gardens with that Arnold Ravensworth. I have got eyes, Miss Blanche."

So had Blanche, just then: and they were particularly open and fixed on the major. "Doing what, papa?" uttered she.

"I saw his drift—'Blanche' this, and 'Blanche' the other, and his arm at every turn! No, no; I may have been a fool in my days, but I'm not fool enough to leave you there, to be converted into Mrs. Arnold Ravensworth."

Blanche clasped her hands and burst into a fit of merry laughter. "Oh, papa, what an idea! how could you ever imagine it? Why, he is going to be married to Mary Stopford!"

Major Carlen looked excessively blank. Had he saddled himself with Blanche for nothing but a fear of his own imagination? "Who the deuce is Mary Stopford?"

"She lives in Devonshire. A pale, gentle-looking girl, with nice eyes: I have seen her picture. She and Arnold are deeply attached to each other, and they will be married in autumn, when the House of Commons is up. The notion of my marrying Arnold Ravensworth!" continued Blanche, laughing again.

"Don't you like him?" growled the major. "You looked as if you did."

"I like him very, very much. If I had had a brother, I could not have liked him better than I like Arnold. But I have no other sort of liking for him, or he for me; I leave that, and welcome, to Mary Stopford."

The major coughed down an explosion of temper at his own folly. "What is he, this fellow, Blanche?"

"He is very well off. He has a good fortune, and is——something. It has to do with the House of Commons: not a member, but he will be soon, I believe: I think it is secretary to one of the ministers, but I am not sure. His father was the elder brother, and the Reverend Mr. Ravensworth only the younger; there is a great difference in their position. Arnold is a Bencher; but he does not follow his profession: he prefers politics. They call him a rising man."

Every word Blanche said increased the vexation of the major. It appeared, by what he could judge, that if she had been converted into Mrs. Arnold Ravensworth, it might have been a lucky match, instead of the contrary. To a man with the major's pursuits, the presence and companionship of his daughter could be nothing but an encumbrance, and he wished, as he politely called himself, that he had not been such a fool. "She shall go back in a month's time," thought he: "I cannot, with decency, send her earlier, after the rubbish I enlarged on to the parson and his wife, about wanting her with me. And the expense of bringing her up and sending her back again shall come out of her money, too; let the trustees row as they please: *I* won't pay it."

But, ere the month was up, Major Carlen's views were again altered, for Blanche had received an offer of marriage. She went out into the world, as the major had promised her, and her beauty had not failed to attract attention. A Captain Cross very speedily made proposals for her to the major, and offered fair settlements. The major accepted him, not thinking it necessary to consult his daughter.

"But I don't care for him, papa," objected Blanche.

The major gave his nose an awful twist. "Not care! what does that signify? He is a fine man, stands six feet one, and you'll care in time."

"But, before I consent to marry him, I ought to know whether I shall like him or not."

"Blanche, you are a dunce! You have been smothered up in that parsonage till you don't know anything. Did you suppose that in our class of society folks fall in love, as the ploughboys and milkmaids do? People marry first, and grow accustomed to each other afterwards."

Blanche Carlen doubted. But she did not withhold her consent, and the preparations for the marriage went on.

Meanwhile Arnold Ravensworth had been an occasional visitor at Major Carlen's, the major making no sort of objection, now that circumstances were explained: indeed, he encouraged him there, and was especially cordial. Major Carlen had invariably one eye on the world and the other on self-interest, and it occurred to him that a rising man, as Arnold Ravensworth beyond doubt was, might prove useful to him in some way or another. One evening, in the beginning of April, Mr. Ravensworth called, and found the major alone. "Is Miss Carlen out?" he asked.

"She is up-stairs with the milliner women," replied the major. "I sent her round to the different places to-day, to spur them on with her things. The time is creeping along."

"Are they getting forward with the settlements? The last time I saw you, you were in a way at the delay, and said lawyers had only been invented for one's torment."

"They got on, after that, and the deeds were ready, and waiting for signature. But I dropped them a note yesterday, to say they might burn them, as so much waste paper," returned the major.

"Burn the marriage settlements!" echoed Mr. Ravensworth.

The major's stony eyes glared knowingly at his astonishment. "Those settlements are being replaced by heavier ones," he said. "Blanche does not marry Captain Cross. It's off. A more eligible offer has been made her, and Cross is dismissed."

Mr. Ravensworth doubted whether he heard aright. "What a disappointment to him," he uttered. "What a mortification! Will he accept his dismissal?"

"He'll be obliged to accept it," returned the major, pulling up his shirt-collar, which was always high enough for two—"he has no other choice. A man does not die for love now-a-days; or rush into an action for breach, and become a laughing-stock to his club. Blanche marries Lord Level."

"Lord Level!" Mr. Ravensworth repeated, while the major's mouth was extended from ear to ear, displaying the whole plan of the dentist's ingenuity, as he revelled in the importance of the announcement.

"You look as though you doubted the information."

"I do not relish it, for your daughter's sake," replied Mr. Ravensworth. "She never can like Lord Level."

"What's the matter with Lord Level? He's turned forty, but so much the better; Blanche is not twenty, and wants a guide. And if he is not as rich as some peers, he is a hundred times richer than Cross. He met Blanche out, and he came dangling here after her: I did not give a thought to it, not looking upon Level as a marrying man: he has been somewhat notorious in another line——"

"Yes," emphatically interrupted Mr. Ravensworth. "Well?"

"Well!" irritably returned the major, "then there's so much the more credit due to him for settling down. When he found that Cross was really to have Blanche, then he spoke up, and said he would have her himself."

"Does Blanche approve of the exchange?"

"She was rather inclined to kick at it," returned the major, in his respectable phraseology, "and we had a few tears.—But if you ask questions in that sarcastic tone, you don't deserve an answer. Not that Blanche cares for Cross; she acknowledged that; the acquaintance has been too short; but, about behaving dishonourably, as she called it. 'My dear,' said I, 'there's your absurd rusticity coming in again; you don't know the world; such things are done in high life every day.' She believed me and was reconciled. You look black as a thunder-cloud, Ravensworth: what right have you to do so, pray?"

"None in the world: I beg your pardon: I was thinking of Blanche's happiness."

"You had better think of her good," retorted the major. "Here she comes. I am going out; so you may offer your congratulations at leisure."

Blanche took her seat by the fire, and as Mr. Ravensworth gazed down upon her, a feeling of deep regret and pity came over him. Shame! thought he, to sacrifice her to Level.

It has been asserted that some natures, some spirits, possess an affinity the one for the other, that they are irresistibly drawn together in the repose of full and perfect confidence. It is a mysterious affinity; not born of *love:* it is entirely different, and may be experienced by two, men or women, who have outlived even the remembrance of the passion. Had Blanche Carlen been offered to Arnold Ravensworth, he would have declined her, for he loved another, and she had as much idea of loving the man in the moon, as of loving him: nevertheless, that never-dying and unfathomable portion of them, the spirit, was attracted together, like kind finding kind. Between such, there can be little reserve.

"What unexpected changes take place, Blanche!"

"Do not blame me," she replied, with a rising colour, and her tone sank to a whisper. "My father says it is right, and I obey him."

"I hope you like Lord Level?"

"Better than I did," was her answer, as she looked into the fire. "The first time I ever saw him he frightened me: I do not know why, but I shrunk back from him as if he had been something that frightened me. I am getting over that feeling now, for papa says he is very good."

Papa says he is very good! The old hypocrite of a major! thought Mr. Ravensworth. But it was not his place to tell her that Lord Level had been very bad.

"Oh, Blanche!" he exclaimed, "I hope you will be happy! Is it to be soon?"

"Yes, they say so. As soon, I think, as the settlements are ready. Papa sent me to-day to hurry my wedding clothes."

"They say so!" was his mental repetition. "This poor child, reared in the innocence of her simple country home, more childish, more tractable and obedient, more inexperienced than are those of less years, who have lived in the world, is as a puppet in their hands. But the awaking will come."

"You are going?" said Blanche, as he rose. "Will you not stay tea?"

"Not this evening. Hark! here is the major back again."

"I do not think it is papa's step," returned Blanche, bending her ear to listen.

It was not. As she spoke, the room door was thrown open by the servant. "Lord Level."

Lord Level entered, and took the hand which Mr. Ravensworth released. Mr. Ravensworth looked full at the peer as he passed him: he was a handsome man, with a bad expression of countenance—a countenance that Mr. Ravensworth instinctively shrank from. "Who's that, Blanche?" he heard him say, as the servant closed the door.

The marriage took place the first week in May, and Lord and Lady Level departed for Switzerland.

II.

One evening in autumn a nondescript sort of vehicle, the German makers of which can alone know the name, arrived at a small village not far from the banks of the Rhine, clattering into the yard of the only inn the place contained. A gentleman and lady descended from it, and a parley ensued with the hostess, more protracted than it might have been, in consequence of the travellers' imperfect German, and her imperfect French. Could madame accommodate them for the night? was the substance of their demand.

"Well—yes," was madame's not over-assured answer; "if they could put up with a small bed."

"How small?"

She opened the door of——it was certainly not a room, and it might be a trifle larger than a boot-closet: madame called it a cabinet. It was on the ground-floor, looking into the yard, and contained a bed, into which one might have crept, provided he made a bargain with himself not to turn; but two, never. Three of her beds were taken up with a milor and miladi Anglais, and their attendants.

The lady—she looked like a young wife—turned to her husband, and spoke in English. "Arnold, what can we do? We cannot go on in the dark, with these roads."

"My love, I see but one thing for it: you must sleep here, and I must sit up."

Madame interrupted: it appeared she added a small stock of English to her other acquirements.

"Oh, but dat meeseraable for monsieur: he steef in legs for morning."

"And stiff in arms too," laughed Arnold Ravensworth. "Do try and find us a larger bed."

"Perhaps the miladi Anglaise might give up one of her rooms for dis one?" debated the hostess, going away to ask.

She returned, followed by an unmistakable Englishwoman, fine both in dress and speech. Was *she* the miladi? She talked enough for one: vowing she would never give up her room to promiscuous travellers, who prowled about with no *avant courier*, taking their own chance of rooms and beds; and casting, as she spoke, annihilating glances at the benighted wanderers.

"Is anything amiss, Timms?" inquired a gentle voice behind.

Mr. Ravensworth turned short round, for its tones struck upon his remembrance. There stood Blanche, Lady Level; and their hands simultaneously met in surprise and pleasure.

"Oh, this is unexpected!" she exclaimed. "I never should have thought of seeing you in this remote place. Are you alone?"

He drew his wife to his side. "I need not say who she is, Lady Level."

"Are you married, then?"

"Ask Mary."

It was a superfluous question, seeing her there with him, and Lady Level felt it to be so, and smiled. Timms came forward with an elaborate apology and a string of curtseys, and hoped her room would be found good enough to be honoured with the sleeping in it of any friends of my lady's.

Lady Level's delight to see them seemed as unrestrained as a child's: exiles from their native land can alone tell, that, to meet with home faces in a remote spot, is grateful as is the despaired-of spring of water to the parched traveller in the Eastern desert. "There is but one private sitting-room in the whole house, and that is mine, so you must perforce make it yours as well," cried she in glee, as she led the way to it. "And oh! what a charming break it will be to my loneliness! Last night I cried till bedtime."

"Is not Lord Level with you?" inquired Mr. Ravensworth.

"Lord Level is in England. While they are getting Timms's room ready, will you come into mine?" she added to Mrs. Ravensworth.

"How long have you been married?" was Lady Level's first question as they entered it.

"Only last Tuesday week."

"Are you happy?"

"Oh yes."

"I mean, not disappointed. You have not discovered that while your husband appeared good and courteous before marriage, he was really not so: that it was all a mask?"

Young Mrs. Ravensworth was considerably surprised at the question. "Mr. Ravensworth could not pretend to be what he is not, Lady Level. He is kind and courteous to all."

"Yes, yes, I know it," sighed Lady Level, "and you are to be envied. I knew your husband long before you did," she added: "did he ever tell you so? Did he ever tell you what good friends we were? closer friends than he and his cousin Cecilia."

"Yes, he has often told me."

Mrs. Ravensworth was smoothing her hair at the glass, and Lady Level held the light for her and looked on. The description given of her by Blanche to her father was a very good one: a gentle, pale girl, with nice eyes: they were dark eyes, inexpressibly soft and attractive. "I shall like you very much," suddenly exclaimed Lady Level; "I think you are very nice-looking—I mean, you have the sort of face I like to look at;" which brought a blush to the cheeks of Mrs. Ravensworth.

The landlady sent them in the best supper she could command at the hour; mutton chops, cut German fashion, being the only hot dish, except the soup, which Lady Level's man-servant, who waited on them, persisted in calling the potash—and very watery potash it was, flavoured with cabbage. When the meal was over, and the cloth removed, they drew round the fire.

"Do you ever see papa?" Lady Level inquired of Mr. Ravensworth.

"Now and then. Not often. He says you are making a protracted stay abroad, Lady Level."

"Protracted!" she returned, in a bitter tone; "yes, it is protracted. I long to be back in England, with a longing that has now almost grown into a disease. You have heard of the *mal du pays* that sometimes attacks the Swiss when they are away from their native land; I think that same malady has touched me. I had never been out of England until I came abroad with Lord Level, and everything was strange to me. From the very first I wanted to be back home, and the further and further we went away, the greater grew my yearning for it. In Savoy I was ill; yes, I was indeed; it was at Chambéry; ill so as to require medical advice. It was only on the mind, the doctor said: he was such a nice old man: and he told Lord Level that I was pining for my native country."

"Then of course you left for home at once?" cried he, looking at her.

"We left soon, but we travelled like snails; stopping days at one place, and days at another. Oh, I was so sick of it! And they were all places retired and dull; as this is; not those much frequented by the English. At last we got here; to stay also, it seemed; and when I asked Lord Level why we did not go on, he said he was waiting for letters from England."

As Lady Level spoke she appeared to be lost in the past—like you may have observed old people to be when they tell you tales of their youth. Her eyes were fixed on vacancy, and it was plain that she saw nothing of the objects around her, only the time gone by. She was anything but happy, if Mr. Ravensworth could trust his own penetration.

"Did Lord Level receive the letters he waited for?"

"He never said so: though the letters delivered to him were many. One morning he said he had had one that summoned him to England without the loss of a moment, and there was not time for me to be ready to accompany him. I prayed to go with him. I ran into my own room, and came out in my mantle and bonnet, and said, There, I was ready: and Timms could come on afterwards with the luggage. It was of no use."

"Would he not take you?" exclaimed Mrs. Ravensworth, her eyes expressing the astonishment that her lips would not.

She shook her head. "No, he was only angry with me; he said I did not understand my position—that noblemen's wives could not travel in that unceremonious, off-hand manner: it was on my tongue's end to tell him I wished, to my heart, I had never been made a nobleman's wife. Why did he marry me?" abruptly continued Lady Level—"unless he could regard me as a companion and friend: he treats me as a child."

What answer could be made to this? Mrs. Ravensworth glanced at her husband, her face full of sympathy. "When do you expect him back?" asked Mr. Ravensworth.

"How do I know?" harshly returned Lady Level, the tone proving how inexpressibly sore was the subject. "He said he should be back for me in a few days, but nearly three weeks have gone by, and I am here still. They have seemed to me like three months. I shall be ill if it goes on."

"Of course you hear from him?"

"A line at a time, saying he is coming for me when he can, and that I must not be impatient. I wanted to go over alone, and he wrote an angry letter in reply, asking what I meant by wishing to travel with servants only. I shall do something desperate if I am left here much longer."

"Like you once did at Littleham, when Mrs. Ravensworth denied your going to a concert, thinking you were too ill?" laughed Mr. Ravensworth.

"Dressed myself and followed them, and surprised them in the room. I had ten pages of Italian translation for that escapade."

Mr. Ravensworth knew something of Lord Level. He suspected his wife was little more, now, than an encumbrance on his hands, and that he would be well pleased to leave her there for good.

It appeared the mail reached the village in the night, and the following morning a letter was delivered to Lady Level. She read it, and placed it in Mr. Ravensworth's hands.

"Dear Blanche,—I have met with an accident, and must again postpone my fetching you for a few days. I dare say it will not detain me very long. "Yours sincerely,

"Level."

"Short and sweet!" exclaimed Mr. Ravensworth.

"As sweet as anything can be from Lord Level," was the sarcastic retort. "Arnold! if you and your wife leave to-morrow, think what will become of me, left here!"

"We must leave: I told you business is calling me to England, and——"

Lady Level was standing at the window, but a sudden movement of hers caused him to cease. She started away from it, to avoid being seen, and crept close up to him, as if for shelter.

"Arnold! Arnold! who do you think is there?" she uttered, in a timid whisper.

"Why, who?" he returned, in astonishment. "Not Lord Level?"

"It is Captain Cross," she said, with a shiver. "I would rather meet the whole world than him. My conduct to him was shameful. I did not see it then as I have seen it since."

Mr. Ravensworth looked from the window. Captain Cross it was, seated on the bench in the inn-yard, and solacing himself with a cigar.

"I would not meet him for the world! I would not let him see me —there might be a scene. I shall bolt myself in this room all day. Why does Lord Level leave me to these chances?"

Mr. Ravensworth was vexed on Captain Cross's account, for that he had been exceedingly ill used there was no doubt.

"Arnold, what can I do? He may have come to stop a week: who knows?"

"Take my advice, Lady Level. Do not put yourself purposely into the way of Captain Cross, but do not run from him. I believe him to be a gentleman, and, if so, he will not say or do anything to annoy you. I will take care that he does not, so long as I stay."

In the course of the morning Captain Cross and Mr. Ravensworth met. "I find Lady Level's here," he abruptly exclaimed: "are you staying with her?"

"I and my wife only got here last night, and were exceedingly surprised to meet Lady Level."

"Where's *he*?" asked Captain Cross.

"In England."

"He in England and she here, and not six months married! Estranged, I suppose. Well, what else could they expect?—and what could any one expect who tied herself to Level? She has reaped her deservings: a marriage, contracted in cheatery and fraud, finds itself out in the long run."

