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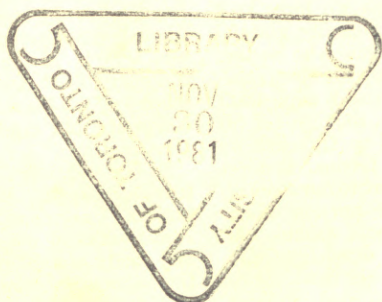


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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXIX.

JULY, 1846.

VOL. LX.

PERU.

A CLEVER book of travels, over ground comparatively untrodden, is in these days a welcome rarity. No dearth is there of vapid narratives by deluded persons, who, having leisure to travel, think they must also have wit to write: with these we have long been surfeited, and heartily grateful do we feel to the man who strikes out a new track, follows it observantly, and gives to the world, in pleasant and instructive form, the result of his observations. Such a traveller we have had the good fortune to meet with, and now present to our readers.

We take it that no portion of the globe's surface, of equal extent, and comprising an equal number of civilized, or at least semi-civilized, states, is less known to the mass of Europeans than the continent of South America. Too distant and dangerous for the silken tourist, to whom steamboats and dressing-cases are indispensable, it does not possess, in a political point of view, that kind of importance which might induce governments to stimulate its exploration. As a nest of mushroom republics, continually fighting with each other and revolutionizing themselves—a land where throat-cutting is a popular pastime, and earthquakes, fevers more or less yellow, and vermin rather more than

less venomous, are amongst the indigenous comforts of the soil—it is notorious, and has been pretty generally avoided. Braving these dangers and disagreeables, a German of high reputation as a naturalist and man of letters, has devoted four years of a life valuable to science to a residence and travels in the most interesting district of South America; the ancient empire of the Incas, the scene of the conquests and cruelties of Francisco Pizarro.

“The scientific results of my travels,” says Dr Tschudi in his brief preface, “are recorded partly in my *Investigation of the Fauna Peruana* † and partly in appropriate periodicals: the following volumes are an attempt to satisfy the claim which an enlightened public may justly make on the man who visits a country in reality but little known.”

We congratulate the doctor on the good success of his attempt. The public, whether of Germany or of any other country into whose language his book may be translated, will be difficult indeed if they desire a better account of Peru than he has given them.

Bound for the port of Callao, the ship Edmond, in which Dr Tschudi sailed from Havre-de-Grace, was

Peru. Reiseskizzen aus den Jahren 1838—1842. Von J. J. von TSCHUDI. St Gall: 1846.

Untersuchungen über die Fauna Peruana. St Gall: 1846.

driven by storms to the coast of Chili, and first cast anchor in the bay of San Carlos, on the island of Chiloe. Although by no means devoid of interest, we shall pass over his account of that island, which is thinly peopled, of small fertility, and cursed with an execrable climate; and accompany him to Valparaiso, his next halting place. There he found much bustle and movement. Chili was at war with the confederation of Peru and Bolivia, and an expedition was fitting out in all haste. Sundry decrees of the Peruvian Protector, Santa Cruz, had excited the ire of the Chilians, especially one diminishing the harbour dues on vessels arriving direct from Europe and discharging their cargoes in a Peruvian port. This had damaged the commerce of Chili; and already one army under General Blanco had been landed on the Peruvian coast to revenge the injury. It had signally failed in its object. Outmanœuvred and surrounded, it was taken prisoner to a man. On this occasion the behaviour of Santa Cruz was generous almost to quixotism. He sent back the soldiers to their country, and actually paid for the cavalry horses, which he kept. The Chilian government showed little gratitude for this chivalrous conduct. The treaty of peace concluded by Blanco was not ratified; but a second armament, far more powerful than the first, was got ready and shipped from Valparaiso during Dr Tschudi's stay in that port. His account of the Chilian army and navy is not very favourable. His ship had hardly anchored when several officers of the land forces came on board, and inquired if there were any swords to be sold, as they and their comrades were for the most part totally unprovided with such weapons. Swords formed no part of the cargo of the *Edmond*, but one of the ship's company, acquainted, perhaps, from previous experience, with the wants of these South American warriors, had brought out an assortment as a private spec., and amongst them was a sort of falchion, about five feet long, which had belonged to a cuirassier of Napoleon's guard. The officer who bought this weapon was a puny half-cast lad, who could hardly lift it

with both hands, but who nevertheless opined that, in case of a charge, it would play the devil amongst the Peruvians. "Ten months later," says Dr Tschudi, "I met this hero on the march, amongst the mountains of Peru. He had girded on a little dirk, scarce larger than a toothpick, and behind him came a strapping negro, laden with the falchion. I could not help inquiring whether the latter arm had done much mischief in the then recent battle of Yungay, and he was honest enough to confess that he had not used it, finding it rather too heavy." The Chilian fleet, twenty-seven transports and nine men-of-war, was, with one or two exceptions, in bad condition; short of guns and hands, and manned in great part by sailors who had run from English, French, or North American ships. The officers were nearly all English. The shipment of the horses was conducted in the most clumsy manner: many were strangled in hoisting them up, others fell out of the slings and were drowned, and those that were embarked were so badly cared for, that each morning previous to the sailing of the fleet, their carcasses were thrown overboard by dozens. The Chilian troops had no stomach for the campaign, and, in great part, had to be embarked by force. "I stood on the landing place," writes the doctor, "when the Santiago battalion went on board. Ill uniformed, and bound two and two with cords, the soldiers were actually driven into the boats." With such an army, what besides defeat and disaster could be expected? But treachery and discord were at work in Peru, and success awaited the reluctant invaders.

With unpardonable imprudence the captain of the *Edmond* had manifested an intention of selling his ship to the Peruvians to be converted into a man-of-war. A Yankee captain was suspected of a similar design; and the consequence was an embargo laid upon all ships in the port of Valparaiso, until such time as the Chilian army might be supposed to have reached its destination and struck the first blow. A delay of five-and-forty days was the consequence, particularly wearisome to Dr Tschudi, as he was unable to absent himself for more

than twenty-four hours from the town, lest the embargo should be suddenly raised and the ship sail without him. He found few resources in Valparaiso, whose population, especially the numerous foreigners, have their time fully occupied by commercial pursuits. The town itself, closely built and dirty, is divided by *quebradas* or ravines into three parts, extending along the side of a hill, and designated by the sailors as foretop, maintop, and mizentop. These *quebradas*, close to whose edge run the badly lighted streets, are particularly dangerous in the winter nights; and many a sailor, on shore for a "spree," finds his grave in them. The police is good, better probably than any other South American town; and although assassinations occasionally occur, the perpetrators rarely escape. One curious institution is the travelling house of correction, which consists of waggons, not unlike those in which menagerie keepers convey their beasts. Each of these contains sleeping accommodation for eight or ten criminals. Behind stands a sentry, and in front of some of them is a sort of kitchen. The prisoners draw the waggons themselves; and as they for the most part work upon the roads, often at some distance from the city, there is an evident gain thus in their conveying their dwelling with them. The plan answers well in a country where there is, properly speaking, no winter.

A common article of sale on the Valparaiso market is live condors, which are taken in traps. A fine specimen is worth a dollar and a half. In one court-yard, Dr Tschudi saw eight of them, fettered after a peculiar fashion. A long narrow strip of untanned leather was run through their nostrils, tied tight, and the other end fastened to a post fixed in the ground. This allowed the birds liberty to move about in a tolerably large circle, but as soon as they attempted to fly, they were brought down by the head. Their voracity is prodigious. One of them ate eighteen pounds of meat in the course of a day, without at all impairing his appetite for the next morning's breakfast. Dr Tschudi measured one, and found it fourteen English feet from tip to tip of the wings.

Most joyfully did our traveller hail

the arrival of the long-looked for permission to sail. With a favouring breeze from the east, the Edmond soon made the islands of Juan Fernandez, and Dr Tschudi was indulging in pleasant recollections of Alexander Selkirk, Defoe, and Robinson Crusoe, when the cry "a man overboard" startled him from his reverie. Over went the hen-coops and empty casks; the ship was brought to, and a boat lowered. It was high time, for a shark had approached the swimmer, who defended himself with remarkable courage and presence of mind, striking out with his fists at his voracious pursuer. So unequal a combat could not last long, and the lookers-on thought him lost, for the shark had already seized his leg, when the boat came up; a rain of blows from oars and boat-hooks forced the monster to let go his hold, and the sailor was snatched, it might truly be said, from the jaws of death. His wounds, though deep, were not dangerous, and in a few weeks he was convalescent. Without other incident worthy of note, Dr Tschudi arrived in the bay of Callao. There the first news he heard was that the Chilians had effected a landing, taken Lima by storm, and were then besieging Callao. This magnificent fort, the last place in South America that had held out for the Spaniards, and which General Rodil defended for nearly eighteen months against the patriots, had since been in great measure dismantled, and three-fourths of the guns sold. Those that remained were now wretchedly served by the Peruvians, whilst the fire of the besiegers, on the other hand, did considerable damage. The siege, however, was pushed nothing like so vigorously as it had been by the patriots. Both the land and sea forces were too small. To the latter the Peruvians had unfortunately no fleet to oppose. Several men-of-war had been treacherously taken from them by the Chilians in time of peace, and the only two remaining were sunk upon the approach of the enemy.

"One Sunday afternoon," says Dr Tschudi, "the Chilian brig-of-war, Colocolo, sailed close in under the walls of the fort, and threw in a few balls. The batteries immediately returned the fire with every gun they could

bring to bear; but all their shots went too high, and fell amongst the merchantmen and other neutral vessels. Meanwhile the Colocolo sailed to and fro in derision of the batteries. At last the French commodore, seeing the danger of the merchant ships, sent a boat to the fort, menacing them with a broadside if they did not instantly cease firing. This the garrison were compelled to do, and to submit patiently to the insults of the Chilians. Another instance of the great prejudice which the vicinity of neutral shipping may be to besieged or besiegers, was witnessed on the night of the 5th November 1820, in the bay of Callao, when Lord Cochrane and Captain Guise, with a hundred and fifty men, boarded the Spanish forty-four gun corvette *Esmeralda*. Between the *Esmeralda* and the fort lay a North American frigate, the *Macedonia*, which completely hindered the castle from covering the corvette with its guns. So enraged were the garrison at this, that the next morning an officer of the *Macedonia* was murdered with his whole boat's crew, the very instant they set foot on shore."

We shall not accompany Dr Tschudi through his "fragment of the modern history of Peru;" for although lucid and interesting, it might become less so in the compressed form which we should necessarily have to adopt. We find at one time six self-styled presidents of Peru—each with his share of partizans, more or less numerous, and with a force at his command varying from one to five thousand men—oppressing the people, levying contributions, shooting and banishing the adherents of his five rivals. Let us examine the probable causes of such a state of things, of the revolutions and rebellions which have now lasted for twenty years—since the birth of the republic, in fact—and which must finally, if a check be not put to them, bring about the depopulation and total ruin of Peru. These causes Dr Tschudi finds in the want of honour and common honesty exhibited by the majority of the Peruvian officers. With the army all the revolutions have begun. As soon as an officer reaches the rank of colonel, and if he can only reckon upon the

adherence of some fifteen hundred or two thousand soldiers, he begins to think of deposing the president and ruling in his stead. In so doing, he is actuated by avarice rather than by ambition. During their short-lived power these dictators levy enormous contributions, of which they pocket the greater part, and let the soldiers want. After a while they abandon the helm of government, either voluntarily or by compulsion, and take with them their ill-gotten wealth. When the chiefs set such examples, it cannot be wondered at if, amongst their inferiors, insubordination and mutiny are the order of the day. These, however, are most prevalent amongst the subaltern officers, scarcely ever originating with the soldiers, although their treatment, we are informed, is inhumanly cruel, and their privations and sufferings of the severest. There appears to be a great similarity in character between the Peruvian infantry and the Spanish troops of the present day; although the former are not of Spanish descent, but consist chiefly of Indians from the interior and mountainous districts of Peru. Dr Tschudi describes them as obedient, willing, and courageous; unparallelled in their endurance of hunger and fatigue, capable of sustaining for several days together marches of fourteen or sixteen leagues. The officers, however, must be good, or the men are useless in the field. If not well led, they throw away their arms and run, and there is no possibility of rallying them. Moreover, no retrograde movement must be made, although it be merely as a manœuvre—the Indians looking upon it as a signal for flight. The cavalry, for the most part well mounted, is worthless. It consists of negroes—a race rarely remarkable for courage. As cruel as they are cowardly, a defeated foe meets with barbarous treatment at their hands.

With every Peruvian army march nearly as many women as it comprises men. Unpalatable as such a following would be to European commanders, it is encouraged and deemed indispensable by Peruvian generals. The Indian women, as enduring and hardy as their husbands, set out two or three hours before the troops, and

precede them by about the same time at the halting place. They immediately collect wood for fires, and prepare the rations, which they carry with them, for their husbands, sons, and brothers. Without them, in the more desolate and mountainous districts, the soldiers would sometimes risk starvation. They are no impediment to the rapid march of a column, which they, on the contrary, accelerate, by saving the men trouble, and affording them more time for repose. During a battle they remain in the vicinity of the troops, but far enough off not to impede their movements; the fight over, they seek out the wounded and take care of them. The lot of these poor women, who go by the name of *rabonas*, is any thing but an enviable one; for besides their many privations and hardships, they meet with much ill usage at the hands of the soldiery, to which, however, they submit with incredible patience.

The manner in which most of the officers treat the soldiers is perfectly inhuman, and the slightest offences meet with terrible chastisement. Every officer has a right, at least in war time, to inflict, without a court-martial, any punishment he pleases. Some of the chiefs are celebrated for the refinement of their cruelties; and many soldiers prefer death to serving under them. During General Gamarra's campaign against the Bolivians in 1842, several score of soldiers sprang one day from the bridge of Oroya, to seek death in the torrent that flows beneath it. With the scornful cry of "*Adios, capitán!*" they took the fatal leap, and the next instant lay mangled and expiring upon the rocks through which the stream forces its way. "I myself have witnessed," continues Dr Tschudi, "how soldiers who on the march were unable to keep up with the column, were shot dead upon the spot. On the road from Tarma to Janja, a distance of nine leagues, I passed seven Indians who had thus lost their lives. It is true that the commandant of that battalion, an officer whose sword was as yet unstained with any blood save that of his own men, was accustomed to call out when he saw a soldier straggling from fatigue—'*pegale un tiro!*'

Shoot him down! And the order was forthwith obeyed." When the troops reach the halting-place, and the *rabonas* learn the fate of their sons or husbands, they mournfully retrace their weary footsteps, and amidst tears and lamentations dig a last resting place for these victims of military tyranny.

The sick are scarcely better treated. When they can no longer drag themselves along, they are placed upon mules, and, through the severest cold or most burning heat, are driven after the army. When they die, which is most frequently the case, they are dropped at the next village, to be buried by the alcalde.

"The major of a squadron of light cavalry," says our traveller, "once asked me, during my stay at Tarma in the year 1842, to take charge for a few days of his sick men. Of one hundred and twenty soldiers composing the squadron, sixty-eight lay huddled together in a damp dark hole, ill of the scarlet fever. Fourteen more were suffering from the effects of punishment. What a horrible sight they presented! Their backs were nearly bare of flesh, and covered with the most frightful wounds. A mutiny had taken place, and the major had shot six men, and caused eighteen others to receive from one hundred to three hundred lashes, with broad thongs of tapir hide—a punishment so severe, that some of them died under its infliction. The survivors were compelled immediately to mount their horses and follow the squadron. For nine days they rode on in the most terrible agony, and during that time had to cross the Cordilleras. Several of them refused to have their wounds dressed; and it was necessary to use force to compel them. One man implored me with tears to do nothing to improve his state, for that he longed to die. Before they were nearly cured, a march was ordered, and they again had to mount and ride. The consequences of this barbarity were easy to foresee. Before another eight days had elapsed, the squadron was scarcely sixty men strong."

Turn we from such horrors to a more pleasing theme. "Could I suppose," says Dr Tschudi, "that my readers are acquainted with the excellent description of Lima which Stevenson

gives in his *Travels in South America*,* I would willingly abstain from any detail of the houses, churches, squares, and streets of that capital. But as that esteemed work was published twenty years ago, and is now almost entirely forgotten, I may venture, without danger of repeating things universally known, to give a sketch of the city of Lima." And accordingly, the doctor devotes his fifth chapter to an account of the capital of Peru—an account over which we shall pass lightly, for the double reason, that our readers may be better acquainted with Stevenson's work than Dr Tschudi's countrymen can be supposed to be, and because, if we linger wherever we are tempted so to do in this very pleasant book, our paper will run out beyond any reasonable length. We must glance at the cathedral founded by Pizarro, and which took ninety years in building. Its magnificence and riches are scarcely to be surpassed by those of any other existing church. The high altar boasts of seven silver pillars of the Ionic order, twelve feet high, and a foot and a-half thick; the shrine is seven and a-half feet high, carved in gold, and studded with countless diamonds and emeralds; the silver candlesticks weigh one hundred and twelve pounds each. In connection with the convent of San Pedro, a curious anecdote is told. It belonged to the Jesuits, and was their "Colegio Maximo;" it was known to possess immense wealth, for the richest plantations and finest houses belonged to the order. In the year 1773, the king of Spain, supported by the famous bull of the 21st June of that year, "Dominus ac redemptor noster," sent orders to his South American viceroys to arrest all the Jesuits in one night, ship them off to Spain, and confiscate their wealth. The greatest secrecy was observed, and no one but the viceroy, and those in his entire confidence, was supposed to know any thing of the plan. But the same ship which conveyed to the viceroy the king's in-

structions in his own handwriting, brought to the vicar-general of the Jesuits in Lima the needful instructions from the general of the order at Madrid, to whom his Majesty's designs had become known. In all silence, and with every precaution, the needful preparations were made; at ten o'clock on the appointed night, the viceroy summoned his council, and communicated to them the royal commands. No one was allowed to leave the room till the blow had been struck. At midnight trusty officers were sent to arrest the Jesuits, of whose names the viceroy had a list. It was expected that they would be surprised in their sleep. The patrol knocked at the door of the San Pedro convent, which was immediately opened. The commanding officer asked to see the vicar-general, and was forthwith conducted into the principal hall, where he found the whole of the order assembled, waiting for him, and ready to depart. Each man had his portmanteau packed with whatever was necessary for a long voyage. In all the other convents of Jesuits similar preparations had been made. The astonishment and vexation of the viceroy may be imagined. He immediately sent off the whole fraternity to Callao, where ships were ready to receive them. Inventories were then taken, and search made for the Jesuits' money. But great was the surprise of the searchers, when instead of the millions which the order was known to possess, but a few thousand dollars were to be discovered. All the keys, including that of the strong box, were found, duly ticketed, in the vicar-general's room. The Jesuits could hardly have taken a better revenge for the treachery that had been used with their order.

It was supposed that the money was buried, partly in the plantations, and partly in the convent of San Pedro. An old negro, in the service of the convent, told how he and one of his comrades had been employed

* An Historical and Descriptive Narrative of Twenty Years' Residence in South America. Containing Travels in Arauco, Chili, Peru, and Columbia; with an account of the Revolution, its rise, progress, and results; by W. B. STEVENSON. London: 1825.

during several nights in carrying, with bandaged eyes, heavy sacks of money into the vaults beneath the building. Two Jesuits accompanied them, and helped them to load and unload their burdens. The researches hitherto made have been but superficial and imperfect; and Dr Tschudi opines, with some naïveté, that the hidden hoard may yet be discovered. We cannot partake his opinion. The cunning Jesuits who concealed the treasure will have found means to recover it.

Lima was the principal seat of the Inquisition upon the west coast of South America, and in severity the tribunal was but little surpassed by that of Madrid itself. The building in which it was held still exists, but was gutted by the populace when the institution was abolished by the Cortes, and few traces of its internal arrangements and murderous engines are now to be seen. More visible ones are yet to be noticed in the persons of some unfortunate Limeños. "A Spaniard," Dr Tschudi tells us, "whose limbs were frightfully distorted, told me, in reply to my inquiries, that he had fallen into a machine which had thus mangled him. A few days before his death, however, he confided to me that in his twenty-fourth year he had been brought before the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition, and by the most horrible tortures had been compelled to confess a crime of which he was not guilty. I still shudder when I remember his crushed and twisted limbs, at the thoughts of the agonies which the unhappy wretch must have endured."

Now and then, however, the most holy ruffians of the Inquisition met their match, as the following anecdote serves to show. The Viceroy, Castel-Fuerte, once expressed, in presence of his confessor, certain opinions regarding religion which the good monk did not find very catholic, and which he accordingly, as in duty bound, reported to the Inquisitors. The latter, confident of their omnipotence, joyfully seized this opportunity to increase its *prestige*, by proving that their power extended even to the punishment of a viceroy. But Castel-Fuerte was not Philip of Spain. At the appointed hour, he repaired to the

Inquisition at the head of his body-guard and of a company of infantry, with two pieces of artillery, which he caused to be pointed at the building. Entering the terrible hall, he strode up to the table, drew out his watch, and laid it before him. "Señores," said he, "I am ready to discuss this affair, but for one hour only. If I am not back by that time, my officers have orders to level this building with the ground." Astonished at his boldness, the Inquisitors consulted together for a few moments, and then, with eager politeness, complimented the resolute Castel-Fuerte out of the house.

Lima was founded by Pizarro in the year 1534, on the 6th of January, known amongst Roman Catholics as the Day of the Three Kings. From this latter circumstance it has frequently been called the City of the Kings. Like some tropical flower, urged into premature bloom and luxuriance by too rich a soil and too ardent a sun, its decay has been proportionably rapid, and the capital of Peru is already but the ghost of its former self. Some idea of its rapid growth may be formed from the circumstance that a wall built in 1585, only fifty years after its foundation, includes, with the exception of a small portion of the northern extremity and the suburb of San Lazaro, the whole of a city capable of containing one hundred thousand inhabitants, and measuring ten English miles in circumference. The dates of foundation of the principal public buildings further confirm the fact of Lima's rapid arrival at the size as well as the rank of a metropolis. The number of inhabitants, which in 1810 was estimated at eighty-seven thousand, in 1842 was reduced to fifty-three thousand. It must be observed, however, that the manner of taking the census is loose and imperfect, and these numbers may need rectification. At the same time, there can be no doubt that the population has long been, and still is, daily diminishing. Of this diminution the causes are various, and may easily be traced to the physical and political state of the country. Terrible earthquakes have buried thousands of persons beneath the ruins of their dwellings; the struggle for independence also swept away its thousands; and banishment

and emigration may further account for the decrease. Epidemics, the natural consequence of an imperfect police, and an utter neglect of cleanliness, frequently rage in the city and its environs; and Dr Tschudi proves, by interesting tables and statements, that the average excess of deaths over births has been, since the year 1826, no less than five hundred and fifty annually. Without entering into all the causes to which this may be attributed, he pronounces the criminal, but, in Lima, too common, practice of causing abortion to be one of the most prominent. So large a yearly decrease menaces the Peruvian capital with a speedy depopulation, and already whole streets and quarters of the city are desolate,—the houses falling in,—the gardens run to waste. To the country, not less than to the town, many of the above facts are applicable; and the once rich and flourishing region, that extends from the third to the twenty-second degree of southern latitude, and which, at the time of its conquest by Pizarro, contained an enormous population, now possesses but one million four hundred thousand inhabitants.

One can really hardly grieve over the possible extinction of a race which, according to Dr Tschudi's showing, is in most respects so utterly worthless and undeserving of sympathy. We refer now more especially to the white Creoles,* who constitute about a third, or rather more, of the population of Lima, where there are comparatively few Indians of pure blood, but, on the other hand, a large number of half-casts of every shade, and about five thousand negroes, chiefly slaves. These white Creoles, with few exceptions the descendants of Spaniards, seem to have clung to, and improved upon, the vices of their progenitors, without inheriting their good qualities. Both physically and morally they have greatly degenerated. Weak, indolent, and effeminate, a ten hours' ride seems to them an exploit worthy

of registration in the archives of the country. Sworn foes of any kind of trouble, if their circumstances compel them to choose an occupation, they set up some retail shop, which gives them little trouble, and allows them abundance of leisure to gossip with their neighbours and smoke their cigar. The richer class pass their time in complete idleness,—lounging in the streets, visiting their acquaintances, and occasionally taking a lazy ride to their plantations near the city. The afternoon is got rid of in the café, the gaming-house, or the cock-pit—cock-fighting being a darling diversion with the Creoles. Their education is defective, and the majority of them are ignorant beyond belief. Dr Tschudi tells us of a Peruvian minister of war who knew neither the population nor the area of his country, and who obstinately maintained that Portugal was the eastern boundary of Peru, and could be reached by land. Another Peruvian, high in place, was heard to give an exact account of how Frederick the Great had driven Napoleon out of Russia. There have been some brilliant exceptions to this general darkness, but the list of them is very brief, and may be comprised in a few lines. In their habits the Creoles are dirty, especially at table; and the disgusting custom of spitting is carried to an extent that would make even a Yankee stare. Their principal good qualities are abstinence from strong drinks, hospitality to strangers, and benevolence to the poor.

The ladies of Lima, we learn, are in most respects far superior to the men. Tall and well made, with regular features, magnificent eyes and hair, beautiful teeth, and exquisitely small feet, they are spoken of by Dr Tschudi in terms almost of enthusiasm. Their dress is very original; one usual part of it being a silk petticoat, made so narrow at the ankles as to prevent rapid walking, and to render their kneeling down in church and getting up again a matter of some dif-

* Europeans are apt to attach the idea of some particular colour to the word Creole. It is a vulgar error. Creole (Spanish, Criollo) is derived from *criar*, to breed or produce, and is applied to native Americans descended from 'Old World' parents. Thus there are black Creoles as well as white, and a horse or a dog may be a Creole as well as a man, so long as the European or African blood is preserved unmixed.

ficulty. During the revolution, when Lima was held alternately by the Spaniards and the Patriots, a party of the former, in order to ascertain the real sentiments of the Limeños, disguised themselves as Patriots, and approached the city. As soon as their coming was known, a crowd went out to meet them, and in the throng were many women with these narrow *sayas*. When sufficiently near, the disguised Spaniards drew their swords, and cut right and left amongst the defenceless mob. The men saved themselves by flight; but the women, impeded by their absurd petticoats, were for the most part sabred.

The Limeñas are good mothers, but bad housekeepers. Most ladies have an unnecessarily numerous establishment of servants and slaves, each of whom does just what he pleases, and is rarely at hand when wanted. Smoking is pretty general amongst Peruvian women, but is on the decline rather than the increase. They are passionately fond of music, and most of them sing and play the guitar or piano, although, for want of good instruction, their performance is usually but middling. Many of them are skilled in needle-work; but they rarely occupy themselves in that manner—never in company or of an evening. "Happy city!" exclaims Dr Tschudi, thinking doubtless of his own fair countrywomen and their eternal knitting needles, "where stocking-making is unknown in the social circle!" We do not find, however, that the doctor supports his assertion of the moral superiority of the Creole ladies over their *worse* halves, by any very strong proofs. That assertion, on the contrary, is followed by the startling admissions, that they are confirmed gluttons, and ruin their husbands by their love of dress; that they gamble considerably, and intrigue not a few, favoured in this latter respect by a certain convenient veil of thick silk, called a *manto*, which entirely conceals their face, having only a small triangular loop-hole, "through which a great fiery eye flashes upon you." We fear that these "flashes," frequently repeated, have a little dazzled our learned traveller, and induced him to look leniently on the sins of the lovely Limeñas. We do not otherwise know

how to reconcile the evidence with the eulogium.

Ardent politicians, and endowed with a degree of courage not often found in their sex, these Peruvian dames have frequently played a prominent part in revolutions, and by their manœuvres have even brought about changes of government. Conspicuous amongst them was Doña Francisca Subyaga, wife of the former president, Gamarra. When, in 1834, her cowardly and undecided husband was driven out of Lima by the populace, and stood lamenting and irresolute what to do, Doña Francisca snatched his sword from his side, put herself at the head of the troops, and commanded an orderly retreat, the only means by which to save herself and the remainder of the army. A bystander having ventured to utter some insolent remark, she rode up to him, and threatened that when she returned to Lima she would make a pair of riding-gloves out of his skin. She died in exile a few months later, or else, when her husband went back to Peru four years afterwards, at the head of a Chilian army, she would have been likely enough to keep her word.

So much for the Limeñas, although Dr Tschudi gives us a great deal more information concerning them; and very amusing this part of his book is, reminding us considerably of Madame Calderon's delightful gossip about Mexico. "Lima," says the Spanish proverb, "is a heaven to women, a purgatory to husbands, and a hell to jackasses." The latter unfortunate beasts being infamously used by the negroes, who, especially the liberated ones, are the most cruel and vicious race in Peru. In this latter category must be included the Zambos and Chinos, half-casts between negroes and mulattos, and negroes and Indians. We turn a few pages and come to the carnival; during which, judging from the account before us, we should imagine that Lima became a hell not only to ill-treated donkeys, but to man, woman, and child. The chief sport of that festive season consists in sprinkling people with water, concerning the purity of which the sprinklers are by no means fastidious

From nearly every balcony, liquids of the most various and unsavoury description are rained down upon the passers by; at the street corners stand negroes, who seize upon all who are not of their own cast, and roll them in the gutter, unless they prefer paying a certain ransom, in which case they get off with a trifling baptism of dirty water. Troops of young men force their way into the houses of their acquaintances and attack the ladies. First they sprinkle them with scented water, but when that is expended, the pump, and even worse, is had recourse to, and the sport becomes brutality. The ladies, with their clothes dripping wet, are chased from room to room, become heated, and are frequently rendered dangerously ill. Diseases of the lungs, and other rheumatic complaints, are the invariable consequences of the carnival, to whose barbarous celebration many fall victims. Besides this, every year murders occur out of revenge for this brutal treatment. One favourite trick is to fill a sack with fragments of glass and earthenware, and fasten it to the balcony by a cord, the length of which is so calculated, that when let down the sack hangs at about seven feet from the ground. The sack is kept on the balcony till somebody passes, and is then suddenly thrown out, but, thanks to the cord, remains at a safe distance above the heads of those below. Although it is tolerably well known that in most streets there is at least one of these infernal machines; yet the sudden shock and alarm are so great, that persons have been known to fall down senseless on the spot. Horses are thus made to shy violently, and frequently throw their riders. The practice is each year forbidden by the police, but the prohibition is disregarded.

Heaven preserve us from a Lima carnival! If compelled to choose, we should infinitely prefer a campaign against the Chilians, which, we apprehend, must be mere barrack-yard duty comparatively. No wonder that the city is becoming depopulated, when the fairer portion of its inhabitants are annually subjected to such inhuman treatment. In some respects the Peruvians appear to be perfect

barbarians. Their favourite diversions are of the most cruel order; cock-fighting and bull-fights—but bull-fights, compared to which, those still in vogue in Spain are humane exhibitions. Peru is the only country in South America where this last amusement is kept up as a matter of regular occurrence. Bull-fighting in Spain may be considered cruel, but in Peru it becomes a mere torturing of beasts, without honour or credit to the men opposed to them, who are all negroes and zambos, the very dregs of the populace. There seems a total want of national character about the Peruvians. They are bad copies of the Spaniards, whose failings they imitate and out-herod till they become odious vices. Add to what has been already shown of their cruel and sensual propensities, the fact that their habitations, with the exception of the two rooms in which visits are received, bear more resemblance, for cleanliness and order, to stables than to human dwellings, and it will be acknowledged that not a little of the savage seems to have rubbed off upon the Peruvian.

Ice is a necessary of life in Lima, and is brought from the Cordilleras, a distance of twenty-eight leagues. So essential in that ardent climate is this refreshment, that the lack of it for a few days is sufficient to cause a notable ferment among the people; and in all revolutions, therefore, the leaders cautiously abstain from applying the mules used for its carriage, to any other purpose. The Indians hew the ice out of the glaciers in lumps of six arrobas (150 pounds) each, and lower it from the mountains by ropes. Other Indians receive and carry it a couple of leagues to a depot, where it is packed upon mules. Two lumps form a mule load, and thirty of these loads are sent daily to Lima, where, by means of frequent relays, they arrive in eighteen or twenty hours. During the journey the ice loses about the third of its weight, and what remains is just sufficient to supply the city for a day. It is chiefly used in making ices, composed for the most part of milk or pine-apple juice.

The want of good roads, and, in many directions, of any roads at all, renders carriage travelling in the

neighbourhood of Lima exceedingly difficult and expensive. Only southwards from the city is it possible, at an enormous cost, to get to a distance of forty leagues. Sixty or eighty horses are driven by the side of the carriage, and every half hour fresh ones are harnessed, as the only means of getting the vehicle through the sand, which is more than a foot deep. A Peruvian, who was accustomed to send his wife every year on a visit to his plantation, at thirty-two leagues from Lima, told Dr Tschudi that the journey there and back cost him fourteen hundred dollars, or somewhere about three hundred pounds sterling. In former days, during the brilliant period of the Spanish domination, enormous sums were frequently given for carriages and mules; and the shoes of the latter, and tires of the wheels, were often of silver instead of iron. Even at the present day the Peruvians expend large sums upon the equipments of their horses, especially upon the stirrups, which are ponderous boxes carved in wood, and lavishly decorated with silver. A friend of Dr Tschudi's, a priest from the Sierra, had a pair made, the silver about which weighed forty pounds! The saddle and bridle were proportionably magnificent, and the value of the silver employed in the whole equipment was more than 1500 dollars. Spurs are of enormous size. According to the old usage they should contain three marks—a pound and a half—of silver, and be richly chased and ornamented. The rowels are one and a half to two inches in circumference. Besides the saddle, bridle, and stirrups above described, the unfortunate Peruvian horses are oppressed with sheepskin shabrack, saddle-bags, and various other appliances. "At first," says our traveller, "the Peruvian horse-trappings appear to a stranger both unwieldy and un-serviceable; but he soon becomes convinced of their suitability, and even finds them handsome." We should not, nor, we dare be sworn, do the horses, whose many good qualities certainly deserve a lighter load and better treatment than they appear to get. Dr Tschudi speaks highly of their endurance and speed, although their usual pace is an amble, at which, however, they will outstrip many

horses at full gallop. One variety of this favourite pace, the *paso portante*, in which the two feet on the same side of the body are thrown forward at the same time, is particularly curious, and peculiar to the Peruvian horse. The giraffe is the only other animal that employs it. In Peru a horse is valued according to the goodness of his amble. Beauty of form is a secondary consideration, and the finest trotters are thought nothing of, but are sold cheap for carriage work. It is considered a serious defect, and greatly depreciates a horse's value, if he has the habit of flapping or lashing himself with his tail when spurred, or at any other time. As this habit is found incurable, the sinews of the tail are sometimes cut through, which, by crippling it, hinders the obnoxious flapping.

The breaking of a Peruvian horse occupies two years. The horse-breakers are, for the most part, free negroes, of powerful build, and they understand their business perfectly, only that they ill-treat the animals too much, and thereby render them shy. They teach them all sorts of ambles and manège tricks, one of the latter consisting in the horse pirouetting upon his hind legs. This they do when at full gallop, on the slightest signal of the rider. A well-known Limeño, says Dr Tschudi, rode at full speed up to the city wall, which is scarcely nine feet broad, leaped upon it, and made his horse repeatedly perform this *volte*, the fore feet of the beast each time describing the arc of a circle beyond the edge of the wall. He performed this feat with every one of his horses. Further on in the book, the doctor relates an incident that occurred to himself, proving the more valuable qualities of these horses, their strength, courage, and endurance. "I had occasion to go from Huacho to Lima," he says, "and wished to accomplish this journey without halting. The distance is twenty-eight leagues, (at least eighty-four miles,) and I left Huacho at two in the afternoon, accompanied by a negro guide. At one in the morning we reached the river Pasamayo, which had been greatly swollen by the recent rains, and thundered along with a fearful uproar. Several tra-

vellers were bivouacked upon the shore, waiting for daylight, and perhaps for the subsiding of the waters. My negro shrugged his shoulders, and said he had never seen the river so high; and the travellers agreed with him, and denied the possibility of crossing. But I had no time to lose, and made up my mind to risk the passage on my good horse, who had often served me in similar dilemmas. I cautiously entered the stream, which, at each step, became deeper and stronger. My horse soon lost his footing, and, in spite of his violent efforts, was swept down by the force of the current, until we were both dashed against a rock in the middle of the river. Just then the moon became clouded, and I could no longer distinguish the group of trees on the opposite shore, which I had fixed upon to land at. Luckily my horse had again found a footing; I turned his head, and plunging into deep water, the noble beast swam back, with incredible strength, to the bank whence we had come. After some search I found a more favourable place, and my negro and I succeeded in crossing. Three travellers, who were anxious to do the same, but did not dare venture alone, called to us for assistance. I sent back the negro on my own horse, and one by one he brought them over. Seven times did the good steed achieve the dangerous passage, and then carried me without a halt to Lima, where we arrived at the hour of noon.

Such horses as these are indeed valuable in a country where carriage roads there are none, or next to none. The mules, whose price varies according to their qualities, from 100 to 1000 dollars, also perform, in spite of indifferent usage, scanty care, and frequently poor nourishment, journeys of great length over the arid sandy plains of Peru. They are also amblers, and often as swift as the horses. Dr Tschudi tells us of a priest at Piura, who, when he had to read mass at a sea-port town, fourteen leagues from his residence, mounted, at six in the morning, a splendid mule belonging to him, and reached his destination at nine o'clock. At four in the afternoon he set off on his return, and was home by seven or half-past. The

whole of the road, which led across a sandflat, was gone over at an amble. The priest refused enormous sums for this beast, which he would on no account sell. At last Salaverry, then president of Peru, heard of the mule's extraordinary swiftness, and sent an aide-de-camp to buy it. The officer met with a refusal; but no sooner had he turned his back, than the priest, who knew Salaverry's despotic and violent character, cut off his mule's ears and tail. As he had foreseen, so it happened. The next morning a sergeant made his appearance, bearing positive orders to take away the animal in dispute, with or without the owner's sanction. This was done; but when Salaverry saw the cropped condition of poor *mulo*, he swore all the oaths in the language, and sent him back again. The priest had attained his end, for he valued the beast less for his beauty than for his more solid qualities.

The Peruvian *cuisine* has, not unnaturally, a considerable similarity with the Spanish. The *puchero* or *olla* is the basis of the dinner, and of red pepper, capsicums, and other stimulating condiments, abundant use is made. The *Limeños* have some extraordinary notions respecting eating and drinking. They consider that every sort of food is either heating or cooling, and is opposed to something else. The union in the stomach of two of these contrary substances is attended, according to their belief, with the most dangerous consequences, and may even cause death. A *Limeño*, who has eaten rice at dinner, omits the customary glass of water after the sweetmeats, because the two things *se oponen*, are opposites. To so absurd an extent is this carried, that servants who have eaten rice refuse to wash afterwards, and the washerwomen never eat it. "I have been asked innumerable times," says Dr Tschudi, "by persons who had been ordered a foot-bath at night, whether they might venture to take it, for that they had eaten rice at dinner!"

The market at Lima was formerly held upon the Plaza Mayor, and was renowned for the great abundance and variety of the fruits, vegetables, and flowers brought thither for sale. But it is now on the Plazuela de la In-

quiscion, and its glory has in great measure departed. Along the sides of the gutters sit the fish and sausage sellers, who may be seen washing their wares in the filthy stream before them. The butchers exhibit good meat, but only beef and mutton, the slaughtering of young beasts being forbidden by law. On the flower market are sold Lima nosegays—*pucheros de flores*, as they are called. They are composed of a few specimens of the smaller tropical fruits, esteemed either for fragrance or beauty, laid upon a banana leaf, and tastefully intermingled with flowers. The whole is sprinkled with lavender water and other scents, and is very pretty to look at, but yields an overpoweringly strong perfume. The price depends on the rarity of the flowers employed, and some of these *pucheros* cost seven or eight dollars. They rank amongst the most acceptable presents that can be offered to a Peruvian lady.

“The city of earthquakes,” would be a far more appropriate name for Lima, than the city of the kings. On an average of years, five-and-forty shocks are annually felt, most of which occur in the latter half of October, in November, December, January, May, and June. January is the worst month, during which, in many years, scarcely a day passes without convulsions of this kind. The terrible earthquakes that play such havoc with the city, come at intervals of forty to sixty years. Since the west coast of South America is known to Europeans, the following are the dates:—1586, 1630, 1687, 1713, 1746, 1806; always two in a century. It is greatly to be feared that ten more years will not elapse without Lima being visited by another of these awful calamities. Dr Tschudi gives a brief account of the earthquake of 1746. It was on the 28th of October, St Simon and St Jude’s day, that at 31 minutes past 10 p.m., the earth shook with a fearful bellowing noise, and in an instant the whole of Lima

was a heap of ruins. Noise, earthquake, and destruction were all the affair of *one* moment. The few buildings whose strength resisted the first shock, were thrown down by a regular horizontal motion of the earth, which succeeded it and lasted four minutes. Out of more than three thousand houses only twenty-one remained uninjured. Nearly all the public buildings were overthrown. At the port of Callao the destruction was even more complete; for scarcely was the earthquake over, when the sea arose with a mighty rushing sound, and swallowed up both town and inhabitants. In an instant five thousand human beings became the prey of the waters.* The Spanish corvette San Fermin, which lay at anchor in the harbour, was hurled far over the walls of the fortress, and stranded at more than five hundred yards from the shore. A cross marks the place where she struck. Three heavily laden merchantmen met the same fate, and nineteen other vessels foundered. The town had disappeared, and travellers have related how, even now, when the sky is bright and the sea still, the houses and churches may be dimly seen through the transparent waters. Such a tale as this is scarce worth refuting, seeing that the houses were overturned by the earthquake before they were overwhelmed by the sea, whose action must long since have destroyed their every vestige. But the old sailors along that coast love to tell how on certain days the people are seen sitting at the doors of their houses, and standing about in the streets, and how, in the silent watches of the night, a cock has been heard to crow from out of the depths of the sea.

Meteors frequently appear as forerunners of the earthquakes, amongst whose consequences may be reckoned the sudden sterilizing of districts previously fruitful, but which, after one of these convulsions of nature, refuse for many years to put forth vegetation. No frequency of repetition di-

* The day and the event strangely coincide with the passage in Schiller’s „Wilhelm Tell”—

“ ’s ist Simon und Judä
Da rast der See und will sein Opfer haben.”

minishes the alarm and horror occasioned by the shocks. The inhabitants of Lima, although accustomed from their earliest childhood to the constant recurrence of such phenomena, spring from their beds at the first quivering of the earth, and with cries of "misericordia!" rush out of their houses. The European, who knows nothing of earthquakes but the name, almost wishes for the arrival of one, and is sometimes inclined to laugh at the terror of the Peruvians; but when he has once felt a shock, any disposition to make merry on the subject disappears, and his dread of its recurrence is even greater than that of the natives. The deeply unpleasant impression left by an earthquake, is in Lima heightened by the *plegarias* or general prayers that succeed it. The shock has no sooner been felt, than a signal is given from the cathedral, and during ten minutes all the bells in the town toll with long, measured strokes to call the inhabitants to their devotions.

A pleasant country to live in! Those who may feel tempted by the doctor's commendation of the fascinating *Liméñas*—the delightful, although not very healthy, climate—the luscious fruits, and gorgeous flowers, and manifold wonders of Peru—to gird up their loins and betake themselves thither, will perhaps think twice of it when they learn that an earthquake might, and probably would, be their welcome. Descriptions of tropical countries remind us of those pictures of Italian festivals, where nymph-like damsels and Antinous-looking youths are gracefully dancing round grape-laden cars; whilst some fine old Belisarius of a grandpapa, white bearded and benignant, sits upon the shaft and smiles upon his descendants. One sees the graceful forms, the classic features, the bursting grapes, and the bright sunshine; all of which, like enough, are depicted to the life, but one sees nothing of the filth, and nastiness, and crawling vermin, that would awfully shock us in the originals of the picture. Not that we mean to accuse Dr Eschudi of painting Peru in rose-colour, or remaining silent as to its defects. He is a conscientious traveller, and gives us things as he finds them. Besides the

great nuisance of the earthquakes, and the lesser one of dirt, already adverted to; besides the armies of fleas, which render even the Lima theatre almost unvisitable—not mild European fleas, but sanguinary Spanish-American ones; besides the malaria in the swamps, the *piques*, *chinchés*, mosquitos, and other insect tormentors, he favours us with some agreeable details touching the highwaymen who infest the whole coast of Peru, but especially the neighbourhood of Lima and Truxillo. They are usually runaway slaves, *simarrones*, as they are called, or else free negroes, *zambos*, and mulattos. Now and then Indians are found amongst them, who make themselves conspicuous by their cold-blooded cruelties, and occasionally even a white man takes to this infamous trade. In 1839 a North American, who had served on board of a man-of-war, was shot for highway robbery. Shooting, it must be observed, appears to be the usual way of inflicting capital punishment in Peru. These banditti, well mounted and armed, are very bold and numerous, and most of them belong to an extensive and well organised band, which has branches in various directions. Sometimes they approach the city in parties of thirty or forty men, and plunder all travellers who leave it. They prefer attacking foreigners, and usually spare the richer and more influential Peruvians, which may be one cause that stronger measures are not adopted against them. Shortly before Dr Eschudi's departure from Lima, they attacked the feeble escort of a sum of one hundred thousand dollars, which were on their way to the mines of Cerro de Pasco, and carried off the money. The silver bars sent from the mines to the city they allow to pass unmolested, as being too heavy and cumbersome. The unfortunate peasants who come in from the mountains on jackasses, with eggs and other produce, are marked for their particular prey, on account of the money which they usually carry with them to make purchases in the town. If no dollars are found on them, they are killed or terribly maltreated. We pass over some stories of the cruelties exercised by these bandits. Here is one of an-

other sort. "One night that I found myself at Chancay," says the doctor, "an Indian told me the following anecdote: About half a mile from the village, he said, he had been met by a negro, who approached him with carbine cocked, and ordered him to halt. The Indian drew a large pistol, and said to the robber, 'You may thank heaven that this is not loaded, or it would be all over with you.' Laughing scornfully, the negro rode up and seized the Indian, who then pulled the trigger of his pistol and shot him dead on the spot."

When attacked by the police or military, the robbers display desperate courage in their defence. Sometimes they take shelter in the bush or thicket, to which, if the space of ground it covers be not too extensive, the pursuers set fire on all sides; so that the banditti have no choice but to perish or yield themselves prisoners. In the latter case their trial is very short, and after they have been left shut up with a priest for the space of twelve hours, they are brought out and shot. They are allowed to choose their place of execution, and must carry thither a small bench or stool upon which they sit down. Four soldiers stand at a distance of three paces; two aim at the head and two at the heart. A few years ago a Zambo of great daring was sentenced to death for robbery, and he demanded to be shot upon the Plaza de la Inquisicion. He sat down upon his bench—the soldiers levelled and fired. When the smoke of the discharge blew away, the Zambo had disappeared. He had watched each movement of the soldiers, and at the very moment that they laid finger on trigger, had thrown himself on one side and taken refuge amidst the crowd, some of whom favoured his escape. In time of war a corps is formed composed chiefly of these banditti, and of men who have made themselves in some way obnoxious to the laws. They go by the name of Montoneros, and are found very useful as spies, skirmishers, despatch-bearers, &c., but are generally more remarkable for cruelty than courage. They wear no uniform; and sometimes they have not even shoes, but strap their spurs on their naked heels. In the year

1838, the Anglo-Peruvian general, Miller, commanded a thousand of these montoneros who were in the service of Santa Cruz. When war is at an end, these wild troops disband themselves, and for the most part return to their former occupation.

Abandoning Lima and its environs, Dr Tschudi takes us with him on a visit to the various towns and villages along the coast, proceeding first north and then south of the capital. In a coasting voyage to the port of Huacho, he has the honour to reckon amongst his fellow passengers, Lord Cochrane's friend, the celebrated Padre Requena, then cura of that town. Of this ecclesiastic, of whom he, after his arrival, saw a good deal, he draws a picture which may be taken as a general type of the Peruvian priesthood, and is by no means creditable to them. Requena's chief passion is coursing, and his greatest annoyance, during Dr Tschudi's stay in Huacho, was, that ill health, brought on by his excesses, prevented him from indulging it. He had several magnificent horses, and a numerous pack of greyhounds, some of which latter had cost him one hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars a-piece. His seraglio was almost as well stocked as his kennel, and the number of children who called him *tio*, or *uncle*, the usual term in Peru in such cases, was quite prodigious. He took great pride in talking of his friendship with Lord Cochrane. He died a few weeks after his return to Huacho, and delayed so long to send for a confessor that the Indians at last surrounded the house with frightful menaces, and sent in a priest to render him the last offices of the church. He had great difficulty in making up his mind to death, or, as he expressed it, to a separation from his greyhounds and horses. At almost the last moment, when his hands began to grow cold, he made his negro put on them a pair of buckskin gloves.

This respectable priest was by no means singular in his love of the chase, of which frequent examples are to be found in Peru. On reaching Quipico, the most easterly plantation in the beautiful valley of Huaura, Dr Tschudi had scarcely entered the courtyard when he was surrounded by upwards of fifty greyhounds, whilst

from every quarter others came springing towards him. They were the remains of a pack that had belonged to one Castilla, recently the owner of the plantation, and whose usual establishment consisted of two to three hundred of these dogs, with which he every day went coursing. The strictest discipline was kept up amongst this lightfooted multitude. At stated hours a bell summoned them to their meals, and in the kennel stood a gibbet, as a warning to the lazy or perverse. One day, when Castilla was out hunting, an Indian came up, with an ordinary-looking crossbred dog. In spite of his looks this dog outstripped the whole pack, and pulled down the roebuck. Castilla immediately purchased him at the enormous price of three hundred and fifty dollars. A few days afterwards he again went out with his best hounds and his new acquisition. The leashes were slipped, and the greyhounds went off like the wind, but the crossbreed remained quietly by the horses. The same afternoon he was hung up to the gallows, an example to his fellows.

The whole extent of the Peruvian coast, from its northern to its southern extremity, presents nearly the same aspect; vast deserts of sand, varied by fruitful valleys, with their villages and plantations; seaport towns there where nature or commerce has encouraged their foundation; alternate insupportable heat and damp fog; scarcity of men; crumbling monuments of a period of riches and greatness. In the sandy plains it is no unusual occurrence for travellers to lose their way and perish for thirst. In that fervent and unheathy climate, human strength rapidly gives way before want of food and water. In the year 1823 a transport carrying a regiment of dragoons, three hundred and twenty strong, stranded on the coast near Pisco. The soldiers got on shore, and wandered for thirty-six hours through the sand-waste, out of which they were unable to find their way. At the end of that time they were met by a number of horsemen with water and food, who had been sent out from Pisco to seek them, but already one hundred and fifty of the unfortunates had died of thirst and weariness, and fifty more expired upon

the following day. Forty-eight hours' wandering in those arid deserts, deprived of food and drink, is certain death to the strongest man. Rivers are scarce, and even where the bed of a stream is found, it is in many instances dry during the greater part of the year. The traveller's danger is increased by the shifting nature of the sand, which the wind raises in enormous clouds, and in columns eighty to one hundred feet high. The *medanos* are another strange phenomenon of these dangerous wilds. They are sandhills in the form of a crescent, ten to twenty feet high, and with a sharp crest. Their base is moveable, and when impelled by a tolerably strong wind, they wander rapidly over the desert; the smaller ones, more easily propelled, preceding the large. The latter, however, after a time, prevent the current of air from reaching the former—take the wind out of their sails, it may be said—and then run over and crush them, themselves breaking up at the same time. In a few hours, what was previously a level, is often covered with ranges of hillocks, hindering a view of the horizon, and bewildering the most experienced wanderers through these perilous regions. In November the summer begins. The scorching rays of the sun break through the grey covering of the heavens, and threaten to consume, by their intensity, the entire vegetable and animal creation. Not a plant finds nourishment, nor a beast food upon the parched and glowing soil; no bird or insect floats upon the sultry air. Only in the upper regions is seen the majestic condor, flying towards the ocean. All life and movement is now confined to the coast. Troops of vultures assemble around the stranded carcasses of sea monsters; otters and seals bask beneath the cliffs; variegated lizards scamper over the sandheaps, and busy crabs and sea-spiders dig into the damp shore. In May the scene changes. A thin veil of mist spreads over sea and coast, gradually thickening, until in October the sun again dispels it. At the beginning and end of this winter, as it is called, the fog generally rises at nine or ten in the morning, and is again dissipated at three in the af-

ternoon. It is thickest in August and September, when, for weeks together, it does not lift. It never changes into rain, but only into a fine penetrating mist, called the *garua*. On many parts of the Peruvian coast, it never rains, excepting after a very violent earthquake, and even then not always. The usual height of the fog from the ground is seven or eight hundred feet. It never exceeds a height of twelve hundred feet, nor is found at all beyond a few miles from the coast, at which distance it is replaced by violent rains. The boundary line between rain and fog may be determined with almost mathematical accuracy. Dr Tschudi visited two plantations, one about six leagues from Lima, the other in the neighbourhood of Huacho, one half of which was annually watered by the *garuas*, and the other half by rain. A wall was built upon the line where one mode of irrigation ceased and the other began.

The province of Yca, whose soil is sandy, and to all appearance incapable of producing any description of vegetation, is devoted to the culture of the vine, which perfectly succeeds there. The young plants are set half a foot deep in the sand, and left to themselves; they speedily put forth leaves, and yield a luxuriant crop of grapes, remarkable for flavour and juiciness. These are mostly used for brandy, with which the whole of Peru and great part of Chili are supplied from the valley of Yca. It is of excellent quality, especially a sort made from muscatel grapes, and called *aguardiente de Italia*. Very little wine is made, except by one planter, Don Domingo Elias, who has attempted it after the European fashion. The result has been a wine resembling Madeira and Teneriffe, only much more fiery, and containing a larger proportion of alcohol. The brandy was formerly conveyed to the coast in huge earthen *botijas*, capable of containing one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five pounds weight of the liquor; but these were continually broken, chiefly by the thirsty mules across which they were slung like panniers, and who, when rushing in crowds to the watering-places, invariably smashed a number of them against each other. To remedy this the brandy-growers have adopted the

use of goat-skins; and the manner in which, upon many plantations, these are prepared, is as frightful a piece of barbarity as can well be imagined. A negro hangs up the goat, alive, by the horns, makes a circular cut through the skin of the neck, and strips the hide from the agonized beast, which is only killed when completely flayed. The pretext for this execrable cruelty is, that the skin comes off more easily, and is found more durable. It is to be hoped that the planters will have sufficient humanity speedily to do away with so horrible a practice.

The negro carnival, which Dr Tschudi witnessed at Yca, appears to us, of the two, a more civilized performance than the Creole carnival at Lima. In various of the streets large arches, tastefully decorated with ribands, are erected; the negresses and zambas dance beneath them; whilst the allotted task of the men is to gallop through without being stopped. If the women succeed in checking the horse, and pulling the rider out of the saddle, the latter has to pay a fine, and gets laughed at to boot. It is difficult to know which to admire most; the speed of the horses, the skill of the riders, or the daring of the women, who throw themselves upon the horse as he comes on at full gallop. As the horsemen approach, they are pelted with unripe oranges, which, thrown by a strong-armed zamba, are capable of inflicting tolerably hard knocks. Dr Tschudi saw one negro who, during a whole hour, galloped backwards and forwards without being stopped, and concluded by giving an extraordinary proof of muscular strength. At the very moment that he passed under the arch, he stooped forward over his horse's neck, caught up a negress under each arm, and rode off with them!

Opposite to the ports of Pisco and Chuncha, lie a number of small islands, noted for their large deposits of guano, or *huanu*, as Dr Tschudi corrects the orthography of the word. The doctor gives some very interesting particulars concerning this efficacious manure, which, although but recently adopted in Europe, appears to have been used in Peru as far back as the time of the first Incas. The Peruvians use it chiefly for the maize and potato fields; their manner of employing it is peculiar, and but little known in Europe.

A few weeks after the seeds have begun to germinate, a small hole is made beside each plant, filled with huano and covered up with earth. Twelve or fifteen hours later the whole field is laid under water, and left so for a few hours. The effect of the process is incredibly rapid. In a very few days the plants attain double their previous height. When the operation is repeated, but with a smaller quantity of the huano, the farmer may reckon upon a crop at least threefold that which he would obtain from an unmanured soil. Of the white huano, which is much stronger than the dark-coloured, less must be used, and the field must be watered sooner, and for a longer time, or the roots will be destroyed. When the land is tolerably good, seven hundred and fifty to nine hundred pounds of huano are reckoned sufficient for a surface of fourteen thousand square feet; with poor soil a thousand to twelve hundred pounds are required.

The waters that wash the coast of Peru swarm with fish, upon many of which nature has amused herself in bestowing the most singular and anomalous forms. For a period of six weeks, Dr Tschudi took up his abode at the port of Huacho, with a view to increase his ichthyological collection. Every morning at five o'clock he rode down to the beach to await the return of the fishermen from their nocturnal expeditions. From as far as they could distinguish him, the Indians would hold up to his notice some strange and newly captured variety of the finny race. He succeeded in getting together many hundred specimens of about a hundred and twenty species of sea and river fish; but ill luck attended this valuable collection. Through the negligence of the people at the port of Callao, a cask of brandy, in which the fish were preserved, was left for months upon the mole in the burning sun, till its contents were completely spoiled. A second cask, in spite of the most careful packing, arrived in Europe, after a fifteen months' voyage, in a similar condition. This, however, was not the only instance, during the doctor's stay in Peru, of the fruits of great industry, and trouble, and heavy expense, being snatched from him by untoward accidents. But nothing seems to have discouraged a

man actuated by a sincere love of science and thirst for information, and possessed, as is made manifest by many parts of his modest and unegotistical narrative, of great determination and perseverance. Steadily he continued his researches, in defiance of difficulties and sufferings that would have driven ordinary men over and over again on board the first ship sailing for Europe.

We have as yet scarcely referred to those portions of the volume dedicated to natural history, although the doctor rarely dismisses a province or district without giving a brief but interesting account of its most remarkable animals, fruits, and plants. His description of some of these is very curious. Amongst others, he tells us of a small bird called the *cheucan*, (*Pteroptochus rubecula* Kittl.) in connexion with which the people of Chiloe, of which island it is a native, entertain a host of superstitious fancies, foretelling good or bad luck according to the various modulations of its song. "I was one day," says the doctor, "out shooting with an Indian guide, when we came upon one of these birds, sitting on a bush and piping out a shrill *huit-huit-ru*. I had already taken aim at it, when my companion seized my arm, and begged me not to shoot it, for that it was singing its unlucky note. Wishing to obtain a specimen, I disregarded his entreaty and fired. I had leaned my gun against a tree, and was examining the little bird, when a vicious mule, irritated probably by the report, came charging down upon us, so that we had only just time to run behind a hedge in order to escape his attack. Before we could find means to drive the enraged animal away, he had thrown down my gun, bitten it furiously, and stamped on it with his fore-feet. The Indian gravely said that it would be well if no worse came of it, for that he had told me the bird was whistling bad luck." There is another bird, about the size of a starling, which passes its time, and finds its food, upon the backs of the cattle, and chiefly of horses and jackasses, picking out the insects which there abound. The beasts seem to feel that he is doing them a service, and allow him to walk unmolested over their backs and heads. Of the beasts of prey, the ounce is the most dangerous

and bloodthirsty. It attains a very large size, and Dr Tschudi saw the carcass of one that measured eight feet and three inches from the nose to the extremity of the tail. The tail was two feet and eight inches long. It had been killed after a two days' hunt, during which, three negroes had been dangerously wounded by it. Of Peruvian fruits, the most delicious is the chirimoya. It is of a round form, sometimes heart-shaped or pyramidal, its rind thick and tough, of a green colour streaked with black. The inside is snow-white, soft and juicy, with black pips or seeds. Near Lima, they are small and of inferior quality, sometimes not larger than a man's fist; but in the interior, and especially in the province of Huancu, they attain their full perfection, and often weigh fourteen or sixteen pounds. Their smell is most fragrant, and their delicious flavour, Dr Tschudi says, he can compare to nothing, for it is incomparable.

We perceive, on glancing over what we have written, that we have occu-

piated ourselves chiefly with the lighter portions of this book, and, by so doing, may have given the reader an erroneous idea of its value. Although, as already mentioned, the more important and scientific results of Dr Tschudi's travels are to be found in others of his works, the one before us must not be set down as a mere amusing and ephemeral production. It contains a great deal of curious information, and will be found useful as a book of reference by all who are interested in the commerce, natural history, and general statistics of Peru.

Notwithstanding our endeavours to "go a-head," we have got no further than the conclusion of the first volume. In the second, which is also the final one, the doctor abandons the coast and the city, and penetrates into what may be termed the Peruvian backwoods, amongst the snow-covered Cordilleras and aboriginal forests, the silver mines and Indians. Of what he there saw and heard we shall give an account in our next Number.

LETTERS ON ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

LETTER I.

DEAR MR EDITOR—I perceive, by your having requested a second specimen of N. N. T.'s English hexameters, that you feel an interest in the question, whether that form of verse can be successfully employed in our language. Certainly the trial has never yet been made under any moderate advantages. Sidney, and the other Elizabethans, in their attempts, hampered themselves with Latin rules of the value of syllables, which the English ear refuses to recognise, and which drive them into intolerable harshness of expression and pronunciation. Stanhurst's *Virgil* is so laboriously ridiculous in phraseology, that every thing belonging to it is involved in the ridicule. Southey's *Vision* is a poem so offensive in its scheme, that no measure could have made it acceptable. Yet the beginning of that poem is, as you, Mr Editor, have remarked, a very happy specimen of this kind of verse; and would, I think, by a common English reader, be admired, independently of classical rules and classical recollections. Now, if we can reach this point, and at the same time give a good English imitation of the Epic mode of narration in Homer, we shall have a better image of Homer in our language than we yet possess. Your contributor appears to me to have advanced a good way towards the execution of this kind of work; and I should be glad if he, or you, would allow me, as a reader of English hexameters, to offer a few remarks on his first book of the *Iliad*, with a view to point out what appear to me the dangers and difficulties of the task. I do not say any thing of my general admiration of N. N. T.'s version, for mere praise you would hardly think worth its room.

I should be glad to discuss with you, Mr Editor, the objections which are usually made to English hexameters. There is one of these objections which I will say a few words about at present. It proceeds upon a misapprehension, now, I hope, pretty generally rectified; I mean the objection that we cannot have hexameters, "because we have so few spondees in the language." Southey says we have but one, *Egypt*; and gives this as a reason why the

spondees of classical hexameters are replaced by trochees in German and English. As to Southey's example, *Egypt* is no more a spondee than *precept* or *rescript*; but the fact is, that we have in English spondees in abundance; and these spondees have tended more than any thing else to spoil our hexameters. The universal English feeling of rhythm rejects a spondee at the end of the verse; and if the syllables there placed are such as would, in the natural course of pronunciation, form a spondee, we nevertheless force upon them a trochaic character. This may be worth proving. Read, then, the following lines of Sidney:—

“ But yet well do I find each man most wise in his *own case*.”

“ And yet neither of us great or blest deemeth his *own self*.”

“ Shall such morning dews be an ease to heat of a *love's fire* ?”

“ Tush, tush, said Nature, this is all but a trifle; a *man's self*
Gives haps or mishaps, ev'n as he ord'reth his heart.”

Now, here you have four endings which are naturally spondees; but the verse compels you to pronounce them as trochees—*own case*, *own self*, *love's fire*, *man's self*. If you still doubt whether the last foot of English hexameters is necessarily a trochee, consider this:—that if you make them rhyme, you must use double rhymes, in order that the rhyme may include the strong syllable. Thus take any of the examples given in *Maga* for April last:—

“ See, O citizens! here old Ennius's image presented.

Honour me not with your tears; by none let my death be lamented.”

The ear would not be satisfied with a rhyme of one syllable such as this—

“ But yet well do I find each man most wise in his *own case* :

Wisely let each resolve, and meet the event with a calm *face*.”

Now, so long as men retain the notion that the most perfect English hexameters are those which have spondees in the classical places, they are led to admit such verses as those just quoted; and this being done, the common reader, and indeed every reader, is compelled to do some violence to the language in reading. This, more than any thing else, has made an English hexameter frequently sound forced and unnatural. N. N. T. has a few such in his first *Iliad*.

“ Pressed on the silvery hilt as he spake was the weight of his *right hand*.”

“ Two generations complete of the blood of articulate *monkind*.”

“ Over the split wood then did the old man burn them, and *black wine*
Pour'd.”

These forms of English hexameter are to be avoided, if you would commend the verse to the common ear. And we may exclude them with a good conscience. Their forced and uneasy movement does not arise from any imperfection in our English spondees; but from the spondee in these cases being so perfect, that it cannot without some violence be made a trochee, which the English verse requires. I do not think you will find this bad trick in Southey. His habitual feeling of English rhythm preserved him from it.

But there is another blemish, which Southey, forgetting his classical rhythm too much, for it ought to have guided his English practice, has often incurred. It is, the writing lines without a *caesura*, so that they divide themselves into half lines. Such as these:—

“ Washington, said the monarch, | well hast thou spoken and truly.”

“ Evil they sow, and sorrow | will they reap for their harvest.”

“ That its tribute of honour, | poor though it was, was withholden.”

“ Pure it was and diaphanous | It had no visible lustre.”

N. N. T. has a few of these. One is the last line I quoted from him.

The essential point in English hexameters, especially while they are imperfectly naturalized, is, that the rhythm should be *unforced*. Without this, they will always repel and offend the English reader. And hence, though our rhythm is to be constructed by stress, and not by Latin rules of long and short, still, if it do not destroy it mars the verse, to have, for short syllables, those which have long vowels, clustered consonants, or special emphasis.

Such are the dactyls at the beginning of these lines of Southey :—

“Thōu, too, didst act with upright heart as befitted a sovereign.”

“Heaven in these things fulfilled its wise though inscrutable purpose.”

“Hear, Heav'n! ye angels hear! souls of the good and the wicked.”

Except you prefer to read it thus—

“Hear, Heav'n! yē āngēls hear!”

which is no better. Perhaps the worst of Southey's lines in this way is this—

“Flōw'd thē light ūncrētēd; light all sufficing, eternal.”

And as examples of weak syllables harshly made strong, take these—

“Fabius, Atrides, and Solon and Epaminiondas.”

“Here, then, at the gate of Heaven we are met! said the Spirit.”

“Thē desire of my heart hath been alway the good of my people.”

N.N.T. has some examples of this. As a slight one, I notice at the end of a line, *hārrēstlōss ocean*. And these, which are spoiled by the violation of emphasis :—

“Trūly *I* came not, for one, out of hate for the spearmen of Troja.”

“Mightier even than you, yet amōng *thēm* *I* never was slighted.”

Here we have an emphatic *I* and an emphatic *them* which are made short in the rhythm.

N.N.T. has one dactyl which *I* can hardly suppose was intended—

“Under his chāstising hand.”

It appears to me that we shall never bring the lovers of English poetry to like our hexameters, except we can make the verses so that they *read themselves*. This the good ones among them do. N.N.T. has whole passages which run off without any violence or distortion.

But the phraseology of English hexameters requires great care, as well as the rhythm, and especially in such a work as the translation of Homer. The measure has the great advantage of freeing us from the habitual chain of “poetical diction.” But we must take care that we are not led, by this freedom, either into a modern prose style, or into mean colloquialities; or in translating, into phrases which, though expressive and lively, do not agree with the tone of the poem. The style must be homely, but dignified, like that of our translation of the Old Testament. Perhaps you will allow me, for the sake of example, to notice some of N.N.T.'s expressions :—

“Try not the engine of craft: to *come over me* thus is *beyond thee*.”

“This the *suggestion, forsooth*, that thyself being safe with thy booty, I shall *sit down* without mine.”

The phrase to “*come over me*” is colloquial, and too low even for a letter. “*Your suggestion*” is a phrase for a letter, not for an epic poem. “*Forsooth*” would be good in construing, but not in a poem. Again, is this passage serious English :—

“Opposite rose Agamemnon in wrath, but before he could *open*?”

I could notice other blemishes of style, as they seem to me; and, indeed, I could the more easily find them, on account of the very severe standard of good English, serious and dignified, yet plain and idiomatic, which I think the case requires. Every phrase should be the very best that can be found both for meaning and tone. I know that this requirement is difficult; but I think the thing may be done; and I do not see why N.N.T. should not do it, and thus give us a better English Homer than we have yet.

If you can find room for me, I have a few more words to say on this same matter of English hexameters another day. It appears to me that there are still very erroneous notions current upon the subject. In the mean time I subscribe myself your obedient

MARLBOROUGH'S DISPATCHES.

1708-1709.

THE fall of the external walls of Lille did not terminate the struggle for that important fortress. Marshal Boufflers still held the citadel, a stronghold in itself equal to most fortresses of the first order. No sooner, however, were the Allies in possession of the town, than the attack on the citadel commenced with all the vigour which the exhausted state of the magazines would furnish. Detached parties were sent into France, which levied contributions to a great extent, and both replenished the stores of the Allies and depressed the spirits of the French, by making them feel, in a manner not to be misunderstood, that the war had at length approached their own doors. To divert, if possible, Marlborough from his enterprise, the Elector of Bavaria, who had recently returned from the Rhine, was detached by Vendôme, with fifteen thousand men, against Brussels; while he himself remained in his intrenched camp on the Scheldt, which barred the road from Lille to that city, at once stopping the communication, and ready to profit by any advantage afforded by the measures which the English general might make for its relief. The governor of Brussels, M. Paschal, who had seven thousand men under his orders, rejected the summons to surrender, and prepared for a vigorous defence: and meanwhile Marlborough prepared for its relief, by one of those brilliant strokes which, in so peculiar a manner, characterize his campaigns.

Giving out that he was going to separate his army into winter-quarters, he dispatched the field artillery towards Menin, and he himself set out with his staff in rather an ostentatious way for Courtray. But no sooner had he lulled the vigilance of the enemy by these steps, than, wheeling suddenly round, he advanced with the bulk of his forces towards the Scheldt, and directed them against that part of the French general's lines where he knew them to be weakest. The army, upon seeing these movements, antici-

pated the bloodiest battle, on the day following, they had yet had during the war. But the skill of the English general rendered resistance hopeless, and gained his object with wonderfully little loss. The passage of the river was rapidly effected at three points; the French corps stationed at Oudenarde, vigorously assailed and driven back on Grammont with the loss of twelve hundred men, so as to leave the road uncovered, and restore the communication with Brussels. Having thus cleared the way of the enemy, Marlborough sent back Eugene to resume the siege of the citadel of Lille; while he himself, with the greater part of his forces, proceeded on to Brussels, which he entered in triumph on the 29th November. The Elector of Bavaria was too happy to escape, leaving his guns and wounded behind; and the citadel of Lille, despairing now of success, capitulated on the 11th December. Thus was this memorable campaign terminated by the capture of the strongest frontier fortress of France, under the eyes of its best general and most powerful army.*

But Marlborough, like the hero in antiquity, deemed nothing done while any thing remained to do. Though his troops were exhausted by marching and fighting almost without intermission for five months, and he himself was labouring under severe illness in consequence of his fatigues, he resolved in the depth of winter to make an attempt for the recovery of Ghent, the loss of which in the early part of the campaign had been the subject of deep mortification. The enemy, after the citadel of Lille capitulated, having naturally broken up their army into cantonments, under the belief that the campaign was concluded, he suddenly collected his forces, and drew round Ghent on the 18th December. Eugene formed the covering force with the corps lately employed in the reduction of Lille. The garrison was very strong, consisting of no less than thirty battalions

* Marlborough to Mr Secretary Boyle, 17th December 1708. *Disp.* iv. 362.

and nineteen squadrons, mustering eighteen thousand combatants.* The governor had been instructed by Vendôme to defend this important stronghold to the last extremity; but he was inadequately supplied with provisions and forage, and this event signally belied the expectations formed of his resistance. The approaches were vigorously pushed. On the 24th the trenches were opened; on the 25th a sortie was repulsed; on the 28th December, the fire began with great vigour from the breaching and mortar batteries; and at noon, the governor sent a flag of truce, offering to capitulate if not relieved before the 2d January. This was agreed to; and on the latter day, as no friendly force approached, the garrison surrendered the gates and marched out, in such strength that they were defiling incessantly from ten in the morning till seven at night! Bruges immediately followed the example; the garrison capitulated, and the town again hoisted the Austrian flag. The minor forts of Plassendall and Leffinghen were immediately evacuated by the enemy. With such expedition were these important operations conducted, that before Vendôme could even assemble a force adequate to interrupt the besiegers' operations, both towns were taken, and the French were entirely dispossessed of all the important strongholds they had gained in the early part of the campaign in the heart of Brabant. Having closed his labours with these glorious successes, Marlborough put the army into now secure winter-quarters on the Flemish frontiers, and himself repaired to the Hague to resume the eternal contest with the timidity and selfishness of his Dutch allies.†

Such was the memorable campaign of 1708—one of the most glorious in the military annals of England, and the one in which the extraordinary capacity of the British general perhaps shone forth with the brightest lustre. The vigour and talent of Vendôme, joined to the secret communication which he had with those

disaffected to the Austrian government in Ghent and Bruges, procured for him, in the commencement of the campaign, a great, and what, if opposed by less ability, might have proved a decisive advantage. By the acquisition of these towns, he gained the immense advantage of obtaining the entire command of the water communication of Brabant, and establishing himself in a solid manner in the heart of the enemy's territory. The entire expulsion of the Allies from Austrian Flanders seemed the unavoidable result of such a success, by so enterprising a general at the head of a hundred thousand combatants. But Marlborough was not discouraged; on the contrary, he built on the enemy's early successes a course of manœuvres, which in the end wrested all his conquests from him, and inflicted a series of disasters greater than could possibly have been anticipated from a campaign of unbroken success. Boldly assuming the lead, he struck such a blow at Oudenarde as resounded from one end of Europe to the other, struck a terror into the enemy which they never recovered for the remainder of the campaign, paralysed Vendôme in the midst of his success, and reduced him from a vigorous offensive to a painful defensive struggle. While the cabinet of Versailles were dreaming of expelling the Allies from Flanders, and detaching Holland, partly by intrigue, partly by force of arms, from the coalition, he boldly entered the territory of the Grand Monarque, and laid siege to its chief frontier fortress, under the eyes of its greatest army and best general. In vain was the water communication of the Netherlands interrupted by the enemy's possession of Ghent and Bruges; with incredible activity he got together, and with matchless skill conducted to the besiegers' lines before Lille, a huge convoy eighteen miles long, drawn by sixteen thousand horses, in the very teeth of Vendôme at the head of an hundred and twenty thousand men. Lille captured, Ghent and Bruges recovered, the allied standards solidly

* *Disp.* iv. 315, 323, 345. Marlborough to Duke de Mole, 10th Dec. 1708. *Ibid.* 346. COXE, iv. 278.

† Marlborough to Mr Secretary Boyle, 3d January 1709. *Disp.* iv. 389.

planted on the walls of the strongest fortress of France, terminated a campaign in which the British, over-matched and surrounded by lukewarm or disaffected friends, had wellnigh lost at the outset by foreign treachery all the fruits of the victory of Ramillies.

The glorious termination of this campaign, and, above all, the addition made to the immediate security of Holland by the recovery of Ghent and Bruges, sensibly augmented Marlborough's influence at the Hague, and at length overcame the timidity and vacillation of the Dutch government. When the English general repaired there in the beginning of 1709, he quickly overawed the adherents of France, regained his wonted influence over the mind of the Pensionary Heinsius, and at length succeeded in persuading the government and the States to augment their forces by six thousand men. This, though by no means so great an accession of numbers as was required to meet the vast efforts which France was making, was still a considerable addition; and by the influence of Prince Eugene, who was well aware that the principal effort of the enemy in the next campaign would be made in the Netherlands, he obtained a promise that the Imperial troops should winter there, and be recruited, so as to compensate their losses in the preceding campaign. Great difficulties were experienced with the court of Turin, which had conceived the most extravagant hopes from the project of an invasion of France on the side both of Lyons and Franche Comté, and for this purpose required a large subsidy in money, and the aid of fifty thousand men under Prince Eugene on the Upper Rhine. Marlborough was too well aware, by experience, of the little reliance to be placed on any military

operations in which the Emperor and the Italian powers were to be placed in co-operation, to be sanguine of success from this design; but as it was material to keep the court of Turin in good-humour, he gave the proposal the most respectful attention, and sent General Palmer on a special mission to the Duke of Savoy, to arrange the plan of the proposed irruption into the Lyonnais. With the cabinet of Berlin the difficulties were greater than ever, and in fact had become so urgent, that nothing but the presence of the English General, or an immediate agent from him, could prevent Prussia from seceding altogether from the alliance. General Grumbkow was sent there accordingly in March, and found the king in such ill-humour at the repeated disappointments he had experienced from the Emperor and the Dutch, that he declared he could only spare *three battalions* for the approaching campaign.* By great exertions, however, and the aid of Marlborough's letters and influence, the king was at length prevailed on to continue his present troops in the Low Countries, and increase them by fourteen squadrons of horse.†

But it was not on the Continent only that open enemies or lukewarm and treacherous friends were striving to arrest the course of Marlborough's victories. His difficulties at home, both with his own party and his opponents, were hourly increasing; and it was already foreseen, that they had become so formidable that they would cause, at no very remote period, his fall. Though he was publicly thanked, as well he might, by both houses of parliament, when he came to London on 1st March 1709, yet he received no mark of favour from the Queen, and was treated with studied coldness at court.‡ Envy, the in-

* "Can I do more than I do now?" said the King. "I make treaties, but the Emperor breaks his word with me, as well as Holland, every moment. Besides it is impossible, without great inconvenience, to give more than three battalions; and he is a wretch who would advise me otherwise." I said he was a wretch who should advise him not to do it. He replied, "You speak very boldly, and may perhaps repent it, if your arguments are not conclusive."—General Grumbkow to Marlborough, March 9, 1709. COXE, iv, 341.

† King of Prussia to Marlborough, March 9, 1709. COXE, iv, 346.

‡ In communicating the thanks of the House of Lords, the Chancellor said,

separable attendant on exalted merit — ingratitude, the usual result of irrequitable services, had completely alienated the Queen from him. Mrs Masham omitted nothing which could alienate her royal mistress from so formidable a rival; and it was hard to say whether she was most cordially aided in her efforts by the open Opposition, or the half-Tory-Whigs who formed the administration. Both Godolphin and the Duke speedily found that they were tolerated in office merely: while, in order to weaken their influence with the people, every effort was made to depreciate even the glorious victories which had shed such imperishable lustre over the British cause. Deeply mortified by this ingratitude, Marlborough gladly embraced an offer which was made to him by the government, in order to remove him from court, to conduct the negotiation now pending at the Hague with Louis XIV. for the conclusion of a general peace.*

The pride of the French monarch was now so much humbled that he sent the President Rouillé to Holland, with public instructions to offer terms to the Allies, and private directions to do every thing possible to sow dissension among them, and, if possible, detach Holland from the alliance. His proposals were to give up Spain, the Indies, and the Milanese to King Charles; and cede the Italian islands, reserving Naples and Sicily for his grandson. In the Netherlands and Germany, he offered to restore matters to the state they were at the peace of Ryswick; and though he was very reluctant to give up Lille, he offered

to cede Menin in its place. These terms being communicated to the court of London, they returned an answer insisting that the whole Spanish monarchy should be restored to the house of Austria, the title of Queen Anne to the Crown of England, and the Protestant succession acknowledged, the Pretender removed, the harbour of Dunkirk destroyed, and an adequate barrier secured for the Dutch. In their ideas upon this barrier, however, they went much beyond what Marlborough was disposed to sanction, and therefore he maintained a prudent reserve on the subject. As the French plenipotentiary could not agree to these terms, Marlborough returned to England, and Lord Townsend was associated with him as plenipotentiary. They were instructed to insist that Furnes, Ipres, Menin, Lille, Tournay, Condé, Valenciennes, and Maubenge, should be given up to form a barrier, and that Newfoundland and Hudson's Bay should be restored. Alarmed at the exaction of such rigorous terms, Louis sent M. de Torcy, who made large concessions; and Marlborough, who was seriously desirous of bringing the war to a conclusion, exerted all his influence with the States to induce them to accept the barrier offered. He so far succeeded, that on the very day after his return to the Hague, he wrote both to Lord Godolphin and the Duchess of Marlborough, that he had prevailed on the Dutch commissioners to accede to the principal articles, and that he had no doubt the negotiation would terminate in an honourable peace.†

These flattering prospects, however,

“ I shall not be thought to exceed my present commission, if, being thus led to contemplate the mighty things which your Grace has done for us, I cannot but conclude with acknowledging, with all gratitude, the providence of God in raising you up to be an instrument of so much good, in so critical a juncture, when it was so much wanted.” COXE, iv. 375.

* COXE, iv. 352, 366, 377.

† “ M. de Torcy has offered so much, that I have no doubt it will end in a good peace.” Marlborough to Godolphin, 19th May 1707.

“ Every thing goes on so well here, that there is no doubt of its ending in a good peace. Government have in readiness the sideboard of plate, and the chairs of state and canopy; and I beg it may be made so as to form part of a bed when I am done with it here, *which I hope may be by the end of this summer*, so that I may enjoy your dear society in quiet, which is the greatest satisfaction I am capable of having.” Marlborough to the Duchess, 19th May 1709. COXE, iv. 393.

were soon overcast. The Dutch renewed their demand of having their barrier strengthened *at the expense of Austria*, and insisted that the Flemish fortresses of Dendermonde and Ghent, forming part of the *Imperial* dominions, should be included in it. To this both Eugene and Marlborough objected, and the Dutch, in spite, refused to stipulate for the demolition of Dunkirk. So violent an alteration took place on the subject between the Pensionary Heinsius and Marlborough, that it had wellnigh produced a schism in the grand alliance. M. de Torcy at first endeavoured to mitigate the demands of the Dutch government; but finding them altogether immovable, he addressed himself privately to Marlborough, offering him enormous bribes if he could procure more favourable terms for France. The offers were 2,000,000 livres (£80,000) if he could secure Naples and Sicily, or even Naples alone, for the grandson of the King of France; and 4,000,000 livres (£160,000) if, in addition to this, he could save Strasburg, Dunkirk, and Landau, for France. Marlborough turned away from the disgraceful proposal with coldness and contempt;* but enforced in the most earnest manner on the French king, the prudence and even necessity of yielding to the proffered terms, if he would save his country from dismemberment, and himself from ruin. His efforts, however, to bring matters to an accommodation with France proved ineffectual; and after some weeks longer spent in proposals and counter-proposals, the ultimatum of the Allies was finally delivered to the French plenipotentiary by the Pensionary of Holland.†

By this ultimatum, Charles was to be acknowledged King of Spain and the Indies, and the whole Spanish monarchy was to be ceded by France. All the conquests of Louis in the Low Countries were to be given up; the Duke of Anjou was to surrender Spain and Sicily in two months, and if not delivered, Louis was to concur with the Allies for his expulsion. The barrier

towns, so eagerly coveted by the Dutch, were to be given up to them. Namur, Menin, Charleroi, Luxembourg, Condé, Tournay, Maubeuge, Nieuport, Fismes, and Ipres, were to be put into the possession of the Allies. De Torcy objected to the articles regarding the cession of the whole Spanish monarchy in two months; though he declared his willingness to go to Paris, in order to persuade the French monarch to comply with them, and actually set off for that purpose. On the way to the French capital, however, he was met by a messenger from the French king, who rejected the proposals. "If I must continue the war," said Louis, with a spirit worthy his race, "it is better to contend with my enemies than my own family." So confidently had it been believed, both at the Hague and in London, that peace was not only probable, but actually concluded, that letters of congratulation poured in on the duke from all quarters, celebrating his dexterity and address in negotiation not less than his prowess in arms. So confident, indeed, was Marlborough that peace would be concluded, that he was grievously disappointed by the rupture of the negotiations; and never ceased to strive, during the whole summer, to smooth away difficulties, and bring the Allies to such terms as the French king would accept. He was overruled, however, by the ministry at home, who concluded the celebrated barrier treaty with the Dutch, which Marlborough refused to sign, and was accordingly signed by Townsend alone, without his concurrence! And it is now decisively proved by the publication of his private correspondence with Lord Godolphin, that he disapproved of the severe articles insisted upon by the Allies and his own cabinet; and that, if he had had the uncontrolled management of the negotiation, it would have been brought to a favourable issue on terms highly advantageous to England, and which would have prevented the treaty of Utrecht from forming a stain on its annals.‡

* *Mémoire, M. de Torcy*, ii. 104-111.

† *SWIFT'S Conduct of the Allies*, 72; *COXE*, iv. 395-415.

‡ "I have as much mistrust for the sincerity of France as any body living can

The rigorous terms demanded, however, by the Allied cabinets, and the resolute conduct of the King of France in rejecting them, had an important effect upon the war, and called for more vigorous efforts on the part of the confederates than they had yet put forth, or were even now disposed to make. Louis made a touching appeal to the patriotic spirit of his people, in an eloquent circular which he addressed to the prelates and nobles of his realm. He there set forth the great sacrifices which he had offered to make to secure a general peace; showed how willing he had been to divest himself of all his conquests, abandon all his dreams of ambition; and concluded by observing, that he was now compelled to continue the contest, because the Allies insisted upon his descending to the humiliation of joining his arms to theirs to dispossess his own grandson. The appeal was not made in vain to the spirit of a gallant nobility, and the patriotism of a brave people. It kindled a spark of general enthusiasm and loyalty: all ranks and parties vied with each other in contributing their property and personal service for the maintenance of the war; and the campaign which opened under such disastrous auspices, was commenced with a degree of energy and unanimity on the part of the French people which had never hitherto been evinced in the course of the contest.* As afterwards, in the wars of the Revolution, too, the misfortunes of the state tended to the increase of its military forces. The stoppage of commerce, and shock to credit, threw numbers out of employment; and starving multitudes crowded to the frontier, to find that subsistence amidst the dangers of war which they could no longer find in the occupations of peace.

Skilfully availing themselves of this burst of patriotic fervour, the ministers of Louis were enabled to open the campaign with greater forces than

they had yet accumulated since the beginning of the war. The principal effort was made in Flanders, where the chief danger was to be apprehended, and the enemy's most powerful army and greatest general were to be faced. Fifty-one battalions and forty-nine squadrons were drawn from the Rhine to Flanders; and this great reinforcement, joined to the crowds of recruits whom the public distress impelled to his standards, enabled the renowned Marshal Villars, who had received the command of the French, to take the field at the head of 112,000 men. With this imposing force, he took a position, strong both by nature and art, extending from Douay to the Lye; the right resting on the canal of Douay, the centre covered by the village of La Bassie, the left supported by Bethune and its circumjacent marshes. The whole line was strengthened by redoubts and partial inundations. Marlborough was at the head of 110,000 men, and although his force was composed of a heterogeneous mixture of the troops of different nations, yet, like the *collocies omnium gentium* which followed the standards of Hannibal, it was held together by the firm bond of military success, and inspired with unbounded confidence, founded on experience, in the resources and capacity of its chief. Events of the greatest and most interesting kind could not but be anticipated, when two armies of such magnitude, headed by such leaders, were brought into collision; and the patriotic ardour of the French nation, now roused to the uttermost, was matched against the military strength of the confederates, matured by so long and brilliant a series of victories.†

Though relying with confidence on the skill and intrepidity of his troops, Marlborough, according to his usual system, resolved if possible to circumvent the enemy by manœuvring, and reserve his hard blows for the time

have; but I will own to you, that in my opinion, if France had delivered the towns promised by the plenipotentiaries, and demolished Dunkirk and the other towns mentioned, they must have been at our discretion; so that if they had played tricks, so much the worse for themselves." Marlborough to Lord Godolphin, June 10, 1709. COXE, iv. 405.

* COXE, iv. 401.

† *Ibid.* v. i. 5.

when success was to be won in no other way. His design was to begin the campaign with a general battle, or the reduction of Tournay, which lay on the direct road from Brussels by Mons to Paris, and would break through, in the most important part, the barrier fortresses. To prepare for either event, and divert the enemy's attention, strong demonstrations were made against Villars' entrenched position, and if it had been practicable, it would have been attacked; but after a close reconnoitre, both generals deemed it too hazardous an enterprise, and it was resolved to besiege the fortress. On the 23d June, the right under Eugene crossed the lower Dyle below Lille; while the left, with whom were the whole English and Dutch contingents, crossed the upper Dyle, and Marlborough fixed his headquarters at the castle of Looz. So threatening were the masses which the Allies now accumulated in his front, that Villars never doubted he was about to be attacked; and in consequence he strengthened his position to the utmost of his power, called in all his detachments, and drew considerable reinforcements from the garrisons of Tournay and other fortresses in his vicinity. Having thus fixed his antagonist's attention, and concentrated his force in his entrenched lines between Douay and Bethune, Marlborough suddenly moved off to the left, in the direction of Tournay. This was done, however, with every imaginable precaution to impose upon the enemy. They de-camped at nightfall on the 27th in dead silence, and advanced part of the night straight towards the French lines; but at two in the morning, the troops were suddenly halted, wheeled to the left, and marched in two columns, by Pont à Bovines and Pont à Tressius, towards Tournay. So expeditiously was the change in the line of march managed, and so complete the surprise, that by seven in the morning the troops were drawn round Tournay, and the investment com-

plete, while a half of the garrison was still absent in the lines of Marshal Villars, and it was thereby rendered incapable of making any effectual defence. Meanwhile, that commander was so deceived, that he was congratulating himself that the enemy had "fixed on the siege of Tournay, which should occupy them the whole remainder of the campaign; when it is evident their design had been, after defeating me, to thunder against Aire la Venant with their heavy artillery, penetrate as far as Boulogne, and after laying all Picardy under contribution, push on even to Paris."*

Tournay is an old town, the ancient walls of which are of wide circuit; but it had a series of advanced works erected by Vauban, and its citadel, a regular pentagon, was considered by the great Condé as one of the most perfect specimens of modern fortification in existence. So little did the governor expect their approach, that many of the officers were absent, and a detachment of the garrison, sent out to forage, was made prisoners by General Lumley, who commanded the investing corps. The fortifications, however, were in the best state, and the magazines well stored with ammunition and military stores. It was the ancient capital of the Nervii, so celebrated for their valour in the wars with Caesar; and an inscription on its walls testified that Louis XIV., after taking it in four days, had assisted in the construction of the additional works which would render it impregnable. The attempt to take such a place with a force no greater than that with which Villars had at hand to interrupt the operations, would have been an enterprise of the utmost temerity, and probably terminated in disaster, had it not been for the admirable skill with which the attention of the enemy had been fixed on another quarter, and the siege commenced with half its garrison absent, and what was there, imperfectly supplied with provisions.†

* *Mém. de Villars*, ii 63. Marlborough to Godolphin, June 27, 1709. COXE, iv. 5, 6.

† Marlborough to Mr Secretary Boyle, 27th June 1709. *Disp.* iv. 520. COXE, v. 7, 8.

The heavy artillery and siege equipage required to be brought up the Scheldt from Ghent, which in the outset occasioned some delay in the operations. Marlborough commanded the attacking, Eugene the covering forces. By the 6th, however, the approaches were commenced; on the 10th, the battering train arrived and the trenches armed; repeated sallies of the enemy to interrupt the operations were repulsed, and several of the outworks carried, between that time and the 21st, on which last occasion the besiegers succeeded in establishing themselves in the covered ways. The breaching batteries continued to thunder with terrible effect upon the walls; and on the 27th, a strong horn-work, called of the Seven Fountains, was carried, and the Allies were masters of nearly the whole line of the counterscarp. Meanwhile, Villars made no serious movement to interrupt the besiegers, contenting himself with making demonstrations between the Scarpe and the Scheldt to alarm the covering forces. Eugene, however, narrowly watched all his proceedings; and in truth the French marshal, far from really intending to disquiet the Allies in their operations, was busied with an immense army of pioneers and labourers in constructing a new set of lines from Douay along the Scarpe to the Scheldt near Condé, in order to arrest the progress of the Allies in the direction they had now taken. Seeing no prospect of being relieved, the governor on the 29th surrendered the town, and retired with the remains of the garrison, still four thousand strong, into the citadel.*

On the surrender of the town, no time was lost in prosecuting operations against the citadel, and the line of circumvallation was traced out

that very evening. But this undertaking proved more difficult than had been expected, and several weeks elapsed before any material progress was made in the operations, during which Villars made good use of his time in completing his new lines to cover Valenciennes and Condé. The garrison of the citadel, though unequal to the defence of the town of Tournay, was quite adequate to that of the citadel: and the vast mines with which the whole outworks and glacis were perforated, rendered the approaches in the highest degree perilous and difficult. The governor, M. De Surville, proposed, on the 5th August, to capitulate in a month if not relieved; and to this proposition, Marlborough and Eugene with praiseworthy humanity at once acceded: but the King of France refused to ratify the terms proposed, unless the suspension of arms was made general to the whole Netherlands, to which the allied general would not accede. The military operations consequently went on, and soon acquired a degree of horror hitherto unparalleled even in that long and bloody contest. The art of countermining, and of counteracting the danger of mines exploding, was then very imperfectly understood, though that of besieging above ground had been brought to the very highest degree of perfection. The soldiers, in consequence, entertained a great and almost superstitious dread of the perils of that subterraneous warfare, where prowess and courage were alike unavailing, and the bravest, equally as the most pusillanimous, were liable to be at any moment blown into the air, or smothered under ground, by the explosions of an unseen, and therefore appalling, enemy. The Allies were inferior in regular sappers

* Marlborough to Lord Galway, 4th July 1709; and to the Queen, 29th July 1709. *Disp.* iv. 530 and 556. *COE*, v. 8, 13. Marlborough's private letters to the Duchess at this period, as indeed throughout all his campaigns, prove how he was tired of the war, and how ardently he sighed for repose at Blenheim. "The taking of the citadel of Tournay will, I fear, cost us more men and time than that of the town; but that which gives me the greatest prospect for the happiness of being with you, is, that certainly the misery of France increases, which must bring us a peace. The misery of the poor people we see is such, that one must be a brute not to pity them. May you be ever happy, and I enjoy some few years of quiet with you, is what I daily pray for." Marlborough to the Duchess, July 30, 1709. *COE*, v. 12.

and miners to the besieged, who were singularly well supplied with that important arm of the service. The ordinary soldiers, how brave soever in the field, evinced a repugnance at engaging in this novel and terrific species of warfare: and it was only by personally visiting the trenches in the very hottest of the fire, and offering high rewards to the soldiers who would enter into the mines, that men could be got who would venture on the perilous service.*

It was not surprising that even the bravest of the allied troops were appalled at the new and extraordinary dangers which now awaited them, for they were truly of the most formidable description. What rendered them peculiarly so, was, that the perils in a peculiar manner affected the bold and the forward. The first to mount a breach, to effect a lodgement in a horn-work, to penetrate into a mine, was sure to perish. First a hollow rumbling noise was heard, which froze the bravest hearts with horror: a violent rush as of a subterraneous cataract succeeded; and immediately the earth heaved, and whole companies, and even battalions, were destroyed with a frightful explosion. On the 15th August a sally by M. De Surville was bravely repulsed, and the besiegers, pursuing their advantage, effected a lodgement in the outwork: but immediately a mine was sprung, and a hundred and fifty men were blown into the air. In the night between the 16th and 17th, a long and furious conflict took place below ground and in utter darkness, between the contending parties, which at length terminated to the advantage of the besiegers.† On the 23d a mine was discovered, sixty feet

long by twenty broad, which would have blown up a whole battalion of Hanoverian troops placed above it; but while the Allies were in the mine, congratulating themselves on the discovery, a mine below it was suddenly sprung, and all within the upper one buried in the ruins. On the night of the 25th, three hundred men, posted in a large mine discovered to the Allies by an inhabitant of Tournay, were crushed by the explosion of another mine directly below it; and on the same night, one hundred men posted in the town ditch were suddenly buried under a bastion blown out upon them. Great was the dismay which these dreadful and unheard-of disasters produced among the allied troops. But at length the resolution and energy of Marlborough and Eugene triumphed over every obstacle. Early on the morning of the 31st August the white flag was displayed, and a conference took place between the two commanders in the house of the Earl of Albemarle; but the governor having refused to accede to the terms demanded—that he should surrender prisoners of war—the fire recommenced, and a tremendous discharge from all the batteries took place for the next three days. This compelled the brave De Surville to submit; and Marlborough, in consideration of his gallant defence, permitted the garrison to march out with the honours of war, and return to France, on condition of not serving again till exchanged. On September 3d the gates were surrendered: and the entire command of this strong fortress and rich city, which entirely covered Spanish Flanders, was obtained by the Allies.‡

* DUMONT'S *Military History*, ii. 104. COXE, v. 15, 16.

† A very striking incident occurred in the siege, which shows to what a height the heroic spirit with which the troops were animated had risen. An officer commanding a detachment, was sent by Lord Albemarle to occupy a certain lunette which had been captured from the enemy; and though it was concealed from the men, the commander told the officer he had every reason to believe the post was undermined, and that the party would be blown up. Knowing this, he proceeded with perfect calmness to the place of his destination; and when provisions and wine were served out to the men, he desired them to fill their calashes, and said, "Here is a health to those who die the death of the brave." The mine in effect was immediately after sprung; but fortunately the explosion failed, and his comrades survived to relate their commander's noble conduct.

‡ Marlborough to Mr Secretary Boyle, 31st August and 3d September 1709. *Desp.* iv. 585, 588. COXE, v. 14, 18. DUMONT'S *Military History*, ii. 103.

No sooner was Tournay taken than the allied generals turned their eyes to Mons, the next great fortress on the road to Paris, and which, with Valenciennes, constituted the only remaining strongholds that lay on that line between them and Paris. So anxious was Marlborough to hasten operations against this important town, that on the very day on which the white flag was displayed from the citadel of Tournay, he dispatched Lord Orkney with all the grenadiers of the army, and twenty squadrons, to surprise Ghislain, and secure the passage of the Haine. On the 3d, the Prince of Hesse-Cassel was dispatched after him with 4000 foot and 60 squadrons. Lord Orkney, on arriving on the banks of the Haine, found the passage so strongly guarded that he did not deem it prudent to alarm the enemy by attempting to force them. The Prince of Hesse-Cassel, however, was more fortunate. He marched with such extraordinary diligence, that he got over forty-nine English miles in fifty-six successive hours; a rapidity of advance, for such a distance, that had never been surpassed at that, though it has been outdone in later times.* By this means he reached the Haine on the other side of Mons, and surprised the passage near Obourg, at two in the morning of the 6th, and at noon he entered the French lines of the Trouille without opposition, the enemy retiring with precipitation as he advanced. He immediately extended his forces over the valley of the Trouille, fixed his headquarters at the abbey of Belian, and with his right occupied in strength the important plateau of Jemappes, which intercepted the communication between Mons and Valenciennes. It was on this height that the famous battle was fought between the French Republicans under Dumourier in 1792: another proof among the many which history affords how frequently the crisis of war, at long distances of

time from each other, takes place in the same place. By this decisive movement Marlborough gained an immense advantage;—Mons was now passed and *invested on the side of France*; and the formidable lines, thirty leagues in length, on which Marshal Villars had been labouring with such assiduity during the two preceding months, were turned and rendered of no avail.†

While the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, with the advanced guard of the army, gained this brilliant success, Marlborough was rapidly following with the main body in the same direction. The force besieging Tournay crossed the Scheldt at the bridge of that town, and joined the covering force under Eugene. From thence they advanced to Sirant, where they were joined by Lord Orkney with his detachment, which had failed in passing the Haine. On the 6th, having learned of the success of the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, who had turned the enemy's lines, and got between Mons and France, the allied generals pushed on with the utmost expedition, and leaving their army to form the investment of Mons, joined the prince in the abbey of Belian. Both commanders bestowed on him the highest compliments for the advantages he had gained; but he replied, "The French have deprived me of the glory due to such a compliment, since they have not even waited my arrival." In truth, such had been the celerity and skill of his dispositions, that they had rendered resistance hopeless, and achieved success without the necessity of striking a blow. Meanwhile Marshal Boufflers, hearing a battle was imminent, arrived in the camp as a volunteer, to serve under Villars, his junior in military service; a noble example of disinterested patriotism, which, not less than the justly popular character of that distinguished general, raised the enthusiasm of the French soldiers to the very highest pitch.‡ Every thing an-

* Mackenzie's brigade, which joined Wellington's army after the battle of Talavera, marched sixty-two English miles in twenty-six hours. NAPIER, ii. 412.

† COXE, v. 20, 25. Marlborough to Mr Secretary Boyle, 7th September 1709. *Disp.* iv. 590.

‡ A similar incident occurred in the British service, when Sir Henry, now Lord Hardinge, and Governor-general of India, served as second in command to Sir

nounced a more sanguinary and important conflict between the renowned commanders and gallant armies now arrayed on the opposite sides, than had yet taken place since the commencement of the war.*

During these rapid and vigorous movements, which entirely turned and broke through his much-vaunted lines of defence, Villars remained with the great body of his forces in a state of inactivity. Aware he was to be attacked, but ignorant where the blow was first likely to fall, he judged, and probably rightly, that it would be hazardous to weaken his lines at any one point by accumulating forces at another. No sooner, however, did he receive intelligence of the march of the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, than he broke up from the lines of Douay, and hastily collecting his forces, advanced towards that adventurous commander. At two in the morning of the 4th, he arrived in front of him with his cavalry; but conceiving the whole allied army was before him, he did not venture to make an attack at a time when his great superiority of force would have enabled him to do it with every chance of success. The movement of Villars, however, and general *feux-de-joie* which resounded through the French lines on the arrival of Marshal Boufflers, warned the allied leaders that a general battle was at hand; and orders were in consequence given to the whole army to advance at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th. A detachment of Eugene's troops was left to watch Mons, the garrison of which consisted only of eleven weak battalions and a regiment of horse, not mustering above five thousand combatants; and the whole remainder of the allied army, ninety thousand strong, pressed forward in dense masses into the level and marshy plain in the middle of which Mons is situated. They advanced in different columns, headed by Marlborough and

Eugene; and never was a more magnificent spectacle presented, than when they emerged from the woods upon the plain, and ascended in the finest order, with their whole cavalry and artillery, as well as infantry, the undulating ground which lies to the south of that town. They arrived at night, and bivouacked on the heights of Quaregnon, near Genly, and thence on to the village of Quevy, in a line not three miles in length, and only five distant from the enemy; so that it was evident a general battle would take place on the following day, unless Villars was prepared to abandon Mons to its fate.†

The French marshal, however, had no intention of declining the combat. His army was entirely fresh, and in the finest order; it had engaged in no previous operations; whereas a bloody siege, and subsequent fatiguing marches in bad weather, had sensibly weakened the strength, though they had not depressed the spirits, of the allied soldiers. The vast efforts of the French government, joined to the multitude of recruits whom the public distress had impelled into the army, had in an extraordinary degree recruited his ranks. After making provision for all the garrisons and detached posts with which he was charged, he could bring into the field no less than a hundred and thirty battalions, and two hundred and sixty squadrons; and as they had all been raised to their full complement, they mustered sixty-five thousand infantry, and twenty-six thousand horse, with eighty guns; in all, with the artillery, ninety-five thousand combatants. This vast array had the advantage of being almost entirely of one nation, speaking one language, and animated with one spirit; while the allied force was a motley array of many different faces and nations of men, held together by no other bond but the strong one of military success and confidence in their

Hugh Gough, his senior in military rank, but subordinate in station, at the glorious battles of Perozepore and Sohraon, with the Sikhs. How identical is the noble and heroic spirit in all ages and countries! It forms a freemasonry throughout the world.

* COXE, v. 24, 25. *Disp.* iv. 588, 595.

† Marlborough to Mr Secretary Boyle, 7th and 11th September 1709. *Disp.* iv. 591, 592. COXE, v. 25, 26.

chief. Both armies were of nearly equal strength, under the command of the ablest and most intrepid commanders of their day; the soldiers of both had acted long together, and acquired confidence in each other; and both contained that intermixture of the fire of young, with the caution of veteran troops, which is of the happiest augury for military success. It was hard to say, between such antagonists, to which side the scales of victory would incline.*

The face of the country occupied by the French army, and which was to be the theatre of the great battle which was approaching, is an irregular plateau, interspersed by woods and intersected by streams, and elevated from a hundred and fifty to two hundred feet above the meadows of the Trouille. Mons and Bavay, the villages of Quevrain and Giory, formed the angular points of this broken surface. Extensive woods on all the principal eminences both give diversity and beauty to the landscape, and, in a military point of view, added much to the strength of the position as defensible ground against an enemy. Near MALPLAQUET, on the west of the ridge, is a small heath, and immediately to the south of it the ground descends by a rapid slope to the Hon, which finds its way by a circuitous route by the rear of the French position to the Trouille, which it joins near Condé. The streams from Malplaquet to the northward all flow by a gentle slope through steep wooded banks to the Trouille, into which they fall near Mons. The woods on the plateau are the remains of a great natural forest which formerly covered the whole of these uplands, and out of which the clearings round the villages and hamlets which now exist, have been cut by the hands of laborious industry. Two woods near the summit level of the ground are of great extent, and deserve particular notice.

The first, called the wood of Louvière, stretches from Longueville in a north-easterly direction to Cauchie; the second, named the wood Taisnière, of still larger size, extends from the Chaussée de Bois to the village of Bousson. Between these woods are two openings, or Trouées as they are called in the country—the Trouée de la Louvière, and the Trouée d'Aulnoet. Generally speaking, the ground occupied by the French, and which was to be the theatre of the battle, may be described as a rough and woody natural barrier, stretching across the high plateau which separates the Haine and the Trouille, and pervious only by the two openings of Louvière and Aulnoet, both of which are in a very great degree susceptible of defence.†

The allied army consisted of one hundred and thirty-nine battalions, and two hundred and fifty-three squadrons, with one hundred and five guns; mustering ninety-three thousand combatants. The two armies, therefore, were as nearly as possible equal in point of military strength—a slight numerical superiority on the part of the French being compensated by a superiority of twenty-five guns on that of the Allies. Among the French nobles present at the battle, were no less than twelve who were afterwards marshals of France.‡ The son of James II., under the name of the Chevalier of St George, who combined the graces of youth with the hereditary valour of his race, was there; St Hilaire and Folard, whose works afterwards threw such light on military science, were to be found in its ranks. The Garde-du-corps, Mousquetaires gris, Grenadiers à cheval, French, Swiss, and Bavarian guards, as well as the Irish brigade, stood among the combatants. The reverses of Louis had called forth the flower of the nobility, as well as the last reserves of the monarchy.||

* *Mém. de Villars*, ii. 167, 184. COXE, v. 26, 28.

† COXE, v. 29, 30. The author has passed over the ground, and can attest the accuracy of the description here given.

‡ Viz. Artagnan, Maréchal de Montesquieu; De Guiche, Maréchal de Gramont; Puysegur, Montmorenci, Coigny, Broglio, Chaulnes, Nangis, Isenghien, Duras, Houdancourt, and Sanneterre. The monarchy never sent forth a nobler array.

|| COXE, v. 32. *Mém. de Villars*, ii. 280,

Early on the morning of the 9th, Marlborough and Eugene were on the look-out at the Mill of Sart, with a strong escort, consisting of thirty squadrons of horse. From the reports brought in, it was soon ascertained that the whole enemy's army was in march towards the plain of Malplaquet, on the west of the plateau, and that Villars himself was occupying the woods of Lasnière and Taisnière. His headquarters were at Blangnies, in the rear of the centre. The two armies were now only a league and a half separate, and Marlborough and Eugene were clear for immediately attacking the enemy, before they could add to the natural strength of their position by intrenchments. But the Dutch deputies, Hooft and Goslinga, interfered, as they had done on a similar occasion between Wavre and Waterloo, and so far modified this resolution as to induce a council of war, summoned on the occasion, to determine not to fight till the troops from Tournay were within reach, and St Ghislain, which commanded a passage over the Haine, was taken. This was done next day, the fort being carried by escalade, and its garrison of two hundred men made prisoners; and on the day following, all the reserves from Tournay came up. But these advantages, which in themselves were not inconsiderable, were dearly purchased by the time which Villars gained for strengthening his position. Instead of pushing on to attack the allies, as Marlborough and Eugene had expected, to raise the siege of Mons, that able commander employed himself with the utmost skill and vigour in throwing up intrenchments in every part of his position. The nature of the ground singularly favoured his efforts. The heights he occupied, plentifully interspersed with woods and eminences, formed a concave semicircle, the artillery from which enfiladed on all sides the little plain of Malplaquet, so as to render it literally, in Dumont's words, "une trouée d'enfer." Around this semicircle, redoubts, palisades, abattis, and stockades, were disposed with such skill and judgment, that, literally

speaking, there was not a single inequality of ground, (and there were many,) which was not turned to good account. The two *trouées* or openings, in particular, already mentioned, by which it was foreseen the Allies would endeavour to force an entrance, were so enfiladed by cross batteries as to be wellnigh unassailable. Twenty pieces of artillery were placed on a redoubt situated on an eminence near the centre of the field; the remainder were arranged along the field-works constructed along the lines. Half the army laboured at these works without a moment's intermission during the whole of the 9th and 10th, while the other were under arms, ready to repel any attack which might be hazarded. With such vigour were the operations conducted, that by the night of the 10th, the position was deemed impregnable.*

During these two days, which were passed in inactivity, awaiting the coming up of the reinforcements from Tournay, which the council of war had deemed indispensable to the commencement of operations, Marlborough and Eugene had repeatedly reconnoitred the enemy's position, and were fully aware of its growing strength. Despairing of openly forcing such formidable lines, defended by so numerous and gallant an army, they resolved to combine their first attack with a powerful demonstration in rear. With this view, the rear-guard, which was coming up from Tournay under General Withers, of nineteen battalions and ten squadrons, received orders not to join the main body of the army, but, stopping short at St Ghislain, to cross the Haine there, and, traversing the wood of Blangris by a country road, assail the extreme left of the enemy at the farm of La Folie, when the combat was seriously engaged in front. Forty battalions of Eugene's army, under Baron Schulemberg, were to attack the wood of Taisnière, supported by forty pieces of cannon, so placed that their shot reached every part of the wood. To distract the enemy's attention, other attacks were directed along the whole line; but the main effort

* COXE, v. 34, 37; DUMONT'S *Military History*, ii. 381-7.

was to be made by Eugene's corps on the wood of Taisnière; and it was from the co-operation of the attack of Schulemberg on its flank, that decisive success was expected.* All the corps had reached their respective points of destination on the evening of the 10th. Schulemberg was near La Folie; Eugene was grouped, in four lines, in front of Taisnière; and the men lay down to sleep, anxiously awaiting the dawn of the eventful morrow.†

At three in the morning of the 11th, divine service was performed, with the utmost decorum, at the head of every regiment, and listened to by the soldiers, after the example of their chief, with the most devout attention. The awful nature of the occasion, the momentous interests at stake, the uncertainty who might survive to the close of the day, the protracted struggle now to be brought to a decisive issue, had banished all lighter feelings, and impressed a noble character on that impressive solemnity. A thick fog overspread the field, under cover of which the troops marched, with the utmost regularity, to their appointed stations: the guns were brought forward to the grand battery in the centre, which was protected on either side by an *épaulement* to prevent an enfilade. No sooner did the French outposts give notice that the Allies were preparing for an attack, than the whole army stood to their arms, and all the working parties, who were still toiling in the trenches, cast aside their tools, and joyfully resumed their places in the ranks. Never, since the commencement of the war, had the spirit of the French soldier been so high, or so enthusiastic a feeling infused into every bosom. With confidence they looked forward to regaining the laurels, under their beloved commander, Marshal Villars, which had been withered in eight successive campaigns, and arresting the flood of conquest which threatened to overwhelm their country. No sooner did he mount on horseback at seven, than loud cries of

“Vive le Roi!” “Vive le Maréchal de Villars!” burst from their ranks. He himself took the command of the left, giving the post of honour on the right, in courtesy, to Marshal Boufflers. On the allied side, enthusiasm was not so loudly expressed, but confidence was not the less strongly felt. They relied with reason on the tried and splendid abilities of their chiefs, on their own experienced constancy and success in the field. They had the confidence of veteran soldiers, who had long fought and conquered together. In allusion to the numerous field-works before them, and which almost concealed the enemy's ranks from their view, the sarcastic expression passed through the ranks, “We are again about to make war on moles.” The fog still lingered on the ground, so as to prevent the gunners seeing to take aim; but at half-past seven it cleared up; the sun broke forth with uncommon brilliancy, and immediately the fire commenced with the utmost vigour from the artillery on both sides.‡

For about half an hour the cannon continued to thunder, so as to reach every part of the field of battle with their balls, when Marlborough moved forward his troops in échelon, the right in front, in order to commence his projected attack on the French centre and left. The Dutch, who were on the left, agreeably to the orders they had received, halted when within range of grape, and a violent cannonade was merely exchanged on both sides; but Count Lottum, who commanded the centre of twenty battalions, continued to press on, regardless of the storm of shot and grape with which he was assailed, and when well into the enemy's line, he brought up his left shoulders, and in three lines attacked the right of the wood of Taisnière. Schulemberg, at the same time, with his forty battalions to the right of Lottum, advanced against the wood of Taisnière in front; while Lord Orkney, with his fifteen battalions, as Lottum's men inclined to the right, marched

* Marlborough's General Orders, Sept. 10, 1709.

† COXE, v. 40, 44.

‡ LEDIARD, *Life of Marlborough*, ii. 172, 180. COXE, v. 45, 47.

straight forward to the ground they had occupied, and attacked the intrenchment before him in the opening. Eugene, who was with Schulemberg's men, advanced without firing a shot, though suffering dreadfully from the grape of the batteries, till within pistol-shot of the batteries. They were there, however, received by so terrible a discharge of all arms from the intrenchments—the French soldiers laying their pieces deliberately over the parapet, and taking aim within twenty yards of their opponents—that they recoiled above two hundred yards, and were only brought back to the charge by the heroic efforts of Eugene, who exposed his person in the very front of the line. Meanwhile, three battalions brought up from the blockade of Mons stole unperceived, amidst the tumult in front, into the south-eastern angle of the wood of Taisnière, and were making some progress, when they were met by three battalions of French troops, and a vehement fire of musketry soon rang in the recesses of the wood.

Meanwhile, Marlborough in person led on D'Auvergne's cavalry in support of Lottum's men, who speedily were engaged in a most terrific conflict. They bore without flinching the fire of the French brigade *du Roi*, and, crossing a ravine and small morass, rushed with fixed bayonets, and the most determined resolution, right against the intrenchment. So vehement was the onset, so impetuous the rush, that some of the leading files actually reached the summit of the parapet, and those behind pushing vehemently on, the redoubt was carried amidst deafening cheers. But Villars was directly in rear of that work; and he immediately led up in person a brigade in the finest order, which expelled the assailants at the point of the bayonet, and regained the work. Marlborough upon this charged at the head of D'Auvergne's cavalry; and that gallant body of men, three thousand strong, dashed forward, entered the intrenchments, which were, at the same time, sur-

mounted by some of Lottum's battalions. While this desperate conflict was going on in front and flank of the wood, Withers, with his corps brought up from Tournay, was silently, and with great caution, entering the wood on the side of La Folie, and had already made considerable progress before any great efforts were made to expel them. The advance of this corps in his rear rendered it impossible for Villars any longer to maintain the advanced line of works in the front of the wood; it was therefore abandoned, but slowly, and in admirable order—the troops retiring through the trees to the second line of works in their rear, which they prepared to defend to the last extremity.

While this bloody conflict was raging in and around the wood of Taisnière, the half-hour during which the Prince of Orange had been directed to suspend his attack had elapsed, and that gallant chief, impatient of inactivity when the battle was raging with such fury on his right, resolved to move forward in good earnest. The Scotch brigade, led on by the Marquis of Tullibardine, headed the column on the left; to their right were the Dutch, under Spaar and Oxenstiern; while the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, with twenty-one squadrons, was in reserve to support and follow the infantry into the works, when an opening was made. On the word "march" being given, the troops of these various nations, with rival courage, advanced to the attack. The Scotch Highlanders, headed by the gallant Tullibardine,* rushed impetuously forward to the attack, despite a tremendous fire of grape and musketry which issued from the works, and succeeded in reaching the top of the intrenchment. But before they could deploy, they were charged by the French infantry in close order, and driven out. Tullibardine met a glorious death in the redoubt he had won. Equally gallant was the assault, and unpropitious the result, of the Prince of Orange's attack on the right towards the French centre. There,

* The regiments of Tullibardine and Hepburn were almost all Atholl Highlanders.

too, by a vehement rush the intrenchment was carried; but the troops which surmounted it had no sooner penetrated in than they were attacked by Boufflers, at the head of fresh troops in close order in front, while a powerful battery opened with grape on their flank. This double attack proved irresistible; the assailants were pushed out of the works with dreadful slaughter. Spaar lay dead on the spot; Hamilton was carried off wounded. Seeing his men recoil, the Prince of Orange seized a standard, and advancing alone to the slope of the intrenchment, said aloud, "Follow me, my friends; here is your post." But it was all in vain. Boufflers' men from the French second line had now closed up with the first, which lined the works, and a dense mass of bayonets, six deep, bristled at their summit behind the embrasures of the guns. A dreadful rolling fire issued from them; their position could be marked by the ceaseless line of flame, even through the volumes of smoke which enveloped them on all sides; and at length, after displaying the most heroic valour, the Prince of Orange was obliged to draw off his men, with the loss of three thousand killed, and twice that number wounded. Instantly the brigade of Navarre issued with loud shouts out of the intrenchments. Several Dutch battalions were driven back, and some colours, with an advanced battery, fell into the enemy's hands. Boufflers supported this sally by his grenadiers *à cheval*; but the Prince of Hesse-Cassel came up with his well-appointed squadron on the other side, and, after a short struggle, drove the French back into their works.

Hearing that matters were in this precarious state on the left, Marlborough galloped from the right centre, accompanied by his staff, where Lottorn's infantry and D'Auvergne's horse had gained such important advantages. Matters ere long became so alarming, that Eugene also followed in the same direction. On his way along the rear of the line, the English general had a painful proof of the enthusiastic spirit with which his troops were animated, by seeing numbers of the wounded Dutch and Hanoverians, whose hurts had just been

bound up by the surgeons, again hastening to the front, to join their comrades, though some, faint from the loss of blood, yet tottered under the weight of their muskets. The reserves were hastily directed to the menaced front, and by their aid the combat was in some degree restored in that quarter; while Marlborough and Eugene laboured to persuade the Prince of Orange, who was burning with anxiety at all hazards to renew the attack, that his operations were only intended as a feint, and that the real effort was to be made on the right, where considerable progress had already been made. Order was hardly restored in this quarter, when intelligence arrived from the right that the enemy were assuming the initiative in the wood of Taisnière, and were pressing hard both upon the troops at La Folie and in front of the wood. In fact, Villars, alarmed at the progress of the enemy on his left in the wood, had drawn considerable reinforcements from his centre, and sent them to the threatened quarter. Marlborough instantly saw the advantage which this weakening of the enemy's centre was likely to give him. While he hastened back, therefore, with all imaginable expedition to the right, to arrest the progress of the enemy in that quarter, he directed Lord Orkney to advance, supported by a powerful body of horse on each flank, directly in at the opening between the two woods, and if possible force the enemy's intrenchments in the centre, now stripped of their principal defenders.

These dispositions, adopted on the spur of the moment, and instantly acted upon, proved entirely successful. Eugene galloped to the extreme right, and renewed the attack with Schulemberg's men, while Withers again pressed on the rear of the wood near La Folie. So vigorous was the onset, that the Allies gained ground on both sides of the wood, and Villars hastening up with the French guards to restore the combat near La Folie, received a wound in the knee, when gallantly heading a charge of bayonets, which obliged him to quit the field. In the centre, still more decisive advantages were gained. Lord Orkney there made the attack with such vigour, that the intrenchments, now

not adequately manned, were at once carried; and the horse, following rapidly on the traces of the foot soldiers, broke through at several openings made by the artillery, and spread themselves over the plain, cutting down in every direction. The grand battery of forty cannon in the allied centre received orders to advance. In the twinkling of an eye the guns were limbered up, and moving on at a quick trot. They soon passed the intrenchments in the centre, and facing to the right and left, opened a tremendous fire of causter and grape on the dense masses of the French cavalry which there stood in the rear of the infantry, who were almost all in front among the works. These noble troops, however, bore up gallantly against the storm, and even charged the allied horse before they had time to form within the lines; but they were unable to make any impression, and retired from the attack sorely shattered by the allied artillery.

The battle was now gained. Villars' position, how strong and gallantly defended soever, was no longer tenable. Pierced through in the centre, with a formidable enemy's battery thundering on either side, in the very heart of his line, on the reserve squadrons, turned and menaced with rout on the left, it was no longer possible to keep the field. Boufflers, upon whom, in the absence of Villars in consequence of his wound, the direction of affairs had devolved, accordingly prepared for a retreat; and he conducted it with consummate skill, as well as the most undaunted firmness. Collecting a body of two thousand chosen horse yet fresh, consisting of the *élite* of the horse-guards and garde-du-corps, he charged the allied horse which had penetrated into the centre, and was by this time much blown by its severe fatigues in the preceding part of the day. It was accordingly worsted and put to flight; but all the efforts of this noble body of horsemen were shattered against Orkney's infantry, which, posted on the reverse of the works they had

won, poured in, when charged, so close and destructive a fire, as stretched half of the gallant cavaliers on the plain, and forced the remainder to a precipitate retreat. Still the indefatigable Boufflers made another effort. Drawing a large body of infantry from the works on his extreme right, which had been little engaged, he marched them to the left, and reforming his squadrons again, advanced to the charge. But Marlborough no sooner saw this, than he charged the garde-du-corps with a body of English horse which he himself led on, and drove them back, while the infantry staggered and reeled like a sinking ship under the terrific fire of the allied guns, which had penetrated the centre. At the same time the Prince of Orange and the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, perceiving that the intrenchments before them were stript of great part of their defenders, renewed the attack; in ten minutes these works were carried; a tremendous shout, heard along the whole line, announced that the whole left of the position had fallen into the hands of the Allies.

In these desperate circumstances, Boufflers and his brave troops did all that skill or courage could suggest to arrest the progress of the victors, and withdraw from the field without any additional losses. Forming his troops into three great masses, with the cavalry which had suffered least in rear, he slowly, and in perfect regularity, commenced his retreat. The Allies had suffered so much, and were so completely exhausted by the fatigue of this bloody and protracted battle, that they gave them very little molestation. Contenting themselves with pursuing as far as the heath of Malplaquet, and the level ground around Taisnière, they halted, and the men lay down to sleep. Meanwhile the French, in the best order, but in deep dejection, continued their retreat still in three columns; and after crossing the Hon in their rear, reunited below Quesnoy and Valenciennes, about twelve miles from the field of battle.*

Such was the desperate battle of

* COXE, v. 54, 63; *Disp.* v. 592, Marlborough to Mr Secretary Boyle, Sept. 11, 1709, and to Mr Wauchope, same date, v. 598.

Malplaquet, the most bloody and obstinately contested which had yet occurred in the war, and in which it is hard to say to which of the gallant antagonists the palm of valour and heroism is to be given. The victory was unquestionably gained by the Allies, since they forced the enemy's position, drove them to a considerable distance from the field of battle, and hindered the siege of Mons, the object for which both parties fought, from being raised. The valour they displayed had extorted the admiration of their gallant and generous enemies.* On the other hand, these advantages had been purchased at an enormous sacrifice, and never since the commencement of the contest had the scales hung so even between the contending parties. The Allies lost, killed in the infantry alone, five thousand five hundred and forty-four; wounded and missing, twelve thousand seven hundred and six; in all eighteen thousand two hundred and fifty, of whom two hundred and eighty-six were officers killed, and seven hundred and sixty-two wounded. Including the casualties in the cavalry and artillery, their total loss was not less than twenty thousand men, or nearly a fifth of the number engaged. The French loss, though they were worsted in the fight, was less considerable; it did not exceed fourteen thousand men—an unusual circumstance with a beaten army, but easily accounted for, if the formidable nature of the intrenchments which the Allies had to storm in the first part of the action, is taken into consideration. In proportion to the num-

bers engaged, the loss to the victors was not, however, nearly so great as at Waterloo.† Few prisoners, not above five hundred, were made on the field; but the woods and intrenchments were filled with wounded French, whom Marlborough, with characteristic humanity, proposed to Villars to remove to the French headquarters, on condition of their being considered prisoners of war—an offer which that general thankfully accepted. A solemn thanksgiving was read in all the regiments of the army two days after the battle, after which the soldiers of both armies joined in removing the wounded French on two hundred waggons to the French camp. Thus, after the conclusion of one of the bloodiest fights recorded in modern history, the first acts of the victors were in raising the voice of thanksgiving, and doing deeds of mercy.‡

No sooner were these pious cares concluded, than the Allies resumed the investment of Mons: Marlborough, with the English and Dutch, having his headquarters at Belian, and Eugene, with the Germans, at Quaregnon. The Prince of Orange, with thirty battalions and as many squadrons, was intrusted with the blockade. Great efforts were immediately made to get the necessary siege equipage and stores up from Brussels; but the heavy rains of autumn set in with such severity, that it was not till the 25th September that the trenches could be opened. Boufflers, though at no great distance, did not venture to disturb the operations. On 9th October, a lodge-

* "The Eugenes and Marlboroughs ought to be well satisfied with us during that day; since till then they had not met with resistance worthy of them. They may now say with justice that nothing can stand before them; and indeed what shall be able to stay the rapid progress of these heroes, if an army of one hundred thousand men of the best troops, strongly posted between two woods, trebly entrenched, and performing their duty as well as any brave men could do, were not able to stop them one day? Will you not then own with me that they surpass all the heroes of former ages?"—*Letter of a French Officer who fought at Malplaquet*; COXE, v. 65.

† At Waterloo, there were sixty-nine thousand six hundred and eighty-six men in Wellington's army, and the loss was twenty-two thousand four hundred and sixty-nine, or one in three nearly; at Malplaquet, it was one in five; at Talavera, one in four—five thousand being killed and wounded out of nineteen thousand eight hundred engaged.—SIBORNE'S *Waterloo*, ii. 352 and 519.

‡ Marlborough to Marshal Villars, 13th September 1709, and to Mr Secretary Boyle, 16th September 1709; *Disp.* v. 596, 599.—COXE, v. 64.

ment was effected in the covered way; on the 17th, the outworks were stormed; and on the 26th, the place surrendered with its garrison, still three thousand five hundred strong. By this important success, the conquest of Brabant was finished; the burden and expense of the war removed from the Dutch provinces; the barrier which they had so long sought after was rendered nearly complete; and the defences of France were so far laid bare, that by the reduction of Valenciennes and Quesnoy, in the next campaign, no fortified place would remain between the Allies and Paris. Having achieved this important success, the allied generals put their army into winter-quarters at Ghent, Bruges, Brussels, and on the Meuse; while fifty battalions of the French, with one hundred quadrons, were quartered, under the command of the Duke of Berwick, in the neighbourhood of Maubeuge, and the remainder of their great army in and around Valenciennes and Quesnoy.*

During the progress of this short but brilliant campaign, Marlborough was more than ever annoyed and disheartened by the evident and increasing decline of his influence at home. Harley and Mrs Masham contrived to thwart him in every way in their power; and scarcely disguised their desire to make the situation of the Duke and Godolphin so uncomfortable, that out of spleen they might resign; in which case, the entire direction of affairs would have fallen into their hands.† Influenced by these new favourites, the Queen became cold and resentful to the Duchess of Marlborough, to whom she had formerly been so much attached; and the Duke, perceiving this, strongly advised her to abstain from any correspondence with her Majesty, as more likely to increase than diminish the estrange-

ment so rapidly growing between them. The Duchess, however, was herself of too irritable a temper to follow this sage advice; reproaches, explanations, and renewed complaints ensued on both sides; and as usual in such cases, where excessive fondness has been succeeded by coldness, all attempts to repair the breach only had the effect of widening it. Numerous events at court, trifles in themselves, but "confirmation strong" to the jealous, served to show in what direction the wind was setting. The Duchess took the strong and injudicious step of intruding herself on the Queen, and asking what crime she had committed to produce so great an estrangement between them. This drew from her Majesty a letter, exculpating her from any fault, but ascribing their alienation to a discordance in political opinion, adding, "I do not think it a crime in any one not to be of my mind, or blamable, because you cannot see with my eyes, or hear with my ears." While this relieved Marlborough from the dread of a personal quarrel between the Duchess and Royalty, it only aggravated the precarious nature of his situation, by showing that the split was owing to the wider and more irremediable division on political subjects ‡

Encouraged by this powerful support at court, Harley now openly pursued his design of effecting the downfall of Marlborough, and his removal from office, and the command of the armies. The whole campaign which had terminated so gloriously, was criticised in the most unjust and malignant spirit. The siege of Tournay was useless and expensive; the battle of Malplaquet an unnecessary carnage. It was even insinuated the Duke had purposely exposed the officers to slaughter, that he might obtain a profit by the sale of their commissions. The preliminaries first

* Marlborough to Mr Secretary Boyle, October 21, 1709. *Disp.* v. 617, 621.

† "Be assured that Mrs Masham and Mr Harley will, underhand, do every thing that can make the business uneasy, particularly to you the Lord Treasurer, and me, for they know well that if we were removed every thing would be in their power. This is what they labour for, believing it would make them both great and happy; but I am very well persuaded it would be their destruction." *Marlborough to Godolphin*, Nov. 1, 1709; COXE, v. 105.

‡ COXE, v. 105, 111.

agreed to at the Hague were too favourable to France; when Louis rejected them, the rupture of the negotiations rested with Marlborough. In a word, there was nothing done by the English general, successful or unsuccessful, pacific or warlike, which was not made the subject of loud condemnation, and unmeasured invective. Harley even corresponded with the disaffected party in Holland, in order to induce them to cut short the Duke's career of victory by clamouring for a general peace. Louis was represented as invincible, and rising stronger from every defeat: the prolongation of the war was entirely owing to the selfish interests and ambition of the allied chief. These and similar accusations, loudly re-echoed by all the Tories, and sedulously poured into the royal ear by Harley and Mrs Masham, made such an impression on the Queen, that she did not offer the smallest congratulation to the Duchess on the victory of Malplaquet, nor express the least satisfaction at the Duke's escape from the innumerable dangers which he had incurred.*

An ill-timed and injudicious step of Marlborough at this juncture, one of the few which can be imputed to him in his whole public career, inflamed the jealousy of the Queen and the Tories at him. Perceiving the decline of his influence at court, and anticipating his dismissal from the command of the army at no distant period, he solicited from the Queen a patent constituting him Captain-general for life. In vain he was assured by the Lord Chancellor that such an appointment was wholly unprecedented in English history; he persisted in laying the petition before the Queen, by whom it was of course refused. Piqued at this disappointment, he wrote an acrimonious letter to her Majesty, in which he reproached her with the neglect of his public services, and bitterly complained of the neglect of the Duchess, and transfer of the royal favour to Mrs Masham. So deeply did Marlborough feel this disappointment, that on leaving the Hague to

return to England, he said publicly to the deputies of the States—"I am grieved that I am obliged to return to England, where my services to your republic will be turned to my disgrace."†

Marlborough was received in the most flattering manner by the people, on landing on 15th November, and he was greeted by the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his great and glorious services. The Queen declared in her speech from the throne, that this campaign had been at least as glorious as any which had preceded it; and the Chancellor, in communicating the thanks of the House of Lords, added—"This high eulogium must be looked upon as added to, and standing upon the foundation already laid in the records of this House, for preserving your memory fresh to all future times; so that your Grace has also the satisfaction of seeing this everlasting monument of your glory rise every year much higher." Such was the impulse communicated to both Houses by the presence of the Duke, and the recollection of his glorious services, that liberal supplies for carrying on the war were granted by both Houses. The Commons voted £6,000,000 for the service of the ensuing year, and on the earnest representation of Marlborough, an addition was made to the military forces.

But in the midst of all these flattering appearances, the hand of destruction was already impending over the British hero. It was mainly raised by the very greatness and inappreciable nature of his services. Envy, the invariable attendant on exalted merit, had already singled him out as her victim: jealousy, the prevailing weakness of little minds, had prepared his ruin. The Queen had become uneasy at the greatness of her subject. There had even been a talk of the Duke of Argyll arresting him in her name, when in command of the army. Anne lent a ready ear to the representations of her flatterers, and especially Mrs Masham, that she was enthralled by a single family; that Marlborough was the real sovereign

* COXE, v. 115, 116.

† SWIFT, *Mem. on Queen's Change of Ministry in 1710*, p. 37. COXE, v. 117-118.

of England, and that the crown was overshadowed by the field-marshal's baton. Godolphin, violently labelled in a sermon by Dr Sacheverell, at St Saviour's, Southwark, the Doctor was impeached before the House of Lords for the offence. The government of the Tower, usually bestowed on the recommendation of the commander-in-chief, was, to mortify Marlborough, bestowed without consulting him on Lord Rivers. At length matters came to such a pass, and the ascendancy of Mrs Masham was so evident, while her influence was exercised in so undisguised a manner to humiliate him, that he prepared the draft of a letter of resignation of his commands to her Majesty, in which, after enumerating his services, and the abuse which Mrs Masham continued to heap on him and his relations, he concluded with saying—"I hope your Majesty will either dismiss her or myself."*

Sunderland and several of the Whig leaders warmly approved of this vigorous step; but Godolphin, who foresaw the total ruin of the ministry and himself, in the resignation of the general, had influence enough to prevent its being sent. Instead of doing so, that nobleman had a long private audience with her Majesty on the subject; in which, notwithstanding the warmest professions on her part, and the strong sense she entertained of his great and lasting services, it was not difficult to perceive that a reserve as to future intentions was manifested, which indicated a loss of confidence. Marlborough declared he would be governed in the whole matter by the advice and opinion of his friends; but strongly expressed his own opinion, "that all must be undone if this

poison continues about the Queen."† Such, however, was the agony of apprehension of Godolphin at the effects of the duke's resignation, that he persuaded him to adopt a middle course, the usual resource of second-rate men in critical circumstances, but generally the most hazardous that can be adopted. This plan was to write a warm remonstrance to the Queen, but without making Mrs Masham's removal a condition of his remaining in office. In this letter, after many invectives against Mrs Masham, and a full enumeration of his grievances, he concludes with these words—"This is only one of many mortifications that I have met with, and as I may not have many opportunities of writing to you, let me beg of your Majesty to reflect what your own people and the rest of the world must think, who have been witnesses of the love, zeal, and duty with which I have served you, when they shall see that, after all I have done, it has not been able to protect me against the malice of a bed-chamber woman.‡ But your Majesty may be assured that my zeal for you and my country is so great, that in my retirement I shall daily pray for your prosperity, and that those who serve you as faithfully as I have done, may never feel the hard return I have met with."

These expressions, how just soever in themselves, and natural in one whose great services had been requited as Marlborough's had been, were not likely to make a favourable impression on the royal mind, and, accordingly, at a private audience which he had soon after of the Queen, he was received in the coldest manner.§ He retired in consequence to Blenheim,

* COXE, v. 124, 133.

† Duchess of Marlborough to Maynwaring, January 18, 1710. COXE, v. 134.

‡ Marlborough to Queen Anne, January 19, 1710.

§ "On Wednesday sennight I waited upon the Queen, in order to represent the mischief of such recommendations in the army, and before I came away I expressed all the concern for her change to me, that is natural to a man that has served her so faithfully for many years, which made no impression, nor was her Majesty pleased to take so much notice of me as to ask my Lord Treasurer where I was upon her missing me at Council. I have had several letters from him since I came here, and I cannot find that her Majesty has ever thought me worth naming; when my Lord Treasurer once endeavoured to show her the mischief that would happen, she made him no answer but a bow." Marlborough to Lord Somers, January 21, 1710.

determined to resign all his commands, unless Mrs Masham was removed from the royal presence. Matters seemed so near a rupture, that the Queen personally applied to several of the Tories, and even Jacobites, who had long kept aloof from court, to support her in opposition to the address expected from both Houses of Parliament on the duke's resignation. Godolphin and Somers, however, did their utmost to bend the firm general; and they so far succeeded in opposition to his better judgment, and the decided opinions of the Duchess, as to induce him to continue in office without requiring the removal of Mrs Masham from court. The Queen, delighted at this victory over so formidable an opponent, received him at his next audience in the most flattering manner, and with a degree of apparent regard which she had scarcely ever evinced to him in the days of his highest favour. But in the midst of these deceitful appearances his ruin was secretly resolved on; and in order to accelerate his departure from court, the Queen inserted in her reply to the address of the Commons at the close of the Session of Parliament, a statement of her resolution to send him immediately to Holland, as "I shall always esteem him the chief instrument of my glory, and of my people's happiness." He embarked accordingly, and landed at the Brill on March 18th, in appearance possessing the same credit and authority as before, but in reality thwarted and opposed by a jealous and ambitious faction at home, which restrained his most important measures, and prevented him from effecting any thing in future on a level with his former glorious achievements.

The year 1709 was signalized by the decisive victory of the Czar Peter over Charles XII. at Pultowa, who was totally routed and irretrievably ruined by the Muscovite forces, commanded by the Czar in person on that disastrous day. This overthrow was

one of the most momentous which has occurred in modern times. Not only was a great and dreaded conqueror at once overturned, and ere long reduced to captivity; but a new balance of power was established in the north which has never since been shaken. Sweden was reduced to her natural rank as a third-rate power from which she had been only raised by the extraordinary valour and military talents of a series of warlike sovereigns, who had succeeded in rendering the Scandinavian warriors, like the Macedonians of old, a race of heroes. Russia, by the same event, acquired the entire ascendancy over the other Baltic powers, and obtained that preponderance which she has ever since maintained in the affairs of Europe. Marlborough sympathised warmly with the misfortunes of the heroic sovereign, for whose genius and gallantry he had conceived the highest admiration. But he was too sagacious not to see that his disasters, like those of Napoleon afterwards in the same regions, were entirely the result of his own imprudence; and that if he had judiciously taken advantage of the terror of his name, and the success of his arms, in the outset of his invasion, he might have gained all the objects for which he contended without incurring any serious evil.*

Peter the Great, who gained this astonishing and decisive success, was one of the most remarkable men who ever appeared on the theatre of public affairs. He was nothing by halves. For good or for evil he was gigantic. Vigour seems to have been the great characteristic of his mind; but it was often fearfully disfigured by passion, and not unfrequently misled by the example of more advanced states. To elevate Russia to an exalted place among nations, and give her the influence which her vast extent and physical resources seemed to render within her reach, was throughout life the great object of his ambition; and

* "If this unfortunate king had been so well advised as to have made peace the beginning of this summer, he might in a great measure have influenced the peace between France and the Allies, and made other kingdoms happy. I am extremely touched with the misfortunes of this young king. His continued successes, and the contempt he had of his enemies, have been his ruin." Marlborough to Godolphin, August 26, 1709. *Disp.* v. 510.

he succeeded in it to an extent which naturally acquired for him the unbounded admiration of mankind. His overthrow of the Strelitzes, long the Prætorian guards and terror of the czars of Muscovy, was effected with a vigour and stained by a cruelty similar to that with which Sultan Mahomed a century after destroyed the Janissaries at Constantinople. The sight of a young and despotic sovereign leaving the glittering toys and real enjoyments of royalty to labour in the dockyards of Saardem with his own hands, and instruct his subjects in shipbuilding by first teaching himself, was too striking and remarkable not to excite universal attention. And when the result of this was seen: when the Czar was found introducing among his subjects the military discipline, naval architecture, nautical skill, or any of the arts and warlike institutions of Europe, and in consequence long resisting and at length destroying the terrible conqueror who had so long been the terror of Northern Europe, the astonishment of men knew no bounds. He was at once the Solon and Scipio of modern times: and literary servility, vying with great and disinterested admiration, extolled him as one of the greatest heroes and benefactors of his species who had ever appeared among men.

But time, the great dispeller of illusions, and whose mighty arm no individual greatness, how great soever, can long withstand, has begun to abate much from this colossal reputation. His temper was violent in the extreme; frequent acts of hideous cruelty, and occasional oppression, signalized his reign. More than any other man, he did evil that good may come of it. He compelled his people, as he thought, to civilisation, though, in seeking to cross the stream, hundreds of thousands perished in the waves. "Peter the Great," says Mackintosh, "did not civilize Russia: that undertaking was beyond his genius, great as it was; he only gave the Russians the art of civilized war." The truth was, he attempted what was altogether impracticable. No one man can at once civilize a nation: he can only put it in the way of civilisation. To com-

plete the fabric must be the work of continued effort and sustained industry during many successive generations. That Peter failed in rendering his people on a level with the other nations of Europe in refinement and industry, is no reproach to him. It was impossible to do so in less than several centuries. The real particular in which he erred was, that he departed from the national spirit, that he tore up the national institutions, violated in numerous instances the strongest national feelings. He clothed his court and capital in European dress; but men do not put off old feelings with the costume of their fathers. Peter's civilisation extended no further than the surface. He succeeded in inducing an extraordinary degree of discipline in his army, and the appearance of considerable refinement among his courtiers. But it is easier to remodel an army than change a nation; and the celebrated *bon-mot* of Diderot, that the Russians were "rotten before they were ripe," is but a happy expression, indicating how much easier it is to introduce the vices than the virtues of civilisation among an unlettered people. To this day the civilisation of Russia has never descended below the higher ranks; and the efforts of the real patriotic czars who have since wielded the Muscovite sceptre, Alexander and Nicholas, have been mainly directed to get out of the fictitious career into which Peter turned the people, and revive with the old institutions the true spirit and inherent aspirations of the nation. The immense success with which their efforts have been attended, and the gradual, though still slow descent of civilisation and improvement through the great body of the people, prove the wisdom of the principles on which they have proceeded. Possibly Russia is yet destined to afford another illustration of the truth of Montesquieu's maxim, that no nation ever yet rose to durable greatness but through institutions in harmony with its spirit. And in charity let us hope that the words of Peter on his death-bed have been realized: "I trust that, in respect of the good I have striven to do my people, God will pardon my sins."

THE AMERICANS AND THE ABORIGINES.

A TALE OF THE SHORT WAR.

PART THE LAST.

It may be present to the memory of some of our readers, that when the British troops, under Sir Edward Pakenham, menaced New Orleans, the constitution of Louisiana was temporarily and arbitrarily suspended by General Jackson, commanding the American forces in the south, with a view to greater unity in the defensive operations. This suspension excited great indignation amongst the Louisianians, who viewed it as a direct attack upon their liberties, unjustified by circumstances. Meetings were called, and the general's conduct was made the subject of vehement censure. When the news of the peace between England and the United States, concluded in Europe before the fight of New Orleans took place, arrived, judicial proceedings were instituted against Jackson; he was found guilty of a violation of the Habeas Corpus act, and condemned to a fine of two thousand dollars. This fine the Louisianian Creoles were anxious to pay for him; but he preferred paying it himself, and did so with a good grace, thereby augmenting the popularity he had acquired by his victories over the Creek Indians, and by the still more important repulse of Pakenham's ill-planned and worse-fated expedition. In the book which forms the subject of the present article, this historical incident has been introduced, rather, however, to illustrate American character and feelings, than in connexion with the main plot of the tale. Captain Percy, a young officer of regulars, brings the announcement of the suspension of the Louisianian constitution to a town on the Mississippi, then the headquarters of the militia, who, at the moment of his arrival, are assembled on parade. The general commanding reads the despatch with grave dissatisfaction, and communicates its contents to his officers. The news has already got wind through some passengers by the steam-boat which brought the despatch-bearer, and discontent is rife amongst the militia.

The parade is dismissed, the troops disperse, and the officers are about to return to their quarters, when they are detained by the following incident:—

From the opposite shore of the river, two boats had some time previously pushed off; one of them seeming at first uncertain what direction to take. It had turned first up, then down stream, but had at last pulled obliquely across the river towards the bayou or creek, on the shore of which the little town was situated. It was manned by sailors, judging from their shirts of blue and red flannel; but there were also other persons on board, differently dressed, one of whom reconnoitred the shore of the bayou with a telescope. It was the strange appearance of these persons that now attracted the attention of the officers. They were about twelve in number; some of them had their heads bound up, others had their arms in slings; several had great plasters upon their faces. They were of foreign aspect, and, judging from the style of their brown, yellow, and black physiognomies, of no very respectable class. As if wishing to escape observation, they sat with their backs to the bayou. At a word from General Billow, an officer stepped down to meet them.

The boat was close to shore, but as soon as the suspicious-looking strangers perceived the approach of the militia officer, it was turned into the creek and shot rapidly up it. Suddenly it was brought to land; one of the better dressed of the men stepped out and approached the captain of regulars, who just then came out of the guard-house. With a military salute he handed him a paper, saluted again, and returned to his companions in the boat. After a short time the whole party ascended the bank of the bayou, and walked off in the direction of the town. The captain looked alternately at the men and at the paper, and then approached the group of officers.

"What do those people want?" inquired General Billow.

The officer handed him the paper.

"Read it yourself, general. I can hardly believe my eyes. A passport for Armand, Marcean, Bernardin, Cordon, &c., planters from Nacogdoches, delivered by the Mexican authorities, and countersigned by the general-in-chief.

"Have you inquired their destination?"

Captain Percy shrugged his shoulders. "New Orleans. Any thing further, the man tells me, is known to the general-in-chief. A most suspicious rabble, and who seem quite at home here."

"Ah, Mister Billow and Barrow, how goes it? Glad to see you. You look magnificent in your scarfs and plumes."

This boisterous greeting, uttered in a rough, good-humoured voice, proceeded from our friend Squire Copeland, who had just landed from the second boat with his companions and horses, and having given the latter to a negro to hold, now stepped into the circle of officers, his broad-brimmed quaker-looking hat decorated with the magnificent bunch of feathers, for which his daughters had laid the tenants of the poultry-yard under such severe contribution.

"Gentlemen," said he, half seriously and half laughing, "you see Major Copeland before you. Tomorrow my battalion will be here."

"You are welcome, major," said the general and other officers, with a gravity that seemed intended as a slight check on the loquacity of their new brother in arms.

"And these men," continued the major, who either did not or would not understand the hint, "you might perhaps take for my aides-de-camp. This one, Dick Gloom, is our county constable; and as to the other," he pointed to the Englishman, "I myself hardly know what to call him."

"I will help you then," interrupted Hodges, impatient at this singular introduction. "I am an Englishman, midshipman of his Majesty's frigate Thunderer, from which I have, by mishap, been separated. I demand a prompt investigation of the fact, and report to your headquarters."

The general glanced slightly at the overhasty speaker, and then at the written examination which the squire handed to him.

"This is your department, Captain Percy," said he; "be pleased to do the needful."

The officer looked over the paper, and called an orderly.

"Let this young man be kept in strict confinement. A sentinel with loaded musket before his door, and no one to have access to him."

"I really do not know which is the most suspicious," said the general; "this spy, as he is called, or the queer customers who have just walked away."

Squire Copeland had heard with some discontent the quick decided orders given by the captain of regiments.

"All that might be spared," said he. "He's as nice a lad as ever I saw. I was sitting yesterday at breakfast, when a parcel of my fellows, who are half horse, half alligator, and a trifle beyond, came tumbling into the house as if they would have pulled it down. Didn't know what it meant, till Joe Drum and Sam Shad brought the younker before me, and wanted to make him out a spy. I had half a mind to treat the thing as nonsense; but as we sat at table he let out something about Tokeah; and when the women spoke of Rosa—you know who I mean, Colonel Parker; Rosa, whom I've so often told you of—he got as red as any turkey-cock. Thinks I to myself, 'tisn't all right; better take him with you. You know Tokeah, the Indian, who gave us so much trouble some fifteen years ago?"

"Tokeah, the chief of the Oconees?"

"The same," continued the squire. "I chanced to mention his name, and the lad blurted out, 'Tokeah! Do you know him?' and when Mistress Copeland spoke of Rosa"—

"But, my dear major, this circumstance is very important, and I see no mention of it in your report," said the general reprovingly.

"I daresay not," replied the loquacious justice of peace; "he'd hardly be such a fool as to put that down. I had my head and hands so full that I asked him just to draw up an account of the matter himself."

The officers looked at each other.

"Upon my word, squire," said the general, "you take the duties of your office pretty easily. Who ever heard of setting a spy to take down his own examination, and a foreigner too? How could you so expose yourself and us?"

The squire scratched himself behind the ear. "Damn it, you're right!" said he.

During this dialogue, the officers had approached one of the five taverns, composing nearly a third part of the infant town, towards which the ill-looking strangers had betaken themselves. The latter seemed very anxious to reach the house first, but owing to the tardiness of some of their party, who walked with difficulty, they were presently overtaken by the prisoner and his escort. When the foremost of them caught a sight of the Englishman's face, he started and hastily turned away. Hodges sprang on one side, stared him full in the face, and was on the point of rushing upon him, when one of his guards roughly seized his arm and pointed forwards.

"Stop!" cried the midshipman, "I know that man."

"May be," replied the orderly dryly, "Forward!"

"Let me go!" exclaimed Hodges, "It is the pirate."

"Pirate?" repeated the soldier, who had again laid hold of his prisoner. "If you cut any more such capers, I'll take you to prison in a way that your bones will remember for a week to come. This young man says," added he to the officers, who just then came up, "that yonder fellow is a pirate."

"Obey your orders," was the sole reply of the general; and again the orderly pushed his prisoner onwards.

"And you?" said the militia general, turning to the foreigners—"Who may you be?"

One of the strangers, half of whose face was bound up with a black silk bandage, whilst of the other half, which was covered with a large plaster, only a grey eye was visible, now stepped forward, and bowed with an air of easy confidence.

"I believe I have the honour to address officers of militia, preparing for the approaching conflict. If, as I

hope, you go down stream to-morrow, we shall have the pleasure of accompanying you."

"Very kind," replied the general.

"Not bashful," added the squire.

"We also are come," continued the stranger in the same free and easy tone, "to lay our humble offering upon the altar of the land of liberty, the happy asylum of the persecuted and oppressed. Who would not risk his best blood for the greatest of earth's blessings?"

"You are very liberal with your best blood," replied the general dryly. "How is it that, being already wounded, you come so far to seek fresh wounds in a foreign service?"

"Our wounds were received from a party of Osages who attacked us on the road, and paid dearly for their temerity. We are not quite strangers here; we have for many years had connexions in New Orleans, and some of the produce of our plantations will follow us in a few days."

"And this gentleman," said Colonel Parker, who, after staring for some time at one of the adventurers, now seized him by the collar, and in spite of his struggles dragged him forward: "does he also come to make an offering upon liberty's altar?"

With a blow of his hand he knocked off the man's cap, and with it a bandage covering part of his face.

"By jingo! dat our Pompey, what run from Massa John in New Orlean," tittered the colonel's black servant, who stood a little on one side with the horses.

"Pompey not know massa. Pompey free Mexican. Noding to massa," screamed the runaway slave.

"You'll soon learn to know me," said the colonel. "Orderly, take this man to jail, and clap irons on his neck and ankles."

"You will remain here," said the general in a tone of command to the spokesman of the party, who had looked on with an appearance of perfect indifference during the detection and arrest of his black confederate.

"It will be at your peril if you detain us," was the reply. "We are ordered to repair to headquarters as speedily as possible."

"The surgeon will examine you, and if you are really wounded, you

will be at liberty to fix your temporary abode in the town. If not, the prison will be your lodging."

"Sir!" said the man with an assumption of haughtiness.

"Say no more about it," replied the general coldly—"the commander-in-chief shall be informed of your arrival, and you will wait his orders here."

The stranger stepped forward, as if he would have expostulated, but the general turned his back upon him, and walked away. A party of militia now took charge of the gang, and conducted them to the guard-house.

This scarred and ill-looking crew are Lafitte and the remnant of his band, come, according to a private understanding with General Jackson, to serve the American artillery against the British, (an historical fact.) Their bandages and plasters being found to cover real wounds, they are allowed to quarter themselves at the *estaminet* of the Garde Imperiale, kept by a Spaniard called Benito, once a member of Lafitte's band, but now settled in Louisiana, married, and, comparatively speaking, an honest man. Benito is greatly alarmed at the sight of his former captain and comrades, and still more so when they insist upon his aiding them that very night to rescue Pompey the negro, lest he should betray their real character to the militia officers. Lafitte promises to have the runaway slave conveyed across the Mississippi; but as this would require the absence, for at least three hours, of several of the pirates, who, although at liberty, are kept under a species of surveillance, the real intention is to make away with the unfortunate Pompey as soon as the boat is at a certain distance from land. The negro is confined in a large building used as a cotton store, built of boards, and in a dilapidated condition; the militia on guard leave their post to listen to the proceedings of a meeting then holding for the discussion of General Jackson's unconstitutional conduct, and, profiting by their absence, Benito and four of the pirates, Mexican Spaniards, contrive the escape of a prisoner whom they believe to be Pompey. In the darkness they mistake their man, and bring away Hodges, who is confined

in the same building. This occurs at midnight. The meeting, which absorbs the attention of the militia, is not yet over, when the four pirates, Benito, and the rescued prisoner, arrive at the junction of the creek and the Mississippi, and, unmooring a boat, prepare to embark.

At this moment a second boat became visible, gliding gently down the bayou towards the stream.

"*Que diablo!*" muttered the Mexicans. "What is that?"

The boat drew near; a man was in it.

"Who is that?" whispered the pirates, and then one of them sprang suddenly into the strangerskiff, whence the clanking of chains was heard to proceed. The Mexican stared the unwelcome witness hard in the face.

"Ah, massa Miguel!" cried the new-comer with a grin: "Pompey not stop in jail. Pompey not love the nincetail."

"The devil!" exclaimed the Mexican—"it is Pompey. Who is the other then? We are seven instead of six. What does all this mean?"

"Santiago!" cried the pirates: "Who is he?" they whispered, surrounding the seventh, and, as it seemed, superfluous member of their society.

"No Spanish. Speak English," was the reply.

"Santa Virgen! How came you here?"

"You ought to know, since you brought me."

The men stepped back, and whispered to each other in Spanish. "Come, then!" said one of them at last.

"Not a step till I know who you are, and where you go."

"Fool! Who we are matters little to you, and where we go, as little. Any place is better for you than this. Stop here and I would not give a real for your neck."

"Leave him! Leave him!" muttered the others.

"Be off, and back again quickly," whispered the tavern-keeper, "or you are all lost."

"Stop!" cried the Englishman. "I will go with you."

The negro had already jumped into the Mexicans' boat, and, with the heedlessness of his race, had left his own adrift.

"Ingles!" said one of the pirates, "sit you here." And he showed him his place in the bow of the boat next to a young Mexican. "And Pompey in the middle, and now let's be off."

"Stop!" cried Hodges. "Had we not better divide ourselves between the two boats?"

"Ah, massa never rowed across the Sippi," tittered the lazy negro. "Massa not get over in six hours, and come to land at Point Coupé."

"Hush, Pompey," muttered his neighbour, and the boat, impelled by six pair of hands, darted swiftly out into the stream.

"Ah, Massa Manuel, let Pompey file off him chains," grumbled the black. "Pompey been in upper jail—been cunning," laughed he to himself; "took file and helped himself out. Massa Parker stare when he see Pompey gone."

"Hold your tongue, doctor," commanded a voice from the hinder part of the boat, "and let your chains be till you get across."

The negro shook his head discontentedly. "Massa Felipe wouldn't like to be in the collars," said he; but nevertheless he put away his file, and whilst with one hand he managed the oar, with the other he held the chain connecting the ankle irons with the collar, and which had been filed in too close to the latter. This collar consisted of a ring two inches broad, and as thick as a man's finger, encircling the neck, and from which three long hooks rose up over the crown of the head. With a sort of childish wonder he weighed the chain in his hand, staring at it the while, and then let it fall into the bottom of the boat, which now advanced towards the middle of the stream.

"Poor Lolli!" said the negro after a short silence—"she be sad not to see Pompey. She live in St John's, behind the cathedral."

"Pompey!" cried the Mexican who sat forward on the same bench with Hodges, "your cursed chain is rubbing the skin off my ankles."

"Sit still, Pompey," said the negro's neighbour. "I'll take it out of the way."

"Ah! massa hurt poor Pompey," cried the black to his next man, who had wound the chain round his feet,

and now gave it so sudden a pull that the negro let go his oar and fell back in the boat. The young Englishman became suddenly attentive to what passed.

"What are you about?" cried he; "what are you doing to the poor negro?"

"Gor-a-mighty's sake, massa, not joke so with poor Pompey," groaned the negro. "Massa strangle poor nigger."

"It's nothing at all, Pompey; think of your fat Lolli behind the cathedral, and don't forget the way to Nacogdoches," said the man on the sternmost bench, who had taken the chain from his comrade, passed it through the neck-iron, and, violently pulling it, drew the unhappy negro up into a heap.

"Massa, Massa, Ma——!" gasped the negro, whose breath was leaving him.

The whole had been the work of a moment, and the stifled groans and sobs of the agonized slave were nearly drowned by the rush of the waters and splash of the oar-strokes.

"The devil!" cried the Englishman, "what is all this?"

At that moment the board on which he sat was lifted, his fellow-rower threw himself against him with all his force, and nearly succeeded in precipitating him into the stream. Hodges staggered, but managed to regain his balance, and turning quickly upon his treacherous neighbour, dealt him a blow with his fist that knocked him overboard.

"*Buen viaje á los infiernos!*" cried the other Mexicans with a burst of hellish laughter, hearing the splash, but misapprehending its cause.

"Go to hell yourself!" shouted the Englishman, grasping his oar, and dealing the man in front of him a blow that stretched him by the side of the negro.

"Santa Virgen! who is that?" cried the two sternmost pirates.

"The Englishman!" exclaimed one of them, pressing forwards towards Hodges, but stumbling over the men at the bottom of the boat, which now rocked violently from the furious struggle going on within it.

"Ma—— Ma——!" groaned the negro again, now seemingly in the death agony—His eyes stood out from

their sockets, and glittered like stars in the darkness; his tongue hung from his mouth, swollen and convulsed.

"By the living God! if you don't unfasten the negro, I'll knock you all into the river."

"*Maldito Ingles! Picaro gojo!*"

"Let him go! Let him go! Holy Virgin!" yelled the three Mexicans, as one of them who had approached the Englishman was knocked bellowing into his place by a furious blow of the oar. "It's the devil himself!" cried the pirates, and one of them pushed the negro towards Hodges.

"Stand back!" cried the midshipman, "and take off his neck-iron. If you strangle him, you are all dead men."

One of the Mexicans laid hold of the negro, who was coiled up like a ball, and drew the chain out of the collar. The poor slave's limbs fell back, dead and powerless as pieces of wood. A gasping, rattling noise in his throat alone denoted that life was still in him.

"Stand back!" repeated Hodges, stooping down, and endeavouring, by vigorous friction with a blanket, to restore the negro to consciousness. During this life-and-death struggle, the boat, left at the mercy of the waters, had been borne swiftly away by the stream, and was now floating amongst a number of the enormous trees which the Mississippi carries down by thousands to the sea. The Mexicans resumed their places, and with their utmost strength began to pull up-stream. Not far from the frail skiff, beneath the mantle of fog covering the river, a huge tree-trunk was seen coming directly towards the boat—Hodges had barely time to bid the Mexicans be careful, when it shot by them. As it did so, a strange, unnatural cry saluted their ears, and straining his eyes through the darkness, the young Englishman saw a head and a hand appearing above one of the limbs of the forest giant.

"*Misericordia!*" cried the voice—
"*Socorro! Por Dios!*"

It was the Mexican whom Hodges had knocked into the water, and who, by means of the tree, had saved himself from drowning.

"Turn the boat!" cried Hodges, "your countryman is still alive."

"*Es verdad!*" exclaimed the desperadoes, and the boat was turned—Meanwhile the negro had come gradually to himself, and now crouched down at the feet of his deliverer. He peered over the gunwale at the half-drowned Mexican.