"She was not to blame," cried Mr. Ravensworth. "She was a child, and they did with her as they pleased."

"A child! Old enough to engage herself to one man, and to marry another," he retorted, with a burst of angry feeling.

Lady Level would not stir out of her room that day. On the following morning, when Mr. Ravensworth emerged from his, he saw Lord Level's travelling-carriage in the yard, packed. Timms moved towards him in a flutter of delight.

"Oh, if you please, sir, will you go to my lady? She's waiting for you ready dressed, and the breakfast is on the table. We are going to England with you, sir."

"Is Lord Level come?"

"No, sir, not he. My lady gave orders last night, sir, that we should pack up for home. It's the happiest day I've known, sir, since I set foot in these barbarious countries."

Lady Level met him at the door of her sitting-room, ready dressed, as Timms had expressed it, in her travelling clothes. "Do you really mean to go?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I do," was her decisive reply. "Stop here I will not: I tell you, Arnold, I am sick to death of it. Lord Level may be weeks before he comes, and the opportunity of travelling under your protection is one I will not miss: he can't grumble at that. Neither is it expedient that I should remain in an inn, where Captain Cross has taken up his abode. After you and Mrs. Ravensworth left me last night, I sat by the fire, thinking these things over, and I made my mind up. Arnold, if I have not sufficient money, I shall apply to you."

Whether Mr. Ravensworth approved or disapproved of the decision, he had no power to alter it, and as soon as breakfast was over they went down to the carriage, which had already its array of five horses harnessed in it. Captain Cross leaned against the wall, watching the departure. He approached Mr. Ravensworth.

"Am I driving her ladyship off?"

"Level has met with an accident, and Lady Level is going to him."

"A merry meeting to them!" was the sarcastic rejoinder. And as the carriage drove out at the inn-yard, Captain Cross deliberately lifted his hat; but lifted it, Lady Level thought, in mockery.

Without delay they arrived at Dover, making the port early in the morning. Lady Level and her attendants proceeded at once to London, but Mrs. Ravensworth, who had been exceedingly ill on the passage, required some repose, and she and her husband waited for a later train.

Their residence was in Langham-place, and it was evening when they reached it. To Mr. Ravensworth's surprise, who should be swinging from the door, as they drove up, in his purple and scarlet cloak, but Major Carlen, his grey hair entangled, and his eyes exceeding fierce.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" cried he, scarcely giving Mr. Ravensworth time to hand out his wife, and following him into the hall. "*You* have done a nice thing!"

"What is amiss?" demanded Mr. Ravensworth, as he led the way to a reception-room.

"Amiss!" returned the excited major. "I'd advise you not to fall into Level's way just now. How the mischief came you to bring over Blanche?"

"I protected Lady Level to England at her request: I took no part in influencing her decision. Lady Level is her own mistress."

"Is she, though! She'll find she's not, if she sets up to act in opposition to her husband. Before she was married, she had not a wish of her own, let alone a will—and there's where Level was caught," added the major, in a parenthesis, nodding his head knowingly. "He thought he had picked up a docile child, who would never say her soul was hers, or be in his way. He couldn't withstand her beauty—but he *would* have withstood it, had he dreamt she would be setting up a will, and an obstinate one, as she's doing now."

Major Carlen was striding from one end of the room to the other, his cloak catching in the furniture, as he swayed along. Mr. Ravensworth thought he had been drinking: but he was a man who could take an unlimited quantity, and show it but little.

"The case is this," said he, unfastening the troublesome cloak, and flinging it on a chair. "Level has been in England these three weeks; amusing himself. He didn't want his wife: well and good: men like a little society, and as long as they keep their wives in the dark, there's no reason why they shouldn't have it——"

"Major Carlen!" burst forth Mr. Ravensworth, "Lord Level's wife is your daughter. Have you forgotten it?"

"What if she is? does that render her different from others? Are you going to stick yourself up on a lofty pole and cry Morality? You are a young married man, Arny Ravensworth, and must be on your good manners just now, it's etiquette; but wait awhile."

Mr. Ravensworth was not easily excited, but the red flush of anger darkened his cheek. He could have thrust the old rascal from the house: and might have done it, but that he was Blanche's father.

"Level orders his wife to remain in France. My lady chooses to disobey, and comes to England: under your wing: and I wish Old Harry had driven you to any place, but the one she was stopping at. She gets to town to-day, and goes to Lord Level's rooms, whence he had dated his letters to her—and a confounded idiot he was for doing it: why couldn't he have dated from his club? My lady finds something there she does not like: well, what could she expect? they were his rooms, taken for himself, not for her; and if she had not been a greater simpleton than ever broke loose from keeping, she would have come away, there and then. Not she; she must persist in asking questions, and so she got the truth, or something near it, for an answer. Then she thought it time to fly out of the house, over to me, and she waited till I came in, which was just now, sending her servants to an hotel."

"And was Lord Level there?"

"Lord Level, no! Level went down to his place in Surrey a week since, and managed to jam his knee against the post of a gate—his horse swerved as he was riding through. He is laid up there, and can't leave his room. Over came Blanche to me, I say, with this indignant tale of what she had seen and heard. 'Serve you right, my dear,' I said to her; 'a wife has no right to look at her husband with a telescope. If a man chose to fill his house with wild tigers and set himself to tame them, it's not her province to complain, provided he keeps her away from their claws.' 'But what am I to do?' cried Blanche. 'You must go back to France, or Germany, or wherever you came from.' 'That I never will: I shall go into Surrey to Lord Level,' replied Blanche, looking as I had never seen her look before. 'You can't go there,' I said, 'and must not attempt it.' 'I tell you, papa, I will,' she cried, her eyes flashing. I never knew she had so much passion in her, Ravensworth: Level must have changed her nature. 'I will have an explanation from Lord Level,' she continued: 'rather than live on as I am living now, I will demand a separation.' Now did you put that in her head?" broke off the major, looking at Mr. Ravensworth.

"I do not think you know what you are saying, Major Carlen. Should I be likely to advise Lady Level to separate from her husband?"

"Somebody has: such an idea would never enter Blanche's head, of its own accord. 'You must lend me the money to go down,' she went on, 'for I am quite without, through paying the bill abroad: Mr. Ravensworth had to supply me for my travelling expenses.' 'Then more fool Ravensworth was, for doing it,' said I: and more fool you were," repeated the major.

"Anything more, major?"

"The idea of my lending her money to take her down to the Maze! And she'd be cunning to get money from me, just now, for I am out at all pockets. The last supplies, I had, came from Level: by Jove! I would not cross him now for the universe."

The selfish old sinner! there was the secret of his defence of Lord Level. "Where is Lady Level now?" Mr. Ravensworth asked, aloud.

"She'll be here in a minute: let me finish. 'Does your husband beat you, or ill treat you?' I asked. 'No,' said she, shaking her head in a proud fury, 'even I would not submit to that. Will you lend me some money, papa?' 'No, I won't,' I said. 'Then I'll get it from Mr. Ravensworth,' and out she went, as she said it, after asking me to lend her money for a cab, which I wouldn't. So then I thought it was time to come too, and stop her game. Mind you supply her with none, Ravensworth."

"What pretext can I have for refusing?"

"Pretext be shot!" irritably returned the major; "tell her you won't, as I do. I forbid you to lend her any."

"She takes her standing now as Lord Level's wife: not as your daughter."

"There she is! what a passionate knock! She must have blundered up five hundred wrong turnings, for she doesn't know her way."

Lady Level came in, looking tired, heated, frightened. Mr. Ravensworth took her hand.

"You have been walking down here!" he said. "It is not right that Lady Level should be abroad in London streets at night, and alone."

"How was I to ride without money?" she returned, hysterically. "I had a few shillings left, when I reached town, but I gave them to the servants."

"Do sit down and calm yourself. All this is truly distressing."

Calm herself! The emotion, pent up so long, broke forth into sobs.

"Yes, it is distressing. I come to England and I find no home; I am driven about from pillar to post, insulted everywhere; I have to walk through the streets, like a helpless outcast—Arnold, is it right? is it right?"

"You have brought it all upon yourself, my lady," cried Major Carlen, coming forward from the rear, where he had lingered.

She had not seen him, and she turned round with a start. "So you are here, are you, papa! Then I hope you have entered into sufficient explanation to spare it to me."

"I have told Ravensworth of your fine exploit, the going to Lord Level's rooms: and he agrees with me that nobody, but an inexperienced child, would have done it."

"The truth, if you please, Major Carleu," struck in Mr. Ravensworth.

"And that what you met with served you right for going," continued the unabashed major.

Lady Level threw back her head, and the haughty crimson dyed her cheeks. "I went there, expecting to find my husband: was that an inexperienced or a childish action?"

"Yes it was," roared the major, completely losing his temper, and grinning at her with his fierce teeth. "When men are away from their wives, they fall into bachelor habits. If they please to turn their sanctums into smoking dens, or boxing dens, or what not, are you to come hunting them up, as I say, with a telescope that magnifies at both ends? Be wise for the future, Lady Level."

"You are speaking of bad men," she indignantly retorted, "not of good ones. Look at Arnold, standing there with his severe face: ask him."

The major gave his nose a twist. "Good men, and bad men? where's the difference? The good have got their wives under their thumb, and the bad haven't, that's all."

"Shame upon you, papa!"

"Tie Lord Level to your apron-string, and keep him there as long as he'll be kept," fired the major, "but don't go and ferret him up when he's out for a holiday."

"Did I want to ferret up Lord Level?" she retorted. "I went there because I expected it was his home and would be mine: why did he date his letters thence?"

"There it all lies," cried the major, changing his tone to one of wrath against the peer. "Better he had dated from the top of the Monument: it is surprising what mistakes wise men make sometimes. But how was he to think you would come sneaking over from abroad, against his will?"

Lady Level did not deign to reply: the respect due to a father was rapidly leaving her. She turned to Mr. Ravensworth, and requested the loan of sufficient funds to take her into Surrey.

"I tell you, Blanche, that you must not go there," interrupted the major. "Lord Level does not receive strangers at the Maze."

"Strangers!" emphatically repeated Lady Level.

"Or wives either. Before he married you, he told me he should never take you there. You, stop at the hotel with your servants, if you will not go back to the Continent, and let him know that you have arrived in London."

"I go down to the Maze to-morrow," she replied, in a tone of determination. "I will see Lord Level without delay, and if he cannot explain away the aspect that things have taken, he must give me a separation."

"Of all the imbeciles that ever gave utterance to folly, you are the worst," was the complimentary retort of the major. "Madam, do you know that you are a peeress of the realm?"

"I do not forget it."

"And you would run in your own light! You have carriages and finery; you are to be presented next season; you will then have a house in town: what does the earth contain, more, that you *can* want?"

"Happiness," said Lady Level.

"Happiness!" repeated the major, in genuine astonishment. "A pity but you had married a country curate and found it, then. Arnold Ravensworth"—for Lady Level had turned to him and was urging her request —"you shall not speed her on this journey."

Mr. Ravensworth approached him, and spoke in a low tone. "Do you know of any existing impediment that may render it inexpedient for her to go there?"

"I know nothing about it," replied the major, too angry to lower his voice, "except that Lord Level told me he should never take Blanche to the Maze, and *I* am not going to cross him by sending her there. It's nothing but a small place; a farm; and used to be the hunting-box in his father's time."

"Listen to a word of common sense," impatiently interrupted Lady Level. "I can go to a dozen places to-morrow and get what money I want; I can go to Lord Level's agents, and say, I am Lady Level, and they would give me in a moment any amount I ask for: therefore to think of stopping me on the score of want of funds, is simply absurd. But I prefer to have it from Mr. Ravensworth, for it is *not* a pleasant thing for a peeress of the realm to go about, borrowing a five-pound note. Arnold, you will lend it me."

"I will not refuse," was his answer: "and I cannot dictate to you; but I wish you would let me advise."

"I would rather take your advice than that of any man living," she impulsively exclaimed. "But if you advise me against going into Surrey, I should not listen to it. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, it is. I think it would be better for you to remain at the hotel, and let Lord Level know you are here: or, at any rate, send word to the Maze that you are coming, before you get there. I speak for your happiness."

"I know you do. Thank you, Arnold, all the same, but I shall go down."

To attempt further objection would be futile; as well try to stop a torrent in its course; and Major Carleu saw it. His anger was unspeakable.

"I wash my hands of it altogether," he foamed, "and I'll be——"

Mr. Ravensworth rose and stood before him. "Not in Lady Level's presence, sir."

His bad words died away into a growl, and, gathering up his cloak and throwing it over him, he went forth, muttering, into the night.

"Oh, Lady Level!" exclaimed Mr. Ravensworth, "I am so grieved at all this!"

She looked up to him, and spoke in a sharp tone. "Why do you call me 'Lady Level?' It used to be 'Blanche.'"

He returned her look, and smiled. "Before you were Lord Level's wife. You belonged to yourself before: now you are his."

She appeared as if she would have questioned further, but did not, and there were lines on her brow that told of displeasure.

The door slowly opened, and Mrs. Ravensworth put in her head. "May I come in?"

Her husband caught her hand and drew her forward. "It was a shame to shut you out, Mary, but I could not help it."

"Whatever has been the matter?" she inquired, looking from one to the other. "I heard voices in dispute."

Lady Level coloured: Mr. Ravensworth undertook the answer: That Lady Level had not found her husband in town, as she expected, and that Major Carlen had an objection to her following him, and lost his temper over it.

"I ask you, Mrs. Ravensworth," interposed Lady Level, "if your husband were lying ill, within a few miles of you, and people told you you must not go to him, what should you do?"

"Run away from the people, and get to him as fast as I could," replied Mrs. Ravensworth; and Lady Level laughed, a slighting, bitter laugh.

"How differently are we situated!" she exclaimed. "You are sheltered under the care and love of your husband: I am warned that I must not presume to approach mine. Why did he marry me?"

"But the circumstances are different," said Mr. Ravensworth, soothingly; and she interrupted him before he could go on, her tone one of sharp sarcasm.

"I know they are: you need not remind me of it. It is kind of you to try and gloss over my position to me, but I see it in all its naked truth."

So Lady Level went down the following morning, in pursuance of her own will—and who shall say she was wrong?—to the small estate of her husband's called the Maze. For some days nothing was heard of her: and then—and then——But there is not space for it here.

UP AMONG THE PANDIES:

OR, THE PERSONAL ADVENTURES AND EXPERIENCES OF A FERINGHEE.

BEING SKETCHES IN INDIA, TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

PART VII.

THE following morning, March 7th, the enemy made a systematic, and, as it seemed at one period, a formidable attack, advancing with cavalry, infantry, and artillery, in very good style; till they were checked by our pickets. Doubtless they expected that, on seeing them approach, the little handful of men who composed these pickets would have immediately bolted, and that so our camp would have fallen a surprised and easy prey. What, then, must have been their astonishment when they beheld the pickets, instead of fleeing, extend themselves in skirmishing order, and boldly advance to meet them! This gave time for reinforcements to come up, and for the artillery to open a brisk cannonade on them, the result of which was that the Sepoys were almost immediately driven back, and pursued by our troops for some distance, while we extended our position by advancing our outposts a distance of half a mile or so. It was during this pursuit that Major Percy Smith's body was recovered. But even respect for the dead is unknown to our barbarous enemies, and the body was found, as it was feared it would be, with the head and legs severed from it, and the trunk otherwise sadly and horribly mutilated. During that day there was not much done; a good deal of desultory firing kept up by the pickets, but beyond this little or nothing.

At daybreak, on March 9, the force under General Outram assembled on the ground occupied by our advanced pickets, and when all was ready, the word was given, and away we go; the Rifle Brigade throw out a cloud of skirmishers, and the sharp crack of whose rifles ere long told us that our work had commenced. We were now advancing towards a thick wood, over some open, but broken ground, and a very pretty sight it was; the green-coated Riflemen running quickly forward, and springing actively over the rugged nullahs and streams which crossed our path, loading and firing as they go, and ever and anon completing with the bayonet the work which the bullet had left half finished. After advancing thus for some three-quarters of a mile, we find ourselves at the entrance of a dense jungle occupied by the enemy, the skirmishers are checked for a moment, we bring our guns into action, and bang! go half a dozen shells, whistling and crashing through the trees and long high grass, bursting inside with a loud report, and scouring the wood effectually; this precautionary measure enables us again to push on. "Hark forward!" and away we go, the little Riflemen dashing gladly into the high vegetation, followed by the rest of the column, and pop! bang! crack! crack! with now and again the ping of an inimical bullet, soon tell us that the enemy are about. It is strange work this jungle fighting, where you know nothing of what is going on around you; where, for aught you know, sly gentlemen behind bushes may have their fingers upon the trigger which, once touched, would send you tumbling from your horse, a corpse; where foes and friends, Highlanders, Riflemen, and

Sikhs, alike are lost to view among the trees, and of whose whereabouts you can only form an idea from the sharp and constant firing which is going on. Hush! there is a breaking and rustling of the leaves, and, look! a Sepoy in full flight dashes wildly across your path; but, even as he goes, the barrel of an Enfield is covering him—bang! a sharp, quick report—a whistling of a bullet—and see! he is down, rolling a confused and bloody mass in the dust and dirt—a few convulsive struggles—a little clutching at the grass which is beneath him, and which his blood, as it wells forth, is fast dyeing a dark red—a low moan or two, perchance, and all is over; while, breaking through the bushes, follows a hot and excited Rifleman, his rifle still smoking, his lips black with powder, biting another cartridge as he comes, and scarcely glancing, as he passes, on the man whom he has done to death. Ping! ping! close to your ears! Where are the enemy?—who can see them? There!—there, away to the right, see, lurking behind the mud walls of that village. Ping! bang! "Halt! action right!" In a moment the trail of a howitzer falls heavily upon the ground—ping! ping! ping! again close to your ear, and crack! bang! bang! from the responding rifles. "Shrapnel shell, my men—look sharp!" Boom! almost splitting the drum of your ear, and there burst from the muzzle a gritty volume of smoke, and as it clears away, and the startling noise rings echoing through the wood, see the faint puff, and hear the report of the bursting shell, the fragments of which fly whistling into hidden nooks and corners—and "Hurrah!—now, riflemen, over with them!"—crack! bang!—crack! bang! in quick succession as a shower of bullets rattle in among the disorganised rabble whom the shells have driven from the village, and who are fleeing for their lives, few of them turning to exchange shots with their assailants. Hark! to that cheer—a wild tally-ho. What! is this, then, fox-hunting? No—but not unlike it, only more madly and terribly exciting even than that—it is man-hunting, my friend! and that cheer proclaims that we have "found." And there, hark! to that quick volley which follows it, with death in its every note!

But by this time we have emerged from the wood into the open, and before us, at some eight hundred yards' distance, stands the yellow bungalow ("Chucker Wallah Khotee") which I have before mentioned. Already a large body of the enemy were fleeing from it, but their retreat, though rapid, was a tolerably orderly one, and they seemed determined that if they must run away they would do it in as dignified a manner as possible; so, with heads erect, and even ranks, these Sepoys (six or seven hundred, I should think) passed away out of our sight.

The Bengal Fusiliers have been pushed forward, and advance at a "double" across the hot sand; but, arriving at the house breathless and exhausted, they are unable to take a steady aim, or do as much execution as might have been wished, and Pandy escapes comparatively scathless, though some few of them fall beneath the deadly Enfields to rise no more, and lie writhing in mortal agony among the mud cottages away there to the right. The 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, some Highlanders, Sikhs, and three guns have pushed on in the mean time yet further to the right. From our position over the river we get a sight of the enemy (the six or seven hundred above mentioned) hurrying away below us, and we are enabled to bowl a few shot very pleasantly among them—a performance which accelerated their movements considerably, while the riflemen are keeping up a steady fire on the buildings on the opposite bank, among which stands conspicuous the celebrated Secunderabagh. There is a splendid view of the city from this point, its domes and hundred temples, the vast courts of its palaces, the fine structures of the Shah Nujeef, Tara Khotee, Mess-house, Kaiserbagh, and Chutter Munzil, or old palace, by the water's edge, and many another begilt and gaudy building. There they all are, stretching, a glittering mass, beyond the little stream, and looking even more bright and beautiful than I had hitherto imagined them to be. For about an hour a quick cannonade of round shot, shell, and rifle bullets is directed upon the opposite bank; for though we could see but little of the enemy from the way in which they crept behind walls and house, we were cognisant of their presence from the continual dropping of bullets all around us, varied by an occasional round shot.

At last we found that we could be of but little more use here, and our guns were withdrawn to make room for heavier metal, the siege guns having been brought down for the purpose of pouring a reverse fire on the enemy's entrenchments. We therefore retired, and stationed ourselves *en spectateurs* near the yellow bungalow, where a fierce combat on a small scale was still going on. In the lower story of this house were some eight or twelve of the enemy, who had either not been aware of their comrades' departure at the time the bungalow was evacuated, or had purposely remained behind with the fanatical determination of dying in the defence of the place; a dozen or so of desperate men, for whom there was now no escape, and before whose eyes the bright-eyed houris of paradise were already waving their green scarfs, and beckoning to eternal bliss. They occupied, as I have before said, the lower story of the house, whereof we held the remainder, and many an attempt had been made to drive them out. There, however, spite of every effort, they held their own, having already succeeded in killing some six or seven men, who, advancing with more courage than caution into the dark rooms in which they were located, where (from the fact of their entering from the light and glare of out of doors) they were comparatively blind, while the Sepoys' eyes were accustomed to the partial darkness, our soldiers had fallen an easy prey. Shells with long fuses were thrown through holes cut in the floor of the upper story, into the rooms they occupied, but with little or no result, as, by moving from room to room, they were easily able to avoid them. An attempt was made to burn them out, which partially succeeded, one man being burned to death, while some others, driven out by the fire, were shot as they fled; two or three more also had been killed, but still some few remained.

Captain St. George, 1st Bengal Fusiliers, accompanied, I believe, by another officer of the same regiment, then entered the house and shot two of the rebels with his revolver. Passing on, he found, as he imagined, the house empty, and concluded that the Sepoys were now all killed, but at last he came to a small and very dark room, which he entered, when two men—one on each side the doorway—fired, and a ball struck him in the lower part of the chest. He walked out, looking giddy and sick, with eyes glazed and heavy, and faintly assisted in unbuttoning his own coat, when it was found that the ball had passed completely through his body, from his chest to his back, whence it was afterwards cut out, being found buried very little below the surface! It was of course imagined that he was mortally wounded, no hopes whatever being entertained by the doctors of his recovery, and keen was the sorrow we all felt for the loss of an officer universally beloved in his regiment and by all who knew him; but I am happy to say that he has since gone home, with every prospect of ultimate recovery, and I sincerely trust, ere these sheets are published, that he will have obtained in Old England a return of health and strength, and have got over the effects of his frightful wound, a result which, under Providence, may be attributed in a great measure to the "pluck" and cheerful spirit which he exhibited throughout the whole of the weary period when he lay hovering between life and death. A young officer of the Sikhs (Anderson, I think, by name) was killed in this house while endeavouring to expel the desperate occupants, but his life, like that of several other brave men who were killed here, was laid down in vain. And still did the few who remained inside hold out. At last, General Outram, seeing that it was death to any one to attempt to enter, ordered some guns to be brought to bear on to the house, and accordingly five came into action, and fired about twenty shells in quick succession at the windows and doorways of the building, and as the smoke of the last round cleared away, the Sikhs, who had been held in readiness for the purpose, received the signal, and dashing forward, entered the house *en masse*. It was most exciting to see them racing up to the place, where, when they reached it, there was for a moment a confused scrambling at the doorways, then a sharp report or two, then a sort of shout and scuffling, then again bang! bang! sharp and distinct, and finally there burst from the building with loud yells a crowd of Sikhs, bearing among them the sole survivor of this garrison, who had made such a gallant defence—for gallant it was, be the source whence the courage sprang, fanaticism, despair, or whatever you may choose to call it. How many the Sikhs had killed inside I do not know—not more, I heard, than two or three—but this one, alas for him, they dragged out alive, and then proceeded to massacre him, with a brutality scarcely to be credited.

The Yellow House was now ours—our heavy guns, from their position on the river's bank, were spinning shot into the enemy's entrenchments, and there was little more to be done, as far as we were concerned, beyond every now and then throwing some shells among and dispersing the enemy's sharpshooters, who, owing to the excellent cover they obtained in buildings and woods on the other side of the river, were still able to annoy us. But all this time we have lost sight of the portion of our force who had earlier in the day parted from us, and pushed on to the right, continuing their course parallel to the river for about a mile, through brushwood and jungle, burning villages and houses, and here and there getting flying shots at the Pandies as they flitted past them. They had at last found themselves at the Badshah Bagh (king's garden)—a large walled enclosure containing a handsome palace for the use of its regal owners. All the elements of Oriental romance were here: dark passages and latticed windows to the Zenanah, suggestive of sparkling, love-glancing eyes, and "moonlight nights," and stolen interviews, erring Oriental Venuses, and amorous Hindoos; cool marble halls, too, there were, gilded and carved in a manner miraculous to behold, and filled with mirrors, chandeliers, damasks, and furniture of the most startling and *outré* description; there are pleasant wide-spreading trees,

> ——with seats beneath their shade
> For talking age and whispering lovers made;

there are stone tanks and fountains, and marble baths (the sight alone of which refreshes one), and dark, secret hiding-places, where naughty "beebees" carried on their little witcheries, and set mamma, or the proverbial "big brother," at defiance, while a million summer insects are for ever buzzing noisily around; long shady walks, too, where the scent of citron and orange blossoms hung heavy on the air, till the whole place was pervaded (as some one graphically expressed it at the time) "by a strong odour of Arabian Nights." Such was the place in which, after a sharp fight, our troops found themselves—not, however, to lounge indolently beneath the shady trees, or to indulge in a pleasant *dolce far niente* and dreamy reverie in the cool rooms of the palace, as the luxurious couches and chairs, with the generally indolent character of the place, would naturally prompt one to do, but to continue the work of death in which, since daybreak, they had been engaged, and to screen themselves by rough barricades, or as best they might, from the heavy fire to which their assailants exposed them. In fact, during the whole day, fighting, more or less, was kept up in and near the Badshah Bagh, from which place, however—once in our possession—the enemy found it impossible by even the most strenuous efforts to drive us; and so the day came to a close, and evening fell, and found us in possession of the whole of the villages, buildings, suburbs, detached houses, and walled gardens on the left of the Goomtee, from the point at which we had crossed up to the Badshah Bagh, while our heavy guns, placed in advantageous positions, by these operations were already at work demolishing, and rendering untenable the defences on the right bank of the river.* Now mark the immediate effect of this: Sir Colin quietly waited until the Martinière and the defences in front of it had been subjected to an efficient pounding, when he advanced, and, instead of having a severe fight, and losing several men, as would probably have been the case had said pounding not been administered, he—what?—captured these works *without opposition*, or, at least, with very little, for such of the enemy as had braved the destructive reverse and enfilade fire of our heavy guns, and made a show of holding out, became nervous at the first glimpse of the red coats and dark plumes of the Highlanders, and fairly ran when the glitter of the bayonets caught their eyes, firing only a few desultory shots as they went. Thus on the 9th March we had taken the first really decisive step in advance, and were now fairly settled down to our work; the Martinière was ours, the somewhat formidable works in rear of it were ours; Outram's column occupied a strong position on the left bank of the river, and we were able to place our heavy guns so that from front and flank they could pour a destructive fire into the Begum Khotee,

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* It is curious to observe how, in the construction of these defences, the enemy had ignored or overlooked the possibility of their being subjected to an enfilade fire, a fact evident from the complete absence of traverses, or any protective works of that description.

Shah Nujeef, Kaiserbagh, and other of the enemy's strongholds, and so pave the way for their capture; and these great results had been attained with an almost miraculously small loss of life on our side, while it is probable that sustained by our opponents was something considerable.

I may here mention that, a few days previous to this, Frank's column and Jung Bahadoor's Ghoorkas had joined the army, and taken up their position on the extreme left, where they joined in the operations.

There was some fighting here and there on both sides of the river, but nothing of any importance took place until the next day, March 11th, when we of General Outram's division again advanced. This time our force was divided into two columns, one of which, the left, moved from the Badshah Bagh in the direction of the iron bridge, the other through the woods and villages on its right, driving the enemy from any strongholds they might have there, while some cavalry and horse artillery were still further to the right, to cut off stragglers, cover our flank, and otherwise assist operations. It was my lot to accompany the second-named column, of whose doings I will therefore speak first. We had not advanced very far before we found ourselves in a narrow road leading into a thick wood; here operations commenced, for, hidden in the jungle, or in the small cottages, which, snugly embosomed among the trees, formed excellent temporary fortresses, were parties of the enemy, who opened a smart fire on us as we advanced. Skirmishers were pushed forward, and two guns brought into action abreast, on the road, to riddle the woods with case-shot, and so drive out our hidden foes. Again were the scenes of the day but one preceding, enacted—that sort of confused banging and popping on all sides which I have before endeavoured to describe, with the difference that this time the Pandies *did* stand for a while, secure in their invisibility, and popped at us in return. As I look back upon this day it occurs to me what noise and wild confusion and excitement prevailed, what a smell of gunpowder, and what hurrying about of skirmishers, and bursting of shells, and the like; and yet from this mass of chaos how clear and distinct do certain little incidents stand out: the flitting Pandies as they dodged about among the trees, their white garments making them visible for a moment, and the next, behold! they were gone; the loud ear-splitting boom of the guns, as round after round of case went tearing from their muzzles, spinning and crashing through the brushwood; the hot and dusty skirmishers leaning against trees in order to steady their aim; the constant cracking of their rifles, a sort of running accompaniment to the noisy guns; the whistling of bullets, which came thick and fast among us; the contorted form of the dead Sepoy lying out there on the road in front, ghastly enough; the seeing a burly gunner, while in the act of sponging out a gun, with a sudden start turn white and giddy, and stagger, wounded, to the rear; the short fragment of conversation which ensued: "Man hit, sir." "Badly?" "No, sir; shot through leg." "Put another man in his place, and blaze away." Ping! ping! bang! right royally on all sides, while now and then a sharp cry would proclaim that a bullet had found its billet in some unfortunate, who would come bleeding past; a minute ago that man was the best runner, or the best jumper, or cricketer, it may be, in his regiment, and now he is a cripple for life Quick work, is it not?

Some of the enemy had crept into a dry drain which ran underneath, and across the road, and there, crouched in abject terror, mingled probably with the hope that we might pass them unseen, huddled up, one getting behind the other for shelter, they were discovered by our men, and a volley of bullets sent in among them; it was horrible to see, through the semi-darkness, these poor wretches trying to screen themselves behind the corpses of their comrades, but trying in vain, for pitilessly did bullet after bullet whistle in among them, striking to death those in this doomed and dying mass of humanity who still lived, while their groans and shrieks seemed, reverberated as they were by the echoing, sonorous, arched roofs of their underground retreat, to acquire a strangely deep and awful tone. There was no escape, no pity; there, in their self-chosen grave, they all died, and there, for many a day after, they lay, a horrid heap of rottenness and wormeaten abomination.

After going some distance through the wood, we came to a large and handsome musjid, with an extensive walled garden attached, and altogether presenting a formidable appearance. Here, surely, we thought, the enemy must make a stand; but no, ere the gate was blown open, the bird had flown, and, without a struggle, it fell into our hands. It was a place which might certainly have been held for some time, and which, if they *had* defended it with any amount of resolution, we might have had some trouble in taking; but Pandy, ever true to the maxim that "he who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day," had, as I have before said, made his exit directly we approached. The 1st Bengal Fusiliers were left to guard this important post (which was situated at the meeting of four cross roads), and to complete the clearance and capture of the surrounding houses, while the rest of the force continued its route, still moving through jungle and wood, and in many places through heavy burning sand, still firing flying shots at flying foes, and occasionally being fired at in return, still carrying all before them, though momentarily expecting to meet with opposition, and still finding none. We marched on, somewhat after the fashion of a party of sportsmen, who, having come out equipped with completest sporting paraphernalia, in all the pride of Joe Mantons and Westley Richardses, and with powder and shot sufficient to blow all the game in the universe to perdition, burning with ardour, and pregnant with a laudable desire to wipe (in sporting parlance) each the other's eye, find, to their disgust, the birds unapproachably wild and wary, and by no means inclined to give them an opportunity of testing the force and penetration of an Eley's cartridge. So it was with us, until suddenly a wild cheer rings through the wood—much the sort of cheer you may hear any hunting morning by wood-sides and pleasant copses in merry England, but, alas! mingled now with cries, and shrieks, and fast-falling shots—the hounds have found, true enough, the chase is up, and the work of death has commenced! We had, in fact, come upon and taken by surprise a large mass of the enemy, who were engaged in cooking their dinners under the trees, and who, panic-stricken at our unexpected appearance, fled precipitately. For numbers of them, however, there was no escape; the toils of the net were round them ere they were aware, and many a body lay there long afterwards, stark and ghastly, under the pleasant trees (which cast a fitful trellis-work of light and shade upon it), to mark the spot of battle, and to tell how truly the Enfield and the bayonet had done their work. An order to push on quickly was given, while companies were detached from the main body to assist the skirmishers, who were *unable to kill fast enough*, so numerous were the foe! How vividly can I call to remembrance this moment, perhaps the most exciting in my life!—how clearly do I see the regiments running forward to join in the work of slaughter—how clearly hear the deafening din, the shouts now of terror, now of triumph—how clearly see the Sepoys, as they fled in wild affright, throwing away arms, clothing, cooking-pots, and all or aught soever that might tend to hamper their movements, while, ever high above the tumult rose the cheers of our men, as they drove the enemy before them like so many hares, and shot them down by dozens as they went. Following them up, we at last emerged from the wood into an apparently boundless plain, over which a multitude of men were fleeing for their lives, at a pace which certainly was worthy of the occasion. We had now captured two guns, several colours, and a quantity of arms, while the slaughter of the enemy must have been something immense, to judge from the way in which their bodies strewed our path, so thickly that the gun wheels constantly passed over them; but this "bag," successful as it was, was not yet complete; our bloody offering at Bellona's shrine did not yet suffice. "Kill! kill! kill!" was still the burden of the cry; "bring forward the guns!" and away we roll in hot pursuit after the scattered fugitives—away, jolting and bumping, at a mad gallop, leaving infantry and supports far behind—away, over a country which, though level to look at, bore upon its smooth-seeming face more lumps and pimply inequalities than there are plums in a Christmas pudding, as we found out by bitter experience—away, over some two miles of ground, strewn with clothes, brass pots, matchlocks, tulwars, rags, powder-horns, and other emblems of a flight—away, over drains, and mounds, and dried-up water-courses, rugged bits, half-broken walls, and the like, till the wretched gunners, seated on the limbers, must have cursed the day they were born, and yet more bitterly the day on which they enlisted. At last, to the great relief of "pumped" horses and bumped gunners, we were ordered to "Halt—action front!" and to let fly shell among the fugitives, which we did, I fancy, with some success, judging by the way in which our foes disappeared, and by the hurried manner in which certain little knots of these gentlemen dispersed, radiating off like the spokes of a wheel, on our making them the objects of our particular attention, and favouring them with a notice to move on (more potent, even, than X 2's bâton), couched in the form of a shrapnel shell. We had now gone to the extreme end of the city, and the stone bridge was in our possession (as also the iron bridge, which had been captured by the left column), with a great extent of country; but General Outram decided, very wisely, that the smallness of his force did not justify him in attempting to hold so extended a position, and that it would therefore be good policy to retire from the stone bridge, and rest satisfied with the iron bridge and the approaches leading thereto, with the ground on the bank of the Goomtee, up to, and on a line with, this point.