"Gor-a-mighty, Massa!" cried he, seizing the Englishman's oar—"dat Miguel—trike him dead, Massa; Miguel very bad mans."

"Keep still, Pompey!" answered Hodges, pulling with might and main to the assistance of the Mexican. The boat shot alongside the floating tree, and the half-drowned wretch had just sufficient strength left to extend his hand, which the Englishman grasped.

"Take care, Massa! the pirates will kill us both," cried the negro.

At that moment the boat received a violent shock, a wave dashed over it, and threw the Mexican on the gunwale, across which he lay more dead than alive.

"Lay hold of him!" said Hodges to the negro.

"Ah, Pompey not such dam' fool—Pompey lub Massa too much. The others don't row. Look, Massa, they only wait to kill Massa."

"Hark ye!" cried Hodges to the Mexicans, at the same time giving the nearest to him a blow with his oar—"the first who leaves off rowing—you understand me?"

The boat rocked on the huge sheet of water, in the midst of the floating trees, menaced each moment with destruction from the latter, or with being swallowed up by the troubled and impetuous stream; the Mexicans cowered upon their benches—thirst of blood, and rage, suppressed only by fear, gleaming in their black, rolling eyes and ferocious countenances. The negro now twisted the boat rope round the body of the rescued man, who, still groaning and imploring mercy, was dragged on board.

"Ah, Massa! Miguel good swimmer; bath not hurt him, Massa," mumbled the restless black: "Massa not forget to take his oar with him out of the boat."

"And Pompey not forget to handle his own a little more diligently," was the reply of Hodges.

For a time the negro obeyed the

injunction, and then looked at the young Englishman, who appeared to listen attentively to some distant sound.

"Massa never fear, militiaman sleep well—only Sippi's noise. Pompey know the road, Massa Parker not catch him."

A quarter of an hour passed away, and the strength of the rowers began to diminish under their continued and laborious efforts.

"Massa soon see land—out of the current already," cried the negro.

Another quarter of an hour elapsed, and they reached the shore; Hodges jumped out of the boat, and was followed by the negro, still loaded with his fetters. The Mexicans sprang after them.

"Stop by your boat!" cried Hodges in a threatening tone. Instead of an answer, a knife, thrown by a sure and practised hand, struck him on the breast. The deerskin vest with which Canondah had equipped him, proved his protection. The weapon stuck in it, and remained hanging there.

"Vile assassins!" cried Hodges, who now broke off the flat part of his oar, and grasping the other half, was about to rush upon the bandits, when the negro threw his arms round him.

"Massa not be a fool! pirates have more knives, and be glad if he go near them. Kill him then easy."

"You are right, Pompey," said Hodges, half laughing, half angry, at the negro, who was showing his white teeth in an agony of fear and anxiety. "The dogs are not worth the killing."

For a moment the three assassins stood undecided; then yelling out a "Buen viaje a los infernos," got into their boat and speedily disappeared in the fog and darkness.

Hodges is pursued and recaptured, but Tokeah and Rosa, who, with their companions, are brought in by a party of militia, and the latter of whom is joyfully recognised and welcomed by the worthy Squire Copeland, clear him of the charge of spying, and he remains a prisoner of war. The troops take their departure for New Orleans, and the Indians are detained at the town, whence, however, Tokeah and El Sol depart in the night-time,

and continue their journey. The old chief accomplishes his object, disinters his father's bones, and returns to fetch Rosa, and proceed with her to his new home in the country of the Comanches. Meanwhile the action of New Orleans has been fought, and he finds, to his grief and astonishment, that Lafitte, whose life he had spared in the expectation of his meeting punishment at the hands of the Americans, has actually been fighting in their ranks, and has received, as a reward for his services, a free pardon, coupled, however, with an injunction to quit the territory of the United States. Through an advertisement in an old newspaper, traces have been discovered of Rosa's father, who, as the reader is given to understand, is a Mexican of high rank. She had been stolen by a tribe of Indians with whom Tokeah was at war, and from whose hands he rescued her. Tokeah has an interview with General Jackson, who cautions him against the further indulgence of his inveterate hostility to the Americans, and permits him to depart. Rosa now goes to take leave of the old chief, who is as yet unaware that she is not to accompany him.

When Rosa, Squire Copeland, and Hodges entered the estaminet of the Garde Imperiale, they found the two chiefs and their followers seated in their usual manner upon the floor of the room, which had no other occupants. El Sol rose at their entrance, and, advancing a few steps, took Rosa's hand and conducted her to a chair. She did not sit down, but ran to the Miko and affectionately embraced him. The old chief gazed at her with a cold and inquiring look.

"Miko," said the squire, "Miss Rosa has come to take leave of you, and to thank you for the kindness you have shown her. You yourself shall fix the sum that will compensate you for your expenses on her account."

"Tokeah," replied the Indian, misunderstanding Major Copeland's words, and taking a leather bag from his wampum belt, "will willingly pay what the white chief claims for food and drink given to the White Rose."

"You are mistaken," replied the squire; "payment is due to you. Strictly speaking, the amount should

be fixed by a jury, but you have only to ask, and any reasonable sum shall be paid at once."

"The white chief," said the Indian, "may take whatever he pleases."

"I tell you it is I, and not you, who have to pay," returned the squire.

"Has my daughter bid farewell to her foster-father?" said the Indian to Rosa, who had listened to this dialogue with some uneasiness. "Rosa must leave the wigwam of the white men; the Miko's path is a long one, and his spirit is weary of the pale-faces."

"And must the Miko go?" said Rosa. "Oh! father of my Canondah! remain here; the white men will love thee as a brother."

The Indian looked at her with astonishment.

"What means the White Rose?" said he,—*"the palefaces love Tokeah? Has the White Rose—?"* He paused, and surveyed her gloomily and suspiciously. "Tokeah," continued he, at last, "is very weary of the white men; he will be gone."

"Miko," said Rosa, timidly—for it was evident that the chief was still in error as to the motive of her visit—"Rosa has come to beg you to remain a while with the white men; but if you must go, she will"—

"The Miko is the father of his people," interrupted Tokeah; "they call him; he must go, and the Rose of the Oconees shall also be the Rose of the Comanches, the squaw of a great chief."

The young girl blushed, and stepped back.

"Miko," said she, "you are the beloved father of my dear Canondah; you saved my life and maintained me, and I thank you heartily; but, Miko, I cannot, I must not, do as you wish. I no longer belong to you, but to my father, my long-lost father."

"Rosa speaks truth—she belongs to her father," said the Miko, not yet undeceived; "my daughter's feet are weak, but she shall sit in a canoe till she reaches the wigwams of the Pawnees, and they have many horses."

"By G—!" cried the squire, "here is a mistake; the Indian thinks to take Rosa with him. My dear boy," continued he to Hodges, "run as quick as you can to Colonel Parker, and bring

a party of men. Bayonets are the only things these savages respect. Rosa, say no more to him, he is getting wild."

A change had taken place in the Indian, although it was one which only a keen observer could detect. He began to have an inkling that Rosa was to be taken from him, and his gloomy inanimate physiognomy betrayed a restless agitation, which alarmed the major.

"The White Rose," resumed Tokeah, after a while, "is a dutiful daughter. She will cook her father's venison."

"That would I willingly do for the father of my Canondah," said the young girl; "but a higher duty calls me. Father of my Canondah! Rosa has come to take leave of thee."

The Indian listened attentively.

"Miko," continued the maiden, "the father who gave me life, is found. Rosa must hasten to him who for fourteen years has wept and sought her."

"Tokeah gave Rosa her life; he saved her from the tomahawk of Milmach; he paid with skins for the milk she drank."

"But Rosa has another father who is nearer to her, whom the Great Spirit bestowed upon her; to him must she go. I *must* leave you, Miko," said she, with increased firmness of manner.

Upon the countenance of the Indian all the bad passions of his nature were legible. The scales had at last fallen from his eyes; but even now his cold and terrible calmness did not desert him, although the violence of the storm raging within showed itself in the play of his features and the variation of his complexion.

"Miko," said the squire, who foresaw an approaching outburst of fury—"Miko, you heard the words of the great warrior of the palefaces?"

The Indian took no notice of the caution; his whole frame was agitated by a feverish trembling; his hand sought his scalping-knife; and he cast so terrible a look at Rosa, that the horrorstruck squire sprang to her side. To Major Copeland's astonishment, the young girl had regained all her courage, and there was even a certain dignity in her manner.

"Miko," said she, extending her arms, "I must leave you."

"What says my daughter?" demanded the Indian—who even yet seemed unable to believe his ears—his voice assuming so shrill and unnatural a tone, that the tavern-keeper and his wife rushed terrified into the room. "Tokeah is not her father? she will not follow the Miko?"

"She cannot," answered Rosa firmly.

"And Rosa," continued the Indian, in the same piercing accents, "will leave the Miko; will let him wander alone on his far and weary path?"

The words were scarcely uttered, when, by a sudden and unexpected movement, Tokeah sprang to his feet, caught Rosa in his arms, and with a like rapidity retreating to the side door of the room, came in such violent contact with it, that its glass panes were shivered into a thousand pieces.

"And does the white snake think," he exclaimed, with flashing eyes, "that the Miko is a fool?" He held the maiden in his left arm, whilst his right raised the glittering scalping-knife. "Does the white snake think," continued the raging Indian, with a shrill laugh of scorn, whilst the foam gathered round his mouth, "that the Miko fed and cherished her, and gave skins for her, that she might return to the white men, the venomous pale-faces, whom he spits upon?" And he spat with loathing upon the ground.

"By the God who made you, hold! Hurt the child, and you are a dead man!" cried the squire, who seized a stool and endeavoured to force his way to Rosa, but was repulsed by the Comanches and Oconees.

"Therefore did the white snake accompany me!" yelled Tokeah. "Does my son know," cried he to El Sol, "that the White Rose has betrayed her father—betrayed him for the palefaces? Will the white snake follow her father?" screamed the frantic savage.

"I cannot," was the reply. "The voice of my white father calls me."

An expression of intense hatred came over the features of the Indian, as he gazed at the beautiful creature who lay half-fainting on his arm.

"Tokeah will leave the White

Rose with her friends," said he, with a low deadly laugh, drawing back his hand and aiming the knife at her bosom.

"Gracious God! he is killing her!" cried the major, breaking furiously through the opposing Indians. But at this critical moment the young Comanche was beforehand with him. With a bound he interposed himself between the chief's armed hand and intended victim, tore Rosa from the grasp of Tokeah, and hurled him back against the door with such force that it flew into fragments.

"Tokeah is indeed a wild cat!" cried he with indignant disgust. "He forgets that he is a chief amongst his people, and brings shame upon the name of the Red men. El Sol is ashamed of such a father."

These words, spoken in the Pawnee dialect, had an indescribable effect upon the old savage. He had partly raised himself after his fall, but now again sank down as if lifeless. Just then several file of militia entered the room with bayonets fixed.

"Shall we take the Indian to prison?" said Lieutenant Parker.

The major stood speechless, both his arms clasped round Rosa.

"Lieutenant Parker," said he, "support Rosa for a moment: the Almighty himself has protected her, and it becometh not us to take vengeance." He approached the old Indian, who still lay upon the floor, lifted him up, and placed him against the wall. "Tokeah," he said, "according to our laws your life is forfeited, and the halter the least you deserve; nevertheless, begone, and that instantly. You will find your punishment without receiving it at our hands."

"He was my father, my unhappy father!" exclaimed Rosa, and tottering to the Indian, she threw her arms around him. "Father of my Canon-dah," cried she, "Rosa would never leave you, but the voice of her own father calls. Forgive her who has been a daughter to you!"

The Indian remained mute. She gazed at him for a while with tearful eyes; then turned to El Sol, and bowing her head modestly and respectfully, took leave of him, and left the house with her companions.

The young chief of the Comanches

remained as in a dream, till the major, with Rosa and the militia, were already far from the estaminet. Suddenly he came bounding after them, and placing himself before Rosa, took her hands, pressed them to his breast, and bowed his head so mournfully, that the witnesses of the scene stood silent, sympathizing with his evident affliction.

"El Sol," whispered he, in a scarcely audible tone, "has seen Rosa: he will never forget her."

And without raising his eyes to her face, he turned away.

"As I live," exclaimed the squire, with some emotion, "the noble savage weeps!"

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An hour subsequently to this scene, the party of Indians left the bayou in a canoe, and ascended the Mississippi. Upon reaching the mouth of the Red River, they turned into it, and continued their route up-stream. On the tenth day from that of their departure, they found themselves upon the elevated plain where the western district of Arkansas and Louisiana joins the Mexican territory. To their front were the snowy summits of the Ozark range, beyond which are immense steppes extending towards the Rocky Mountains. The sun sank behind the snow-capped peaks, as the Indians landed at the western extremity of the long table-rock, which there stretches like a wall along the left bank of the Red River. Leaving their canoe, they approached a hill, or rather a mass of rock, that rises not far from the shore in the barren salt steppe, and in whose side exists a cave or grotto, resembling, by its regularity of form, an artificial archway. Here, upon the imaginary boundary line separating the hunting grounds of the Pawnees of the Toyask tribe from those of the Cousas and Osages, they took up their quarters for the night. El Sol ordered a fire to be made; for Tokeah, who had just left the warm climate of Louisiana, shivered with cold. Their frugal meal dispatched, the Miko and his Oconees stretched themselves upon the ground and slept. El Sol still listened to a legend related by one of the Comanches, when he was startled by a distant noise. In an instant the three warriors were upon

their feet, their heads stretched out in the direction of the breeze which had conveyed the sound to their ears.

"The dogs!" murmured the young Comanche; "they bay after a foe in whose power it once was to crush them."

The Oconees were roused from their slumber, and the party hurried to the place where they had left the canoe. The Miko and his warriors got in and descended the stream; whilst El Sol and the two Comanches crept noiselessly along the water's edge in the same direction. After proceeding for about half a mile, the canoe stopped, and the young chief and his followers entered it, previously breaking the bushes growing upon the shore, so as to leave unmistakable marks of their passage. They continued their progress down the river to the end of the table-rock, and then, leaving the old man in the boat, El Sol and the four warriors again landed, and glided away in the direction of their recently abandoned bivouac. In its vicinity were stationed a troop of twenty horses. Of the Indians to whom these belonged, ten remained mounted, whilst the remainder searched the cave, and followed the trail left by its late occupants. Crouching and crawling upon the ground, the better to distinguish the footmarks dimly visible in the moonlight, it might almost have been doubted whether their dark forms were those of men, or of some strange amphibious animals who had stolen out of the depths of the river for a midnight prow upon the shore.

His ear against the rock, and motionless as a statue, El Sol observed each movement of the foe. Suddenly, when the Indians who followed the trail were at some distance from the cave, he made a sign to his companions, and, with a noiseless swiftness that defied detection, the five warriors approached the horses. A slight undulation of the plain was all that now separated them from their enemy. El Sol listened, gazed upwards at the moon's silver disk, just then emerging from behind a snow-charged cloud, raised himself upon his knee, and taking a long and steady aim, nodded to his warriors. The next instant five savages, pierced by

as many bullets, fell from their horses to the ground; a terrible yell shattered the stillness of the night; and with lightning swiftuess El Sol sprang upon the terrified survivors, who, answering his war-whoop by cries of terror, fled in confusion from the place. It needed all the surprising rapidity and dexterity of the young chief and his followers to secure six of the half-wild horses, whose bridles, so swift and well-calculated had been the movements of the Comanches, might be said to fall from the hands of their slain riders into those of the assailants. The remaining steeds reared in extreme terror, and then, with neigh and snort, dashed madly across the wide waste of the steppe.

Springing upon the backs of the captured animals, the Comanches galloped to the shore. Scarcely had they entered the canoe, astern of which the horses were made to swim, when the bullets and arrows of the pursuing foe whistled around them.

"Will my son promise the Miko to be a good father to the Oconees?" said the old chief in a hollow voice, as they pulled out of range of the fire.

"A father and a brother," answered the Comanche. "But why does my father ask? He will dwell long and happily with his children."

"Will El Sol swear it by the Great Spirit?" repeated the old man, earnestly, but in a fainter voice.

"He will," replied the young chief.

"Will he swear to bury Tokeah and his father's bones in the grave of the warriors of the Comanches?"

"He will," said El Sol.

"So shall the white men not scoff at his ashes nor at those of his father," groaned the Miko. "But it is the will of the Great Spirit that Tokeah should not see the hunting-grounds of the Comanches; he is doomed to die in the land of the palefaces."

A rattling in his throat interrupted the old man; he murmured a few broken words in the ears of his Oconees, who broke out into a wild howl of lamentation. Still clasping to his breast the coffin containing his father's bones, he sank back in the boat in the agonies of death. El Sol raised him in his arms, but life had already fled.

A bullet had struck him between the shoulders, and inflicted a mortal wound. In silent grief the young chief threw himself upon the corpse, and long after the boat had reached the opposite shore, he lay there, unmindful of all but his sorrow. Roused at length by the whispers of his companions, to a sense of the danger of longer delay, he laid the body across a horse, and himself mounting the same animal, took the road to the village of the Pawnees. There, upon the following day, to the wild and mournful music of the death-song, the little party made its sorrowful entrance.

At this point the narrative ceases. We turn the page, expecting at least another chapter, or some notice of Rosa's restoration to her father, and subsequent marriage with Hodges, which the previous portion of the novel certainly led us to anticipate. But our author, with his usual eccentric disregard of the established routine of romance writers, contents himself with a postscript, consisting of an advertisement extracted from the Opelousas county paper, and dated March 1816, announcing the marriage of the amiable and accomplished Miss Mary Copeland, daughter of the Honourable John Copeland, of James county, to Mr. James Hodges, formerly of H.B.M. Navy, and now of Hodges' Seat in the same state. The reader is left to complete the denouement for himself, if he so pleases, and to conjecture that Rosa's father, a Mexican grandee, takes back his daughter to her native country, and that the incipient attachment between her and the young Englishman is mutually forgotten.

We here finally conclude our extracts from the already published work of our German American friend—extracts comprising, as we believe, the cream of the twenty volumes, or thereabouts, which he has given to the world. The incognito behind which this clever and original writer has so long shrouded himself, is at length abandoned; and to a new edition of his works, now in course of publication, stands prefixed the name of Charles Sealsfield.

THE DEATH OF ZUMALACARREGUI.

BY COLONEL LORD HOWDEN, K.St.F., K.C.S.

"Ac sane, quod difficilimum, et prælio strenuus erat et bonus in consilio; quorum alterum ex providentiâ timorem, alterum ex audaciâ temeritatem, adferre plerumque solet. In Jugurthâ tantus dolus, tantaque peritiam locorum et militiæ erat, ut absens aut præsens perniciosior esset in incerto haberetur."—SALLUST.

THE siege of Bilbao was undertaken against the will, and strongly expressed counsel of Zumalacarreghi. He was not only aware of the risk of the enterprise, with the insufficient means at his disposal for attempting it, but he had other plans. His plans, however, were undervalued, and his counsels were slighted, at the court of the Pretender. The little empty politicians there, were dazzled by the idea of possessing an important town, not deeming it their business to calculate the means by which it was to be obtained; the incompetent military advisers who directed from afar, thought that this bold attempt, proceeding from them, would contrast in bright relief with the hitherto wary and waiting policy of the commander-in-chief; and the wish, not an unnatural one, of the wandering prince, to find himself for once in comfortable quarters, was not the least among the motives which decided the operation. Though at this moment the Christino army was in a state of great discouragement from a long series of disadvantages that had been gained by the Carlists, the funds of the latter were entirely exhausted; and the idea of a forced loan upon the rich inhabitants of Bilbao was too seducing to be coldly examined by those little acquainted with the real difficulties of the war. Zumalacarreghi wished to attack Victoria, and, profiting by the prestige of his late successes, to throw himself on the fertile and virgin ground of the Castiles. This was doubtlessly the right course, but the project was overruled.

Independently of what thus gave rise to these ambitious aspirations, there was a personal feeling which had long been busy, either in attempting new and unexpected combinations on the part of the Camarilla, or in mutilating or rendering ineffectual those that had been imagined by Zumalacarreghi. There was no passion, bold or mean, no jealousy, no intrigues, vegetating ever so rankly or rifely in the oldest and largest

court of Europe, which did not flourish in that of Don Carlos.

There was not a Christino general more disliked by the hangers-on of Don Carlos than Zumalacarreghi. They feared him, they respected him, but they hated him.

When the Pretender first made his appearance in Navarre, Zumalacarreghi was in his favourite retreat of the Amesenas. He was far from insensible to the advantage which the presence of the chief actor in the drama might produce, if his personal bearing should be such as to create an enthusiasm for his cause, and if those who accompanied him should bring each his personal contingent of enlightened advice and honest activity. But with all these hopes, Zumalacarreghi was not without his fears; his sagacity foresaw what his experience soon confirmed, that the royal chief was worse than a nullity, and that the royal suite were actively in the way. Lord Bacon says, "it is the solecism of princes to think to command the end, and yet not to endure the means." Dr Carlos was always commanding the end, while his general was left to find the means as best he could. A large portion of his small army was absorbed in protecting the prince, and could rarely be counted on in a combined movement; and the non-combatants, under every denomination of title and rank, drew more rations for their consumption than would have sufficed for the support of a large body of soldiers.

Zumalacarreghi, personally, was never very enthusiastic in the cause. It is true that his feelings had always had a tendency to absolutism, or rather he entertained the conviction that a strong government was necessary to the happiness of Spain, and that the greater the unity of that government, the greater was its chance of stability, and its power of favourable action; but when he left Pamplona to put himself at the head of the insurgent Navarrese, he was influenced far more by pique

against the existing state of things, than by enthusiasm for the new one which he sought to establish. He had been treated both brutally and unjustly by Quesada, at that time inspector of infantry; and, with his active spirit, a condemnation to inactivity was the severest sentence that could be passed upon him. Rest to his unquiet bosom was a hell from which he was determined to emerge; and, confident in his powers, he seized the first opportunity which enabled him to bring them into action.

The meeting between Zumalacarrégui and the prince was respectful, but not warm; the first was unaccustomed to have any feelings, the second was unaccustomed to conceal those he had. The new importation had brought no new ideas, no plans, no accession of science; above all, *no money*; at least no more than was to be applied to its own wants. Don Carlos was evidently under the constraint that a strong mind imposes on a weak one. He saw that the servant was the master, as much in commanding intellect as in actual power. They were both uncomfortable; Zumalacarrégui neither flattered the prince, nor his chances of success; he laid before him his difficulties, almost insuperable in his own opinion—for let it be known as a fact, *that he always in his heart despaired of the ultimate upshot of the war.* In conversational phrase, he had made himself thoroughly disagreeable; for he had spoken calmly, coldly, truly—and the hopes of an immediate march to Madrid had been rudely shaken. Zumalacarrégui left the prince's headquarters with a discouragement and a contempt which he was at no pains to conceal. From that moment he was an object, often of admiration, but never of affection; and it was evident that the effort to esteem him was too painful to ensure a continuance of confidence.

Among those who consider Zumalacarrégui solely as the able chief of a devoted army, putting aside all the circumstances of political partisanship, there can be little difference of opinion, if that opinion be fairly formed and honestly given. By those who remark upon the comparatively small number of his troops, and the relatively confined scale of his operations, and who therefore refuse him

the name of a great general, it must be remembered, that if this principle of applying reputation be pushed further in its expression—if military praise and appreciation are to be awarded strictly according to the size of the theatre and the magnitude of the numbers, and not according to the spirit which moves over the one, and directs the others—by such geometrical logic, our own great hero would be deemed immeasurably inferior to the French emperor.

Zumalacarrégui possessed great courage, but he made no show of it. It would have been more brilliant if he had had more vanity; and the exposure of his person was always subservient to some object of utility. He had a comprehensive view of military movements, but he never forgot the peculiar nature of his warfare; and he never ambitiously allowed himself to be carried away by plans or manœuvres beyond the exigencies of his position. As an administrator in forming reserves, in procuring supplies, in discovering resources, in bringing raw battalions to a state of rough efficiency in the shortest possible time, he was unrivalled; yet his mind was not cramped by detail, and when he descended to minute matters, it was because they were really important. He was severe and inflexible, even taciturn and morose; yet he was extremely loved by his troops. At the time that he was commander-in-chief, commissary-general and treasurer, and that all the sums of money, raised or sent, passed through his hands without a check or a receipt, there never was a breath raised against the purity of his moral character. These certainly are the elements out of which great generals are made; and it is not irrational to think that, under other circumstances, the same man, this Navarrese Guerrillero, far superior as such to the brave but improvident Mina, or the active but dull Jauregui, might have expanded into a European hero, and have left a less perishable name.

When the siege of Bilbao was decided on, Zumalacarrégui threw his objections to the winds, and set about it with his constitutional ardour. He arrived before it with fourteen battalions, and a miserable battering-train, composed of two twelve-pounders, one six-pounder, two brass four-

pounders, two howitzers and a mortar, and with a great penury of corresponding ammunition. The town was garrisoned by a force of four thousand men, well armed, without counting the national guard, and was protected by forty pieces of artillery, mostly of large calibre, mounted on different forts thrown up in favourable positions. But what was of chief advantage to the besieged, and what almost rendered success hopeless, was the free communication from without kept up by French and English vessels of war stationed in the Nervion, a river that runs alongside the town, and joins the sea at some seven or eight miles' distance.

Zumalacarreghi fixed his headquarters at a spot called Puente Nuevo, in a small straggling village, just at this side of the town of Bilbao, and under one of its most fashionable and frequented walks. Eraso had begun the investiture of the place a few days previously, and both these chiefs lodged in a small inn named the Three Sisters. Puente Nuevo was completely commanded by an eminence called the Morro, just outside the gates of Bilbao; but the garrison, either from motives of prudence or others, gave the Carlists no inconvenience from that point.

At a short distance to the right of the Durango road, and on a height immediately over the town of Bilbao, is a church, called Our Lady of Begoña; and not far from it is a house, which, from its comparative size and solidity, and from its commanding view of the country around, goes by the name of the Palace. On the second day of the siege, two serious misfortunes befell the besiegers: eighty of the best muskets they possessed were piled in the portico of the church of Begoña, and were all entirely destroyed by a grenade that took them horizontally, killing the two sentinels that were mounting guard over them. The same evening the two largest of the guns, already half-worn out, burst from continued firing, just as something like an impression appeared on the spot it was proposed to breach.

Don Carlos, during this time, was at Durango, a distance of five or six hours. Zumalacarreghi, seeing the hopelessness of the operation, and, above all, the discouragement of the

men, sent an express to the prince to say, "that he would be obliged infallibly to raise the siege and retire, unless some means were immediately taken to raise the drooping spirits of his army; that they were without clothes, without food, and almost without ammunition; that it was absolutely necessary that a sum of money should be procured and sent to him, which would enable him to pay the troops a part of what was due to them; and that then, as the means of prolonging a siege was out of the question, he would endeavour to carry out his majesty's wishes, and try to take the place by assault."

Cruz-Mayor, the head of the Camarilla, loved to humiliate Zumalacarreghi, and no answer was returned to this letter; but Zumalacarreghi was not idle, nor did he allow inaction to dispirit still more the minds of his men. He even attempted an assault, which failed, with the loss of all those who were ordered on this service. Unfortunately for the attacking column, lots were drawn for the troops that were to compose it; and they fell upon a regiment of Navarrese, entirely ignorant of the localities, who, getting confused in cross-paths and lanes at the foot of the walls, were cut off to a man. It was thought that the result of this attack might have been otherwise had it been undertaken by the Biscayan companies, who knew every inch of the ground. The hour, too, was ill judged, for it was at the beginning of nightfall, when it was just dark enough to embarrass those who were attempting the assault, without being sufficiently so to induce the inhabitants and national guards to retire from the walls.

On the 15th June 1835, Zumalacarreghi proceeded to the palace of Begoña, not far from the church of the same name, as the best spot for observing the repairs made, and the additional means of defence raised by the enemy during the night. He passed through the middle room on the first story, and, throwing open the window, went out on the iron balcony overlooking the town. The balls were flying so thick and fast that he desired all those who accompanied him to remain within; but, notwithstanding their supplications, he himself remained leaning on the railing of the balcony, his knees nearly

touching the ground. The telescope which he used, showing the marksmen in the enemy's works that he was probably a personage of importance, occasioned a general discharge from the nearest battery. It was now exactly eight o'clock in the morning, and a ball from this discharge struck Zumalacarrégui in the upper and anterior part of the right leg, on the inner side, about two inches below the knee. From the position in which he was struck, the ball took a downwards direction, and, as no part of the intricate machinery of the knee was injured, there was every reason to suppose that no serious consequences could ensue.

Either from the extreme pain of the wound, or the shock given to the nervous system, Zumalacarrégui fainted. His secretary, Zaratiegui, and the rest of his staff, picked him up in a state of insensibility, and placed him on a chair. The surgeon, Grediaga, a man of considerable acquirements, who was then practising in the sacristy of the church of Begoña, which had been converted into an hospital, was immediately sent for, as well as a young English surgeon of the name of Burgess, belonging to a small body of cavalry called the "Holy Squadron," or the "Squadron of Legitimacy."

This young man, a person of great respectability, and well informed in his profession, has been since as grossly as ridiculously accused of having been bought by the English government to hasten the end of Zumalacarrégui, if ever his services enabled him to do so; and it is still said, and believed by many, that the death of the general was owing to poison put into the bandages with which Mr Burgess first dressed the wound. In a country like Spain, where there is much ignorance and deep prejudice, it does not suffice to laugh to scorn accusations of any sort: it is better to meet them seriously, and disprove them by a fact. *Mr Burgess never dressed Zumalacarrégui's leg at all.* He spoke no Spanish, and while he was endeavouring to make himself understood and to learn what had happened, Grediaga arrived and put on the first application.

On being asked whether he should be carried, Zumalacarrégui immediately said to Cegama, a town three

days' journey off, situated in a solitary neighbourhood, and entirely unprovided with any thing like comfort, medicines, or professional assistance. The surprise of all was manifest, but the general was too accustomed to be obeyed not to be so in this instance. He was placed upon an old sofa from which the legs were sawed, and which was carried by eight guides of Navarre, with twenty-four others as a reserve. Neither he nor the chief of his staff and secretary, Zaratiegui, had a single peseta in their pockets, and he received from Mendigana, the paymaster-general, twenty ounces of gold, as a part of the pay that was due to him.

The reason which induced Zumalacarrégui to go to Cegama, was indeed a strange one, and a fatal one. It was one he never expressed, but which prompted this resolution from the very instant that he received his wound. There lived in this district a quack of the very lowest capacity, of the name of Petriquillo—a man entirely unimbued with the slightest tincture of medical science, but whose chance cures of gunshot wounds during the time of the Army of the Faith in 1822, had astonished and taken possession of the mind of Zumalacarrégui. He even refused to allow the ball to be extracted at a moment when the operation presented no danger, and his only anxiety was to put himself into the hands of this ignorant adventurer.

When the party arrived at Durango, Don Carlos sent word that he would next morning pay a visit to his wounded chief; the frame of mind of the latter may be collected from an exclamation he made on the road, heard by all, and commented on by many—"Truly this is a happy day for the court of the king!"

As announced, Don Carlos came, and the following remarkable conversation took place:—"Well, Thomas, how could'st thou do so foolish a thing as to get wounded? (The Spanish royal family always use the second person singular.) "Sir, I exposed myself, because it was my duty to do so—besides, I have lived long enough, *and I am firmly convinced that we shall all have to die in your majesty's service.*" "Well, but where do'st thou intend going?" "To Cegama, sir." "No, don't go there, it is a long way off; stay here, I'll have thee taken care

of." "Sir, I have said I would go to Cegama, and to Cegama will I go: your majesty knows me well enough to be convinced that what I say, I do." "Oh yes! Thomas, that is certain—well, go with God, and take care of thyself."

After this interview, Zumalacarregui instantly set off, as if it was a relief to him to get out of the atmosphere of the court. Between Durango and Bergara he was met by the quack Petriquillo and the cura Zabala. Besides the above-mentioned Grediaga, Don Carlos had desired two other nominal physicians, Gelos and Voloqui, to accompany the general; but these two men were, in fact, as ignorant, and as rash, and as opinionated as Petriquillo himself. Petriquillo took off the dressing from the wound; he made two men rub the patient for four hours from the hip to the ankle, with an unctuous substance known only to himself. He then put on a bandage dipped in some medicament of his own composition. Zumalacarregui suffered extremely during the night.

Next morning a violent fever manifested itself. Mr Burgess, frightened at this treatment, returned to Bilbao, and Zumalacarregui continued his journey, arriving at Cegama on the evening of the 17th.

The surgeon Grediaga still continued, not his services, but his useless advice. As the fever increased, he recommended quiet, diet, and blood-letting. Petriquillo objected to venesection or leeches; he administered food in large quantities, to support the general's strength, and kept the room full of company to keep up the general's spirits.

Five days passed in this way with this treatment, or rather absence of treatment, only diversified by various attempts to extract the ball, though the leg, by the progress of the fever, and the continued application of the knife and probe, was swollen to twice its size, and was in a state of the highest exacerbation.

In the middle of the night of the 23d, a great idea struck Gelos and Petriquillo; the former was sleeping in the same room with Grediaga, and, fearful lest the latter should prevent its accomplishment, rose stealthily at one o'clock in the morning, proceeded with Petriquillo to the room of the

general, and they there together *did* extract the ball.

At daylight, the joy in the house was extreme; the ball was passed through the hands of every inhabitant in Cegama, and was then dispatched in a box to Don Carlos. Petriquillo and Gelos announced, that in fifteen days the general would be at the head of his army before Bilbao.

At six o'clock, Zumalacarregui began to complain of insupportable thirst, and of pains all through the body; shortly afterwards, general shiverings came on, with convulsions at times. During an interval between these, he received the last consolations of religion; for though far from being a bigot, or even a devotee, Zumalacarregui respected, and practised reverentially, the religion of his country. At eleven o'clock in the morning of the 24th of June 1835, he expired.

On examining the body, it was found that two cuts had been made completely through the calf of the leg in order to get at the ball: Their length was about three inches, and their depth was as great as it could be; for they reached the bone. The whole of the integuments had been divided by Petriquillo, and the sheets of the bed were one mass of blood.

About three hours before the general's death, Petriquillo, unseen, went into the stable, saddled his mule, and departed.

As the dead chief never possessed the uniform of a general, his body was laid out in borrowed garments belonging to the attorney of the place. It was dressed in a black coat and black pantaloons, with a white waistcoat, and over the shoulder was put the riband of the fifth class of St Ferdinand, without the star, for he never had one. Zumalacarregui had troubled himself little about external decorations; and his ordinary dress, a black sheep-skin jacket, red overalls, and a flat scarlet boyna, or cap of the country, which he thought sufficiently good for his body when living, was deemed unworthy of him when he became dust. It was an apt type of what had preceded, and what was to follow: the rude neglected warrior during life—the Duke, the *King's friend*, the grandee of Spain after death.

One word about the cruelty of Zumalacarregui. He *was* cruel, and what is about to be said is a reason, but it

is not put forth as either an excuse or a justification. His cruelty proceeded from no innate or idiosyncratic ferocity. In a less cruel atmosphere he would have breathed a milder spirit. There is an indifference to life in all Spaniards, which, on one side, prompts great deeds, and, on the other, readily ripens into inhumanity. They care little about their own lives, and speedily learn to care still less about the lives of others. In this melancholy warfare there was cruelty on all sides; and, from the execution of Santos Ladron, there followed a series of bloody atonements, each producing each, which strewed the highways with as many bodies as had fallen in the field.

Though the temptation of straying into any thing like a biography has been studiously avoided, there is one anecdote so curious, and not only so explanatory of what has just been said, but so illustrative of the character of both the man and the country, that it will hardly be deemed out of place.

A young grandee of Spain, the Count of Via-Manuel, had been taken prisoner. Zumalacarrégui was anxious to save his life, though the circumstance of his rank seemed to make his death the more certain, as being a fitter expiation for many executions which had lately taken place on the Christino side. Zumalacarrégui addressed a letter to Rodil, the commander-in-chief of that army, saying that he was anxious to exchange his prisoner for a subaltern officer, and some soldiers that had been lately seized sick in a farm-house, and that he awaited the answer. The distance between the armies was short, and, some hours after, Via-Manuel requested permission to see the general and learn his fate. Zumalacarrégui received him in the room when he was just going to dinner, and, in that oriental style so interwoven in the whole web of Spanish customs, offered him a part of the repast that was before him. In ordinary times, this is but a courteous form, and it is rarely accepted; but Via-Manuel, thinking perhaps of the Arab's salt in this Moorish compliment, accepted the invitation, and sat down at the table. They eat, and at the end of dinner an

orderly entered and gave a letter to the general. It was from Rodil, and contained only these words—"The rebels were shot this morning." Zumalacarrégui, without saying a word, handed the paper to Via-Manuel, rose from table, and went out of the room. The unfortunate count was that night placed, according to custom, in the chapel of the village, and was shot next morning.

This happened in Lecumberri, which was entered shortly afterwards by the troops of the Queen. On leaving it the following day, two Carlist officers were pinioned and shot through the back, on the very spot where Via-Manuel fell. Such was the frightful mode of reciprocal expiation carried on on both sides; but the writer of this notice has, at least, among those painful recollections, the consolation of reflecting, that in this, as in other instances more fortunate, he did all in his power to save the victims.

This little sketch has swelled beyond its intended bulk, but when those who love Spain have passed the Pyrenees, it is difficult not to linger there, even on paper. Amid dangers and difficulties, and even the horrors of civil war, Spain has an attraction which it would be as difficult to explain to those who do not feel it, as to describe the sound of a trumpet to a deaf man. To those who have passed their early years there, Spain is like the shining decoration in a play, which still continues haunting the slumbers of the child that has seen one for the first time.

After the death of Zumalacarrégui, Don Carlos took command of the army, with Moreno for chief of his staff, but the latter exercised all real authority. The Pretender was utterly deficient of every thing like military talent, and from the day of Zumalacarrégui's death, his cause was not only hopeless, but felt to be so by the queen's party, who shortly regained the large portion of occupied territory which they had recently lost.

Zumalacarrégui, from the 1st May 1835 to the 11th of June of that year, had made upwards of three thousand soldiers and a hundred officers prisoners. He left for all inheritance to his wife and daughters something less than forty pounds and four horses,

NEW SCOTTISH PLAYS AND POEMS.

WE suspect that in this railway age poetry is at a greater discount than ever. The reason is obvious. Not only the public, who are the readers, but even the poets themselves, have been largely infected by the current mania of speculation. Had the possession of capital been requisite for a participation in any of the thousand defunct schemes which have caused so unprecedented an emigration to the breezy shores of Boulogne, our poetical friends might have claimed for their vocation the credit of a rare morality. But unfortunately, the national gaming-table was open to men of every class. Peer and peasant, count and costermonger, millionaire and bankrupt, were alike entitled to figure as allottees, or even as committee-men, for the simple subscription of their signatures; and amidst the rush and squeeze of the crowd, who thronged towards the portal of Plutus, we were less surprised than pained to observe some of the most venerated votaries of Apollo. We shall not affect to disguise the purpose for which we were there ourselves. But much may be permitted to the prosaic writer which is forbidden to the canonized bard. Ours is a pen of all work—equally ready to concoct a prospectus, or to expose a literary charlatan. We are intensely fond of lucre, and expect, some day or another, to be in possession of the moiety of a plum. We have therefore no vain scruples regarding the sanctity of our calling, but carry our genius like a hooded falcon upon our wrist, ready to let it fly at any manner of game which may arise. We, however, deny in absolute terms the right of a poet to any such general license. He has no business whatever to trespass one foot beyond the limits of his own domain. He ought to be thoroughly ignorant of the existence

of bulls and bears, stags and ducks, and the rest of the zoology of the Exchange. Consols should be to him a mystery more impenetrable than the Sibylline verses, and the state of the stocks as unaccountable as the policy of Sir Robert Peel. The mischief, however, is done, and we fear it is irremediable. The example of the Poet-Laureate may indeed serve as a kind of excuse for the minor professors of the art. His well-known attempt to *bear* the Kendal and Windermere line, by a series of ferocious sonnets, is still fresh in the memory of the public, and we trust the veteran has, long ere this, realized a handsome profit. We ourselves made a little money out of the Perth and Inverness, by means of an indignant tirade against the desecration of the Pass of Killiecrankie; and we should, to a certainty, have made more, had not the Parliamentary Committee been weak enough to believe us, and, in consequence, to reject the bill. Yet it may be long before the literary market can recover its healthy tone—ere sonnets once more resume their ancient ascendancy, and circulate from hand to hand in the character of intellectual scrip.

We suspect that very few of the poets backed out of the scrape in time. Their sanguine and enthusiastic temperament led them to hold, at all risks and hazards; and they did not, as a body, take warning from the symptoms of a declining market. An amiable friend of ours who belongs to the Young England party, and who has issued a couple of duodecimos in laudation of Bishop Bonner, found himself at the period of the crash in possession of two thousand Caithness and Land's End scrip, utterly unsaleable at any discount, though a fortnight before they were quoted at fifteen premium. He meditates, as we are

The Earl of Gowrie; a Tragedy. By the Rev. JAMES WHITE. London: 1845.

The King of the Commons; a Drama. By the Same. 1846.

A Book of Highland Minstrelsy. By Mrs D. OGILVY. Illustrated by R. R. McLAN. London: 1846.

Morning, and other Poems. By a Member of the Scotch Bar. London: 1846.

informed, a speedy retirement to the penal solitudes of La Trappe, as there now seems to be little hope that Louis Philippe will provide a proper refuge for chivalrous misfortune by resuscitating the Order of Malta. The weaver-poet of Camlachie has gone into the Gazette in consequence of an unfortunate speculation in Caledonians. His lyre is as silent as his shuttle; and we fear that in his hours of despondency he is becoming by far too much addicted to drink. A clever young dramatist confessed to us some time ago that he found himself utterly "goosed;" and the last hope of the school of Byron has been forced to deny himself the luxury of inverted collars, as his uncompromising laundress peremptorily refused to accept of payment in characteristic Cemetery shares.

In the gross, this state of things seems deplorable enough; and yet, when we analyse it, there is still some room for comfort. Never, since we first had the honour of wielding the critical lash—for the Crutch is a sacred instrument—in the broad amphitheatre of letters, do we recollect a year less fertile in the product of verse than the present. Our young friends are not possessed with the same supreme and sublime contempt of gold which formed so disinterested a feature of the poets of the by-gone age. They have become corrupted by the manufacturing and utilitarian tenets of the day; and—we shudder to record it—divers of them are violent freetraders. They have all fallen into the snare of the man Broker; and at the very outset of life, in the heyday and spring of their existence, they can count both sides of a shilling with the acuteness of a born Pennsylvanian. Hence it is, we presume, that they have attained to a knowledge of the fact—long ago notorious among the Trade—that poetry will not pay. They look upon genius through the glasses of Adam Smith, weigh the probability of an adequate demand before they venture on the production of a supply, and cut short the inchoate canto upon principles of Political Economy. In a few years, we fear, poetry will be no longer extant, save for the commercial purposes of the advertisements of Messrs Moses and Hyam; unless,

indeed, some Welsh or Highland railway company should take the matter up, and double their dividends by bribing a first-rate poet to produce another *Lady of the Lake*. Hence the sparseness of our library table, which renders our old vocation comparatively a sinecure, and leaves us, without the necessity of immolation, to the undisturbed enjoyment of our chair.

We might indeed, were we savagely inclined, discover some Volscians worth our fluttering in the ranks of Young England, or the more sombre group of poetical Oxonian divines. But we look with a kindly eye upon the eccentricities of the one school, and we listen to the drowsy strains of the other with no more active demonstration of disapproval than a yawn. We have high hope of George Sydney Smythe, Lord John Manners, and others, who have already produced some things of evident promise—not mere beaten tinsel, such as the resuscitated Cockneys are again beginning to vend in the literary market—but verses of true and genuine originality. Could we but ensure them against the vitiating effects of politics, it were a light hazard to predict for either of the above gentlemen a far higher reputation than has been achieved by the united efforts of the whole canorous crew which constituted the Melbourne administration. We must indeed except Mr Macaulay, a better poet than a politician, but—the brilliant ballad-writer being removed—what soul could have been contented to fatten upon the spongy lyrics of a Spring Rice, or the intolerable tragedies of a Russell! What food to sweeten the tedium of a solitary imprisonment for life!

As for the Oxford school, we fairly confess that its votaries are beyond our comprehension. Amiable they are, no doubt, although ascetic in principle; but they are likewise insufferably tedious. We have attempted at various times, and during different states of the barometer, to make ourselves master of the compositions of Mr Williams and his principal followers. We failed. After skimming over a page or two of mellifluous blank verse, we began to experience a strange sensation, as if a bee were

humming through the room. At each evolution of the imaginary insect, our eyes felt heavier and heavier. We made a strong effort to rally ourselves at the description of a crystalline stream, meandering, as we rather think, somewhere through the confines of Paradise; but the hue of the water gradually changed. It became dark and treacly, purled with a sonniiferous sound, as though the channel had been filled with living laudanum; and in three minutes more we were unconscious of the existence of the income-tax, and as relieved from the load of worldly cares as though we had joined company with the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.

Surely we have a right to expect something better from Oxford than this. The old nurse of learning must bestir herself once more, forswear morphia, and teach her pupils to strike a manlier chord, else men will cease to believe in the ancient magic of her name. What we want is, power, energy, pathos—not mere vapid sentiment, so diligently distilled that scarce a flavour of the original material is left to enable us to discover its origin. If poetry be a copy or a reflex of life, let it show out lifelike and true; if it be the representation of a dream, at all events let us have the vision, as in the mirror of Agrippa, well defined, though around its edges rest the clouds of impenetrable mystery. Above all things, let us have meaning, not vague allegorical phrases—power if not passion—sense if not sublimity. If the classics cannot teach us these, let us go back to the earlier ballads, and see how our fathers wrote without the aid of metaphysical jargon.

Our present purpose is to deal with Scottish writers, and fortunately we have material at hand. Last month we were in London, engaged in divers matters connected with the state of the nation and our own private emolument, which latter pursuit we as seldom as possible neglect. The cares of a railway witness, in which capacity we had the honour to act, are but few. A bountiful table was spread for us, not in the wilderness, but in an excellent hotel in St James's; breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper, followed one another with praiseworthy regularity; the matuti-

nal soda-water was only succeeded by the iced hock and champagne of the vespers, and a beneficent Fairy of seventeen stone, in the guise of a Writer to Her Majesty's Signet, was courteous enough not only to defray the whole of the attending expenses, but to furnish us with certain suns of gold, which we disseminated at our own proper pleasure. In return for the attentions of our legal Barmecide, we submitted to ensconce ourselves for a couple of days in a hot room somewhere about the Cloisters, in the course of which sederunt we held an animated conversation with several gentlemen in wigs, for the edification—as we were given to understand—of five other gentlemen in hats, who sat yawning behind a green table. We take this opportunity of tendering our acknowledgments to the eminent and rancous Queen's Counsel who was kind enough to conduct our cross-examination, and who so delicately insinuated his doubts as to the veracity and candour of our replies. As his knowledge of the localities about Braemar—the district then under question—was about equal to his cognizance of the natural history of Kamschatka, we felt the compliment deeply; and should we ever have the pleasure of encountering our beetle-browed acquaintance during a vacation ramble on the skirts of Schehallion, we pledge ourselves that he shall carry back with him to Lincoln's Inn some lasting tokens of our regard. In the mean time we sincerely hope he has recovered from that distressing fit of huskiness which rendered his immediate vicinity by no means a seat of comfort to his solicitor.

As a matter of course, we relieved the monotony of our duties by divers modes of relaxation. Greenwich—in the glory of its whitebait, its undeniable Thames flounders, its dear little ducklings enshrined in their asparagus nest, and its flagons, wherein the cider cup shows sparkingly through the light blue *Borage*—was not unfrequented by us in the course of the sultry afternoon. At Richmond, likewise, we battered sybaritically; and more than once essayed to resuscitate our appetite, and awake within us the dormant sense of poetry, by a stroll along the breezy heath of Hampstead,

preparatory to a dive into the Saracen, where, doubtless, in the days of yore, Leigh Hunt, Keats, and Hazlitt used to make wild work among the eggs and spinach. Our attendance at the theatres, however, was a matter of rarity. We have no fancy to undergo martyrdom by means of a slow stewing, when the sole palm we can win, in exchange for the sudorific pangs, is the enjoyment of some such shabby-genteel comedy as *The Beggar on Horseback*, or a travestie like that of the *Birds* of Aristophanes, the only peculiarity of which is its utter want of meaning. As a general rule, we prefer the spectacles on the Surrey side, to those exhibited in the Metropolitan or Westminster districts. There, the nautical drama still flourishes in its pristine force. The old British tar, in ringlets, pumps, and oil-skin castor, still hitches up his trousers with appropriate oath; revolves the unfailling bolus of pigtail in his cheek—swims to shore across a tempestuous sea of canvass, with a pistol in each hand and a cutlass in his teeth, from the wreck of the foundering frigate—and sets foot once more on the British soil, just in time to deliver Pretty Poll of Portsmouth, his affianced bride, (who has a passion for short petticoats and crimson stockings,) from the persecutions of that bebuttoned pirate with the whiskers, who carries more pistols in his girdle than the scalps of an Indian chief, and whose fall, after a terrific combat with basket-hilts and shower of fiery sparkles, brings down the curtain at the close of the third act amidst roars of unmitigated joy. Also we delight to see, at never-failing Astley's, the revived glories of British prowess—Wellington, in the midst of his staff, smiling benignantly upon the facetious pleasantries of a Fitzroy Somerset—Sergeant M'Craw of the Forty-Second, delighting the *élite* of Brussels by his performance of the reel of Tullochgorum at the Duchess of Richmond's ball—the charge of the Scots Greys—the single combat between Marshal Ney and the infuriated Life-guardsmen Shaw—and the final retreat of Napoleon amidst a volley of Roman candles, and the flames of an arsenicated Hongomont. Nor is our gratification less to discern, after the sub-

siding of the shower of saw-dust so gracefully scattered by that groom in the doeskin integuments, the stately form of Widdicomb, cased in martial apparel, advancing towards the centre of the wing, and commanding—with imperious gestures, and some slight flagellation in return for dubious compliment—the double-jointed clown to assist the Signora Cavalcanti to her seat upon the celebrated Arabian. How lovely looks the lady, as she vaults to her feet upon the breadth of the yielding saddle! With what imitable grace does she whirl these tiny banners around her head, as winningly as a Titania performing the sword exercise! How coyly does she dispose her garments and floating drapery to hide the too maddening symmetry of her limbs! Gods!—She is transformed all at once into an Amazon—the fawn-like timidity of her first demeanour is gone. Bold and beautiful flushes her cheek with animated crimson—her full voluptuous lip is more compressed and firm—the deep passion of the huntress sparkles in her lustrous eye! Widdicomb becomes excited—he moves with quicker step around the periphery of his central circle—incessant is the smacking of his whip—not this time directed against Mr Merryman, who at his ease is enjoying a swim upon the saw-dust—and lo! the grooms rush in, six bars are elevated in a trice, and over them all bounds the volatile Signora like a panther, nor pauses until, with airy somersets, she has passed twice through the purgatory of the blazing hoop, and then, drooping and exhausted, sinks like a Sabine into the arms of the herculean Master, who—a second Romulus—bears away his lovely burden to the stables, amidst such a whirlwind of applause as Kemble might have been proud to earn!

“So,” in the language of Tennyson—
 “So we triumph'd, ere our passion
 sweeping through us left us dry,
 Left us with the palsied heart, and left
 us with the jaundiced eye.”

“Dryness,” however, according to our creed and practice, is not altogether unappeasable, and by the help of Barclay, Perkins, and Company, we succeeded in mitigating its rage. But

we confess to the other miseries of the palsied heart and jaundiced eye, so soon as we were informed by the above-mentioned scribe, that our bill had been thrown out upon committee, and that, if we tarried longer in London, it must be upon our own proper charges. We had been so used for the last twelve months to voyage, and to subsist at the expense of joint-stock companies—so habituated to dine with provisional committees, and to hold sweet supper consultations in the society of salaried surveyors—that a reference to our private resources appeared a matter of serious hardship. However, there was no help for it. Some mean and unreasonableness shareholders were already growling about a return of some portion of the deposits, and even, to the infinite disgust of the directors, hinted at a taxation of accounts. The murmurs of these slaves of Mammon broke up our little Eden. The Irish egg-merchant, who had been fed for three weeks upon turtle to induce him to give testimony touching the importation of eerocks—the tollman from Strathspey, who nightly meandered to the Coal-hole, in company with the intoxicated distiller—the three clerks who did the dirty work of the committee-room, and were therefore, with wise precaution, stinted in their allowance of beer—the northern bailie, who stuck strenuously to toddy, and the maritime provost, who affected the vintage of the Rhine—the raw uncouth surveyor from Dingwall, who, guiltless of straps, and rejoicing in a superfluity of rig-and-fur over a pair of monstrous brogues, displayed his native symmetry every afternoon in Regent Street, and reciprocated the gaze of the wondering milliners with a coarse guffaw, and the exhibition of his enormous teeth;—All these worthies vanished from the house in a single day, like spirits at the crowing of the cock, and returned to their native hills in a state of comparative demoralization. For our own part, we packed our portmanteau in gloomy silence, and meditated a speedy retreat to the distant solitudes of Loch Awe.

We were eating, as we thought, our last muffin, when our eye was accidentally caught by an advertisement in the *Times*, purporting that a new play was to be immediately produced at

the Princess's theatre, and that its title was *The King of the Commons*. A spasm of delight shot through us. We were aware, some time before, that a dear friend, and distinguished fellow-labourer of ours, whose contributions have always been of sweetest savour in the nostrils of fastidious Christopher, had turned his attention to dramatic poetry, and was resolved, for once at least, to launch an experimental shallop upon the stage. Nor did we doubt that this was the enunciation of his attempt. We divined it at once from the subject, so akin to his genius and deep national feelings—we knew the fervour of his love to Scotland, and his earnest desire to illustrate some page of her varied annals—and we resolved accordingly to postpone our departure, and be present at the success or discomfiture of our bold and adventurous brother.

The first night of a new play is always attended with some agreeable excitement. If the author is a known man upon the boards—a veteran of some six comedies, all of which have found their way into the provinces, and are usually selected by the leading Star on the occasion of his or her benefit—the general audiences are desirous to ascertain whether his new effort is equal in point of merit to the rest. The critics, most of whom have failed in their own proper persons, are by no means indisposed to detect the occurrence of blemishes—friends hope that it may succeed, and unsuccessful rivals devoutly trust it may be damned. If the author is unknown, and if no very flagrant efforts have been made to pre-puff his performance, he has at all events the chance of an impartial hearing. Let the play go on smoothly to the middle; let no very glaring absurdities appear; let the actors really exert themselves, and display any thing like interest or talent in their business, and young Sophocles is generally sure of a favourable verdict. Our dear friends, the public, are always well disposed towards a winning man. One cheer elicits another, and applause, once commenced, goes on at a multiplied ratio. No doubt, the case may be reversed, and the sound of a solitary catcall from the pit awake the slumbering serpents, and become the signal for universal sibilation.

The danger is, that an unknown author, untried, may be ruined for want of an audience. We have no great faith in the panacea of free tickets, issued by the lessee for the simple purpose of getting up a house. The worth of a production is usually estimated by its current value, and we doubt if a favourable bias can be produced in the minds of any, by means of gratuitous pasteboard. Pulling, again, often defeats its own object. It creates doubt in the anticipations of some, jealousy in those of others, and is also apt to create a *prestige* which the result may not justify. When we are told, on the authority of newspaper paragraphs, that *Bianca Franconi, or the Seven Bloody Poignards of Parma*, is to take the town by storm,—that nothing equal to it in merit has been produced since the days of Shakspeare,—that the critic who had the privilege of attending the first rehearsal, emerged from the theatre with his blood in a state of congelation, owing to the sepulchral tones and vehement gestures of Mr Charles Kean, who represents the part of Giacomo degli Assassinatori, the Demon Host of the Abruzzi;—when we listen to this preliminary flourish of trumpets, we are apt to screw our imaginations a peg too high, and may chance to derive less rapture than we had anticipated from the many scenes of murder which garnish the *déroulement* of the drama.

A greater virtue than fidelity is not in the celestial catalogue. We should at all times be ready to accompany a friend, either in a triumphal ovation or in a melancholy march to the scaffold,—to place the laurel on his head, or the funereal handkerchief in his hand. It was an exuberance of this feeling which determined us to be present at the first representation of *The King of the Commons*; and being firmly convinced of the truth of the adage, that there is safety in a multitude of councillors, we sent round the fiery cross to such of our fellow-contributors as were then in London, requesting them to favour us with their company to an early dinner at the Parthenon, as a proper preliminary to the more serious business of the evening.

Some half-dozen of the younger

hands responded punctually to our call. They came dropping in in high glee, with a rather mischievous expression of countenance, as though they anticipated fun; nor had they been five minutes in the room, before we discovered, to our unspeakable consternation, that every man was furnished, either with a cateall or a railway whistle! Here was a proper business! We knew very well that the articles which our dramatic friend contributes to *Maga*, have found more favour in the eyes of the public than the lucubrations of all the rest of us put together, and yet we had been foolish enough to assume, that, after the manner of the brethren, we had been convoking a literary Lodge. In fact, we had made no allowance for that indescribable delight which prompts you irresistibly, and without thought of succour, to cram your horse at the ditch into which, six seconds before, the friend of your bosom has been pitched from the back of his runaway mare, and wherein he is now lying with his head fixed inextricably in the mud, and his legs demonstrating in the air a series of spasmodic mathematical propositions. Not that, in the slightest degree, the dispositions of the lads were evil. If the play turned out well, we knew that they would be found cheering with the most uproarious, and probably raving for the next week about the merits of their fortunate compeer;—but if, on the contrary, it should happen that our brother had over-estimated his powers, little doubt existed in our mind, that each contributor would exert himself on his peculiar instrument as vigorously as Herr König on the cornet-à piston, nor seek to excuse himself afterwards on any more elaborate plea, than the right of every Briton to participate in a popular amusement.

The dinner went off well. We were, however, cautious to confine each man to his solitary pint, lest their spirits should prove too exuberant at the moment of the rising of the curtain. Coffee over, we wended our way to the theatre, where we arrived just in time to hear the expiring crash of the overture. The first glimpse of the well-filled house assured us that there was no fear of the play falling still-

horn for want of an adequate audience. Boxes, pit, and gallery were equally crammed. We took our seat in the midst of the band of catcallers and whistlers, and proceeded to the inspection of the bill as diligently as though it were an exponent of the piece. It must be confessed that our friend has not been very fortunate in the selection of his names. Early associations with the neighbourhood of Mid-Calder, a region abounding in cacophonous localities, seem to have led him a little astray. Adam Weir, Portioner in Laichmont, is a name which may be found figuring in the *Cloud of Witnesses*, or in that very silly book, Mr Simpson's *Traditions of the Covenanters*. It might sound admirably in a tale of the "hill-folk," but we totally repudiate and deny the propriety of enrolling Sir Adam Weir of Laichmont in the list of King James's Bannereets. Buckie of Drumshorlan likewise, though he may turn out on further acquaintance to be a fellow of infinite fancy, appears to us in print the *eidolon* of a Bathgate carter. Madeleine we acknowledge to be a pretty name, but it loses its effect in conjunction with a curt patronymic. However, these are minor matters. It may be allowable to us, who drew our first trout from the Linnhouse Water, to notice them, but English ears may not be so fastidious. Tomkins, to the Chinese, is probably a name as terrible in sound as Wellington.

But see!—the curtain rises, and displays an interior in Holyrood. James White—you are a lucky fellow! That mechanist is worth his weight in gold; for, what with stained windows and draperies and pilasters, he has contrived to transform our old gloomy palace, where solemnity sits guardian at the portal, into as gay a habita-

tion as ever was decked out for a southern potentate. Francesco and Bernardo—that is, Buckie and Mungo Small—have some preliminary talk, for which we care not; when suddenly the folding-doors fly open, and enter James the Fifth of Scotland, surrounded by his nobles.

Unquestionably the greatest of living British actors, Macready, has never wanted honours. This night he has them to the full, if deafening applause can testify the public goodwill; and of a truth he deserves them all, and more, were it but for that king-like bearing. There is no mock majesty in his aspect. Admirably has he appreciated the chivalrous character of James, who in many points seems to have borne a strong resemblance to the English Richard—as gallant and fearless, as hasty and bountiful—more trusting perhaps, but yet not more deceived. There is now a cloud on the royal brow. Some of the nobles have delayed, upon various pretexts, to send their vassals to the general muster on the Borough Muir, preparatory to an inroad upon England, and James cannot urge them on. Somerville and some others, who have no mind for the war, are pleading their excuse, greatly to the indignation of the King, who considers the honour of Scotland more bound up with the enterprise than his own.

"I was the proudest king—too proud perhaps—

I thought I was but foremost in a band
Of men, of brothers, of true-hearted
Scots;

But pshaw!—it shall not move me."

He thus reproaches his nobles, who would fain instigate him to peace, but who on this occasion, as on many others, were opposed to the opinions, not only of the clergy, but of the people.

"What! to hear

His threats, and worse than threats—his patronage?

As if we stoop'd our sovran crown, or held it

As vassal from the greatest king alive!

No; we are poor—I know we are poor, my lords;

Our realm is but a niggard in its soil,

And the fat fields of England wave their crops

In richer dalliance with the autumn winds

Than our bleak plains;—but from our rugged dells

Springs a far richer harvest—gallant hearts,

Stout hands, and courage that would think foul scorn

To quail before the face of mortal man.

We are our people's king. For you, my lords,
 Leave me to face the enemy alone!
 I care not for your silken company.
 I'll to my stalwart men—I'll name my name,
 And bid them follow James. They'll follow me—
 Fear not—they'll follow!"

After some more such dialogue, the nobles promise obedience and retire, leaving James convinced of their lukewarmness, though unsuspecting of

their treason, and more determined than ever to trust implicitly to the devotion of the people.

"Will they be traitors still? and play the game
 Was play'd at Lauder Bridge? and leave their king
 Unshielded to the scorn and laugh of England?
 I will not think so meanly of them yet!
*They are not forward, as their fathers were
 Who died at Flodden, as the brave should die,
 With sword in hand, defiance in their hearts,
 And a whole land to weep and honour them.*
 If they desert me—well, I can but die,
 And better die than live a powerless king!"

Some good passages had occurred before, but this was the first palpable hit in the play. The word Flodden came home like a cannon-shot to the heart of every Scotsman in the house, and a yell arose from the pit, as though the general body of bordering surveyors who packed it, were ready for another insurrection.

Buckie of Drumshoran, who, it seems, is a notorious reiver, or, as he phrases it—"an outcast—a poor Scottish Ishmaelite,"—a fact, however, unknown to the king, whom he had rescued from the waters while attempting to cross the Avon in a spate—now comes forward, and gives information against Sir Adam Weir of Laichmont, as an agent of the English court, and a corrupter of the treacherous nobility. James determines to expiscate the matter in person; and accordingly, in the next scene, we are transported to a wood near Laichmont, where Madeleine Weir, the grandchild of the knight, and Malcolm Young, her cousin, are apparently bird-nesting, but in reality, though they know it not, making love. For poor Malcolm is an orphan, dependent entirely on Sir Adam, who will not let him become a soldier, but has condemned him to holy orders. It is, in short, the story—nearly as old as the world—of disappointed hope and love; though Madeleine, with a sweet innocence which we suspect is rarely to be found save on the stage, seems unconscious of the true

state of her feelings with reference to her early playmate. Their *tête-à-tête* is interrupted by the entrance of King James, of course in disguise, and now beset by sundry ruffians who have left their mark on the royal costard; and Malcolm, like a tight St Andrews student, springs to the rescue. This effects the introduction of the King to the house of Laichmont, where we find Sir Adam—a hoary, calculating traitor—in great anxiety to find a messenger to communicate an English dispatch to the disaffected lords of Scotland. We pass over his colloquy with his neighbour, Laird Small—an elderly idiot, whose son Mungo holds the post of usher at Holyrood, and who now agrees with Sir Adam to unite the two estates by a marriage between the said Mungo and Madeleine. This scene, which is pure dramatic business, is pleasantly enough conducted, although in point of probability, and considering the ambition of the knight, he might have looked for a better match for his daughter than a coxcomb of an usher, heir though he was of some plashy acres in the rush-covered confines of Mid-Calder. We have observed, however, that love of district is as deep a passion in the human mind as love of country; and the intense yearning of the Switzer for his dear Lucerne, may not transcend the tide of parochial patriotism which swells the bosom of the native of the Kirk of Shotts.

In the second act, Sir Adam some-

what incautiously selects James himself as the messenger to the nobles; and here we cannot altogether acquit our friend from the charge of great improbability. That blemish excepted, the scene is a good one, especially in the part where James, with the true vanity of a poet, becomes ruffled at the account of the common criticism on his verses. In the next scene, James extracts the secret of his love from Malcolm—a character which, by the way, was admirably performed by Mr Leigh Murray—and the whole mystery of the sadness of her cousin is revealed to the agitated Madeleine. We have an idea that dramatic love-scenes must be very ticklish in composition; at least of this we are aware, that in real life they are peculiarly perplexing. We never felt so like a booby as when we first attempted a proposal; and, to our shame be it said, we experienced far less pain from the positive refusal of Jemima, than from the consciousness that, at that moment, we must have appeared inexpressibly absurd. And so it is, we apprehend, with the great majority of lovers. They keep beating about the bush for months, and never seem ab-

solutely to know what they would be at. The great majority of marriages are the result of accident. We have known several proposals follow the overturning of a chaise. A sharp race from the pursuit of an infuriated bull—the collision of a steam-boat—even a good rattling thunder-storm, will bring to a proper understanding parties who, under ordinary circumstances, and with no such pretty casualties, might have dawdled out years of unprofitable courtship, and finally separated for ever in consequence of some imaginary coldness, for which neither one nor the other of them could have assigned a plausible reason. Now, within the limits of a five-act play, there is no space for dawdling. The flirtation must always be of the warmest, and the engagement consequent thereon. A friend to whom your hero can tell his story, is of immense advantage in the drama, more especially when the young gentleman, as in this case, is under difficulties, and the young lady playfully concealed behind a whin-bush, for no other purpose than that of learning the cause of his secret sorrow. Let us see how our friend manages this.

“JAMES.—You know not—but—enough! Poor Malcolm Young!
Tell me what weighs so heavy on your heart.

MADELEINE, (*behind*.)—Now I shall hear what makes poor Malcolm sad.

MALCOLM.—Sir, 'tis but three weeks since that I came home—
Home! no, I dare not call it home,—came here,—
After long tarrying at St Andrew's schools,
By order of my kinsman, at the last,
A month since,—'tis one little month ago—

JAMES.—Go on, go on!

MADELEINE.—Now comes the hidden grief.

MALCOLM.—He forced me by deceitful messages
To vow me to the priesthood, when my soul
Long'd more for neighing steeds than psalteries.
Oh, what a happy fortune had been mine
To draw the sword 'neath gallant James's eye,
And rouge it to the hilt in English blood!

JAMES.—God bless you, boy!—your hand again—your hand!
Would you have served the king?

MALCOLM.—Ay! died for him!

JAMES.—And he'd have cherish'd you, believe me, boy,
And held you to his heart, and trusted you—
And you'd ha' been true brothers;—for a love
Like yours is what poor James has need of most.
Is this your grief?

MALCOLM.—Alas, my grief lies deeper!
I might have bent me to my cruel fate
With prayers that our brave king find Scots as true,
And worthier of his praise than Malcolm Young.
When I came back, I had not been a day
'Mid well-known scenes in the remember'd rooms,

Till to my heart, my soul, the dreadful truth
Was open'd like a gulf; and I—fool! fool!
To be so dull, so blind—I knew too late
That I was wretched—miserable—doom'd,
Like Tantalus, to more than hellish pains—
To feel—yet not to dare to speak, or think;
To love—and be a priest!

MADELEINE.—To love! to love!

How strange this is!

JAMES.—How found you this, poor friend?

MALCOLM.—By throbbings at the heart, when I but heard
Her whisper'd name; thoughts buried long ago
'Neath childish memories—we were children both—
Rose up like armed phantoms from their grave,
Waving me from them with their mailed hands!
I saw her with the light of womanhood
Spread o'er the childish charms I loved so well—
I heard her voice sweet with the trustful tones
She spoke with long ago, yet richer grown
With the full burden of her ripen'd thoughts.

MADELEINE.—My head goes round—my heart will burst!

MALCOLM.—I saw

A world lie open—and an envious spell
Fencing it from me; day by day, I felt
Grief and the blackness of unsunn'd despair
Closing all round me.

JAMES.—And the maiden's name?

MALCOLM.—Was Madcleine Weir."

Obedient to dramatic rule, Madeleine faints away at the discovery; and the good-natured king, without however discovering himself, determines to secure the happiness of the youthful couple.

This brings us to the third act, where the accusing Buckie again makes his appearance, and denounces Sir Adam Weir, not only as a traitor, but as a plunderer of his own kin.

He avers the existence of a nephew, who, were a multiplepointing instituted, would be found to have good right to a considerable slice of Laichmont, not to mention divers other dividends; and he pledges himself to compare at Holywood on an early day, at the peril of his head, to prove the truth of his allegations. With reference to the correspondence with the nobility, James speaks thus:—

"Your words are strong

As if they sprang from truth. I came to prove
Sir Adam Weir; through him to reach the hearts
Of higher men. *The saddest heart alive*
Would be as careless as a lark's in June
Compared to mine, if what my fear portends
Proves true. Sir Adam Weir has wealth in store—
Is crafty, politic, and is of weight—
The words are his—with certain of our lords.

BUCKIE.—I told you so. I know he has deep dealings
With—

JAMES.—Name them not; from their own lips I'll hear
Their guilt; no other tongue shall blot the fame
Of James's nobles. If it should be so;
If the two men I've trusted from my youth—
If Hume—If Seton—let the rest go hang!
But Seton, my old playmate!—if he's false,
Then break, weak heart! farewell, my life and crown!—
I pray you meet me here within an hour
This very night; I shall have need of you.
And as you speak as one brave man should speak
To another man, albeit he is a king,

I will put trust in you; and, ere the morn,
 You shall impeach Sir Adam in our court:
 And woe betide the guilty! Say no more;
 I meet you here again."

Sir Adam Weir delivers the important packet to the king to be conveyed to the traitors, and James immediately hands it over to Buekie, with a strict charge that it shall be produced that evening in the court at Holyrood. His majesty having no further business at Laichmont, departs in hot haste for Edinburgh.

It is now full time for old Sir Adam to exercise his parental authority over Madeleine in the matter of her nuptials with Mungo Small, who has at last arrived at Laichmont. The aged reprobate having already sold his king and country, cannot be expected to have any remorse about trafficking with his own flesh and blood; and accordingly he shows him-

self, in this interview, quite as great a brute as the elder Capulet. Nay, to our apprehension, he is considerably worse; for he not only threatens the meek-eyed Madeleine with starvation, but extends his threats of vengeance to the unoffending Malcolm, in case of her refusal to wed with the gentle County Mungo. Madeleine is no Juliet, but a good Scots lassie—brought up, we hope, in proper knowledge of her breviary, if not of her catechism, and quite incapable of applying to the Friar Laurence of Mid-Calder for an ounce of deceptive morphia. She has a hankering for St Ninian's and the holy vocation of a nun.

"MADELEINE—I'll hie me to the monastery door,
 And ask the meek-eyed nuns to take me in;
 And it shall be my grave; and the thick walls
 Shall keep me from the world; and in my heart
 I'll cherish him, and think on all his looks,
 Since we were children—all his gentle tones;
 And when my weary breast shall heave no more,
 I'll lay me down and die, and name his name
 With my last breath. I would we both were dead
 For we shall then be happy; but on earth
 No happiness for me—no hope, no hope!"

But Madeleine is not yet to get off quite so easily. Young Master Small is introduced to ensnare her with his manifold accomplishments, and certainly he does exhibit himself as a nincompoop of the first water. With all respect and affection for our brother, we hold this character to be a failure. There is, we maintain, a vast difference between vanity, however preposterous, and sheer undaunted drivel, which latter article constitutes the staple of Master Mungo's conversation. Not but what a driveller may be a fair character for a play, but then he ought to drivel with some kind of consistency and likelihood. Far are we from denying that there are many fools to be found in Scotland; we even consider it a kind of patriotism to claim our

just quota of national idiocy. Our main objection to Mungo is, that he represents, so far as we have seen, no section of the Scottish Bauldy. If he resembles any thing, it is a Cockney of the Tittlebat Titmouse breed, or one of those absurd blockheads in the plays of Mr Sheridan Knowles who do the comic business, wear cock's feathers in their hats, and are perpetually inquiring after news. There is a dash of solemnity, a ludicrous assumption of priggism, about the Scottish fool which Mr White has entirely evaded. Ass though he be, the northern dunderhead is neither a man-milliner nor a flunky; and yet Mungo Small is an arrant compound of the two. We put it to the public if the following scene is facetious:—

"MUNGO.—She curtsays with an air; though, for my part,
 I like the Spanish swale, as thus, (*curtsays*,) low, low;
 Not the French dip, as thus, (*curtsays*,) dip, dip.
 Which think you best?"

MADELEINE.—Sir! did you speak to me?"

MUNGO.—Did I? 'pon honour—yes, I think I did:
 Some like the Austrian bend, (*curtseys*;) d'ye like it so?
 Our girls, the Hamiltons, have got it pat;
 No sooner do I say, 'Sweet Lady Jane,'
 And draw my feather so, and place my hand
 Here on my heart, 'Fair Lady Jane, how are ye?'
 But up she goes, and bend, (*curtseys*;) but if an ass,
 Some fribble she don't like, comes near her, lo!
 A swale! (*curtseys*;) 'tis very like this gentlewoman.
 I hope there's no one near you you don't like?
 For if there is, 'fore gad! an 'twere my father,
 I'd cut him into slices like cold ham,
 As thin as that.

LAIRD.—Gadso! pray gad it ain't;
 I hope it ain't his father—he would do it!
 He's such a youth!"

Fancy such a capon as this holding office at the court of James the Fifth!

The mock account of the tournament which follows, would be pleasant reading were it not for the total incongruity of the narrator with the scene which he describes. The actor who performed this part was evidently quite at home in the representation of the smallest Cockney characters. He brought out Mungo as the most pitiful little reptile that ever waddled across the stage, and in consequence the audience, for the first and only time, exhibited some symptoms of disapprobation. What had gone before was really so good—the performers had so ably seconded the efforts of the author—the interest excited by the general business of the play was so great—that this declension, which might otherwise have been overlooked, was felt to be a positive grievance. Our chosen band of contributors had hitherto behaved with great decorum. They had cheered lustily at the proper places, pocketed their whistles, and although the house was remarkably warm, not a man of them had emerged between the acts for the sake of customary refreshment. All at once, in the middle of the tournament scene, the shrill sharp squeak of a catcall greeted on our ear, and turn-

ing rapidly round, we detected a Political Economist in the act of commencing a concerto. It was all we could do to wring the instrument from the villain's hand. We threatened to make a report of his contumacious conduct to head-quarters, and menaced him with the wrath of Christopher; but his sole reply to our remonstrance was something like a grumbled defiance; and very glad were we when the offending Mungo disappeared, and a pretty scene between Madeleine and Malcolm, made the audience forget the ill-omened pleasantries of the Cockney.

The fourth act is remarkably good. Of all the Scottish nobles, Lords Seton and Hume have ever been the dearest to James; his belief in their enduring faith and constancy has enabled him to bear up against the coldness and disaffection of the others; but the time has now arrived when his confidence in the honour of at least one of them is destined to be shaken. One of the bishops—Mr White does not specify his diocess—accuses Lord Seton of holding correspondence with the leader of the English host. The charge is not believed—nay, hardly entertained—until Seton himself being sent for, to some extent admits the fact of having received a messenger.

"BISHOP.—And he sent a message back to Daere,
 And gave the envoy passage and safe conduct.

JAMES.—Is all this true?—Oh, Seton, say the word,
 One little word—tell me it is not true!

SETON.—My liege, 'tis true.

JAMES.—Then by the name we bear
 You die!—a traitor's death! Sirrah! the guard.
 I will not look again on where he stands.
 Let him be taken hence—and let the axe
 Rid me of—Seton! is it so in truth,

That you've deceived me—join'd my enemies ?
 You—you—my friend—my playmate !—is it so ?
 Sir, will you tell me wherein I have fail'd
 In friendship to the man who was my friend ?
 I thought I loved you—that in all my heart
 Dwelt not a thought that wrong'd you.

SETON.—You have heard
 What my accuser says, and you condemn me—
 I say no word to save a forfeit life—
 A life is not worth having, when't has lost
 All that gave value to it—my sovereign's trust !

JAMES (to the BISHOP).—You see this man, sir—he's the selfsame ago
 That I am. We were children both together—
 We grew—we read in the same book—my lord,
 You must remember that ?—how we were never
 Separate from each other ; well, this man
 Lived with me, year by year ; he counsell'd me,
 Cheer'd me, sustain'd me—he was as myself—

*The very throne, that is to other kings
 A desolate island rising in the sea—
 A pinnacle of power, in solitude,
 Grew to a seat of pleasure in his trust.*

The sea that chafed all round it with its waves
 This man bridged over with his love, and made it
 A highway for our subjects' happiness—
 And now ! for a few pieces of red gold
 He leaves me. Oh, he might have coin'd my life
 Into base ingots—stript me of it all—
 If he had left me faith in one true heart,
 And I should ne'er have grudged him the exchange.
 Go, now. We speak your doom—you die the death !
 God pardon you ! I dare not pardon you—
 Farewell.

SETON.—I ask no pardon, sir, from you.
 May you find pardon—ay, in your own heart
 For what you do this day !

BISHOP.—Be firm, my liege.

JAMES.—Away, away, old man !—you do not know—
 You cannot know, what this thing costs me."

After all, it turns out that Seton is perfectly innocent—that the message he has dispatched to English Lord Dacre is one of scorn and defiance—and that the old Cacofogo of the church, who might have belonged to The Club, has been rather too hasty in his inferences. Macready—great throughout the whole scene—outshone himself in the reconciliation which follows ; and we believe our friend the Political Economist was alone in his minority when he muttered, with characteristic adherence to matter of fact—"Why the plague didn't that fellow Seton clear himself at once, and save us the whole of the bother ?" We return for a moment to Laichmont, where there is a regular flare-up between old Sir Adam and Malcolm, the latter pitching it in-

to the senior in superior style. An officer from the court arrives, and the whole family party are ordered off *instantly* to Holyrood.

The last act shows us King James vigilant, and yet calm, in the midst of the corrupted barons. It is some weeks since the latter have seen a glimpse of an English rouleau, and their fingers are now itching extremely for an instalment. They are dismissed for the moment, and the king begins to perform his royal functions and redeem his promises, by procuring from the Cardinal-Legate letters of dismissal from the church in favour of Malcolm Young. The court is then convoked, and Buckie—public prosecutor throughout—appears with a pair of wolf's jaws upon his head, which we hold to be a singular and

somewhat inconvenient substitute for a wig. The indictment is twofold. The first charge is against Sir Adam for falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition; in consequence of which, his nephew, described as a lad of considerable early promise, has been compelled to betake himself to the king's highway, in the reputable capacity of

a cutpurse. This missing youth turns out to be identical with the cateran of Drumshorlan. The second charge is more serious. It relates to the public treachery of Weir; in proof of which, Buckie produces the packet containing the dispatches to the Lords. All is confusion and dismay.

“SOMERVILLE.—’Tis some foolishness,
I’ll take the charge.

JAMES.—Bring me the packet, lord!
Here, Maxwell! break the seal—but your hand shakes.
Hume! lay it open. (HUME opens the packet.) Blessings on you, Hume!
Oh, what a thing is truth! Here, give it me!
Now, by my soul, this is a happy time!
I hold a score of heads within my hands—
Heads—noble heads—right honourable heads—
Stand where you are! ay, coroneted heads—
Nay, whisper not! What think you that I am?
A dolt—a madman? As I live by bread,
I’ll show you what I am! You thought me blind,
You call’d me heedless James, and hoodwink’d James—
You’ll find me watchful James, and vengeful James!

(HUME marches in the Guard, with Headsman;
They stand beside the Lords, who form a group.)

One little word, and it will conjure up
The fiend to tear you. One motion of this hand—
One turning of the leaf—Who stirs a foot
Is a dead man! *If I but turn the leaf,
Shame sits like a foul vulture on a corpse,
And flaps its wings on the dishonour’d names
Of knights and nobles.*

(A pause; the LORDS look at each other.)

Nay, blench not, good my lords;
I mean not *you*; the idle words I say
Can have no sting for you! You are true men—
True to your king! You’ll show your truth, my lords,
In battle; pah! we’ll teach those Englishmen
We are not the base things they take us for;
They’ll see James and his nobles side by side—
(Aside.) If they desert me now, then farewell all!
(Aloud.) There!—(gives the packet back to Somerville)
I know nothing!”

After this act of magnanimity, our readers will readily believe that all the other personages in the drama are properly disposed of—that pardon and reconciliation is the order of the day—and that the lovers are duly united. So ends one of the most successful dramas which has been produced for a long time upon the stage. Our own judgment might possibly have been swayed by partiality—not so that of the thousands who have since witnessed its repeated and successful representation. Were we to venture upon any broad criticism, after a

careful perusal of this play, and of *The Earl of Gourie*, we should be inclined to say that Mr White sins rather upon the side of reserve, than that of abandonment. We think he might well afford to give a freer rein to his genius—to scatter before us more of the flowers of poesy—to elevate the tone of his language and the breadth of his imagery, more especially in the principal scenes. It may be—and we almost believe it—that he entertains a theory contrary to ours—that his effort throughout has been to avoid all exaggeration, and to imi-

tate, as nearly as the vehicle of verse will allow, not only the transactions, but the dialogue of actual life. But, is this theory, after all, substantially correct? A play, according to our ideas, is not intended to be a mere daguerreotype of what has passed or is passing around us; it is also essentially a poem, and never can be damaged by any of the arts which the greatest masters in all times have used for the composition of their poetry. Much must be said in a play, which in real life would find no utterance; for passion, in most of its phases, does not usually speak aloud; and therefore it is that we not only forgive, but actually require some exaggeration on the stage, in order to bring out more clearly the thoughts which in truth would have remained unspoken. In the matter of ornament, much must be left to the discretion and the skill of the author. We are as averse as any man can be to overflowing diction—to a smothering of thoughts in verbiage—to images which distract the mind by their over-importance to the subject. But the dramatic author, if he carefully considers the past annals of his craft, can hardly fail to remark that no play has ever yet achieved a permanent reputation, unless, in addition to general equable excellence, it contains some scenes or passages of more than common beauty and power, into the composition of which the highest species of poetry enters—where the imagination is allowed its unchecked flight, and the fancy its utmost range. Thus it was, at all events, that Shakespeare wrote; and if our theory should be by any deemed erroneous, we are contented to take shelter under his mighty name, and appeal to his practice, artless as it may have been—as the highest authority of the world.

But, after all, we are content to take the play as we find it. Of *The Earl of Gowrie*, Mr White's earlier production, we have left ourselves in this article little room to speak. In some points it is of a higher and more ambitious caste than the other—written with more apparent freedom; and some of the characters—Logan of Restalrig for example—are powerfully conceived. It is not, however, so well adapted for the stage as the

other drama. James the Sixth, according to our author's portraiture, is a far less personable individual than his grandsire; and the quaint mixture of Scots and Latin with which his speeches are decorated, would sound strangely and uncouthly in modern ears, even could a competent actor be found. We would much rather see this play performed by an amateur section of the Parliament House, than brought out on the boards of Drury Lane. If the Lords Ordinary stood upon their dignity and refused participation in the jinks, we think we could still cull from the ranks of the senior bar, a fitting representative for the gentle King Jamie. We have Logans and Gowries in abundance, and should the representation ever take place, we shall count upon the attendance of Mr White, who shall have free permission for that evening to use the catcall to his heart's content.

Not less pleased are we with the delightful book of Highland Minstrelsy from the pen of Mrs David Ogilvy, and so characteristically illustrated by our friend R. R. M'Ian, which now claims our attention. We are glad to find, in one young writer at least, a return to a better and a simpler style than that which has been lately prevalent—a strong national feeling not warped or perverted by prejudice, and a true veneration for all that is great and glorious in the past. These poems are, as the authoress informs us in her preface, intended to bear upon “the traditions, the sentiments, and the customs of a romantic people”—they are rather sketches of the Highlanders, than illustrations drawn from history—they are well conceived, and clearly and delicately executed.

Indeed, notwithstanding the mighty harvest which Sir Walter Scott has reaped, there is a wide field still open to those who comprehend the national character. It is, however, one into which no stranger may hope to enter with the slightest prospect of success. A more lamentable failure than that committed by Mr Serjeant Talfourd in his attempt to found a tragedy upon the woful massacre of Glencoe—a grosser jumble of nonsense about ancestry and chieftainship—was, we verily believe, never yet perpetrated.

At the distance of six years, we can vividly remember the tingling of our fingers for the pen when we first detected the Serjeant upon his northern poaching expedition; nor assuredly should he have escaped without exposure, had not the memory of *Ion* been still fresh, and many graceful services to literature pled strongly within us in his behalf. But our authoress, if not born, has been bred in the heart of the mountains—she knows, we are sure, every rood of great Strath-Tay from Balloch to the roaring Tummel—she has seen the deep pass of Killiecrankie alike in sunshine and storm, and

sweet must have been the walks of her childhood in the silent woods of Tullymet. It is among such scenes as these—in the midst of a brave, honest, and an affectionate people—that she has received her earliest poetical impulse, and gratefully has she repaid that inspiration with the present tribute of her muse.

We hardly know to which of her ballads we should give precedence. Our favourite—it may be from association, or from the working of Jacobite sympathies of which we never shall be ashamed—is the first in order, and accordingly we give it without comment:—

“ THE EXILE AT CULLODEN.

“ There was tempest on the waters, there was darkness on the earth,
When a single Danish schooner struggled up the Moray Firth.
Looming large, the Ross shire mountains frown'd unfriendly on its track,
Shriek'd the wind along their gorges, like a sufferer on the rack;
And the utmost deeps were shaken by the stunning thunder-peal;—
'Twas a sturdy hand, I trow ye, that was needed at the wheel.

“ Though the billows flew about them, till the mast was hid in spray,
Though the timbers strain'd beneath them, still they bore upon their way,
Till they reach'd a fisher-village where the vessel they could moor—
Every head was on its pillow when they landed on the shore;
And a man of noble presence bade the crew “ Wait here for me.
I will come back in the morning, when the sun has left the sea.”

“ He was yet in manly vigour, though his lips were ashen white,
On his brow were early furrows, in his eyes a clouded light;
Firm his step withal and hasty, through the blinding mist so sure,
That he found himself by dawning on a wide and lonesome muir,
Mark'd by dykes and undulations, barren both of house and wood,
And he knew the purple ridges—'twas Culloden where he stood.

“ He had known it well aforetime—not, as now, so drear and quiet;
When astir with battle's horror,—reeling with destruction's riot;
Now so peacefully unconscious that the orphan'd and exiled
Was unmann'd to see its calmness, weeping weakly as a child;
And a thought arose of madness, and his hand was on his sword—
But he crush'd the eoward impulse, and he spake the bitter word;—

“ I am here, O sons of Scotland—ye who perish'd for your king!
In the misty wreaths before me I can see your tartans swing—
I can hear your slogan, comrades, who to Saxon never knelt;
Oh! that I had died among ye, with the fortunes of the Celt!

“ There he rode, our princely warrior, and his features wore the same
Pallid east of deep foreboding as the First one of his name;
Ay, as gloomy as his sunset, though no Scot his life betray'd;
Better plunge in bloody glory, than go down in shame and shade.

“ Stormy hills, did ye protect him, that o'erlook Culloden's plain,
Dabbled with the heather blossoms red as life-drops of the slain?
Did ye hide your hunted children from the vengeance of the foe?
Did ye rally back the flying for one last despairing blow?

No! the kingdom is the Saxon's, and the humbled clans obey,
And our bones must rot in exile who disdain usurper's sway.

“ He is sunk in wine's oblivion for whom Highland blood was shed,
Whom the wretched cateran shelter'd, with a price upon his head,
Beaten down like hounds by scourging, crouching from their master's sight ;
And I tread my native mountains, as a robber, in the night ;
Spite of tempest, spite of danger, hostile man and hostile sea,
Gory field of sad Culloden, I have come to gaze on thee ! ”

“ So he pluck'd a tuft of heather that was blooming at his foot,
That was nourish'd by dead kinsmen, and their bones were at its root ;
With a sigh he took the blossom, and he strode unto the strand,
Where his Danish crew awaited with a motley fisher band ;
Brief the parley, swift his sailing with the tide, and ne'er again
Saw the Moray Firth the stranger or the schooner of the Dane.”

“ Eilan Mohr ” and the “ Vow of Ian Lom,” the renowned Seamachie of the Highlands, are both fine poems, but rather too long for extract ; and as we do not doubt that this volume will ere long be found in the boudoir and drawing-room of many of our fair countrywomen, we have less hesitation in leaving them to a more leisurely perusal.

The young authoress will, we trust, forgive us if we tender one word of advice before parting with her on the heights of Urrard—a spot which was once—and we hope will be again—the home of more worth, beauty, and excellence, than is often to be found within the circle of a single family. She ought to be very cautious in her attempt to write in the Scottish dialect. Few, even of those who have habitually heard it spoken from their childhood, can discern the almost indefinable line which exists between the older and purer phraseology, and that which is more corrupt. The very spelling of the words is a matter of considerable difficulty, and when not correctly written, the effect is any thing but pleasing. With this hint and another extract we shall return the volume to better keeping than our own, with our sincere approval of its contents, and our admiration for the genius of the writer.

“ THE OLD HOUSE OF URRARD.

“ Dost fear the grim brown twilight ?
Dost care to walk alone,
When the firs upon the hill-top
With human voices moan ?

When the river twineth restless
Through deep and jagged linn,
Like one who cannot sleep o' nights
For evil thoughts within ?
When the hooting owls grow silent,
The ghostly sounds to hark,
In the ancient house of Urrard,
When the night is still and dark.

“ There are graves about old Urrard,
Huge mounds by rock and tree ;
And they who lie beneath them
Died fighting by Dundee.
Far down along the valley,
And up along the hill,
The fight of Killiecrankie
Has left a story still.
But thickest show the traces,
And thickest throng the sprites,
In the woods about old Urrard,
On the gloomy winter nights.

“ In the garden of old Urrard,
Among the bosky yews,
A turien hillock riseth
Where latest lie the dews ;
Here sank the warrior stricken
By charmed silver ball,
And all the hope of victory
Fell with him in his fall.
Last stay of exiled Stuart,
Last heir of chivalrie,
In the garden of old Urrard
He died, the brave Dundee !

“ In the ancient house of Urrard,
There's many a hiding den ;
The very walls are hollow,
To cover dying men ;
For not e'en lady's chamber
Barr'd out the fierce affray ;
And couch and damask curtain
Were stain'd with blood that day.

And there's a secret passage,
Whence sword, and skull, and bone,
Were brought to light in Urrard,
When years had pass'd and gone.

“ If thou sleep alone in Urrard,
Perchance in midnight gloom
Thou'lt hear behind the wainscot
Of that old haunted room,
A fleshless hand that knocketh,
A wail that cries on thee ;
And rattling limbs that struggle
To break out and be free.
It is a thought of horror !—
I would not sleep alone
In the haunted rooms of Urrard,
Where evil deeds were done.

“ Amidst the dust of garrets
That stretch along the roof,
Stand chests of ancient garments
Of gold and silken woof.
When men are lock'd in slumber,
The rustling sounds are heard
Of dainty ladies' dresses,
Of laugh and whisper'd word,
Of waving wind of feathers,
And steps of dancing feet,
In the haunted halls of Urrard,
When the winds of winter beat.”

We cannot altogether dismiss the book without bearing testimony to the merits of M'lan, a rising artist and thorough Highlander, already favourably known to the public by his Sketches of the Clans, and other admirable works. Few pictures have ever affected us more than his Highland prisoner, exhibited last year in the Royal Academy, into which he has thrown a far deeper feeling, both of poetry and romance, than is at the command of many of his brethren, whose names are more widely bruited than his own. We send him across the Border our cordial greeting, and our best wishes for his continued success and prosperity.

And here we should have concluded this article in peace and amity with all men—haunted by no other thoughts save those of sweet recollection—and as innocent of blood as our terrier pup, who, we are gratified to observe, is at this moment vainly attempting to enlarge a casual fracture in our slipper. But our eye has accidentally lighted upon a fugitive volume, half smothered beneath a heap of share-lists ; and mindful of our duty, however painful,

we drag forth the impostor to his doom. *Morning and other Poems, by a Member of the Scotch Bar!* Why, the very name of the book is enough to betray its spurious origin. The unfortunate person who has rashly attempted to give currency to his verses by assuming a high and honourable position, to which, we believe from the bottom of our soul, he has not the remotest pretension—has not even taken the pains to ascertain the corporate name of the body with which he claims affiliation, and bungles even in the title-page. With the members of the SCOTTISH BAR we have some acquaintance—nay, we think that—from habitual attendance at the Parliament House, being unfortunately implicated in a law-plea as interminable as that of Peebles against Plainstones—we know almost every one of them by headmark, from the Pet of the Stove, whose snuff-box is as open as his heart, to the saturnine gentleman who is never seen beyond the precincts of the First Division. We acquit every one of them of participation in this dreary drivel.

It may be that the gods have not made all of them poetical—and, for the sake of the judges, we opine that it is better so—yet some rank amongst our dearest and most choice contributors ; nor, we believe, is there one out of the whole genuine fraternity of educated and accomplished gentlemen who could not, if required, versify a summons, or turn out a Lay of the Multiplepoinding, equal, if not superior, to Schiller's Song of the Bell. It is rather too much that the literary character of the bar of Scotland is to be jeopardied by the dulness of the author of *Morning and other Poems*. Why has he not the courage, instead of sheltering himself under a legal denomination common to some three hundred gentlemen, to place his own name upon the title-page, and stand or fall by the bantlings of his own creation ? Does he think, forsooth, that it is beneath the dignity of a barrister to publish verses, or to hold at any time a brief in the court of Apollo ? If so, why does he attempt to thrust forward his vocation so wantonly ? But he knows that it is no disgrace. The literary reputation of the bar is so high, that he actually assumes

the title for the sake of obtaining a hearing, and yet merges his own individuality, so that he may be enabled to slink away in silence and obscurity from the ridicule which is sure to overwhelm him.

Morning, and other Poems! It was impossible for the author to have stumbled upon a more unfortunate subject in support of his pretensions. Of all imaginable themes, that of morning is least likely to inspire with enthusiasm the soul of a Scottish barrister. Few are the associations of delight which that word awakens in his mind. It recalls to him the memory of many a winter, throughout which he has been roused from his comfortable nap at half-past seven, by the shrill unquellable voice of Girzy, herself malignant and sullen at the bespoken warning of the watchman. He recollects the misery of shaving with tepid water and a blunt razor by the light of a feeble dip—the fireless study—the disordered papers—the hasty and uncomfortable breakfast, and the bolting of the slippery eggs. Blash comes a sheet, half hail half slush, against the window—the wind is howling without like a hurricane, and threatens to carry off that poor shivering lamp-lighter, whose matutinal duty it is to extinguish the few straggling remnants of gas now waning sickly and dim, in the dawn of a bad December morning. What would he not give if this were a Monday when he might remain in peace at home! But there is no help for it. He is down for three early motions on the roll of the most punctual Ordinary that ever cursed a persecuted bar; so he buttons his trot-cosey around him, and, without

taking leave of the wife of his bosom—who, like a sensible woman as she is, never thinks of moving until ten—he dashes out, ankle-deep in mud and melting snow, works his way up a continuous hill of a mile and a half in length, with a snell wind smiting him in the face, his nose bluemigating like a plum, and his linen as thoroughly damped as though it had been drawn through the wash-tub. Just as he begins to discern through the haze the steeple of Knox's kirk, nine strokes upon the bell warn him that his watch is too slow. He rushes on through gutter and dub, and arrives in the robing-room simultaneously with ten other brethren, who are all clamorously demanding their wigs and gowns from the two distracted functionaries. Accomodated at last, he hurries up the stairs, and when, through the yellow haze of the house, he has groped his way to the den where early Æacus is dispensing judgment by candle-light, he finds that the roll has been already called without the appearance of a single counsel. Such, for half the year—the other half being varied by a baking—are the joys which morning brings to the member of the Scottish bar. Few, we think, in their senses would be inclined to sing them, nor, indeed, to do our author justice, does he attempt it. His notions of morning occupations are very different. Let us see what sort of employment he advises in an apostrophe, which, though ostensibly addressed to Sleep, (a goddess with two mothers, for he calls her "Daughter of Jove and Night, by Lethe born,") must, we presume, have been intended for the edification of his fellow-mortals.

"Nor then, thy knees

Vex with long orisons. The morning task,
The morning meal, or healthful morning walk
Demand attention next. Thy hungry feed,
Among thy stall, if lowing herds be thine;
Drain the vex'd udders, set the pail apart
For the wean'd kid; the doggish sentinel
Supply, nor let him miss the usual hand
He loves. Then, having seen all full and glad,
Body and soul with food thyself sustain.
If wedded bliss be yours, the fruitful vine
Greet lovingly, and greet the olive shoots,
The gifts of God!"

Here is a pretty fellow! What!
First breakfast, then a walk, then the

byre, the ewe-bught, the pig-stye,
and the kennel, and after all that,

without wiping the gowkspittle of the tares from your jacket, or the stickiness of Cato's soss from your fingers, you would sit down to a second breakfast, like a great snorting gormandizer, and never say good-morning to your wife and childreun until you have finished your third

"But what becomes the rustic, little suits
The poet and the high Æonian tire—
His toils I mean; sacred the morning prime
Is still to song, and sacred still the grove; '—
No fields he boasts, no herds to grace his stalls,
The muse has made him poor and happy too,
She robs him of much care and some dull coin,
Stints him in gay attire and costly books,
But gives a wealth and luxury all her own,
And, on a little pulse, like gods they diet."

Our theory is, that this man is a medical student. We have a high regard for the healing faculty; nor do we think that, amongst its ranks, there is to be found more than the ordinary proportion of blockheads. But the smattering of diversified knowledge which the young acolytes are sure to pick up in the classes, is apt to go to their heads, and to lead them into literary and other extravagances, which their more sober judgment would condemn. They are seldom able, however, to disguise their actual calling; and even their

roll, and washed down that monstrous quantity of fried ham with your fifth basin of bohea! But no—we turn over a couple of pages, and find that we have done our friend injustice. He is a poet, and, according to his idea of that race, they subsist entirely upon porridge or on sowens.

most powerful efforts are tinctured with the flavour of rhubarb or of senna. This youth has been educated in obstetrics.

"Three months scarce had thrice increased
Ere the world with thee was blest."

He is an adept in the mysteries of gestation—an enthusiast so far in his profession, and cannot even contemplate the approach of morning without the feelings of a genuine Howdie. Mark his exordium—

"The splendid fault, solicitude of fame,
Which spurs so many, me not moves at all
To sing, but grateful sense of favours obtain'd
By many a green-spread tree and leafy hill:
The MORNING calls, escaped from dewy sleep
And Tithon's bed to celebrate her charms,
What sounds awake, what airs salute the dawn!

"That virgin darkness, loveliest imp of time,
Is, to an amorous vision, nightly wed,
And made the mother of a shining boy,
By mortals hight the day, let others tell,
In livelier strains, and to the Lydian flute
Suit the warm verse; but be it ours to wait
In the birth-chamber, and receive the babe,
All smiling, from the fair maternal side,
By pleasant musings only well repaid."

It is a great pity that one so highly gifted should ever have been tempted to forsake the muse for any mere mundane occupation. But in spite of his modest request that sundry celestial spirits—

"Will to a worthier give the bays to
Phæbus dear,
And crown MY WORDSWORTH with the
branch I must not wear"—

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we are not altogether without hopes that he will reconsider the matter, avoid too hard work, which, in his own elegant language, might make him

"Wan as nun who takes the vows,
Or primrose pale, or *lips of cows!*"—

and not only delight us occasionally with a few Miltonic parodies as

delectable as these, but be persuaded in time to assume the laureat's wreath. As for the pretext that he is getting into practice—whether legal or medical—that is all fudge. He informs us that “the following pages were written, during the author's leisure hours, some years ago, before the superior claims of professional occupations interfered to make such pursuits unlawful, and would probably have remained unpublished, but for the accident of a talented friend's perusal.” Moreover, he says, that “his conscience will not reproach him with the hours which the preparation of these poems for the press has filched from graver business—

‘The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate.’”

We assure him that it need not do so. No man who has glanced at this volume will accuse him of knowing the difference between a process of Ranking and Sale and a Declarator of Legitimacy; and he may comfort himself with the conviction that his literary pursuits are quite as lawful at the present time as they were some years ago. No importunate solicitor will ever interfere to divert him from them. The man who cannot compass an ordinary distich will never

shine in minutes of debate; nor have we the slightest expectation that a three-guinea fee—even were he entitled to receive it—would ever supply the place of that unflinching principle of honour, which he thus modestly, and not unprophecically acknowledges to be the mainspring of his inspiration—

“’Tis this which strings, in time, my
feeble harp,
And yet shall ravish long eternal
years!”

The following imprecation, which we find in “Morning,” inspires us with something like hope of the continuance of his favours:—

“When I forget the dear enraptured
lay,
May this right hand its wonted skill
forego,
And never, never touch the lyre again!”

We dare not say Amen to such a wish. On the contrary, in the name of the whole Outer-House, we demand a supplementary canto. Let him submit it to the perusal of his “talented friend,” and we dare answer for it that the publishers will make no objection to stand sponsors for a new volume on the same terms as before.

ELINOR TRAVIS.

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

So far have I spoken of what I saw and witnessed. Much of what follows came to me, years afterwards, authenticated by the chief performer in the eventful drama which I write, and by others no less worthy of belief. After what has been already narrated, it will not be supposed that I suffered the life of my friend to pass away unnoticed. We corresponded, but fitfully, and at long intervals. Here and there we met, often strangely and by accident, and I became now the depository of his heart's dearest secrets, now the reluctant adviser, and now the bold and earnest remonstrant. Our intimacy, however, ceased abruptly and unhappily a year or two subsequently to his marriage. Sinclair, it will be seen, then went abroad, and I returned to my duty at the university. I recur to the memoranda of his history which lie before me, and proceed with my text.

It would appear that General Travis overtook the fugitives, but, as good or ill fortune would have it, not until the knot was tied, and his presence profited nothing. I have been told that the desperate father, at one period of the chase, was within an easy stage of the runaways, and, had he been so disposed, might have laid hands on the delinquents without ruinously bribing the postilions, who prudently husbanded their strength in full expectation of additional largess. But, at the very moment of victory, as it were, the general unfortunately was seized with illness, and compelled to pass a day and night under the hands of a village doctor in a roadside inn. He was very angry and rebellious, you may be sure, and oftener than once asserted with an oath—so that there could be no doubt whatever of his sincerity—that he would give the world (if he had it) to be allowed to proceed; at the same time that he unreasonably accused the practitioner, whom he had never seen before, of conspiring with his ene-

mies to bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. The worthy apothecary, guilty of nothing but the venial offence of making the most of a visitation of Providence, merely shook his head dolefully at every exclamation of his patient, hinted at gastric fever, and rubbed his palms, intimating by that act that so he proposed to wash his hands of all responsibility. Whereupon the general prudently gave in, held out his massive fist, was prescribed for, went to bed and put out his candle, just two minutes after he had put out the basket of physic which had been sent to prolong his stay in the inn for at least a week to come.

The interview between the desolate parent and the youthful offenders is adverted to in the letter which I received from Rupert Sinclair in London early in the honeymoon. It is many years since it was written: the paper is discoloured, and the ink fading. It is the effusion of a fond and enthusiastic youth; but it looks mournful and dried up, more like the decaying writing on the rolls of a mummy than the ardent outpourings of a recent passion. Alack for the mutability of life! I have no apologies to make for giving the letter as it stands. It speaks for itself: its publication cannot harm the dead.

“DEAREST WALTER—Congratulate me! wish me joy! But no greater joy than I experience at this hour, with the sunny and smiling heaven above, and in the possession of a treasure of which no man living can rob me: of which I am prouder than Alexander could have been of all his conquered worlds. She is mine! I have ventured much for the prize; yet little—for I feel I could have parted with every thing in life for her who is to me—life, every thing. She is mine! Oh the comprehensiveness of that one little word! Mine whilst existence lasts—mine to cherish and uphold—mine for earth and heaven! We walked this morning to the placid

lake which lies hidden in the heart of the mountains, to which we have retreated for a season away from the envious eyes of men. The waters were as calm as at the dawn of the first sabbath! The sky that overarched us looked down upon them in unutterable love. The slightest breath that crept amongst the trees was audible. Her arm was upon mine. Nature had attuned my soul to the surrounding harmony—the gentlest pressure of her confiding hand oppressed me with joy and moved me to tears. Laugh at me if you will. You answer to all this—that I dream. Be it so:—That I must soon awake. It is possible. Nay, I grant you that this foretaste of heaven, now vouchsafed to me, must pass away and leave behind it only the remembrance of this golden epoch. Still the remembrance is mine, the undying memory of a vision unparalleled by all other dreams of life.

“I have written to my father, but he replies not. He has no sympathy for attachments such as mine, and cannot understand the bitterness of life caused by a blighted hope. But he will relent. He has a noble nature, and will take no delight in my unhappiness. My mother’s influence is unbounded. She loves me, and will plead my cause with him, when the first paroxysm of anger has passed away, and has left him open to her sway. I will take my Elinor to her; her innocence and beauty would melt a stubborn heart to pity. Shall it not prevail with her whose heart is ours already by the ties of holiest nature? Believe me, I have no fear of Lord Railton’s lasting anger.

“The general reached us the day after we were married. Happily for me that he arrived not before. Elinor, as I have told you often, reveres her father, and has a chivalric sense of filial obligations. Had he commanded her to return to his roof whilst the right to command remained with him, she would have deemed it her paramount duty to obey him. His rage was terrible when we met; I had never seen a man so plunged in grief before. He accused me of treachery—of having betrayed his confidence—and taken advantage of his daughter’s simplicity and warm affection. The

world, he said, would reproach him for an act which he would have moved heaven and earth to prevent, and the reputation of the family would be blasted by the conduct of one, who, but for his own base deed, should have remained for ever a stranger to it. What could I reply to this? For my dear Elinor’s sake, I bore his cruel words, and answered not. Her gentle spirit has already prevailed. He quitted us this morning reconciled to our union, and resolved to stand by us in all extremities. There was no resisting the appeal of beauty such as hers. The old man wept like a child upon her neck as he forgave and blest her. Urgent business carries the general abroad for a season, but he returns to England shortly, to make arrangements for the future. Meanwhile, in obedience to his earnest request, I shall seek an interview with my father, and in person entreat his forgiveness and aid. My plans are unsettled, and necessarily depend upon the conduct of Lord Railton. Let me hear from you, dearest Wilson. Once more wish me joy. I ask no better fate for you than happiness such as mine.

“Your faithful and devoted

“RUPERT SINCLAIR.”

The honeymoon over, Rupert Sinclair repaired to his father’s house. Since his marriage he had received no tidings of his parents: he had written to his father and mother, but from neither came one syllable of acknowledgment or reply. It was strange, but he relied with unshaken confidence upon his power over the fond mother’s heart, and upon the magic influence of that loveliness which he himself had found resistless and invincible. The blissful dream was a short one; he was about to be roused from it. Elinor and he were in town: upon the morning of his visit to Grosvenor Square, they sat together in their hotel and weaved their bright and airy plans in syllables more unsubstantial than the gossamer.

“You will love my mother, my dearest Elinor,” said Sinclair. “The great world, in which she acts no unimportant part, has not spoiled her affections. She is indulgent and fond almost to a fault.”

“I shall love her for your sake, Rupert,” answered the lovely wife,

"How like she is!" she exclaimed, looking at a miniature which she wore around her neck, and then comparing it with the living countenance that beamed upon her. "Yet," she continued with a sigh, "she owes me no return of love."

"And wherefore?"

"Have I not stolen her most cherished treasure?"

"Have you not added to her treasures? She will rejoice in her new-found daughter. I know her well. She will not even suffer my father to frown upon us. When he would be most stern, she will lead you to him, and melt him into tenderness and pardon."

"I hope, dear Rupert, that it may be so. I would my father were with us!"

"Lord Railton will be a father to you till his return. Trust me for it. You shall find a happy home with him, until arrangements are made for our settlement here or elsewhere."

"Oh, elsewhere, dear Rupert, if it be possible! Let us go abroad; I was never happy in London, and strange to say, never felt at home in England. Yet London was my birth-place."

"You love blue sky, dearest!"

"Yes, and happy people. Men and women who are not mere slaves to form and fashion: who breathe free air and imbibe a sense of freedom. Oh Venice! dear Venice!—we shall go to Venice, shall we not? It is the land of enchantment, dearest Rupert, there is nothing like it in the world—the land of love and of romance."

"You shall visit it, sweetest, and abide there if you wish it. To me all spots are alike that find you happy and at my side. When you are tired of Venice, you shall lead me whither-soever you will."

"Will you always say so?"

"Always. But that our departure may not be delayed, let us attend to the pressing business of the hour. All our movements depend upon my father's sanction. Once reconciled to him, and the world is before us, to minister, sweet Elinor, to your every wish."

"What if he should punish you for my offence?"

"For your offence, dear girl! and what is that? Think not of it. I

go to remove your fears and seal our happiness!"

With these and similar words of confidence and hope, the youth departed on his errand. Not without some misgiving and apprehension, however, did he present himself at that door which heretofore had flown open at his approach, always offering to his view the forms of obsequious lackeys, only too willing to anticipate his pleasure. The establishment of Lord Railton in a striking manner represented the sentiments and feelings of the noble proprietor. There was not a servant in the house who did not know, and that most accurately, the opinions, public and private, of "my lord," and the relative regard he had for all who approached his noble person, and who, moreover, did not give evidence of this knowledge in his conduct towards mankind. A stranger might have formed a just opinion of the influence of a visitor by simply remarking the bearing of Mister Brown the butler, as he ushered that visitor into the sublime presence. Smiles of welcome—a sweet relaxation of the features—greeted "the favoured guest;" cold rigidity, withering politeness, if not the stern expression of rebuke itself, were the undisguised acknowledgments of one who was "a bore" in his lordship's study, and consequently "a rejected" in the steward's room. During the boyhood of Rupert Sinclair, and whilst his mamma was known to be affectionately disposed to spoil her offspring by every kind of cruel indulgence, the regard entertained for the young scion, from Mister Brown downwards, was beautiful to contemplate. If he appeared in the hall, one sickening and hollow smile pervaded the cheeks of every individual; the tongue that was still wet with slander and abuse, became, as if by magic, sugary with choice phrases; and not a soul of all the lying crew, but sought to surpass the rest by the profuseness of its palpable and unmeaning flattery. Rupert Sinclair, worldly wise though he was not, would have been stolid indeed had he not gathered from the porter's air something of the reception that awaited him from his offended sire, when the wide portal opened to receive the unforgiven prodigal.

"His lordship?" — began Rupert inquiringly.

"Not at home, sir," said the flunkey, with all imaginable coolness interrupting him.

"Lady Railton?"

"Not at home, sir."

"She is in town?"

"In town, sir?—yes, sir."

"I will wait," said Sinclair, moving towards the inner hall.

He had not spoken before the porter pulled with all his might at a bell-wire that communicated with the steward's room. As though the signals were preconcerted, Mister Brown was in the hall in no time, and confronting the intruder upon the threshold of the sanctuary. "I beg your pardon, Mr Sinclair," said Mister Brown, half respectfully, half confidentially. "Lord Railton is particularly engaged this morning, and has given orders to that effect. It is the painfulest thing to communicate, but I am but an agent."

Rupert coloured up, and hesitated for a moment.

"I must see Lady Railton, then?" he continued hastily.

"Her ladyship is ill, sir—really very ill. She is not suffered to see any body. My lord has forbidden any one to approach her but her maid. I hope no offence, but I heard Doctor Bennett tell her ladyship that it was of the highest consequence to keep Mr Sinclair away for the present."

"Is she really so ill, sir?" asked Rupert, turning pale, and with a quivering lip.

Mister Brown drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and applied it to his eyes.

"She is indeed, sir," said that hoary hypocrite; "we have had a dreadful time of it. I thought his lordship would have blown his brains out. My lady was given over for a week. For my own part, I may say that duty and feeling have struggled in my bosom till I am quite worn out, and it's quite impossible for me to say who will be laid up next."

"I must see my father, Mr Brown," said Sinclair, advancing a step or two, to the great discomfort of the butler, who was evidently sadly perplexed by the conflicting emotions of his mind; for whilst he acknowledged

Lord Railton for his master, he respected Mr Sinclair as his heir, and felt how important it was to obey his present lord without declining to serve the youth whom he hoped to make his future lord. "I must see him. Go to him, I beg of you, and tell him I am here."

So saying, Mr Sinclair advanced a few steps further, and found himself unhindered in the dining-room—moreover, to his surprise and agitation, in the presence of his father. Mister Brown vanished. To behold his parent, to fall on his knees before him, and to grasp his hand, was the work of a moment. Lord Railton recoiled as though a serpent, and not his child, had wound about him. He was livid with rage, and an unnatural hate was settled in his cold, yet piercing eye.

"Your pardon, father!" cried the youth.

"Never, so help me"—

"Oh, do not say it, father!" exclaimed the son, interrupting him before the awful word was spoken; "for heaven's sake, do not call that name to witness such a fearful sentence—do not drive me to distraction!"

"You have driven me mad; you have blasted every hope of mine. You have been a traitor and a shame to the name you bear, and of which I would it were in my power to deprive you as easily as it is to attach to it the curse with which you shall receive from me your title and your inheritance. Begone! I never knew what it was to hate till now."

Rupert arose and burst into tears. His father looked at him unmoved except by scorn.

"You have not seen her," exclaimed Rupert, when the first burst of grief had passed away; "you do not know the value of the child whom you reject."

"No, but I have heard. The world has heard of our disgrace. Mark me, you are no longer child of mine. I disown and discard you. I will enter into no particulars. From this moment I will hold no further intercourse with you. At my death you will obtain my name, and all that the law allows you. Until my death, you will receive from my man of business more than a sufficient sum for your

support. Let me not hear from you again. I shall struggle to forget you and your ingratitude. Neither in health nor sickness, neither by letter nor in person, let me know any thing of you or yours. You have forsaken your natural ties for new associations. They have made you a traitor to your blood—let them make the most of the adoption."

"Father, you cannot mean it!" cried Rupert in an agony of sorrow.

"Father!" said the old lord, repeating the word; "in virtue of what filial act do you claim such a kindred with me? Call that man father whose bankrupt fortune and reputation have had such marvellous power to wean you from your duty. Mark me, Sinclair—you were the first to violate the tie between us, I will be the last to restore or reunite it. Leave me. I cannot bear to look upon you."

"My mother!" inquired Sinclair, in a voice that dared not rise above a whisper.

"Name not that poor broken-hearted woman," replied Lord Railton: "spare me and her the pang of that inquiry. You have killed her."

"Oh, no, no, impossible!" ejaculated Sinclair. "Let me see her, and obtain her forgiveness, if I am driven afterwards from your door."

"She lies upon a bed of sickness, placed there by yourself. She will never rise again. Your wife must be fair indeed, if her beauty can atone for such a murder."

"Oh, you are unjust, most cruel and unjust!"

"You have taught us such injustice and cruelty as we practise. Begone, sir! As long as we live, we must not meet again. If you remain in England, I shall go abroad. If you travel, I remain in England. The sea shall be between us. I reproach myself with nothing. I denied you nothing. I knew my duty towards you, and performed it. Your mother lived only for your happiness. We have been cursed and disappointed. I forget you from this hour. Had I received intelligence this morning of your death, it would have given me no pain, evoked no sorrow. You are dead to me. Come not again across this threshold, and I will endeavour to forget that I was not always childless."

And so saying, Lord Railton put an end to the interview by quitting the apartment. Grief, in the bosom of Rupert, had already given place to offended pride and resentment—such resentment, at least, as his mild nature understood. Whatever might have been his offence, he felt that it did not, could not deserve the vindictive hatred which burned no less in his father's countenance than in his terrible denunciations. What! was it a crime to link one's fate with virtuous innocence and beauty, such as hers who called him husband? If it was a fault to carve one's own way to happiness, did it deserve a harsher condemnation than that apportioned to the felon? The image of Elinor rose for the protection of the youth, and armed him with courage for the trial of that hour. He came a suppliant; but he returned in triumph: he came acknowledging his offence and suing for forgiveness; he returned justified and self-acquitted. Deprived of love and friendship at the hearth and home of his youth, he appreciated at even more than their value the joys that had been created for him in the palace of his own bright home, where a divinity presided as queen. The punishment he received for her dear sake, rendered her, if that were possible, the object still more of his passionate regard. He would have made any sacrifice to appease the anger of his father and the offended pride of his mother—he did not believe in the dangerous illness of the latter—but repulsed like a dog from their side, he deemed himself absolved from further trials of their tenderness, additional exercise of his own forbearance and filial duty.

It was during the day of his visit to Grosvenor Square that Sinclair was honoured with a return visit from the attorney of Lord Railton. That gentleman had received instructions that very morning to pay to the order of Mr Rupert Sinclair the sum of one thousand pounds per annum, in quarterly payments of two hundred and fifty pounds each: "But really," as the legal gentleman said to Rupert, upon breaking the matter to him, "he could not reconcile it to his sense of duty, and to the esteem which it was natural for him to entertain towards every member of Lord Rail-

ton's family—to perform his very unthankful office without using all his humble efforts to bring about a reconciliation, which in every respect was so very desirable. God forbid that business should ever prevent him from doing his duty as a Christian."

It need hardly be said that Mr Crawly, the attorney in question, was too keen a judge of things in general to throw dirt in the face of the rising sun, simply because he had worshipped the setting luminary a few hours before. Like all who depended more or less upon the estates of the Railton family for their support, it was of the highest consequence to maintain a good understanding with either party. If Lord Railton fed Mr Crawly now, Rupert Sinclair was expected to feed by and by Crawly's son and heir, who was preparing himself for the paternal stool by a short round of folly and extravagance at the university. Who could tell? Lord Railton might die to-morrow—he had had a squeak or two—and Crawly had been called to make his will: or he might forgive his son—or twenty things might happen to remove present differences, and restore the divided interest to its first integrity. Crawly had boasted to his relations and friends for the first twenty years of his official career, that he had never made one enemy; and when he set up his carriage in the prime of life, he invented his own arms and crest, and assumed for his motto the words, "always agreeable."

"It really is, my dear Sinclair," said Crawly, "a thousand pities that we cannot bring about a more satisfactory state of things; but I do hope that time will do wonders. Some excuses must be made for Lord Railton. Remember his age."

[He had said the same thing to Lord Railton in the morning: "Some excuses must be made for Mr Sinclair, my lord. Remember his *youth!*"]

"I cannot but think, Mr Crawly," answered Rupert, "that I have been treated with unmerited harshness."

"I cannot say, Mr Sinclair—I do not think it would become me to reply—that you have been treated handsomely."

[Crawly, Crawly! you spoke those words in Grosvenor Square.]

"I accept the allowance, sir, and

will make the most of it. You may assure my father that I shall not prefer any further claims upon his bounty, or force myself again into his presence."

"As for bounty, my dear Mr Sinclair, you must permit me to state that the expression is hardly a correct one. The property of his lordship descends to you, and you are perfectly justified in spending freely what is your own."

["Mr Crawly," said Lord Railton, in Grosvenor Square that morning, foaming with rage, "I will deprive him of every shilling that is not his own. I have been economical for his sake; I will be extravagant to spite him."]

"My lord," replied Crawly, "*you are perfectly justified in spending freely what is your own.*"

"May I take the liberty, Mr Sinclair," said the lawyer after a pause, "to inquire what your present views may be?"

"I am undecided, sir. I know not whether I shall remain here or go abroad. My father's reception of me has staggered and confounded me. I would have consulted his wishes had he received me as his son. I have now to satisfy only my own convenience."

"I shall pay your annuity, Mr Sinclair, into your banker's regularly every quarter-day. The first payment will be made in advance. I need not assure you, I trust, that I act in this most painful business rather as a mediator and a friend than a hired agent. There may be a time when an additional advance may be both convenient and acceptable. I have known you long, Mr Rupert. I know you to be a man of honour. I have only to add, that at such times you will confer a favour upon me by making me your banker, and commanding my purse."

I wonder if this was the reason why Mr Crawly suggested to Lord Railton the propriety of grinding Mr Sinclair down to as small a sum as possible. If so, if it were merely to give himself the opportunity of acting like a second father to the castaway, the recommendation cannot be too highly applauded.

"Thank you, sir; I shall not trouble

you. I know my income, and I shall take care to keep my ambition within its bounds. I have had but few desires, I have now fewer than ever. A humble cottage and contentment are to be prized far beyond a palace and its harassing cares. I do not want the world to administer to my happiness. I am the happiest of men at home. To have that home invaded by the vulgar pleasures of life, would be to rob me of its charm!"

Now nothing could have been more satisfactory than this sentiment, had it but been responded to by her upon whom not only the annual expenses of Mr Rupert Sinclair's household depended, but his every movement, wish, and thought. Unfortunately for the domestic husband, the wife understood the bliss of love in a cottage no more than a nightingale may be supposed to appreciate the advantages of imprisonment in a cage of gold. She was born, and had been educated, in the world. It was the scene of her triumphs, the home of her affections. She had played no unimportant part in it; her sway had been acknowledged, her beauty had gained its victory *there*. *Home!* she had never known any other, and what right had Sinclair to suppose that she was adapted for a narrower? He had met her in dissipation, but had he won her from it? Hardly; since a few days only had intervened between the hour of their meeting, and the still more luckless hour of their union. Was it to be imagined, could it in fairness be expected, that this young creature, all life all fascination and vanity, with her heart attuned to the joys of fashion, with the object of her life attained—with power and position now, and wealth and rank to come, would forego all the advantages within her reach, all the influence that she felt, and all the pleasure that it was simply to ask for, in order to obtain "Love in a cottage?" Rupert Sinclair! pull down the thatch, and build some marble hall for the fairy you have caught—not chained!

Within six months of his marriage, the Honourable Rupert Sinclair was living at the rate of—not one—but five thousand a-year. Persuaded by his wife, (who learnt any thing but

quiet submission from the tyranny of Lord Railton, and whose determination to go abroad was relinquished the moment she discovered her absence from England would be agreeable to her husband's family,) Rupert had taken a mansion in town, and Mrs Rupert Sinclair was the admired of all admirers, a leader of fashion, and the proclaimed beauty of her day. Rupert had been dragged into the vortex, with no power to hold back, even had he been willing to interfere with those delights which gained him a smile of approbation, and expressions of gratitude, cheaply purchased at any cost or sacrifice of his. True he was fearfully in debt; true Mr Crawly had been summoned oftener than once to the rescue; true that wily gentleman had advanced heavy sums of money, taking particular care, however, to be amply secured by legal documents, and more than amply repaid by the exaction of illegal interest. It was perhaps natural for Sinclair to believe, as debts accumulated upon debts, that the hour of his estrangement from his parents was drawing rapidly to a close, and that, although his way of living could not but aggrieve and offend his stern and angry father, yet it was impossible nature could suffer him much longer to withhold his paternal and forgiving hand. Mental reasoning of this character is the last resource of the culpable and the self-deluded. Lord Railton, faithful to his threat, went abroad; Lady Railton was sufficiently recovered to accompany him; and both quitted England without deigning to notice the spendthrifts, whose extravagance and need were soon the common talk of scandalmongers, dissatisfied tradesmen, and spiteful serving-men. Yet there was no flinching on the part of Rupert. A cloud of anxiety might sit temporarily on his brow, a sigh now and then escape him; but he uttered no remonstrance, and took no pains to stem the tide of folly and prodigality that flowed unceasingly within his walls. His love for Elinor had increased rather than diminished since their marriage. He was proud of the homage of mankind, and knew her worthy of the highest. Why should he seek to restrain the inno-

cent pleasures of a woman for whose gratification and happiness he lived? Why curtail the joys in which she had participated almost from infancy? why prevent her from crowning a scene, for the adornment of which she was created and eminently fitted?

And where was General Travis during this brief season of intoxication and wanton waste? At Calais, whither his liabilities had banished him, and were likely to detain him for some time to come. There was no doubt of his ruin. He lived with his melancholy-looking wife and younger daughter, upon a pittance secured upon the life of the former, but hardly sufficient to support them in decency. Yet they maintained, even in their reverses, a style that to a degree reflected on the scene of their exile the brilliancy of their brighter years. Could it be that the substance of poor Rupert Sinclair was ministering here also to the vices of this unhappy family? I fear there is no doubt of it. The general was as huge a braggart as ever. He insisted upon drawing a line midway between the highest and the lowest of the swindling fraternity to which he belonged, and by whom he was surrounded, and suffered intercourse to exist only with the favoured members of the upper class. He was prating for ever of his son-in-law, his connexions, his influence with the ministry through the potent Lord Railton, and was most lavish of his promises of preferment to any credulous individual whom he could persuade to favour him with the eternal loan of a five-pound note. General Travis had, not unaccountably perhaps, acquired much power over the mind of Sinclair. Expelled from his natural counsellors, who, in their best days, had been any thing but faithful advisers,—harassed and tormented by growing cares, it is not to be wondered at, that he should seek counsel and aid from one whom he believed to be a thorough man of the world—who was bound to him by the closest ties, and of whose integrity and honour he had not the remotest suspicion. It was General Travis who instructed Sinclair in the recondite science of raising money—and of staying off the attacks of tradesmen with

the weapons of generous usurers: who taught him that still more marvellous art of civilized life, of living upon one thousand a-year more sumptuously than your neighbour with ten; and who day after day persuaded him, by arguments which I cannot attempt to recite, that by forestalling his inheritance in his youth, he would not materially affect the property which must accrue to him in his age. It may be that the arguments would have been more severely tested had they come from any other than Elinor's father—had they not been employed to increase the comforts and desires of Elinor herself. But whether this be so or not, it is certain that Rupert Sinclair, for a long time, was a helpless victim in the hands of a bold and ruthless destroyer.

Chance, I have hinted at the beginning of this chapter, brought Rupert and myself together at singular times and places, and made me an actor in his history whether I would or not. Since his first letter to me, I had heard from him but once; *of* him, alas! I had heard too much. He was in the height of his giddy career, when I passed through London for the first time since his marriage, and resolved to pay him a visit. I arrived late in the evening, and I had but a few hours at my command, for early in the morning I was to start for France by the Calais packet. When I reached my hotel, I sent my card to the residence of my friend, who instantly invited me to his too hospitable roof. There was a gay and brilliant assembly in his house that evening, and, as usual, Elinor outshone the multitude in beauty and animation. She received me cordially, and kindly held out her snow-white hand at my approach, and greeted me with a smile of fascination that robbed me of whatever displeasure I had brought with me on account of her proceedings. How could I reproach Sinclair for submitting to the spell that governed him, when it was impossible for me—a stranger, and one certainly not prepossessed in her favour—to resist it?

Sinclair was much altered in appearance. He looked jaded and unhappy. There was nothing in his countenance harmonizing with the scene around him. He seldom spoke,

and to all my questions he returned evasive answers, seeking rather to direct his discourse to matters in which neither of us found a personal interest, than to his own affairs, which at the time had far more interest for me than my own.

"I am glad you are here to-night, Wilson," said Rupert, as we sat together. "To-morrow I leave town for a few days, and we should not have met had you arrived a day later."

"I am off to France myself to-night for a week or more, and ——"

As I spoke, I saw the colour in Sinclair's cheek rapidly changing. He was evidently surprised and chagrined by the intelligence.

"Can I serve you," said I at once, taking advantage of my opportunity, "by remaining in town?"

"No, no, I thank you. What route do you take?"

"By packet to Calais, and from Calais to Paris by the formidable diligence. Can I help you at the seat of politeness and art?"

"No, I thank you," replied Sinclair, changing colour again. "You are aware that my father is in Paris?"

"So I have heard. It is said that his lordship" ——

"Do not speak of it," he said, mildly interrupting me. "Whatever may happen to me, I cannot but think that the blame must rest ultimately there."

"Do you fear evil, then?" I eagerly inquired.

Mr Crawly came up at this moment, with his lady upon his arm, and Crawly, junior, lounging in his immediate rear. The latter was an Adonis in his way—got up with a perfect contempt of expense and all propriety. Crawly beckoned to Sinclair, who at once quitted my side and walked over to him, whilst I was left in possession of Mrs Crawly and the hopeful. I escaped as soon as I could, and seeing no more of Sinclair, took my departure at a comparatively early hour.

Three nights after this, I was roused from sleep in my bed at the Hotel Louis Seize, (a comfortable hotel in those days, bordering on the market-place in Calais,) by a murmuring sound which at first I believed to be nothing more than a portion of an un-

satisfactory dream in which I had once again found myself with Rupert and his lady in London. Satisfying myself that the dream and the sound were distinct, I was already again midway between the lands of life and death, when the tones of a voice roused me almost like a cannon-shot from my couch, and caused me seriously to inquire whether I was sleeping or waking, dreaming or acting. I could have sworn that the voice I had heard belonged to Rupert Sinclair. I jumped from my bed, and struck a light. It was twelve o'clock by my watch. For a few seconds all was as silent as the grave; then I heard most distinctly a step along the passage, into which my bed-room conducted—the sound of a door opening, closing, and immediately a heavy tread in the adjoining room. Two chairs were then drawn close to a table; upon the latter a rough-voiced man knocked with his fist, and exclaimed at the same moment—

"There are the papers, then!"

Surely I had heard that voice before. To whom could it belong? Whilst I still puzzled my brains to remember, another voice replied. It was impossible to mistake *that*. Most assuredly it was Rupert Sinclair's.

"I see them!" it said; every syllable bringing fresh perspiration on my brow.

How came he here? what was his business? and with whom? A thin partition merely divided my bedroom from that in which the speakers were. Had I been inclined to close my ears against their words, it would have been difficult. Anxious, and even eager, to obtain knowledge of the movements of my friend, I made no scruple of listening most attentively to every word. Who knew but he was in the hands of sharpers, and might I not have been providentially sent to his rescue? At all events I listened, and not a syllable did I suffer to escape me.

"I know, my dear young friend," began the rougher voice—whose but General Travis's?—"that you are anxious to do what is best for us all. Your interest, you know, is my daughter's, and my daughter's is, of course, mine. We are all in one boat."

"Yes, undoubtedly," said Rupert.

"These debts are very large," continued the general.

"Yes," replied Sinclair; "and some of them must be discharged forthwith. Crawly is impatient and angry, and accuses me of having used him ill."

"Crawly is a villain," said the general hurriedly; "he has made a fortune out of you, and now wishes to back out. The interest alone that he has exacted has been enough to ruin you."

"Your messenger, you say, failed to see my father?"

"Yes. His lordship closed his doors upon him, and took no notice of his letter, in which he asked that some amicable arrangement might be made with respect to the property that must evidently come to you."

There succeeded to this a few sentences in an under tone from either party, which I could not make out.

"Then what is to be done?" murmured Sinclair again in a tone of entreaty.

"Don't be advised by me, my friend," said the general in a subdued voice, which I strained my ears to catch; "God forbid that you should reproach me hereafter for advice which I tender solely with a view to your peace of mind and comfort. Heaven knows you have had little peace of late!"

Rupert sighed heavily.

"I have for the last week been turning the matter over and over seriously. As I said before, I can have no object but your well-doing, and—naturally—my child's—my child's, Sinclair—your loving, and I know, beloved wife."

"I believe it," said Rupert.

"Is any one aware of your visit here?"

"Not a creature."

"Crawly?"

"Was with me the very night I started, but he does not suspect. He believes that I am now in England."

"Now, my dear friend, I don't think I ought to say what"—

As ill luck would have it, I coughed. The general ceased upon the instant, and opened his door hastily. I blew out my light, and held my breath.

"What was that?" asked the general in a whisper.

Both listened for a few seconds, and then the general proceeded, still whispering.

"There was a man in London whom I found in my reverses faithful and considerate; an honest man in a world of dishonesty and knavery. He is well to do in life, and he has visited me here. Nay, he is here now—has been here some days; is in this very hotel."

"What of him?" asked Rupert.

"We are as brothers, and I have entrusted him with the history of your affairs. He is willing to assist and relieve you; and he can do it, for he has a mint of money."

"I must borrow no more, sir," eagerly interposed Sinclair. "My liabilities are even now greater than I can bear. My income will not pay the interest of the money that has been advanced."

"And therefore comes my friend in the very nick of time to save you. I agree with you that it would be ridiculous to think of further loans. Your only plan now is to sell out and out. This you may do advantageously, relieve yourself of every incumbrance, and retain sufficient for the future, if you will be but moderately careful, and invest your capital with caution."

"How do you mean?" inquired my friend.

The general whispered lower than ever, as though ashamed that even the bare walls should witness his heartless proposition. I gathered his suggestion from the quick and anxious answer.

"What!" exclaimed Sinclair, "sell my inheritance, part with my birth-right?"

"No! neither sell nor part with it—but forestall and enjoy it."

I heard no more. There came a gentle knock at the door of the room in which Rupert and his father-in-law were speaking; the door softly opened, and another visitor arrived. Sinclair's name was mentioned by way of introduction; then the stranger's, which escaped me; and shortly afterwards the whole party quitted the apartment, as it seemed, maintaining a dead silence—for, listen as eagerly as I would, not a syllable could I gather. Repose was impossible that night. After keeping my position for about

half an hour, I hastily dressed, and sallied forth in quest of information. I descended, and inquired of the first servant whom I could summon, the names of the English gentlemen who were then staying in the house. My answer was very unsatisfactory.

"There was Milor Anglais," said the man who was the great referee of the house in all matters pertaining to the English tongue, "friend of Mons. le General; the gentleman as come to-morrow; Monsieur Jouis who vos arrive yesterday; Monsieur Smith, his ami, and Monsieur Sir John Alderman, Esquire, vith his madame and petite famille. There vos none more."

With this imperfect information, I returned to my couch, not to sleep, but to form some plan that would save my unhappy friend from the fangs of the sharks who were about to sacrifice him to their rapacity. He stood upon the very verge of destruction. There could be no doubt of it. How to get sight of him—how to warn him of his danger—how to help him out of the difficulties into which extravagance and wickedness had brought him? These were some of the questions that crowded upon my disturbed mind during the whole of the anxious night—questions that easily came—were less easily dismissed, and still less easily answered with comfort to myself, or with prospect of salvation to my friend.

The first individual I saw, upon leaving my apartment on the following morning, was General Travis himself. He was walking hastily down-stairs, evidently about to quit the hotel. I called his name. He started more like the thief "who fears each bush an officer," than the traveller "who fears each bush a thief," and turned his restless eye upon me. At first he pretended not to know me—then he bowed, and continued his way.

"One moment, general," said I, stopping him. "I have a word to say to you."

"I am somewhat pressed for time this morning—but a moment is easily spared," replied the general very collectedly. He followed me up-stairs,

and entered my room. I closed the door.

"You have seen my friend lately?" I asked in nervous haste.

"Your friend?" rejoined General Travis. "To whom have I the honour to speak?"

His effrontery was amusing. I looked at him hard—but his countenance in no way betrayed him.

"My name is Wilson," said I; "that of my friend, Rupert Sinclair."

"O—h! I remember!" exclaimed the cunning master, with all the affectation of extreme surprise. "And how did you leave Sinclair—gay, giddy, and happy as ever?"

I gazed upon the man with a view to shame him into blushing. I was grievously disappointed. He returned me gaze for gaze, and looked unconscious innocence itself. I resolved to bring our business to a crisis without further parley.

"General Travis," I began, "I was last night, I will not say the unwilling, but certainly the unintentional listener to the plan propounded by you to my inexperienced friend, your son-in-law, of whose presence in this town you seem so lamentably ignorant."

The general *did* change colour now. He was about to speak, when I stopped him.

"Hear me!" I continued aloud and sternly. "I know the man with whom I have to deal. It is but fair that we should be on equal terms. I go this day to London to denounce your conspiracy, and to prevent its success. Your scheme for beggaring your children, and enriching yourself, clever as it is, is killed in the bud. Attempt to carry it out, and the law shall reach you even here."

"My dear Mr" — interposed the general.

"Let us have no argument," I proceeded in the same loud tone; "my business is to prevent the havoc you would bring about, and rest assured I will. Make no new attempts upon the credulity of your victim, and you are safe. Take another step in the nefarious business, and I solemnly vow to heaven that I will not leave you till I have exacted a fearful penalty for your crime."

"You really, Mr Wilson, do"—stammered the general, with increasing awkwardness at every word.

"Where is Mr Sinclair now?" I vehemently asked.

"Gone," replied the general.

"Whither?"

"To England."

"Satisfy me of the truth of this—give me your solemn promise to urge him no more to the commission of an act which insures his ruin, and I leave you. Refuse me, and I will expose your designs, and brand you to the world as the unnatural and cruel destroyer I have found you."

The general manifestly believed me to be in possession of more than I knew. He fairly quailed beneath my impetuosity and anger. I had expected resistance and battle. I met with mean capitulation and fear. He shuffled out apologies—entreated me to believe that he was actuated only by the sincerest wishes for his children's welfare—indeed, how could it be otherwise?—and assured me that although he might have been mistaken in the plans he had formed for Mr Sinclair's extrication, his motives were unquestioned, and as pure as could be. Still I might see these things with different eyes, and a better remedy might suggest itself to me. For his part, he should be glad to listen to it, and to recommend it to Sinclair's attention. At all events, he was prepared to engage to proceed no further with the transaction of which I had obtained knowledge, and all he asked in return was, that I should not wait upon Lord Railton, and acquaint him with what had transpired. To communicate the matter to his lordship, would be to shut out finally and for ever the last hopes of the unhappy children.

My promise was given, as soon as I learned for certain that Rupert had set sail for London by the packet that quitted Calais harbour at an early hour that morning. My own business urged me to proceed forthwith to Paris, but I could not be easy until I had secured the fulfilment of General Travis's engagement by another interview with Rupert. Accordingly, I returned to England. My task with Sinclair was an easy one. He had already had the good sense to discover that to part with all that he had in the

world for a sum that must be dissipated in a few years at the most, would be an act of madness which no amount of pressing difficulty could warrant. Moreover, the sum of money that was offered by the gentleman whose honesty and generosity had been so highly lauded by the general, had been so shamefully small, that Rupert retreated with horror from the abyss towards which he had so incautiously advanced. I received a full assurance from the harassed man that he would suffer any extremity rather than listen again to similar propositions, and then I recommenced my journey with an easier conscience. So far, a tremendous blow had been averted. But what would happen next—what scheme the general would next suggest—what measures the very critical condition of Sinclair's affairs would make absolutely necessary—it was impossible to guess—to foresee, or to think of without deep anxiety and great alarm.

Six months elapsed, and Rupert Sinclair was still rapidly descending. With increased and increasing liabilities, there was more profuseness and greater recklessness. No one knew better than Rupert himself the folly and even sinfulness of his mode of life, yet any body would have found it easier than himself to put a stop to it. He was absorbed in the existence of his wife. As I have already said, her life was his—her wishes, her thoughts, and aims. She could not desire, and he not gratify; she could not ask to be a queen amidst the throng in which she moved, and he not place her on the throne at any sacrifice, however costly; at any risk, however desperate. This was the secret of his misery. And then from day to day, he lived bankrupt-like, on hope. Something would happen. He had faith in the love of his mother, in the natural goodness of a father's heart. Time would heal the wound that had been inflicted; and incline them to look with commiseration on youthful errors easy to repair.

A glimmering of promise stole forth at this crisis of the history. The critical position of the ministry for the time being, had brought Lord Railton and his wife back to England; and I resolved, in my eagerness to serve my

unhappy pupil, to see her ladyship, and to make an attempt at reconciliation, even if it should be repulsed with the insult I had met with at her husband's hands. I could not suffer Sinclair to sink, so long as one effort might save him. I had heard that, cold and selfish as Lady Railton was, love for her child had been a redeeming point in her character from the moment of his birth. Feeling surely was not dead within her! Could I but gain an interview, would it not be easy to recall in her heart natural emotions, which, though deadened, might never be entirely hushed, and to extract sympathy from a bosom already inclined to pity by love? The attempt was a bold one—but the prize, in the event of success, was not small; and surely worth a venture. I took courage, and was not wholly disappointed.

His lordship, I had heard upon inquiry, was generally absent from home during the forenoon. One morning, at ten o'clock precisely, I presented myself at Grosvenor Square, and sent my card to her ladyship. I was admitted at once. In an elegantly furnished boudoir, surrounded by all the luxuries that money could furnish, or the pampered sense demand, I beheld Lady Railton, for the first time since the marriage of her son. She sat behind an open screen, through which she spoke to me, with her eyes bent to the table on which her arms rested. She had been writing at the moment of my announcement; and though excited by my presence, her countenance betrayed more satisfaction than displeasure at my visit. A visible change had taken place in her. She was much thinner than when I saw her last; her eyes were sunken, and her cheek was very pale; she was evidently suffering from the shock which I had occasioned her, for her thin lips were tightly pressed together, and quivering at the corners. I felt deep pity for the slave of fashion; but gathered courage also from the pleasing exhibition of sensibility in one whom God had made a mother to save her from heartlessness.

"Shut the door, Mr Wilson," said Lady Railton in an under tone, "and pray be seated."

I complied with her request.

"You have been somewhat tardy, methinks, in finding your way hither," proceeded her ladyship.

I informed her of my visit to Lord Railton, and its disagreeable termination. She had not heard of it.

"Lord Railton," she continued, "has requested me to hold no intercourse with my son, and his lordship's requests have ever been commands to me. I have not disobeyed him. But I have looked for you. I made no promise to deny admittance to you. You were his friend. When did you see him?"

"Very lately, madam," I answered.

"He is in great difficulty and trouble—is he not?"

I shook my head.

Kind nature pleaded for poor Rupert. The mother attempted to speak—once—twice: her lips trembled: she could not: a flood of tears saved her from choking.

"He is well?" she asked at length.

"Well," I answered, "but for his trials—which are severe indeed."

"What can be done?" inquired Lady Railton.

"To bring him peace of mind—to repair the mischief that has happened—to secure prudence for the future—to save him from utter ruin, I know no remedy save reconciliation with his parents."

Lady Railton sighed deeply, and exclaimed—

"Impossible!"

"Indeed!" said I, as if surprised.

"Lord Railton is inexorable. He has listened to my appeals unmoved: he will listen to them no longer. Unhappy Rupert!"

"Unhappy indeed!" said I.

"His wife is very fair, they say?"

"Lovely, madam!"

"But wilful and extravagant?"

"Wayward, perhaps, but young. Oh Lady Railton, do not revenge too harshly upon a spoiled child of nature and the world, the sins of the world's committing. Mrs Sinclair has a warm and affectionate heart; she is devoted to her husband. Your ladyship's friendship and advice would at once render her all you could hope to find in the wife of your son. Permit me to say that the absence of your coun-

tenance has alone been sufficient to"

"Alas! you urge in vain. I dare not see them!"

"It is a hard saying, madam," I rejoined: "may you not live to repent it!"

Lady Railton rose from her seat, came from behind the screen, and paced her small chamber with perturbation. She suddenly stopped before a cabinet—a drawer of which she unlocked, and produced from it a pocket-book.

"Take this, Mr Wilson," she said in a hurried and faltering voice. "I dare not see him—must not correspond with him. I am his mother, and I feel bitterly, most bitterly for him. But I am Lord Railton's wife, and I know my duty. He has disgraced us—irreparably, irrecoverably. You cannot understand how deep the stain is which our name has suffered: you cannot calculate the wrong inflicted on my husband. Reconciliation is hopeless!"

"And this pocket-book, madam?" I coldly asked.

"Contains an order on my banker for three thousand pounds—all that I have been able to hoard up for my unhappy boy since he deserted us. The sum, I know, is trifling, compared with his exigencies. But what can I do? His own conduct has rendered me helpless."

Poor Lady Railton, to do her justice, suffered much from the struggle between maternal feeling and her mistaken sense of duty. Her eyes filled with tears again, and she sat before me sobbing bitterly.

"Let me entreat your ladyship," I exclaimed with animation. "to make one effort for the redemption of the children whom you may lose for ever by the stern course you now adopt. Your influence with Lord Railton is naturally and deservedly very great. I cannot bring myself to believe that he will be insensible to your appeals, if you will but urge them with the earnestness and tenderness which so well become you. I am satisfied that the difficulties of Mr Sinclair would cease at once, and his happiness as well as your own be secured, if he could find parents and

advisers in those to whom he has a right to look for advice and aid. Whatever his extravagance may have been, whatever his youthful follies, I do implore your ladyship to bear in mind, that not he alone is answerable for them, but they also in part who deserted him in the hour of his greatest need. You may save him now—when I next meet your ladyship, the time will have passed away."

"Spare me this anguish," said her ladyship with assumed calmness. "I repeat—it is impossible. The hour may come when it shall be permitted me to satisfy the promptings of my heart. Till that hour arrives, it is but torture to be reminded of my inability and weakness."

"Pardon me, Lady Railton—I have done."

I was about to rise, when her ladyship checked me.

"In that pocket-book, Mr Wilson," she continued, "you will find a correspondence respecting the sale of Sinclair's commission."

"His commission!" said I with surprise, for I had not heard of his desire to sell out before.

"Yes. He now awaits a purchaser of his commission to be gazetted out. I have prevented the sale hitherto. Assure him—not from me, but from yourself, that however slender is the hope now of his father's ultimate forgiveness, he cuts it off entirely by that act. Let the commission be withdrawn at once from the Horse-guards: the draft that accompanies the correspondence will make up to him the sum he loses.

"Am I to present it as a gift from your ladyship?"

"No—yes—as you will; but let him not write or communicate with me in any way. I have engaged to hold no intercourse with him, and I cannot disobey the injunctions of Lord Railton." I rose; her ladyship gave me her hand with an expression of good will, and then suffered me to depart without another word.

Things were really mending. In Lady Railton we had unquestionably a friend, time and opportunity serving. It was of the highest consequence to be assured of that. With her upon our side, I had no fear of

eventual peace and harmony, provided measures could be taken for present difficulties; whilst, without her, every effort would have been purposeless, and even worse. Nor was this our only gleam of sunshine. When I returned to Rupert, the glad messenger of good tidings, I found that another friend had been sent by Providence to the rescue. Amongst the many high-born and eminent individuals whom the beauty and genius of Elinor had attracted to the gay habitation of Rupert Sinclair, was one who enjoyed, in an especial degree, the favour of his sovereign, and who was intimately connected by ties of blood and friendship with the commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces. The Earl of Minden had little to recommend him beyond his influence with the court and the powers that were. He belonged to an old family, of which he was the last lineal representative; was master of unbounded wealth, but was selfish, grasping, and mean to the last degree. He had a small body, but still smaller mind. Generation after generation, the head of the family to which he belonged, had held high office in the state, and had helped to govern the country without genius for statesmanship, or the ordinary ability of their humble business men. Office came to them as a matter of right, and custom had induced a people, slow to interfere with prescription, to regard the Earls of Minden as divinely appointed rulers, whom it would be sacrilege to depose. By marriage, the Earl of Minden was connected with the chief families of England: he had represented his king and country at the principal courts of Europe, where his magnificence and prodigality—for meanness itself may be lavish—had gained for him, as a matter of course, inordinate admiration and regard. Powerful with the ministry—the owner of four boroughs—the acknowledged friend, and even associate of royalty—what commoner did not feel honoured by his patronage?—what noble not gratified by his esteem? Lord Minden had but few of the weaknesses common to mankind. Proud and self-sufficient, he acknowledged no supremacy but that of woman. The only graceful infirmity of

which his contemporaries could ascribe his lordship, and to which posterity might point, was the infirmity of the best and the bravest—that of a facile heart in the affairs of love.

Lord Minden, charmed by the bewitching grace of Elinor Sinclair, had, as it were, gladly resigned himself to its sweet influence. He was never happier, after what were deemed the fatigues of office, than in the brilliant assembly which she could summon at her bidding; never so gay as when listening at her side to the arch sallies which drew smiles of approval from lips that seldom cared to relax. The overbearing peer was content to play the humblest part in the scene of which she was the heroine, and to which she imparted a life and spirit that were sought in vain elsewhere. The intervention of Lady Railton had been already superseded by the generosity of one far more influential. The Earl of Minden himself had taken Rupert under his all-powerful wing. Not only was the commission restored, but promises of advancement were made, and the most flattering assurances of friendship and regard liberally offered. Lady Railton's draft, at her own request, was applied to the payment of a pressing debt. I contrived to make her acquainted with the new and incalculable acquisition that had been made. The information had all the effect I could desire; her ladyship, dazzled by the brilliancy of the prospect, and eager to make as much of it as she could, to my great astonishment sent for me, and actually opened negotiations for an interview between herself and her so recently discarded son. Oh world! world!

Before these negotiations, however, could lead to any satisfactory result, a new colour was given to the state of things, by some incidents of a most disagreeable and painful character. I was sitting in my room one morning, culling in my mind the most advisable means to adopt for the presentation of Sinclair at the parental abode, when a modest knock at my door announced a visitor of humble rank. My request to "walk in" was timidly responded to by a very old friend, in the shape of John Humphrys, the

valet of Sinclair, and the oldest servant in his establishment. John had nursed his master on his knee, having been himself nursed in the house of Lord Railton's father, whose coachman had acknowledged John for his son. John had never been married, but he loved his master as faithfully as though he had been his own child, and had resigned as good a situation as any in the kingdom to follow the fortunes of the exile, whatever they might be. With this unbounded reverence for Rupert, Humphrys regarded Rupert's former instructor in the light of a demigod.

"Ah, John, is it you?" said I. "Step in, old friend, and be seated."

John obeyed awkwardly, twirled his hat about, coughed and hemmed, but said nothing.

"Well, Humphrys, what news?" I continued, to give him confidence.

Humphrys shook his head despondingly.

I grew alarmed. "Any thing amiss?" I exclaimed. "Mr Sinclair ill, or?"—

"All well—in health, sir," stammered John—"all well there. I—I am going, sir."

"Going!"

"Yes, sir," said Humphrys in a whisper, and getting up to close the door. "My heart's broke."

"Don't desert your master now, John," said I encouragingly. "You have weathered the storm hitherto. Things are mending. Take my word for it, we shall be in smooth water presently."

Humphrys shook his head again.

"Never, sir!" said he with emphasis, "as sure as my name's John."

"Explain yourself, Humphrys. What is it you have learned?"

"Too much, sir. I can bear it no longer. It is the common talk of the servants! I would have stayed with him for a crust till death, but I cannot bear him so spoken of."

"You frighten me. Go on."

"I ask your forgiveness, Mr Wilson," proceeded Humphrys, mumbling on, "but there are strange things said, and I didn't believe them at first,—and I was ready to knock the man down that hinted them to me—and I would have done it,—but I have seen, sir—with my own eyes—I wish I

had been blind!" suddenly and passionately exclaimed the good fellow, his eyes overflowing with honest tears.

"Man, man!" said I hastily and vexed. "You talk in riddles. What is it you drive at?"

"Can't you guess, sir?" he answered meaningly.

"Guess?"

"Yes, sir,—Mrs Sinclair!"

"Mrs Sinclair?"

"And Lord Minden."

"Lord Minden! For God sake!"—

"Hush, sir!" said John, putting his finger to his lips. "I wouldn't have any body overhear us for the world. But it's true, it's true, as I am a living man."

"It is a lie!" I cried—"an infamous and slanderous lie! Some tale of a discharged and disappointed servant—a base conspiracy to destroy a good man's character. For shame, John Humphrys—for shame!"

"I don't wonder at you, sir," continued Humphrys. "They were my own words; and, until I was satisfied with my own eyes of the truth of what I had heard, I wouldn't have believed an angel from heaven. God knows, Mr Wilson, it is too true. We have lived to see terrible things, sir."

I entreated Humphrys to be still more explicit, and he was so. His communication went to show that the interference of Lord Minden in the affairs of his master was far from being disinterested, and that the price to be exacted for the preferment was much too great to make preferment or even life desirable to Rupert Sinclair. If I was horrorstruck at this announcement, how shall I describe my feelings when he further stated, with a serious and touching earnestness, that, as he hoped for salvation hereafter, he firmly believed that Rupert Sinclair was a party to his own dishonour. I was about to strike the fellow to the earth for his audacity; but I reflected for a moment, and was relieved of a load of oppression. I could have laughed outright, so overjoyed did I at once become, with the sudden upsetting of this tremendous fabrication. Sinclair a party to his own dishonour! Any thing short of that might have found me credulous. That accusation would have destroyed the unimpeach-

ed evidence of saints. I recovered myself and spoke.

"You are an honest man, John Humphrys," said I, "a good servant, and faithful, I believe. But go your ways, and let not the wicked impose upon you more. Your tale is too good by half. Tell your informants, that, if they look for success, they must be less ambitious: if they desire to bring conviction to their listeners, they must not prove so much. And beware"—I proceeded in a more serious tone—"how you give currency to the slander you have brought to me. You love your master. Show your fidelity by treating this calumny with the scorn it merits."

"Sir," answered Humphrys, "if I were to be called from this world to-night, I could not retract the words I have spoken. I have not hinted to another what, alas! I know to be true. You may be sure I have no desire to circulate Mr Sinclair's infamy. I shall leave his service, for with him I can no longer live,—and you will soon learn whether or not I have uttered the truth. Oh dear! oh dear!" he added, with a sigh of despair,—“what will the world say?”

I dismissed John Humphrys, and turned to my own affairs. It was neither prudent nor becoming to listen further to the revelations of such a person; I would not even permit him to explain to me how he had arrived at the convictions which no doubt he honestly entertained. It was sufficient to hear the charge he brought against poor Rupert, to be convinced that the man was grossly deceived; that he had been cruelly imposed upon by vicious and vindictive men. But, could I be otherwise than deeply aggrieved by the rumour which had arisen, and which was not likely to lose on the lips of those who would be too eager to give it currency? It was a new and unexpected element in the complicated misfortunes of Lord Railton's house. *Unsuspected?* What, Walter Wilson, and had not suspicions crossed your mind before, of the probability of such slander? Had you not many times angrily repulsed intruding thoughts that savoured of uncharitableness towards the volatile and beauteous wife? Had not prejudice before her marriage rendered you

cruel; and experience since—did it not tend, if not to foster cruelty, to sustain alarm? *But Rupert a party to his own dishonour!* Monstrous! Ridiculous! Absurd!

Either the perseverance of Lady Railton, or the magic power of Lord Minden's name, had achieved a miracle. The stony and stubborn heart of Lord Railton was mollified. True, he hesitated to forgive his son; true, he would not see him; but he graciously submitted to be spoken to on his son's affairs, and even went so far as to admit me to an audience, in order that I might explain, as well as I knew them, the difficulties under which Mr Rupert Sinclair at present laboured. The doors of Lord Railton's house opened wide on the auspicious morning. The sun shone brilliantly in Grosvenor Square. The porter was a living smile from head to foot. The under butler all blandness and honied words. He rubbed his hands when he received me, bowed patronisingly and preceded me to his lordship's study with the air of one who knew which way the wind was, and that it was blowing pleasantly. There was a frozen air about the house when I had visited his lordship before—now it was summer-like and warm. Then every thing seemed bound with iron clasps,—men's mouths, and hearts, and minds; and even doors and windows. Now, every thing looked free and open, pleasant, hospitable, inviting. Could it be that I had changed,—or was it only that Lord Railton's note was different, and that the universal heart of that great house had pitched itself to the prevailing key?

No word of apology was offered for former rudeness. His lordship, as before, presented me with his finger, and then proceeded to our business. He had heard, he said, of Lord Minden's kind interference on behalf of his son, who was indeed most unworthy of his lordship's favourable notice; nay, he had been spoken to by Lord Minden himself, and desirous as he was at all times to comply with the wishes of any member of His Majesty's government, he could not but feel, that when their wishes pointed to the advancement of his own flesh and blood, there was additional reason for listening to all they had to urge. For

his part, if Lord Minden should feel justified in extending his patronage to Mr Sinclair, he, Lord Railton, on his side, should deem it a matter of grave consideration, whether it would not be advisable to extricate the object of Lord Minden's favour from the liabilities which he had thoughtlessly incurred. Not that Mr Sinclair must look for pardon—or reconciliation—yet; that is to say, until Lord Minden should be satisfied that his protégé had deserved the gracious favour of His Majesty, and had shown himself worthy of the condescension, &c. &c. &c.

The upshot of the long harangue was, that as soon as Lord Minden should aid in promoting Sinclair, Lord Railton would be ready to pay his debts—and to receive terms for peace, provided the patronage of the commander-in-chief continued to rest upon the fortunate scapegrace, and His Majesty thought him still a fit object for the exercise of his royal favour. Translated into honest English, Lord Railton's proposition was neither more nor less than this,—“I will forgive my son, as soon as circumstances render my forgiveness not worth a button to him. I will withhold it so long as it is necessary to save him from ruin, and to restore him to tranquillity.” A right worldly proposition too!

Lord Railton requested, as a preliminary step, to be informed of the exact state of his son's affairs; and I, as mediator, undertook to lay it before his lordship. I quitted the mansion in Grosvenor Square to procure at once the necessary documents from Sinclair. Approaching the house of the latter, I perceived standing before the door two horses and a groom. I advanced, knocked, and was informed that groom and horses were the property of the Earl of Minden, who was then with Mrs Sinclair, and that Mr Sinclair himself was from home. I had no right to feel uncom-

fortable at this announcement, yet uncomfortable I was, in spite of myself. “When does Mr Sinclair return?” I asked.

The two lackeys who listened to my question exchanged an almost imperceptible smile, and replied, that “they could not tell.” That smile passed like a dagger to my heart.

I hesitated for a moment—left my card—and then withdrew.

I had not proceeded to the corner of the street before I turned round instinctively, and without a thought. To my joy I perceived Rupert making his way from the other extremity of the street to his own door. I moved to meet him. He came nearer and nearer—approached within sight of the horses and groom—and then turned back. What did it mean? Why did he not go home? I grew giddy with coming apprehensions. Whilst I stood motionless on the path, I felt a touch upon my shoulder. I perceived John Humphrys.

“Here, sir,” said the man, “you have seen with your own eyes what I have seen every day for the last month. As soon as Lord Minden arrives, Mr Sinclair goes out, and never returns until he takes his departure. If he should by chance return whilst his lordship's horse is standing there, he walks away, and does not think of coming back until”——

“It is a lie! a dream!” I exclaimed, almost bewildered. “It cannot be!”

“I wish to say nothing, sir,” proceeded Humphrys. “You have seen, you have seen!”

“I have! I have!” I cried, coming to myself. “I wash my hands of him and his. Father of Heaven! can such wickedness exist—and in *him*, in *him*? But I have done with him for ever!”

And so saying, I fled maniac-like from the accursed spot, and vowed in my excitement and indignation to return no more. I kept my word.

MORE ROGUES IN OUTLINE.

THE SICK ANTIQUARY.

"Aspettar e non venire,
star in letto e non dormire.
Son' due cose da morire."

Italian Proverb.