We were therefore ordered to retrace our steps to the musjid we had captured in the morning, when the bulk of the force was sent back into camp, a sufficient number remaining behind to furnish pickets and hold the ground we had taken.

And now let us turn to the left column, and see what they had been doing all this time. This force, which consisted of the 2nd battalion Rifle Brigade, 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and Green's Sikhs, with three guns of Gibbon's battery, had advanced, after leaving the Badshah Bagh, towards the iron bridge, through a series of intricate streets and narrow winding lanes, under a galling cross-fire from the enemy, who, hidden in the surrounding houses, were able with comparative impunity to annoy us rather seriously. However, they did not make any determined stand, except in isolated cases. Here and there the small garrison of a house would be seized with a sudden access of courage or fanaticism, and defy for some time our efforts, generally succeeding in killing several of our men before we could drive them out, and enabling us to form a tolerably correct idea of how bloody and desperate would have been the contest, how prolonged and formidable the siege, if our opponents had been brave and determined men—Russians, for example, instead of Sepoys. The iron bridge and neighbouring suburbs were at last captured, and a strong force remained behind to hold it, the enemy keeping up a furious cannonade from the other side of the river, as (in everyday life as well as in war) weak and cowardly-minded people not unfrequently do when they are beaten, thinking by much noise and bluster to compensate for their other short-comings. Sir Colin, on his side, had also advanced, capturing, I believe, the Shah Nujeef, Mess-house, and the buildings in that neighbourhood, and (either on this day or early the following morning) the Begum Khotee; but of the movements of this portion of the army I cannot speak with any great accuracy, not having been an eye-witness of them. No time was lost in taking advantage of our freshly-captured ground, for that evening two batteries of heavy guns and mortars were established close to the iron bridge; one to the right, and the other to the left of it, the duty of these guns being, as on former occasions, to keep up a severe fire upon the works on the other bank, preparatory to Sir Colin's force attacking them: thus, on the 11th of March, another important step in advance had been taken, and we were in possession of the whole of the left bank as far as the iron bridge, and of the right bank up to the Mess-house, with the defences and fortifications included in this space. True, the citadel of the place, on the elaborate defences of which so much labour had been expended—the Kaiserbagh—was still uncaptured; but we already had our guns busily at work, rendering it untenable. A constant and deadly fire of shell was fast destroying the large and beautiful buildings composing it, and making cruel havoc among the fair mosques, and gilded domes, and ornaments, with which it was replete.

V. D. M.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

The past month will live a long time in the memory of man, not merely because it marked that evil May-day on which the third Napoleon set forth to renew the marvels of his great uncle, by desolating the fertile plains of Italy in the hallowed name of liberty, but also because it deprived the world of a man who has justly been called the greatest naturalist that has appeared since Aristotle. The grand old kaiser of science has gone to the grave, honoured and lamented by the whole civilised world; but who would be bold enough to predict that the emperor, who seeks to make a name by bloodshed and rapine, will meet with the same happy and glorious end? Providence acted kindly in this as in all her other dispensations. Grim-visaged war was about to deface the fairest abode of nature, and she recalled the great man whose race was run; his triumphs are perennial, and no accident can rob him of his laurels; while Napoleon III., the encourager of science, the advocate of peace, is still in doubt as to the result of his warlike panoply, and it may be that his laurels, which sprang up so quickly, will pine away beneath the blood-stained shower with which they will be bedewed.

Alexander von Humboldt, the subject of our memoir, was born on the 14th September, 1769. What reminiscences must he have stored up of the eventful years in which he lived, we may say, a double life! As a young man, he saw the first fitful ray of Bonaparte's renown; he watched his meteor-like progress, and the dazzling glare which he poured over the whole world; and he saw, too, the same star sink slowly beneath the horizon, amid the mingled admiration and rejoicing of an exhausted Continent. The same man lived to see that star of destiny rekindled in 1848; he has watched it with equal eagerness as it reached its culminating point, but it was only allowed him to see its first slight occultation. Who can predict the erratic course it will still pursue, ere, in its turn, it expires, no longer the admiration, but the derision, of Europe? The first star shone awhile, a gem of purest ray serene, but this new star is but a counterfeit presentment, a Bristol diamond in a gaudy setting of success, which will find its setting gradually bedimmed, until itself grow tarnished, and be thrown contemptuously aside as a mere gewgaw which has played out its part, and no longer serves even to delude a playhouse audience.

Such thoughts as these must crowd on us as we think of Humboldt's long and well-spent life, but we must inexorably thrust them away, and confine ourselves solely to the life of the great natural philosopher, whose death all Europe regrets, although it was fully prepared for such a loss. Von Humboldt has descended into the grave at an age beyond that allotted to man, and, more marvellous still, time could not change nor custom pall his infinite variety. He was essentially the many-sided man of Germany: "nihil tetigit quod non ornavit," and although his memory will live among us and our descendants as that of a man who successfully wrested from jealous Nature her most carefully garnered secrets, we must not forget that he played many parts in his life, and all of them with equal success.

It must be confessed that Humboldt enjoyed peculiar advantages to secure his subsequent success: his father, Major von Humboldt, chamberlain of Frederick the Great, possessed considerable landed property around the Castle of Tegel, in the vicinity of Berlin, and which eventually descended to Alexander on the death of his elder brother William in 1835. At this castle the lads were educated by private tutors, and mingled in the society not merely of princes but of the great literary stars of the day. Thus, in 1778, Goethe, who had accompanied the Duke of Saxe-Weimar to a grand review, visited Tegel, and little expected the intimate connexion he should eventually stand in with the two lads whom he saw merrily sporting about the castle.

The first tutor appointed was Campe, better known among us as the author of the "Boy Robinson Crusoe," and it is very possible his teaching gradually fostered Alexander's desire for long voyages of discovery. The next tutor was Christian Kunth, a young man of twenty, already remarkable for his knowledge of languages, and when Major von Humboldt died, in 1779, he took the place of father to them. Equally fortunate were the lads in the acquaintance of the great Dr. Heim, who gave them their first instruction in botany. In 1783, the two boys proceeded to Berlin with their tutor, but Alexander did not display any extraordinary precocity; being delicate and ailing, he was, indeed, allowed to follow his own bent for some time, while his elder brother was studying languages with remarkable application.

In the year of the great king's death, 1786, the boys proceeded with their tutor to the university of Frankfort on the Oder, where the subject of our memoir devoted himself to the study of political economy, and two years later they proceeded to Gottingen, where Alexander was thrown into a circle whose conversation gave a decided bias to his future life. Not only was the renowned Blumenbach, the natural historian, lecturing at the university, but Alexander also formed the acquaintance of George Forster, who circumnavigated the globe with our Cook. We can easily imagine the effect his glowing narrative of Polynesian marvels produced on the youthful seeker for knowledge, and how the resolve ripened in him that he would also be a mighty traveller.

In 1790, after leaving the university, we find Von Humboldt making his first scientific journey with Forster to England *viâ* the Rhine and Holland, which became the subject of his first literary tentative under the title "Mineralogical Remarks on some Basaltic Formations of the Rhine." On his return, Alexander remained for a winter at Hamburg, indulging in the study of book-keeping, though not neglecting the while mineralogy and botany, and in the spring of 1798 he proceeded to Friburg, as student at the Mining Academy under Werner. The result of his studies was his appointment as assessor to the mining and smelting departments of Berlin in 1792, whence he was removed, in the same capacity, to Bayreuth, where he remained till 1795. But the impulse to travel was overpowering: and though he worked hard at his favourite studies, he could not be satisfied with home; he must be away, in search of new worlds. See how he writes of himself:

> I had, from my earliest youth, felt an ardent desire to travel in distant lands unexplored by Europeans. This desire characterises a period in our existence in which life appears to us as an unbounded horizon, when nothing has greater attractions for us than strong emotions of the soul and physical dangers.

Brought up in a country which has no immediate connexion with the Indian colonies, and subsequently an inhabitant of mountain districts which, far from the sea-shore, are famous for their mines, I felt a violent passion for the sea and for long maritime voyages developed in my mind. All objects we only know by the descriptions of travellers have a special charm for us; our fancy is pleased by anything that appears unlimited. The enjoyments we are forced to renounce seem to us to possess greater charms than those which fall to our share in the narrow circle of our domestic life.

In 1795, Humboldt resigned his appointment and went to Vienna, where he carefully investigated the new discovery made by Galvani. But the death of his beloved mother soon called him back to Prussia, and, after regulating family affairs with his brother William, he went to Jena, where he formed a close intimacy with Goethe. How much the latter benefited by the acquaintance we find in one of his letters to Schiller, where he writes: "I have spent the time with Humboldt agreeably and usefully: my natural historic studies have been roused from their winter sleep by his presence." Again, we find the poet alluding humorously to his friend's mania: "Although the whole family of Humboldt, down to the servant, lie ill with the ague, all their talk is about great travels." But we soon find Humboldt resolute to carry out his plans, and for this purpose he sold his family estate of Ringenwald, in the new Mark, to provide the necessary funds.

At first, Humboldt determined on proceeding to Upper Egypt, but on arriving at Paris his thoughts returned to their original bent. The government of France was preparing an expedition to the southern hemisphere, under Captain Baudin, to which Aimé Bonpland was appointed naturalist. This gentleman's acquaintance Humboldt formed, and agreed to join him in the expedition. But his time was not idly spent in Paris, for we find him engaged in "researches on the composition of the atmosphere" with Gay-Lussac, and he also prepared a work on subterraneous gases.

Sad was Humboldt's disappointment when the outbreak of war led to a deferral of the scientific expedition, and he proceeded with his friend Bonpland on a journey through Spain. On arriving at Madrid, the travellers met with a hospitable reception from the minister, Don Mariano de Urquijo, who granted them the unusual permission of visiting all the Spanish possessions in America. Overjoyed at this they hastened to Corunna, which port was blockaded by the English fleet, but the *Pizarro* corvette was waiting the opportunity to slip out, and they went on board to try their fortune. On the 10th June, 1799, they succeeded in making their escape while the blockading force was dispersed by a violent storm, and reached Teneriffe safely, where Humboldt's investigations commenced.

The first successful operation was climbing the peak of Teneriffe, and this toilsome labour formed the first stepping-stone in his discoveries. His investigations enabled him clearly to lay down the basis of the Plutonian theory, which he afterwards so fully developed, in opposition to the Neptunian, till that time generally accepted, to account for the formation of the globe. On returning on shipboard, a dangerous epidemic that broke out induced the captain to land his passengers at Cumana, on the north-east coast of Venezuela, and this accident produced a material change in Humboldt's plans. After various excursions in the surrounding country, which added a rich store to their collection, the travellers determined on navigating the river Orinoco, and exploring its junction with the Rio Negro and the Amazon. We may be permitted to quote a passage from Humboldt's description to show what admirable word-painting the great naturalist could produce:

> In these interior districts of America you grow almost accustomed to regard man as something unimportant in the order of nature. The earth is covered with plants, whose free growth no obstacle checks. An immeasurable layer of black earth testifies the uninterrupted agency of organic forces. Crocodiles and boas are the lords of the streams; jaguars, peccaris, tapirs, and monkeys fearlessly cross the forests in which they are settled as an ancestral inheritance. Such a scene of animated nature, in which man is as nothing, has something strange and depressing in it. It is difficult to accustom oneself to this on the ocean and in the sandy deserts of Africa, although there, as nothing exists which can remind us of our fields, woods, and rivers, the immense desert we traverse seems less strange. But here, in a fertile, ever green, beautiful country, we seek in vain for traces of human existence, and seem to be transported to an utterly distinct world. And these impressions are the stronger the longer they endure.

For seventy-five days our bold adventurers floated on this unknown and weird river in an Indian canoe, and at last reached Angostura, the capital of Guyana, exposed to constant dangers and the incessant torment of insects. Their observations, as a recent biographer remarks, were "most extensive, embracing astronomical determinations, terrestrial surveys, researches on the botany, mineralogy, and geology of the states through which they passed, and, in addition, their notices of the manners and customs of the natives were marked by a shrewd philosophy and acute powers of observation." Here Humboldt was laid up for a month by fever, and Bonpland scarce retained sufficient strength to wait on his friend; but they were roused to renewed energy by the thought of what they still had to do. On returning to Cumana they proceeded to the Havannah, whence they shipped their valuable collection home, little foreseeing that they looked on it for the last time. They remained in Cuba several months, during which Humboldt was principally employed in examining into the extent, soil, culture, and population of the queen of the Antilles, as well as the condition of the slaves, historically and morally regarded.

When on the point of proceeding to Vera Cruz to commence their expedition through Mexico, Acapulco, the Philippine Isles, and thence home *viâ* Bombay, Busrah, Aleppo, and Stamboul, Humboldt was diverted from his purpose by hearing a false report that Captain Baudin, whom he had publicly promised to join, had really left France with the intention of rounding the Cape and coasting along Chili and Peru. On reaching Cartagena for the purpose of keeping their promise to Baudin, the travellers found the season was too far advanced for proceeding by sea from Panama to Guayaquil, and they therefore went on to Bogota and crossed the Andes, arriving at Quito on the 6th January, 1802, after a journey of four months. While staying here, Humboldt's health was perfectly restored, and for six months they explored the country: they visited the Cotopaxi, the largest volcano in the Andes, whose thunder is heard at times for a distance of two hundred miles, and on the 23rd June, 1802, Humboldt ascended the Chimborazo, attaining the height of 21,420 feet above the level of the sea, the greatest altitude ever reached by man. At the point Humboldt reached the blood flowed from his eyes, his lips, and his gums, breathing became difficult, and the thermometer stood still.

On returning to Quito, Humboldt found a letter from Baudin, stating that he had sailed to New Zealand. Thus his hopes were dashed to the ground, but he determined on proceeding to Lima. Crossing the high chain of the Andes for the fifth time, Humboldt ascertained the position of the magnetic equatorial, and while residing at Lima he investigated the peculiar cold Peruvian coast current, which has since received his name as a slight recognition of his invaluable services to science.

In January, 1803, Humboldt and Bonpland sailed for Mexico, where they remained for nine months examining the condition of Mexico and the surrounding states. In the plains of Jorullo they visited the volcano which had sprung up in a night during 1759, and whose two thousand craters still belched forth flame and smoke. This they examined at considerable risk, for they descended two hundred and fifty feet into the centre of the volcanic cone, on fragile pieces of lava. Thence they returned to the capital, and after making numerous excursions, in which the altitudes of Popocateptl and Tztaccihuatl were trigonometrically surveyed, they returned to Vera Cruz, and set sail for Havannah, whence they proceeded to the United States. In August, 1804, Humboldt and his friend landed in the harbour of Havre de Grace. As has justly been observed by Professor Klencke, in his Life of the Brothers Humboldt—

> The journey of which we have here given an outline could not fail to create a great sensation in Europe. It was not only unexampled as the execution of the most magnificent undertaking of a German citizen; it was not only perfectly disinterested, and a sacrifice made solely to the interests of science; people admired not only the courageous determination, the persevering will, the industry, the intellectual powers and inquiring talents of Humboldt, but the gradually revealed and unbounded results of this journey to the equinoctial regions of the new continent became of such universal importance in all branches of human science and of commerce, and bore so much on the political improvement of the countries traversed, that Humboldt was hailed in Europe as the *Second Columbus*. A hitherto almost unknown region of the world was presented in splendid word-pictures to the eyes of intellectual Europe, and not only were the external aspect and its phenomena described, but science was made acquainted with the internal formation of the country, its riches and its wants, the secrets of its heights and depths, the condition of its animate and inanimate life, and from the chain of comparative facts were developed the discovery and comprehension of the grand eternal world and the laws which defined the existence of the earth and its inhabitants.

Having obtained permission from the French government to reside in Paris, and prepare his travels for publication, the subject of our memoir remained in that city till 1807, when the first part of the great work of Alexander von Humboldt and Aimé Bonpland was produced, under the title, "A Voyage to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent." This magnificent work was allotted to all the celebrities of the age: for the astronomic observation and barometric measurements of altitude, Oltmann was employed, under Humboldt's superintendence; in chemistry and meteorology, the celebrated Arago and Gay-Lussac assisted him with their knowledge; Cuvier and Latreille devoted their energies to the zoological portion; Vauquelin and Klaproth to the mineralogical part; and the Berlin professor, Kunth, was co-labourer in the department of botany. In 1817, after twelve years of incessant toil, four-fifths of this gigantic work had been printed in parts, each of which cost in the market more than one hundred pounds. Since that period, the work has only progressed spasmodically, and is even yet incomplete. Humboldt, however, produced a familiar work for his countrymen, which was published in 1808 at Berlin, under the title of "Anischten der Natur."

Humboldt remained at Paris, engaged with his labour of love, till 1822, when he accompanied his king to the Congress of Verona, and took advantage of the opportunity to ascend Mount Vesuvius. In 1826, he finally acceded to the royal wish, and moved his penates to Berlin, though it must have cost him a painful pang to break off his old associations with Paris. In 1827, he commenced his lectures on "Physical Cosmography," which were the germ of his renowned work "Cosmos." But he was interrupted by a magnificent offer made him by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, to undertake an expedition to Central Asia, and he set out in 1829. So indefatigable was his activity, that, between the 12th of April and 28th of December of the same year, he travelled a distance of 2500 geographical miles on land. The result of his journey will be best found in the following extract from an excellent paper in the *Athenæum:*

> During the Asiatic expedition, Alexander von Humboldt determined many most important facts in connexion with the laws of terrestrial magnetism; and to his energy is due the establishment of magnetic observatories by the governments of Prussia, Austria, Russia, France, America, and England, in every part of the world. Connected with these magnetic observatories, meteorological registers were carefully kept, and the result has been the determination of the laws regulating the distribution of heat over the earth's surface, these registers having been reduced with enormous labour by Professor Dove, of Berlin.