THREE years are passed since we last visited Herr Ascheron, and we once more find ourselves, with considerably improved tact and knowledge, both as to virtuosi and virtu, ringing at the well-known bell! On the door being unbarred to us, we are sorry to hear that he is now a great invalid, and confined to bed. "I hope we don't disturb you, Mr Ascheron," said we, as a half-witted slattern of fifty opened the door of the sick man's room, and discovered to us something alarmingly like Cheops redivivus, reclining on a Codrus-looking couch, which was too short to receive his whole body save diagonally, in which position he accordingly lay. Upon hearing these words, the much-swathed object suddenly draws itself up in bed; and after looking keenly to make us out in the dusk, (as if he suspected a visit of cajoling rather than condolence,) his eye lost its anxious look, and his features gradually expanded, when he saw at a glance that we were come, not to cheat, but to cheer him. The first words he uttered were—"Ja, ja; dat is mein nobil freund the Doctor;" and then, falling back, he resigned himself to his pains, like a man who has been long trained to suffer. We ask after his health. The poor invalid shakes his head, and tells us, groaning, that he was "sehr krank, very ill indeed; had much dolors but no slipp;" apologising also for having sent for some 10 pi. which we owed him, and which "it was need," so he told us, "to pay his medicine mit." Really concerned to see one whom we had so recently known under worldly circumstances so unlike the present, so suffering, so poor, and so solitary, we told him that we had been intending to call on him that very day for that very purpose—observing, by way of consoling his feelings, that it was not to be expected "that a man who had

laid out so much money of the present currency to procure fine specimens of one that was out of date, could be quite so well off in ready cash as those whose money was all in hard coin at their bankers. "Ja, ja," it was even so; and then, his pains remitting for a moment, he proceeded to explain, for our satisfaction, how he had become so short of the needful supplies. "Tis three monate seyne mein freund Vinhler went to Paris—(an honest and heart-good man, Mr Vinhler)—to whom this commission I consign:—'See you give a careful eye-blink to this 9000 ducats, which you must take mit you to Paris. There in the house of Furet you shall become some moneys, which you shall send to me directly; and mit these ducats you shall also pay their consignment.' Well, it was a simple direct, als any childer might do. So Vinhler takes my money, gets to Paris, calls and pays Mr Furet, and writes that he will be back in Neapoli in a week. So I stay! Drei monate I stay, and no Mr Vinhler come! Then lastly, when I hav begin to scold myself, two days seyne, comes eine briefe, and says, 'I hav been stopt here for three weeks by what I then foresaw not when I did write you lastly. I am promised to marry Herr Furet's daughter, and we mak the marriage in eine monate. I am sorry for the delay about your monete, but shall bring them mit Mrs Vinhler and myself to Neapoli, when we arrive!' So, while he is happy mit his Julia in Paris, I cannot become my Julias that I hav bought; and I hav lost much by this man's delay. Ah! (continued he,) whenever he had felt mein dolors," (the poor man had now wrought himself up into a painful excitement,) "my no slipp, this unendlich irritation, this torment to pay the Doctor, for no gnte—my loss of practice, my less of friends, my physyque

so bad, *mein eine samkeit* so dull—he should surely have sent me that *cas-setta* of coins to make me a little more gay.” Being obliged to quit Naples suddenly, we left him in the midst of his pains, which had been wholly unrelieved by our medication; fretting more and more daily at the non-arrival of his friend; with nobody to visit him but the needy Leech, who, having asked himself—

“And will my patient *pay*?

And *can* he swallow draughts until his dying day?”

thinks no farther *self-interrogatory* needful; with none to *inquire* after him, save only the peasants, whose findings he is too ill to look at, and too poor to purchase; and Death's grim *auctioneer*, who undertakes for the

district; and who, when he has made the daily inquiry at his door, not to lose further time, begins to ply his small hammer, and is tap-tap-tapping away for somebody else, till *wanted*. Oh! who would change places with a sick antiquary, whose *conscience*, though he sleeps, is awake to torment him, and whose dreams, if he dream, are of rifled tombs, profaned temples, Charon and his boat!

“Nocte, brevem si forte indulsit cura soporem,

Et toto versato toro. jam membra quiescunt,

Continuo templum et violati numinis aras,

Et quod præcipuis mentem sudoribus urget,

Se vidit in somnis!”

OLD IGNAZIO.

“Oh dear! what can the matter be?”

Oh dear! what shall I do?

Nobody coming to Jockey, and

Nobody coming to *Joe*!”

What quondam collector at Rome but must recollect that snuffy and gruffy old fellow, Ignazio Vesconali, who lives at the bottom of *Scalirata*, and has grown old with the Piazza itself! Go down at any hour of the day, and there he was sure to be, either blinking away through his blue goggle glasses, with his cap on, at his door, or at a little shabby table fumbling over curiosities; or creeping over to the coffee-house opposite, to toddle back again, with his cotton pocket-handkerchief, his snuff-box, and his key in hand, to re-arrange his treasures, and utter lamentations that nobody any longer comes to buy. On such occasions we have sometimes entered; and after a “*buon giorno*,” and a remark on the weather, (which, if you abused it, however injuriously, always secured you his assent; for he quarrels now even with the calendar,) he expected you to *hope* he had sold something lately, to afford him an opportunity to say, “*Ma ché, ma niente*!” and then you had to sit and listen while he told you all his grievances—how once “a dozen English noblemen had stood *all of a row there*,”

and he showed you where, in his shop, fighting for his wares, and buying them almost quicker than he could register the purchases they made; and how sometimes he could sell 500 scudi worth of property before breakfast, and get an appetite by doing so! No! there was not a man of note in England, that had not some day or other been *booked* by him. All their kindness, no doubt—and then they came not to tease poor Ignazio, but to buy of him. Now a different set of customers dropt in one by one to look at his gems, and to find nothing good enough for them; some tumbling over his antiques, and offering a scudo for his best onyxes; “*uno scudo, Santissima Maria Vergine!*” others adventuring a whole paul! a price for his best Consular coins!—*ah! gli avari!* The earth too, once so bountiful, was now as avaricious of parting with her treasures as the English themselves. The fields had ceased to yield their former supplies; and the peasants about Rome would scarce stoop to picking up rubbish, for which, however, they always wanted Ignazio's money. “Ah, poor

old man!—*che vecchio?* old man forsooth! say rather an old dotard, who is unfit to buy, to bargain, or to live!" And then he would ventriloquize once more to himself. "Ah, poor Ignazio! ah, poor old man! your day is indeed gone by." Such appeals were irresistible. So, whenever we had a few scudi to spare, (and it was not quite discreet to go into his shop without,) we used to beg to see some of his boxes of engraved stones; and having pored for a time over wares that had been examined by the most cunning eyes in Rome, would find one of better workmanship, and stop to inquire its price. "*Quanto, Signor Ignazio?*" and while Signor Ignazio was recollecting himself, we glanced on from one to the other, (the great rule in bargaining being never to appear to know what you are bargaining for!) "*Per cinque scudi ci lo do.*" Viewed thus in the light of a donation, we would think it too high, and tell him so. "Take it for four, then—*pagate lo per quattro;*" and at this fresh concession he would grunt a little, like a tame seal in a water-tub! Still we would hesitate, and dare to offer *two*. "For every body else, he had said *impossible*,—for us we were *patronissimi* to take it, as the old man's gift, on our own terms." So we would put it up, and then, elated at our *bargain*, and at his respect for us, we would remove another "*intaglio*" from the box; and this time, naming our own price, say with perfect nonchalance, "*due scudi.*" The old fellow would then fumble it up in his snuffy old gloves, and bring it near his snuffy old nose; and having wiped his snuffy old magnifier, would bend his blue goggle glasses over it—and having *screamed*—"*Che! due scudi!* what do you mean by two scudi? A stone of this beauty! a living head of Medusa—a front face, too—for two scudi! The serpents in the hair were

worth more money—one-half of such a head, were the stone in *two*, would be worth more money." And then would come in the antistrophe as before—"*Ah, povero Ignazio! povero vecchio!*"—and we would be shocked, and declare with compunction that we had no intention to cheat him; and he, already "*persuasissimo* of that," would beg us to say no more, but to put it into our pocket for *three*. After these preliminaries were settled and paid for, we would be contented to hear him once more recount the tale of his younger days, when he had the antiquity business all to himself; when he married his first wife; had dealings with Demidoff; and knew all that were worth knowing in Rome—both buyers and sellers. "Old age, Signor, is preparing me fast to give up both my business and my life! Buy, buy, now's your time, *ccomi!* an old man who wants to sell off every thing! name your prices! Don't be afraid, you may offer me any thing *now.*" "Three scudi?" "Impossible I should let you have it for that. It cost me five; but never mind! there's the mask at three scudi. Take it! Any thing else?" "This *intaglio*?" "You are a capital judge, or you would not have thus picked out my *best* *intaglio*—will no *colonnati* suit?" "No." "Will you be pleased if I prove my friendship for you by sacrificing it at fifteen?" No! "There, take it as our third gift for twelve; but, oh that I should have lived to sell it for that, *even to you!* But you will come and see me again; I know you will, *Dot-tore mio!* And sure you might contrive to spend a few more *fics* with me than you do, and be all the richer for it into the bargain—what fine opportunities *you* must have of selling things to your patients, especially to the *donne!* I wish I was a doctor, that I might carry on my business for a year or two longer!"

SIGNOR DEDOMENICIS.

"I have a hundred questions to ask," said we, turning into Dedomenicis' curiosity-shop, and casting a furtive glance behind his old armour and arras hangings, to see that there was

no other confidant to whom we might be betraying our ignorance. "*Dunque*—well then, one at a time; *è s'accomodi*—make yourself at home," said the old dealer, pushing

us a chair, and looking humanely communicative, as he adjusted to his temples a huge pair of spectacles, and stood at our side ready to be interrogated.

An old dealer, like a young beauty, when you are together, expects something flattering to be said about his eyes, so "we wished ours were as good as his." He said, "they were younger." "But what was the use of young eyes, or of any eyes," said we, disparaging our own, "that could not make out the wholesomeness of a coin, nor distinguish the patina of antiquity from vulgar verdigris?"

Dedomenicis' *cough* convinced us that this sentiment of ours was not very far from what he himself believed to be the truth, only he was too polite to say so.

"There!" said we, "look at these bronze bargains of ours, these two *counterfeit* coins, which have not been a week in our possession, and which C—— has already declared to be false! Oh! would *you* not have deemed it a happier lot to put up with a blameless blindness, and all its evils, rather than, having eyes in your head, to have disgraced them by such a purchase?" Dedomenicis glances one glance at the false Emperors, and then passes a sentence which banishes them for ever from the society of the Cæsars; while he *wonders* how we could have hoped to buy a real Pescennius and a Pertinax in the same adventure, and both so well preserved too?

"Were we ignorant of the prices usually set upon the heads of all those emperors who had enjoyed but a few weeks' reign?" Did not every body, for instance, know that the African Gordians, both father and son, were, in *bronze*, worth their weight in gold? that a Vitellius in bronze was cheap at six pounds? and that he might be considered fortunate indeed who could convert his spare ten-pound notes into as many Pertinax penny-pieces, or come into the possession of a half-penny or a second module, as it is called, of Pescennius Niger, at the same price? Did not every body know that Domitia was coy at £20, and stood out for £25? That Matidia, Mariana, and Plotina smiled upon none who would not give £40 to pos-

sess them, and that Annia Faustina was become a priceless piece? Had we been so long returned to Rome, and not yet heard of the Matidia now in the keeping of our gallant countryman, General A——, who was jealous (at least so B—— had told him) of showing her even to his best friends, lest she should prove too much for their virtue to withstand, and slept with her, and could not snore securely unless she was by his side? Well, he had paid £40 for her at Thomas's sale in London, and Rollin, on seeing her in Paris, would have gladly detained her there for £50, but the general was not to be bribed; "so you see, *dottore mio*, it costs a good deal to collect coins even in the baser metal." "So it would appear, indeed, Dedomenicis; and the next time a Pertinax in bronze turns up, we will most *pertinaciously* refuse to bid for him; or if another Pescennius should ever again cross our path, we will mutter 'Hic Niger est,' and remember to have nothing to do with him."

"And I think," said the old fellow, sily taking off his spectacles, and placing them on the table,—“I think you will not lose much if you adhere to your present intention.”

"And yet it is annoying not to know the difference between the works of those *Paduan* brothers, of a recent century, and such as really belong to the old Roman mint;" saying which we began to study them afresh, as a policeman would do to a rogue, whom he expected to meet again. "Is this knowledge, dear Dedomenicis, to be acquired 'per carità?' let us not waste our time, if it be not." "*Lei lo saprà!* it will come in good time. *Pazienza!* be patient! you know our proverb—'time and straw ripen medlars,' and your judgment will mature in time, *just as the medlars do.*"

Crude as an unripe medlar though our judgment certainly then *was*, still the prospect of its *mellowing into un-soundness at last* was by no means consolatory; and so we told him, pocketing our false coins, and going home to consult the memorandum of their price,—here it is! *Eccola!* as it was most ingeniously registered by us at the time—"Nov. 7, 1840—Bought

to-day of a peasant on his way from Ricci to Rome, two *beautiful coins*, a Pertinax and a Pescennius Niger, in *perfect preservation!* only paid £5 for the two!! the *simple* contadino, who can't read the epigraphes, asks whether they are not Nero's!!"*

A ring at the bell, and our courier has announced Signor Dedomenicis. "By all means, show him in then,"—for he had come, a year later, to see coins we had picked up during our summer trip to Sicily. "There," said we gaily, and to put him in a good humour at once, (for the remark showed we had made ourselves master of his physiognomy),—"there, Dedomenicis, is a Ptolemy Evergetes, who was, to judge by his coins, your very prototype—it is your nose—your chin—your"—

"Suppose you make it mine altogether then," said he slyly; but we "prized it too much, on this very account, to part with it!" After which we go to the nearest cabinet in the room—unlock the door, take out drawer No. 1, marked Sicilian, and *rare*; and in the pride of our young beginnings, and little knowing what we were to bring upon ourselves in so doing,—

Midst hopes, and fears that kindle hopes.

A pleasing anxious throng;
And shrewd suspicions often lall'd,
But now returning strong,"—

we hand over the tray to Dedomenicis, whose running commentary, as soon as he had brought it into the field of his spectacles, was really appalling; and he plied it as destructively as a Sikh battery, or a Perkins's steam gun.

Prepared to see him take out the first coin in the row, to subject it to his magnifier, to turn it round, now

on this side, now on that, and then to pause, ere he could decide upon it, little could we have supposed that in a second his battery was to commence fire; and that in less than a minute, he would have passed a summary sentence upon every coin of the lot.

"*One—two—three.*"—Thus it began; "*roba commune*—common as blackberries; (four, five, six,) *niente di buono*—good for what you can get for them; (seven, eight, nine,) *Idem*; (ten, eleven, twelve,) *Idem*; thirteen, *not* of Messina, as it pretended to be; and here had sold us a *Neapolitan cat* in place of a *Sicilian hare!*" "*Come!* a cat?" (for we called to mind what each of puss's *nine* lives had cost us, and determined to die game for it), "*that coin a counterfeit?*" "*Sì—Sìgnō-rē!*" in that sort of sing-song gamut twang in which one Roman answers another's incredulity—" *anzi falsissimo,*" with a most provoking lengthening out of the second syllable; he knew all about its fabrication; the *gentleman* who made these coins was an acquaintance—not a *friend* of his; the original coin being in request, and somewhat expensive, he had contrived to get up a new issue of the Messina Hare, † which was much in vogue, and seemed, like Gay's Hare, to court an extensive acquaintance, and many friends. "That *Himera* ‡ hen is of a brood that never lays golden eggs, and the sooner you can get rid of her the better. Time was when such poultry fetched its price; now, thanks to the prolific process of our modern hatchlings, we see her as often in the market as wid-geon, snipe, or plovers. *That's* a fine lion; 'tis a pity you've no lioness to match him; but one such real *Rhegium leone* is worth a host of counterfeits, — '*unus, sanc, at Leo.*' As to your

* It is worth noting, because one does not see why it is so, that the only imperial *birbone* of the lot universally known and execrated at Rome is *Nero*. One is much better able to understand (with Capri in front of one's windows) why a like exclusive and unenviable popularity at Naples attaches to *Tiberius*.

† The *hare* was first introduced into Sicily by Anaxilaus of Rhegium, and was adopted by the Messenians on their coins, as was also the *chariot*, in commemoration of his victory in the *mule* races at Olympia.

‡ On the urbic coins of Aquinum, Suessa, and Tiano, which are generally of bronze, the *cock* figures on one side, the subject on the other varying; on those of *Himera* (a silver currency,) chanticler is always confronted on the reverse by Dame Partlett.

Ptolemies' eagles here, at least they are well preserved, and that always should give a coin some claim to a place in a *beginner's* collection; though to us dealers, who see many of them, these eagles at last become somewhat uninteresting and vulgar birds. What a collection is here of Hieros* on horseback, all in good plight too! Well, I might have bought *in* or *out* of these ranks myself; but I should not, I think, like you, have purchased the whole troop—of course you paid but little for them." "Yes," said we timidly, "not overmuch, not more than they were worth perhaps, six pauls a-piece," and we coughed nervously, and expected him to speak encouragingly; but he said nothing, and proceeded with his scrutiny of our box. "*Per Bacco!* What a quantity of cuttlefish! Metlinks Syracuse has rather overdone you with her *Lobigo*, but *that* at least is genuine, for 'tis too cheap to make money of by imitation. This of *Navos* will do. This of *Tarentum*, *va bene!* this of *Locri*, *corresponde.*" A faint "bravo!" escapes him on taking up an Athenian Tetradrachm, with the *Archer's* name on the field; but he takes no note, has no "winged words" to throw away upon our winged horses, though every nag of them, we know, came from Corinth or from Argos.

The bearded corn of Metapontus, with Ceres or Mars on the reverse: Arion his dolphin—that beautiful, most beautiful of coins—were, together with sundry others, all too common for his antiquarian eye to take pleasure in; he sought something less frequently presented to it, and at last he found it in a Croton coin with

a rare reverse, which, "would we sell him, he would take at twenty dollars, and pay us in *living* silver." A bow told him we were not disposed to part with it. And now he comes to what we consider to be our finest piece,—our Lipari bronze! And on it is a fat *dolphin* sporting on a *green* sea. Dedomenicis' manner is vastly discouraging, and we are prepared for a new disappointment, yet we could have sworn that *that* coin was genuine. But if false, as he believes it to be, why then not have done with it? why put it down to take it up *again*? why ask whether *we* don't repute it false, when he knows we know nothing of the matter? And why *mouse* it so closely under his keen eye, and look round the rim of it, and examine the face of it, and appear as if he would penetrate into its very soul,† and get at its history? Oh! 'tis all right, then; if "he may be mistaken," doubtless he *is* so: and this is confirmed by his now proposing—thinking an exchange no robbery, of course—to exchange it for us. Ingenuous man! who hadst twice invoked the saints and the Madonna in our behalf when thou heardest the price we paid for our unlucky Hare; and when thou knewest how C— had beguiled us into taking, and paying for a *Roman*, the price of an *Etruscan* "As;" and now thou wouldst have robbed us of our best coin, have deprived us of the very *Delphin classic* of our collection; it won't do! Our Messenian hare is welcome, but, old æruscator, we cannot let you swim away on our dolphin; and we rise to *replace him* in our *monctaro* accordingly.

A third interview with Dedomeni-

* Hiero the Second, tyrant of Syracuse, who flourished 216 B.C., and was contemporary with Archimedes. The face is one expressive of refinement, and the coin of a very fine style of art, as indeed are all those that ever issued from the old and original mint of Sicily; but alas! there are now many small and illicit mints to which the travelling public that buys coins, is, without always knowing it, vastly more indebted. "*Roba Siciliana*"—Sicilian trash, exclaims the indignant Neapolitan, when you show him a modern forgery by which you have been duped. "*Sciochezza di Napoli*" retorts the dealer at Messina or Palermo, vindicating at once his own honour, which seems aspersed, and that of his Trinacrian associates. To reconcile these two statements, which are both true, the reader has only to be informed that there are mints every where, and coiners as cunning at Pozzuoli as at Palermo.

† By the word *anima*, or *soul* of a coin, numismatists designate the interior of the metal, as opposed to its superficies or *field*.

cis is recorded in our entry-book of such matters.—“Here are the coins, Signor, which you gave me to clean last week: they are ten in number, for which you owe me as many pauls.—*Eccole!*” “Ah,” said we, “you have not made much of them, I fear.” “Look and see,” was the laconic reply. By which time we had taken up the first, and were pleased to find that an Augustus, whose lineaments we could hardly recognise, when we gave him to Dedomenicis to *scale*, had come back to us perfectly restored. “Why, Dedomenicis,” said we, “this is a restitution better than Trajan’s, of this very Emperor’s coinage; for that, after all, was but the *imitation* of an old mint; but yours the *restoration* of the old one itself. Henceforth I prefer *Dedomenicis’ restituit* to *Trajan’s restituit*.” “Well, then, when you have looked over the others, you will, I dare say, pay these and them at the same rate, as if they had been the issues of that Emperor.” * We were indeed surprised at what we saw, so much had all our coins gained by the process to which Dedomenicis had subjected

them. The second we took up represented the *Ostian harbour*, (Portus Ostiensis.) We had given it to him with a *foul bottom*—it was restored to us with its basin cleared out, and with all its shipping, just as it used to look in the days of Nero; in another, the whole arena of the Colosseum had been disencumbered; in another, Antonine’s column shone bright from top to bottom; here we saw *Honos et Virtus* (honour and military prowess) again taking the field; here the scales of Justice once more appeared, and librated freely in her hand; here Hope resumed her green trefoil; Pudi-
city *unveils* her face; and there sat Fecundity on a curule seat, with all her family about her; lastly, there were those three scandalous sisters of Caligula—the Misses *Money* (Moneta,)[†]—standing together with their arms intertwined, and their names at their backs. All these ten restitutions cost only ten pauls! “And how did you manage to clean them so well, Dedomenicis?” “*Col tempo ed il temperino*,”—with time and a pen-knife: “*Ma ci vuo il genio*,”—you must have a talent for it.

SCALING A COIN.

“*Ci vuo il genio*,”—he was right; and think you ’tis so easy or simple a thing to clean a coin? to unmask an empress, pertinacious in her disguise, or to *scrape* acquaintance with emperors? Try it;—not that you will succeed; but that the difficulties which you are thus made to encounter in the attempt, will dispose you the more readily to do justice to the skill of those who succeed in this delicate process, which, like the finer operations of surgery, requires at once precision and address, great nicety in the handling of your instrument; while the importance at-

tached to the operation itself makes the successful performance of it not a little desirable. The penknife, guided by a *dexterous* hand, may light upon a discovery that has been buried for ages; and a pin’s point may make revelations sufficient to adjust some obscure point in history. Who knows what face may now lie hid (*facies dicatur anuleus?*) under some obscure coating of paste? What an it be a Vitellius; what if a Pertinax should reveal himself? or suppose, when you have removed the foul *larva*, you *undermine* a Matidia! a Plotina!! an Annia Faustina!!! and your fortune

* The *restitution* of the coinage of one Emperor by his successor, consisting of a smaller issue of pieces than the original from which it is taken, has become comparatively scarce; hence such *restitutions* fetch a much *higher price* than those of the earlier currency, and Dedomenicis’s remark was not without its meaning.

† Moneta, one of the many epithets or *aliases* of Juno, borrowed by the Emperor Caligula for his three sisters, Agrippina, Drusilla, and Livilla, who are represented standing in a row, each with her cornucopia and scales, and her name behind her back.

is made! 'Tis a lottery, we admit. But the very principle of the excitement—the charm is, that you know not what *may* turn up; for a less chance, you may possibly have bought a “Terno” in a Frankfort lottery, the chance of an estate on the Moselle! But there are small prizes to be picked up occasionally—and here’s a case in point:—“I was one day sauntering,” said our friend C—, “by the tomb of Cecilia Metella, when a peasant came up with a handful of very dirty-looking coins, so firmly encrusted with mortar, that it seemed absurd to attempt its removal. Having nothing particular to do, and liking the wild quiet of the spot, I gave some ‘baiocehi’ to the man; and taking my seat on a bit of the old aqueduct, I opened my penknife, and began to scrape away. At first I saw the *trace* of a letter; and digging round it, I at length disinterred a large M—a Roman M! It was probably Maximin, or his son Maximus, that I then had under my thumb; but it *might* be a Marinus, in which case it was a valuable coin; so I wrought on with renewed vigour, and presently an *L* was in the *field*. A better prospect this than the last; for if it turned out to be an Æmilianus, I should have made a good morning’s work of it—and it was so! Little by little, line by line, grain by grain, I opened the field, till *C. Julius Æmilianus, Pontif: Max: in a full epigraphe, shone forth with the imperial head in full relief, all in a bright emerald patina.* I have seen several Æmilianuses, but none like that; and it cost me only a penny.”

Now, touching the difficulties in your way—should you still fancy them to be imaginary—take any dirty coin *nigra mœncta sordibus*, and try to clean it; oil it, and scrub it as you may; pick into, poke at, finally, waste your whole morning over it, till your back aches, and your penknife is blunted; you will have to confess at last that your labour has been lost! Your only chance, then, is the fire; and if the *actual cautery* fails, there is no longer any hope. As in learning to scale properly, you must come to sacrifice a *great many coins* before you can hope to succeed, *fiat experimentum in cor-*

pore vili—begin with those that are worthless. Never mind scratching a Faustina’s face; set no store by Nero; you may, if you like, mutilate as many *Domitians* as that emperor mutilated flies. For why?—they cost nothing; unless, indeed, there were something to be gained by *reversing* the picture. But this only while learning, and to learn; for when you *know* how to clean a coin properly, you will hardly waste your time in adding new Trajans to the ten thousands already in existence; nor whet your curiosity or steel upon an empress, known to be as common in bronze as she was wont to be in the flesh! When you have a really valuable coin, on which your pains will not be thrown away, your mode of procedure is, first to scrape, with extreme caution, on some small spot by the margin, till you have taken your proper soundings, and come down to the *patina*. Your next step must be, to ascertain whether that patina is hard, or soft and friable; in which latter case you will have to use all diligence not to poke your penknife in Crispina’s eyeball, nor to wound her husband, with a few days’ beard upon his chin. No *healing process* can help you here to undo your clumsy surgery and want of skill. He will remain *ciatrised*, and she *lippa* for life. Each separate feature requires a renewed care. When your minute manipulations have brought out the eyeball *unspecked*, then comes the nose; and to remove the closely sticking plaster from its side, and expose uninjured the curling nostril underneath, requires more than Taliaetian sleight of hand to manage properly. You must not trifle with Faustina’s hair, nor with Philip’s beard. The “*flava coma*,” which we do not consider as ornamental at any time, looks far worse in *brass* than in *golden tresses*. You must be an aurist when you come to the ear. Deal with the ear, and remember that it has its *portio mollis* as you gently probe your way into its tube. Need we insist upon the necessity of respecting a lady’s lips? and yet you will wound them, unless you are careful. And when all is done, you may find that your coin is no sooner cleaned, than

it is seized with the *smallpox*,* which will become *confluent* and spread, unless properly instructed. You have probed each cicatrix to the bottom, and filled the minute holes with *ink*. Thus you will see that patience, tact, and care are all required in scaling a coin; or, as Dedomenicis said, *ci rvo il genio!*

The collecting coins is a pleasant way of learning the chronology of the royal families of antiquity; and if you are culpably negligent in their arrangement, the first dealer who sees your cabinet takes care to apprise you of your mistakes, and will generally rate you soundly as he does so. The first time Dedomenicis visited our collection of the Roman emperors, he was in a great taking on detecting (which he did not fail to do at a glance) various anachronisms in our arrangement. "By all that should be, if here is not Agrippina the wife of Germanicus, and Claudius's Agrippina, in next-door neighbourhood! the two Faustinas (*che scandalo, dottore mio!*) lying side by side with *strange husbands!* Philip junior deposing his own father—*ci avevano questa consuetudine*, so let that pass; but here is a more serious affair. Pray separate all these Julias a little, my dear sir, *cavo lei*, (looking at us very reproachfully;) here, in this one tray, you have mixed,

introduced, and confounded together all the Julias of the Roman empire! Julia, the daughter of Titus, alone in her right place beside her first consort Domitian. But Julia Pia and Julia Donna are but the *aliases* of the same empress, the wife of Septimius Severus; and here you have placed by mistake Julia Paula, the wife of Elagabalus, after Julia Mammæa, who you *must* remember married Maximin. Pray attend to these things; and whenever your series is deficient, leave vacant spaces in your trays to mark the deficiencies. Don't crowd your emperors thus together, when time has separated them in history," &c. &c. &c. We promised faithfully to attend to these hints; but it was all to no purpose, for in one week our friends, to whom we used to show our collection properly arranged, would again involve our chronology in inextricable confusion, especially certain dear young ladies of our acquaintance, who, by no means showing the same respect for old Time that old Time continued to demonstrate towards them, would make light of whole centuries; and we have known them so regardless of all dates, except perhaps their own, as to bring up a Constantine or Maxentius, and to place them under the very nose of Augustus!

* "*La petite verole*," is the name employed by French numismatists to designate this *disease*. They could not have hit upon a happier. A finely characteristic specimen of it is to be seen at present in the bronze impersonation of George IV. which stands on the Steym at Brighton, where the whole face looking seaward has become *balafré* and poek-marked. It is strange that under the epithet of *pustular*, as applied to *silver*, the ancients appear to have meant the purest and most refined quality of that metal, when it is the alloy mixed with the bronze that makes it *pustular*.

THE LAST RECOLLECTIONS OF NAPOLEON.

THERE are few things more striking than the analogy in civil and physical changes of the world. There have been in the history of man periods as distinctive as in the history of nations. From these periods society and nations have alike assumed new aspects, and the world has commenced a new career. The fall of the Roman Empire was the demarcation between the old world and the new. It was the moral deluge, out of which a new condition of man, new laws, new forms of religion, new styles of thought, almost a totally new configuration of human society, were to arise. A new settlement of the civil world took place: power absorbed by one race of mankind was to be divided among various races; and the development of principles of government and society, hitherto unknown, was to be scarcely less memorable, less unexpected, or less productive, than that voyage by which Columbus doubled the space of the habitable globe.

The Reformation was another mighty change. It introduced civil liberty into the empire of tyranny, religion into the realm of superstition, and science into the depths of national ignorance. The French Revolution was the last, and not the least powerful change within human experience. Its purpose is, like its operation, still dubious. Whether it came simply for wrath, or simply for restoration—whether, like the earthquake of Lisbon, it came only to destroy, and leave its ruins visible for a century to come; to clear the ground of incumbrances too massive for the hand of man, and open the soil for exertions nobler than the old, must be left to time to interpret. But there can be no question, that the most prominent agency, the most powerful influence, and the most dazzling lustre, of a period in which all the stronger impulses of our being were in the wildest activity, centred in the character of one man, and that man—Napoleon.

It is evidently a law of Providence, that all the great changes of society shall be the work of individual minds. Yet when we recollect the difficulty of effecting any general change, embracing the infinite varieties of human interests, caprices, passions, and purposes, nothing could seem more improbable. But it has always been the course of things. Without Charlemagne, the little principalities of Gothic Europe would never have been systematised into an empire;—without Luther, what could have been the progress of the Reformation?—without Napoleon, the French Revolution would have burnt itself out, vanished into air, or sunk into ashes. He alone collected its materials, combined them into a new and powerful shape, crowned this being of his own formation with the imperial robe, erected it in the centre of Europe, and called the nations to bow down before a new idol, like the gods of the Indian known only by its mysterious frown, the startling splendour of its diadem, and the swords and serpents grasped in its hands.

That the character of Napoleon was a singular compound of the highest intellectual powers with the lowest moral qualities, is evidently the true description of this extraordinary being. This combination alone accounts for the rapidity, the splendour of his career, and the sudden and terrible completeness of his fall. Nothing less than pre-eminent capacity could have shot him up through the clouds and tempests of the Revolution into the highest place of power. A mixture of this force of mind and desperate selfishness of heart could alone have suggested and sustained the system of the Imperial wars, policy, and ambition; and the discovery of his utter faithlessness could alone have rendered all thrones hopeless of binding him by the common bonds of sovereign to sovereign, and compelled them to find their only security for the peace of Europe in consigning him to a

dungeon. He was the only instance in modern history of a monarch dethroned by a universal conviction; warred against by mankind, as the sole object of the war; delivered over into captivity by the unanimous judgment of nations; and held in the same unrelaxing and judicial fetters until he died.

It is another striking feature of this catastrophe, that the whole family of Napoleon sank along with him. They neither possessed his faculties, nor were guilty of his offences. But as they had risen solely by him, they perished entirely with him. Future history will continually hover over this period of our annals, as the one which most resembles some of those fabrications of the Oriental genius, in which human events are continually under the guidance of spirits of the air; in which fantastic palaces are erected by a spell, and the treasures of the earth developed by the wave of a wand—in which the mendicant of this hour is exalted into the prince of the next; and while the wonder still glitters before the eye, another sign of the necromancer dissolves the whole pageant into air again. Human recollection has no record of so much power, so widely distributed, and apparently so fixed above all the ordinary casualties of the world, so instantly and so irretrievably overthrown. The kings of earth are not undone at a blow; kingdoms do not change their rulers without a struggle. Great passions and great havoc have always preceded and followed the fall of monarchies. But the four diadems of the Napoleon race fell from their wearers' brows with scarcely a touch from the hand of man. The surrender of the crown by Napoleon extinguished the crowns actually ruling over millions, and virtually influencing the whole Continent. They were extinguished, too, at the moment when the Imperial crown disappeared. It had no sooner been crushed at Waterloo, than they all fell into fragments, of themselves;—the whole dynasty went down with Napoleon into the dungeon, and not one of them has since returned to the world.

The name of General Comte Montholon is well known to this country, as that of a brave officer, who, after acquiring distinguished rank in the

French army by his sword, followed Napoleon to St Helena; remained with him during his captivity; and upon his death was made the depository of his papers, and his executor. But his own language, in a letter dated from the Castle of Ham in June 1844, gives the best account of his authority and his proceedings.

“A soldier of the Republic, a brigadier-general at twenty years of age, and minister-plenipotentiary in Germany in 1812 and 1813, I could, like others, have left memoirs concerning the things which I saw; but the whole is effaced from my mind in presence of a single thing, a single event, and a single man. The thing is Waterloo; the event, the fall of the Empire; and the man, Napoleon.”

He then proceeds to tell us, that he shared the St Helena captivity for six years; that for forty-two nights he watched the dying bed of the ex-monarch; and that, by Napoleon's express desire, he closed his eyes. But to those duties of private friendship were affixed official services, which looked much more like tyranny than the tribute of personal regard, and which we should think must have worn out the patience, and tried the constitution, of the most devoted follower of this extraordinary captive.

Napoleon, though apparently contemptuous of the opinions of mankind, evidently felt the strongest anxiety to make out a favourable statement for himself. And all his hours, except the few devoted to exercise on horseback and to sleep, and to his meals, were employed in completing the narrative which was to clear up his character to mankind.

During the last years passed in St Helena, Napoleon sent for the Count every night at eleven o'clock, and continued dictating to him until six in the morning, when he went into the bath, dismissing the count with—“Come, my son, go and repose, and come to me again at nine o'clock. We shall have breakfast, and resume the labours of the night.” At nine, he returned, and remained with him till one, when Napoleon went to bed. Between four and five, he sent for the count again, who dined with him every day, and at nine o'clock left him, to return at eleven.

The world little knew the drudgery to which these unfortunate followers of the Ex-Emperor were thus exposed, and they must all have rejoiced at any termination of a toil so remorseless and so uncheering.

Napoleon was fond of the Turkish doctrine of fatality. Whether so acute a mind was capable of believing a doctrine so palpably contradicted by the common circumstances of life, and so utterly repugnant to reason, can scarcely be a question; but with him, as with the Turks, it was a capital doctrine for the mighty machine which he called an army. But the count seems to have been a true believer. He, too, pronounces, that "destiny is written," and regards himself as being under the peculiar influence of a malignant star, or, in his own words: "In fact, without having sought it, my destiny brought me into contact with the Emperor in the Elysée Bourbon, conducted me, without my knowing it, to the shores of Boulogne, where honour imposed upon me the necessity of not abandoning the nephew of the Emperor in presence of the dangers by which he was surrounded. Irrevocably bound to the misfortunes of a family, I am now perishing in Ham; the captivity commenced in St Helena."

Of Count Montholon, it must be acknowledged, that he was unstained by either the vices or the violences which scandalized Europe so frequently in the leaders of the French armies. He appears to have been at all times a man of honourable habits, as he certainly is of striking intelligence. But we have no faith in his doctrine of the star, and think that he would have acted much more wisely if he had left the stars to take care of themselves, avoided the blunder of mistaking the nephew of Napoleon for a hero and a genius, and stayed quietly in London, instead of risking himself with an invasion of valets to take the diadem off the most sagacious head in Europe.

The narrative commences with the return of Napoleon to Paris after his renown, his throne, and his dynasty were alike crushed by the British charge at Waterloo. He reached Paris at six in the morning of the 21st. It is now clear that the greatest blun-

der of this extraordinary man was his flight from the army. If he had remained at its head, let its shattered condition be what it might, he would have been powerful, have awed the growing hostility of the capital, and have probably been able to make peace alike for himself and his nation. But by hurrying to Paris, all was lost: he stripped himself of his strength; he threw himself on the mercy of his enemies; and palpably capitulated to the men who, but the day before, were trembling under the fear of his vengeance.

Nobleness of heart is essential to all true renown; and perhaps it is not less essential to all real security. Napoleon, with talents which it is perfectly childish to question, though the attempt has been made since the close of his brilliant career, wanted this nobleness of heart, and through its want ultimately perished. Of the bravery of him who fought the splendid campaigns of Italy, and of the political sagacity of him who raised himself from being a subaltern of artillery to a sovereign of sovereigns, there can be no doubt. But his selfishness was so excessive that it occasionally made both contemptible, and gave his conduct alike the appearance of cowardice, and the appearance of infatuation. His flight from Egypt, leaving his army to be massacred or captured, disgraced him in the face of Europe. His flight from Russia, leaving the remnant of his legions to be destroyed, was a new scandal; but hitherto no evil had been produced by this gross regard of self. The penalty, however, must be paid. His flight from the army in Belgium, leaving it without counsel or direction, to be crushed by a victorious enemy, was the third instance of that ignoble preference of his own objects which had characterised and stained his Egyptian and Russian career. But retribution was now come, and he was to be undone. The slaughter of Waterloo had been tremendous, but it was not final. The loss of the French army had been computed at forty thousand men, killed, wounded, and dispersed. He had come into the field with seventy-two thousand men, independent of Grouchy. He had thus thirty thousand remaining. Grouchy's force of thirty thousand was still

untouched, and was able to make its way to Paris. In addition to these sixty thousand, strong garrisons had been left in all the fortresses, which he might without difficulty have gathered upon his retreat. The Parisian national guard would have augmented this force, probably, on the whole, to one hundred thousand men. It is true that the allied Russian and Austrian forces were on the frontier. But they had not yet moved, and could not prevent the march of those reinforcements. Thus, without reckoning the provincial militia of France, or calculating on a *levée en masse*, Napoleon within a fortnight might have been at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men, while the pursuing army could not have mustered half the number. He would thus have had time for negotiation; and time with him was every thing. Or let the event be what it might, the common sense of the Allies would have led them to avoid a direct collision with so powerful a force fighting on its own ground under the walls of the capital, and knowing that the only alternatives were complete triumph or total ruin.

Count Montholon makes a remark on the facility with which courtiers make their escape from a falling throne, which has been so often exemplified in history. But it was never more strikingly exemplified than in the double overthrow of Napoleon. "At Fontainebleau, in 1814," says the Count, "when I hastened to offer to carry him off with the troops under my command, I found no one in those vast corridors, formerly too small for the crowd of courtiers, except the Duke of Bassano and two aides-de-camp." His whole court, down to his Mameluke and valet, had run off to Paris, to look for pay and place under the Bourbons. In a similar case in the next year, at the Elysée Bourbon, he found but two counts and an equerry. It was perfectly plain to all the world but Napoleon himself that his fate was decided.

There certainly seems to have been something in his conduct at this period that can scarcely be accounted for but by infatuation. His first act, the desertion of his army, was de-

grading to his honour, but his conduct on his arrival was not less degrading to his sagacity. Even his brother Lucien said that he was blinded with the smoke of Waterloo. He seems to have utterly lost that distinct view and fierce decision which formerly characterised all his conduct. It was no more the cannon-shot or the thunder-clap, it was the wavering of a mind suddenly perplexed by the difficulties which he would once have solved by a sentence and overwhelmed by resistance—which he would have once swept away like a swarm of flies. The leader of armies was crushed by a conspiracy of clerks, and the sovereign of the Continent was sent to the dungeon by a cabal of his own slaves.

While Napoleon was thus lingering in the Elysée Bourbon, the two chambers of the Legislature were busily employed between terror and intrigue. The time was delicate, for the Bourbons and the Allies were approaching. But, on the other hand, the fortunes of Napoleon might change; tardiness in recognising the Bourbons might be fatal to their hopes of place, but the precipitancy of abandoning Napoleon might bring their heads under the knife of the guillotine. All public life is experimental, and there never was a time when the experiment was of a more tremulous description.

At length they began to act; and the first precaution of the Chamber of Deputies was to secure their own existence. Old Lafayette moved a resolution, that the man should be regarded as a traitor to the country who made any attempt to dissolve the Chamber. This was an obvious declaration against the authority of the Empire. The next motion was, that General Beker should be appointed commandant of the guard ordered to protect the Legislature. This was a provision against the mob of Paris. The Legislature was now safe from its two prominent perils. In the mean time, Napoleon had made another capital blunder. He had held a council of the ministers, to which he proposed the question, whether he should proceed in person to the Chamber of Deputies, and demand supplies, or send his brothers and ministers to

make the communication. Three of the ministers approved of his going in person, but the majority disapproved of it—on the plea of its being a dangerous experiment, in the excited state of the public passions. If Napoleon had declined this counsel, which arose from either pusillanimity or perfidy, it is perfectly possible that he might have silenced all opposition. The known attachment of the troops, the superstition connected with his fortunes, the presence of the man whom they all so lately worshipped, as the Indians worship the serpent for the poison of its fang, might have produced a complete revulsion. Napoleon, too, was singularly eloquent—his language had a romantic splendour which captivates the artificial taste of the nation; and with an imperial figure before them, surrounded with more powerful incidents than the drama could ever offer, and threatening a fifth act which might involve the fate of France and Europe, the day might have finished by a new burst of national enthusiasm, and the restoration of Napoleon to the throne, with all his enemies in the Legislature chained to its footstool.

But he sent his brother Joseph to the Chamber of Peers, and received the answer to his mission next morning, in a proposal which was equivalent to a demand for his abdication.

A council of ministers was again held on this proposal. The same three who had voted for his presence in the Chamber, now voted for his rejection of the proposal. The majority, however, were against them. Napoleon yielded to the majority. He had lost his opportunity—and in politics opportunity is every thing. He had now nothing more to lose. He drew up an acknowledgment of his abdication; but appended to it the condition of proclaiming his son, Napoleon Second, emperor of the French. This was an artifice, but it was unworthy even of the art of Napoleon. He must have been conscious that the Allies would have regarded this appointment as a trick to ensure his own restoration. His son was yet a child; a regent must have been appointed; Napoleon would have natu-

rally been that regent; and in six months, or on the first retreat of the Allies, he would as naturally have re-appointed himself emperor. The trick was too shallow for his sagacity, and it was impossible to hope that it could have been suffered by the Allies. Yet it passed the Chamber, and Napoleon Second was acknowledged within the walls. But the acknowledgment was laughed at without them; the Allies did not condescend to notice it; and the Allies proceeded to their work of restoration as if he had never existed. In fact, the dynasty was at an end; a provisional government was appointed, with Fouché at its head, and the name of Napoleon was pronounced no more.

Count Montholon gives a brief but striking description of the confusion, dismay, and despair, into which Waterloo had thrown the Bonapartists. He had hurried to the Elysée a few hours after the arrival of Bonaparte from the field. He met the Duke of Vicenza coming out, with a countenance of dejection, and asked him what was going on. "All is lost," was the answer. "You arrived to-day, as you did at Fontainebleau, only to see the emperor resign his crown. The leaders of the Chambers desire his abdication. They will have it; and in a week Louis XVIII. will be in Paris. At night on the 19th, a short note in pencil was left with my Swiss, announcing the destruction of the army. The same notice was given to Carnot. The last telegraphic dispatch had brought news of victory; we both hastened to the Duke of Otranto; he assured us with all his cadaverous coldness that he knew nothing. He knew all, however, I am well assured. Events succeeded each other with the rapidity of lightning; there is no longer any possible illusion. All is lost, and the Bourbons will be here in a week."

The Count remained forty-eight hours at the palace. The fallen Emperor had now made up his mind to go to America, and the Count promised to accompany him. A couple of regiments, formed of the workmen of the Faubourg St Germain, marching by the palace, now demanded that Napoleon should put himself at their head, and take vengeance on his ene-

mies. But he well knew the figure which the volunteers of the mob would make in front of the bayonets which had crushed his guard at Waterloo, and he declined the honour of this new command. A few courtiers, who adhered to him still, continued to talk of his putting himself at the head of the national force. But Waterloo had effectually cured him of the passion for soldiership, and he constantly appealed to his unwillingness to shed the blood of Frenchmen. It was at least evident that he intended to tempt the field no more, but after being the cause of shedding the blood of two millions of the people, his reserve was romantic.

The Count was sent to dismiss the volunteers, and they having performed their act of heroism, and offered to challenge the whole British army, were content with the glory of the threat, and heroically marched home to their shops.

But Montholon, on returning again, addressed Napoleon on the feasibility of attacking Wellington and Blucher with the battalions of the Messrs Calicot, upon which the Ex-Emperor made the following solemn speech: "To put into action the brute force of the masses, would without doubt save Paris, and ensure me the crown, without having recourse to the horrors of a civil war. But this would be also to risk the shedding of rivers of fresh blood. What is the compressive force which would be sufficiently strong to regulate the outburst of so much passion, hatred, and vengeance? No, I never can forget one thing, that I have been brought from Cannes to Paris in the midst of cries for blood, 'Down with the priests!' 'Down with the nobles!' I would rather have the regrets of France than possess its crown."

There is no country in the world, where Napoleon's own phrase, that from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, is more perpetually and practically realised than in France. Here was a man utterly ruined, without a soldier on the face of the earth, all but a prisoner, abandoned by every human being who could be of the slightest service to him, beaten in the field, beaten on his own ground, and now utterly separated from his

remaining troops, and with a hundred thousand of the victors rushing after him, hour by hour, to Paris. Yet he talks as if he had the world still at his disposal, applauds his own magnanimity in declining the impossible combat, vaunts his own philosophy in standing still, when he could neither advance nor retreat, and gives himself credit as a philanthropist, when he was on the very point of being handed over to the enemy as a prisoner. Some unaccountable tricks of a lower description now began to be played on the goods and chattels of the Elysée Bourbon. A case containing snuff-boxes adorned with portraits set in diamonds, was laid by Bertrand on the mantel-piece. He accidentally turned to converse with General Montholon at the window. Only one person entered the room. The Count does not give his name,—he was evidently a person of rank. On turning to the mantel-piece again, the case was gone.

One of the ministers had brought some negotiable paper to the amount of several millions of francs into the Emperor's chamber. The packet was placed under one of the cushions of the sofa. Only one person, and that one a man of rank who had served in Italy, entered the chamber. Napoleon went to look for the money, calculated a moment, and a million and a half of francs, or about £60,000 sterling, had been taken in the interim. Those were times for thievery, and the plunderers of Europe were now on the alert, to make spoil of each other. The Allies were still advancing, but they were not yet in sight; and the mob of Paris, who had been at first delighted to find that the war was at an end, having nothing else to do, and thinking that, as Wellington and Blucher had not arrived within a week, they would not arrive within a century, began to clamour *Vive l'Empereur!* Fouché and the provisional government began to feel alarm, and it was determined to keep Napoleon out of sight of the mob. Accordingly they ordered him to be taken to Malmaison; and on the 25th, towards nightfall, Napoleon submissively quitted the Elysée, and went to Malmaison. At Malmaison he remained for the greater part of the

time, in evident fear of being put to death, and in fact a prisoner.—Such was the fate of the most powerful sovereign that Europe had seen since Charlemagne. Such was the humiliation of the conqueror, who, but seven years before, had summoned the continental sovereigns to bow down to his footstool at Erfurth; and who wrote to Talma the actor these words of supreme arrogance—“Come to Erfurth, and you shall play before a pit-full of kings.”

From this period, day by day, a succession of measures was adopted by the government to tighten his chain. He was ordered to set out for the coast, nominally with the intention of giving him a passage to America. But we must doubt that intention. Fouché, the head of the government, had now thrown off the mask which he had worn so many years. And it was impossible for him to expect forgiveness, in case of any future return of Napoleon to power. But Napoleon, in America, would have been at all times within one-and-twenty days of Paris. And the mere probability of his return would have been enough to make many a pillow sleepless in Paris. We are to recollect also, that the English ministry must have been perfectly aware of the arrest of Napoleon; that St Helena had been already mentioned as a place of security for his person; and that if it was essential to the safety of Europe,—a matter about which Fouché probably cared but little; it was not less essential to the safety of Fouché’s own neck,—a matter about which he always cared very much, that the Ex-Emperor should never set foot in France again.

The result was, an order from the minister at war, Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl, couched in the following terms. We give it as a document of history.

“General, I have the honour to transmit to you the subjoined decree, which the commission of government desires you to notify to the Emperor Napoleon: at the same time informing his majesty, that the circumstances are become imperative, and that it is necessary for him immediately to decide on setting out for the Isle of Aix. This decree has been passed as much

for the safety of his person as for the interest of the state, which ought always to be dear to him. Should the Emperor not adopt the above mentioned resolution, on your notification of this decree, it will then be your duty to *exercise the strictest surveillance*, both with a view of preventing his majesty from leaving Malmaison, and of guarding against any attempt upon his life. You will station guards at all the approaches to Malmaison. I have written to the inspector-general of the gendarmerie, and to the commandant of Paris, to place such of the gendarmerie and troops as you may require at your disposal.

“I repeat to you, general, that this decree has been adopted solely for the good of the state, and the personal safety of the Emperor. Its prompt execution is indispensable, as the future fate of his majesty and his family depends upon it. It is unnecessary to say to you, general, that all your measures should be taken with the greatest possible secrecy.

(Signed) “PRINCE OF ECKMUHL,
Marshal and Minister of War.”

Those documents, which have now appeared, we believe, for the first time authentically, will be of importance to the historian, and of still higher importance to the moralist. Who could have once believed that the most fiery of soldiers, the most subtle of statesmen, and the proudest of sovereigns, would ever be the subject of a rescript like the following? It begins with an absolute command that “Napoleon Bonaparte” (it has already dropped the emperor) “shall remain in the roads of the Isle of Aix till the arrival of passports.” It then proceeds:—“It is of importance to the well-being of the state, which should not be indifferent to him, that he should remain till his fate, and that of his family, have been definitively regulated. French honour is interested in such an issue; but in the mean time every precaution should be taken for the personal safety of Napoleon, and that he must not be allowed to leave the place of his present sojourn.

(Signed) “THE DUKE OF OTRANTO,
“THE PRINCE OF ECKMUHL.”

A similar document was issued to

General Beker, signed by Carnot and Caulaincourt. Count Montholon remarks, with sufficient justice, on the signature of Caulaincourt to this paper, that the Emperor would have been extremely astonished to see that name subscribed to a letter in which he was called Napoleon—if any thing could have astonished the former exile of Elba, and the future exile of St Helena.

This must have been a period of the deepest anxiety to the imperial prisoner. He evidently regarded his life as unsafe; thought that he discovered in the project of his journey a determination to throw him either into the hands of assassins or of the French king, and formally announced his refusal to leave Malmaison “until informed of his fate by the Duke of Wellington.” He was now reduced to the lowest ebb. He acknowledged himself powerless, hopeless, and utterly dependent on the will of his conqueror. The bitterness of heart which dictated such words must have been beyond all description. He was now abandoned by the few who had followed him from the Elysée.

But time was pressing; Wellington was advancing with rapid steps, and there was a possibility that he might capture Napoleon at Malmaison. Troops were sent to burn the neighbouring bridge, and precautions were taken to prevent the catastrophe. A division of the army coming from the Vendée halted before the palace, and insisted on seeing Napoleon, and on being led by him to battle. This was rodomontade, with the advanced troops of the whole army now within sight of Paris. But it was enough to betray him into the absurdity of proposing to try another chance for his crown. Beker was dispatched to Paris to try the effect of this communication. Fouché gave for answer, the simple fact that the Prussians were advancing on Versailles. The sitting of the provisional government would have been worth the hand of a great painter. Fouché, after sharply rebuking the general for bringing in his proposal from Malmaison, made him sit down at his side, while he wrote a peremptory and decided refusal. Carnot was walking gloomily up and down the room. Caulaincourt,

and General Grenier, sat silently around the table. Not a word was uttered except by the Duke of Otranto. The general received his dispatch and departed. On passing through the anterooms, he found them filled with generals and high civil officers, who all expressed but one opinion on the necessity of getting rid of Napoleon. “Let him set off, let him go,” was the universal cry. “We can undertake nothing for either his personal good or Paris.” There was now no alternative. Napoleon must either remain and fall into the hands of Louis XVIII., who had already proclaimed him a traitor and an outlaw, or he must try to make his escape by sea. On the 29th of June, at five o'clock in the evening, he entered the carriage which was to convey him to the coast, leaving Paris behind, to which he was never to return alive, but to which his remains have returned in a posthumous triumph twenty-six years after, on the 15th of September 1840.

On his arrival at Rochfort, all the talent of the French for projects was immediately in full exercise. Never were there so many castles in the air built in so short a time. Proposals were made to smuggle the prisoner to the United States in a Danish merchant vessel, in which, in case of search, he was to be barrelled in a hogshead perforated with breathing holes.

Another project was, to put him on board a kind of fishing-boat manned by midshipmen, and thus escape the English. A third project proposed, that the two French frigates anchored under the guns of the Isle of Aix should put to sea together; that one of them should run alongside Captain Maitland's ship, and attack her fiercely, with the hope of distracting her attention, even with the certainty of being destroyed, while the other frigate made her escape with Napoleon on board. This is what the French would call a *grande pensée*, and quite as heroic as any thing in a melodrama of the Porte St Martin. But the captain of the leading frigate declined the distinction, and evidently thought it not necessary that he and his crew should be blown out of the water, as they certainly would have been if

they came in contact with the Belle-rophon; so this third project perished.

After a few days of this busy foolery, the prisoner, startled by new reports of the success of the Allies every where, and too sagacious not to feel that the hands of the French king might be the most dangerous into which the murderer of the Duc D'Enghien could fall; looking with evident contempt upon the foolish projects for his escape, and conscious that his day was done, resolved to throw himself into the hands of Captain Maitland, the commander of the Belle-rophon, then anchored in Basque roads. On the night of the 10th, Savary and Las Cases were sent on board the English ship, to inquire whether the captain would allow a French or neutral ship, or the frigates with Napoleon on board, to pass free? Captain Maitland simply answered, that he had received no orders except those ordinarily given in case of war; but that he should attack the frigates if they attempted to pass; that if a neutral flag came in his way, he would order it to be searched as usual. But that, in consequence of the peculiar nature of the case, he would communicate with the admiral in command.

A circumstance occurred on this occasion, which brought M. Las Cases into no small disrepute afterwards. The captain hospitably asked Las Cases and Savary to lunch with him, and, while at table, inquired whether they understood English. He was answered that they did not; and the captain, though of course relying upon the answer, made his observations in English to his officers, while he addressed the Frenchman in his own tongue. It was afterwards ascertained that Las Cases, who had been an emigrant for some years in England, understood English perfectly. Nothing could therefore be more pitiful than his conduct in suffering the captain to believe that he was ignorant on the subject, and thus obtain a confidence to which he had no right. The circumstance, as Count Montholon says,—“was afterwards made a bitter reproach against Las Cases; the English charging him with a violation of honour; because, as they affirmed,

he had positively declared that he was unacquainted with their language, when the question was put to him at the commencement of the conference. This, however,” says Count Montholon, “is not correct.” And how does he show that it is not correct? “The question,” says he, “was put collectively, that is, to both alike, and Savary alone answered in the negative.” Of course the answer was understood collectively, and comprised M. Las Cases as well as M. Savary. In short, the conduct was contemptible, and the excuse not much better. Las Cases, of course, should not have allowed any other person's word to be taken, when it led to a delusion. It is possible that Savary was unacquainted with his companion's knowledge of English,—though when we recollect that Savary was minister of police, and that Las Cases was about the court of Napoleon, it is difficult to conceive his ignorance on the subject. But in all instances, there could be no apology for his fellow-Frenchman's sitting to hear conversations of which he was supposed, on the credit of Savary's word, and his own silence, to comprehend nothing.

It happily turns out, however, that all this *dexterity* had only the effect of blinding the parties themselves.

“This mystification and piece of diplomatic chicanery”—we use the language of the volume—“proved, in fact, rather detrimental than useful; for, no doubt, the information thus gained by *surprise* from Captain Maitland and his officers, contributed to induce the Emperor to decide on surrendering himself to the English.” The captain was too honourable a man to think of practising any chicanery on the subject; but if the two *employés* overreached themselves, so much the better.

But events now thickened. On the 12th, the Paris journals arrived, announcing the entrance of the Allies into Paris, and the establishment of Louis XVIII. in the Tuileries! All was renewed confusion, consternation, and projects. On the next day Joseph Bonaparte came to the Isle of Aix, to propose the escape of his fallen brother in a merchant vessel from Bordeaux, for America, and remain in his place. This offer was generous, but it could

scarcely be accepted by any human being, and it was refused. But delay was becoming doubly hazardous. It was perfectly possible that the first measure of the new government would be an order for his seizure, and the next, for his execution. On that evening he decided to accept the offer of the *chasse-marées*, to go on board before morning, and trust to the young midshipmen and chance for his passage across the Atlantic.

We know no history more instructive than these "last days" of a fugitive Emperor. That he might have escaped a week before, is certain, for the harbour was not then blockaded; that he might have made his way among the channels of that very difficult and obstructed coast even after the blockade, is possible; that he might have found his way, by a hundred roads, out of France, or reached the remnant of his armies, is clear, for all his brothers escaped by land. But that he still hesitated—and alone hesitated; that this man—the most memorable for decision, famed for promptitude, for the discovery of the true point of danger, daring to the height of rashness, when daring was demanded—should have paused at the very instant when his fate seemed to be in his own hand, more resembles a preternatural loss of faculty than the course of nature. His whole conduct on the shore of France is to be equalled only by his conduct among the ashes of Moscow,—it was infatuation.

Again the man of decision hesitated; and at four in the morning General Lallemand and Las Cases were sent on board the Bellerophon under the pretext of waiting for the admiral's answer, but in reality to ascertain whether the captain would express *officially* any pledge or opinion relative to Napoleon's favourable reception in England; which Las Cases had conceived him to express in his conversation with his officers, and of which this M. Las Cases was supposed not to have understood a syllable.

Captain Maitland's answer was distinct and simple. It was, "that he had yet received no information, but hourly expected it; that he was authorized to receive Napoleon on board, and convey him to England, where, according to his own opinion, he

would receive all the attention and respect to which he could lay any claim." But, to prevent all presumptions on the subject, adding—"I am anxious that it should be well understood, that I am expressing only my personal opinion on this subject, and have in no respect spoken in the name of the government, having received *no* instructions from either the admiralty or the admiral."

It is almost painful to contemplate these scenes. What agonies must have passed through the heart of such a man, so humbled! What inevitable contrasts of the throne with the dungeon! What sense of shame in the humiliation which thus placed him at the disposal of his own few followers! What sleepless anxiety in those midnight consultations, in those exposures to public shame, in this sense of utter ruin, in this terrible despair! If some great painter shall hereafter rise to vindicate the pencil by showing its power of delineating the deepest passions of our nature, or some still greater poet shall come to revive the day of Shakspeare, and exhibit the tortures of a greater Macbeth, fallen from the highest elevation of human things into a depth of self-reproach and self-abasement to which all the powers of human language might be pale,—what a subject for them were here!

The theatrical habits of the French are singularly unfortunate for a nation which assumes to take an influential rank in the world. They deprive them of that capacity for coping with real things which is essential to all substantial greatness. With them the business of the world must be all melodrama, and the most commonplace, or the most serious actions of life, must be connected with scene-shifting, trap-doors, and the mimic thunders of the stage. Napoleon was now in a condition the most deeply calculated to force these stern realities of life on the mind. Yet even with him all was to be dramatic; he was to throw himself on the clemency of his conqueror, like one of the heroes of Corneille. England was to stand in admiration of his magnanimous devotedness. The sovereign was to receive him with astonishment and open arms, and, after an embrace of royal

enthusiasm, he was to be placed in secure splendour, cheered by the acclamations of a people hastening to do him homage. In this false and high-coloured view of things, he wrote the famous and absurd note, in which he pronounced himself another Themistocles, come to sit by the hearth of the British people. A manlier, because a more rational view of things, would have told him that a war, expressly begun with a determination to overthrow his dynasty, could not be suffered to conclude by giving him the power of again disturbing the world—that his utter faithlessness prohibited the possibility of relying on his pledges—the security of the Bourbon throne absolutely demanded his being finally disabled from disturbing its authority—England owed it to her allies to prevent a repetition of the numberless calamities which his reign had inflicted upon Europe, and owed it to herself to prevent all necessity for the havoc of a new Waterloo.

The national passion for a *coup de théâtre* rendered all this knowledge of no avail, and he flung himself at the feet of the Prince Regent, with the flattering phrasology of claiming protection “from the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of his enemies.”

The step was now taken. On the 15th of July, at daybreak, he left the Isle of Aix, and entered one of the boats which was to convey him on board the *Bellerophon*. He had still a parting pang to undergo. As he looked round the shore, a white flag was flying on all the ships and batteries. All the rest of this curious narrative has been already given to the world. We have no desire to repeat the details.

Count Montholon, in his fondness for excitement, here states that a privy council was held on the question, whether the terms of the Congress of Vienna prevented England from giving up Napoleon to the vengeance of Louis XVIII., adding, that “the dispatches of the Duke of Wellington urged them to adopt bloody and terrible determinations.” This we utterly disbelieve; and, if we required additional reasons for our disbelief, it would be in the Count’s tell-

ing us that the energetic opposition of the Duke of Sussex alone prevented the delivery of the prisoner—there not being perhaps any prince, or any individual of England, less likely to have weight in the councils of the existing government.

Without presuming to trace the steps of Providence, it is natural and not unwise to follow them in those leading transactions which give a character to their times, or which complete events decisive of the fates of eminent men or nations. One of the most characteristic and abhorred acts of the entire life of the French Emperor, was his imprisonment of the English who were travelling in his country at the commencement of his reign. The act was the most treacherous within human record—it was perfidy on the largest scale. Europe had been often scandalised by breaches of political faith, but the agents and the sufferers were sovereigns and nations. But in this instance the blow fell upon individuals with the most sudden treachery, the most causeless tyranny, and the most sweeping ruin. Twelve thousand individuals, travelling under the protection of the imperial laws, wholly incapable of being regarded by those laws as prisoners, and relying on the good faith of the government, were seized as felons, put under duress, separated from their families in England, suddenly deprived of their means of existence, stopt in the progress of their professions, plundered of their property, and kept under the most vigilant surveillance for eleven years.

The retribution now fell, and that retribution exactly in the form of the crime by which it was drawn down. We give a few extracts of the document by which Napoleon protested against his detention, as a most complete, though unconscious indictment against his own act eleven years before.

Protest at sea, on board the *Bellerophon*, August 1815—“In the face of God and man, I solemnly protest against the injury which has been committed upon me, by the violation of my most sacred rights, in forcibly disposing of *my person and liberty*.

“I came freely on board the *Bellerophon*, and *am not a prisoner*,—I am the *guest of England*.

"I presented myself in good faith, and came to place myself under the protection of the laws of England. As soon as I set my foot on board the *Bellerophon*, I felt myself on the soil of the British people. If the orders issued by the government to receive myself and my suite were merely intended as a snare, then they have *forfeited their bond*. If such an act were really done, it would be in vain for England in future to speak of her faith, her laws, and her liberty.

"She pretended to offer the *hand of hospitality* to an enemy, and when he had trusted to her *fidelity*, she immolated him."

If the *deteuus* at Verdun, and scattered through the various fortresses of France, had drawn up a petition against the desperate act which had consigned them to captivity, they might have anticipated the language with which Napoleon went to the dungeon, that was never to send him back again amongst mankind.

There was but one preliminary to his departure now to take place. It was the execution of an order from the Government to examine the baggage in the strictest manner, and to require the surrender of all money or jewels of value in the possession of Napoleon and his suite. Necessary as this act was, for the prevention of bribery, and attempts to escape from St Helena, not for any undue seizure of private property, for a most ample allowance was already appointed by the government for the expenses of the prisoner, this duty seems to have been most imperfectly performed. As the Count tells us, "the grand-marshal, gave up 4000 Napoleons, as constituting the Emperor's chest. We kept secret about 400,000 francs in gold—from three to four hundred thousand francs in valuables and diamonds, and letters of credit for more than four million of francs." Whether this immense sum was overlooked by the extraordinary negligence of those whose duty it was to fulfil the orders of government, or whether their search was baffled, the narrative does not disclose. But there can be no question that the suite were bound to deliver up all that they possessed; and that there can be as little question

that with such sums of money at his disposal, Napoleon's subsequent complaints of poverty were ridiculous, and that the subsequent sale of his plate to supply his table was merely for the purpose of exciting a clamour, and was charlatanish and contemptible.

We pass rapidly over the details of the voyage. Napoleon spent a considerable part of his time on the quarter-deck, took opportunities of conversing affably with the officers, and even with the crew. On one occasion, after some conversation with the master, he invited him to dine at the admiral's table. The master declined the invitation, as a sin against naval etiquette. "Oh! in that case," said Napoleon, "you must come and dine in my own cabin." The admiral, however, had the good sense to tell Napoleon, that any one invited by him to the honour of sitting at his table, was, by that circumstance alone, placed above all rule of etiquette, and that the master should be welcome to dinner next day. This conduct, of course, made him very popular on board; but the chief interest of these important volumes is in the conversations which he held from time to time with the officers, and especially in the long details of his military and imperial career, which he dictated at St Helena, and which make the true novelty and value of the work. In one of those conversations which he had with them, he referred emphatically to his own efforts to make France a great naval power. "Unfortunately," said he, "I found nobody who understood me. During the expedition to Egypt, I cast my eyes on Decrès. I reckoned on him for understanding and executing my projects in regard to the navy. I was mistaken; his passion was to form a police, and to find out, by means of the smugglers, every web which your ministers, or the intriguers of Hartwell, were weaving against me. He had no enlarged ideas; always the spirit of locality and insignificant detail—paralysing my views." He then proceeded to state the hopeless condition of the French navy when he assumed the throne. The navy of Louis XVI. was no longer in existence; the Republic possessed

but four ships of the line; the taking of Toulon, the battle of the river Jenes in 1793—of Rochefort in 1794, and finally, the battle of Aboukir, had given the death-blow to the navy. "Well, notwithstanding the disaster of Trafalgar, which I owe entirely to the disobedience of Admiral Ville-neuve, I left to France one hundred ships of the line, and 80,000 sailors and marines, and all this in a reign of ten years." The truth is, that the attempt to make the French navy was one of the pre-eminent blunders of Napoleon. France is naturally a great military power, but her people are not maritime. England is not naturally a great military power, but her people are maritime. France has an immense land frontier which can be defended only by a land force. England has no land frontier at all. The sea is her only frontier, and it, of course, can be defended only by a fleet. A fleet is not a necessary of existence to France. A fleet is a necessary of existence to England. It is therefore self-evident that France only wastes her power in dividing it between her fleet and her army; and may be a great power, without having a ship; while England is compelled to concentrate her strength upon her fleet, and without her fleet must be undone. Thus the law of existence, which is equivalent to a law of nature, gives the naval superiority to England. There are symptoms in France at the present day, of falling into Napoleon's blunder, and of imagining the possibility of her becoming the naval rival of England. That she may build ships is perfectly possible, and that she may crowd them with a naval conscription is equally possible. But the first collision will show her the utter folly of contending with her partial strength against the power on which England rests her defence—a struggle between a species of volunteer and adventurous aggression, and the stern and desperate defence in which the safety of a nation is supremely involved.

On crossing the Line, the triumph of Neptune was celebrated in the usual grotesque style. The Deity of the Sea requested permission to make acquaintance with Napoleon, who received him graciously, and presented

him with five hundred Napoleons for himself and the crew, upon which he was rewarded with three cheers, and "Long live the Emperor Napoleon!"

On the 16th of October 1815, the Northumberland cast anchor in the roads at St Helena. The Count remarks that the 17th, the day on which he disembarked, reminded him of a disastrous day. It was the anniversary of the last day of the battle of Leipsig. If distance from all the habitable parts of the globe were to be the merits of Napoleon's prison, nothing could have been more appropriate than the island of St Helena. It was two thousand leagues from Europe, twelve hundred leagues from the Cape, and nine hundred from any continent. A volcanic rock in the centre of the ocean.

In the month of April, the frigate *Phaeton* anchored in the roads, having the new governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, with his family, on board. Sir Hudson is now where neither praise nor blame can reach him, but the choice was unfortunate in the very point for which probably he had been chosen;—he had been colonel of the Corsican regiment in our service, had served much in the Mediterranean, and had already been (as far as we remember) the object of Napoleon's bitterness in some of his Italian manifestoes. There can be no doubt that the mildest of governors would have been no favourite with the prisoner of Longwood. But in the present instance Napoleon's blood boiled at the idea of being placed under the jurisdiction of the colonel of the Corsican rangers; and he, accordingly, took every opportunity of exhibiting his indignation—a sort of feeling which, in a foreigner, and especially one of southern blood, always amounts to fury.

We pass over a multitude of minor circumstances, though all characteristic, and all invaluable to the historian of the next century; but which would retard the more interesting conversations of the extraordinary captive. On the communication of the convention signed at Paris in August 1815, declaring him the prisoner of the four allied powers, and the announcement of the commissioners under whose charge he was to be placed, Napoleon burst out into a

passionate remonstrance, which, however, he addressed only to the people around him. On those occasions he always adopted that abrupt and decisive style which in a Frenchman passes for oracular.

"The expenses of my captivity will certainly exceed ten millions of francs a-year. It has not been the will of fate that my work should finish by effecting the social reorganisation of Europe." He then ran into his old boasting of his probable triumph in his great collision with the British army. "At Waterloo I ought to have been victorious—the chances were a hundred to one in my favour; but Ney, the bravest of the brave, at the head of 42,000 Frenchmen, suffered himself to be delayed a whole day by some thousands of Nassau troops. Had it not been for this inexplicable inactivity, the English army would have been taken *flagrante delicto*, and annihilated without striking a blow. Grouchy, with 40,000 men, suffered Bulow and Blücher to escape from him; and finally, a heavy fall of rain had made the ground so soft that it was impossible to commence the attack at daybreak. Had I been able to commence early, Wellington's army would have been trodden down in the defiles of the forest before the Prussians could have had time to arrive. It was lost without resource. The defeat of Wellington's army would have been peace, the repose of Europe, the recognition of the interests of the masses and of the democracy."

Napoleon was always fluent on this subject; but the only true matter of surprise is, that so clever a personage should have talked such nonsense. In the first place, he must have known that Ney with his 40,000 men had been soundly beaten by about half that number, and was thus unable to move a step beyond Quatre-Bras. In the next, that Grouchy, instead of suffering the Prussians to escape him, was gallantly fought by their rear-guard, was unable to make any impression whatever on them, and if he had not made his escape in the night, would unquestionably have been crushed to pieces the next day; and thirdly, as to the English armies being saved by the rain, the Duke of Wellington fought the French from eleven

in the forenoon till seven in the evening without being driven an inch from the ground. If the French could not beat him in eight hours, they could not beat him in as many days. It was not until seven in the evening that the Prussian guns were heard coming into the field. Even then they were a mile and a half from Wellington's position. The British then charged, swept the French before them, Napoleon himself running away amongst the foremost, leaving 40,000 of his troops on the field or in the hands of the enemy. It would have been much wiser to have said not a syllable upon the battle, or much manlier to have acknowledged that he was more thoroughly beaten than he had ever seen an army beaten before; and that with 72,000 French veterans in the field, he had been routed and ruined by 25,000 British, three-fourths of whom had never fired a shot before in their lives.

We have from time to time some curious acknowledgments of the political treacheries which formed the actual system of Napoleon's government, whether consular or imperial. On dictating a note relative to St Domingo to Count Montholon, he elucidated this policy in the most unequivocal manner. It will be remembered that, on the peace of Amiens, he had sent out a powerful fleet and an army of thirty thousand men to the West Indies. It will also be remembered, that in reply to the remonstrance of the British government, who naturally looked on so formidable an armament with considerable suspicion, the First Consul disclaimed in the most solemn manner all sinister views, pronounced, with every appearance of sincerity, that his sole object was the subjection of a French island then in revolt, and when this object was effected his whole purpose would be accomplished. But in St Helena, where candour cost nothing, he amply acknowledged the treachery. "I had two plans," said he, "for St Domingo. The first was that of acknowledging the power of the blacks, making Toussaint L'Ouverture governor, and, in fact, making St Domingo a West Indian viceroyalty. This plan was my favourite, and why? The French flag would acquire a great development of power

in the American waters, and a variety of expeditions might have been undertaken against Jamaica and all the Antilles, and against South America, with an army of thirty thousand blacks trained and disciplined by French officers."

We are to remember that at this time he was at peace with both England and Spain, whose territories he was thus about to dismember; for we cannot believe that the affairs of St Domingo were suffered greatly to occupy his mind. In the busy days from Marengo to the loss of Egypt, and the conclusion of peace, he had intended to have raised an universal negro insurrection in our islands. Upon the colours of his negro army he was to have inscribed "Brave blacks, remember that France alone recognises your liberty"—which would have been, in fact, a manifesto, calling upon all the negroes of the West Indies to revolt without delay. But the negroes of St Domingo, having formed plans of liberty for themselves, dispatched one of their colonels with a demand of independence. The chance, therefore, of invading Jamaica through their means was extinguished at once, and France was punished by the loss of her greatest colony for ever.

In a conversation with Colonel Wilks, the ex-governor, on taking his leave, he told him that India had been constantly an object of his policy—that he had constantly assailed it by negotiations, and would have reached it by arms, had he been able to come to an understanding with the Emperor of Russia on the partition of Turkey. He then talked of his constant wish for peace—a declaration which the colonel probably received with a smile; and next disclosed a transaction, which, on any other authority, would have been incredible, but which amounted to perhaps the boldest and broadest piece of bribery ever attempted with a distinguished minister.

While the French army was still on the right bank of the Elbe, the offer of the Austrian mediation was brought by Prince Metternich, demanding, as a preliminary, the abandonment of the great German fortresses which still remained in French hands.

"I said to Metternich with indignation," are the words of this singular conference—"Is it my father-in-law who entertains such a project? Is it he who sends you to me? How much has England *given you*, to induce you to play this game against me? Have I not done enough for your fortune? It is of no consequence—be *frank*—what is it *you wish*? If *twenty millions* will not satisfy you, say *what you wish*?"

He adds, that on this scandalous offer of corruption, Metternich's sudden sullenness and total silence recalled him to a sense of what he had just expressed, and that thenceforth he had found this great minister wholly impracticable. Who can wonder that he did so, or that the offer was regarded as the deepest injury by a man of honour? But Napoleon's conception of the matter, to the last, was evidently not that he had committed an act of bribery, but that he had "mistaken his man." "It was," as Fouché observed, "*worse than a crime, it was a blunder.*"

One of the absurdities of the crowd who collected anecdotes of Napoleon, was a perpetual affectation of surprise that he should not have terminated his imprisonment by his own hand. He was conscious of the imputation, and it seems to have formed the occasional subject of his thoughts. But his powerful understanding soon saw through the sophistry of that species of dramatic heroism, by which a man escapes "with a bare bodkin" all the duties and responsibilities of his being.

"I have always regarded it," said he, "as a maxim, that a man exhibits more real courage by supporting calamities, and resisting misfortunes, than by putting an end to his life. Self-destruction is the act of a gambler who has lost all, or that of a ruined spendthrift, and proves nothing but a want of courage."

The attempts to prove that Napoleon wanted personal intrepidity were at all times childish. His whole career in his Italian campaigns was one of personal exposure, and from the period when he rose into civil eminence, he had other responsibilities than those of the mere general. His life was no longer his own; it was

the keystone of the government. Whether as consul or as emperor, his fall would have brought down along with it the whole fabric on which the fate of so many others immediately depended. It is, however, certain, that I is courage was not chivalric, that no gallant fit of glory ever tempted him beyond the necessary degree of peril, and that he calculated the gain and loss of personal enterprise with too nice a view as to the balance of honour and advantage. A man of higher mind—an emperor who had not forgot that he was a general, would never have deserted his perishing army in Poland; an emperor who had not forgot that he was a soldier, would never have sent his Imperial guard, shouting, to massacre, and stayed himself behind. But to expect this devotion of courage is to expect a spirit which Napoleon never exhibited; and which is singular among the military exploits of the south. Napoleon might have commanded at Platea, but he would never have died at Thermopylae.

In days like ours, which begin to familiarize men with the chances of political convulsion, it may be well worth while to listen to the conceptions of one who better knew the nature of the French Revolution than perhaps any among the great actors of the time. Napoleon was sitting by his fireside, in St Helena, on the 3d of September:—

“To-day,” said he, “is the anniversary of a hideous remembrance, the St Bartholomew of the French Revolution—a bloody stain, which was the act of the Commune of Paris, a rival power of the Legislature, which built its strength upon the *dregs of the passions of the people*. * * *

We must acknowledge, that there has been no political change without a fit of popular vengeance, as soon as, *for any cause whatever*, the mass of the people *enter into action*. * * *

General rule:—*No social revolution without terror!* Every revolution is in principle a *revolt*, which time and success ennoble and render legal; but of which terror has been one of the *inevitable phases*. How, indeed, can we understand, that one could say to those who possess fortune and public situations, ‘Begone, and leave us your

fortunes and your situations,’ without first intimidating them, and rendering any defence impossible? The Reign of Terror began, in fact, on the night of the 4th of August, when privileges, nobility, tithes, the remains of the feudal system, and the fortunes of the clergy, were done away with, and *all those remains of the old monarchy* were thrown to the people. Then only did the people understand the Revolution, because they gained something, and wished to keep it, even at the expense of blood.”

This language is memorable. It ought to be a lesson to England. Napoleon here pronounces, that the great stimulant of political revolution is public robbery. Privileges may be the pretence, but the real object is plunder; and the progress of reason may be alleged as the instrument, but the true weapon is terror. In England, we are preparing the way for a total change. The groundwork of a revolution is laid from hour to hour; the Aristocracy, the Church, the landed proprietors, are made objects of popular libel, only preparatory to their being made objects of popular assault. The League has not yet taken upon it the office of the Commune of Paris, nor have the nobles, the clergy, and the bankers, been massacred in the prisons; but when once the popular passions are kindled by the hopes of national plunder, the revolution will have begun, and then farewell to the constitution. The habits of England, we willingly allow, are opposed to public cruelty; and in the worst excesses, the France of 1793 would probably leave us behind. But the principle in every nation is the same—the possessors of property will resist, the plunderers of property will fight; conflicting banners will be raised, and, after desperate struggles, the multitude will be the masters of the land.

There can be nothing more evident, than that some of the leaders in these new movements contemplate the overthrow of the monarchy. There may be mere dupes in their ranks, the spirit of money-making may be the temper of others; but there are darker minds among them which scarcely condescend to conceal their intentions. The presidentship of a British republic

would be not without its charms for the demagogue ; and the bloody revolution of 1641, might rapidly find its still more sanguinary counterpart in the revolution of the nineteenth century. We have the history in the annals of France, and the commentator is the "child and champion of Jacobinism"—Napoleon.

His impression that revolution always fixed its especial object in plunder, found another authority in one of the peculiar agents of public disturbance. "Barrère," said Napoleon, "affirmed, and truly, *Le peuple bat monnaie sur la place Louis XV.*" ("The people coin money in the square of Louis XV.")—alluding to the guillotine, which enriched the treasury by the death of the nobles, whose wealth became the property of the nation.

He proceeded, with equal decision and truth: "A revolution is always, whatever some may think, one of the greatest misfortunes with which the Divine anger can punish a nation. It is the scourge of the generation which brings it about ; and for a long course of years, even a century, it is the misfortune of all, though it may be the advantage of individuals."

Napoleon spent the chief portion of his time in dictating therecollections of his government, and general defences of his conduct. Those dictations were sometimes written down by Montholon, and sometimes by Las Cases. But in November 1816, an order was issued for the arrest of Las Cases, and his dismissal from the island, in consequence of his attempting to send, without the knowledge of the governor, a letter to Prince Lucien, sowed up in the clothes of a mulatto. This arrest made a prodigious noise among the household of Napoleon, and was turned to good advantage in England, as an instance of the cruelty of his treatment. Yet it seems perfectly probable that the whole was a trick of the Ex-emperor himself, and a mere contrivance for the purpose of sending to Europe Las Cases as an agent in his service.

The security of Napoleon's imprisonment was essential to the peace of Europe ; and no precaution could be justly regarded as severe, which prevented an outbreak so hazardous to

the quiet of the world. Among those precautions, was the strictest prohibition of carrying on any correspondence with Europe, except through the hands of the governor. The whole household were distinctly pledged to the observance of this order, and any infraction of it was to be punished by instant arrest and deportation from the island.

An order had been sent from England to reduce the number of the household by four domestics ; and it seems not improbable that Napoleon's craft was suddenly awakened to the prospect of establishing a confidential intercourse with the faction whom he had left behind. But the four domestics were obviously inadequate to this object, and some person of higher condition was necessary. Las Cases some time before had attempted to send a letter to Europe by the mulatto. The fellow had been detected, and was threatened with a flogging if he repeated the experiment ; yet it was to this same mulatto that Las Cases committed another letter, which the mulatto immediately carried to the governor, and Las Cases was arrested in consequence. Napoleon was instantly indignant, and vented his rage against the cruelty of the arrest, at the same time expressing his scorn at the clumsiness of Las Cases in delivering his letter to so awkward a messenger. But, whatever might be his pretended wonder at the want of dexterity in the Count, it was exceeded by his indignation at the conduct of the governor. "Longwood," he writes in a long and formal protest against his detention, "is wrapped in a veil which he would fain make impenetrable, in order to hide *criminal* conduct. This peculiar care to conceal matters gives room to suspect the most *odious intentions.*" This was obviously a hint that the governor's purpose was to put him secretly to death : a hint which neither Napoleon nor any other human being could have believed.

But in alluding to the arrest of the Count, he touches closely on the acknowledgment of the intrigue.

"I looked through the window," he said, "and saw them taking you away. A numerous staff pranced about you. I imagined I saw some

South Sea Islanders dancing round the prisoners whom they were about to devour!" After this Italian extravaganza, he returns to his object. "Your services were necessary to me. You alone could read, speak, and understand English. Nevertheless, I request you, and in case of need, command you, to require the governor to send you to the Continent. He cannot refuse, because he has no power over you, except through the voluntary document which you signed. It would be great consolation to me to know that you were on your way to more happy countries."

This letter was carried by Bertrand to the governor for Las Cases, and "the wished-for effect was produced on Sir Hudson Lowe, as soon as he saw the terms in which the Emperor expressed his regret." We are fairly entitled to doubt the sincerity of the wish; for on Sir Hudson's offering to let Las Cases remain at Longwood, a new obstacle instantly arose,—the Count declared that "to remain was utterly impossible;" his honour was touched; he absolutely must go; or, as Count Montholon describes this happy punctilio,—“Unfortunately, Las Cases, influenced by extreme susceptibility of honour, thought himself bound to refuse the governor's offer. He felt himself too deeply outraged by the insult; he explained this to the grand-marshal, and we were obliged to renounce the hope of seeing him again.” Then came the finale of this diplomatic farce. "It was in vain that the Emperor sent Bertrand and Gourgaud to persuade him to renounce his determination; he was resolved to leave the island; and on the 29th of December 1816, he quitted St Helena."

We have but little doubt that the whole was a mystification. The gross folly of sending a secret dispatch by the same man of colour who had been detected by the governor, and threatened with punishment for the attempt to convey a letter; the bustle made on the subject at Longwood; the refusal of Las Cases to comply with Napoleon's request to remain, which, if it had been sincere, would have been equivalent to a command; and the conduct of Las Cases immediately on his arrival in Europe, his

publications and activity, amply show the object of his return. But a simple arrangement on the governor's part disconcerted the whole contrivance. Instead of transmitting Las Cases to Europe, Sir Hudson Lowe sent him to the Cape; where he was further detained, until permission was sent from England for his voyage to Europe. On his arrival, Napoleon's days were already numbered, and all dexterity was in vain. We have adverted to this transaction chiefly for the credit which it reflects on the governor. It shows his vigilance to have been constantly necessary; it also shows him to have been willing to regard Napoleon's convenience when it was possible; and it further shows that he was not destitute of the sagacity which was so fully required in dealing with the *coterie* at Longwood.

Napoleon's habits of dictating his memoirs must have been formidable toil to his secretaries. He sometimes dictated for twelve or fourteen hours, with scarcely an intermission. He spoke rapidly, and it was necessary to follow him as rapidly as he spoke, and never to make him repeat the last word. His first dictation was a mere revival of his recollections, without any order. The copy of his first dictation served as notes to the second, and the copy of this second became the subject of his personal revision; but he, unfortunately for his transcribers, made his corrections almost always in pencil, as he thus avoided staining his fingers—no woman being more careful in preserving the delicacy of her hands.

Those dictations must be regarded as the studied defences of Napoleon against the heavy charges laid against his government.

We have now given a general glance at the career of the French Emperor, as exhibited to us in these Recollections. He strikingly showed, in all the details of his government, the characteristics of his own nature. Impetuous, daring, and contemptuous of the feelings of mankind, from the first hour of his public life, his government was, like himself, the model of fierceness, violence, and disregard of human laws. Whatever was to him an object of ambition, was

instantly in his grasp; whatever he seized was made the instrument of a fresh seizure; and whatever he possessed he mastered in the fullest spirit of tyranny. He was to be supreme; the world was to be composed of *his* soldiery, his serfs, courtiers, and tools. The earth was to be only an incalculable population of French slaves. There was to be but one man free upon the globe, and that man Napoleon.

We find, in this romance of power, the romance of his education. It has been often said, that he was Oriental in all his habits. His plan of supremacy bore all the stamp of Orientalism—the solitary pomp, the inflexible will, the unshared power, and the inexorable revenge. The throne of the empire was as isolated as the seraglio. It was surrounded by all the strength of terror and craft, more formidable than battlements and bastions. Its interior was as mysterious as its exterior was magnificent; no man was suffered to approach it but as soldier or slave; its will was heard only by the roaring of cannon; the overthrow of a minister, the proclamation of a war, or the announcement of a dynasty crushed and a kingdom overrun, were the only notices to Europe of the doings within that central place of power.

But, with all the genius of Napoleon, he overlooked the true principles of supremacy. All power must be pyramidal to be secure. The base must not only be broad, but the gradations of the pile must be regular to the summit. With Napoleon the pyramid was inverted—it touched the earth but in one point; and the very magnitude of the mass resting upon his single fortune, exposed it to overthrow at the first change of circumstances.

Still, he was an extraordinary being. No man of Europe has played so memorable a part on the great theatre of national events for the last thousand years. The French Revolution had been the palpable work of Providence, for the punishment of a long career of kingly guilt, consummated by an unparalleled act of perfidy, the

partition of Poland. The passions of men had been made the means of punishing the vices of government. When the cup was full, Napoleon was sent to force it upon the startled lips of Prussia, Austria, and Russia. The three conspirators were crushed in bloody encounters—the capitals of the three were captured—the provinces of the three were plundered—and the military pride of the three was humiliated by contemptuous and bitter conditions of peace.

But, when the destined work was done, the means were required no more. When the victims were broken on the wheel, the wheel and the executioner were alike hurried from the sight of man. The empire of France was extinguished by the same sovereign law which had permitted its existence. The man who had guided the empire in its track of devastation—the soul of all its strength, of its ambition, and its evil—was swept away. And as if for the final moral of human arrogance, France was subjected to a deeper humiliation than had been known in the annals of national reverses since the fall of Rome; and the ruler of France was plunged into a depth of defeat, a bitterness of degradation, an irreparable ruin, of which the civilized world possesses no example. His army destroyed in Russia by the hand of Him who rules the storm—the last forces of his empire massacred in Belgium—his crown struck off by the British sword—his liberty fettered by British chains—the remnant of his years worn away in a British dungeon, and his whole dynasty flung along with him into the political tomb, were only the incidents of the great judicial process of our age. The world has been suffered to return to peace; while the sepulchre of this man of boundless but brief grandeur, has been suffered to stand in the midst of that nation which most requires the great lesson—that ambition always pays for its splendour by its calamities; that the strength of a nation is in the justice of its councils; and that he “who uses the sword shall perish by the sword!”

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THE ARMY.

WHEN we glance back at the bright page of British military history, so thickly strewn with triumphs, so rarely checkered by a reverse, it seems paradoxical to assert that the English are not a military nation. Such, nevertheless, is the case. Our victories have been the result of no especial fitness for the profession of arms, but of dauntless spirit and cool stubborn courage, characterising the inhabitants of the narrow island that breeds very valiant children. Mere bravery, however heroic, does not of itself constitute an aptitude for the soldier's trade. Other qualities are needful—qualities conspicuous in many European nations, but less manifest in the Englishman. Naturally military nations are those of France, the Highlands of Scotland, Poland, and Switzerland—every one of them affording good specimens of the stuff peculiarly fitted for the manufacture of soldiers. They all possess a martial bent, a taste for the military career, submitting willingly to its hardships and privations, and are endowed with a faculty of acquiring the management of offensive weapons, with which for the most part they become acquainted early in life. A system of national conscription, like that established in many continental countries, is the readiest

and surest means of giving a military tone to the character of a people, and of increasing the civil importance and respectability of an army. But without proceeding to so extreme a measure, other ways may be devised of producing, as far as is desirable, similar results.

We appeal to all intelligent observers, and especially to military men, whom travel or residence upon the Continent have qualified to judge, whether in any of the great European states the soldier has hitherto obtained so little of the public attention and solicitude as in England? Whether in any country he is so completely detached from the population, enjoying so little sympathy, in all respects so uncared for and unheeded by the masses, and, we are sorry to say it, often so despised and looked down upon, even by those classes whence he is taken? Let war call him to the field, and for a moment he forces attention: his valour is extolled, his fortitude admired, his sufferings are pitied. But when peace, bought by his bravery and blood, is concluded, what ensues? Houses of Parliament thank and commend him, towns illuminate in honour of his deeds, pensions and peerages are showered upon his chiefs, perhaps some brief indul-

Notes and Recollections of a Professional Life. By the late WM. FENGUSSON, M.D., Inspector-General of Military Hospitals. Longmans: 1846.

The Military Miscellany. By HENRY MARSHALL, F.R.S.E., Deputy Inspector-General of Army Hospitals. Murray: 1846.

gence is accorded to himself; but it is a nine days' wonder, and those elapsed, no living creature, save barrack masters, inspecting officers, and Horse-guards authorities, gives him another thought, or wastes a moment upon the consideration of what might render him a happier and a better man. Like a well-tried sabre that has done its work and for the present may lie idle, he is shelved in the barrack room, to be occasionally glanced at with pride and satisfaction. Hilt and scabbard are, it is true, kept carefully polished—drill and discipline are maintained; but insufficient pains are taken to ascertain whether rust corrodes the blade, whether the trusty servant, whose achievements have been so glorious and advantageous, does not wear out his life in discouragement and despondency. But this state of things, we hope and believe, is about to change. We rejoice to see a daily increasing disposition on the part of English legislators and of the English nation, to investigate and amend the condition of their gallant defenders. If war is justly considered the natural state of an army,* peace, on the other hand, is the best time to moot and discuss measures likely to raise its character and increase its efficiency.

We do not fear to be accused of advocating change for its own sake, or what is vulgarly nicknamed Reform, in any of the institutions of this country, whether civil or military. But we rejoice at the appearance of books calculated to direct attention, we will not say to the abuses of the army, but to its possible improvement. And we know no class of men better qualified to write such books than army surgeons, whose occupations, when attached to regiments, bring them of necessity into more frequent contact with a greater variety of men, and to a more intimate acquaintance with the soldier's real character and feelings, than the duties of field or company officers in our service either exact or permit.

“To obviate the reproaches I may encounter for presuming to write upon subjects altogether military, I may be allowed to state, that during a quarter

of a century that I served with the armies of the country, I officiated as surgeon of three different regiments in different parts of the world. I embarked nine times from the shores of Britain with armaments on foreign expeditions, and out of twenty-four years' actual service, (for the year of the peace of Amiens has to be deducted,) I spent seventeen years, or parts of them, in other climates, passing through every grade of medical rank, in every variety of service, even to the sister service of the navy.”—DR FERGUSSON. *Preface.*

These are the men, or we greatly err, to write books about the army. They may not be conversant with tactics in the field, although even of those, unless they wilfully shut both eyes and ears, they can hardly avoid acquiring some knowledge. But on other matters connected with soldiers and armies, they must be competent to speak, and should be listened to as authorities. We look upon Dr Fergusson's testimony, and upon the information—the result of his vast experience—which he gives us in concise form and plain language, as most valuable; although some of the changes he suggests have been accomplished, wholly or partially, since his book was written. Mr Marshall's opportunities of personal observation have, we suspect, been less extensive; but to atone for such deficiency, he has been a diligent reader, and he places before us a host of military authorities, references and statistical tables. The value of his authorities may, perhaps, here and there be questioned; and he sometimes gives, in the form of extracts, statements unauthenticated by a name, but of which he does not himself seem to accept the responsibility. Nevertheless, his book has merit, and is not unlikely to accomplish both the objects proposed by its author,—namely, “to supply some information respecting the constitution, laws, and usages of the army, and to excite attention to the means which may meliorate the condition of soldiers, and exalt their moral and intellectual character.”

There are three measures whose adoption would, we fully believe, ele-

* Sir Charles Napier.

vate the character of the British soldier, increase his self-respect and willingness to serve, and, consequently, his efficiency in the field and good conduct in quarters. They will not be thought the worse of, we are sure, because they would assimilate the organization of our army to that of certain foreign services. The day is gone by when prejudice prevented Englishmen from adopting improvements, merely because they were based upon foreign example. The measures referred to, and whose adoption we would strenuously urge, are—first, the enlistment of soldiers for limited periods only; secondly, the total abolition of corporal punishment; thirdly, the increase of rewards, and especially a gradual and cautious augmentation of the number of commissions given to non-commissioned officers. Be it understood that we recommend these changes collectively, and not separately. They hinge upon each other, particularly the two last; and if one of them be refused, the others may require modification.

By the British constitution, no man may sell himself to unlimited servitude. On what grounds, then, is the practice of enlistment for life to be justified; and can it be justified upon any, even upon those of expediency? Ought not the thoughtless and the destitute—for under these heads the majority of recruits must at present be ranked—rather to be protected against themselves, and preserved, as far as may be, from the consequences of non-reflection and of want? Such is assuredly the duty of a just and paternal government. Very different is the practice of this country under the present system! Influenced by a boyish caprice, or driven by necessity, an inexperienced lad takes the shilling and mounts the cockade. After a while he gets weary of the service; perhaps he sees opportunities, if once more a civilian, of making his way in the world. But weary though he be, or eagerly as he may desire to strip off the uniform assumed hastily, or by compulsion of circumstances, no perspective of release encourages him to patient endurance. No hope of emancipation, so long as his health holds good, or his services are found useful, smiles

to him in the distance. After twenty-one years he *may* obtain his discharge, as a favour, but without pension. After twenty-five years, if discharged at his own request, he gets sixpence a-day! Truly a cheering prospect and great encouragement, to be liberated in the decline of life, any trade that he had learned as a boy forgotten, and with sixpence a-day as sole reward for having fought the battles and mounted the guards of his country during a quarter of a century! What are the frequent results of so gloomy a perspective? Despondency, desertion, drunkenness, and even suicide.

The British army, its strength considered, and in comparison with the armies of other countries, is, undeniably, a very expensive establishment, and the necessity of economy has been urged as an argument in favour of unlimited enlistment. The evidence both of Dr Fergusson and of Mr Marshall goes far to prove that one more fallacious was never advanced. Innumerable are the artifices resorted to by soldiers, under the present system, in the hope of obtaining their discharge—artifices sometimes successful, frequently entailing expense on the government, and at times almost impairing the efficiency of an army. Speaking of the last war, Dr Fergusson says,—“Artificial ulcers of the legs were all but universal amongst young recruits, and spurious ophthalmia was organised in conspiracy so complicated and extended, that at one time it threatened seriously to affect the general efficiency of the forces, and was in every respect so alarming that the then military authorities durst not expose its naked features to the world. These are the results, and ever will be the results, whilst human nature is constituted as it is, of service for life.” That unlimited service is the chief cause of desertion may be proved beyond a doubt, if there be any value in the statistics of armies as given by Mr Marshall. In the year 1839, the mean strength of the French army was three hundred and seventeen thousand five hundred and seventy-eight men; the number condemned for desertion was six hundred and six. Eight hundred and eighty-one conscripts were punished for failing to join their corps. In the same year, in

our army, of which the strength was less than one third of the French—under one hundred thousand men—the deserters punished amounted to two thousand one hundred and ten, or nearly one-fifth of the number of recruits annually raised. Where must we seek the cause of so monstrous a disparity? Chiefly in the difference of the term of service. The English soldier is by far the best paid and rationed; most of his comforts are more cared for than those of the Frenchman; but the latter takes his service kindly, because he knows that in six or seven years (the period varies a little according to the arm served in) he will be free to return to civil life, whilst still at an age to begin the world on his own account. The following extract from the *Military Miscellany* illustrates and confirms our present argument, that unlimited enlistment is no saving to the country.

“I have no adequate materials to enable me to state the mean duration of service of men who enlist for the army; but I am disposed to conjecture that it is not much, if at all, above ten years. It has, I believe, been ascertained, that the average length of service performed by men now on the permanent pension list, is about fifteen or sixteen years. Upon these grounds I conclude that enlistment for life, as a means of obtaining an average length of service of more than from ten to twelve years, is a fallacy; and consequently, I submit whether it would not be an advisable measure to abolish enlistment for an unlimited period, and to adopt a regulation whereby a soldier might have the option of being discharged after a certain length of service, say ten years.”

In estimating the average duration of service at ten to twelve years, Mr Marshall has, we conjecture, taken into consideration the men discharged under fifteen years' service, before which time they would not be entitled to a pension. To the ten years' enlistment proposed by him, we should prefer the term of seven years, fixed by Mr Wyndham's bill, passed in 1806, but rendered nugatory in 1808, by a clause in Lord Castle-reagh's Military bill, which made it optional to enlist for life, adding the temptation of a higher bounty. The

latter bait, aided by the thoughtlessness of recruits, and by the cajolery of recruiting sergeants, caused the engagement to be almost invariably for life. And since then, Horse-guards' orders have been issued, forbidding recruiting officers to accept men for limited service. According to Mr Wyndham's plan, the seven years' engagement was to be prolonged indefinitely in war time. We should not object to the latter arrangement, which is necessary for the safety of the country. Nor is it when actively engaged in the field that soldiers are likely to repine at length of service, but in the tedium of a garrison, when no change, or prospect of one, no opportunity of distinction, or chance of promotion, relieves the monotony of a military existence.

There is one advantage of short enlistments that has been overlooked both by Dr Fergusson and by Mr Marshall, but which nevertheless is, in our opinion, an important one. It is the increased military character that it would give to the nation, the greater number of men whom it would familiarize with the use of arms, and render competent to use them effectually at a moment's notice. We believe that short enlistments, and the other improvements already referred to, and which we shall presently speak of at greater length, would produce, in this thickly peopled kingdom, a regular annual supply of recruits, a large proportion of them of a very superior class to those who now offer. On the other hand, the army, instead of being thinned by desertions, transportations, and feigned diseases, would each year give up from its ranks a number of young and able-bodied men, who, whilst entering upon the occupations of civil life, would in a great measure retain their soldierly qualities, and be ready, in case of an emergency, to stand forward successfully in defence of their homes and families. We have long been accustomed to look upon this country as guaranteed from invasion by her wooden walls. Noble as the bulwark is, there is no dissembling the fact, that its efficiency has been greatly impaired by the progress of steam, rendering it extremely difficult, in case of a war, effectually to guard our long line of coast. And

although Europe seems now as disinclined for war as a long experience of the blessings of peace can render her, this happy state cannot, in the nature of things, last for ever. Let us suppose a general war, and a large body of French troops thrown upon our shores in a night, whilst our armies were absent on the battle fields of the Continent, or of America. The supposition is startling, but cannot be viewed as absurd; many looked upon its realization as certain when circumstances were far less favourable to it than they would now be. How far would volunteers and militiamen, hastily raised, unaccustomed to services in the field, and many of whom had never fired a ball-cartridge in their lives,* be able to cope, with any chance of success, with fifty thousand French soldiers? And admitting that they did successfully contend, and that superior numbers and steadfast courage—although these, without good drill and discipline, are of little avail against a veteran army—eventually gained the day, how much more effective would they be, and how much loss of life and injury to the country might be avoided, did their ranks contain a fair proportion of men trained to arms, and able to instruct and en-

courage their comrades? But these are subjects so suggestive as to afford themes for volumes, where they might be better discussed than in the scanty pages of a review. We can only afford to glance at them, and to throw out hints for others to improve upon.

The liability to the lash, inflicted, until very recently, even for the least disgraceful offences, has long been thrown in the teeth of the British soldier by his foreign brethren in arms. That infamous punishment has been utterly disapproved and eloquently argued against by military men of high rank and great abilities, whose enlightened minds and long experience taught them to condemn it. The feeling of the nation is strongly against it, the armies of other countries are seen to flourish and improve without it, and yet it is still maintained, although gradually sinking into disuse, and, we hope and believe, drawing near to its abolition. Unnecessarily cruel as a punishment, ineffectual as an example to repress crime, and stamping the indelible brand of infamy on men the soul of whose profession should be a feeling of honour, why is it so lovingly and tenaciously clung to? "The service would go

* "The author, soon after his last return from the West Indies, at the close of the year 1817, was induced, from the then troubled state of the country, to join the ranks of a volunteer corps in Scotland, which was drilled and instructed by experienced men in all manner of ways, with the exception of the one thing needful—the firing ball—for during the whole time he remained with them, nearly two years, that was never thought of; and this was the case generally with the whole volunteer force of Great Britain, as well as the militia, at least in the early part of the war. Future wars must and will recur, and volunteer corps will again be formed; but if they be unused to the full-charged musket, however much their first appearance may impose, they will be found, when brought into action, of as much use as so many Chinese. Let them not suppose that until they have attained this skill, which it is in the power of every man to do, they are qualified to fight the battles of their country. * * * * In their present state, supposing two such bodies to get into collision, it would indeed be matter of wonder to think how they could contrive to kill one another without the aid of the cannon and other adjuncts. If they carried broomsticks on their shoulders, instead of muskets, they would no doubt make a sturdy fight of it; but with fire-arms which they had never been taught to use, the battle would resemble those of the Italian republics in the middle ages, when mailed knights fought the livelong day without mortal casualty."—*Dr FERGUSON*, p. 42.

Is ball practice sufficiently attended to in our army generally? We are inclined to doubt it. "We are economical people," says Dr Ferguson in another place, "famed for straining at gnats and swallowing camels, and the expense of ball cartridge is ever brought up in bar of the soldier being in the constant habit of firing it." We should also like to see some of our muskets replaced by rifles, an arm in which we have ever been deficient.

to the devil—could not be carried on without it—no soldiering without flogging,” is the reply of a section of officers—the minority, we assuredly believe. “No one can doubt,” says Dr Fergusson, “that for infamous crimes there ought to be infamous punishments, and to them let the lash be restricted.” Be it so, but then devise some plan by which the soldier, whose offence is so disgraceful as to need the most humiliating of chastisements, shall be thenceforward excluded from the army. When he leaves the hospital, let his discharge be handed to him. “A fine plan, indeed!” it will be said. “Men will incur a flogging every day to get out of the service.” Doubtless they will, so long as service is unlimited. And this is one reason why short enlistments and abolition of corporal punishment should go together. Against desertion, transportation has hitherto been found an ineffectual remedy. If men were enlisted for seven years only, it would cease to be so. Few would then be sufficiently perverse to risk five or seven years’ transportation in order to get rid of what remained of their period of service. To flog for drunkenness, however frequent the relapse, is an absurdity, for it usually drives the culprit to habits of increased intemperance, that he may forget the disgraceful punishment he has suffered. In war time, when in the field before the enemy, discipline should assume its most Spartan and inflexible aspect. The deserter, the mutineer, the confirmed marauder, to the provost-marshal and cord. For minor offences, there would be no difficulty in finding appropriate punishments; such as fines, imprisonment in irons, extra guards and pickets, fatigue-duty, and the like. No military offenders should be punished by the cat. It is in direct opposition to the spirit by which armies should be governed: a spirit of honour and self-respect.

“The incorrigible deserter,” says Dr Fergusson, “may be safely committed to penal service in the West Indies or the coast of Africa; and should the pseudo-philanthropists interfere with the cant of false humanity, let them be told that the best and bravest of our troops have too

often been sent there, as to posts of honour and duty, from which they are hereafter to be saved by the substitution of the criminal and the worthless. The other nations of the Continent, who have not these outlets, conduct the discipline of their armies without flogging; and why should not we? They, it may be said, cultivate the point of honour. And does not the germ of pride and honour reside as well, and better, in the breast of the British soldier, distinguished, as he has ever been, for fidelity to his colours, obedience to his commanders, pride in his corps, and attachment to its very name?”

Mr Marshall’s history of punishments in the army is rather to be termed curious than useful. Agreeable it certainly cannot be considered, except by those persons, if such there be, who luxuriate in Fox’s *Book of Martyrs*, or gloat over the annals of the Spanish Inquisition. It shows human ingenuity taxed to the utmost to invent new tortures for the soldier. The last adhered to, and, it may safely be said, the worst devised, is the lash; and we need look back but a very little way to find its infliction carried to a frightful extent. A thousand lashes used to be no unusual award; and it sometimes happened (frequently, Mr Marshall asserts, but this other information induces us to doubt) that a man who had been unable, with safety to his life, to receive the whole of the punishment at one time, was brought out again, as soon as his back was skinned over, to take the rest. At one time there was no limit to the number of lashes that a general court-martial might award. Mr Marshall says, that at Amboyna, in the year 1813 or 1814, he knew three men to be condemned to fifteen hundred lashes each. The whole punishment was inflicted. At Dinapore, on the 12th September 1825, a man was sentenced to nineteen hundred lashes, which sentence the commander-in-chief commuted to twelve hundred. Such sentences, however, were in direct contradiction to the general order of the 30th January 1807, by which “his Majesty was graciously pleased to express his opinion, that no sentence for corporal punishment should exceed one thou-

sand lashes." In 1812, when the powers of a regimental court-martial had been limited to the infliction of three hundred lashes, "many old officers believed, and did not hesitate to say, that such limitation would destroy the discipline of the army."—(Marshall, p. 185.) We cannot put the same faith that Mr Marshall appears to do in the outrageous narratives of some of his authorities. It is impossible, for instance, to swallow such a tale as we find at page 267 of the *Military Miscellany*, of seventy men of one battalion being flogged on the line of march in one day. This, however, is only given as an *ou dit*. Equally incredible is the story quoted from the book of a certain Sergeant Teesdale, of ten to twenty-five men being flogged daily for six weeks for coming dirty on parade; and another, which Mr Marshall tells, of *seventeen thousand* lashes being for some time the monthly allowance of a regiment in India—the said regiment being, we are informed, treated very little worse than its neighbours. The articles of war, as they stand at the present day, restrict the award of corporal punishment, by a general court-martial, to two hundred lashes; by a district court-martial, to one hundred and fifty; and by a regimental court, to one hundred.

We would put the question to any military man—even to the strongest advocate of flogging—what is the usual effect of corporal punishment on the soldier? Does it make or mar him, improve his character and correct his vices, or render him more reckless and abandoned than before? The conscientious answer would be, we are persuaded, that seldom is a good soldier made of a flogged man. "There is not an instance in a thousand," says Dr Jackson, "where severe punishment (flogging is here referred to) has made a soldier what he ought to be; there are thousands where it has rendered those who were forgetful and careless, rather than vicious, insensible to honour, and abandoned to crime." But then the example is supposed, erroneously, as we believe, to be of good operation. We cannot admit that, to justify the practice of marking a man's shoulders

with the ineffaceable stripes of disgrace.

In speaking of corporal punishment, we have considered only its moral effect, and have not touched on the unnecessary and unequal amount of pain it occasions. Much might be said upon this head. "My first objection to flogging," says Sir Charles Napier, in his treatise "*On Military Law*," published in 1837, "is, that it is torture,"—using the word, no doubt, in the sense of inhumanity, and meaning that more pain than is necessary is inflicted. Sir Charles's second objection is, that it is torture of a very unequal infliction—varying, of course, according to the strength of the drummers or others employed, to the rigour of the drum-major superintending their exertions, and to other circumstances. Mr Marshall tells us that different men suffer in very different degrees from punishment of like severity. Tall slender men, of a sanguine temperament, feel a flogging more severely than short, thickset ones; and instances have been known of soldiers succumbing under a sixth part of the punishment which others have borne and rapidly recovered from. The presence of a surgeon is in many cases no guarantee against a fatal result. "It is impossible to say what may be the effect of corporal infliction with more certainty than to predict the consequences of a surgical operation."—(*Military Miscellany*, p. 224.) "No medical officer can answer either for the immediate or ultimate consequences of this species of corporal punishment. Inflammation of the back, or general fever, may occur after a very moderate infliction, and may terminate fatally, notwithstanding the greatest diligence and attention on the part of a well-informed and conscientious surgeon."—(*Ibid.* p. 276.) Besides the reasons against corporal punishment above stated, Sir Charles Napier advances and supports by argument six others equally cogent. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, although he introduced into his army the species of flogging known as the gantlope or gauntlet, rarely had recourse to it, being persuaded that "such a disgrace cast a damp upon the soldier's vivacity, and did not well

agree with the notions which a high spirit ought to entertain of honour." "Il ne faut point," says Kirckhoff, a medical officer in the army of the king of the Netherlands, quoted by Mr Marshall, "soumettre le soldat fautif à des punitions avilissantes. A quoi bon les coups de bâton qu'on donne trop légèrement au soldat, si ce n'est pour l'abrutir, et pour déshonorer le noble état du défenseur de la patrie? Ce genre de punition déshonorant ne devrait être réservé qu'aux lâches et aux traîtres; et dès qu'une fois un militaire l'aurait subi, il faudrait l'exclure à jamais d'un ordre auquel les destins d'une nation sont confiés; d'un ordre qui a pour base le courage, l'honneur, et toutes les vertus généreuses."

It is singular that whilst such remarkable ingenuity has been exhibited in devising punishments for the soldier, so very little should have been displayed in the invention of rewards. Of these latter, the most legitimate and desirable are pensions and promotion. We would add a third—a military order of merit to be bestowed upon men distinguishing themselves by acts of gallantry, or by steady good conduct. Decorations of this kind—we are convinced of it by our observations on various foreign services—act as a strong incentive to the soldier. There exists in this country a prejudice against their adoption, principally because we are accustomed to see such rewards heaped without discrimination, and with a profusion that renders them worthless, upon the soldiers of foreign nations. There seems a natural tendency to the abuse of such institutions, and Napoleon might well shudder were he to rise from his grave and see his "Star of the Brave" dangling from the buttonhole of half the pamphleteers and national guardsmen of the French capital. In other countries the lavish profusion with which stars, crosses, riband-ends, and rosettes are bestowed, is enough to raise a suspicion of collusion between the royal donors and the jewellers and haberdashers of their dominions. But even when largely distributed, we believe them to act as a spur to the soldier. If there is a fear of England's becom-

ing what we find so ridiculous in others, a country where the non-decorated amongst military men are the exception, let great caution be used in the bestowal of such honours. We now refer to an order of merit for the soldiers only. With officers we have at present nothing to do; although we shall be found upon occasion equally ready and willing to support their just claims. But they can plead their own cause, if not effectually, at least perseveringly, as the recent numerous letters in newspapers, and articles in military periodicals, claiming a decoration for Peninsular services, sufficiently prove. Such a decoration was certainly nobly deserved, but, if conceded at all, it should be given quickly, or its existence, it is to be feared, will be very brief. Our present business, however, is with the soldier—the humble private, the deserving non-commissioned officer.

It is not unnatural that when tardy reflection comes to the thoughtless lad who has sold himself to unlimited military bondage, he should be anxious to know what provision is made for him when age or disease shall cause his services to be dispensed with. Inquiry or reference informs him, that should he be discharged after fourteen and under twenty-one years' service, so far disabled as to be *unable to work*—this is a condition—he may be awarded the magnificent sum of from sixpence to eightpence a-day! Discharged under twenty-one years' service, as disabled for the army only, he may get a temporary pension of sixpence a-day for a period varying from one month to five years. Discharged by indulgence after twenty-five years, he may receive sixpence a-day. We have already remarked on the little heed taken by civilians in this country of the treatment and ordinances of the army. These statements will probably be new to most of our non-military readers, many of whom, we doubt not, entertain an absurd notion, that when a man has served his country well and faithfully during twenty-five years, or is dismissed, as unable to work, after fourteen years' servitude, he invariably finds a snug berth ready for him at Chelsea, or at least has a pension

awarded to him tolerably adequate to supply him with the bare necessities of life, and to keep him from begging or crossing-sweeping. As to the savings of soldiers out of their pay, facilitated though they now are by the establishment of savings' banks in the army, they can be but exceedingly small. A soldier's pay varies from thirteen to fifteen pence, according to the time he has served. Deduct from this the cost of his clothing, only a portion of which is supplied to him free of charge, and sixpence a-day for his rations of bread and meat, and what remains will frequently not exceed threepence a-day for tobacco, vegetables, coffee, and other small necessities. The great difference between the pay, rations, and pensions of soldiers and sailors, is not generally known. Besides receiving rations far more abundant and varied, an able seaman gets thirty-four shillings per month of twenty-eight days, more than double the pay of a soldier under seven years' service. Seamen have a claim of right to be discharged after twenty-one years' service with a pension of one shilling to fourteenpence a-day. And, besides this, it must be remembered that a sailor may enlist for a short time, and at its expiration, or at any time that he is discharged, employment is open to him in the merchant service. But what is the soldier to do when dismissed from the army at forty years of age or upwards? "A very small number of men," says Mr Marshall, "are fit after forty years of age for the arduous duties of the service." Surely it may be claimed for our brave fellows that a more liberal system of pensioning be adopted. We do not lose sight of the necessity of economy in these days of heavy taxation; and before deciding on a plan, the matter should be well sifted and considered. But we have already expressed our conviction that limited service would of itself in various ways produce a pecuniary saving to the government. Adequate pensions would have other beneficial results. Mr Marshall throws out suggestions for a new scale of pensions, and declares his opinion, that no man who has served twenty-one years should receive a smaller allowance than a shilling a-day.

"The more striking," he proceeds to say, "the honourable example of an old soldier enjoying his pension, the more likely is it to contribute to spread a military feeling in the neighbourhood. But to repay the retired soldier by a pension inadequate to his sustenance, must have the effect of consigning him to the workhouse, and of sinking him and the army in the estimation of the working class of the population; destroying all military feeling, and, whilst the soldier is serving, weakening those important aids to discipline—the cheerfulness and satisfaction which the prospect of a pension, after a definite period, inspires."

We now come to a branch of our subject encompassed with peculiar difficulties, and that will be met with many objections; the present system of disposing of commissions in the army is too convenient and agreeable to a large and influential class of the community for it to be otherwise. The most important part of the proposed scheme of rewards is the bestowing of commissions upon sergeants. We are aware that, in the present constitution of the army, much may be urged against such a plan being carried out beyond an exceedingly limited extent. But most of the objections would, we think, be removed by the adoption and consequences of limited service, and by the extinction of corporal punishment. Others would disappear before a greater attention to the education of the soldier, and before some slight reductions in what are now erroneously considered the necessary expenses of officers.

Constituted and regulated as the British army now is, the immediate consequences of enlistment to the young peasant or artisan of previous respectability is a total breach with his family. However good his previous character, the single fact of his entering what ought to be an honourable profession, excludes him from the society and good opinion of his nearest friends. Former associates shun and look coldly upon him, his female relatives are ashamed to be seen walking with him, often the door of his father's cottage or workshop is shut on his approach. The community in general, there is no dissembling

the fact, look upon soldiers as a degraded class, and upon the recruit as a man consigned to evil company, to idleness and the alehouse, and perhaps to the ignominy of the lash. To brand an innocent man as criminal is the way to render him so. Avoided and despised, the young soldier, to whom bad example is not wanting, speedily comes to deserve the disreputable character which the mere assumption of a red coat has caused to be fixed upon him. So long as military service stands thus low in the opinion of the people, the army will have to recruit its ranks from the profligate and the utterly destitute, and the supply of respectable volunteers will be as limited as heretofore. At present, most young men of a better class whom a temporary impulse, or a predilection for the service, has induced to enlist, strain every nerve, when they awake to their real position, to raise funds for their discharge. In this their friends often aid them; and we have known instances of incredible sacrifices being made by the poor to snatch a son or brother from what they looked upon as the jaws of destruction. And thus is it that a large proportion of the respectable recruits are bought out after a brief period of service.

Assuming limitation of service and the abolition of corporal punishment to have been conceded, the next thing demanding attention would be the education of the soldier. This has hitherto been sadly neglected, strangely so at a period and in a country where education of the people is so strongly and generally advocated. The schoolmaster is abroad, we are told—we should be glad to hear of his visiting the barrack-room. To no class of the population would a good plain education be more valuable than to the soldier, as a means of filling up his abundant leisure, of improving his moral condition, and preserving him from drunkenness and vice. How extraordinary that its advantages should so long have been overlooked, even by those to whom they ought to have been the most palpable. "Of two hundred and fourteen officers," Mr Marshall writes, "who returned answers to the following query, addressed to them by the General Com-

manding in Chief, in 1834, only two or three recommended intellectual, moral, or religious cultivation as a means of preventing crime:—'Are you enabled to suggest any means of restraining or eradicating the propensity to drunkenness, so prevalent among the soldiery, and confessedly the parent of the majority of military crimes?' A great variety of penal enactments were recommended, but no one suggested the schoolmaster's drill but Sir George Arthur and the late Colonel Oglander. The colonel's words are:—'The only effectual corrective of this, as of every other vice, is a sound and rational sense of religion. This is the only true foundation of moral discipline. The establishment of libraries, and the system of *adult* schools, would be useful in this view.'" To prevent crime is surely better than to punish it. Vast pains are taken with the merely military education of the soldier. A recruit is carefully drilled into the perpendicular, taught to handle his musket, mount his guards, clean his accoutrements—converted, in short, into an excellent automaton—and then he is dismissed as perfect, and left to lounge away, as best he may, his numerous hours of daily leisure. He has perhaps never been taught to read and write, or may possess those accomplishments but imperfectly. What more natural than to encourage, and, if necessary, to compel him to acquire them, together with such other useful scholarship as it may be desirable for him to possess? Education would be especially valuable under a system of limited service. The soldier, leaving the army when still a young man, would be better fitted than before he entered it, for any trade or occupation he might adopt. And when the lower classes found that military service was made a medium for the communication of knowledge, and that their sons, after seven years passed under the colours, were better able to get through the world advantageously and creditably than when they enlisted, the present strong prejudice against a soldier's life would rapidly become weakened, and finally disappear. The army would then be looked upon by poor men with large families as no

undesirable resource for temporarily providing for one or two of their sons.

It is certainly not creditable to this country, that in France, Prussia, Holland, and even in Russia—that land of the serf and the Cossack—greater pains are taken with the education of the soldier than in free and enlightened England. It has become customary to compare our navy with that of France, and when we are found to have a carronade or a cock-boat less than our friends across the water, a shout of indignation is forthwith set up by vigilant journalists and nervous naval officers. We heartily wish that it were equally usual to contrast our army with that of the French—not in respect of numbers, but of the attention paid to the education and moral discipline of the men. Every French regiment has two schools, a higher and a lower one. In the latter are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic; in the former, geography, book-keeping, the elements of geometry and fortification, and other things equally useful. The schools are managed by lieutenants, aided by non-commissioned officers; and sergeants recommended for commissions are required to pass an examination in the branches of knowledge there taught. It is well known that in the French service, as in most others, excepting the English, a proportion of the commissions is set aside for the sergeants. In the Prussian service there is a school in each battalion, superintended by a captain and three lieutenants, who receive additional pay for alternately taking a share in the instruction of the soldiers. “Non-commissioned officers,” Mr Marshall informs us, “who wish to become officers, first undergo an examination in geography, history, simple mathematics, and the French and German languages. At the end of another year they are again examined in the same branches of knowledge, and also in algebra, military drawing, and fortification. If they pass this second examination, they become officers.”

How many of the young men, who, by virtue of interest or money, enter the British army as ensigns and cornets, would be found willing to devote

even a small portion of their time to the instruction of the soldier? Very few, we fear. By the majority, the idea would be scouted as a bore, and as quite inconsistent with their dignity. Extra pay, however acceptable to the comparatively needy Prussian lieutenant, might be expected to prove an insufficient inducement in a service where it is frequently difficult to find a subaltern to accept the duties of adjutant. None can entertain a higher respect than we do for the gallant spirit and many excellent qualities of the present race of British officers; but we confess a wish that they would view their profession in a more serious light. Young men entering the army seemingly imagine, that the sole object of their so doing is to wear a well-made uniform, and dine at a pleasant mess; and that, once dismissed to their duty by the adjutant, they may fairly discard all idea of self-instruction and improvement. But war is an art, and therefore its principles can be acquired but by study. Our young officers too often neglect not only their military studies, but their mental improvement in other respects; forgetting that the most valuable part of a man's education is not that acquired at a public school before the age of eighteen, but that which he bestows upon himself after that age. The former is the foundation; the latter the fabric to be raised upon it. We have known instances of smart subs deft upon parade, brilliants in the ball-room, perfect models of a pretty soldier from plume to boot-heel, so supremely ignorant of the common business of life as to be unable to write a letter without a severe effort, or to draw a bill upon their agents when no one was at hand to instruct them in its form. It was but the other day that an officer related to us, that, being detached on an outpost in one of our colonies, he found himself in company with two brother subalterns, both most anxious to make a call upon their father's strong-box, but totally ignorant how to effect the same. Their spirit was very willing, but their pen lamentably weak; their exchequer was exhausted, and in their mind's-eye the paternal coffers stood invi-

tingly open; but nevertheless they sat helpless, ruefully contemplating oblong slips of blank paper, until our friend, whose experience as a man of business was somewhat greater, extricated them from their painful dilemma, by drawing up the necessary document at *thirty days' sight*. In this particular view, want of skill as a "pen and ink man" would probably not be regretted by those most interested in their sons; and doubtless many *governors* would exclaim, as fervently as Lord Douglas in *Marmion*,

"Thanks to St Bothan, son of mine
Could never pen a written line!"

Seriously speaking, a graver and more studious tone is wanted in our service. It is found in the military services of other countries. German and French officers take their calling far more *au sérieux* than do ours. They find abundant time for pleasure, but also for solitude and reading, and for attention to the improvement of the soldier. Dressing, dining, and cigars, and beating the pavements of a garrison town with his boot-heels, ought not to fill up the whole time of a subaltern officer. That in this country they usually do so, will be admitted by all who have had opportunities of observing young English officers in peace time. We could bring hosts of witnesses in support of our assertion, but will content ourselves with one whose competency to judge in such matters will not be disputed. The following passages are from Major-General Sir George Arthur's "General Observations upon Military Discipline, and the Intellectual and Moral Improvement of both Officers and Soldiers."

"I have said that education is essential, as well as moral character, and so it is. Look into the habits of the officers of almost every regiment in His Majesty's service—how are they formed? Do men study at all after they get commissions? Very far from it; unless an officer is employed in the field, his days are passed in mental idleness—his ordinary duties are carried on instinctively—there is no intellectual exertion. To discuss fluently upon women, play, horses,

and wine, is, with some excellent exceptions, the ordinary range of mess conversation. In these matters lie the education of young officers, generally speaking, after entering the service."

"If the officers were not seen so habitually walking in the streets in every garrison town, the soldiers would be less frequently found in public-houses."

The influence of example is great, especially when exercised by those whom we are taught to look up to and respect. A change in the habits of officers will go far to produce one in those of their men. French officers, of whom we are sure that no British officer who has met them, either in the field or in quarters, will speak without respect, feel a pride and a pleasure in the instruction of the soldier, and take pains to induce him to improve his mind, holding out as an incentive the prospect of promotion. And such interest and solicitude produce, amongst other good effects, an affectionate feeling on the part of the soldier towards his superiors, which, far from interfering with discipline, makes him perform his duties, often onerous and painful, with increased zeal and good-will. For the want of this kindly sympathy between different ranks, and of the moral instruction which, by elevating their character, would go far to produce it, our soldiers are converted into mere machines, unable even to think, often forbidden so to do. We are convinced that attention to the education of the soldier, introduced simultaneously with short enlistments and abolition of flogging, would speedily create in the army of this country a body of non-commissioned officers, who, when promoted, would disgrace no mess-table in the service. With the prospect of the epaulet before them, they would strive to improve themselves, and to become fit society for the men of higher breeding and education with whom they hoped one day to be called upon to associate. For, if it be painful and unpleasant to a body of gentlemen to have a coarse and ill-mannered man thrust upon them, it is certainly not less so to the intruder, if he possess one spark of feeling, to find himself shun-

ned and looked coldly upon by his new associates. The total abolition of corporal punishment is, we consider, a necessary preliminary to promotion from the ranks on an extensive scale. We were told four years ago, in the House of Commons, during a debate on the Mutiny bill, that there were then in the British army four colonels who were flogged men. Many will remember the story related in a recent military publication, of the old field-officer who, one day at the mess-table, or amongst a party of his comrades, declared himself in favour of corporal punishment, on the ground that he himself had never been worth a rush till he had taken his cool three hundred. During a long war, abounding in opportunities of distinction, and at a time when the lash was the universal punishment for nearly every offence, it is not surprising that here and there a flogged man got his commission. But, in our opinion, not only the circumstance of having been flogged, but the mere liability to so degrading an infliction, might plausibly be urged as an argument against promotion from the ranks. Let the lash, then, at once and totally disappear; replace torture by instruction, hold out judicious rewards instead of disgraceful punishment, appeal to the sense of honour of the man, instead of to the sense of pain of the brute; and, repudiating the harsh traditions of less enlightened days, lay it down as an axiom, that the British soldier can and will fight at least as well under a mild and generous system, as when the bloody thongs of the cat are suspended *in terrorem* over him.

The physical as well as moral training of the soldier should receive attention, as a means both of filling up his time, thereby keeping him from the alehouse, and of increasing his efficiency in the field. At present the marching qualities of our armies are very far inferior to their fighting ones. In the latter, they are surpassed by none—in the former, equal to few. And yet how important is it that troops should be able to perform long and rapid marches! The fate of a campaign, the destruction of an enemy's army, may, and often does depend upon a forced march. At that

work there is scarcely an army in Europe worth the naming, but would beat us, at least at the commencement of a war, and until our soldiers had got their marching legs—a thing not done in a day, or without great loss and inconvenience by straggling. Foot-sore men are almost as great a nuisance and encumbrance to infantry, as sore-backed horses to dragoons. Our soldiers are better fed than those of most other countries, and to keep them in hard and serviceable condition they require more exercise than they get. French soldiers are encouraged to practice athletic exercises and games; running, quoit-playing, and fencing, the latter especially, are their constant pastimes. Most of them are expert swordsmen, no valueless accomplishment even to the man whose usual weapons are musket and bayonet, but one that in our infantry regiments is frequently neglected even by those whose only arm is the sword, namely, the officers. Surely the man who carries a sword should know how to use it in the most effectual manner. Let old officers say on whose side the advantage usually was in the sword duels that occurred when Paris was occupied by the Allies, and when the French officers, maddened by their reverses, sought opportunities of picking quarrels with their conquerors. The adjutant of a British foot regiment informed us, that on one occasion, not very long ago, at a review of his corps by an officer of high rank, the latter, after applauding the performances of the regiment, expressed a wish to see the officers do the sword exercise. In obedience to orders, the adjutant called the officers to the front. "I suppose, gentlemen," said he, "that few of you know much about the sword exercise." His assumption was not contradicted. "Probably, your best plan will be to watch the sergeant-major and myself." And accordingly adjutant and sergeant-major placed themselves in front of each flank, and the officers, looking to them as fuglemen, went through their exercise with great delicacy and tolerable correctness, to the perfect satisfaction of the inspecting general, who probably was not disposed to be very captious. But we are digressing from the subject of the soldier's oc-

cupations. In France, let a military work be required—a wall, road, or fortification—and the soldiers slip into their working dresses, and labour at it with a good will produced by additional pay. Thus were the forts and vast wall now surrounding Paris run up in wonderfully short time by the exertions of the soldiery. In all German garrison towns, we believe—certainly in all that we have visited—is found an *Exercitiums Platz*, a field or plot of ground with bars, poles, and other gymnastic contrivances, reserved for the troops, who are frequently to be seen there, amusing themselves, and improving their strength and activity of body. We are aware of nothing of this kind in our service, beyond a rare game at cricket, got up by the good-nature of officers. As Dr Fergusson truly says, “of all European troops, our own appear to be the most helpless and listless in their quarters. Whilst the soldiers of other nations employ their leisure hours in fencing, gymnastics, and other exercises of strength, ours are lounging idle, or muddled, awaiting the hour of their unvaried meal, or the drum being beat for the daily parades.” This might easily be altered. It needs but to be thought of, which hitherto it appears not to have been. No men are naturally more adapted and prone to manly exercises than the English. Give the soldier the opportunity, and he will gladly avail himself of it.

Before closing this paper, a word or two on the equipment and dress of the army will not be out of place. We are glad to find the opinions we have long entertained on those subjects confirmed by a pithy and pointed chapter in Dr Fergusson's book. The externals of the army have of late been much discussed, and have undergone certain changes, scarcely deserving the name of improvements. In regulating such matters, three objects should be kept in view, and their pursuit never departed from; lightness on the march, protection from the weather, ease of movement. The attainment of these should be sought by every means; even by the sacrifice, if necessary, of what pleases the eye. The most heavily laden, the British soldier is in many respects the most inconveniently equipped,

of all European men-at-arms. The covering of his head, the material and colour of his belts, the very form of the foot-soldier's overalls, cut large over the shoe, as if on purpose to become dirty and dragged on the march, seem selected with a view to occasion him as much uncomfot and trouble as possible. Time was, when the soldier was compelled to powder his hair and wear a queue and tight knee breeches, like a dancing master or a French marquis of the *ancien régime*. For the sweeping away of such absurdities, which must have been especially convenient and agreeable in a bivouac, we may thank the Duke of York; but much as has been done, there is much more to do. And first as regards the unnecessarily heavy belts, the cumbersome and misplaced cartridge-box. Than the latter it would be difficult to devise any thing more inconvenient, as all who have seen British infantry in the field will admit. The soldier has to make a rapid advance, to pursue a flying enemy, to scud across fields, leap ditches or jump down banks when out skirmishing. At every spring or jump, bang goes the lumbering cartridge-box against his posteriors, until he is fain to use his hand to steady it, thereby of course greatly impeding his progress, the swiftness and ease of running depending in great measure on one arm, at least, being at liberty. And then the belts, what an unnecessary mass of leather is there, all bedaubed with the fictitious purity of chalk and water. When will the soldier cease to depend for cleanliness upon pipe-clay, justly styled by Dr Fergusson “as absurd and unwholesome a nuisance as ever was invented.” Had the object been to give the utmost possible trouble to the infantry-man, no better means could have been devised than inflicting on him the belts at present used, or all others the most easily sullied and troublesome to clean. Let a black patent leather belt and rifleman's cartridge-box be adopted as the regulation for the whole of the British service. Light to carry, convenient in form, and easy to clean, it is the perfection of infantry equipment.

There has recently been a great talk about hats, and various shocking

bad ones have been proposed as a substitute for the old top-heavy shako. Without entering upon a subject that has already caused so much controversy, we would point attention to the light shako worn by the French troops in Algeria. Low, and slightly tapering in form, with a broad peak projecting horizontally, so as to shade the eyes without embarrassing the vision, which peaks that droop overmuch are apt to do, its circumference is of cloth, its crown of thick leather painted white. The general effect is good, conveying an idea of lightness and convenience, both of which this head-dress certainly possesses; and it appears to us that a hint might be taken from it, at any rate, for our troops in India, and other hot climates. As to fur caps a yard high, and similar nonsensical exhibitions, we can only say that the sooner they are done away with, the better for the credit of those who have it in their power to abolish such gross absurdities. With regard to coats, "I advance no pretensions," says Dr Fergusson, "to fancy or taste in military dress, but I ought to know what constitutes cover and protection to the human frame, and amongst these the swallow-tailed coat of the infantry, pared away as it is to an absurdity, holds no place. If health and protection were the object, the coat should be of round cut, to cover the thighs as low as the knees, with body of sufficient depth to support the unprotected flanks and abdomen of the wearer." In the French service, frock-coats have of late been universally adopted. We should prefer a tailed coat of greater amplitude of skirt and depth of body than the one in present use; for it is certain, and will be acknowledged by all who have performed marches and pedestrian excursions, that the skirts of a frock-coat flapping against the front of the thighs, more or less impede motion and add to fatigue.

Although the form of a soldier's dress is important, for it may make a considerable difference in his health and comfort, its colour and ornamental details are a very secondary consideration. It were absurd to doubt that a British soldier would fight equally well, whatever the tint of the

cloth that covered his stalwart arm and stout heart. Strip him to-morrow of his scarlet, and he will do his devoir as nobly in the white jacket of the Austrian grenadier or the brown one of the Portuguese *cazador*. Such matters, it will be said, may be left to army tailors and pet colonels of fancy regiments, in conclave assembled. Nevertheless it is a subject that should not entirely be passed over. Soldiers are apt to look with disgust and contempt upon equipments that are tawdry and unserviceable, or that give them unnecessary trouble. They should be gravely, soberly, and usefully clad, in the garb that may be found most comfortable and durable in the field, not in that which most flatters the eye on a Hounslow or Hyde Park parade. Dr Fergusson is amusing enough upon the subject of hussar pelisses and such-like foreign fooleries.

"The first time I ever saw a hussar, or hudan, was at Ghent, in Flanders, then an Austrian town; and when I beheld a richly decorated pelisse waving, empty sleeves and all, from his shoulder, I never doubted that the poor man must have been recently shot through the arm; a glance, however, upon a tightly braided sleeve underneath, made it still more unaccountable; and why he should not have had an additional pair of richly ornamental breeches dangling at his waist, as well as a jacket from his shoulders, has, I confess, puzzled me from that time to the present; it being the first rule of health to keep the upper portion of the body as cool, and the lower as warm as possible."

The doctor further disapproves of scarlet as a colour for uniform, because "a man clothed in scarlet exhibits the dress of a mountebank rather than of a British warrior going forth to fight the battles of his country," and also "because it is the worst adapted for any hard work of all the colours, as it immediately becomes shabby and tarnished on being exposed to the weather; and a single wet night in the bivouac spoils it completely." Here we must differ from the doctor. The chief advantage of scarlet, we have always considered, and we believe the same opinion to

be generally held by military men, is that it looks well longer, gets white and shabby later, than a darker colour. The preparation of the cloth and mode of dyeing, may, however, have been improved since Dr Fergusson's period of service. With regard to the colour, there is a popular prejudice in its favour, associating it as most persons do, from childhood upwards, with ideas of glory and victory. Had our uniform been yellow for the same period that it has been red, we should have attached those ideas to the former colour; but that would be no reason for continuing to dress soldiers like canary birds. Apart from association, scarlet is unmilitary, first, because it is tawdry; and, secondly, as rendering the soldier, when isolated, an easier mark than a less glaring colour. We doubt, also, if it would harmonize well with the black belts, which we desire to see adopted; and on these various accounts we must give our vote in favour of the sober blue of the Prussians, assuredly no un-British colour, and one already in use for many of our cavalry regiments. The Portuguese troops, as they are now uniformed, or were, when last we saw them, offer no bad model in this respect. Blue coats and dark grey trousers are the colours of their line regiments, and these we should like to see adopted in our service, preserving always the green for the rifles, who ought to be ten times as numerous as they are, as we shall discover whenever we come to a brush with the Yankees, or with our old and gallant opponent, Monsieur Nong-tong-paw. One would have thought that the picking off of our officers at New Orleans, and on other occasions, and the stinging practice of French tirailleurs during the last war, would have taught our

military rulers a lesson in this respect; but the contrary seems the case, and on we go at the old jog-trot, heavy men, heavy equipments, and slow march, whilst seven-eighths of the French army are practically light infantry, and it is only the other day that they raised ten new regiments of sharpshooters, the Chasseurs de Vincennes, or some such name, little light active riflemen, trained to leap and to march for leagues at double quick, and who would scamper round a ten acre field whilst a heavy British grenadier went through his facings. The cool steadiness and indomitable pluck of our fellows has hitherto carried the day, and will doubtless do it again when the time comes, but it would be done with greater ease and less loss if we could condescend to fight our enemy rather more with his own weapons. *Fas est ab hoste doceri*, is a maxim oftener quoted than acted upon. But to return to uniforms. The scarlet might be reserved for the guards—it has always been a guardsman's colour—the blue given to the line, the green kept for the rifles; black belts on rifle plan for all. And above all, if it can be done without too great annoyance to tailors, amateur and professional, deliver us from braided pelisses, bearskin caps, crimson pantaloons, and all such costly and unserviceable fopperies. Spend money on the well-being of the soldier, rather than on the smartness of his uniform; cut down frippery, and increase comfort. Attend less to the glitter of externals, and more to that moral and intellectual cultivation, which will convert men now treated as machines, into reasoning and reasonable creatures, and valuable members of society.

MY COLLEGE FRIENDS. NO. IV.

CHARLES RUSSELL, THE GENTLEMAN-COMMONER.

CHAP. I.

"HAVE you any idea who that fresh gentleman-commoner is?" said I to Savile, who was sitting next to me at dinner, one day soon after the beginning of term. We had not usually in the college above three or four of that privileged class, so that any addition to their table attracted more attention than the arrival of the vulgar herd of freshmen to fill up the vacancies at our own. Unless one of them had choked himself with his matton, or taken some equally decided mode of making himself an object of public interest, scarcely any man of "old standing" would have even inquired his name.

"Is he one of our men?" said Savile, as he scrutinized the party in question. "I thought he had been a stranger dining with some of them. Murray, you know the history of every man who comes up, I believe—who is he?"

"His name is Russell," replied the authority referred to; "Charles Wynderbie Russell; his father's a banker in the city: Russell and Smith, you know, — Street."

"Ay, I dare say," said Savile; "one of your rich tradesmen; they always come up as gentlemen-commoners, to show that they have lots of money: it makes me wonder how any man of decent family ever condescends to put on a silk gown." Savile was the younger son of a poor baronet, thirteenth in descent, and affected considerable contempt for any other kind of distinction.

"Oh!" continued Murray, "this man is by no means of a bad family: his father comes of one of the oldest houses in Dorsetshire, and his mother, you know, is one of the Wynderbies of Wynderbie Court—a niece of Lord De Staveley's."

"I know!" said Savile; "nay, I never heard of Wynderbie Court in my life; but I dare say *you* know, which is quite sufficient. Really, Murray, you might make a good spe-

ulation by publishing a genealogical list of the undergraduate members of the university—birth, parentage, family connexions, governors' present incomes, probable expectations, &c., &c. It would sell capitally among the tradesmen—they'd know exactly when it was safe to give credit. You could call it *A Guide to Duns*."

"Or a *History of the Un-landed Gentry*," suggested I.

"Well, he is a very gentleman-like looking fellow, that Mr Russell, banker or not," said Savile, as the unconscious subject of our conversation left the hall; "I wonder who knows him?"

The same question might have been asked a week—a month after this conversation, without eliciting any very satisfactory answer. With the exception of Murray's genealogical information—the correctness of which was never doubted for a moment, though how or where he obtained this and similar pieces of history, was a point on which he kept up an amusing mystery—Russell was a man of whom no one appeared to know any thing at all. The other gentlemen-commoners had, I believe, all called upon him, as a matter of courtesy to one of their own limited mess; but in almost every case it had merely amounted to an exchange of cards. He was either out of his rooms, or "sporting oak;" and "Mr C. W. Russell," on a bit of pasteboard, had invariably appeared in the note-box of the party for whom the honour was intended, on their return from their afternoon's walk or ride. Invitations to two or three wine-parties had followed, and been civilly declined. It was at one of these meetings that he again became the subject of conversation. We were a large party, at a man of the name of Tichborne's rooms, when some one mentioned having met "the Hermit," as they called him, taking a solitary walk about three miles out of Oxford the day before.

"Oh, you mean Russell," said Tichborne: "well, I was going to tell you, I called on him again this morning, and found him in his rooms. In fact, I almost followed him in after lecture; for I confess I had some little curiosity to find out what he was made of."

"And did you find out?"—"What sort of a fellow is he?" asked half-a-dozen voices at once; for, to say the truth, the curiosity which Tichborne had just confessed had been pretty generally felt, even among those who usually affected a dignified disregard of all matters concerning the nature and habits of freshmen.

"I sat with him for about twenty minutes; indeed, I should have staid longer, for I rather liked the lad; but he seemed anxious to get rid of me. I can't make him out at all, though. I wanted him to come here to-night, but he positively would not, though he didn't pretend to have any other engagement: he said he never, or seldom, drank wine."

"Not drink wine!" interrupted Savile. "I always said he was some low fellow!"

"I have known some low fellows drink their skins full of wine, though; especially at other men's expense," said Tichborne, who was evidently not pleased with the remark; "and Russell is *not* a low fellow by any means."

"Well, well," replied Savile, whose good-humour was imperturbable—"if you say so, there's an end of it: all I mean to say is, I can't conceive any man not drinking wine, unless for the simple reason that he prefers brandy and water, and that I *do* call low. However, you'll excuse my helping myself to another glass of this particularly good claret, Tichborne, though it is at your expense: indeed, the only use of your gentlemen-commoners, that I am aware of, is to give us a taste of the senior common-room wine now and then. They do manage to get it good there, certainly. I wish they would give out a few dozens as prizes at collections; it would do us a great deal more good than a Russia-leather book with the college arms on it. I don't know that I shouldn't take to reading in that case."

"Drink a dozen of it, old fellow,

if you can," said Tichborne. "But really I am sorry we couldn't get Russell here this evening; I think he would be rather an acquisition, if he could be drawn out. As to his not drinking wine, that's a matter of taste; and he is not very likely to corrupt the good old principles of the college on that point. But he must please himself."

"What does he do with himself?" said one of the party—"read?"

"Why, he didn't *talk* about reading, as most of our literary freshmen do, which might perhaps lead one to suppose he really was something of a scholar; still, I doubt if he is what you call a reading man; I know he belongs to the Thucydides lecture, and I have never seen him there but once."

"Ah!" said Savile, with a sigh, "that's another privilege of yours I had forgotten, which is rather enviable; you can cut lectures when you like, without getting a thundering imposition. Where does this man Russell live?"

"He has taken those large rooms that Sykes used to have, and fitted up so capitally; they were vacant, you remember, the last two terms; I had some thought of moving into them myself, but they were confoundedly expensive, and I didn't think it worth while. They cost Sykes I don't know how much, in painting and papering, and are full of all sorts of couches, and easy chairs, and so forth. And this man seems to have got two or three good paintings into them; and, altogether, they are now the best rooms in college, by far."

"Does he mean to hunt?" asked another.

"No, I fancy not," replied our host: "though he spoke as if he knew something about it; but he said he had no horses in Oxford."

"Nor any where else, I'll be bound; he's a precious slow coach, you may depend upon it." And with this decisive remark, Mr Russell and his affairs were dismissed for the time.

A year passed away, and still, at the end of that time—(a long time it seemed in those days)—Russell was as much a stranger in college as ever. He had begun to be regarded as a rather mysterious person. Hardly

two men in the college agreed in their estimate of his character. Some said he was a natural son—the acknowledged heir, to a large fortune, but too proud to mix in society, under the consciousness of a dishonoured birth. But this suspicion was indignantly refuted by Murray, as much on behalf of his own genealogical accuracy, as for Russell's legitimacy,—he was undoubtedly the true and lawful son and heir of Mr Russell the banker, of — Street. Others said he was poor; but his father was reputed to be the most wealthy partner in a wealthy firm, and was known to have a considerable estate in the west of England. There were not wanting those who said he was “eccentric,”—in the largest sense of the term. Yet his manners and conduct, as far as they came within notice, were correct, regular, and gentlemanly beyond criticism. There was nothing about him which could fairly incur the minor charge of being odd. He dressed well, though very plainly; would converse freely enough, upon any subject, with the few men who, from sitting at the same table, or attending the same lectures, had formed a doubtful sort of acquaintance with him; and always showed great good sense, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a courtesy, and at the same time perfect dignity of manner, which effectually prevented any attempt to penetrate, by jest or direct question, the reserve in which he had chosen to inclose himself. All invitations he steadily refused; even to the extent of sending an excuse to the dean's and tutors' breakfast parties, to their ineffable disgust. Whether he read hard, or not, was equally a secret. He was regular in his attendance at chapel, and particularly attentive to the service; a fact which by no means tended to lower him in men's estimation, though in those days more remarkable than, happily, it would be now. At lectures, indeed, he was not equally exemplary, either as to attendance or behaviour; he was often absent when asked a question, and not always accurate when he replied; and occasionally declined translating a passage which came to his turn, on the ground of not having read it. Yet his scholarship, if not

always strictly accurate, had a degree of elegance which betokened both talent and reading; and his taste was evidently naturally good, and classical literature a subject of interest to him. Altogether, it rather piqued the vanity of those who saw most of him, that he would give them no opportunity of seeing more; and many affected to sneer at him, as a “muff,” who would have been exceedingly flattered by his personal acquaintance. Only one associate did Charles Russell appear to have in the university; and this was a little greenish-haired man in a scholar's gown, a perfect contrast to himself in appearance, whose name or college no man knew, though some professed to recognise him as a Bible-clerk of one of the smallest and most obscure of the halls.

Attempts were made to pump out of his scout some information as to how Russell passed his time: for, with the exception of a daily walk, sometimes with the companion above mentioned, but much oftener alone, and his having been seen once or twice in a skiff on the river, he appeared rarely to quit his own rooms. Scouts are usually pretty communicative of all they know—and sometimes a great deal more—about the affairs of their many masters; and they are not inclined in general to hold a very high opinion of those among “their gentlemen” who, like Russell, are behind-hand in the matter of wine and supper parties—their own perquisites suffering thereby. But Job Allen was a scout of a thousand. His honesty and integrity made him quite the “*rara avis*” of his class—*i. e.*, a white swan amongst a flock of black ones. Though really, since I have left the university, and been condemned to house-keeping, and have seen the peculation and perquisite-hunting existing pretty nearly in the same proportion amongst ordinary servants—and the higher you go in society the worse it seems to be—without a tittle of the activity and cleverness displayed by a good college scout, who provides supper and etceteras for an extemporary party of twenty or so at an hour's notice, without starting a difficulty or giving vent to a grumble, or neglecting any one of his other multifarious duties, (further than per-

haps borrowing for the service of the said supper, some hard-reading freshman's whole stock of knives, and leaving him to spread his nocturnal bread and butter with his fingers;) since I have been led to compare this with the fuss and fidget caused in a "well-regulated family" among one's own lazy vagabonds by having an extra horse to clean, or by a couple of friends arriving unexpectedly to dinner, when they all stare at you as if you were expecting impossibilities, I have nearly come to the conclusion that college servants, like hedgehogs, are a grossly calumniated race of animals—wrongfully accused of getting their living by picking and stealing, whereas they are in fact rather more honest than the average of their neighbours. It is to be hoped that, like the hedgehogs, they enjoy a compensation in having too thick skins to be oversensitive. At all events, Job Allen was an honest fellow. He had been known to expostulate with some of his more reckless masters upon the absurdities of their goings-on; and had more than once had a commons of bread flung at his head, when taking the opportunity of symptoms of repentance, in an evident disrelish for breakfast, to hint at the slow but inevitable approach of "degree-day." Cold chickens from the evening's supper-party had made a miraculous reappearance at next morning's lunch or breakfast; half-consumed bottles of port seemed, under his auspices, to lead charmed lives. No wonder, then, there was very little information about the private affairs of Russell to be got out of Job Allen. He had but a very poor talent for gossip, and none at all for invention. "Mr Russell's a very nice, quiet sort of gentleman, sir, and keeps his-self pretty much to his-self." This was Job's account of him; and, to curious enquirers, it was provoking both for its meagreness and its truth. "Who's his friend in the rusty gown, Job?" "I thinks, sir, his name's Smith." "Is Mr Russell going up for a class, Job?" "I can't say indeed, sir." "Does he read hard?" "Not over-hard I think, sir." "Does he sit up late, Job?" "Not over-late, sir." If there was any thing to tell, it was evident Job would neither commit himself nor his master.

Russell's conduct was certainly uncommon. If he had been the son of a poor man, dependent for his future livelihood on his own exertions, eking out the scanty allowance ill-spared by his friends by the help of a scholarship or exhibition, and avoidingsociety as leading to necessary expense, his position would have been understood, and even, in spite of the prejudices of youthful extravagance, commended. Or if he had been a hard-reading man from choice—or a stupid man—or a "saint"—no one would have troubled themselves about him or his proceedings. But Russell was a gentleman-commoner, and a man who had evidently seen something of the world; a rich man, and apparently by no means of the character fitted for a recluse. He had dined once with the principal, and the two or three men who had met him there were considerably surprised at the easy gracefulness of his manners, and his information upon many points usually beyond the range of undergraduates: at his own table, too, he never affected any reserve, although, perhaps from a consciousness of having virtually declined any intimacy with his companions, he seldom originated any conversation. It might have been assumed, indeed, that he despised the society into which he was thrown, but that his bearing, so far from being haughty or even cold, was occasionally marked by apparent dejection. There was also, at times, a breaking out as it were of the natural spirits of youth, checked almost abruptly; and once or twice he had betrayed an interest in, and a knowledge of, field-sports and ordinary amusements, which for the moment made his hearers fancy, as Tichborne said, that he was "coming out." But if, as at first often happened, such conversations led to a proposal for a gallop with the harriers, or a ride the next afternoon, or a match at billiards, or even an invitation to a quiet breakfast party—the refusal, though always courteous—and sometimes it was fancied unwilling—was always decided. And living day by day within reach of that close companionship which similarity of age, pursuits, and tastes, strengthened by daily intercourse, was cementing around him,

Charles Russell, in his twentieth year, in a position to choose his own society, and qualified to shine in it, seemed to have deliberately adopted the life of a recluse.

There were some, indeed, who accounted for his behaviour on the ground of stinginess; and it was an opinion somewhat strengthened by one or two trifling facts. When the subscription-list for the College boat was handed to him, he put his name down for the minimum of one guinea, though Charley White, our secretary, with the happy union of impudence and "soft sawder" for which he was remarkable, delicately drew his attention to the fact, that no other gentleman-commoner had given less than five. Still it was not very intelligible that a man who wished to save his pocket, should choose to pay double fees for the privilege of wearing a velvet cap and silk gown, and rent the most expensive set of rooms in the college.

It happened that I returned one night somewhat late from a friend's rooms out of college, and had the satisfaction to find that my scout, in an unusually careful mood, had shut my outer "oak," which had a spring lock, of which I never by any chance carried the key. It was too late to send for the rascal to open it, and I was just planning the possibility of effecting an entrance at the window by means of the porter's ladder, when the light in Russell's room caught my eye, and I remembered that, in the days of their former occupant, our keys used to correspond, very much to our mutual convenience. It was no very great intrusion, even towards one in the morning, to ask a man to lend you his door-key, when the alternative seemed to be spending the night in the quadrangle: so I walked up his staircase, knocked, was admitted, and stated my business with all proper apologies. The key was produced most graciously, and down I went again—unluckily two steps at a time. My foot slipped, and one grand rattle brought me to the bottom: not head first, but feet first, which possibly is not quite so dangerous, but any gentleman who has tried it will agree with me that it is sufficiently unpleasant. I was dreadfully shaken;

and when I tried to get up, found it no easy matter. Russell, I suppose, heard the fall, for he was by my side by the time I had collected my ideas. I felt as if I had skinned myself at slight intervals all down one side; but the worst of it was a sprained ankle. How we got up-stairs again I have no recollection; but when a glass of brandy had brought me to a little, I found myself in an easy-chair, with my foot on a stool, shivering and shaking like a wet puppy. I staid there a fortnight, (not in the chair, reader, but in the rooms;) and so it was I became intimately acquainted with Charles Russell. His kindness and attention to me were excessive; I wished of course to be moved to my own rooms at once, but he would not hear of it; and as I found every wriggle and twist which I gave quite sufficiently painful, I acceded to my surgeon's advice to remain where I was.

It was not a very pleasant mode of introduction for either party. Very few men's acquaintance is worth the pains of bumping all the way down-stairs and spraining an ankle for: and for a gentleman who voluntarily confines himself to his own apartment and avoids society, to have another party chummed in upon him perforce, day and night, sitting in an arm-chair, with a suppressed groan occasionally, and an abominable smell of hartshorn—is, to say the least of it, not the happiest mode of hinting to him the evils of solitude. Whether it was that the one of us, compelled thus against his will to play the host, was anxious to show he was no churl by nature, and the other, feeling himself necessarily in a great degree an intruder and a bore, put forth more zealously any redeeming social qualities he might possess; be this as it might, within that fortnight Russell and I became sincere friends.

I found him, as I had expected, a most agreeable and gentlemanlike companion, clever and well informed, and with a higher and more settled tone of principles than is common to his age and position. But strongly contrasted with his usually cheerful manner, were sudden intervals of abstraction approaching to gloomi-

ness. In him, it was evidently not the result of caprice, far less of any thing approaching to affectation. I watched him closely, partly from interest, partly because I had little else to do, and became convinced that there was some latent cause of grief or anxiety at work. Once in particular, after the receipt of some letters, (they were always opened hurriedly, and apparently with a painful interest,) he was so visibly discomposed and depressed in spirits, that I ventured to express a hope that they had contained no distressing intelligence. Russell seemed embarrassed at having betrayed any unusual emotion, and answered in the negative; adding, that "he knew he was subject to the blues occasionally"—and I felt I could say no more. But I suppose I did not look convinced; for catching my eyes fixed on him soon afterwards, he shook my hand and said, "Something *has* vexed me—I cannot tell you what; but I won't think about it again now."

One evening, towards the close of my imprisonment, after a long and pleasant talk over our usual sober wind-up of a cup of coffee, some recent publication, tasteful, but rather expensive, was mentioned, which Russell expressed a wish to see. I put the natural question, to a man in his position who could appreciate the book, and to whom a few pounds were no consideration—why did he not order it? He coloured slightly, and after a moment's hesitation hurriedly replied, "Because I cannot afford it." I felt a little awkwardness as to what to say next; for the style of every thing round me betrayed a lavish disregard of expense, and yet the remark did not at all bear the tone of a jest. Probably Russell understood what was passing in my mind; for presently, without looking at me, he went on: "Yes, you may well think it a pitiful economy to grudge five guineas for a book like that, and indulge one's-self in such pompous mummery as we have here;" and he pushed down with his foot a massive and beautiful silver coffee-pot, engraved with half-a-dozen quarterings of arms, which, in spite of a remonstrance from me, had been blackening before the fire to keep its contents

warm. "Never mind it," he continued, as I in vain put out my hand to save it from falling—"it won't be damaged; it will fetch just as much per ounce; and I really cannot afford to buy an inferior article." Russell's behaviour up to this moment had been rational enough, but at the moment a suspicion crossed my mind that "eccentricity," as applied to his case, might possibly, as in some other cases, be merely an euphonism for something worse. However, I picked up the coffee-pot, and said nothing. "You must think me very strange, Hawthorne; I quite forgot myself at the moment; but if you choose to be trusted with a secret, which will be no secret long, I will tell you what will perhaps surprise you with regard to my own position, though I really have no right to trouble you with my confidences." I disclaimed any wish to assume the right of inquiring into private matters, but at the same time expressed, as I sincerely felt, an interest in what was evidently a weight on my companion's mind. "Well, to say the truth," continued Russell, "I think it will be a relief to me to tell you how I stand. I know that I have often felt of late that I am acting a daily lie here, to all the men about me; passing, doubtless, for a rich man, when in truth, for aught I know, I and all my family are beggars at this moment." He stopped, walked to the window, and returned. "I am surrounded here by luxuries which have little right within a college's walls; I occupy a distinctive position which you and others are supposed not to be able to afford. I never can mix with any of you, without, as it were, carrying with me every where the superscription written—'This is a rich man.' And yet, with all this outward show, I may be a debtor to your charity for my bread to-morrow. You are astonished, Hawthorne; of course you are. I am not thus playing the hypocrite willingly, believe me. Had I only my own comfort, and my own feelings to consult, I would take my name off the college books to-morrow. How I bear the life I lead, I scarcely know."

"But tell me," said I, "as you have told me so much, what is the secret of all this?"

“I will; I was going to explain. My only motive for concealment, my only reason for even wishing you to keep my counsel, is, because the character and prospects of others are concerned. My father, as I dare say you know, is pretty well known as the head of the firm of Russell and Smith: he passes for a rich man, of course; he *was* a rich man, I believe, once; and I, his only son and heir—brought up as I was to look upon money as a plaything—I was sent to college of course as a gentleman-commoner. I knew nothing, as a lad, of my father’s affairs: there were fools enough to tell me he was rich, and that I had nothing to do but to spend his money—and I did spend it—ay, too much of it—yet not so much, perhaps, as I might. Not since I came here, Hawthorne; oh no!—not since I found out that it was neither his nor mine to spend—I have not been so bad as that, thank God. And if ever man could atone, by suffering, for the thoughtlessness and extravagance of early days, I have wellnigh paid my penalty in full already. I told you, I entered here as a gentleman-commoner; my father came down to Oxford with me, chose my rooms, sent down this furniture and these paintings from town—thank Heaven, I knew not what they cost—ordered a couple of hunters and a groom for me—those I stopped from coming down—and, in fact, made every preparation for me to commence my career with credit as the heir-apparent to a large fortune. Some suspicions that all was not right had crossed my mind before: certain conversations between my father and cold-looking men of business, not meant for my ear, and very imperfectly understood—for it appeared to be my father’s object to keep me totally ignorant of all the mysteries of banking—an increasing tendency on his part to grumble over petty expenses which implied ready payment, with an ostentations profusion in show and entertainments—many slight circumstances put together had given me a sort of vague alarm at times, which I shook off, as often as it recurred, like a disagreeable dream. A week after I entered college, a letter from my only sister opened my eyes to the truth. What I had feared

was a temporary embarrassment—a disagreeable necessity for retrenchment, or, at the worst, a stoppage of payment, and a respectable bankruptcy, which would injure no one but the creditors. What she spoke of, was absolute ruin, poverty, and, what was worse, disgrace. It came upon me very suddenly—but I bore it. I am not going to enter into particulars about family matters to you, Hawthorne—you would not wish it, I know; let me only say, my sister Mary is an angel, and my father a weak-minded man—I will hope, not intentionally a dishonest one. But I have learnt enough to know that there are embarrassments from which he can never extricate himself with honour, and that every month, every week, that he persists in maintaining a useless struggle will only add misery to misery in the end. How long it may go on no one can say—but the end must come. My own first impulse was, of course, to leave this place at once, and so, at all events, to avoid additional expenses: but my father would not hear of it. I went to him, told him what I knew, though not how I had heard it, and drew from him a sort of confession that he had made some unfortunate speculations. But ‘only let us keep up appearances’—those were his words—a little while, and all would be right again, he assured me. I made no pretence of believing him; but, Hawthorne, when he offered to go on his knees to me—and I his only son—and promised to retrench in every possible method that would not betray his motives, if I would but remain at college to take my degree—‘to keep up appearances’—what could I do?”