In 1830, when the peace of Europe was convulsed by revolution, Alexander von Humboldt was selected by his king to acknowledge Louis Philippe and his dynasty. The choice was peculiarly appropriate, for he belonged to both nations: the French ranked his works among the highest of their national literature, and claimed him as an honour to their country; and Germany, to whom he belonged by birth, did the same. On his return from his mission he became the king's confidential companion and scientific adviser, and remained continually by his side, to the regret of the world, for there is no doubt court pageantries robbed him of many an hour which might have been more profitably devoted to the sacred cause of science.

Possibly the most marvellous achievement Humboldt performed during his long life was the publication of his "Cosmos," in 1844, at an age when men of mortal mould are preparing for a farewell to life. This volume, a development of the lectures to which we have already alluded, Humboldt himself regards "as a work offered to the German public in the evening of his active life, the plan of which had been present to his mind in faint outline for nearly half a century." Of this work our limits prevent us speaking in the way it deserves; we can, therefore, only find room for an extract from the review of a critic who says, passionately, "Who else could have achieved—who but he could have attempted—the atlantian service? . . . . . . Spread his 'Cosmos' before a young and ardent intelligence, which has just then accomplished its regular liberal nurture, and say, 'Read and comprehend.' The comprehension exacted will, when acquitted, have added an education."

With this work Humboldt's mental activity, so far as expressed on paper, may be said to terminate; and we may now allude to the honours paid him, as an instalment of his enduring fame and scant recognition of his wondrous services to the cause of science. In 1842 he was selected by the King of Prussia to accompany the court to England for the christening of the Prince of Wales. Although honoured by this distinction, and the respect paid him by the British court, he also did honour to the royal progress by his appearance, and he was greeted by a reception in England which no crowned head ever yet enjoyed. In the same year he was appointed chancellor of the civil class of the Order of Merit instituted by the King of Prussia, and he received distinctions from every European court. A practical satire on this will be found in the statement that, at his funeral, there was some difficulty in collecting his various insignia, which were found dust-laden in a drawer, with the exception of the Black Eagle of Prussia, which he wore when he went to court.

During the last years of his life, Humboldt enjoyed the friendship of his king, and, had his advice been followed in many instances, Prussia would have stood in a higher position. As a thorough and honest Liberal (in the German acceptation of the term), he offered his advice, and though it might not always have been palatable, we must do the king the justice of stating that, whatever divergence of opinion might exist between him and his adviser, it made no alteration in their personal friendship. But the atmosphere of courts was not what Humboldt cared for; and we believe that he was better pleased with the honest tribute of the people as described in Professor Klencke's already quoted work, written before the inexorable scytheman had laid the hero low.

> In spite of his eighty-seven years, he works unweariedly in those hours which are not occupied by the court. He is active and punctual in his immense correspondence, and answers every letter of the humblest scholar with the most amiable affability. The inhabitants of Berlin and Potsdam all know the great man personally, and show him as much honour as they do the king. With a slow but firm step, a thoughtful head rather bent forward, whose features are [illegible]lent, with a dignified expression of noble calmness, either bent down or respon ing to the salutations of the passers-by with kindness and without prid in a simple dress, frequently holding a pamphlet in his hand, he wander through the streets of Berlin or Potsdam, alone and unostentatiously—a nobl semblance of a blade of wheat bending beneath the weight of its countless and rich golden ears. Wherever he appears he is received by tokens of universa respect; the passers-by timidly step aside through fear of disturbing him in his thoughts; even the working man looks respectfully after him, and says to his neighbour, "There goes Humboldt!"

In conclusion, if we regard the life of this wonderful man more closely (though who are we that we dare attempt such a bold design?), we must consider him as a specially appointed apostle of Nature. During the fifty years of his active life, he produced some of the most startling changes in science, and pursued with wonderful boldness that "inductive theory" which he owed to Bacon, and which, before his time, had been scouted by his fellow-labourers in the field of science. But his greatest merit was that he belonged to no country: he was a cosmopolite in the true sense of the term, and thus he freed himself from all class fetters, and worked on behalf of humanity. How glorious was the result of this emancipation his writings sufficiently attest, and we may be allowed to give a slight sketch of the changes he produced. He was the founder of the system of comparative geography, he published a new theory of geology, and he was the first to ventilate the startling doctrine of volcanic agency at a period when all the scientific luminaries had pledged themselves to the Neptunian development of the world. To quote Professor Klencke once more:

> Humboldt was the founder of botanical geography, a new theory on the law of the distribution of plants. He was the discoverer of a new world, with new phenomena, new manners, new languages, and traditional remains of an entirely unimagined antiquity; he was the reformer and teacher of a new chartography for the accurate delineation and supervisual description of large territories; he was the representative of a new mode of treating natural science in general, which he himself created, and which has been developed by the tendencies of the present age. This system, striving for universality, studies the connexion of the various fields of nature in their most secret recesses, and with pure experience, without speculative deduction or explanation, only seeks facts, arranges, combines, and explores the intimate connexion of causes and effect as a means for the comprehension of natural laws. He was the founder of the new school, which combines physical science with the history of humanity, and which has been the most prolific in unexpected results.

The great man is gone from among us: all earthly honours were paid him: princes and princesses accompanied him to that grave which is the common lot of all. They perhaps thought, in their short-sightedness, that they were doing his memory a signal honour, but they will fade away into the dust, forgotten and forgiven, while the name of ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT will flourish like the green bay-tree, and put forth fresh shoots of immortality year by year, for in that great man the whole world has lost a fellow-citizen.

THE HISTORY OF MR. MIRANDA.

By Dudley Costello.

Part IV.

THE MAN WHO VINDICATED THE COMMERCIAL HONOUR OF HIS COUNTRY.

CHAPTER I.

THE DINNER AT ASTOR HOUSE.

When Colonel Washington M. Snakes made his appearance in the ante-room at Astor House, where the company were assembling for dinner, his dress denoted that he had made good use of the twenty dollars lent him by Mr. Miranda. Instead of the brown-holland slop-jacket and variegated "pants" which had previously adorned his person, he now wore a bright blue body-coat with metal buttons, a black kerseymere waistcoat with coral "fixings," a very wide pair of white russia-duck trousers, and patent leather boots of unexceptionable polish; add to these a black satin tie, straw-coloured kid gloves, which threatened to split into strips at the first energetic stretch, and a crape-bound hat, of the kind called "a round-rimmer," which he carried in one hand, and the full-length portrait of Colonel Washington M. Snakes is before you, just as he would like to be painted standing at a Caucus for the Presidential chair of the United States.

He must either have fallen in with a very phœnix of an outfitter, or have driven—in his own phrase—"an everlastin' great bargain": perhaps the latter conclusion is the more reasonable of the two.

But brilliancy of costume was not his exclusive monopoly. It was shared by Mr. Barnard Jones, who if exceeded, in colour by the tasteful colonel, beat him in the *ormolu* department, his rings, and chains, and studs developing the full Hebrew tendency.

As for Mr. Miranda, he was attired with his usual simplicity, unless, indeed, the large double-cased gold watch to which he was referring when the colonel entered the room might be considered a departure from it. That watch, however, was worth wearing. In the first place, its size and solidity made it of some value; and in the next, the elaborate coat of arms which was chased on the back attested the antiquity, if not the nobility, of Mr. Miranda's family. There was even something more in this serviceable ornament. When opened, the inside of one of the cases displayed a beautifully engraved landscape—a lake, a rocky island whereon stood a Gothic chapel, and a chain of lofty mountains in the distance—a scene, in fact, on Mr. Miranda's patrimonial estate in one of the most picturesque but least-frequented parts of Portugal. Mr. Miranda generally sighed when he described the locality: it was there he was born; should he ever return to his much-loved home, in tranquillity to end his days? Colonel Washington M. Snakes had often admired—I won't say coveted—this watch, while on board the *Golden Eagle:* he had also greatly admired the landscape, observing that Portugal must be a surprisin' country; but then the colonel had never been in Switzerland, or bought a watch at Geneva, and Mr. Miranda had!

"This gentleman," said the Portuguese, presenting the tall colonel to the diminutive Jew—"this gentleman was one of my fellow-travellers, on our very pleasant voyage from Aspinwall to this city."

"Not a word about the go-down," thought the American, as he shook hands with Mr. Barnard Jones, eyeing him all the while as if he were looking for some soft place where he might have him at a disadvantage if he got the opportunity. "A dreadful nice young man," so he continued to soliloquise; "'tain't easy, I reckon, to give him Jessy!"

The same idea, no doubt, was passing in the mind of Mr. Barnard Jones, as he, in his turn, surveyed the lanky New Jerseyman: like him, however, he "gave it an understanding but no tongue."

"Beautiful city, New York!" he remarked, by way of propitiation.

"I kinder think it flogs creation," returned the colonel. "You won't find such another, sir, not by a long chalk, no how as you can fix it!"

"Your native place, I presume?" said Mr. Barnard Jones.

"No, sir. I was raised in New Jersey. Trenton is my *po*-litical capital, sir; but I acknowledge the corn—New York caps the climax."

There was a murmur of applause amongst those who stood near, and the colonel's eulogium would have been widely echoed if, at that moment, the dining-room doors had not been suddenly thrown open with the announcement, by a black waiter, that "dinnar" was on the table. This being the case, the sense of patriotism became merged in the cravings of appetite, and the ante-room was speedily cleared. For the first quarter of an hour after sitting down nothing was said. Not that silence prevailed, but the utterance of almost every voice was confined to the demand for eatables. When, however, the first brunt of the attack had been borne by the multitude of good things for which the Astor House bill of fare is so famous, something like conversation began to prevail, and, as a matter of course, the Almighty Dollar, and what could be done with it, became the leading topic.

Wall Street had several representatives at the dinner-table, and the eyes and ears of Wall Street were wide open to observe and listen to the three strangers who were seated there. It was plain, at a glance, to Wall Street, that there was a vast difference between the rowdy colonel and the two Europeans: the former was set down, at once, at his full value, that is to say, some few cents below nothing; but his companions, in the opinion of Wall Street, were made of other stuff; there was a "bankable" look about Mr. Miranda, and an air of opulence in the glittering little Hebrew, which was confirmed by what they said, as they conversed on mercantile affairs. Mr. Barnard Jones, indeed, could very well afford to speak out, being just then a capitalist in reality, though not, perhaps, to the extent which, from his language, might have been inferred. On the other hand, the quiet, easy way in which Mr. Miranda suffered the large figures to fall from his lips, was taken as a decided proof of that "accountability" which Wall Street always worships—in the person of another. Even Colonel Washington M. Snakes, who, to a certain extent, was the possessor of Mr. Miranda's secret, began to renew his faith in the Portuguese. Could a man, he asked himself, bear so calmly the loss of a heavy chest of gold if he had not resources to which the amount of that gold was comparatively insignificant?

"Well, he could lose nothing," he said, "whichever way he fixed it:

his fortune was yet to make, and he didn't see that it was likely to be marred by cultivating the acquaintance of Mr. Miranda, particularly as Mr. Miranda was now associated with a wealthy partner. A twenty-dollar note! That was a mere fleabite. No! The indebtedness of Washington M. Snakes should be something worth speaking of before he made an end of it! He would stick to the merchant—yes, he would—like a bobolink on a saplin. 'Twouldn't be easy, he reckoned, to get him off the bough when he allotted to stay!"

While the colonel formed this wise resolve, did Mr. Miranda speculate at all upon the uses to which his new friend might possibly be turned? He knew, as well as Wall Street, that the colonel was a penniless adventurer; but he knew also that people who live on their wits can very often be extremely serviceable. Nowhere, perhaps, more so than in New York, which, if not so old a city as Paris or London, witnesses dodges to the full as artful as are practised in either. Ill weeds grow apace, and the soil of New York is not uncongenial to their growth. Mr. Miranda, then, was quite as well disposed as the colonel to cement the friendly feeling which already existed between them.

And Mr. Barnard Jones! Was he, too, considering the same question? Not absolutely; but a branch of it. The motive which had taken him to New York was uppermost in his thoughts: in what manner the meditated stroke could be dealt was the primary consideration. There would be no getting on in this world if clever fellows could not instinctively understand each other; and Mr. Barnard Jones did not require to be told that Colonel Washington M. Snakes was, in his way, a diamond of the purest water. Moreover, he was encouraged by Mr. Miranda. It was safe, therefore, for him to follow Mr. Miranda's example.

But neither Jew nor Gentile was prepared to make an immediate surrender of his position: there were ways of securing the alliance of the Yankee colonel without compromising themselves—at all events for the present. Such were the thoughts of these two distinguished men, and they were so well acquainted with their mutual views, that they did not communicate them to each other. Perhaps each had an *arrière pensée*, which would have made the communication inconvenient.

The conversation at the Astor House saloon was not, however, confined to small familiar knots. A *table d'hôte* offers scope for general intercourse, which its frequenters seldom neglect, and as the habit of questioning, in the United States, is universal, it may readily be supposed that both Mr. Miranda and Mr. Barnard Jones were not exempted from its ordeal. As to Colonel Washington M. Snakes, Wall Street did not question him, and for this there were several reasons: he was not worth powder and shot; he was himself too bold a questioner; and Wall Street, moreover, remembered the proverb that "dog don't eat dog;" so Wall Street limited its inquiries to the *status* of the other two.

Without being too diffuse, the answers given were highly satisfactory. Mr. Miranda, as the elder and graver of the partners—that degree of business-relationship being at once avowed—was the chief speaker, Mr. Barnard Jones being content to add weight to his principal's statements by an occasional confirmatory observation.

"Well, if the gentlemen wished to know, he (Mr. Miranda, with the old smile) had not the slightest objection to state that investment was their object in visiting the United States: railways, banks, steam-boats, canals, coal mines, whatever security offered the best prospect for employing capital; he was speaking, no doubt, to men of business; he and his worthy partner were also men of business; they should feel their way; they were in no hurry; though, of course, it was not their practice to suffer capital to remain idle; they must be guided by the opinions of their friends"—and so forth: all excellent phrases, implying a good deal, and leaving a wide margin for practice. Wall Street produced its card, recommended itself to special notice, offered opportunities the most eligible, and gave utterance to the most encouraging words, all of which met with a gracious acknowledgment from Mr. Miranda, who, without committing himself in one particular, left an impression behind him, when he rose from the table, that the luckiest broker in New York would be the one who secured his custom.

CHAPTER II.

VARIOUS PROJECTS.

SEVERAL days went pleasantly by. They were not, however, idly spent by the peripatetic partners, for in the course of that time they had acquired a considerable amount of information.

They ascertained, amongst other things, that there were in New York as many as fifty-four banking establishments, large and small, with capitals ranging from a hundred and thirty thousand dollars to upwards of nine millions, and forming an aggregate of sixty-eight million, three hundred and fifteen thousand, nine hundred and thirty-seven dollars—a sum which, in sterling money, expresses the value of thirteen million, six hundred and sixty-three thousand, one hundred and eighty-seven pounds, eight shillings—errors always excepted: a tempting total to gentlemen whose inclinations were piratical.

There was here, in one sense, an *embarras de richesses;* that is to say, a difficulty as to which of these fifty-four banks should be the principal victim, for it was not to be supposed that the operations of Messrs. Miranda and Co. would be confined to one house only: their principles were too liberal for any such exclusion.

After careful consideration they decided in favour of the Manhattan Bank, its subsidiaries being the Metropolitan and the Continental, on which two latter firms the bills obtained by Mr. Barnard Jones at Rio were drawn.

Nothing could be more regular than the approaches: genuine paper was presented, and when discounted the bulk was left with the banks "at call," the reason assigned for this arrangement being the probability of an early requirement. The next proceeding of Mr. Barnard Jones—he being the acting agent in the first instance—was the transfer of his account from the Metropolitan and the Continental to the Manhattan, credit with the last-named bank being thus securely established. When this had been accomplished, Messrs. Miranda and Co. rested on their oars while they deliberated on ulterior movements, and during this deliberation Wall Street heard of them more than once, as capitalists by whom, according to rumour, great things would soon be done. It may be as well to say that the part of Rumour was originally performed by Colonel

Washington M. Snakes, who believed some of his own reports, and, for sufficiently good reasons, invented more.

It may be asked how the gallant colonel contrived to make it out at Astor House, living as he did upon the fat of the land; for, as most of us know, twenty dollars can't last for ever, particularly when the price of a complete standing outfit has to be deducted from that sum. In the first place, he preferred monthly to daily payments (indeed, if his inclinations only had been consulted, settlements indefinitely deferred would, perhaps, have been his choice); in the next, he was the accredited friend of the two European capitalists; and finally, he had money to show, if not to pay with, his intentions with respect to a larger loan from Mr. Miranda having been fully realised. In return for this accommodation (which was, of course, only temporary—until the remittances arrived from Snakesville), he circulated opinions and collected information, both of which proved eminently useful to the firm of Miranda and Co.

But although Colonel Washington M. Snakes was progressing favourably, he was not altogether satisfied: he had yet to gain the entire confidence of Mr. Miranda—an arduous task to accomplish—and he was tormented, moreover, with a secret desire to possess himself of the sunken treasure that lay, according to the best of his calculations, south-south-east from Staten light, about a mile and a half to seaward. But besides that notion, which he meant to "splorify" on his own account, he had another little speculation, in which he looked for help from the friendly merchant.

CHAPTER III.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

In operating on the Banks of Australia and the Cape of Good Hope, Mr. Miranda and his associate had prepared everything *de longue main*; but a different course from that which they had hitherto adopted was desirable now, if they hoped for the same success in New York as had attended their schemes in the remote colonies of England. The letter-of-credit system was perfectly safe where a length of time must necessarily intervene between the presentation of ostensible securities and the discovery of their worthlessness. In such a case all depended upon the first move: if no suspicion were excited in the outset, the rest was plain sailing, until the well-calculated period of departure arrived.