“Plainly,” said I, “you did right: I do not see that you had any alternative. Nor have you any right to throw away your future prospects. Your father’s unfortunate embarrassments are no disgrace to you.”

“So said my sister. I knew her advice must be right, and I consented to remain here. You know I lead no life of self-indulgence; and the necessary expenses, even as a gentleman-commoner, are less than you would suppose, unless you had tried matters as closely as I have.”

“And with your talents,” said I.

"My talents! I am conscious of but one talent at present: the faculty of feeling acutely the miserable position into which I have been forced. No, if you mean that I am to gain any sort of distinction by hard reading, it is simply what I cannot do. Depend upon it, Hawthorne, a man must have a mind tolerably at ease to put forth any mental exertion to good purpose. If this crash were once over, and I were reduced to my proper level in society—which will, I suppose, be pretty nearly that of a pauper—*then* I think I could work for my bread either with head or hands: but in this wretchedly false position, here I sit bitterly, day after day, with books open before me perhaps, but with no heart to read, and no memory but for one thing. You know my secret now, Hawthorne, and it has been truly a relief to me to unburden my mind to some one here. I am very much alone, indeed; and it is not at all my nature to be solitary: if you will come and see me sometimes, now that you know all, it will be a real kindness. It is no great pleasure, I assure you," he continued, smiling, "to be called odd, and selfish, and stingy, by those of one's own age, as I feel I must be called; but it is much better than to lead the life I might lead—spending money which is not mine, and accustoming myself to luxuries, when I may soon have to depend on charity even for necessaries. For my own comfort, it might be better, as I said before, that the crisis came at once: still, if I remain here until I am qualified for some profession, by which I may one day be able to support my sister—that is the hope I feed on—why, then, this sort of existence may be endured."

Russell had at least no reason to complain of having disclosed his mind to a careless listener. I was moved almost to tears at his story: but, stronger than all other feelings, was admiration of his principles and character. I felt that some of us had almost done him irreverence in venturing to discuss him so lightly as we had often done. How little we know the heart of others, and how readily we prate about "seeing through" a man, when in truth what we see is but a surface, and the image conveyed

to our mind from it but the reflection of ourselves!

My intimacy with Russell, so strangely commenced, had thus rapidly and unexpectedly taken the character of that close connexion which exists between those who have one secret and engrossing interest confined to themselves alone. We were now more constantly together, perhaps, than any two men in college: and many were the jokes I had to endure in consequence. Very few of my old companions had ventured to carry their attentions to me, while laid up in Russell's rooms, beyond an occasional call at the door to know how I was going on; and when I got back to my old quarters, and had refused one or two invitations on the plea of having Russell coming to spend a quiet evening with me, their astonishment and disgust were expressed pretty unequivocally, and they affected to call us the exclusives. However, Russell was a man who, if he made few friends, gave no excuse for enemies: and, in time, my intimacy with him, and occasional withdrawals from general society in consequence, came to be regarded as a pardonable weakness—unaccountable, but past all help—a subject on which the would-be wisest of my friends shook their heads, and said nothing.

I think this new connexion was of advantage to both parties. To myself it certainly was. I date the small gleams of good sense and sobermindedness which broke in upon my character at that critical period of life, solely from my intercourse with Charles Russell. He, on the other hand, had suffered greatly from the want of that sympathy and support which the strongest mind at times stands as much in need of as the weakest, and which in his peculiar position could only be purchased by an unreserved confidence. From any premeditated explanation he would have shrunk; nor would he ever, as he himself confessed, have made the avowal he did to me, except it had escaped him by a momentary impulse. But, having made it, he seemed a happier man. His reading, which before had been desultory and interrupted, was now taken up in earnest: and idly inclined as I was myself, I became,

with the pseudo sort of generosity not uncommon at that age, so much more anxious for his future success than my own, that, in order to encourage him, I used to go to his rooms to read with him, and we had many a hard morning's work together.

We were very seldom interrupted by visitors: almost the only one was that unknown and unprepossessing friend of Russell's who has been mentioned before—his own contradictory in almost every respect. Very uncouth and dirty-looking he was, and stuttered terribly—rather, it seemed, from diffidence than from any natural defect. He showed some surprise on the first two or three occasions in which he encountered me, and made an immediate attempt to back out of the room again: and though Russell invariably recalled him, and showed an evident anxiety to treat him with every consideration, he never appeared at his ease for a moment, and made his escape as soon as possible. Russell always fixed a time for seeing him again—usually the next day: and there was evidently some object in these interviews, into which, as it was no concern of mine, I never enquired particularly, as I had already been intrusted with a confidence rather unusual as the result of a few weeks' acquaintance; and on the subject of his friend—"poor Smith," as he called him—Russell did not seem disposed to be communicative.

Time wore on, and brought round the Christmas vacation. I thought it due to myself, as all young men do, to get up to town for a week or two if possible; and being lucky enough to have an old aunt occupying a very dark house much too large for her, and who, being rather a prosy personage, a little deaf, and very opinionated, and therefore not a special object of attraction to her relations, (her property was merely a life-interest,) was very glad to get any one to come and see her—I determined to pay a visit, in which the score of obligations would be pretty equally balanced on both sides. On the one hand, the tête-à-tête dinners with the old lady, and her constant catechising about Oxford, were a decided bore to me; while it required some forbearance on her part to endure an inmate who constantly

rushed into the drawing-room without wiping his boots, who had no taste for old china, and against whom the dear dog Petto had an unaccountable but decided antipathy. (Poor dog! I fear he was ungrateful: I used to devil sponge biscuit, internally, for him after dinner, kept a snuff-box more for his use than my own, and prolonged his life, I feel confident, at least twelve months from apoplexy, by pulling hairs out of his tail with a tweezer whenever he went to sleep.) On the other hand, my aunt had good wine, and I used to praise it; which was agreeable to both parties. She got me pleasant invitations, and was enabled herself to make her appearance in society with a live nephew in her suite, who in her eyes (I confess, reader, old aunts are partial) was a very eligible young man. So my visit, on the whole, was mutually agreeable and advantageous. I had my mornings to myself, gratifying the dowager occasionally by a drive with her in the afternoon; and we had sufficient engagements for our evenings to make each other's sole society rather an unusual infliction. It is astonishing how much such an arrangement tends to keep people the best friends in the world.

I had attended my respectable relation one evening (or rather she had attended me, for I believe she went more for my sake than her own) to a large evening party, which was a ball in every thing but the name. Nearly all in the rooms were strangers to me; but I had plenty of introductions, and the night wore on pleasantly enough. I saw a dozen pretty faces I had never seen before, and was scarcely likely to see again—the proportion of ugly ones I forbear to mention—and was prepared to bear the meeting and the parting with equal philosophy, when the sight of a very familiar face brought different scenes to my mind. Standing within half-a-dozen steps of me, and in close conversation with a lady, of whom I could see little besides a cluster of dark curls, was Ormiston, one of our college tutors, and one of the most universally popular men in Oxford. It would be wrong to say I was surprised to see him there or any where else, for his roll of acquaintance was most extensive, embracing all ranks and degrees; but I was very glad to

see him, and made an almost involuntary dart forward in his direction. He saw me, smiled, and put out his hand, but did not seem inclined to enter into any conversation. I was turning away, when a sudden movement gave me a full view of the face of the lady to whom he had been talking. It was a countenance of that pale, clear, intellectual beauty, with a shade of sadness about the mouth, which one so seldom sees but in a picture, but which, when seen, haunts the imagination and the memory rather than excites passionate admiration. The eyes met mine, and, quite by accident, for the thoughts were evidently pre-occupied, retained for some moments the same fixed gaze with which I almost as unconsciously was regarding them. There was something in the features which seemed not altogether unknown to me; and I was beginning to speculate on the possibility of any small heroine of my boyish admiration having shot up into such sweet womanhood—such changes soon occur—when the eyes became conscious, and the head was rapidly turned away. I lost her a moment afterwards in the crowd, and although I watched the whole of the time we remained, with an interest that amused myself, I could not see her again. She must have left the party early.

So strong became the impression on my mind that it was a face I had known before, and so fruitless and tantalizing were my efforts to give it "a local habitation and a name"—that I determined at last to question my aunt upon the subject, though quite aware of the imputation that would follow. The worst of it was, I had so few tangible marks and tokens by which to identify my interesting unknown. However, at breakfast next morning, I opened ground at once, in answer to my hostess's remark that the rooms had been very full.

"Yes, they were: I wanted very much, my dear aunt, to have asked you the names of all the people; but you really were so much engaged, I had no opportunity."

"Ah! if you had come and sat by me, I could have told you all about them; but there were some very odd people there, too."

"There was one rather interesting-looking girl I did not see

dancing much—tallish, with pearl earrings."

"Where was she sitting? how was she dressed?"

I had only seen her standing—I never noticed—I hardly think I could have seen—even the colour of her dress.

"Not know how she was dressed? My dear Frank, how strange!"

"All young ladies dress alike now, aunt; there's really not much distinction: they seemed all black and white to me."

"Certainly the balls don't look half so gay as they used to do: a little colour gives cheerfulness, I think." (The good old lady herself had worn crimson satin and a suite of chrysolites—if her theory were correct, she was enough to have spread a glow over the whole company.) "But let me see;—tall, with pearls, you say; dark hair and eyes?"

"Yes."

"You must mean Lucy Fielding."

"Nonsense, my dear Ma'am—I beg a thousand pardons; but I was introduced to Miss Fielding, and danced with her—she squints."

"My dear Frank, don't say such a thing!—she will have half the Strath-innis property when she comes of age. But let me see again. Had she a white rose in her hair?"

"She had, I think; or something like it."

"It might have been Lord Dunham's youngest daughter, who is just come out—she was there for an hour or so."

"No, no, aunt: I know her by sight too—a pale gawky thing, with an arm and hand like a prize-fighter's—oh no!"

"Upon my word, my dear nephew, you young men give yourselves abominable airs: I call her a very fine young woman, and I've no doubt she will marry well, though she hasn't much fortune. Was it Miss Cassilis, then?—white tulle over satin, looped with roses, with gold sprigs"——

"And freckles to match: why, she's as old as"——; I felt myself on dangerous ground, and filled up the hiatus, I fear not very happily, by looking full at my aunt.

"Not so very old, indeed, my dear: she refused a very good offer last season: she cannot possibly be above"——

"Oh! spare the particulars, pray,

my dear Ma'am; but you could not have seen the girl I mean: I don't think she staid after supper: I looked every where for her to ask who she was, but she must have been gone."

"Really! I wish I could help you," said my aunt with a very insinuating smile.

"Oh," said I, "what made me anxious to know who she was at the time, was simply that I saw her talking to an old friend of mine, whom you know something of, I believe; did you not meet Mr Ormiston somewhere last winter?"

"Mr Ormiston! oh, I saw him there last night! and now I know who you mean; it must have been Mary Russell, of course; she did wear pearls, and plain white muslin."

"Russell! what Russells are they?"

"Russell the banker's daughter; I suppose nobody knows how many thousands she'll have; but she is a very odd girl. Mr Ormiston is rather committed in that quarter, I fancy. Ah, he's a very gentlemanly man, certainly, and an old friend of the family; but that match would never do. Why, he must be ten years older than she is, in the first place, and hasn't a penny that I know of except his fellowship. No, no; she refused Sir John Maynard last winter, with a clear twelve thousand a-year; and angry enough her papa was about that, every body says, though he never contradicts her; but she never will venture upon such a silly thing as a match with Mr Ormiston."

"Won't she?" said I mechanically, not having had time to collect my thoughts exactly.

"To be sure she won't," replied my aunt rather sharply. It certainly struck me that Mary Russell, from what her brother had told me, was a person very likely to show some little disregard of any conventional notions of what was, or what was not desirable in the matter of matrimony; but at the same time I inclined to agree with my aunt, that it was not very probable she would become Mrs Ormiston; indeed, I doubted any very serious intentions on his part. Fellows of colleges are usually somewhat lavish of admiration and attentions; but, as many young ladies know, very difficult to bring to book. Ormiston

was certainly not a man to be influenced by the fortune which the banker's daughter might reasonably be credited with; if any thing made the matter seem serious, it was that his opinion of the sex in general—as thrown out in an occasional hint or sarcasm—seemed to border on a supercilious contempt.

I did not meet Miss Russell again during my short stay in town; but two or three days after this conversation, in turning the corner of the street, I came suddenly upon Ormiston. I used to flatter myself with being rather a favourite of his—not from any conscious merit on my part, unless that, during the year of his deanship, when summoned before him for any small atrocities, and called to account for them, I never took up his time or my own by any of the usual somewhat questionable excuses, but awaited my fate, whether "imposition" or reprimand, in silence; a plan which, with him, answered very well, and saved occasionally some straining of conscience on one side, and credulity on the other. I tried it with his successor, who decided that I was contumacious, because, the first time I was absent from chapel, in reply to his interrogations I answered nothing, and upon his persevering, told him that I had been at a very late supper-party the night before. I think, then, I was rather a favourite of Ormiston's. To say that he was a favourite of mine would be saying very little; for there could have been scarcely a man in college, of any degree of respectability, who would not have been ready to say the same. No man had a higher regard for the due maintenance of discipline, or his own dignity, and the reputation of the college; yet nowhere among the seniors could the undergraduate find a more judicious or a kinder friend. He had the art of mixing with them occasionally with all the unreservedness of an equal, without for a moment endangering the respect due to his position. There was no man you could ask a favour of—even if it infringed a little upon the strictness of college regulations—so readily as Ormiston; and no one appeared to retain more thoroughly some of his boyish tastes and recollections. He subscribed his five guineas to the boat, even after a majority of the

fellows had induced our good old Principal, whose annual appearance at the river-side to cheer her at the races had seemed almost a part of his office, to promulgate a decree to the purport that boat-racing was immoral, and that no man engaged therein should find favour in the sight of the authorities. Yet, at the same time, Ormiston could give grave advice when needed; and give it in such a manner, that the most thoughtless among us received it as from a friend. And whenever he did administer a few words of pointed rebuke—and he did not spare it when any really discreditable conduct came under his notice—they felt the more heavily upon the delinquent, because the public sympathy was sure to be on the side of the judge. The art of governing young men is a difficult one, no doubt; but it is surprising that so few take any pains to acquire it. There were very few Ormistons, in my time, in the high places in Oxford.

On that morning, however, Ormiston met me with evident embarrassment, if not with coolness. He started when he first saw me, and, had there been a chance of doing so with decency, looked as if he would have pretended not to recognise me. But we were too near for that, and our eyes met at once. I was really very glad to see him, and not at all inclined to be content with the short "How d'ye do?" so unlike his usual cordial greetings, with which he was endeavouring to hurry on; and there was a little curiosity afloat among my other feelings. So I fairly stopped him with a few of the usual inquiries, as to how long he had been in town, &c., and then plunged at once into the affair of the ball at which we had last met. He interrupted me at once.

"By the way," said he, "have you heard of poor Russell's business?"

I actually shuddered, for I scarcely knew what was to follow. As composedly as I could, I simply said, "No."

"His father is ruined, they say—absolutely ruined. I suppose *that* is no secret by this time, at all events. He cannot possibly pay even a shilling in the pound."

"I'm very sorry indeed to hear it," was all I could say.

"But do you know, Hawthorne,"

continued Ormiston, taking my arm with something like his old manner, and no longer showing any anxiety to cut short our interview, "I am afraid this is not the worst of it. There is a report in the city this morning, I was told, that Mr Russell's character is implicated by some rather unbusinesslike transactions. I believe you are a friend of poor Russell's, and for that reason I mention it to you in confidence. He may not be aware of it; but the rumour is, that his father *dare* not show himself again here: that he has left England I know to be a fact."

"And his daughter? Miss Russell?" I asked involuntarily—"his children, I mean—where are they?"

I thought Ormiston's colour heightened; but he was not a man to show much visible emotion. "Charles Russell and his sister are still in London," he replied; "I have just seen them. They know their father has left for the Continent; I hope they do *not* know all the reasons. I am very sincerely sorry for young Russell; it will be a heavy blow to him, and I fear he will find his circumstances bitterly changed. Of course he will have to leave Oxford."

"I suppose so," said I; "no one can feel more for him than I do. It was well, perhaps, that this did not happen in term time."

"It spared him some mortification, certainly. You will see him, perhaps, before you leave town; he will take it kind. And if you have any influence with him—(he will be inclined to listen, perhaps just now, to you more than to me—being more of his own age, he will give you credit for entering into his feelings)—do try and dissuade him from forming any wild schemes, to which he seems rather inclined. He has some kind friends, no doubt; and remember, if there is any thing in which I can be of use to him, he shall have my aid—even to the half of my kingdom—that is, my tutorship."

And with a smile and tone which seemed a mixture of jest and earnest, Mr Ormiston wished me good-morning. He was to leave for Oxford that night.

Of Russell's address in town I was up to this moment ignorant, but resolved to find it out, and see him

before my return to the University. The next morning, however, a note arrived from him, containing a simple request that I would call. I found him at the place from which he wrote—one of those dull quiet streets that lead out of the Strand—in very humble lodgings; his father's private establishment having been given up, it appeared, immediately. The moment we met, I saw at once, as I expected, that the blow which, to Ormiston, had naturally seemed so terrible a one—no less than the loss, to a young man, of the wealth, rank, and prospects in life to which he had been taught to look forward—had been, in fact, to Russell a merciful relief. The failure of that long-celebrated and trusted house, which was causing in the public mind, according to the papers, so much “consternation” and “excitement,” was to him a consummation long foreseen, and scarcely dreaded. It was only the shadow of wealth and happiness which he had lost now; its substance had vanished long since. And the conscious hollowness and hypocrisy, as he called it, of his late position, had been a far more bitter trial to a mind like his, than any which could result from its exposure. He was one to hail with joy any change which brought him back to truth and reality, no matter how rude and sudden the revulsion.

He met me with a smile; a really honest, almost a light-hearted smile. “It is come at last, Hawthorne; perhaps it would be wrong, or I feel as if I could say, thank God. There is but one point which touches me at all; what do they say about my father?” I told him—fortunately, my acquaintance lying but little among men of business, I could tell him so honestly—that I had not heard a syllable breathed to his discredit.

“Well, well; but they will, soon. Oh! Hawthorne; the utter misery, the curse that money-making brings with it! That joining house to house, and field to field, how it corrupts all the better part of a man's nature! I vow to you, I believe my father would have been an honest man if he had but been a poor one! If he had never had any thing to do with interest tables, and had but spent his capital, instead of trying to double and

redouble it! One thing I have to thank him for; that he never would suffer me to imbibe any taste for business; he knew the evil and the pollution money-handling brings with it—I am sure he did; he encouraged me, I fear, in extravagance; but I bless him that he never encouraged me in covetousness.”

He grew a little calmer by degrees, and we sat down and took counsel as to his future plans. He was not, of course, without friends, and had already had many offers of assistance for himself and his sister; but his heart appeared, for the present, firmly bent upon independence. Much to my surprise, he decided on returning at once to Oxford, and reading for his degree. His sister had some little property settled upon her—some hundred and fifty pounds a-year; and this she had insisted on devoting to this purpose.

“I love her too well,” said Russell, “to refuse her: and trifling as this sum is,—I remember the time when I should have thought it little to keep me in gloves and handkerchiefs,—yet, with management, it will be more than I shall spend in Oxford. Of course, I play the gentleman-commoner no longer; I shall descend to the plain stuff gown.”

“You'll go to a hall, of course?” said I; for I concluded he would at least avoid the mortification of so palpable a confession of reduced circumstances as this degradation of rank in his old College would be.

“I can see no occasion for it; that is, if they will allow me to change; I have done nothing to be ashamed of, and shall be much happier than I was before. I only strike my false colours; and you know they were never carried willingly.”

I did not attempt to dissuade him, and soon after rose to take my leave.

“I cannot ask my sister to see you now,” he said, as we shook hands: “she is not equal to it. But some other time, I hope”——

“At any other time, I shall be most proud of the introduction. By the way, have you seen Ormiston? He met me this morning, and sent some kind messages, to offer any service in his power.”

“He did, did he?”

"Yes; and, depend upon it, he will do all he can for you in college; you don't know him very well, I think; but I am sure he takes an interest in you now, at all events," I continued, "and no man is a more sincere and zealous friend."

"I beg your pardon, Hawthorne, but I fancy I *do* know Mr Ormiston very well."

"Oh! I remember, there seemed some coolness between you, because you never would accept his invitations. Ormiston thought you were too proud to dine with him; and then *his* pride, which he has his share of, took fire. But that misunderstanding must be all over now."

"My dear Hawthorne, I believe Mr Ormiston and I understand each other perfectly. Good-morning; I am sorry to seem abrupt, but I have a host of things, not the most agreeable, to attend to."

It seemed quite evident that there was some little prejudice on Russell's part against Ormiston. Possibly he did not like his attentions to his sister. But that was no business of mine, and I knew the other too well to doubt his earnest wish to aid and encourage a man of Russell's high principles, and in his unfortunate position. None of us always know our best friends.

The step which Russell had resolved on taking was, of course, an unusual one. Even the college authorities strongly advised him to remove his name to the books of one of the halls, where he would enter comparatively as a stranger, and where his altered position would not entail so many painful feelings. Every facility was offered him of doing so at one of them where a relative of our Principal's was the head, and even a saving in expense might thus be effected. But this evident kindness and consideration on their part, only confirmed him in the resolution of remaining where he was. He met their representations with the graceful reply, that he had an attachment to the college which did not depend upon the rank he held in it, and that he trusted he should not be turned out of two homes at once. Even the heart of the splenetic little vice-principal was moved by this genuine tribute to the venerable walls, which to him, as his

mistress's girdle to the poet, encircled all he loved, or hoped, or cared for; and had the date been some century earlier—in those remarkable times when a certain fellow was said to have owed his election into that body to a wondrous knack he had at compounding sherry-posset—it is probable Charles Russell would have stepped into a fellowship by special license at once.

He had harder work before him, however, and he set stoutly to it. He got permission to lodge out of college—a privilege quite unusual, and apparently without any sufficient object in his case. A day or two after his return, he begged me to go with him to see the rooms he had taken: and I was surprised to find that although small, and not in a good part of the town, they were furnished in a style by no means, I thought, in accordance with the strict economy I knew him to be practising in every other respect. They contained, on a small scale, all the appointments of a lady's drawing-room. It was soon explained. His sister was coming to live with him. "We are but two, now," said Russell in explanation, "and though poor Mary has been offered what might have been a comfortable home elsewhere, which perhaps would have been more prudent, we both thought why should we be separated? As to these little things you see, they are nearly all hers: we offered them to the creditors, but even the lawyers would not touch them: and here Mary and I shall live. Very strange, you think, for her to be here in Oxford with no one to take care of her but me; but she does not mind that, and we shall be together. However, Hawthorne, we shall keep a dragon: there is an old housekeeper who would not be turned off, and she comes down with Mary, and may pass for her aunt, if that's all; so don't, pray, be shocked at us."

And so the old housekeeper did come down, and Mary with her; and under such guardianship, a brother and an old servant, was that fair girl installed within the perilous precincts of the University of Oxford; perilous in more senses than one, as many a speculative and disappointed mamma can testify, whose daughters, brought

to market at the annual "show" at commemoration, have left uncaught those dons of dignity, and heirs-apparent of property, whom they ought to have caught, and caught those well-dressed and good-looking, but undesirable young men, whom they ought not to have caught. Mary Russell, however, was in little peril herself, and, as little as she could help it, an occasion of peril to others. Seldom did she move out from her humble abode, except for an early morning walk with her brother, or sometimes leaning on the arm of her old domestic, so plainly dressed that you might have mistaken her for her daughter, and wondered how those intensely expressive features, and queen-like graces, should have been bestowed by nature on one so humble. Many a thoughtful student, pacing slowly the parks or Christchurch meadow after early chapel, book in hand, cheating himself into the vain idea that he was taking a healthful walk, and roused by the flutter of approaching female dress, and unwillingly looking up to avoid the possible and unwelcome collision with a smirking nurse-maid and an unresisting baby—has met those eyes, and spoilt his reading for the morning; or has paused in the running tour of Headington hill, or Magdalen walk, by which he was endeavouring to cram his whole allotted animal exercise for the day into an hour, as that sweet vision crossed his path, and wondered in his heart by what happy tie of relationship, or still dearer claim, his fellow-undergraduate had secured to himself so lovely a companion; and has tried in vain, over his solitary breakfast, to rid himself of the heterodox notion which would still creep in upon his thoughts, that in the world there might be, after all, things better worth living and working for, prizes more valuable—and perhaps not harder to win—than a first class, and living personations of the beautiful which Aristotle had unaccountably left out. Forgive me, dear reader, if I seem to be somewhat sentimental: I am not, and I honestly believe I never was, in love with Mary Russell; I am not—I fear I never was or shall be—much of a reading man or an early riser; but I will confess, it would

have been a great inducement to me to adopt such habits, if I could have ensured such pleasant company in my morning walks.

To the general world of Oxford, for a long time, I have no doubt the very existence of such a jewel within it was unknown; for at the hours when liberated tutors and idle undergraduates are wont to walk abroad, Mary was sitting, hid within a little ambush of geraniums, either busy at her work, or helping—as she loved to fancy she helped him—her brother at his studies. Few men, I believe, ever worked harder than Russell did in his last year. With the exception of the occasional early walk, and the necessary attendance at chapel and lecture, he read hard nearly the whole day; and I always attributed the fact of his being able to do so with comparatively little effort, and no injury to his health, to his having such a sweet face always present, to turn his eyes upon, when wearied with a page of Greek, and such a kind voice always ready to speak or to be silent.

It was not for want of access to any other society that Mary Russell spent her time so constantly with her brother. The Principal, with his usual kind-heartedness, had insisted—a thing he seldom did—upon his lady making her acquaintance; and though Mrs Meredith, who plumed herself much upon her dignity, had made some show of resistance at first to calling upon a young lady who was living in lodgings by herself in one of the most out-of-the-way streets in Oxford, yet, after her first interview with Miss Russell, so much did her sweetness of manner win upon Mrs Principal's fancy—or perhaps it will be doing that lady but justice to say, so much did her more than orphan unprotectedness and changed fortunes soften the woman's heart that beat beneath that formidable exterior of silk and ceremony, that before the "first ten minutes of what had been intended as a very condescending and very formal call, were over, she had been offered a seat in Mrs Meredith's official pew in St Mary's; the pattern of a mysterious bag, which that good lady carried every where about with her, it was believed for no other purpose; and an airing the next day behind the

fat old greys, which their affectionate coachman—in commemoration of his master's having purchased them at the time he held that dignity—always called by the name of the “Vice-Chancellors.” Possibly an absurd incident, which Mary related with great glee to her brother and myself, had helped to thaw the ice in which “our governess” usually encased herself. When the little girl belonging to the lodgings opened the door to these dignified visitors, upon being informed that Miss Russell was at home, the Principal gave the name simply as “Dr and Mrs Meredith:” which, not appearing to his more pompous half at all calculated to convey a due impression of the honour conveyed by the visit, she corrected him, and in a tone quite audible—as indeed every word of the conversation had been—up the half-dozen steep stairs which led to the little drawing-room, gave out “the Master of — and lady, if you please.” The word “master” was quite within the comprehension of the little domestic, and dropping an additional courtesy of respect to an office which reminded her of her catechism and the Sunday school, she selected the appropriate feminine from her own vocabulary, and threw open the door with “the master and mistress of — if you please, Miss.” Dr Meredith laughed, as he entered, so heartily, that even Mary could not help smiling, and the “mistress,” seeing the odds against her, smiled too. An acquaintance begun in such good humour, could hardly assume a very formal character; and, in fact, had Mary Russell not resolutely declined all society, Mrs Meredith would have felt rather a pleasure in patronising her. But both her straitened means and the painful circumstances of her position—her father already spoken of almost as a criminal—led her to court strict retirement; while she clung with redoubled affection to her brother. He, on his part, seemed to have improved in health and spirits since his change of fortunes; the apparent haughtiness and coldness with which many had charged him before, had quite vanished; he showed no embar-

assment, far less any consciousness of degradation, in his conversation with any of his old messmates at the gentlemen-commoners' table; and though his communication with the college was but comparatively slight, nearly all his time being spent in his lodgings, he was becoming quite a popular character.

Meanwhile, a change of a different kind seemed to be coming over Ormiston. It was remarked, even by those not much given to observation, that his lectures, which were once considered endurable, even by idle men, from his happy talent of remark and illustration, were fast becoming as dull and uninteresting as the common run of all such business. Moreover, he had been in the habit of giving, occasionally, capital dinners, invitations to which were sent out frequently and widely among the young men of his own college: these ceased almost entirely; or, when they occurred, had but the shadow of their former joyousness. Even some of the fellows were known to have remarked that Ormiston was much altered lately; some said he was engaged to be married, a misfortune which would account for any imaginable eccentricities; but one of the best of the college livings falling vacant about the time, and, on its refusal by the two senior fellows, coming within Ormiston's acceptance, and being passed by him, tended very much to do away with any suspicion of that kind.

Between him and Russell there was an evident coolness, though noticed by few men but myself; yet Ormiston always spoke most kindly of him, while on Russell's part there seemed to be a feeling almost approaching to bitterness, ill concealed, whenever Ormiston became the subject of conversation. I pressed him once or twice upon the subject, but he always affected to misunderstand me, or laughed off any sarcastic remark he might have made, as meaning nothing; so that at last the name was seldom mentioned between us, and almost the only point on which we differed seemed to be our estimation of Ormiston.

THE ROMANTIC DRAMA.

MACAULAY says, that the object of the drama is the painting of the human heart; and, as that is portrayed by the events of a whole life, he concludes that it is by poets representing in a short space a long series of actions, that the end of dramatic composition is most likely to be attained. "The mixture," says he, "of tragedy and comedy, and the length and extent of the action, which the French consider as defects, is the chief cause of the excellence of our older dramatists. The former is necessary to render the drama a just representation of the world, in which the laughers and the weepers are perpetually jostling each other, in which every event has its serious and ludicrous side. The latter enables us to form an intimate acquaintance with characters, with which we could not possibly become familiar during the few hours to which the unities restrict the poet. In this respect the works of Shakspeare in particular are miracles of art. In a piece which may be read aloud in three hours, we see a character gradually unfold all its recesses to us. We see it change with the change of circumstances. The petulant youth rises into the politic and warlike sovereign. The profuse and courteous philanthropist sours at length into a hater and scorner of his kind. The tyrant is altered by the chastening of affliction into a pensive moralist. The veteran general, distinguished by coolness, sagacity, and self-command, sinks under a conflict between love strong as death, and jealousy cruel as the grave. The brave and loyal subject passes step by step to the excesses of human depravity. We trace his progress step by step, from the first dawns of unlawful ambition, to the cynical melancholy of his impenitent remorse. Yet in these pieces there are no unnatural transitions. Nothing is omitted; nothing is crowded. Great as

are the changes, narrow as is the compass within which they are exhibited, they shock us as little as the gradual alterations of those familiar faces which we see every evening and morning. The magical skill of the poet resembles that of the dervise in the *Spectator*, who condensed all the events of seven years into the single moment during which the king held his head under water."*

In this admirable passage, the principle on which the Romantic Drama rests, is clearly and manfully stated; and it is on the possibility of effecting the object which is here so well described, that the whole question between it and the Greek unities depends. As we have decidedly embraced the opposite opinion, and regard, after much consideration, the adherence to the variety and license of the romantic drama as the main cause of the present degraded condition of our national theatre, we have prefaced our observations with a defence of the romantic drama by one of its ablest advocates, and shall now state the reasons which appear to us conclusive in favour of a very different view.

The drama is part of the great effort of mankind for the representation of human character, passion, and event. Other sister arts—History, the Historical Romance, the Epic poem—also aim in some degree, by different methods, at the same object; and it is by considering their different principles, and necessary limitations, that the real rules of the drama will best be understood.

HISTORY, as all the world knows, embraces the widest range of human events. Confined to no time, restricted to no locality, it professes, in a comparatively short space, to portray the most extensive and important of human transactions. Centuries, even thousands of years, are sometimes, by its greatest masters,

* Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Essays*. Article *Dryden*.

embraced within its mighty arms. The majestic series of Roman victories may occupy the genius of one writer: the fifteen centuries of its decline and fall be spanned by the powers of another. The vast annals of Mahometan conquest, the long sway of the Papal dominion, present yet untrodden fields to future historical effort.* But it is this very greatness and magnitude of his subject which presents the chief difficulty with which the historian has to contend. With the exception of a very few instances, such lengthened annals are necessarily occupied by a vast variety of characters, actions, states, and events, having little or no connexion with each other, scarce any common object of union, and no thread by which the interest of the reader is to be kept up throughout. Hence it is that works of history are so generally complained of as dull: that, though they are more numerous than any other class of literary compositions, the numbers of those generally read is so extremely small. Enter any public library, you will see hundreds of historical works reposing in respectable dignity on the shelves. How many of them are generally studied, or have taken hold by common consent on the minds of men? Not ten. Romance numbers its readers by hundreds, Poetry by fifties, where History can with difficulty muster one. This amazing difference is not owing to any deficiency of ability turned to the subject, or interest in the materials of which it is formed. It can never be supposed that men will be indifferent to the annals of their own fame, or that the groundwork of all human invention—real event—can be wanting in the means of moving the heart. It is the extraordinary difficulty of this branch of composition, owing to its magnitude and complication, which is the sole cause of the difference.

The HISTORICAL ROMANCE is founded on history, but it differs from it in the most essential particulars, and is relieved from the principal difficulties with which the annalist of

actual occurrences has to contend. It selects a particular period out of past time, and introduces the characters and events most remarkable for their interest, or the deep impress they have left on the minds of men. This is an immense advantage; for it relieves the writer from the great difficulty with which the general historian has to contend, and which, in ninety-nine cases out of an hundred, proves fatal to his success. Unity in the midst of confusion is given to his subject. Room is afforded for graphic painting, space for forcible delineations of character. It becomes possible to awaken interest by following out the steps of individual adventure. Though the name of historical romance is not to be found in antiquity, the thing itself was far from being unknown. Its most charming Histories are little other than Historical Romance; at least, they possess its charm, because they exhibit its unity. The *Cyropædia* of Xenophon, the *Lives* of Plutarch, many of the heart-stirring *Legends* of Livy, of the profound *Sketches* of the Emperors in Tacitus, are in truth historical romances under the name of histories or biography. The lives of eminent men owe their chief charm to the unity of the subject, and the possibility of strongly exciting the feelings, by strictly adhering to the delineation of individual achievement. So great is the weight of the load—crushing to the historian—which is thus taken from the biographer or writer of historical romance, that second-rate genius can effect triumphs in that department, to which the very highest mind alone is equal in general historical composition. No one would think of comparing the intellect of Plutarch with that of Tacitus; but, nevertheless, the *Lives* of the former will always prove more generally attractive than the annals of the latter. Boswell's mind was immeasurably inferior to that of Hume; but for one reader of his *History of England*, will be found ten of the *Life of Johnson*. Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon* proves that he was not altogether qualified to take a place among

* Ranke's *History of the Popes* is a most valuable addition to historical knowledge; but no one will assign it a place beside Livy or Gibbon.

the great English historians; but, to the end of the world, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Queen Mary, and Elizabeth, will stand forth from his canvass more clearly than either from the rhetoric of Hume, or the eloquence of Robertson.

The EPIC POEM confines within still narrower limits the narration of human events. As it borrows the language and is clothed with the colours of poetry, so it is capable of rousing the feelings more powerfully than either biography or romance, and, when crowned with success, attains a fame, and takes a hold of the hearts of men, to which nothing in prose composition can be compared. Elevation of thought, fervour of language, powerful delineation of character, are its essential qualities. But all these would prove unavailing if the one thing needful, *unity of subject*, were wanting. It is that which is its essential quality, for that alone lets in all the others. All the great Epic Poems which have appeared in the world are not only devoted to one interest, but are generally restricted in point of space and time within limits not materially wider than those of the Greek drama. The *Iliad* not only relates exclusively the latter stages of the siege of Troy, but the whole period of its action is forty-eight days—of its absorbing interest, (the time from the storming of the Greek lines by Hector to his death by the heaven-defended Achilles,) thirty-six hours. The *Paradise Lost* adheres strictly to unity both of subject and time: the previous battles of the angels is the subject of narrative by the angel Raphael; but the time that elapses from the convocation of the devils in Pandemonium to the expulsion of Adam and Eve from paradise is only three days. The *Jerusalem Delivered* has the one absorbing interest arising from the efforts of the Christians for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre; and its time is limited to a few weeks. Virgil was so enamoured of his great predecessor that he endeavoured to imitate, in one poem, both his great works. The *Æneid* is an *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in one. But every one must feel that it is on the episode with Dido that the interest of the poem really rests; and that

all the magic of his exquisite pencil can scarcely sustain the interest after the pious Æneas has taken his departure from the shores of Carthage. The *Lusiad* of Camoens, necessarily, from its subject, embraced wider limits; but the one interest of the poem is as single and sustained as that of the discovery of the new world by Columbus. If any of these writers had professed in rhyme to give a history of a wider or more protracted subject, the interest would have been so much diffused as to be lost. The confusion of ideas and incidents so painfully felt by all the readers of *Orlando Furioso*, and which the boundless fancy of Ariosto was unable to prevent, proves that epic poetry has its limits, and that they are narrower than either history or romance.

What epic poetry is to romance or biography, THE DRAMA is to epic poetry. As the former selects from the romance of history its most interesting and momentous events, and makes them the subject of brilliant description, of impassioned rhetoric, so the latter chooses from the former its most heart-stirring episodes, and brings them in actual dialogue and representation before the mind of the spectator. Immense is the effect of this concentration—still more marvellous that of the personation with which it is attended. Imagination assumes the actual form of beings; conception is realised. The airy visions of the past are clothed in flesh and blood. The marvels of acting, scenery, and stage effect, come to add to the pathos of incident, to multiply tenfold the charms of poetry. It is impossible to conceive intellectual enjoyment carried beyond the point it attained, when the magic of Shakspeare's thought and language was enhanced by the power of Siddons or Kemble's acting, or is personified by the witchery of Helen Faucit's conceptions. But for the full effect of this combination, it is indispensable that the principles of dramatic composition be duly observed, and the stage kept within its due limits, more contracted in point of time and place than either romance or epic poetry. Within those bounds it is omnipotent, and produces an impression to which, while it lasts, none of the sister arts

can pretend. Beyond them it never fails to break down, and not only ceases to interest, but often becomes to the last degree wearisome and exhausting. It is not difficult to see to what this general failure of the drama, when it outstrips its proper bounds, is owing. It arises from the impossibility of awakening interest without attending to unity of emotion; of keeping alive attention without continuity of incident; of making the story intelligible without simplicity of action.

Dramatic authors, actors, and actresses, how gifted soever in other respects, are the worst possible judges on this subject. They are so familiar with the story, from having composed the piece themselves, or made it the subject of frequent repetition or rehearsal, that they can form no conception of the difficulty which nine tenths of the audience, to whom the piece is entirely strange, experience in understanding the plot, or acquiring any interest in the incidents or development of the piece. It may safely be affirmed, that a vast majority of the spectators of the dramas now habitually represented, with the exception of a few of Shakspeare's, which have become as household words on the English stage, never understand any thing of the story till the end of the third act, and are only beginning to take an interest in the piece when the curtain falls. Dramatic authors and performers would do well to ponder on this observation; they may rely upon it that it furnishes the key to the present degraded state of the English drama.

It is not obtuseness on the part of the audience which occasions this. So complicated is the story, so lengthened the succession of events, in most of our modern theatrical pieces, that the most acute understanding, fortified by the most extensive practice, requiring alertness of intellect, will long be at fault in comprehending them. We have seen many a barrister famed for cross-examination unable to comprehend, till the piece was half over, the drift of Sheridan Knowles's dramas. Is it surprising, when this is the case, that the vast majority of the audience complain of weariness during the repre-

sentation, and that the managers of theatres, sensible of this difficulty, are fain to eke out the proper interest of the drama by the meretricious aids of scenery, and dancing, and decorations?

What is constantly complained of by all classes at the theatre is, that it is so tiresome; that the back is broken by sitting without a support; that they cannot comprehend the story; that they do not understand what it is all about; and that the performance is infinitely too long. This last observation is, undoubtedly, frequently well founded: no where is the truth of old Hesiod's maxim, that a half is often greater than the whole, more frequently exemplified than in dramatic representations. But still the fact of the complaint being so universally made, and equally by all classes, is very remarkable, and pregnant with instruction, as to the limits of the drama and the causes of the decline of its popularity so painfully conspicuous in the British empire. No one complains of his back being broken for want of support at a trial for murder; on the contrary, all classes, and *especially the lowest*, will sit at such heart-stirring scenes, without feeling fatigue, for ten, twelve, sometimes eighteen hours consecutively. Nor can it be affirmed that this is because the interest is real; that the life of a human being is at stake. Every day's experience proves that fiction, when properly managed, is more interesting than reality. The vast multitude of novels which yearly issue from the press, the eagerness with which they are sought after by all classes, the extraordinary extent of their circulation, sufficiently prove this. No one complains that the best romances of Sir Walter Scott or Bulwer are too long; on the contrary, they are generally felt to be too short; and those who are loudest in their declamations against the intolerable fatigue of the theatre, will sit for days together with their feet at the fire, devouring even an indifferent novel.

The general complaint now made in Great Britain against the tedium of theatrical representations was unknown in other ages and countries. The passion of the Greeks for their national theatre is well known, and the matchless perfection of their great

dramatists proves to what a degree it is capable of rousing the human mind. The French, prior to the Revolution, were passionately fond of the drama, which was then entirely founded on the Greek model. The decline complained of in the Parisian theatre has been contemporary with the introduction of the Romantic school. In Italy, it is, with the opera, the chief, almost the sole public amusement. There is not a city with forty thousand inhabitants in the classic peninsula that has not a theatre and opera, superior to any thing to be met with in the British islands out of London. The theatre is in high favour in Germany and Russia. Complaints, indeed, are frequently made, that the drama is declining on the Continent, and the present state of the lesser Parisian theatres certainly affords no indication that, in departing from the old land-marks and bringing romance on the stage, they have either preserved its purity or extended its influence. But the decline of the theatre is far greater and more remarkable in England than in any of the continental states. It has, indeed, gone so far as to induce a serious apprehension among many well-informed persons, that it will cease to exist, and the country of Shakspeare and Garrick, of Kemble and Siddons, be left altogether without a theatre at which the legitimate drama is represented. Such a result in a country overflowing, in its great cities and metropolis at least, with riches, and with a population passionately desirous of every species of enjoyment, is very remarkable, and deserving of the most serious consideration. It may well make us pause in our career, and consider whether the course we have been pursuing has, or has not, been likely to lead to perfection and success in this noble and important branch of composition.

We have stated what are the limits of the drama, and what part is assigned to it in the general effort of the human mind to portray events, or paint the human heart. Macaulay has explained, in the passage already quoted, what the Romantic drama pro-

poses to do, and the reason why, in his estimation, it is more likely to attain its end than the more closely fettered theatre of the Greeks. The whole question comes to be, which of the two systems is best adapted to attain the undoubted end of all dramatic composition, the painting of the human heart? If he is right in the views he has so well expressed, it is very singular how it has happened, that in a country which, for the last three centuries, has constantly adhered to these ideas, and worked out the Romantic drama with extraordinary zeal and vigour, dramatic representations should have been constantly declining, so as at length to be threatened with total extinction. This becomes the more remarkable, when it is recollected, that in other countries, inferior in wealth, genius, and energy to Great Britain, but where the old system had been adhered to, it continued to flourish in undiminished vigour, and that decay in them has uniformly been co-existent with the entry on the stage of Romantic representation. Racine, Corneille, Voltaire in France, and Metastasio and Alfieri in Italy, Schiller and Goethe in Germany, have nobly upheld the legitimate drama in their respective countries. Still more extraordinary is it, if these views be the correct ones, that while, by the marvels of one heaven-born genius, the Romantic drama was in the days of Queen Elizabeth raised to the very highest perfection in this country, it has since continually languished, and cannot from his day number one name destined for immortality among its votaries.

It is said in answer to this obvious objection to the Romantic drama, founded on its fate in all the countries where it has been established, that it shares in this respect only in the common destiny of mankind in creating works of imagination; that the period of great and original conception is the first only—that Homer was succeeded by Virgil, Æschylus by Euripides, Dante by Tasso, Shakspeare by Pope, and that the age of genius in all countries is followed by that of criticism.* There can be no doubt that this

* Macaulay's *Essays*. Article *Dryden*.

observation is in many respects well founded; but it affords no solution of the causes of the present degraded condition of our national drama, nor does it explain the course it has taken in this country. We have made a progress, but it has not been from originality to taste, but from genius to folly. The age of Æschylus has not with us been succeeded by that of Sophocles and Euripides, but by that of melodrama and *spectacle*. We have not advanced from the wildness of conception to the graces of criticism, but from the rudeness of some barbaric imagination, to the cravings of corrupted fancy. The age of Garrick has been with us succeeded, not by that of Roscius, but by that of Cérto; the melodrama of the *Crusaders*, the dancing of Carlotta Grisi, have banished tragedy from the boards trod by Kemble and Siddons. The modern dramas which have been published, and in part appeared on the stage, have in no respect been distinguished by more legitimate taste, or a stricter adherence to rule, than those of Ford and Massinger, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Jonson and Shakspeare. They have discarded, indeed, the indecency which forms so serious a blot on our older dramatists, but, in other respects, they have faithfully followed out their principles. The drama still, as in earlier days, professes to exhibit in a few hours a representation of the principal events of a lifetime. Time and place are set at naught, as they were by the bard of Avon, and not unfrequently the last act opens at the distance of years, or hundreds of miles from the first. We need only mention two of the ablest and most popular of our modern dramas—*The Lady of Lyons*, by Bulwer, and the best of Sheridan Knowles' theatrical pieces, for a confirmation of these observations. But no one will pretend that the dramatic works of these writers, excellent in many respects as they are, can be set off against the master-pieces of the Greek or French drama which succeeded the days of Æschylus and Corneille.

Again it is said, and very commonly too, as an explanation of the extraordinary failure of dramatic genius since the days of Queen Eli-

zabeth in this country, that originality and greatness can be reached only once in the lifetime of a nation; that we have had our Shakspeare as Greece had its Homer, and that we should be content; and that it is the necessary effect of superlative excellence in the outset, to extinguish rivalry and induce mediocrity in the end. The observation is plausible, and it has been so frequently made, that it has passed with many into a sort of axiom. But when tried by the only test of truth in human affairs—that of experience—it entirely fails. Past history affords no countenance to the idea, that early greatness extinguishes subsequent emulation, or that superlative genius in one department is fatal to subsequent perfection in it. On the contrary, it creates it. It is by the collision of one great mind with another, that the greatest achievements of the human mind have been effected—often the chain continues from one age and nation to another; but it is never snapped asunder.

These considerations are fitted to cast a serious doubt on the question, how far the true principles of the drama are those which have been embraced by the English school, and may lead us to consider whether the acknowledged inferiority of our tragic writers, since the time of Shakspeare, is not in reality to be ascribed to his transcendent genius having led them astray from the true principles of the art. It will be considered in the sequel, to what cause *his* acknowledged success has been owing, and whether his finest dramas, those which chiefly retain their popularity, are not in reality constructed on the Grecian model. But, in the mean time, let it be considered what in reality the drama can do, and what limits are imposed upon it, not by the arbitrary rules of critics, but by the lasting nature of things.

The drama is restricted by the well-known limits of human patience to a representation of three hours. Experience has every where proved that the greatest genius, both in the poet and performer, cannot keep alive interest, or avert weariness, beyond that period. The spectators sit still in their places the whole time. Whatever changes of scene, or external objects

to look at are introduced, the audience itself is motionless. It is to persons thus situated, and within this time, that theatrical representations are addressed. They expect, and with reason, to be amused and interested in comedy, moved and melted in tragedy. It is for this they go to the theatre, for this they pay their money. Writers and actors are equally aware that this is the case. Then what course do the Greek and the Romantic school respectively follow to attain this object?

Both in some respects follow the same course, or rather both make use, for the main part, of the same materials. It is universally acknowledged, that it is essential to the success of the drama, in all its branches, that the plot be interesting, the characters forcible, the ideas natural, the attention constantly kept up. In tragedy, by far its noblest department, it is indispensable, in addition, that the feelings should be vehemently excited in the spectators, and the human heart laid bare, by the most violent passions, in the characters on the stage. Aristotle expressly says, that it is the delineation of passions which is the object of tragedy. In order to achieve this object, all are agreed, that some permanent characters must be selected, generally from those known to history, to whom striking and tragic events have occurred; and it is in the delineation of the passions which those events excite, and the interest they awaken in the breast of the spectators, that the art of the writer consists. So far both parties are agreed; but they differ widely in the methods which they respectively take to attain this object.

The Romantic dramatist, overstepping the bounds of time and place, professes in three hours to portray the principal events of years—it may be of a whole lifetime. He selects the prominent events of his hero's or heroine's career, the salient angles, as it were, of human existence, and brings them forward in different scenes of his brief representation. Years often intervene between the commencement of his piece and its termination; the spectator is transported hundreds, it may be thousands of miles by a mere mechanical sleight of hand in the scene-shifter, or between the acts. The

drama constructed on these principles does not represent a short period, into which the crisis, as it were, of a whole lifetime is concentrated, but it gives sketches of the whole life itself, from the commencement of its eventful period to its termination. The poet chooses the most exciting scenes out of the three volumes of the historical novel, and brings these scenes on the stage in a few hours. As the drama, constructed on this principle, professes to portray the changes of real life, so it admits, it is thought, of that intermixture of the serious and the comic, which the actual world exhibits; and willingly transports the spectator from the most highly wrought scenes of passion, the deepest accents of woe, to the burlesque of extravagant characters, or the picture of vulgar life. This is deemed admissible, because it is natural; and certainly no one can have gone from the drawing-room, or the library, to the stage-coach or the steam-boat, without seeing that it exhibits at least a true picture of the varied phantasmagoria which existence presents.

The Greek dramatists, and their successors in modern Europe, proceed upon an entirely different principle. Having made their selection of the characters and the events on which their piece is to be constructed, they pitch upon that period in their progress in which matters were brought to a crisis, and, for good or for evil, their destiny was accomplished. Having done this, they portray the minutest incidents of that brief period with the utmost care, and exert all their strength on the graphic painting on which every artist knows the awakening of interest is almost entirely dependent. The previous history of the principal personages is described in dialogue at the commencement of the piece, so as to make the spectators aware both of the great lives of the characters which are brought before them, and of the antecedent events which had brought matters to their present crisis. Having carried them to this point, the crisis itself is portrayed at full length, and with all the power and pathos of which the artist is capable. The poet does not pretend to narrate the campaign from its commencement to

its termination: he begins his piece with the commencement of the last battle, and exerts all his strength on painting the decisive charge. He does not give the voyage from its commencement to its termination, with its long periods of monotonous weariness; he confines himself to the brief and terrible scene of the shipwreck. As the crisis and catastrophe of life is thus alone represented, and every thing depends on the interest excited by its development, so nothing is admitted which can disturb the unity of the emotion, or interrupt the flow of the sympathy which it is the great object of the piece from first to last to awaken.

If it were possible to create the same interest, or delineate character and passion as completely, by brief and consequently imperfect sketches of a whole lifetime, as it is by a minute and glowing representation of its most eventful period, much might be advanced with justice in favour of the Romantic school of the drama. Our objection is, that this is impossible; and that the failure of the English theatre, since the time of Shakspeare, is entirely to be ascribed to this impossibility. And the impossibility is owing to the length of time which it requires, by narrative or representation, to kindle that warm and glowing image, or awaken those ardent feelings in the mind of another, upon which the emotion of taste and the success of all the Fine Arts depend.

In the arts which address themselves to the *eye*, and through it to the heart, it is possible to produce a very strong impression almost instantaneously. A beautiful woman has only to be seen to be admired; a charming landscape bursts upon the sight with immediate and almost magical force. The impression produced by the finest objects in Europe,—the sun setting on the Jungfrawhorn, the interior of St Peter's, the fall of Schaffhausen, the view from the Acropolis of Athens, Constantinople from the Scraglio point, the Bay of Naples, for example,—is such, that though seen *only* for a few minutes, it may almost be said seconds, an impression is made, a picture is painted, on the mind's retina, which can never be effaced. Paint-

ing, as it imitates external nature, so it shares in the rapidity and, in the hands of great masters, durability of its impressions. Sculpture and architecture have the same advantage. Yet even in these arts, the productions of which require only to be seen to be admired, it is well known that the impression, strong as it is at first, is, with all persons of a cultivated mind, greatly increased by repeated inspections. The common observation, that a fine painting or statue grows upon you the oftener you see it, and that "Time but the impression deeper wears," sufficiently proves that it is not at once, even in those arts which speak at once to the eye, that the soul of the artist is transferred to that of the spectator.

But the case is entirely different with those arts—such as history, romance, epic poetry, or the drama—which do not at once produce a visible object to the mind, but give descriptions or dialogues by which the reader or spectator is required to form a *mental* object or awaken a mental interest of his own creation, though from the materials furnished, and under the guidance of the genius of the artist. It is not instantaneously that this can be done: on the contrary, it is by very slow degrees and many successive efforts that the inward picture is created in the mind, the absorbing interest awakened in the heart, which gives the pleasure or rouses the sympathy which is the object of the writer to communicate. A very little reflection will be sufficient to show that this observation is well founded, in all the arts of narrative or description. And nothing, we apprehend, can be clearer than that the Romantic Drama has failed because it professes, within limits and by means which render the attempt hopeless, to excite this interest.

Notwithstanding the well-known and proverbial dulness of history, there are many historical works which do succeed in awakening a durable and sometimes absorbing interest in the mind of the reader. Probably few works professedly addressed to the imagination have awakened in many breasts so deep and lasting an interest as the narrative of Livy, the biography of Tacitus, the pictured

page of Gibbon. Such works are almost always complained of as dull at first: but the interest gradually waxes warmer as the narrative proceeds; the feelings become roused on one side, or in favour of one hero or another, in the great drama of the world; and not unfrequently in the end the most attractive works of imagination are laid aside for the annals of real events. But how is it that this interest is awakened? By the study of months, sometimes of years: by an interest produced by the reading of a whole winter by the fireside. Let any man try, in a narrative of *long* continued historical events, to excite a deep interest in a space which can be read in *three hours*, and the powers of Tacitus or Gibbon would at once fail in the attempt. It is quite possible in that brief period to awaken the deepest interest in a single or closely connected series of events, as a battle, a siege, a revolt, a shipwreck: but wholly impossible to do so with incidents scattered over a long course of years.

The interest so generally felt in epic poetry and romance is excited in the same way, though in a much shorter period. As the colours of these species of composition are more brilliant, the feelings more chastened, the events more select, the characters more prominent, the catastrophe more rapidly brought about, than in real life, so the artist has the means, in a much shorter period, of awakening the interest upon the growth of which the success of his work is chiefly dependent. But nevertheless, even there, it is by comparatively slow degrees, and by reading for a very considerable period, that the interest is created. It is wholly impossible to produce it, or make the story or the characters intelligible, in a few hours. Every scholar recollects the delight with which his mind grew, as it were, under the fire of Homer's conceptions, his taste matured under the charm of Virgil's feelings: but no one will pretend that the intense delight he felt could be awakened, if he had read extracts from their most brilliant passages in a few hours; this pleasure was the feast, this interest the growth, of weeks and months. No reader of Tasso, Milton, or Klopstock, for the

first time, would think he could acquire an interest in the *Jerusalem Delivered*, the *Paradise Lost*, or the *Messiah*, between tea and supper. Many of their finest passages might be read in that brief space, and their beauty as *pieces of poetry* fully appreciated; but it would be wholly impossible in so short a time to awaken an interest in the whole story, or the fate of the principal characters.—Nevertheless it would be quite possible, in that period, to excite the deepest sympathy with some of their most striking events or episodes *taken singly*: as the parting of Hector and Andromache, or the death of the Trojan hero, in the *Iliad*; the love of Dido for Æneas, or the catastrophe of Nisus and Euryalus, in the *Æneid*; the death of Clorinda, or the flight of Erminia, in the *Jerusalem Delivered*. The reason is, that it is possible in a short space to point a single catastrophe with such force and minuteness as to excite the warmest sympathy, but wholly impossible to effect that object within such limits, with a long series of consecutive events.

Again, look at the historical romance or the common novel. No one needs to be told how deep and universal is the interest which the masterpieces in that department awaken. Whatever may be said to the decline of the public taste for the drama, most certainly there is no symptom of any abatement in the general interest awakened by works of fiction; but that interest is of comparatively slow growth. It would be impossible to produce it in a few hours. It is excited by the reading of three evenings by the fireside. No one would deem it possible to awaken the interest, or make the characters intelligible, in three hours.

It is true that to the aid of six or eight chapters culled out of three volumes, the Romantic dramatist brings the auxiliaries of acting, scenery, and stage effect; but that adds little to the power of exciting deep sympathy or powerful emotion. Such feelings cannot be awakened without minute painting, and continuity of action, and they are excluded by the very nature of the Romantic drama. That species of composition proposes to give a picture of the

principal events of a long period, as the peristrepthic panorama does of the chief scenes of a great space, as the whole course of the Rhine or the Danube. Every one knows how inferior the interest it excites is to those in which the whole skill of the artist and outlay of the proprietor have been exerted on a single picture, as the original round one of Barker and Burford. The art of panoramic painting has signally receded, since the moving panorama has been substituted for the fixed one. A series of galloping lithographic sketches of Italy, however highly coloured or skillfully drawn, will never paint that lovely peninsula like a single sunset of Claude in the bay of Naples. Claude himself could not do so in his varied sketches, graphic and masterly as they are. The Romantic drama is the *Liber Veritatis*; the Greek drama is the finished Claude in the Doria Palace, or the National Gallery. Few persons will hesitate to say which excites the strongest admiration, which they would rather possess.

Performers on the stage are very naturally led to form an erroneous opinion on this subject. Many of the most captivating qualities they possess are seen at once. Physical beauty, elegance of manner, a noble air, a majestic carriage, a lovely figure, a bewitching smile, produce their effect instantaneously. No one needs to be told how quickly and powerfully they speak to the heart, how warmly they kindle the imagination. But that admiration is *personal* to the artist; it does not extend to the piece, nor can it overcome its imperfections. It gives pleasure often of the very highest kind; but it is a pleasure very different from the true interest of dramatic representation, and cannot be relied on to sustain the interest of an audience for a long period. It is where these powers of the performer are exerted on a drama constructed on its true principles, that the full delight of the theatre is felt. No talents in the performer can sustain a faulty piece. We cannot sit three hours merely to admire the most beautiful and gifted actress that ever trod the boards. Mental sympathy, the rousing of the feelings, is required,

and that is mainly the work of the poet.

We are the more confirmed in the opinion that these are the true principles of dramatic composition, from observing how generally they are applicable to the historical novel; how clearly they are illustrated by the decided verdict of public opinion pronounced on the works of the most popular writers in that species of composition. The two novels of Sir Walter Scott that are most admired, are *Ivanhoe* and *The Bride of Lammermoor*. Well, these romances have the interest concentrated within the narrowest limits. *The Bride of Lammermoor* is a Greek drama in prose. It has its simplicity of story, unity of emotion, and terrible concluding catastrophe. *Lucia di Lammermoor*, performed with signal success in every opera of Europe, is a proof how easily it was dramatised. It is the *only one* of Sir Walter's novels that, out of Scotland, where local feelings warp the judgment, has been durably successful on the stage. The principal events in *Ivanhoe* are contracted within three days; the characters which interest are only two or three in number. Look at Cooper. The great secret of his success is the minuteness and fidelity of his painting, and the graphic power with which heart-stirring events occurring within a very short period are painted. In the most admired of all his novels, *The Deerslayer*, the whole scene is laid on the borders of a single lake, and the interest arises from the adventures of two girls on its watery bosom. Events in *The Pathfinder*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, and *The Prairie*, are nearly as concentrated in point of time and characters, though, as the story depends in each on the adventures of a party on a journey, a considerable transference of place is of course introduced. *The Promessi Sposi* of Manzoni has acquired a European reputation, and every reader of it knows how entirely its interest is dependent on the unity of interest and extraordinary fidelity and skill with which, within narrow limits, the characters, events, and still life, are portrayed. It is the same in history.

The success of Alison's *History of Europe* has been mainly owing to the fortunate unity of the subject, and the dramatic character of the events which, within the space of twenty years, were thus crowded into the theatre of human affairs.

In those romances again, and they are many, in which great latitude in the unities has been taken, it is very rarely that the skill of the artist has succeeded in preventing a painful break in the interest, or cessation in the sympathy, where any considerable transposition of place or overleaping of time occurs. It is very frequent in James's novels to see this done; but we believe he never yet had a reader in whom it did not excite a feeling of regret. When a chapter begins—"We must now transport the reader to a distant part of the country"—or "Many years after the events detailed in the last chapter had occurred, two persons met in an hostelry on the side of a forest," &c., we may rely upon it that not only is the scene changed, but the interest, for the time at least, is lost. The pictures formed in the mind, the interest awakened in the events, the admiration felt for the characters, are alike at an end. The chain of sympathy is broken with the rupture of the continuity of events. The reader's mind sets out as it were on a new track, in which the sails must be spread, and the oars worked afresh. Every thing must be done over again; fresh pictures conjured up in the mind, new interests awakened in the breast from the last starting-point. But it is seldom that such new interests can supply the want of those which have been lost, or that, where such a system is adopted, even a sustained sympathy can be maintained throughout. We do not say that the first love is exclusive of any other; but only that the interest is not to be transferred from one to the other, until a considerable time has elapsed, and no small pains have been taken. Several such dislocations of place, or violations of time, will prove fatal to a novel, though written with the utmost ability, and managed in other respects with the most consummate skill. Every reader of Mr James's romances, which in many respects

possess high merits, must be sensible of the truth of this observation; and all the richness of colouring, and fidelity in drawing, in Sir L. Bulwer's splendid historical romance of *Rienci*, cannot take away the painful impression produced by the long interval which elapses between the commencement of the story, where the characters first appear, its middle, where the real interest is developed, and its termination, where the catastrophe occurs.

In the historical romance, however, such diffusion of the events over a long period, though extremely difficult to be managed in consistence with the preservation of interest in the story, is adverse to no principle; because it is the very object of that species of mingled truth and fiction to narrate a lengthened course of events as they affected the history of individual men; and the only unity to which the author is restricted by the principles of his art is the unity of interest. But the curious thing is, that in the Romantic drama this difficulty is voluntarily undertaken when no necessity exists for its introduction; nay, when the principles of the art, as evinced in the works of its greatest masters, forbid its adoption. What would the historian give to be able to dwell only on the brilliant episodes of his period—to be permitted to throw aside the long intervening years of monotony or prose, and dwell only on those where the poetry of existence is brought forth? On what scenes does the romance writer dwell with transport—where does he paint with force and minuteness but in those incidents, generally few and far between in his volumes, which form the fit subject of dramatic composition? The stage alone is relieved from the necessity of portraying the prosaic adjunct to poetic interest; the dramatist only is permitted to select the decisive crisis—the burning incident of life—and present it with all the additions of poetry, music, scenery, and personation. Strange that, when thus relieved of the fetters which so grievously restrain the other species of human narrative, he should voluntarily choose to wear them; that when at liberty to soar on the eagle's wing, he should gratuitously assume the camel's load.

In truth, the adoption of the Romantic style in theatrical composition, and the tenacity with which, despite centuries of failure, it is still adhered to by dramatic poets, is mainly to be ascribed to a secret sense of inability to work up the simpler old drama of Greece with the requisite force and effect. Men distrust their own powers in awaking a continued interest for hours from one incident, or the portraying of a single catastrophe. They are fain to borrow the adventitious aid to be derived, as they think, from frequent changes of time and place. They rail at the drama of Athens, as many modern artists do at the paintings of Claude Lorraine, because they feel themselves unable to imitate them. They crowd their canvass with objects, from a secret sense of inability to finish any one with perfect force and fidelity. In that way they flatter themselves that the defects of their composition will be less strongly felt, and the audience will experience something like the enjoyment of foreign travelling without any great trouble on the part of their conductor, from the brilliant succession of pictures which is presented to their intellectual vision. They forget only one thing, but it generally proves fatal to their whole undertaking. Foreign travelling is delightful; but it is only so when sufficient time is allowed to see the objects properly, and take in the impression. Without this, it is little more than a grievous fatigue, relieved by one or two splendid but fleeting pictures painted on the mind. The drama being limited to a three hours' representation, must portray the events of years, if it attempts it, at railway speed. Thence it is, that no greater pleasure is in general felt from its representations than from seeing the tops of villages or the steeples of churches fleeting past when travelling fifty miles an hour on the Great Western. If we would really enjoy nature, we must stop short and sketch one of them, and then we shall feel pleasure indeed.

It is a most grievous but unavoidable consequence of this original departure, as we deem it, from right principle in dramatic composition, that it leads by a natural and almost un-

avoidable transition to all the extravagances and meretricious aids, the presence of which has so long been felt as the chief disgrace of the British stage. As long as the unities of time and place are adhered to, the poet has no resource but in the forces of character, the pathos of incident, the beauty of language. If he does not succeed in these he is lost. But the moment that he feels himself at liberty to change the scene or time at pleasure, there is no end to the assistance which he will seek to derive from such adventitious support, how foreign soever to the real interest and true principles of his art. Frequent changes of scene, gorgeous pictures of buildings or scenery, brilliant exhibitions of stage effect, processions, battles, storming of castles, the clang of trumpets, the clashing of swords, the discharge of fire-arms, are all resorted to in order to save the trouble of thought, or conceal mediocrity of conception. It may be that such exhibitions are very attractive, that they draw full houses of children, or of men and women with the minds of children—no small portion of the human race. But no one will assert that they are the drama, any more than that name belonged to the exhibitions of lions or cameleopards in the Roman amphitheatre. But the Romantic drama, by the unbounded latitude in point of time, place, and incident, which it permits, opens the door to all these substitutes for genius which the great drama, by excluding them, kept carefully closed. Therefore it is that the corruption of taste has been much more rapid and irremediable in the countries by which it has been adopted, than in those in which the old landmarks were adhered to; and that in the latter the taste for extravagance in the public, and the degradation in the character of dramatic composition, has always been contemporary with the introduction of the Romantic style on the theatre.

To see to what the Romantic style leads, we have only to look at the dramatic pieces founded on the favourite works of fiction which have recently appeared in England and France. Dramas in both countries have been formed on the stories of the most popular novels of Scott,

Bulwer, Victor Hugo, Janin, and Eugene Sue. What success have they had? What sort of things are they? We pass over the horrors, the indecency, adulterous incest, and murders of the modern French drama, founded on the romances of three popular and imaginative novelists, and come to the dramas founded on our own great romance writers, against whom no such charges can be brought, and the original plots of which have been constructed with the utmost talent by the greatest master of prose fiction the world ever saw. What has been the fate of the dramas of *Ivanhoe*, *The Antiquary*, *Guy Rannering*, *Rob Roy*, or Sir Walter's other popular novels? With the exception of the lowest class of Scotch audiences, who roar on the representations of Dandie Dinmont, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, or the like, it may safely be affirmed that they have every where proved entire failures. The talent of a popular actress may for a time keep some of them up, as Miss Cushman has recently done with Meg Merrilies both in the London and provincial theatres; but left to themselves, they have every where sunk to the ground. The reason is evident. The story is so complicated, and leaps so from one thing to another, from a desire to skim over the whole novel, that except to those who have the original by heart, it is absolutely unintelligible.

It is said that the sketch of a whole lifetime, or of many years, is essential to the true development of character, which it is the great end of the drama to exhibit, because it is by the varied events of so long a period that we are made acquainted with it in real life. Here again we join issue with our opponents, and do most confidently maintain that the Greek drama, which professes to paint the heart by the paroxysms of passion it undergoes in the crisis of its fate, is much more likely to do it faithfully and effectually than the Romantic, which portrays the events of a whole lifetime. When it is said the object of the drama is to paint the human heart, a distinction must be made. The heart may become known by ordinary life or moments of crisis, *by custom or passion*. The novelist, who portrays a whole life, may delineate it in the

first way; but the dramatic poet, who is limited to a representation of three hours, must of necessity embrace the latter. But if the delineation of the heart by its expressions or sufferings in moments of passion, when it is laid bare by the vehemence of emotions, be the end in view, it must at once be evident that it is much more likely to be attained by vividly and minutely painting a single decisive crisis, with the acts and feelings to which it gives rise, than by presenting comparatively hurried and imperfect sketches of previous events, when the current of life ran comparatively smoothly. Every one knows how much the character of the French church and nobility rose during the sufferings of the Revolution; with truth was the instrument of their execution called the "holy guillotine," from the virtues previously unheard of which it brought to light. Could any dramatic sketch of their previous lives paint the inmost heart of these victims so well as one faithful portrait of their conduct in the supreme hour? Could the mingled greatness and meanness of Napoleon's character be so well portrayed, by a sketch of his life and impressive scenes from Lodi to St Helena, as by a graphic delineation of his conduct in the decisive crisis at Waterloo?

It sounds well, no doubt, to say, as Macaulay does, that the Romantic drama exhibits all the plans of a man's life, from the ardour of generous youth to the coolness of experienced age. This may be done in history or romance; but it is impossible within the limits of a single representation. It is quite enough if, in so short a space, the stage can represent one momentous crisis with adequate power, and really paint the heart as laid bare by its occurrence. He who knows how difficult it is to do that in a single instance, will feel that the effect can only be weakened by repeated draughts upon the sympathy of the audience, from the effect of different events in the same piece. The attempt to do so scarcely ever fails to weaken the effect of the whole piece, by distracting the interest and confusing the idea of the spectators. If it succeeds, the result, like the

repeated demands which Matthews made on our risible faculties, in general is to produce an effect directly the reverse of what was intended. The comedian, by trying too often to make us laugh, made us in the end more ready to cry; the tragedian, by trying too often to make us cry, succeeds generally only in making us laugh.

But what, then, it is said, is to be made of Shakspeare, and how is his transcendant and universally acknowledged greatness, while setting the unities at defiance, to be reconciled with those principles? We accept the challenge; we take the case of the Bard of Avon, with his deathless fame, and maintain that his dramatic excellence not only affords no impeachment of what has now been advanced, but furnishes its most decisive confirmation.

When it is commonly said that Shakspeare sets the unities at defiance, and assumed that his success has been owing to his disregarding them, the *fact* is not correctly stated, and the *inference* is not logically drawn. It is a mistake to say that the unities are always disregarded by the great English tragedian. In many of his most popular pieces, they are maintained nearly as strictly as they were by Sophocles; and we are aware of not one of his dramas which is still represented with undiminished effect on the stage, in which the principle of the unities may not distinctly be recognised, and the long-continued success is not to be traced to their observation.

The Greeks, as every scholar knows, took great latitude with *time* in their representations. The interval between one act and another, often even the time occupied by the chaunting of the chorus, frequently was made to cover a very considerable period, during which battles were fought, a duel or a conspiracy broke forth, an execution took place, and the most momentous events of the piece off the stage occurred. In place, it is true, they were strictly limited; the scene never changed, and all the incidents were introduced by bringing successive persons upon it. In this respect, it may be admitted, they carried their strictness too far. Probably it arose

from the pieces being represented, for the most part, in the open air, under circumstances when the illusion produced by a change of scene, such as we witness at our theatres, was difficult, if not impossible, from the audience being, for the most part, above the actors, and the stage having no top. But to whatever cause it may have been owing, we hold the adherence to unity of place an unnecessary and prejudicial strictness in the Greek theatre. But a very slight deviation from it alone seems admissible; and the unity of action or emotion seems to be the very essence of this species of composition.

The true principle appears to be, that the place should not change to a greater extent than the spectators *can conceive the actors to have gone over without inconvenience within the time embraced in the representation.* This time often extended with the Greeks to a half of, or even a whole day, and there seems nothing adverse to principle in such extension. Changes of scene, therefore, from one room in a palace to another; from one part of a town to another; or even from a town to a chateau, garden, forest, or other place in its near vicinity, appear to be perfectly admissible, without any violation of true dramatic principle. The popular opera of the "Black Domino," to which the charming singing and acting of Madame Thillon have recently given such celebrity at the Haymarket, may be considered in this respect as a model of the unities taken in a reasonable sense. The time which elapses in the piece is a single night; the subject is the adventures which befel the heroine during that period; the scene changes, but only to the places in the same town to which she went during its continuance. There seems nothing inconsistent with the production of unity of interest in such a latitude. And with this inconsiderable expansion of the old Greek unities, it will be found that Shakspeare's greatest plays, and those which experience has found to be best adapted for the stage, have been constructed on the true principles.

Take for example, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *As you Like it*; perhaps the tragedy and comedy of his compo-

sition which have most completely kept their hold of the stage. The unities are nearly as closely observed in both as in any drama of Sophocles. With the exception of a slight alteration of place and scene, every thing is concentrated. The interest and emotion, which is the great point, is maintained one and indivisible. With the exception of Romeo's banishment to Mantua, and the scene with the druggist there, which, after all, is but an episode, and took the hero only two hours' drive from Verona, the place is confined to different scenes in that town. The festive hall where the lovers first meet—the exquisite meeting on the balcony—Father Ambrose's cell—the room where Juliet coaxes the nurse—the garden where she parts from Romeo, when
 "Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's top—"

the terrible scene where Juliet contemplates wakening in the tomb amidst her ancestors' bones—the mausoleum itself, where the catastrophe occurs, are all in the same town. The time supposed to elapse does not exceed twenty-four hours; not more than in the *Electra* or *Iphigenia in Aulis* of Euripides. The interest, dependent entirely on the ardent love of Juliet, is as much undivided as in the *Antigone* of Sophocles. And yet we are told Shakspeare succeeded by disregarding the unities.

Again, in *As you Like it*, the same observation holds true. Whoever recollects the scenes of that delightful drama, must be sensible that it is, with the single exception of the scenes of the wrestlers in the first act, nothing but a Greek drama on the English stage. Menander or Aristophanes would have made one of the characters recount that scene, which is merely introductory, and introduced Rosalind and her companions for the first time in the Forest of Arden, where the real interest of the piece commences. A slight change of scene, indeed, occurs from one part of the forest to another, but it is so inconsiderable as in no degree to interfere with the unity of effect. The single interest awakened by Rosalind's secret love and playful

archness of manner is kept up undivided throughout. So also in *The Tempest*, the unities in all the scenes which excite sympathy are as completely preserved as ever they were on the Greek stage; and the angelic innocence of Miranda stands forth in as striking and undivided relief as the devotion of Antigone to sisterly affection, or the self-immolation of Iphigenia to patriotic duty. We are well aware there are characters of a very different kind in that drama; but the interest is concentrated on those in which the unity is preserved. Look at *Othello*. In what play of Euripides is singleness of interest more completely preserved than in that noble tragedy? The haughty bearing, conscious pride, but ardent love of the Moor; the deep love of Desdemona, nourished, as we so often see in real life, by qualities in her the very reverse; the gradual growth of jealousy from her innocent sportiveness of manner, and the diabolical machinations of Iago; her murder, in a fit of jealousy, by her despairing husband, and his self-sacrifice when the veil was drawn from his eyes,—are all brought forward, if not with the literal strictness of the Greek drama, at least with as much regard to unity of time, place, and action, as is required by its principles.

We are well aware that there are many other dramas, and those, perhaps, not less popular, of Shakspeare, in which unity of time and place is entirely set at defiance, and in which the piece ends at the distance of hundreds of miles, sometimes after the lapse of years, from the point whence it commenced. *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Richard III.*, *Henry V.*, *Hamlet*, and many others, are examples of this deviation from former principle, and it is to the universal admiration which they excite that the national partiality for the Romantic drama is to be ascribed. But in all these instances it will be found—and the observation is a most material one—that the real interest is nearly as much centralised as it was in the Greek stage, and that it is on the extraordinary fascination which a few scenes, or the incidents grouped round a single event, possess, that the success of the piece depends. The historical tragedies read well,

just as an historical romance does, and from the same cause, that they are looked on, not as dramas, but as brilliant passages of history. But this has proved unable to support them on the theatre. One by one they have gradually dropped away from the stage. Some are occasionally revived, from time to time, in order to display the power of a particular actor or actress, but never with any lasting success. Those plays of Shakspeare which alone retain their hold of the theatre, are either those, such as *Romeo and Juliet*, or *As you Like it*, in which the unities are substantially observed, or in which the resplendent brilliancy of a few characters or scenes, within very narrow limits, fixes the attention of the audience so completely as to render comparatively harmless, because unfelt, the distraction produced by the intermixture of farce in the subordinate persons, or the violations of time and place in the structure of the piece. But it is not to every man that the pencil of the Bard of Avon, "Dipp'd in the orient hues of heaven,"

is given; and the subsequent failure of the Romantic drama, in this and every other country, is mainly to be ascribed to succeeding writers not having possessed his power of fixing, by the splendid colours of genius, the attention of the spectators on a particular part of the piece. Shakspeare disregards the unities in form; but his burning imagination restores their operations in substance.

Take for example the most popular of the really Romantic dramas, *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. No one need be told how the unities are violated in the first of these pieces: that it begins on a heath in Morayshire, where the witches appear to the victorious Thane; that the murder of the King takes place in the Castle of Inverness; that the usurper is slain by Macduff in front of Duunsinnane Castle near the Tay. But none can either have read the play, or seen it acted, without feeling that the real interest lies in the events which occurred, and the ambitious feelings which were awakened in Macbeth and his wife, when temptation was put in their way within their own halls. Sophocles would have laid the scene there,

and made one of the characters narrate in the outset the appearance of the witches on the heath, and brought Macduff to the gates of Macbeth's castle shortly after the murder of Duncan to avenge his death. Shakspeare has not done this; but he has painted the scenes in the interior of the castle, before and after the murder, with such force and effect, that the mind is as much riveted by them, as if no previous or subsequent deviation from the unities had been introduced. *Hamlet* begins in a strain of unparalleled interest; had the last four acts proceeded in the same sublime style as the first, and the filial duty devolved by the ghost on his son of avenging his murder been discharged as rapidly as it should have been, and as the feelings of the audience lead them to desire, it would have been perhaps the most powerful tragedy in the world. Had Shakspeare proceeded on the principles of the Greek drama, he would have done this, and produced a drama as universally admired as the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus. But every one feels that the interest is weakened and wellnigh lost as the play proceeds; new characters are introduced, the burlesque succeeds the sublime, the original design is forgotten; and when the spectre appears a second time "to whet your almost blunted purpose," his appearance is felt to be as necessary to revive the decaying interest of the piece, as to re-suscitate the all but forgotten fervour of the Prince of Denmark.

We feel that we have committed high treason in the estimation of a large part of our readers, by contesting the justice of the principles on which Shakspeare proceeded in the construction of many of his dramas; and we know that the opinions advanced are adverse to those of many, whose genius and professional success entitle their judgment on this subject to the very highest respect. But yet the weight of authority, if that is to be appealed to, is decidedly in favour of the principles of the Greek being the true ones of the drama. From the days of Aristotle to those of Addison, the greatest critics have concurred in this opinion; and he is a bold innovator on this subject who sets at nought the precepts of Horace

and Quintilian, forgets the example of Sophocles and Schiller, of Euripides and Alfieri, of Corneille and Metastasio, and disregards the decided judgment of Pope* and Byron. The opinion of the latter poet was peculiarly strong in favour of the unities, and was repeatedly expressed in his correspondence preserved in Moore's Life; although his own noble dramas, being avowedly constructed with no view to representation, but as a vehicle for powerful declamation or impassioned poetry, often exhibit, especially in *Manfred*, the most glaring violations of them. Johnson confessed that the weight of authority in favour of the Greek rules was so great, that it required no small con-

rage to attempt even to withstand it. But it is not by authority that this, or any other question of taste, is to be decided. The true test of the correctness of opinion on such matters is to be found in experience, and the inward feelings of persons of cultivated minds and enlarged observation. And in the preceding remarks we have only extended to the drama, principles familiar to artists in every other department of human imagination, and generally admitted in them, at least, to be correct; and appealed, we trust not in vain, to the experience gained, and the lessons learned, by those who have cultivated the sister arts in those times with the greatest success.