There was, however, a vast difference between the commercial capital of the United States, with its acute men of business ever on their guard against deception, and colonial foundations under the direction of men who, clever enough in their way, were of all things eager to cultivate relations with the great houses of London, and acquire a *status* by the connexion. Where people come and go with every steamer, where the facilities for flight are so accessible, where so much that is plausible is always in circulation, where every day has its experience of fraud committed, that banker would be unworthy of his calling who did not scrutinise with the most vigilant eye the smallest item of account, by heedlessly passing which he might prove to be a loser. This state of affairs was fully appreciated by Miranda and Co.; and there were other considerations besides. London and New York are little more than ten days' distance apart; three weeks suffice for question and reply, and delay for inquiry, during that space, could not reasonably be opposed where large amounts were likely to be drawn for. This risk might arise, and then all chance of profiting by fictitious letters of credit was at an end; it was the exposure of the hand, without the opportunity of playing a single card.

Some other project must, therefore, be devised, and to mature its success the confederates met one morning in the private apartment of Mr. Miranda. It was a labour for Mr. Barnard Jones—whose crippled feet were often a sore hindrance to him—to climb so high; but in the pursuit of money he would have attempted to scale Olympus!

Each sat at an open desk, and there were numerous papers before them, together with writing and drawing materials, and various implements, requiring a skilful hand.

"What do you think," said Mr. Miranda, opening the conversation—"what do you think of the reception they gave me?"

"Nothing could be better," returned his companion; "they were evidently quite satisfied, on my introduction, that you were 'our Mr. Miranda,' the head of the well-known firm of Miranda and Company, in which I have the honour to be a junior partner. But the balance was the thing, no doubt, that ensured it."

"That balance which I informed them would soon be very largely increased. There is nothing now of ours in either of the other banks?"

"Nothing. As I told you—the whole is now in the Manhattan. Here is the pass-book, with the full amount credited."

"Forty thousand dollars! It is a tolerable sum. Perhaps, though, you might have done better. In two months I made nearly three times as much."

"Ah!" said Mr. Barnard Jones, laughing—the better to cover a slight degree of uneasiness caused by Mr. Miranda's remark—"but you were in the regular land of Ophir. You chose the easiest place, you know. Money is more plentiful in Sydney than at the Cape. I did my best."

"Don't suppose I am finding fault! Only the comparison naturally forced itself upon me. Well, here we work together, and, as I observed just now, our balance in this Manhattan bank must be augmented. Before long these forty thousand dollars shall be turned into four hundred thousand: more than that, indeed, if we mind what we are about."

"And then?"

"Then—having made the circuit of the globe, with nowhere else to go to—we will wind up our accounts, divide equally between us the whole that we have gained, and—for our mutual advantage, as I think it will be—part company for good. I shall return to Spain, resume my family name, restore my father's house, live like an Hidalgo, and when the time comes—as we must all drop off some day—die and be buried like a good old Christian!"

"A pleasant prospect for you. And what is to become of me?"

"You, my poor friend, I suppose, will remain what you are—a Jew, not of the Sephardim, but of the Sadducees! I have never had time, or I would have converted you to my faith: now, I fear, the opportunity has gone by. Whither you will betake yourself I know not. Some of your persuasion, the wealthiest amongst them, whose name you have borne, still entertain the hope of returning to the promised land and rebuilding the Temple of Solomon, but I scarcely think that you are of the number."

"You're right there, Miranda, s'help me! I'll tell you where I mean to go. To the place you came from—Sydney! That's the promised land for me!"

"I wish you every success. But, remember, you can't play my game over again: those people are not to be caught twice. I am afraid a letter of introduction from me would not be of much service to you!"

"Not unless you sent back that brass-bound box yonder. By-the-by, when am I to have a peep at the contents? I never look at it but my mouth waters!"

"All in good time: when we share profits. It is the miser's weakness to feast his eyes on gold! Wise men, like you and I, are satisfied with possession. But enough of the future. Let us speak of what concerns the present. We came here, you know, to make money. We must make it—after our own fashion; so now to business! You can imitate anything on paper. See how you can copy this."

As he spoke, Mr. Miranda handed over a one thousand dollar-note of the Manhattan Bank; it was the representative of nearly all the cash he had left.

Mr. Barnard Jones took up the note and eyed it curiously.

"Prettily executed!" he said. "But I've touched off things more difficult. This blue stamp at the back will require a die: I shall have to make that, as well as engrave the copper. One at a time, however, and begin at the beginning: that's my rule!"

"And a very good one!" observed Mr. Miranda. "Can I help you at all?"

"A little. Oblige me by lighting the spirit-lamp. Where's the plate? I'll trouble you for that piece of white wax and the pincers. Steady, over the flame! The very thinnest coating—nothing more. Now let it cool on the marble slab while I prepare the tracing-paper."

Without following Mr. Barnard Jones through every item of his labours, it may be sufficient to say that in the course of an hour the surface preparation was ready: the wax had received the tracing, the etching-needle had marked the outlines, the border round the plate was moulded, and there only remained the delicate process of biting in. Fixing the plate firmly in a vice, the artist removed the stopper from a small flask of aquafortis, and slowly poured out the corrosive liquid. He had just completed this part of his task, and with a feather was regulating the action of the acid, whose contact with the copper threw out a very powerful odour, when a loud knocking was heard at the door.

The student disturbed while furtively reading the "bloody book" of Cornelius Agrippa could not have shown more signs of alarm than Mr. Barnard Jones: his hand trembled so he could hardly hold the feather, and he turned as white as a sheet; but the countenance of Mr. Miranda, who had been watching the manipulation with deep interest, did not betray the slightest change.

"Don't speak!" whispered the Jew. "We should be ruined if any one came in."

"That is not possible," said Mr. Miranda, coolly, "unless we please, for the door is double-locked, and the chest is against it."

"I had forgot! s'help me, I had forgot! But don't speak. Whoever it is he will go away if he gets no answer."

But Mr. Barnard Jones was mistaken. Not only was the knocking renewed more loudly than before, but the nasal tones of Colonel Washington M. Snakes became distinctly audible.

"Merchant!" he said, "ain't you to home? That cussed black nigger on the landing told me you was. If he's made me bark up the wrong tree I kinder think he'll get an awful cowhiding. Ain't you to home, merchant?"

"Oh yes," replied Mr. Miranda, disregarding the imploring look of his companion—"but you can't come in at present. I am dressing; in fact, shaving. Wait ten minutes below, and I'll join you at the bar."

"Shaving!" repeated the colonel. "I should have said liquoring, by the smell! And a tarnation phlegm-cutter, too! It quite takes away one's breath."

There was a particular reason for this effect, the colonel's eye being just then screwed close to the keyhole.

"Not impossible," rejoined Mr. Miranda; "I have been using some hartshorn. It is very strong."

"Well, I'll just rench my mouth out below till you come down. You won't be long now. But, I say, merchant, you haven't seen nothing of that critter Jones?"

"Not since breakfast," was the answer; and as the colonel's retreating footsteps were heard, the face of the Jew resumed its usual hue.

"What can the fellow want?" he exclaimed, impatiently. "He very nearly spoilt all my work."

"He has business like ourselves," said Mr. Miranda. "I dare say he came to speak to me about his Wall Street project."

"You mean the Mississippi Sand-bank Company! Is there anything in it? Is the sand so very good for making glass?"

"Whether it is good or bad is of no consequence, provided it takes. Sand or dust, what does it matter, if it gets into people's eyes!"

"And he wants us to take shares in his precious venture?"

"Why not? They will cost us nothing—that is to say," added Mr. Miranda, correcting himself, and pointing to the table, "only your labour and the price of these materials."

The Jew laughed wickedly: "To take *him* in, too, won't be bad!" Thereupon he resumed his work, and Mr. Miranda left him to join the colonel.

The former was right in his conjecture. The object of the colonel's visit was to press his scheme.

The Mississippi Sand-bank was a property which Colonel Washington M. Snakes had picked up on his travels—he did not explain how—and having lost everything but that when the *Golden Eagle* was wrecked, it was all he had to fall back upon. The remittances from Snakesville somehow did not arrive.

"Perhaps," said the colonel, "the all-fired place has gone to Ballyhack while I was in Ca."—an idiomatic mode of describing the possible ruin of his patrimony during his absence.

Perhaps he was right; but, if so, he bore his misfortune like a philosopher. Had the Snakesville estate never been in existence he could hardly have displayed more equanimity! The only apparent effect of his loss was to give him a better opinion of the capabilities of "Point Alligator," the name he gave to his property: a name to which it had a very good claim, at low water.

"That sand-bank was," he vowed, "the real grit. Nothing never came nigh it for making of glass. He had fused it some. It cornered crystal! Diamonds sung small beside it!"

It was impossible to doubt these asseverations. Mr. Miranda made no attempt to controvert them. Indeed, the readiness with which he entered into the colonel's views, would have excited the surprise of that gentleman if he had not entertained the most exalted idea of his own persuasive eloquence.

Between parties so willing to come to an understanding very little time was lost. Mr. Miranda agreed to purchase, and Colonel Washington M. Snakes "convened" to sell, for ten thousand dollars, two-thirds of his interest in Point Alligator. This transaction was to be preliminary to the formation of "The Mississippi Sand-bank Company," in so many thousand shares, at so many dollars per share. Mr. Miranda expressed his firm belief in the capabilities of Point Alligator; would complete the purchase in a week; and meanwhile lent the authority of his name to such purposes as the colonel should think most serviceable to the general cause, and, of course, the good of the public. No formal writings were drawn up, written engagements being quite unnecessary between persons of such strict principle as Mr. Miranda and Colonel Washington M. Snakes.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONCLUSION OF THIS HISTORY.

There had for some time been a dreary monotony in the New York share-market. Wall Street was getting impatient for something new, and eagerly caught at "The Mississippi Sand-bank Company," introduced to notice by the wealthy Lisbon firm whose name stood so high at the Manhattan and other city banks. The shares, consequently, were soon at a premium, and Colonel Washington M. Snakes was, as they say in New York, "as happy as a clam at high water." Mr. Miranda, in the most punctual manner, had paid him the ten thousand dollars in bran-new notes, from which fact we may infer that nothing had occurred to prevent the completion of the artistic labours of Mr. Barnard Jones.

For the first time in his life Colonel Washington M. Snakes resolved to be prudent: he would risk none of *that* money; indeed, risking "money" had never been a weakness of his: he had pledged his honour now and then, and lost it as often as it was pledged; but money, oh no! So, taking the advice of Mr. Miranda, he locked up the ten thousand dollars, as a reserve, in case he should once more "see the elephant," a zoological figure of speech expressive of utter impecuniosity, and turned his attention to the subject of Mr. Miranda's chest, which, as I have already mentioned, occupied a considerable share in his thoughts.

It is a delightful occupation, whatever cynics may say to the contrary, to contemplate the prosperity of the deserving, and while Colonel Washington M. Snakes is philanthropically devising the means of recovering his benefactor's lost property, it will do us good, I trust, to cast a glance on the position of Miranda and Co.

Had they succeeded to the full extent of their expectations? Not yet. They had a large amount of notes, of their own manufacture, in hand, and were patiently waiting for a favourable occasion to convert the bulk of them into cash. Pending that event, the Mississippi Sand-bank shares continued daily to rise in price. The moment they reached a certain figure Mr. Miranda intended to strike a blow that should be widely felt, but he concealed the precise nature of his design even from his working associate.

That Mr. Miranda, who had lost all his illicit earnings, should strive to regain them by any means, however desperate, is not very surprising; but that a Jew so cunning as Mr. Barnard Jones should imperil actual money and his own safety by embarking in a scheme of wholesale forgery, appears, at the first view, a thing to wonder at. But it must be borne in mind that ever since the hour when the nefarious partnership began, the authority of Mr. Miranda over his colleague was supreme. Under him the genius of "Jones" was rebuked. The former was the head, the latter the hand. Each, it is true, was in the other's power, but with this difference—that the stronger-minded of the two overawed the weaker. If Mr. Miranda had suffered the fact to transpire that his golden casket held only "meagre lead," the case would undoubtedly have been altered; but in that respect Mr. Barnard Jones was in a fool's paradise. Could he have been content with the sum he had already secreted, could he even have limited his expectations to a share of Mr. Miranda's gold, he might have been comparatively safe; but greediness was his bane, as it is the bane of all who make money too rapidly, whether by fair means or foul. As the compact, moreover, was unholy, so was likely to be its issue: having cheated all the world, it was but a natural consequence that the conspirators should endeavour in the end to cheat each other, and already they were both secretly preparing the means of departure.

But, however flattering the prospects of mortals, however astute their policy, events are beyond their control, and it was not given to Miranda and Co. to achieve the same success in America that had attended their efforts in Africa and Australia. A slight accident turned the scale against them.

By an oversight which would appear incredible, if oversights were not always committed at the very wrong moment, Mr. Barnard Jones had neglected to pay the stationer at whose shop he bought the tracing-paper which he had used for copying the Manhattan bank-note.

The tradesman did not doubt his customer, but he happened to be a punctual man, who made up his accounts with great regularity, and, one afternoon, a boy from his establishment made his appearance at the bar of Astor House, with a "little bill" in his hand, and asked for Mr. Barnard Jones. That gentleman was not in, but his intimate friend, Colonel Washington M. Snakes, who was solacing himself just then with a "cock-tail," overheard the inquiry and undertook to deliver the bill into the hands of the person for whom it was intended. Nothing so natural as that the colonel, having nothing to whittle, should amuse himself by looking at the items of the account.

He cast his eyes on the sum total.

"Two dollars, thirty-five cents," he said. "That won't tucker out Mr. J., I reckon. What's it for, tho'? 'India ink, fifty cents; cake of Prussian blue, thirty; mercantile thin post, forty; tracin'-paper, one dollar, twenty.' Whatever's the meaning of these fixins? Blam'd if I can make out! Let's try 'em again! 'India ink, Prussian blue, thin post, tracin'-paper.' Tracin'-paper! That's used for copyin'! Copyin' what? Letters, bills——Hello! what am I thinkin' on? It can't be that! If 'tis, I'm a gone gander! Stay! Them notes was all of 'em new ones. Blest if I don't believe it is! What was it I spied him at when I peep'd through the keyhole? He sat there a copyin' somethin' then, though the merchant said he'd not seen him all day. 'Twarn't my bisness *then* to seem to know better: merchant and me was havin' dealins; '*tis* my bisness *now*, I reckon! That 'ere hartshorn, too, that smelt so strong! Hartshorn! Whip me for a goney, why, 'twas aquafortis! Oh, the thing's plain. I'm a gone gander! I'm gouged! They're into me like a thousand of brick! They'll be makin' straight shirt-tails if I don't stop 'em!"

The conviction was irresistible. Colonel Washington M. Snakes rushed up-stairs to his own room, seized his portfolio, tore it open, took out the notes that Mr. Miranda had paid him, flattened them on the table, examined every one, held them up to the light, looked at the blue stamp, and laid them down again more bewildered than ever. His own acuteness could not assist him in the matter, so clever was the imitation.

"I'll fix it, tho'," he cried, "They'll kinder reco'nise these blue pups at the Manhattan, if they're their belongins."

With all the speed that a long-legged man in a state of frantic excitement may be supposed to exert, Colonel Washington M. Snakes ran straight for the Manhattan Bank. His abrupt entry without his hat, and hair all streaming, set all the place in commotion.

"Mister!" he shouted to the nearest clerk, as he dashed the notes down on his desk, "look at them shinplasters! Are they gen-u-*ine* or ain't they?"

With a coolness that was irritating to the last degree, the clerk leisurely lifted the notes, inspected them one by one, slightly puckered up his lips at each separate inspection, and then laying them down, with one hand resting on the pile, replied:

"Wuss than wild-cats, Mister! All forged!"

Prepared as he was, to a certain extent, for this intimation, the yell uttered by Colonel Washington M. Snakes was "a caution to Red Indians." The pens dropped from the hands of every clerk in the establishment! In an instant a crowd was gathered round him. Whose face first met his gaze?

The face of Barnard Jones?

The wily Jew, urged by desires exceeding curiosity, had picked the lock of Mr. Miranda's chest during his temporary absence in Wall Street, and made the fatal discovery that all the expected gold was nothing but basest metal. Deceived on so vital a question, he did not hesitate about the course he should pursue. He would first draw out the forty thousand dollars belonging to Miranda and Co. in the Manhattan bank—he would then apply for the reserved sum to the same amount which he had left in his own name at the Commercial—and no worse off than when he first arrived in New York, would get away by the first train that started for the Canadian frontier.

An excellent programme, if it could only have been accomplished. Unluckily, the Fates were against him.

Mr. Barnard Jones was in the act of claiming his balance—the money, indeed, was being counted, for he wanted it in hard cash—when Colonel Washington M. Snakes entered the bank. The little Jew, however, did not observe him, being absorbed in watching the cashier, who was piling up the golden eagles. But at the fearful cry, which suddenly filled the place, he was startled like the rest, and ran to see what was the matter. The next moment he was in the clutches of Colonel Washington M. Snakes, whose long talons were fixed in his throat. He gasped and struggled, but in vain.

"This here all-fired cripple is the villin," cried the colonel to the bystanders; "hold him some, you! while I hunt up his 'panion!"

If any attempt were made to detain the speaker it was useless. He was again making the best use of his legs, and instinct led him towards Wall Street.

A little apart from the crowd Mr. Miranda was talking to a small knot of speculators: his most agreeable smile was on his lips; the Mississippi Sand-bank shares had just been quoted at the premium which was to be his maximum. In five minutes more his broker would have received the order to sell; but five minutes were not allowed him.

Like a tiger, a panther, a gorilla, a brute the most furious, Colonel Washington M. Snakes dashed aside those who chanced to stop his way, and stood with ferocious aspect glaring on Mr. Miranda. The crippled Jew had been beneath his personal vengeance, but the Portuguese was a victim worthy of his rage. He drew out a revolver and fired.

While the smoke still floated over the spot, the affrighted brokers raised the body of Mr. Miranda.

He had fallen stone dead!

* * * * *

On the same day that a London Detective took charge of Benjamin Montefiore, *alias* Barnard Jones, *alias* Israel Barnett—his proper name—on that same day a New York jury unanimously acquitted Colonel Washington M. Snakes of the charge of murdering Mr. Miranda. He quitted the court in triumph, received an ovation from the city, and in the New York journals of the following day his name was held up to the admiration of the most enlightened nation on earth, as "The Man who had vindicated the Commercial Honour of his Country."

The New York people, however, did not subscribe to rehabilitate Colonel Washington M. Snakes in the price of the shares out of which he had (he said) been so infernally swindled: and the landlord of the Astor House, who did not share in the popular sympathy, arrested the colonel for the amount of the long bill which he had run up during his stay at that hotel.

Colonel Washington M. Snakes is still in prison; but when he succeeds in finding some one who will pay his "indebtedness," he means, he says, to be a rich man again.

How?

By fishing up Mr. Miranda's chest.

PIEDMONT AND FRENCH INTERVENTION.

PIEDMONT is, undoubtedly, of all the Italian states, the most warlike, and the one upon which the hopes of the patriots in other states have been now for some time past concentrated. It has been justly designated as the "sword of Italy." Had Piedmont been true to its mission—the liberation and redemption of Italy—and had it proceeded to work out that mission with the aid of Italy; had Piedmont, unconquered, whilst all the rest of the peninsula was enslaved, reared herself up for the combat as the rallying-point of extinguished nationalities, instead of associating to themselves the Gallic host, and reviving thereby the memory of the times of Francis I., and Charles V., of Charles Emmanuel I., of Victor Amadeus I. and II., and, indeed, of almost every monarch since the reconstruction of Piedmont (1559 to 1580), the sympathies, if not of the rulers, at all events of the people, and of all the civilised portions of the world would have been with her and with her cause.

Unfortunately, Piedmont, which its distinguished historian Gallenga speaks of as "a state of God's own making," and as "the barrier which Providence reared up for the defence of Italy,"* has, although an Alpine and trans-Alpine state, more Swiss than French, and more Italian than either, always been willingly or unwillingly involved in the vortex of French politics. The battle-field of nations, she has stood, like Lombardy, alternately befriended and then devastated, but still always victimised by friends and foes alike. The only great peculiarity—the charm lent to her up to the present time—the glory of her crown and unstained escutcheon, till the Napoleon alliance—was her independence amid trials, her freedom when surrounded by other people, all writhing in the chains of old and new despotisms, or of a bygone feudal and monkish barbarism. If the lessons of history are of any avail at the present crisis, it will be found that it has always been so, and it is therefore probable that it will also long be so—the prostration of the feeble, however aspiring, to the strong. All around that circle of mountains which embrace the head waters of the Po, ever since the time when the House of Savoy first put forth their claims to the proud appellation of guardians of the Alps, they have striven to add all the resources of art to the great fortifications which nature had reared up for their defence. Every valley, except where the rock and glacier scarcely allow a path for the chamois and its hunter, has been barred by fortresses—battle-fields above the clouds, which have been repeatedly bathed by the best blood both of the French and Piedmontese, and which the latter have never failed to rue when forced by the former, or opened to their domineering hosts. Times go by, people change, but the physical circumstances of the soil remain the same; the congregations of people, till the introduction of railways, scarcely ever varied, and the battle-fields of nations, whether on the Rhine, the Meuse, the Danube, or the Po, have always been repeated so near the same spots as to have been almost within the sound of the booming guns.

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* History of Piedmont. By Antonio Gallenga. Three Vols. Chapman and Hall.

The northern invasions, which laid desolate all the provinces of the Roman Empire, to the almost utter extinction of ancient civilisation, did not fail in the end to reach the sub-Alpine and Ligurian lands, but it was in the same lands, not above thirty Piedmontese miles from Marengo, at Pollentia, on the left bank of the Tanaro, that Alaric met with a first check, and was driven thence to Verona and out of the country. When a new race, or rather a confederacy of races—that of the Franks—first overran Italy (536-553), they exercised cruelties "for which their wicked race won so sinister a reputation even amongst barbarians." "They had turned indiscriminately against friends and foes; they had inflicted such dire calamities on the land, that they themselves perished almost to a man of the distress, the famine, and plague which their own blind rage had created."*

It was especially during the senseless, aimless expeditions that followed upon the first budding of the Frank power, and which were renewed year after year, that the Franks, whose ephemeral successes were invariably attended by terrific reverses, gave rise to that ominous saying, so often applied since to their descendants, that "the land of Italy was fated to be the tomb of their nation." (Ariosto, Orlando Furioso, canto xxxiii.) In 665 the Lombards, under one of their iron-crowned kings, Grimoald, destroyed an army of Clotaire II., near Asti, in the same ill-fated valley of the Tanaro, in which are also the plains of San Julian, better known as Marengo.

When a new race of rulers snatched the sceptre from the hands of the worn-out Merovingians, their rulers, all in succession—Charles Martel, his son Pepin, and his grandson Charlemagne—meditated, and the last achieved, the conquest of Italy. The Church afforded a pretext. "The Carlovingian princes were all distinguished by that loose expedient piety which, since the conversion of Clovis, had won the Frankish nation the proud name of 'Eldest Daughter of the Church,' and covered that multitude of sins by which both its people and its rulers so far exceeded all the tribes of mankind."

The empire of Charlemagne was not, however, of very long duration; built up at a period in which the ruling nation of the Franks was hurrying to its dissolution, it could hardly hold together for two generations. Together with its other provinces, South-eastern Gaul and North Italy —Burgundy and Lombardy—it passed into the hands now of one, now of another of his sons and grandsons, till, at the deposition and death of the last emperor of his race—Charles the Fat, in 888—these countries had already fallen, or were ready to fall, into the hands of powerful princes, connected or not with the imperial family, who erected them into separate kingdoms—a separation which, in an ill-conditioned and ill-fated country like Italy, only led to civil wars, far more fatal to the cause of humanity than even the barbaric incursions.

Savoy—whose modern name, Sapaudia, or Sabaudia, first appears in history in the fourth century†—first became a separate state at the breaking up of the empire of Charlemagne. Its government, however, being Burgundian, its direction was mainly in France, having alternately

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* Procop., De Bello Gothico, II. 25; Muratori, Rerum Italicarum Scriptor., I. 295.

† Ammianus Marcellinus, XV. 11.

Geneva, Lyons, and Vienne for its capital. Both Frank and Lombard, however, alike eschewed the high mountains, and in those early times the renowned vales of Susa and Aosta were, like the whole of the Valais, but wilderness and unreclaimed forest. Although the famed *chiuse*, or *écluses* (fortifications erected at the entrance of valleys), existed in the Val di Susa as far back as the time of Charlemagne, and the famous abbey of the Novalaise was founded at the foot of Mount Cenis, in 726, by a Frankish lord driven to Susa by the Saracen incursions, still there is no doubt but that, in these early times, the whole valley was little better than rock and swamp.*

Under Charlemagne and his descendants, the Alps became again the true limits between Frankish and Italian lands. The valleys of Susa and Aosta were restored to the latter kingdom, though Susa continued to be a dependency of the diocese of Maurienne, as it had been since Gontran, King of Burgundy, erected that diocese at St. Jean de Maurienne in 575. Aosta, also, as a bishopric, was united to the metropolitan see of Vienne, though it originally depended on Milan; and it seems that, politically also, it had fallen under the sway of the last king of Burgundy in 1015. It is well to know, however, that even in the dark ages, during the successive phases of the long night of barbarism that followed upon the breaking up of the Carlovingian empire, Savoy and Piedmont met with a comparatively mild fate, and were not ill-treated by their Burgundian and Lombard rulers, both alike people of Vandalic race, and amongst the most humane of the so-called barbaric nations.

It appears to have been owing to this happy condition that the feudal lords of Piedmont—the marquises of Ivrea, Vercelli, and Novara—attained such power as to enter the list for the Lombard and Roman crown. It was from these contests, and the deeds of the lords and prelates of the ninth and tenth century, that that old and frequently reiterated charge of faithlessness and fickleness arose against the Italians, and which has ever since remained attached to them. "The fame of these," says Gallenga, "as well as of all other Italian sovereigns or pretenders of that epoch, lies deep under the weight of heinous charges, from which, owing to the darkness involving all contemporary records, it would be vain for modern criticism to attempt to rescue it. It was by the fault of these princes, it is said, that the Italians won an evil name, which clung to them in after ages, designating them as a restless, faithless race, ever ready to set up one of their rulers against another, ever busy in plots and rebellions, leading to nothing but a change of masters and the aggravation of their own servitude, ever prone to call in the interference of foreigners in the unnatural quarrels between the children of the same land."

The House of Savoy, at its first rise, strengthened itself by intermarriages with the royal families of France, but such alliances history shows to have been invariably followed by evil to the weaker power. This state of things continued after the annexation of Piedmont to Savoy. Charles VII. interfered on behalf of the imperious Anne of Lusignan, Louis XI. on that of Yolande of France. Charles VIII., again, advanced to the conquest of Piedmont, nominally in the interests of Blanche of

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* Durandi, Antico Piemonte Traspadano, p. 84.

Montferrat. Under Louis XII. Piedmont was ravaged by the opposing armies of the French and Spaniards. Under Francis I. it was the French against Spain and Austria. And even after the ascendancy of Charles V. was established, the wars between the French and the Imperialists were still continued; and under their successors, Henry II. of France, and Philip II. of Spain, unfortunate Piedmont and Lombardy were still the battle-field for empire.

No part of Italy was more barbarously ill used during these prolonged wars between France and Austria than Piedmont. If the lessons of history were of the least value these could not be disregarded, but they are ever overlooked, and the same desolating tragedies re-enacted at the slightest pretence. Alas! for the garden of Piedmont. There was a moment, it is said, when Charles V. contemplated the idea of securing Lombardy against French incursions, by converting the whole tract between the Alps and the Po into a marshy wilderness! All the scourges of Heaven—famine, pestilence, locusts, earthquakes—combined with the ravages of war to desolate this unfortunate country. "Woe!" exclaims Gallenga "to the Italian who can read the history of his country without the most poignant sorrow!" And he adds, curiously enough for an Italian, "It is with but scanty hope of consolation that we would fain seek in Piedmont an exception to this all-sweeping law of decay." But, strange to say, it was at this very crisis—when Italy as a nation had reached its end—that Emmanuel Philibert, Prince of Savoy, conquered at St. Quentin, and the nationality of Piedmont rose in the ascendant. Had Philibert fallen, he might have cried, "Finis Sabaudiæ!" France and Spain, or Austria, would have bordered upon one another at the Alps, and the intermediate state would never have been missed!

Emmanuel Philibert, the conqueror of the French and the reconstructor of Piedmont, could not, however, emancipate himself from the trammels of the French court. Henry II. attached the warrior to him by providing him with a wife in the person of his sister, Margaret of Valois.

"No words," says Gallenga, "can describe the meanness and arrogance by which the French aggravated this prolonged usurpation of their neighbour's territories. They clung to Piedmont, urging their own convenience as an unanswerable right. Birago unblushingly said to Emmanuel Philibert that his royal master 'must needs' have a footing south of the Alps, and the duke was at the greatest pains to assure the king that he could always tread upon himself (luy passer sur le ventre) whenever he had a mind to enter Italy." Yet was France at that time a prey to the factions of Catholics and Huguenots, and had Emmanuel retorted upon her the policy of usurpation, which had become traditional with respect to Piedmont, he could have put himself at the head of one of these factions, and have more than repaid the indignities he had had to endure at the hands of the predatory French. Emmanuel, however, albeit impressed with the feeling that his mission was the restoration of his own state and not the subjugation of his neighbour's, was also fully aware of the importance of his position as the "bulwark of Italy," and felt that on his existence hung the fate of such states in the peninsula as still aspired to independence. "I know full well," he said, in a moment of cordial expansion, "that these foreigners are all bent on the utter destruction of Italy, and I may be first immolated; but my fall can be indifferent to no Italian state."* Pity that the kings of Piedmont have not always held by the same policy. They have never left the passes of the Alps open but that they have rued it.

The presence of the French at Saluzzo, south of the Alps, and the roll of the French drums at Carmagnola, had embittered the last days of Emmanuel Philibert. Charles Emmanuel I., his successor, was of a more ambitious and warlike spirit than his predecessor. He at once attacked the French, invaded Saluzzo, and took Carmagnola Centallo and Castel Delfino. He even struck a medal, in which he represented a centaur trampling a royal crown under his hoofs, with the motto, "Opportunè!" Henry IV., not many years later, having humbled Savoy, retorted the taunt by another medal, in which the centaur was seen crushed under the club of Hercules, and the no less pithy inscription was "Opportuniùs!"†

Charles Emmanuel, although backed by Spain, was indeed soon forced to bow before the superior power of France.

Victor Amadeus I. continued the unequal contest with various success.

The regency of Christina of France, that followed upon the death of Victor Amadeus, was disturbed mainly by internal dissensions; Piedmont was too French to be worth invading. Mazzarin had given up Turin, with his niece Olympia Mancini, to Eugène Maurice, and Louis XIV. declared, with the arrogance to which the world was at that time accustomed, that "he would not suffer a cannon to be fired in Italy, except at his own bidding." Charles Emmanuel II. was obliged to content himself with doing the biddings of France, embellishing Turin and constructing the Pass of Les Echelles between Pont-Beauvoisin and Chambéry.

Victor Amadeus II. was equally under the thraldom of Louis XIV., who held Casale, exacted subsidies from Piedmont, and exterminated the Protestants. Victor ventured to rebel, and was punished in consequence by the loss of the greater part of his dominions, which fell into the power of his arrogant enemy.

The two treaties—of Utrecht and London—which constituted Piedmont into a monarchy have still a most important bearing upon actual events. By these treaties, Lombardy passed from the hands of the feeble and distant Austro-Spanish monarchs into those of the adjoining rulers of the puissant German empire. All Italy was prostrated. Piedmont alone stood still upright, and the new King of Sardinia, his back now securely resting against the Alps, faced his old hereditary enemy of the House of Hapsburg.

The reign of Charles Emmanuel III. embraces a period of three-and-forty years (1730—1773). That of his son and successor, Victor Amadeus III., further extends to the year 1796; its latter end coincides with the great events of the French revolution. The wars for the succession of Poland (1733—1735), and for the Austrian succession (1740—1748), afforded full scope for the activity of Charles Emmanuel III. at the outset of his career, but from 1748 to 1792 there was both for Piedmont and Italy a profound, uninterrupted peace, by far the longest the country had ever enjoyed. It was to France that Europe was indebted for the cessation of so long a period of peace, tranquillity, and progress, and the advent of rebellion, war, devastation, and destruction.

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* Boldù, Relazione, Albieri, III. 464.

† Costa de Beauregard, Maison de Savoie, II. 11.

Under Charles Emmanuel III., the little intermediate state, destined by nature perpetually to vibrate between the two giant powers, attached itself first to one and then to the other. Allied with the French, under Villars, the success of the Sardinians was at first astounding, and Charles Emmanuel was named Duke of Milan. But, as has ever been the case, the Austrians, recoiling from beyond the Adige, renewed the war next year with greater success, and the peace of 1738 left to Piedmont only the towns of Novara and Tortona, in Lombardy.

When France, Spain, and Bavaria coalesced to deprive Maria Theresa of the Austrian succession, Sardinia was induced by England to take part with Maria Theresa. The Spaniards invaded Piedmont, and occupied Montmeillan, which they held till the end of the war. The French entered by the Col d'Argentiera, but failed before Cuneo. But the next year Genoa opened the gates of Italy to an invader, as it did in Bonaparte's first Italian campaign, and as it has done to the soldiers of Napoleon III. The allies overpowered Charles Emmanuel at Bassignana, at the confluence of the Tanaro with the Po, and swept over the plain with an impetuosity which their bewildered adversaries little knew how to resist. Milan, Pavia, Parmo, Piacenza, no less than Tortona, Casale, and Asti, nearly all the plain, with the exception of Mantua, the citadel of Alessandria, and the castle of Milan, was lost.

The next year, however, 1746, Charles Emmanuel recovered some of his losses. Maillebois was defeated at Piacenza, and retreated to Genoa. If it had not been that the King of Sardinia feared to give Austria too great an advantage, it is supposed that he might have crushed the Franco-Spanish army. Genoa, however, successfully resisted the Austrians and Piedmontese, backed by the English. Once more, in 1747, the French, under Marshal Belleisle, marched to the Alps. The attempt was an extraordinary one. The French marshal, desirous of avoiding the forts of Exilles and Fenestrelles, marched his troops between both, along the crest of that broad, lofty ridge which separates the valley of the Dora from that of the Chiusone, the same region rendered famous in former times by Catinat's exploits. Charles Emmanuel threw up an entrenched camp on the very summit of the ridge, on a spacious platform called the Col de l'Assiette. Belleisle attacked the position with thirty-eight battalions, the élite of the French army. Bricherasio defended it with fourteen Piedmontese battalions. It is described as by far the most heroic struggle in which the latter nation was ever engaged, and they conquered.

The defeat of the French at the Col de l'Assiette, in 1747, like their disaster under the walls of Turin in 1706, seemed to have a decisive effect on the fortunes of the war, so far at least as Italy was concerned. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle followed in October, 1748. Piedmont came out of the struggle with an increase of territory, and, still more, of political importance. The predilections of the court were, however, always towards France. The court of Turin was French, and with it all that portion of the population that breathed its atmosphere. Italian literature was a luxury. The ties with the House of Bourbon had been again and again riveted. Victor's daughters were married to the Count of Provence and the Count d'Artois (afterwards Louis XVIII. and

Charles X.). Such was the state of the country when the French Republic came forth "to undertake the advocacy of the oppressed, and the vindication of the Rights of Men" all over the world, and a large French army was drawn up on the borders of Savoy and Nice. An army under Montesquiou invaded the former country on the 21st of September, 1792, and the country of Nice was overpowered by General Anselme towards the end of the same month. The Savoyards fraternised with the Revolution, and Savoy was annexed to France (November 27th of the same year) as the department of Mont Blanc. The country of Nice became the department of the Maritime Alps. Victor Amadeus looked around him as others did before, and have done since, for alliances in Italy. But the people looked upon themselves as a privileged people, allowed to dance and fiddle at pleasure, but never expected to fight. That was the business of French, Austrians, and Swiss. The dastard rulers replied by resolutions of "unarmed neutrality." Sardinia was thus thrown into the hands of Austria by sheer necessity, and Victor reluctantly signed the treaty of Pilnitz, July 25th, 1792. England also guaranteed a yearly subsidy of 200,000*l.**

Piedmont is admitted to have been inadequately supported by its Austrian ally at the onset. The troops are said to have been of an inferior description, and the generals, who insisted upon wielding supreme command, looked more to covering Milan than defending the Alps.† Yet were the French balked in their advance in 1793, and were everywhere driven back—the post of Raus, above all, having been held by the Piedmontese with a steadiness worthy of the sons of the heroes of Col de l'Assiette. Victor Amadeus himself took the field. His watchword was, "Nice or Superga"—conquer or die. But he had against him Massena, a young dashing warrior, a native of Nice, and the king had to re-enter Turin with the bitter conviction that Nice was lost to him, and his hour for Superga had not yet struck.

Sardinia was thus reduced to a defensive war on the Alps. In 1794, no less than 75,000 combatants advanced under Massena to turn the position they were unable to storm. The young hero of Toulon, Bonaparte, was with them. They marched along shore by Monaco to Genoa, and thence they crossed the Apennines into the valley of the Tanaro. Other French divisions were engaged at the same time in mastering the passes of the Maritime Alps, which, one after another, fell into their power. But the confusion attendant upon the Reign of Terror in France paralysed the movements of her armies beyond the limits of the country. In 1795 the French, commanded by Kellerman, occupied the whole Alpine crest from the little St. Bernard to Vado. The allies ventured upon an attack, which was at first attended with success, but the campaign ended in the decisive battle of Loano, in which, according to Alison, Massena anticipated Napoleon's famous tactics of turning all his efforts upon one central point of the enemy's line, so as to break it, and then fall with overwhelming force on each of the severed wings.

1796 came, and with it the fate of Piedmont and Italy. Attempts had been made at negotiation, but Victor saw that France granted him a respite merely to be enabled to push on her conquests into Lombardy, after the achievement of which Piedmont must be utterly at her mercy. It was the same state of things as at the present time, only that Piedmont is now the tool of France. The alternative was then only a generous resistance, and the king's exertions could only enable him to meet with honour an inevitable fall. Bonaparte took command of the army of the Alps on the 27th of March. He advanced along the shore as far as Savona; he then met the enemy at Montenotte (April 11th), and then, at the very first onset, he forced the Austrians down one of the valleys of the Bormida. He then drove the Piedmontese from Millesimo and Cosseria, followed them over the heights of Montezemolo into the valley of the Tanaro, and again beat them at La Corsaglia and Mondovi. In less than ten days all resistance was overcome, and the invaders stood on the verdant plains of Piedmont. The king hastened to submit, and signed an armistice at Cherasco (April 27th). More humbling or ruinous conditions had never been forced upon Savoy, and that at a time when, Napoleon has since admitted, a fortnight's resistance would unavoidably have compelled him to a retrograde movement.*

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* Sclopis, Relazioni, p. 104.

† Denina, Italia Occidentale, V. 129.

Victor died only five months after signing the fatal treaty of Paris. Three of his sons, Charles Emmanuel IV., Victor Emmanuel I., and Charles Felix, successively inherited the throne. With the last-named the main line of Savoy ended in 1831. Charles Emmanuel IV. succeeded to the "crown of thorns," as he himself called it, in 1796, and he was destined to drain the last drops of the bitterest cup of adversity. Bonaparte's success in less than one year transcended all the bounds of human foresight. He prostrated, one after another, the bewildered armies of Austria in Lombardy, and carrying the war across the Julian Alps, into the heart of its hereditary domains, he compelled that power to sue for peace at Leoben (April 17th) and Campoformio (October 17th, 1797). He gave craven Venice a prey to his humbled German foe, in exchange for Belgium and Milan; he made Parma, Tuscany, and Naples groan under the heavy terms upon which he allowed them yet a short span of inglorious existence. He showed even less mercy to Modena and Rome, out of the fragments of whose states he built up his first ephemeral edifice, the Cispadane Republic at Bologna (October 16th, 1796), followed at a later period by other upstart communities at Milan and Genoa (April and May, 1797), under the names of cis-Alpine and Ligurian republics.

"He scarcely"—to use the language of the brilliant historian of his own country, Antonio Gallenga—"disguised his sovereign contempt for these democracies. He boasted in his proclamations that liberty was 'a gift' to the Italians, but it was, nevertheless, sold to them at a terribly high rate, and no conquered land was treated with greater harshness than emancipated Italy; no less than one hundred and twenty-five millions of francs were laid in one year as a direct contribution upon the different states in the peninsula, and at least three hundred millions more were exacted, by way of subsidies and supplies to the French armies, only from the northern division of the country; whilst the more deeply and wantonly to wound their national feelings, the miserable vaunt of their former excellence in art was wrested from the Italians; the wonders of genius, the dearest monuments and memorials of the past, all that might be of any worth in galleries, archives, and libraries, departed from a land that could not, would not, stand up for their defence; nay, more, the illusion of that dearly bought liberty was not allowed to soothe the sorrows of the plundered and outraged people, for the conqueror, unmindful of the blood that ran in his veins, called them 'a base, superstitious, abject set of cravens, totally unfit for freedom.' He complained that he had not in his army, whilst the fate of Italy was at stake, 'a single fighting Italian, for the fifteen hundred rascals, who had been taken out of the lazy rabble of the towns, were good for nothing but plunder.' He therefore compelled those flimsy republics to frame constitutions, and to alter them at his own stern dictation. He curtailed and rounded off their territories to suit his own convenience or caprice, and even remorselessly delivered over his most ardent partisans, the Venetian democrats, to Austria, when the sacrifice of them could smoothe down difficulties in the way of diplomatic arrangements."

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* Napoleon's Mémoires (Montholon et Gourgaud), III. 151.

What a lesson this to the present, and what a promise held out to the future! When Bonaparte was called away from Italy, he was succeeded by even more ruthless and unsparing men. Rome became a Tiberine Republic, and Naples was erected into a Parthenopean Republic. France had sworn that she would never forget what she owed to the moderation and fidelity of the prince of Piedmont. She went through the farce of a mock alliance, and royalty tarried in Turin till it was ignominiously dragged into the mire. France, which was bound to preserve her allies' integrity, aimed incessantly at revolutionising the country. Insurrection was organised under shelter of French, cis-Alpine, and Ligurian republics. These invaded Piedmont at all points; the king was deprived of the last shadow of authority; he became a prisoner in his own palace, and at length, yielding to the storm, he resigned the government into the hands of the French, and fled to Sardinia.

From the abdication of Charles Emmanuel IV., in 1798, to the restoration of his brother, Victor Emmanuel, in 1814, the history of Piedmont is a mere blank; not so much because the royal family lived in obscure exile in the island of Sardinia, or elsewhere, as because the very state and country of Piedmont was eclipsed. "Its people," to use the words again of its national historian, "like all other people in Italy, seemed to have resigned all hope of having a hand in their own destinies: they watched the contest waged by foreign nations, before their eyes, on their own ground—a contest in which their own land, themselves, and their families were at stake—and, if we except a few unmeaning brawls among the peasantry, remained unmoved, helpless, reckless, passively submitting to the law of the strongest. Certainly nothing can weigh more painfully on the heart of an Italian than the utter disregard and contempt with which twenty millions of human beings were, during eighteen or twenty years, trampled upon, robbed, outraged, then disposed of, handed over from one to another, without their wishes or interests even being consulted or their feelings appealed to. Italy was a battle-field, with fortresses, strategic lines of rivers and mountains, convenient quarters, plentiful stores, but no people, only a lazy, discordant rabble, from which neither of the contending parties expected any material assistance, and which would be sure, at the utmost, to come forward at the end of the struggle to swell the triumph of the conqueror, or to wreak its revenge on the fallen. Such, from 1530 to 1798, had too truly been the lot of the whole country, Piedmont excepted. This latter had, at least, under all circumstances, been 'up and doing,' but after 1798 Piedmont also renounced all action and will, and lay as supine and inanimate as the rest."

In the spring of 1799, Austria, Russia, and England took the field against the French. After terrific losses on the Adige and Adda in April and May, on the Trebbia in June, and Novi in August, the remnants of their routed armies were either driven to the shelter of the Apennines at Genoa, or assembled on the Var. With the help of the English the Bourbons were restored at Naples, and the Pope and grand-duke saw their government re-established at Rome and in Tuscany. Emmanuel IV. would also have been restored to Piedmont had it not been for the suicidal policy of Austria.

In the mean time, Bonaparte, sole and absolute master of France in the spring of 1800, assembled his hosts at the foot of the Alps, achieved the passage of the Great St. Bernard (May 20th), and obtained a decisive victory at Marengo (June 14th). This, and the splendid campaign of Moreau, north of the Alps, and his triumph at Hohenlinden, bowed Austria to the peace of Lunéville (February 9th, 1801), which brought Italy back to the conditions of the previous treaty of Campoformio. When the entire peninsula came at last into the power of Napoleon, it was divided into three great portions, Milan and Venice under Prince Eugène, Naples under Murat, while Piedmont and Rome were considered as mere departments of France. First Louis, the brother of Napoleon, was entrusted with the government of the former, and then the Prince Borghese.

At the first fall of Napoleon Italy might have asserted her independence, but, as usual, she had no mind, no heart of her own. Austria had not to combat for Italy: she had merely to take possession. The restitution of the House of Savoy had also been resolved upon, and Charles Emmanuel IV. abdicated in behalf of his brother, Victor Emmanuel I. The new king was in the subsidy of England, and great credit is given to him for having haughtily answered, when offered the help of British garrisons, "Do you take me for one of your Indian nabobs?" It is a pity that the kings of Piedmont should never have exhibited the same amount of independence towards the French. There was, however, no struggle in Piedmont. The country was left by the French, and dropped, as it were, into the power of its sovereign. Previous events had given further evidence of the impossibility for Piedmont of holding the line of the Alps against the French, so long as an inlet was left open to the invader along the sea-shore. The addition of Genoa to the Sardinian dominions was, therefore, agreed upon by the Treaty of Paris of May 30, 1814. It has now been used for precisely the opposite purposes for which it was intended.

The French had left behind them the leaven of rebellious discontent. Victor Emmanuel had, like other princes, taken no hint from misfortune, and insurrection having raised its standard in 1821, Victor abdicated in favour of his brother, Charles Felix. Charles Albert, who had been educated in Paris, for a brief time regent, fell into the hands of the Carbonari, and had to fly the country. Charles Felix relied for support on Austrian bayonets. The King of Piedmont was no better than any other Italian prince; he had sunk to the rank of a mere Austrian lieutenant. The king was, indeed, a mere indolent debauchee. All that Piedmont—which owed the wonders of Mont Cenis and the Simplon, and the fine bridge over the Po at Turin, to the French—was indebted to him for, were the bridge over the Dora, near Turin, and that at Baffalora over the Ticino. He also built the grand Teatro Carlo Felice at Genoa; and he restored the abbey of Hautecombe, ravaged by the Jacobins in 1792.

Austria had, however, far more serious designs upon Piedmont than the assertion of imperial supremacy. The lineal dynasty of Savoy was near its extinction, and a hope was entertained of ousting the lateral branch of Carignano. There can, indeed, be no doubt but that if Italy is ever incapable of constituting a strong nationality, the peace of Europe, or the neutrality of France, which is the same thing, would be better secured by a first-rate power like Austria holding the Alps, than the same great natural frontier being in the hands of an ever-vacillating second-rate power like Piedmont. The revolution of July, 1830, came, however, to baffle the projects of Austria. Central Italy was convulsed with abortive insurrectionary attempts, and the Papal throne had to be propped up by Austrian, and a twelvemonth later even by French, bayonets. Charles Albert succeeded to the throne of Piedmont at the death of Charles Felix, who died April 27, 1831, and he sought an alliance with France against Austria. The predilections of Louis Philippe lay, however, in a totally different direction. Charles Albert had, like the French monarch, also enough to do at home at the outset. There was an insurrection, fomented by that arch-democrat Mazzini, to put down. There was a constitution clamorously demanded, and only granted when Pius IX. set the example by announcing the alliance of the Catholic religion with the cause of Italian freedom and independence. Italy was thus proceeding at a fearfully rapid rate, and that by its own impulse, when the fall of Louis Philippe was followed by insurrection in Milan and Venice. Charles Albert set himself at the head of the movement, which had this in its favour, that it was purely Italian and unaided by France. But if its origin was Italian, so also was its progress and its end. Charles Albert fought for self-aggrandisement, and not to win Italy for the Italians, which he well knew to be an impossibility. Hence was he also mistrusted by his own allies, the Lombards, and unaided by the other Italian states. The result was, Piedmont defeated and isolated, with a discomfited army, an exhausted treasury, and a broken-hearted king. As to the war of "the peoples," which Mazzini had so loftily promulgated from Lugano, notwithstanding some dashing feats of Garibaldi on the Lake Maggiore, it vanished like the mountain mist before the rising sun.

Charles Albert was defeated, but not crushed. In opposition to all diplomatic intervention, he resolved upon one more struggle. It was in vain that Gioberti made one last effort, seconded by all the influence of France and England, to put down democracy in Central Italy: the revolution devoured its own children—a demoralised army was hastily called together—the Pole Chrzanowsky was named to the command—and a campaign was entered upon which barely lasted four days. It ended March 23 at ominous Novara, the scene of so many Italian disasters.

Victor Emmanuel II., the hero of our own times, was enabled, by the abdication of his father, Charles Albert, to secure an armistice, till by the intercession of England and France he obtained honourable conditions. It has since been convenient to forget at whose intercession Piedmont was once more saved from being an Austrian province. But independence was not for Piedmont; saved from the clutches of Austria, it fell unresisting into the hands of France, whose projects can scarcely be doubted from the time that they forced the Pope upon the Romans—when the two hundred millions of Catholics, on whom Pius IX. had built his hopes, decreed that the Roman people were the property of a priest, and could have no voice in their own destiny! The French republicans took upon themselves the execution of this outrageous sentence: no wonder the very stones of the old city rose against them! For the hundredth time Europe conspired to the destruction of Italy: Italy was resolved not to fall without a generous armed protest. The iniquity of the attack called forth the resistance of despair. The defence of Rome, the no less glorious but more stainless deeds of Venice, the self-immolation of Brescia, the struggle in Sicily, ennobled in the eyes of Europe a cause which grievous errors and revolting crimes had otherwise irreparably condemned. Sad it is to think that in the present day all these toils, all these aspirations, and all these sacrifices should end in nothing but Piedmont passing once more into the hands of French despotism—its glorious plains fertilised by the blood of centuries—its swift and deep streams hallowed by many a gory combat—its fortresses and strongholds hoary with grim feudal reminiscences, or blackened by the thunder of modern warfare—all once more occupied by the troops of a foreign despot, deploying his Zouaves, Turcos, and other half-barbarian hosts against the Croats and Hulans, and other semi-barbarians engaged in defending the conquests of another despot!

The lessons of history with respect to Piedmont are of the most simple teaching. It has from the most remote times been the field of contention between more powerful neighbours, whether Romans, Gauls, or Goths, Franks, Swiss, or Germans, French, Spaniards, or Austrians. Its alliances, whether matrimonial or political, have been equally fatal to her. If the females married into France, they set up, as in the instance of Adelaide, wife of Louis the Fat, and Joan, wife of John III. of Brittany, and even in the times of the Countesses of Provence and d'Artois, daughters of Victor Amadeus II., the most exacting pretensions. If the princes of Savoy or Piedmont wedded French princesses, they became through their wives, as in the instance of Yolande, wife of Amadeus IX., Christina, wife of Victor Amadeus I., and Margaret of Valois, wife of Emmanuel Philibert, mere vassals of France.

The political alliances of Piedmont have been ever still more untoward.

Those with Louis II. against Spain and Germany, with Francis I. and Charles V. alternately; with Henry II., Louis XIII., and Philip II. of Spain; with Louis XIV., Ferdinand, and Maria Theresa alternately; with Louis XV. and Charles VI.; with the French Republic and the First Consulate; with Austria, Russia, and England; with Napoleon the Great; and, lastly, with Louis Philippe, not to mention its numerous German, Swiss, and Italian alliances, have seldom or ever worked for the benefit, welfare, or aggrandisement of Piedmont—Emmanuel Philibert, perchance, alone excepted. Of the invasions of the country solely, it is needless to say, that whether directed against Savoy or Piedmont alone or jointly, they have ever been fatal to both, from the times of the Merovingian and Carlovingian Franks to those of Charles VIII., of Henry X., of Louis XII., XIII., XIV., XV., and XVI., of the French Republicans and the First Consulate, to those of Napoleon the Great. What reasonable or just conclusion can be derived from these historical antecedents that Napoleon III. shall invade Italy for the liberation of the Italians solely? It is manifest that if he so acts he will be the first potentate who has ever done so. He will stand alone in the history of Piedmont and Lombardy as the most disinterested and magnanimous prince that has ever yet interfered in their affairs by family or political alliances or by belligerent intercession. He will be the first of a new race of monarchs who will set the example to the rest of the world of great wars carried on for motives that are purely philanthropic and neighbourly.

Louis Napoleon III. has gone forth into Italy as the champion of liberty, to battle, according to his own averments, for the liberation of the country. If such purity and simplicity of action *could be* for a moment believed in, the sympathies of all right-minded men would go with him. But such a conclusion to an Italian war is as utterly opposed to the lessons of history and to the indications of the present as it is to the very nature of things. The disinterestedness of France is as utter an impossibility as is an Italian nationality. Can France afford to exhaust her treasures and spill her best blood for nothing? For what has she held Rome? for what has she united herself with the House of Carignan? for what did she hurry to peace in the Crimea, and accept those proffers on the part of Russia which England had repudiated in favour of her then "honourable ally," France? For that which she now seeks across the Alps, where the first scenes in European wars have so invariably been enacted!

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