* " Those rules of old discover'd, not devised,
As Nature still, but Nature methodised:
Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:

* * * * *

Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they derived from heaven."

Essay on Criticism.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

FROM UHLAND. BY A. LODGE.

A CASTLE of the olden time, o'er subject regions wide,
Throned on its rocky height afar looked forth in feudal pride;
And fragrant gardens decked the plain, where lakes, with crystal sheen,
Mirrored the pleasant sylvan glades and lawns of living green.

Here dwelt, of jealous fears the prey, in pomp of moody state,
A King, by realms and cities fair, and conquest's laurels great;
His glance bespoke the tyrant soul to pity ne'er subdued;
His words were chains and torments—his characters were blood!

Once to these lordly towers at eve approached a tuneful pair,
Of reverend silvery tresses one, and one with golden hair;
The old man on a palfrey sate—his harp, the Minstrel's pride,
He bore—his comrade, young and blithe, tripped lightly at his side.

Thus to the youth the old man spoke—" My son, it boots to-day,
To try our deepest melodies, our most impassioned lay;
With cunning'st art essay the notes of blended joy and pain;
Perchance this royal heart may own the magic of the strain."

Soon in the pillared regal hall, amid the courtly throng
Of belted knights and beauteous dames, they range the sons of song:—

The King, in fearful majesty, recalled the meteor's blaze ;
His spouse, with beaming loveliness, the moonlight's gentle rays.

The old man swept the chords—and quick, responsive to the tone,
Through all the train each heart confessed the spell of power unknown ;
And when a clear angelic voice chimed in with youthful fire,
'Twas like the unseen minstrelsy of some ethereal quire !

They sang of Love's delightful spring—of the old golden time ;
Of knightly leal, and maiden's truth, and chivalry sublime ;
Of each high thought that stirs the soul informed with heavenly flame ;
Of man's exalted destinies—of freedom, worth, and fame !

They paused :—in rapt attention hushed, the crowd had clustered near ;
The courtier smoothed the lip of scorn, the warrior dropped a tear ;
The Queen, with trembling ecstasy, took from her breast a rose ;
And see ! at the young Minstrel's feet the guerdon flower she throws.

“Ha !” shrieked the King—“my lieges first, with your detested lays,
Ye have seduced—and now my Queen their witchery betrays ;
Die, tuneful minion !”—at the youth he hurled the gleaming sword,
And from the fount of golden strains the crimson tide was poured.

While scared, as by the lightning's flash, all stood in mute dismay,
The boy on his loved master's breast had breathed his soul away :—
The old man round the bleeding form his mantle wrapped with speed ;
Raised the dear victim in his arms, and bound him on his steed.

The portals passed, he stood awhile, and gazed with tearful eyes—
And grasped his harp—the master harp—of thousand harps the prize :
Then frantic on a column's base he dashed the useless lyre,
And thus the curse of Poesy spoke with a prophet's fire !

“Woe ! Woe ! proud towers—dire House of blood ! thy guilty courts
among,
Ne'er may the chords of harmony be waked—the voice of song ;
The tread of silent slaves alone shall echo mid the gloom,
Till Ruin waits, and hovering fiends of vengeance shriek thy doom !

“Woe ! Woe ! ye blooming gardens fair—decked in the pride of May,
Behold this flower untimely cropped—look—and no more be gay !
The sight should wither every leaf—make all your fountains dry,
And bid the bright enchantment round in wasteful horror lie !

“And thou, fell Tyrant, curst for aye of all the tuneful train—
May blighted bays, and bitter scorn, mock thy inglorious reign !
Perish thy hated name with thee—from songs and annals fade—
Thy race—thy power—thy very crimes—lost in oblivion's shade !”

The aged Bard has spoken—and Heaven has heard the prayer ;
The haughty towers are crumbling low—no regal dome is there !
A single column soars on high, to tell of splendours past—
And see ! 'tis cracked—it nods the head—this hour may be it's last !

Where once the fairy garden smiled, a mournful desert lies—
No rills refresh the barren sand—no graceful stems arise—
From storied page, and legend strain, this King has vanished long ;
His race is dead—his power forgot :—such is the might of song !

THE MINE, THE FOREST, AND THE CORDILLERA.

THE silver mines of Potosi, the virgin forests, and mighty cordilleras of South America, are words familiar and full of interest to European ears. Countless riches, prodigious vegetable luxuriance, stupendous grandeur, are the associations they suggest. With these should be coupled ideas of cruelty, desolation, and disease, of human suffering and degradation pushed to their utmost limit, of opportunities neglected, and advantages misused. Not a bar of silver, or a healing drug, or an Alpaca fleece, shipped from Peruvian ports to supply another hemisphere with luxuries and comforts, but is the price of an incalculable amount of misery, and even of blood—the blood of a race once noble and powerful, now wretched and depraved by the agency of those whose duty and in whose power it was to civilize and improve them. The corrupt policy of Spanish rulers, the baneful example of Spanish colonists and their descendants, have gone far towards the depopulation and utter ruin of the richest of South American countries. How imprudent and suicidal has been the course adopted, will presently be made apparent. Those who desire evidence in support of our assertion, need but follow Dr Tschudi, as we now propose doing, into the mining, mountainous, and forest districts of Peru.

Difficult and dangerous as a journey through the maritime provinces of Peru undeniably is, it is mere railroad travelling when compared with an expedition into the interior of the country. In the former case, the land is level, and the sun, the sand, and the highwayman, are the only perils to be encountered or evaded. But a ramble in the mountains is a succession of hairbreadth escapes, a deliberate confronting of constantly recurring dangers, to which even the natives unwillingly expose themselves, and frequently fall victims. The avalanches, precipices, gaping ravines,

slippery glaciers, and violent storms common to all Alpine regions, are here complicated by other risks peculiar to the South American mountains. Heavy rains, lasting for weeks together, falls of snow that in a few moments obliterate all trace of a path, treacherous swamps, strange and loathsome maladies, and even blindness, combine to deter the traveller from his dangerous undertaking. All these did Dr Tschudi brave, and from them all, after the endurance of great hardship and suffering, he was fortunate enough to escape.

At a very short distance from Lima, the traveller, proceeding eastward, gets a foretaste of the difficulties and inconveniences in reserve for him. Whilst riding through the vale of Surco, or through some other of the valleys leading from the coast to the mountains, he perceives a fountain by the road side, and pauses to refresh his tired mule. Scarcely is his intention manifest, when he is startled by a cry from his guide, or from a passing Indian — “*Cuidado! Es agua de verruga!*” In these valleys reigns a terrible disease called the *verrugas*, attributed by the natives to the water of certain springs, and for which all Dr Tschudi's investigations were insufficient to discover another cause. Fever, pains in the bones, and loss of blood from cutaneous eruptions, are the leading symptoms of this malady, which is frequently of long duration, and sometimes terminates fatally. It seizes the Indians and lighter castes in preference to the white men and negroes, and no specific has yet been discovered for its cure. Mules and horses are also subject to its attacks. In no country, it would appear from Dr Tschudi's evidence, are there so many strange and unaccountable maladies as in Peru. Nearly every valley has its peculiar disease, extending over a district of a few square miles, and unknown beyond its limits. To most of them it has hitherto been impossible

to assign a cause. Their origin must probably be sought in certain vegetable influences, or in those of the vast variety of minerals which the soil of Peru contains.

In the mountains, the shoeing of mules and horses is frequently a matter of much difficulty; and it is advisable for the traveller to acquire the art, and furnish himself with needful implements, before leaving the more civilized part of the country. Farriers are only to be found in the large Indian villages, and it is common to ride fifty or sixty leagues without meeting with one. In the village of San Gerónimo de Surco, the innkeeper is the only blacksmith, and Dr Tschudi, whose horse had cast a shoe, was compelled to pay half a gold ounce (upwards of thirty shillings) to have it replaced. This was one half less than the sum at first demanded by the exorbitant son of Vulcan, who doubtless remembered the old Spanish proverb, "for a nail is lost a shoe, for a shoe the horse, for the horse the horseman."* The doctor took the hint, and some lessons in shoeing, which afterwards stood him in good stead. It is a common practice in Peru, on the sandy coast, and where the roads permit it, to ride a horse or mule unshod for the first four or five days of a journey. Then shoes are put on the fore feet, and a few days later on the hinder ones. This is thought to give new strength to the animals, and to enable them to hold out longer. On the mountain tracks, the wear and tear of iron must be prodigious, as may be judged from the following description of three leagues of road between Viso and San Mateo, by no means the worst bit met with by our traveller.

"The valley frequently becomes a mere narrow split in the mountains, inclosed between walls of rock a thousand feet high. These enormous precipices are either perpendicular, or their summits incline inwards, forming a vast arch; along their base, washed by the foaming waters of the river, or higher up, along their side, winds the narrow and dangerous path. In some places they recede a little from

the perpendicular, and their abrupt slopes are sprinkled with stones and fragments of rock, which every now and then, loosened by rain, detach themselves and roll down into the valley. The path is heaped with these fragments, which give way under the tread of the heavily laden mules, and afford them scanty foothold. From time to time, enormous blocks thunder down the precipice, and bury themselves in the waters beneath. I associate a painful recollection with the road from Viso to San Mateo. It was there that a mass of stone struck one of my mules, and precipitated it into the river. My most important instruments and travelling necessaries, a portion of my collections and papers, and—an irreparable loss—a diary carefully and conscientiously kept during a period of fourteen months, became the prey of the waters. Two days later the mule was washed ashore, but its load was irrecoverably lost. Each year numerous beasts of burden, and many travellers, perish upon this dangerous road. Cavalry on the march are particularly apt to suffer, and often a slip of the horse's foot, or a hasty movement of the rider, suffices to consign both to the yawning chasm by their side. At the inn at Viso I met an officer, who had just come from the mountains, bringing his two sons with him. He had taken the youngest before him; the other, a boy of ten years of age, rode upon the mule's crupper. Half a league from Viso, a large stone came plunging down from the mountain, struck the eldest lad, and dashed him into the stream."

Although frequently ill-treated by the Creoles, and especially by the officers, the Indians in most parts of Peru show ready hospitality and goodwill to the solitary traveller. Those in the neighborhood of San Mateo are an exception; they are distrustful, rough, and disobliging. When a traveller enters the village, he is instantly waited upon by the *alcalde* and *regidores*, who demand his passport. Has he none, he risks ill-treatment, and be-

* "Por un clavo se pierde una herradura, por una herradura un caballo, por un caballo un caballero."

ing put upon a jackass and carried off to the nearest prefect. Luckily the ignorance of the village authorities renders them easy to deal with; it is rare that they can read. On one occasion, when Dr Tschudi's passport was demanded, the only printed paper in his pocket was an old playbill, that of the last opera he had attended before his departure from Lima, and which he had taken with him as wadding for his gun. He handed it to the Indian regidor, who gravely unfolded it, stared hard at the words Lucia di Lammermoor, and returned it with the remark, that the passport was perfectly in order.

Any thing more wretched in their accommodations than the *tambos* or village inns, can scarcely be imagined. So bad are they, that the traveller is sometimes driven to pass the night in the snow rather than accept of their shelter, and at the same time submit to the nuisances with which they abound. One of these villanous hostleries, in which Dr Tschudi several times attempted to sleep, is described by him with a minuteess that will rather startle the squeamish amongst his readers. Vermin every where, on the floor and walls, in the clothes of the Indian hag officiating as hostess, even in the caldron in which a vile mixture of potatoe water and Spanish pepper is prepared for supper. For sole bed there is the damp earth, upon which hosts, children, and travellers stretch themselves. Each person is accommodated with a sheepskin, and over the whole company is spread an enormous woollen blanket. But woe to the inexperienced traveller who avails himself of the coverings thus bountifully furnished, swarming as they are with inhabitants from whose assaults escape is impossible. Even if he creeps into a corner, and makes himself a bed with his saddle-cloths, he is not secure. Add to these comforts a stifling smoke, and other nauseous exhalations, and the gambols of innumerable guinea-pigs, common as mice in many parts of Peru, who caper the night through over the faces and bodies of the sleepers, and the picture of a South American mountain inn will be as complete as it is uninviting. But these annoyances, great though they be, are very trifles

compared to the more serious evils awaiting the traveller in the higher regions of the Cordilleras. At about 12,600 feet above the level of the sea, the effects of the rarefaction of the atmosphere begin to be sensibly and painfully felt. The natives, unacquainted with the real cause of the malady thus occasioned, and which by them is called *puna*, by the Spanish Creoles *reta* or *marco*, attribute it to the exhalations of metals, especially of antimony. Horses, not bred in the mountains, suffer greatly from the *reta*, and frequently fall down helpless. The *arrieros* adopt various cruel means for their revival, such as cutting off their ears and tail, and slitting up their nostrils, the latter being probably the only useful remedy, as it allows the animal to inhale a large volume of air. To preserve them from the *reta*, chopped garlic is put into their nostrils. With human beings, this state of the atmosphere causes the blood to gush from the eyes, nose, and lips, and occasions faintings, blood-spittings, vomitings, and other unpleasant and dangerous symptoms. The sensation somewhat resembles that of sea-sickness, whence the Spanish name of *marco*. The malady, in its most violent form, sometimes causes death from excessive loss of blood. Of this, Dr Tschudi saw instances. Much depends on the general health and constitution of the persons attacked. The action of the *reta* is very capricious. Some persons do not experience it on a first visit to the mountains, but suffer on subsequent ones. Another singular circumstance is, that it is much more violent in some places than in others of a greater altitude. This affords ground for a supposition, that other causes, besides the diminished pressure of the atmosphere, concur to occasion it. These as yet remain unknown. The districts in which the *reta* is felt with the greatest intensity, are for the most part very metallic, and this has given rise to the Indian theory of its cause.

Another terrible scourge to the traveller in the Cordilleras is the *surumpe*, a violent inflammation of the eye, brought on by the sudden reflection of the sun from the snow. In those mountains the eyes are kept

continually in an irritated state by the rarefied air and cutting winds, and are consequently unusually susceptible. Often the heavens become suddenly overcast, and in a few minutes the yellowish-green waste is one sheet of snow. Then out bursts the sun with overpowering splendour, a sharp burning pain is instantly felt in the eyes, and speedily increases to an unbearable extent. The eyes become red, the lids swell and bleed. So violent is the agony as to cause despair and delirium. Dr Tschudi compares it to the sensation occasioned by rubbing Spanish pepper or gunpowder into the eyes. Chronic inflammation, even total blindness, is the frequent consequence of the *surumpe* in its most intense form. In the Cordilleras it is no unusual thing to find Indians sitting by the wayside, shrieking from pain, and unable to continue their journey. The Creoles, when they visit the mountains, protect themselves with green spectacles and veils.

During five months of the year, from November till March, storms are of almost daily occurrence in the Cordilleras. They commence with remarkable punctuality between two and three in the afternoon, and continue till five or half-past; later than this, or in the night, a storm was never known to occur. They are accompanied by falls of snow, which last till after midnight. The morning sun dispels the cold mist that hangs about the mountain peaks, and in a few hours the snow is melted. "On the raging ocean," says Dr Tschudi, "and in the dark depths of the aboriginal forests, I have witnessed terrific storms, whose horrors were increased by surrounding gloom and imminent danger, but never did I feel anxiety and alarm as in Antaichahua, (a district of the Cordilleras celebrated for storms.) For hours together flash followed flash in uninterrupted succession, painting blood-red cataracts upon the naked precipices; the thunder crashed, the zigzag lightning ran along the ground, leaving long furrows in the scorched grass. The atmosphere quivered with the continuous roll of thunder, repeated a thousand-fold by the mountain echoes. The traveller, overtaken by these terrific tempests, leaves his trembling

horse, and seeks shelter and refuge beneath some impending rock."

The hanging bridges and *huaros* are not to be forgotten in enumerating the perils of Peruvian travelling. The former are composed of four thick ropes of cow-hide, connected by a web of cords of the same material, and overlaid with branches, straw, and again roots. The ropes are fastened to posts on either side of the river; a couple of cords, two or three feet higher than the bridge, serve for balustrades; and over this unsteady causeway, which swings like a hammock, the traveller has to pass, leading his reluctant mule. The passage of rivers by *huaros* is much worse, and altogether a most unpleasant operation. It can be effected only where the banks are high and precipitous. A single strong rope extends from one shore to the other, with a wooden machine, in form of a yoke, slung upon it. To this yoke the traveller is tied, and is then drawn over by means of a second cord. In case of the main rope breaking, the passenger by the yoke is inevitably drowned. When rivers are traversed in this manner, the mules and horses are driven into the water, and compelled to swim across.

But a further detail of the dangers and difficulties of travel in Peru would leave us little space to enumerate its interesting results. Supposing the reader, therefore, to have safely accomplished his journey through the solitary ravines, and over the chilly summits of the Cordilleras, we transport him at once to the Cerro de Pasco, famed for the wealth of its silver mines. In a region of snow and ice, at an elevation of 13,673 feet above the sea, he suddenly comes in sight of a large and populous city, built in a hollow, and surrounded on all sides by lakes and swamps. On the margin of eternal snows, in the wildest district of Peru, and in defiance of the asperities of climate, Manimon has assembled a host of worshippers to dig and delve in the richest of his storehouses.

Some two hundred and fifteen years ago, according to the legend, a small pampa that lies south-east from Lake Lauricocha, the mother of the mighty river Amazon, an

Indian, Hauri Capcha by name, tended his master's sheep. Having wandered one day to an unusual distance from his hut, he sought shelter from the cold under a rock, and lighted a large fire. The following morning he saw to his astonishment that the stone beneath the ashes had melted and become pure silver. He joyfully informed his employer, a Spaniard of the name of Ugarte, of this singular circumstance. Ugarte hastened to the place, and found that his shepherd had hit upon a vein of silver ore of extraordinary richness, of which he at once took possession, and worked it with great success. This same mine is still worked, and is known as *la Descubridora*, the discoverer. Presently a number of persons came from the village of Pasco, two leagues distant, and sought and discovered new veins. The great richness of the ore and the increase of employment soon drew crowds to the place—some to work, others to supply the miners with the necessaries of life; and thus, in a very brief time, there sprung up a town of eighteen thousand inhabitants.

The ground whereon Cerro de Pasco is built is a perfect network of silver veins, to get at which the earth has been opened in every direction. Many of the inhabitants work the mines in their own cellars; but this, of course, is on a small scale, and there are not more than five hundred openings meriting, by reason of their depth and importance, the name of shafts. All, however, whether deep or shallow, are worked in a very senseless, disorderly, and imprudent manner—the sole object of their owners being to obtain, at the least possible expense, and in the shortest possible time, the utmost amount of ore. Nobody ever thinks of arching or walling the interior of the excavations, and consequently the shafts and galleries frequently fall in, burying under their ruins the unfortunate Indian miners. Not a year passes without terrible catastrophes of this kind. In the mine of Matagente, (literally, Kill-people,) now entirely destroyed, three hundred labourers lost their lives by accident. For incurring these terrible risks, and for a species of labour of all others the most

painful and wearisome, the Indians are wretchedly paid, and their scanty earnings are diminished by the iniquitous truck system which is in full operation in the mines as well as in the plantations of Peru. The miner who, at the week's end, has a dollar to receive, esteems himself fortunate, and forthwith proceeds to spend it in brandy. The mining Indians are the most depraved and degraded of their race. When a mine is in *boya*, as it is called, that is to say, at periods when it yields uncommonly rich metal, more labourers are required, and temporarily taken on. When this occurs in several mines at one time, the population of Cerro de Pasco sometimes doubles and trebles itself. During the *boyas*, the miners are paid by a small share in the daily produce of their labours. They sometimes succeed in improving their wages by stealing the ore, but this is very difficult, so narrowly are they searched when they leave the mine. One man told Dr Tschudi how he had managed to appropriate the richest piece of ore he ever saw. He tied it on his back, and pretended to be so desperately ill, that the corporal allowed him to leave the mine. Wrapped in his poncho, he was carried past the inspectors by two confederates, and the treasure was put in safety. Formerly, when a mine yielded *polvorilla*, a black ore in the form of powder, but of great richness, the miners stripped themselves naked, wetted their whole body, and then rolled in this silver dust, which stuck to them. Released from the mine, they washed off the crust, and sold it for several dollars. This device, however, was detected, and, for several years past, the departing miners are compelled to strip for inspection.

Like the extraction of the ore, the purification of the silver from the dross is conducted in the rudest and most primitive manner. The consequence is an immense consumption of quicksilver. On each mark of silver, worth in Lima eight and a-half dollars, or about thirty shillings, it is estimated that half a pound of quicksilver is expended. The quicksilver comes chiefly from Spain—very little from Idria—in iron jars containing

seventy-five pounds weight. The price of one of these jars varies from sixty to one hundred dollars, but is sometimes as high as one hundred and forty dollars. Both the amalgamation and separation of the metals are so badly managed, as to occasion a terrible amount of mercurial disease amongst the Indians employed in the process. From the refining-houses the silver is, or ought to be, sent to Callana, the government melting-house, there to be cast into bars of a hundred pounds weight, each of which is stamped and charged with imposts to the amount of about forty-four dollars. But a vast deal of the metal is smuggled to the coast and shipped for Europe without ever visiting the Callana. Hence it is scarcely possible to estimate the quantity annually produced. The amount registered is from two to three hundred thousand marks—rarely over the latter sum.

Residence in the Cerro de Pasco is highly disagreeable. The climate is execrable; cold and stormy, with heavy rains and violent falls of snow. Nothing less than the *auri sacra fames* could have induced such a congregation of human beings, from all nations and corners of the globe, in so inhospitable a latitude. The new-comer with difficulty accustoms himself to the severity of the weather, and to the perpetual hammering going on under his feet, and at night under his very bed, for the mines are worked without cessation. Luckily earthquakes are rare in that region. A heavy shock would bury the whole town in the bosom of the earth.

Silver being the only produce of the soil, living is very dear in the Cerro. All the necessaries of life have to be brought from a great distance; and this, combined with the greediness of the venders, and the abundance of money, causes enormous prices to be demanded and obtained. House-rent is exorbitantly high; the keep of a horse often costs, owing to the want of forage, from two to three dollars a-day. Here, as at Lima, the coffee and eating-houses are kept by Italians, principally Genoese. The population of the town is the most motley imaginable; scarcely a country in the world but has its

representatives. Of the upper classes the darling vice is gambling, carried to an almost unparalleled extent. From earliest morning cards and dice are in full activity: the mine proprietor leaves his counting-house and silver carts, the trader abandons his shop, to indulge for a couple of hours in his favourite amusement; and, when the evening comes, play is universal in all the best houses of the town. The mayordomos, or superintendents of the mines, sit down to the gaming-table at nightfall, and only leave it when at daybreak the bell summons them to the shaft. Often do they gamble away their share in a *boya* long before signs of one are apparent. Amongst the Indians, drunkenness is the chief failing. When primed by spirits, they become quarrelsome; and scarcely a Sunday or holiday passes without savage fights between the workmen of different mines. Severe wounds, and even deaths, are the consequences of these encounters, in which the authorities never dream of interfering. When, owing to the richness of a *boya*, the Indian finds himself possessed of an unusual number of dollars, he squanders them in the most ridiculous manner, like a drunken sailor with a year's pay in his pocket. Dr Tschudi saw one fellow buy a Spanish cloak for ninety-two dollars. Draping it round him, he proceeded to the next town, got drunk, rolled himself in the gutter, and then threw away the cloak because it was torn and dirty. A watchmaker told the doctor that once an Indian came to him to buy a gold watch. He handed him one, with the remark that the price was twelve gold ounces, (two hundred and four dollars,) and that it would probably be too dear for him. The Indian took the watch, paid for it, and then dashing it upon the ground, walked away, saying that the thing was no use to him.

Besides the mines of Cerro de Pasco, Dr Tschudi gives us details of many others situate in various parts of Peru. The Salcedo mine, in the province of Puno, is celebrated for the tragical end of its discoverer. Don José Salcedo, a poor Spaniard, was in love with an Indian girl, whose mother promised to show him a silver

vein of uncommon richness if he would marry her daughter. He did so, and worked the vein with great success. After a time the fame of his wealth roused the envy of the Conde de Lemos, then viceroy of Peru. By his generosity and benevolence Salcedo had made himself very popular with the Indians, and this served the viceroy as a pretext to accuse him of high treason, on the ground of his stirring up the population against the Spanish government. Salcedo was imprisoned, and sentenced to death. Whilst in his dungeon he besought Count Lemos to send the papers relating to his trial to the supreme tribunal at Madrid, and to allow him to make an appeal to the king's mercy. If this request were granted, he promised to pay a daily tribute of a bar of silver, from the time of the ship's sailing from Callao to that of its return. In those days the voyage from Callao to Spain and back occupied from twelve to sixteen months. This may give an idea of the wealth of Salcedo and his mine. The viceroy refused the condition, hung up Salcedo, (in May 1669,) and set out for the mines. But his injustice and cruelty were doomed to disappointment. Whilst Salcedo prepared for death, his mother-in-law and her friends and relations betook themselves to the mine, destroyed the works, filled it with water, and closed the entrance so skilfully that it was impossible to discover it. They then dispersed in various directions, and neither promises nor tortures could induce those who were afterwards captured, to reveal the position of the mine. To this day it remains undiscovered.

Another example of the exceeding richness of Peruvian mines is to be found in that of San José, in the department of Huancavelica. Its owner asked the viceroy Castro, whose friend he was, to stand godfather to his first child. The viceroy was prevented from going himself, but sent his wife as a proxy. To do her honour, the proprietor of San José caused a triple row of silver bars to be placed along the whole of the distance, and it was no short one, between his house and the church. Over this costly causeway the vice-queen Castro accompanied the child to its baptism. On

her departure her magnificent Amphitryon made her a present of the silver road as a mark of gratitude for the honour she had done him. Since then, the mines and the province have borne the name of *Castrovireyna*. Most of the former are now no longer worked. In the richest of them, owing to the careless mode of mining, one hundred and twenty-two workmen were buried alive at one time. Since then, no Indian can be prevailed upon to enter it.

The Indians have not been slow to discover how little advantage they derive from the mining system, procuring them, as it does, small pay for severe labour. Hence, although acquainted for centuries past with innumerable rich veins of ore, the knowledge of which has been handed down from father to son, they obstinately persist in keeping them secret. All endeavours to shake this determination have hitherto been fruitless; even the rarely failing argument of brandy in these cases loses its power. The existence of the treasures has been ascertained beyond a doubt; but there is not a shadow of hope that the stubborn reserved Indian will ever reveal their locality to the greedy Creole and detested *Métis*. Numerous and romantic are the tales told of this determined concealment, and of the prudence and watchfulness of the Indians. "In the great village of Huancayo," says Dr Tschudi, "there lived, a few years ago, two brothers, José and Pedro Iriarte, who ranked amongst the most influential of Peruvian miners. They knew that in the neighbouring hills veins of almost virgin silver existed, and, with a view to their discovery, they dispatched a young man to a village near which they suspected them to be situate. The emissary took up his dwelling in the hut of a shepherd, with whose daughter, after a few months' residence, he established an intrigue. At last the young girl promised to show him a rich mine. On a certain day, when she drove her sheep to the pasture, he was to follow her at a distance, and to dig the spot where she should let her cloak fall. This he did, and after very brief labour found a cavity in the earth disclosing ore of uncommon richness. Whilst breaking out

the metal, he was joined by the girl's father, who declared himself delighted at the discovery, and offered to help him. After some hours' labour they paused to rest, and the old Indian handed his companion a gourd of chicha, (a fermented drink,) of which the latter thankfully drank. Soon, however, the young man felt himself ill, and knew that he was poisoned. Taking his wallet full of ore, he hastened to the village, mounted his horse, and rode to Huancayo, where he informed Iriarte of what had occurred, described the position of the mine, and died the same night. Immediate and careful researches were of no avail. The Indian and his family had disappeared, the mine had been filled up, and was never discovered."

A Franciscan monk, also resident in Huancayo, a confirmed gambler, and consequently often embarrassed for money, had gained, by his kindness, the affections of the Indians, who constantly brought him small presents of cheese and poultry. One day when he had lost heavily, he confided his difficulties to an Indian, his particular gossip. The latter promised to help him, and the next evening brought him a large sack full of the richest silver ore. The same was repeated several times; but the monk, not satisfied, did not cease to importune his friend to show him the place whence he took the treasure. The Indian at last agreed to do so. In the night-time he came, with two companions, to the dwelling of the Franciscan, blindfolded him, put him on his shoulders, and carried him, alternately with his comrades, a distance of some leagues into the mountains. Here the monk was set down, and found himself in a small shallow shaft, where his eyes were dazzled by the beauty of the silver. When he had gazed at it long enough, and loaded himself with the ore, he was carried back as he had been brought. On his way he unfastened his chaplet, and from time to time let a grain drop, trusting by this means to trace out the mine. He had been but a few hours in bed when he was disturbed by the entrance of his guide. "Father," said the Indian, quietly, "you have lost your rosary." And

he presented him with a handful of the beads.

This mania for concealment is not universal amongst the Peruvians, who, it must be remembered, originally sprang from various tribes, united by the Incas into one nation. Great differences of character and manners are still to be found amongst them, some showing themselves as frank and friendly towards the white men as others are mistrustful and inimical. The principal mines that are or have been worked, were pointed out to the Spaniards by the natives. Generally, however, the latter look upon seekers of mines with suspicion, and they still relate with horror and disgust, how Huari Capcha, the discoverer of the mines of Cerro de Pasco, was thrown by Ugarte into a gloomy dungeon, where he pined away his life. Dr Tschudi could not ascertain the authenticity of this tale, but he often heard it told by the Indians, who gave it as a reason for concealing any new mines they might discover.

At the pass of Antaraugra, 15,600 feet above the level of the sea, Dr Tschudi found two small lakes, scarcely thirty paces asunder. One of these is the source of the river San Mateo, which flows westward, passes Lima under the name of the Rimac, and discharges itself into the Pacific Ocean; the other sends its waters through a number of small mountain lakes to the river Pachachaca, a diminutive tributary of the mighty Amazon. The worthy doctor confesses that he could not resist the temptation to disturb the order of nature, by transporting a jug-full of the water intended for the Atlantic, into the lake communicating with the Pacific. Of a more serious cast were his reflections on the mighty power that had raised these tremendous mountains, on whose summits sea-shells and other marine substances testify to the fact of the ocean having once rolled over their materials.

Between the Cordilleras and the Andes, 12,000 feet above the sea, lie the vast tracts of desolate tableland known as the Puna, a Peruvian word equivalent to the Spanish *despoblado*. These plains extend through the whole length of Peru from N.W.

to S.E., a distance of 350 Spanish miles, continue through Bolivia, and run out eastward into the territory of the Argentine republic. Their sole inhabitants are a few shepherds, who live with their families in wretched huts, and tend large flocks of sheep, oxen, alpacas, and llamas, to which the yellow and meagre grasses of the Puna yield a scanty nourishment. The district is swept by the cold winds from the Cordilleras, the climate is most inhospitable, intermittent snow and storm during four months of the year. A remarkable effect of the Puna wind is the rapid drying of dead bodies. A few days suffice to convert a dead mule into a perfect mummy, the very entrails free from corruption. Here and there the dry and piercingly cold wind, which causes extreme suffering to the traveller's eyes and skin, changes its temperature, or, it were better said, is crossed by a current of warm air, sometimes only two or three paces, at others several hundred feet, in breadth. These warm streams run in a parallel direction to each other, and Dr Tschudi deposes to having passed through five or six in the space of two leagues. He noticed them particularly in the months of August and September, and, according to his observations, their usual direction was that of the Cordillera, namely, from S.S.W. to N.N.E. He once travelled for several leagues in one of these currents, the width of which did not exceed seven-and-twenty paces. Its temperature was eleven degrees of Reaumur higher than the adjacent atmosphere. The existence of these warm streams is in some cases permanent, for the muleteers will frequently tell beforehand where they are to be met with. The causes of such singular phenomena, says Dr Tschudi, are well deserving the closest investigation of the meteorologist.

The numerous deep valleys, of greater or less extent, which intersect the Puna, are known as the Sierra, and their inhabitants as Serranos, although that term is also applied by the dwellers on the coast of Peru to all natives of the interior. Here the climate is temperate, not unlike that of the central countries of

Europe; towns and villages are numerous, and the fruitful soil brings forth abundantly, watered by the sweat of the laborious Indians. The people are hospitable in the extreme, and the stranger is welcome in their dwellings so long as he chooses to abide there. They appear, however, to be as yet very far removed from civilisation. Their favourite diversions, cock and bull fighting, are carried on in the most barbarous manner. Their chief vice is an extreme addiction to brandy, and even the better classes get up evening parties for the express purpose of indulging in the fiery liquor. The ladies as well as the men consume it in large quantities, and Dr Tschudi estimates the average consumption at one of these jaranas, or drinking bouts, to amount to nearly a bottle per man or woman. At a ball given in 1839, in one of the principal towns of the Sierra, to the Chilian general Bulnes—now president of Chili—the brandy flowed so abundantly, that when morning came many of the dancers, both male and female, lay dead drunk upon the floor. The sole extenuation of such disgusting excesses is the want of education of those who commit them, and the force of habit, which prevents them from seeing any thing disgraceful in intoxication. It is only in society that the Serrano gets drunk. In everyday life, when jaranas are not going on, he is a sober man.

The dramatic representations of scenes in the life of Christ, introduced by the Spanish monks who accompanied Pizarro, with a view to the easier conversion of the Aborigines, have long been discontinued in the larger Peruvian cities. But in the Sierra they are still kept up, and all the efforts of enlightened priests to suppress them, have been frustrated by the tenacity and threats of the Indians. Dr Tschudi gives an extraordinary description of the celebration of Good Friday. "From early dawn," he says, "the church is crammed with Indians, who pass the morning in fasting and prayer. At two in the afternoon a large image of the Saviour is brought out of the sacristy and laid down near the altar, which is veiled. No sooner does this occur than the whole

congregation rush forward and strive to touch the wounds with scraps of cotton, and then ensues a screaming, crowding, and fighting, only to be equalled by the uproar at an ill conducted fair, until the priests at last succeed in restoring order. The figure of the Saviour is now attached to the cross with three very large silver nails, and a rich silver crown is placed upon its head; on either side are the crosses of the two thieves. The Indians gaze their fill and leave the church, but return thither at eight in the evening. The edifice is then brilliantly illuminated, and at the foot of the cross stand, wrapped in white robes, four priests, the *santos varones* or holy men, whose office it is to take down the body of the Saviour. A short distance off, upon a stage or scaffolding, stands the Virgin Mary, in deep mourning, and with a white cloth round her head. In a long discourse a priest explains the scene to the congregation, and at the close of his sermon, turning to the *santos varones*, he says—'Ye holy men, mount the ladders of the cross, and bring down the body of the dead Saviour!' Two of the priests ascend with hammers, and the preacher continues—'Thou, holy man on the right side of the Saviour, strike the first blow upon the nail in the hand, and take it out!' The hammer falls, and the sound of the blow is the signal for the cry of *Misericordia! Misericordia!* repeated by thousands of voices in tones of anguish so heart-rending, as to produce a strangely painful impression upon the hearer. The nail is handed to a priest at the foot of the cross, to be taken to the Virgin Mary, still standing upon her scaffold. To her the preacher now addressed himself with the words—'Thou, afflicted mother, approach and receive the nail that pierced the right hand of thy blessed son!' And as the priest draws near to the image of the Virgin, the latter, moved by a secret mechanism, advances to meet him, receives the nail in both hands, places it in a silver bowl, dries its eyes, and returns to its place. These movements are repeated when the two other nails and the crown are brought down. The whole scene has for accompaniment the unintermitting

howling and sobbing of the Indians, which redouble at each stroke of the hammer, and reaches its apogee when the body is delivered to the Virgin, who then again begins to weep violently. The image of Christ is laid in a coffin adorned with flowers, and is carried by torchlight through every street of the town. Whilst the procession makes its circuit, the Indians erect twelve arches of flowers in front of the church door, placing between each two of them a carpet of the like materials, the simplest and most beautiful that it is possible to see. Each carpet is manufactured by two Indians, neither of whom seems to trouble himself about the proceedings of his comrade; but yet, with incredible rapidity and a wonderful harmony of operation, the most tasteful designs grow under their hands in rich variety of colours. Arabesques, landscapes, and animals appear as if by magic. It was highly interesting to me to observe in Tarma, upon one of these carpets, an exact representation of the Austrian double eagle, as the Indians had seen it on the quick-silver jars from Idria. When the procession returns, the Virgin Mary is carried back into the church through the arches of flowers."

The traveller in the Sierras of Peru frequently encounters plantations of a shrub about six feet high, bearing bright green leaves, white flowers, and scarlet berries. This is the celebrated coca tree, the comforter and friend of the Peruvian Indian under all hardships and evil usage. Deprive the Turk of coffee and pipe, the Chinese of opium, the sailor and soldier of grog and tobacco, and no one of them will be so miserable as the Indian bereft of his coca. Without it he cannot exist; it is more essential to him than meat or drink, for it enables him to dispense with both. With his quid of dried coca leaves in his mouth, he forgets all calamities; his rags, his poverty, the cruelties of his taskmaster. One meal a-day suffices him, but thrice at least he must suspend his labour to chew his coca. Even the greedy Creoles have been compelled to give in to this imperious necessity, and to allow their labourers a quarter or half an hour's respite three times in

the day. In mines and plantations, wherever Indians work, this is the universal practice. Although continued as a barbarous custom by the whites, some few of the latter are inveterately addicted to coca chewing, which they generally, however, practise clandestinely. The effect of this plant upon the human system is very similar to that of certain narcotics, administered in small doses. Taken in excessive quantities it is highly injurious; used in moderation, Dr Tschudi inclines to think it not only harmless, but positively salutary. The longevity of the Indians, and their power of enduring great fatigue, and performing the hardest work upon a very scant allowance of food, are certainly in favour of this belief. The doctor met with men of 120 and 130 years old, and he assures us that such are by no means exceedingly rare in Peru.* Some of these men had chewed coca leaves from their boyhood upwards.

Allowing their daily ration to be no more than one ounce, the consumption, in their lifetime, would amount to the prodigious quantity of twenty-seven hundred pounds weight. Yet they were in perfect health. The coca is considered by the Indians to be an antidote to the *veta*, and Dr Tschudi confirms this by his own experience. Previously to his hunting excursions in the upper regions of the Puna, he used to drink a strong decoction of coca leaves, and found it strengthening and a preservative from the effects of the rarefied atmosphere. So convinced is he of its salubrious properties, that he recommends its adoption in European navies, or at least a trial of its effects during a Polar or some other distant expedition. One of the chief causes of Indian hatred to the Spaniards is to be traced in the attempted suppression by the latter of the use of coca, during

the earlier period of their domination in Peru, their sole reason being their contempt for Indian customs, and wish to destroy the nationality of the people. Royal decrees were fulminated against coca chewing, and priests and governors united to abolish it. After a time, the owners of mines and plantations discovered its utility, in giving strength and courage to their Indian vassals; books were written in its defence, and anti-coca legislation speedily became obsolete. Since then, several learned and reverend writers, Jesuits and others, have suggested its introduction into Europe, as a substitute for tea and coffee, to which they hold it far superior. There can be little doubt that—like as tobacco is considered to preserve armies from mutiny and disaffection—the soothing properties of coca have saved Peru from many bloody outbreaks of the Indian population. But even this potent and much-loved drug has at times been insufficient to restrain the deadly hatred cherished by the Peruvians towards their white oppressors.

The *Leyes de las Indias*, or code for the government of the Spanish colonies, although in some instances severe and arbitrary, were mild and paternal compared with their administration by the viceroys and other officials. Amongst them were two enactments, the *Mita* and the *Repartimiento*, intended by their propounders to civilize and improve the Indians, but fearfully abused in practice. By the *Mita*, the Peruvians were compelled to work in the mines and plantations. Every Spaniard who possessed one of these, received from the *corregidor* a certain number of Indians, to each of whom he paid daily wages, and for each of them an annual contribution of eight dollars to the State. This plan, if fairly and conscientiously carried out, might

* Stevenson, in his work on South America, refers to the extraordinary longevity of the Peruvian Indians. In the church register at Barranca, he found recorded the deaths of eleven persons in the course of seven years, whose joint ages made up 1207 years, giving an average of 110 years per man. Dr Tschudi mentions an Indian in Jauja, still living in 1839, and who was born, if the register and the priest's word might be believed, in the year 1697. Since the age of eleven years he had made a moderate daily use of coca. However old, few Indians lose their teeth or hair.

have been made a means of reclaiming the Indians from barbarity and idleness. But the truck system, unlimited and excessive time of labour, and other abuses, caused it to produce the precisely opposite effect to that proposed by the framers of the law. One-third only of the stipulated wage was given in money, the remainder in European manufactures, charged at exorbitant prices; and the Indians, unable to purchase the bare necessaries of life, were compelled to incur debts with their employers—debts that they could never pay off, and which rendered them slaves for their whole lives. The field labourers were made to toil from three in the morning till an hour after sundown; even the Sunday was no day of rest for these unfortunate helots. Such increasing and painful exertions annually swept away thousands of Indians. Various writers estimate at nine millions the number of those killed by labour and accident in the mines, during the last three centuries. Dr Tschudi does not think this an exaggeration, and calculates that three millions more have been sacrificed in the plantations, especially in the coca fields of the backwoods.

The *Repartimiento* was the distribution of European wares and luxuries by the provincial authorities. Under this law, intended for the convenience of the people, and to supply them with clothes and other necessaries at fair prices, every *corregidor* became a sort of shopkeeper, caused all manner of merchandise to be sent to him from the capital, and compelled the Indian to buy. The prices affixed to the articles were absurdly exorbitant; a needle cost a real, a worthless knife or a pound of iron a dollar, an ell of printed calico two or three dollars. Lace, silk stockings, and false jewellery, were forced upon the richer class. After a short delay, the money was demanded; those who could not pay had their goods seized, and were sold as slaves to the mines or plantations. Not only useless objects—razors, for instance, for the beardless Indians—but things positively injurious and inconvenient, were thrust upon the unwilling purchasers. It will scarcely be believed that a *corregidor*, to whom a commercial friend

had sent a consignment of spectacles, issued an edict, compelling all Indians, under penalty of a heavy fine, to wear glasses at certain public festivals.

Against the abominable system of which the above abuses formed but a part, it was to be expected that sooner or later the Indians would revolt. For two centuries they submitted to it with wonderful patience and long-suffering. At last, a man was found to hoist the bloody flag of insurrection and revenge.

Juan Santos, surnamed the *Apostate*, was an Indian from Huamanga, and claimed descent from Atahualpa, the last of the Incas, whom Pizarro hung. In the year 1741, having killed a Spaniard of noble birth in a quarrel, he fled to the woods, and there brooded over the oppression to which his countrymen were subjected. At that time, the zealous Spanish missionaries had made great progress in the conversion of the *Indios bravos*, a savage and cannibal tribe, amongst whom they fearlessly ventured, undeterred by the murder of many who had preceded them. Against these priests Santos instigated an outbreak. He first addressed himself to the tribe of the *Campas*, declared himself a descendant of the mighty Peruvian kings, and asserted that he possessed supernatural power, that he knew all their thoughts, and had the portrait of each of them in his heart. Then calling the Indians to him one by one, he lifted his upper garment, and allowed them to look in a mirror fastened upon his breast. The savages, astonished at the reflection of their faces, conceived a great veneration for Santos, and implicitly obeyed him. He at once led them to a general attack upon the priests, their property, and religion. By bold and sudden assaults, several Spanish fortified posts were taken, and the garrisons murdered. At the fort of Quimiri, the Indians put the muskets of the slain soldiers in a heap, set fire to them, and danced round the blazing pile. But the surprise of the place had been so well managed, that the Spaniards had had no time to fire even one volley, and their muskets were still loaded. Heated by the flames, they exploded, and spread destruction amongst the

dancing savages. Churches and mission-houses were destroyed, villages burnt, plantations laid waste; the priests were tied to the images of saints, and thrown into the rivers. In a few weeks, the missionary districts of middle Peru were utterly ravaged, and terror reigned in the land. The Spaniards feared a revolt of the Sierra Indians; strong measures were taken, forts built along the frontier, and the *bravos* driven back to their own territory. What became of Santos is not exactly known. Some affirm that he united several savage tribes in a confederacy, and ruled over them till his death. In the monastery of Ocopa, Dr Tschudi found an old manuscript, in which was the following note:—"The monster and apostate Juan Santos Atahualpa, after his diabolical destruction of our missions, suffered terribly from the wrath of God. He met the fate of Herod, and was eaten alive by worms."

Although of short duration, the insurrection headed by Santos was weighty in its consequences. It showed the Indians their strength, and was followed by repeated revolts, especially in Southern Peru. For want of an able leader they all proved fruitless, until Tupac Amaru, cacique of Tungasuca, put himself at the head of a matured and well-organized revolution. A valid pretext for this was afforded by the corregidor of Tinta, Don Antonio Ariaga, who in one year, 1780, made repartimientos to the amount of three hundred and forty thousand dollars, and exacted the money for the useless wares with cruel severity. Tupac Amaru assembled the Indians, seized the corregidor, and hung him. This was the signal for a general uprising in the whole of Southern Peru, and a bloody war ensued. In April 1781, Tupac Amaru, his wife, and several of the rebel chiefs, were made prisoners by a detachment of Spanish cavalry. They were tried at Cuzco, found guilty, and condemned to death. The unfortunate cacique was compelled to witness the execution of his wife, two sons, his brother-in-law, Antonio Bastidas, and of other relations and friends. He then had his tongue cut out, and was torn by four horses. His body was burned, his head and limbs

were stuck upon poles in different towns of the disturbed districts. In Huancayo, Dr Tschudi met with an old Creole, who, when a lad of sixteen, had witnessed the barbarous execution of the cacique of Tungasuca. He described him as a tall handsome man, with a quick piercing eye, and serious resolute countenance. He beheld the death of his family with great emotion, but submitted without a murmur to his own horrible fate. He was not long unavenged. His brother, his remaining son Andres, and a daring Indian chief named Niacatari, carried on the war with increased vigour and ferocity, and at the head of a numerous force threw themselves before the large fortified town of Sorrata, whither the Spaniards from the surrounding country, trusting to the strength of the place, had fled for safety. When Andres Tapac Amaru saw that with his Indians, armed only with knives, clubs, and slings, he had no chance against the powerful artillery of his foe, he caused the streams from the neighbouring mountains to be conducted to the town, and surrounded it with water. The earthen fortifications were soon undermined, and when they gave way the place was taken by assault. With the exception of eighty-seven priests and monks, the whole of the besieged, twenty-two thousand in number, were cruelly slaughtered. From Sorrata the Indian army moved westwards, and was victorious in several actions with the Spanish troops. Gold, however, accomplished what the sword had failed to do. Seduced by bribes and promises, an Indian follower of Andres guided a party of Spanish soldiers to the council-house of the rebels. The chiefs were all taken and put to death. Deprived of its leaders, the Indian army broke up and dispersed. Innumerable executions followed, and the war was estimated to have cost from first to last nearly a hundred thousand lives. Its only beneficial result to the Indians was the abolition of repartimientos.

During the revolution that lost Peru to Spain, the Indians took part with the patriots, who deluded them with promises of a monarchy, and of placing a descendant of the Incas on the throne. Not clearly understand-

ing the causes of the war, the Indians frequently turned their arms against their own allies, and killed all white men who fell into their power. Many provinces were entirely deserted by the Creoles and Metises, in consequence of the furious animosity of the coloured race. In Jauja, the Indians swore they would not leave so much as a white dog or fowl alive, and they even scratched the white paint from the walls of the houses. When General Valdos and his cavalry crossed the river of Jauja and attacked the Indians, the latter scorned to save themselves by flight, but threw themselves upon the lances with cries of "*Mata me, Godo!*"* Kill me!" Two thousand remained upon the field, the Spaniards not ceasing to kill till their arms were too tired to strike.

Dr Tschudi inclines to believe that sooner or later the Indians will throw off the yoke of the effeminate and cowardly Creoles, and establish a government of their own. Whether such a government will be able or allowed to maintain itself, it is difficult to say; although, as the doctor observes, why should it not, at least, as well as a negro republic in an Archipelago peopled by the most civilized nations of Europe? Since the separation of Peru from Spain, the Indians have made great progress in many respects; they have been admitted into the army, have become familiar with fire-arms and military manœuvres, and have learned the manufacture of gunpowder, materials for which their mountains abundantly afford. Their hatred of the whites is bitter as ever, their feeling of nationality very strong—their attachment to the memory of their Incas, and to their old form of government, undiminished. In spite of long oppression, they still possess pride and self-reliance. Besides the government forced upon them by the Creoles, they preserve and obey their old laws. Let a leader like Tupac Amaru appear amongst them, and there is every probability of an Indian revolution, very different in its results to any that has yet occurred.

Most Robinson Crusoe-like in its interest is the long chapter wherein

Dr Tschudi details his forest adventures, and we regret that we must be very summary in our notice of it. With extraordinary courage and perseverance the doctor and a German friend made their way to the heart of the backwoods, built themselves a log-hut, and, despising the numerous dangers by which they were environed, abode there for months, collecting zoological specimens. Of the perils that beset them, Dr Tschudi's unvarnished narrative of the daily sights and nocturnal sounds that assailed their startled senses in those wild regions, gives a lively idea. Indian cannibals, ferocious beasts, reptiles whose bite is instant death, venomous insects, and even vampires, compose the pleasant population of this district, into which these stout-hearted Europeans fearlessly ventured. Of the beasts of prey the ounce is the most dangerous; and so fierce and numerous has its breed become in certain districts of Peru, as to compel the Indians to abandon their villages. We are told of one hamlet, in the ravine of Mayunmarca, that has been desolate for a century past on this account. The ounces used annually to decimate its inhabitants. More perilous even than these animals, to the wanderer in the forest, are the innumerable serpents that lurk beneath the accumulation of dead leaves bestrewing the ground. The most deadly is a small viper about ten inches long, the only species of the viper family as yet discovered in South America. The virulence of its venom kills the strongest man in the space of two or three minutes. The Indians, when bitten by it, do not dream of seeking an antidote, but at once lie down to die. Bats are exceedingly plentiful, and very large, some measuring nearly two feet across the extended wings. The blood-sucker or vampire (*phyllostoma*) finds its way in search of food into stables and houses. The smooth-haired domestic animals are especially liable to its attacks. With wings half open it places itself upon their backs, and rubs with its snout till the small sharp teeth break the outer skin.

* *Godo, goth*, the nickname given by Peruvian Indians to the Spaniards.

Then it draws in its wings, stretches itself out, and sucks the blood, making the while a gentle movement with its body, not unlike the undulations of a busy leech. The fanning motion of the wings described by some writers was never observed by Dr Tschudi. Although these vampires only imbibe a few ounces of blood, the subsequent hemorrhage is very great, and full-grown mules sometimes die of the exhaustion caused by their repeated attacks. One of the doctor's beasts was only saved from such a fate by being rubbed every five or six days with turpentine and other strong-smelling drugs, which kept off the vampires. It has often been disputed whether these disgusting animals attack human beings. Our traveller deposes to their doing so, and cites an instance witnessed by himself. A bat (*Ph erythromos*, Tsch.) fixed upon the nose of an Indian who lay drunk in the court of a plantation, and sucked his blood till it was unable to fly away. Violent inflammation and swelling of the Indian's head were the consequences of the trifling wound inflicted.

We must here make mention of the *carbunculo*, a fabulous animal, whose existence obtains credit in most parts of Peru. Wherever he went, Dr Tschudi heard stories of this creature, and met persons who asserted that they had seen it. It is reported to be of the size of a fox, with long black hair, and only to appear at night, when it glides slowly through the bushes or amongst the rocks. When pursued, a valve or trap-door opens in its forehead, and an extraordinarily brilliant object—believed by the natives to be a precious stone—becomes visible, dispelling the darkness and

dazzling the pursuer. Then the forehead closes, and the creature disappears. According to other accounts, it emerges from its lurking-place with carbuncle displayed, and only conceals it when attacked. This strange superstition is not of Spanish origin, but of older date than Pizarro's invasion. Of course it has never been possible to catch or kill a specimen of this remarkable species, although the Spaniards have used every effort to get hold of such a creature; and in the viceroy's instructions to the missionaries, the *carbunculo* was set down in the very first rank of desiderata. Dr Tschudi vainly endeavoured to discover, with some degree of certainty, what animal had served as a pretext for the fable.

After a four years' residence in Peru, and when preparing for a journey that was to include an investigation of all the provinces, and to last for several years, Dr Tschudi was seized in the Cordilleras with a nervous fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave. Upon his recovery, he found that long repose, both of mind and body, was essential to the complete restoration of his health. Such repose he could not be certain of granting himself if he remained in Peru, and he therefore resolved to seek it upon the ocean. He took ship, and reached Europe at the commencement of 1843, after an absence of five years. He greatly regrets not having visited every part of Peru, especially the historical city of Cuzco, and the forests of Urubamba. But his harvest of knowledge has been so rich and abundant, that he should not, we think, begrudge the remnant of the crop to the gleaners who may come after him.

"MORIATUR PRO REGE NOSTRO."

CHAPTER I.

"Our coming
Is not for salutation; we have business."
BEN. JONSON.

ON the 9th of September 1741, shortly after the hour of nightfall, a silvery mist hung over the broad stream of the Danube, and the environs of the city of Presburg—at that time considered the capital of Hungary—and shrouded the earth with its grey veil; although the heavens above were bright and clear, and the stars shone cheerily and proudly, as if no earthly influence could damp or dull them. Before the St Michael's gate, which opens on the side of the town the most remote from the Danube, and on to the road leading into the interior of the country, and towards the first low ridge of the Carpathians which skirts Presburg to the north, sat a traveller on horseback—his ample cloak wrapped carefully about his person, as much, it would seem, to screen him from observation, as from the first freshness of the commencing autumn season, and his broad three-cornered and gold-laced hat pulled down upon his brow.

He had ridden, at a brisk pace, across the stone bridge which leads over a dry moat to the old gateway, and had suddenly checked his horse on finding the gate closed before him.

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" he exclaimed aloud, in a tone of intense vexation. "The gate is shut for the night—I feared as much."

"What's to be done!" he continued to murmur to himself, after a pause. "To wake the guardian of the gate, and demand an entrance, would be to excite attention, and subject myself, perhaps, to questionings. No, no! That, above all, must be avoided. And yet, see him I must to-night. Time presses. Should the devil, who has served me so well as yet, desert me now, and take flight, the coward! before a few inches of deal board, and a few pounds of hammered iron! Bolts and bars! *Bagatelles!* Fortunately the old fox has

taken up his earth near the gate. If I calculate aright, the hinder windows of his lodging must look out upon the moat; and I will try whether I cannot come to speech of him."

"Fortuna, jade! Thou art propitious still, if yonder rays be those from the old ivy-owl's watch-lamp!" muttered the traveller once more to himself, as he looked towards a light, which apparently struggled to send its gleams through the thick haze, from a low window of one of the houses overhanging the dry moat, to the left of the gateway. "At all events, I'll even risk the venture; and if, after all, I am out in my reckoning, and should stumble either upon an amorous dame awaiting her adored, or a mad student seeking the philosopher's stone—should I appear as a spirit of love from above, or a spirit of darkness from below—*Cospetto!* I'll play my part to the life, and find an entrance to this cursed town, spite of locked gates and barred posterns! The Virgin be praised! I am no schoolboy at my first adventure."

"*Allons, Briccone!*" he cried, applying the spur to his jaded horse, which stood reeking thickly, in the misty air, from the effects of a long and rapid journey. "You must seek other quarters for the night, old boy!"

The animal snorted, as its head was turned once more from the gateway, and moved unwillingly, as if endeavouring to resist the seeming attempt to undertake any further excursion that night: but the way was not long which it was destined to travel. Among the clay-built houses which formed the suburb, the traveller speedily discovered the projecting whisp of hay, announcing that the hovel, from the doorway of which it was suspended, offered accommodation, such as it was, for man and beast. Summoning from the interior a sleepy lad, in a dirty Hungarian costume, of full shirt-sleeves and broad

trowsers, which once had been white, and confiding Briccone to his care, he returned to the gateway of the town.

When he again stood upon the gateway bridge, the first care of the stranger was to stoop, and collect a quantity of small pebbles in the hollow of his left hand. Provided with this ammunition, he approached as near as he could towards the spot whence the light he had before remarked proceeded.

"A curse upon this rotten mist!" he muttered. "I can see nothing. Around and about is a fog from the devil's own caldron, as if it were cooked on purpose to blind me; whilst the stars are twinkling above, as if they squinted down upon my confusion, and laughed me to scorn. However, at all ventures, have at my mark!"

With these words, he flung pebble after pebble in the direction of the light. Several of the missiles were heard to rattle against the walls of the house; and a few others rendered a clearer ringing sound, as if they had struck upon glass. After a short space of time, the light disappeared almost entirely; and a window was heard to open. The traveller raised another pebble in his hand, with a smile upon his face, as if inclined to take a last random shot at the head which had probably replaced the light at the open window; but he checked his humour with a short low laugh, and coughed to attract attention. The cough was immediately re-echoed in a hoarse and hollow voice.

"That should be the old raven's croak," said the stranger to himself.

"Bandini!" he cried, in a low but distinct tone, through his hollowed hands.

"Hush!" rejoined the voice from the window. "Not so loud! Is it you?"

"*Diavolo!*" replied the traveller, approaching closer to the wall of the town, and speaking as low as possible. "Who should it be, man? But the gate is closed; and I have no mind to expose myself to the investigations of the gatekeeper's lantern, and all the cross-examination and tittle-tattle that may follow."

"I waited for you with impatience," pursued his interlocutor; "and when the gate closed for the

night, placed my lamp at the window as a beacon."

"All right!" replied the other. "But what's to be done now, man?"

"Can you climb?" continued the hoarse voice.

"Like a cat or a Spanish lover," was the reply. "Perhaps I have no little in me of the first; at all events I have often tried the trade of the latter."

"Descend into the moat from the end of the bridge," pursued the personage at the window. "The passage is easy. I will provide for your ascent."

Following these short instructions, the stranger returned over the bridge; and catching from stem to stem of the few stunted trees that grew upon the precipitous sides of the descent, he clambered, without much difficulty, to the bottom of the steep. As he crossed the reedy and moist soil of the moat, the noise of a falling object directed his steps towards a part of the wall where a ladder of cords awaited him. Profiting by this aid, and grasping, where he could, the projecting stones of the rude masonry which formed the lower part of the house, the stranger mounted with ready agility to the level of a window.

"You have not chosen your quarters upon the town-wall for nothing, I am inclined to suppose, Master Bandini," he said, as he found himself in face of a dark form at the opening to which he had arrived.

"All things have their uses," was the laconic reply, uttered with a hoarse laugh.

In a few moments the stranger had squeezed his person adroitly through the low window, and stood in the interior of the room.

The apartment into which he had been thus clandestinely introduced, was faintly lighted by the single lamp which had served as a beacon; and the rays of this lamp, as they fell upon the dark walls, half revealed, in fantastic indistinctness, a variety of miscellaneous objects. Ranged upon shelves on either side of the entrance door, stood a quantity of jars and phials of different shapes, mixed with glass vessels, containing strange serpents and lizards, and human half-born deformities, preserved in spirits—all the

materia medica, either for use or show, necessary for the establishment of a druggist-physician of the day. On the opposite side of the room, beneath the hard and slovenly pallet which served as bed, might be half seen, from under the covering, two or three chests, the iron clasps and fastenings of which, with their immense padlocks, seemed to tell a tale of well-stored treasures of moneys or papers, and of other avocations than those of doctoring and leeching. Above the bed hung the crucifix, that necessary appendage to the dwelling of a good and pious Catholic; but, whether by accident or design, the form of the Divine sufferer on the cross was now turned against the wall. A table in the middle of the room was covered with old books and papers; and before the chair, from which the inmate of the apartment had probably risen when surprised by the signals of his visitor, was a large volume, which he now precipitately closed, but not, however, without being remarked by the stranger, who smiled a significant smile upon observing this hasty movement.

But, if the aspect of the apartment was strange, stranger still was that of its occupier. He was a little man, at an advanced period of life, whose spare and shrivelled form might be fancied ill-calculated to support the large head which surmounted it. Was the head, however, ill-proportioned to the body, still more out of proportion were the large black projecting eyebrows, the huge eagle nose, and the swelled hanging under-lip, to the general contour of the head. His thick black hair was closely shorn to his skull, as if to develop more clearly these interesting features; and if powder had been bestowed upon it, in obedience to the fashion of the better classes of the day, it had been bestowed so sparingly, or had assumed a colour so closely assimilated to that of dust and dirt, as to escape the discovery of all eyes but those of a very closely investigating naturalist. No less doubtful was the colour of the long cravat tied loosely about his neck. His upper person was inclosed in a huge black widely pocketed coat and lappet waistcoat,

both many ells too wide for his shrunken form; whilst his nether man disported at ease in a pair of black pantaloons and high boots, which seemed to incase the proportions of a skeleton. From the sleeves of the wide coat hung a pair of long dirty begrimed hands, which, without a doubt, belonged rightfully to the owner of the aforesaid skeleton shanks.

Far different was the appearance of his visitor. He was a tall well-formed man, between thirty and forty years of age. His dress, which he displayed as he threw aside his cloak, cut in the cumbersome fashion of the day, was that of a man of pretensions to a certain rank; and his *coiffure*, with its necessary appendage of pigtail, might be seen, in spite of his hasty journey, to have been arranged with care, and powdered. Although his person was prepossessing, there was, however, a certain dash of the *roué* in his appearance, and a look of design and cunning in his dark eyes, long fine-drawn nose, and thin lipless mouth, which would speedily have removed the first more agreeable impression of an observer.

"All's well that ends well!" said the stranger, as he removed his hat and cloak. "It is perhaps better, after all, that I should make my entry thus. I have ridden hard, Master Bandini, and Briccone carried me well; but the road was longer than I had surmised, and I had a matter or two to dispose of on my way."

"Better late than never, noble cavaliere!" replied the man addressed as Bandini.

"Hush! no names, man, until I be assured that we have no listeners here," said the cavaliere.

Without replying, the old man removed the shutters from a window, forming a thorough light to that by which the stranger had entered, and looked out into the winding steep descent which forms the first street of the city of Presburg from St Michael's gate. It was faintly lighted by a lantern, but empty of all passengers.

"How now, man!" said the stranger impatiently.

"Why! if it must be said," replied the old man, closing the shutter and

returning; "I have a lodger here, in my apartment. But he is still without; nor will he yet return."

"A lodger!" exclaimed the other, in an angry tone—"and at such a moment! How could you be so incautious, Bandini? This is one of your miserly tricks: you would expose your best friends for a few miserable kreutzers more or less."

"Live and let live, is my maxim," answered Bandini with a growl.

The stranger shrugged his shoulders with vexation.

"And who is this lodger, man?" he cried.

"Only a poor Hungarian country noble," replied Bandini in a more cajoling tone. "A youth! a very youth! a poor unsuspecting youth! He has come, like all the other nobles of the land, great and small, to obey the call of her they call their *King*, to attend this Diet summoned at Presburg; and he occupies my other rooms with his servant—a rustic!—a mere rustic!—a rude untutored rustic!"

"It was ill done, Bandini," continued the stranger, with still evident marks of discontent. "A lodger in the house, when you must know that I need privacy! It was ill done, I tell you."

The old man only muttered something between his teeth by way of a reply.

"Have a care, man," resumed his visitor, "how you juggle with me in this matter. You are richly paid by my employers for the support you give me, and the concealment your house affords; but should evil befall us—be it through your treachery or your imprudence, it matters not—*per Jovem*, the evil shall fall a hundred-fold upon your own head. I swear it to you; and you know I am a man to keep my word."

"Jehovah! here's a turmoil about the mere miserable lodging of a poor youth!" growled the old man doggedly, although the rapid passing of a long skeleton finger over the tip of his huge nose betrayed a certain degree of nervous agitation.

"Master Bandini," interrupted the stranger, unheeding him, "I have a word to speak with you—and one that

nearly concerns yourself, Master Bandini—before we proceed further in business."

"Look ye!" he pursued, in a more indifferent tone, throwing himself down on to a chair, and crossing his legs composedly, but fixing the man called Bandini at the same time with his keen eye. "Look ye, friend druggist, physician, usurer, miser, secret agent, spy—or whatever other name you bear in designation, avocation, character, or *creed*"—and he laid a slight emphasis on the word—"there are no friends so sure as those who are convinced we know them thoroughly—a right understanding is sympathy, *amico mio*, and sympathy is bond and union."

The old man looked through his beetling brows at his visitor without any evidence of trouble; but he ceased irritating the tip of his nose only to twitch more nervously at the sleeves of his coat, as if to give himself an air of composure and dignity by adjusting them, as a modern fop might do by pulling up his shirt-collar.

"Think you I have forgotten," continued the stranger with a slight sneer, "that when we first met in Italy—no matter upon what business, or to what intent—Master Bandini bore the name of Israeli, and that, when forced to leave that country—persecuted, as he himself would say, for some little matter of flagrant usury, and mayhap also of a drug or two that lulled some rich old uncle to a sleep from which he woke not, and made a spendthrift debtor his heir—he returned to the land of his birth, I will not say of his fathers, and, for reasons good, under another name and a foreign guise, thinking that the name of Israel, spite of its adopted termination, smacked somewhat too notoriously of his origin, his Jewish origin. Master Bandini?"

The Jew druggist tossed his heavy head with an expression that, however ill assured, was meant to say, "Well! and what then?"

"Think you I know not that, fearing the prejudices against his race might injure the gains of his various trades, perhaps also that the name he bore might recal reminiscences better forgotten for ever, he assumed a Christian appellation, passed for an honest

Christian man—*honest, humph!*" added the stranger with a sniggering laugh—"and infringed the severe laws of Hungary, which compel all of his tribe to dwell within one prescribed street in each city, and wear one distinctive dress—laws that, if called into execution, would bring him contumely, imprisonment, ruin—ay ruin, Master Israeli—*humph, I forgot—Bandini?* Think you I have no eyes to see you cross ostentatiously displayed to Christian visitors, now turned against the wall, with the contempt of one of your accursed race—a deed in itself a crime to merit mortal punishment?"

The Jew stole a glance at the cross, and was evidently moved.

"Think you I divine not," pursued his visitor, hastily snatching from the table the heavy book closed upon his entrance, and flinging it open upon his knees, "that this jargon of the devil is your Hebrew book of worship, in which Master Bandini seeks for rules of conduct for the further welfare of his soul—if so be he have one—in the persecutiou and torture of Christian men—a pretty religion, *cospetto!*—or may be, practises sorcery?" And the stranger laughed ironically at his own suggestion. "Think you I know not all this, Master Bandini?"

"And if the Cavaliere Caracalli knows me, what have I to fear from him?" said the Jew sullenly, with a look of defiance.

"Ha! that would seem a threat!" answered the cavaliere haughtily. "Once more, have a care, man, how you deal with me! What you have to fear I will tell you, Master Bandini, rogue—all that your worst fears can contemplate, should I have reason to believe you a traitor." And, at these words, he sprang up from his chair, and confronted the old man, with an evident desire to intimidate him by his movement.

The Jew druggist did not flinch; but he answered with less of defiance.

"I am no traitor—no traitor to you; and, though you know me, why should I not serve you still? Why should we not be friends?"

"Friends! you and I!" said the cavaliere with scorn. "But no matter! This affair of the lodger looks ill, I tell you."

"Times are bad—times are bad,

noble cavaliere," stammered the Jew, in a whining and apologetic tone. "Our contract stipulated not that I should not strive to earn an honest livelihood where I could."

"And who prevents you, man," said the cavaliere, with a sneer, "from earning what you please to term an honest livelihood, as far as it interfere not with my interests? But this imprudence" —

"Heavy losses! heavy losses!" continued the old man, interrupting him, to pursue his apology. "I have had heavy and serious losses, which I must strive to cover by what scanty means are left me—to say naught of drugs unpaid, and services to the rich ill recompensed and scouted. I am a needy man. I am, indeed, a needy man." The cavaliere shrugged his shoulders. "Ah! you feel not that, noble sir. But the God of my fathers knows that it is true. Was there not the Illok affair, in which the poor money-lender was cheated of his honest earnings? Did not the Count Csaki leave the country, a bankrupt, and cause me all but utter ruin? And, worse than all, did not the Baron Bartori, after he had made over to me his estates, in return for moneys lent him in his need, die with the intent and purpose, as one would say, to defraud me of my just dues? and did not his son, without whose signature to destroy the entail, I cannot obtain possession of my rights—the God of Israel's curse be on the Philistine laws of this unjust country!—disappear, no one knows whither? He is an honest youth, and a just, they say, who would not deprive a poor needy man of his own: but he may be dead—he may be dead, without giving his precious sign-manual; and I should be a ruined man—a ruined man—alas! alas!"

The cavaliere had borne impatiently the lamentations thus uttered as apologies for his love of gain by the Jew money-lender: and he now broke in upon them with disgust.

"A truce to all this comedy of woe, man! If you be shorn of a lock or two of your ill-gotten golden fleece, we well know that it is still a full and warm one. Come, come—no more of this!" he pursued, as the Jew continued to squeeze alternately

the skeleton fingers of each hand, as though he pretended to be wringing them in despair. "We must to business; and since the mischief has been done—and, mark me! it must be remedied forthwith, and this boy driven from the house—see that the coast be clear!"

"He is from home, I tell you," was Bandini's reply; and he was continuing to murmur, with sunken head, the words, "Heavy losses! heavy losses! Why did he die? And were ought to happen to his son, as is likely in these troublesome times, I were ruined—utterly ruined. Oh! heavy losses!"—when an angry exclamation and an imperative gesture from his visitor, repeated the order to look that they were alone and undisturbed.

The old man lighted a small hand-lamp at that which stood upon the table, undrew the bolts that fastened the door, and left the room with sullen look and step. He was gone for a very brief space of time; but this short interval was employed by the stranger in turning over, with rapid hand and scrutinizing eye, the papers which lay upon the table. He shook his head with a sneer of indifference, as if he had found nothing worthy of his attention, and had scarcely time to resume his seat with an air of unconcern, when the Jew returned, and, eyeing him narrowly, advanced into the room with that haste of suspicion and fear, which induced even the usurer to forget his usual precautions of bolts and bars.

"There is no one in the house but ourselves," he said, with still sulky air.

"Then seat yourself, man, and open to me your wallet of sayings and doings; and let's see what scraps of information you may have gleaned. It should be crammed full, ere this. Seat yourself, I say, and clear that gloomy brow of yours," said the cavalieri with a laugh. "What has passed since I last saw you?"

"The city is already thronged with the nobility of Hungary, convoked by this woman, who still asserts her rights over them, in the hope that they may aid her in her troubles;" commenced the Jew, seating himself, in obedience to his visitor's command.

"Jehovah! what a stir they make! What moneys do they lavish upon foolish pomp! What spendthrift profusion do they display! It curdles the very blood of a poor thrifty man within him, to witness such insensate prodigality. But they must rue their folly. They will need moneys; they will seek to obtain moneys of the poor druggist. Ah!" And the usurer rubbed his hands with satisfaction; but then, seeing the gestures of impatience displayed by his companion, he proceeded: "But there is much discontent, I hear, among them; and, where she has not enemies, she has lukewarm friends. They will no longer, they say, be governed by a weak woman, who can so ill wield the reins of power, and who has already staked and lost all the other inheritance of her father!"—

"Unjustly herited—unjustly held. Forget not that, Master Baudini!" interrupted the Italian.

"Unjustly—well, well! I am no legist to understand these things," pursued the Jew; "only a poor thrifty physician!"—

"And usurer," again broke in his companion.

Bandini smiled a sour smile, and continued:

"Call me usurer, if you will. I see no scorn in the term; and I have turned my money-lending to account in this matter. Yes! and in your service; although you but now called me traitor. Have I not refused moneys to those who offered me good securities and values, and at my own loss—at my own loss, cavalieri—because I would not deal with those who would hazard their all in a war to aid this woman in her desperate need? And although my friend Zachariah has lent them sums of precious metal, has it not been upon such great interest, and at such peril to themselves, that they cannot risk so dangerous a venture as the espousing her cause, and upon their written engagement also—and this was by my advice, mark me, noble cavalieri!—that they should not take up arms? Have I not done this to serve you?—at my own loss, I say; and can you call me traitor now?"

"So far all goes well," said the Italian, unheeding the importance

attached by the Jew to the supposed services rendered. "Maria Theresa will be foiled in her last attempt at opposition to her enemy's force, by seeking succours from her so-called faithful Hungarians. Success, also, has crowned my efforts in my expedition throughout the land, Master Bandini," he pursued, raising himself from his listless posture, with a look of animation and triumph. "The seeds of discord and discontent have every where been sown. I have visited these proud eagles, the Hungarian nobles, in their country-nests; and I have employed all means to turn them from listening to the appeal of their fugitive queen. To the worldly-wise, I have urged the ruin of war to their already troubled and impoverished country,—to the lovers of their fatherland, the independence of Hungary, and freedom from the House of Austria, if they will seize this opportunity to shake off its yoke, instead of again cringing to its call,—to the man, the weakness of submitting to a woman's sway,—to the needy and the grasping, I have promised, and even already lavished, the bribes of France, Spain, and Sardinia, to induce them to refuse their aid,—to the ambitious, place, rank, orders, courtly favour from my powerful employers, should they espouse their cause. I have studied men's characters, and read men's minds, to turn them to my will; and although I have met with opposition, endangered my life indeed, and risked my safety from ill-will, yet I have so strewn my grain, that, when Maria Theresa shall appear upon the field, she shall reap tares where she hoped to gather wheat. The cause is lost, I tell you!"

The Jew rubbed his hands with an air of satisfaction, which seemed to show that the profits to be divided from his association in the political manœuvres of his visitor were to be proportionate to the success of these hazardous schemes, and that visions of golden reward already floated before his eyes.

"And the opening of the Diet is still fixed for the 11th?" inquired the Italian, after a pause, in which he had allowed his unwonted enthusiasm to cool down to a bearing of indifference, which was more his nature.

"Yes—the day following the morrow," answered Bandini.

"Has she already made her appearance in the city?" again asked his visitor.

"It is supposed that she is not yet here. There has been no solemn entry; but she must be here every hour," was the reply.

"In that morrow we have as yet time for much," said the cavaliere. "I must pursue my measures here with caution. My great scheme, of which more, perhaps, hereafter, may be tried at any issue; and woe betide Maria Theresa, if"—

As he uttered these words, the Italian was startled and interrupted by the abrupt opening of the door of the apartment. The Jew turned round with surprise, whilst his companion, checking the first involuntary movement, which induced him to look in the same direction, buried himself in his chair, so as to conceal himself as much as possible from the intruder.

The person who entered was a tall old man, whose erect figure and firm step proved how little time had weighed upon his natural vigour. His features were bold and rude, although not deficient in that species of manly beauty which an expression of confidence and energy bestows, and were fully displayed by the disposal of his grizzled hair, which, torn back from his forehead, and plastered over his head with an evident profusion of grease, descended on to his back in a long braided tail. His dress was of that description known in other parts of Europe as the hussar uniform, which was worn by certain of the domestics belonging to the Hungarian nobility. The yellow braid profusely bestowed across the breast of his jacket, and upon the pockets and sides of his tight blue pantaloons, was of a colour that showed what good service his attire had already seen. In his brawny hands he held his shako, as he advanced into the room, with more of rudeness than of deference in his manner.

"Is it you, Master Farkas?" said the Jew, rising to meet him. "I did not hear you enter."

"I opened the street door below with the pass-key you gave us," replied the man; whilst, at these words,

the cavaliere stamped his foot in anger.

"You made but little noise," resumed Bandini suspiciously.

"I suppose you were too much engaged to hear us; for I see you have a visitor," said the old man, fixing his eyes upon the form whose back was turned to him, and advancing familiarly further into the room.

But the Jew intercepted him.

"What do you want here, Master Farkas?"

"*Tercimette!*" said the fellow roughly. "Would you have my lord creep to bed in the dark, like a rat or a gipsy thief? I want a light."

"I will attend your master forthwith," said the Jew, taking up the hand-lamp, and hastening to the door.

"My master, ngh! My lord, if it please or please not your worship," growled Farkas, preceding the landlord out of the apartment.

When the Jew returned, his visitor confronted him with angry looks.

"See to what you expose me, fellow, by your villanous meanness!" exclaimed the cavaliere. "And, not content with harbouring vagabonds in your house, that, for aught I know, may be spies upon us, you furnish them with pass-keys, to surprise us when they will—to ear-wig at the doors, hear our discourse, betray our secrets. How now, fellow, what have you to answer?"

"I tell you that they are most innocent and unsuspecting rusties,

both," stammered the Jew—"both master and man. There can be no danger."

"No danger!" continued the angry cavaliere. "No danger, fellow! *Cospetto!* this very circumstance may be my ruin! That voice, too, was not unknown to me. I have heard it somewhere, although I know not where. It sounded to me as the reminiscence of some past evil—a raven's croak, announcing still more ill to come. *Santa Vergine!* If we are lost, I will have your life, with my own hand;" and he half drew his sword from the scabbard.

Bandini drew back sulkily, with further protestations, deprecations, and endeavours to mollify his visitor: but it was long before the cavaliere could be appeased. Once he left the room and listened in the passage, and at the young Hungarian's door. Then he descended to the street entrance, and examined the lock: and only when convinced that the other inhabitants of the house were still, and had probably retired to rest, did he come back. When he returned to the Jew's room, his brow was still knitted angrily; but, after drawing a bolt across the door, he sat down with less of agitation.

More unfriendly words again passed between the confederates; but, after a time, the Italian spy and the Jew money-lender were again conversing, in lowered tones, upon the schemes of the former.

CHAPTER II.

"Underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side—
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,
And stole into a covert of the wood."—

"He rul'd by me, forget to think of her—
O teach me how I should forget to think."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Ruffian, let go that rude unenvil touch!"—IDEM.

On the following afternoon, the sun shone brightly; and the whole atmosphere, in spite of the slight haze which faintly silvered the distant hills, was imbued with that exhilarating freshness and lightness, which sheds a poetic charm of animation, vividness, and—did it not appear a paradox—it might be added, youth also, over an Hungarian autumn, unknown in other European countries.

The streets of Presburg were thronged by the crowds whom the approaching opening of the Diet, convoked by Maria Theresa, had attracted to that city; and highly picturesque and varied was the scene composed by the multifarious parties, pushing and thrusting along, or gathered in groups and knots, discussing the momentous events of those troubled times, between the rows of

antique houses, which bestow upon Presburg the aspect rather of an old town of the German Empire, than of less civilized Hungary.

In the middle space pranced upon their richly caparisoned steeds, glittering with the hanging trappings of that semi-oriental taste which, although somewhat modified, still forms a striking characteristic of the country, several of the Hungarian magnates, already attired in the national costumes—the richly embroidered attila, or long frock-coat, loaded with ornament—the furred cloak, clasped with glittering jewels to the shoulder—the high flat cap of fur or velvet, displaying an egret of rare feathers, which dashed upwards from the diamond brooch—the tight gold-braided pantaloons—the tasselled boots—their powdered hair alone displaying, in some instances, their submission to the fashion of the day in other countries. Thronging among them were many of the lesser nobles, either on horseback or on foot, all dressed in the same characteristic style, with less of richness and embroidery, according to their lesser ranks or lesser means—each dress cut, and fashioned, and braided, according to the taste or whim of the wearer. Now and then rumbled along a cumbrous gilded and fantastically painted coach, swinging heavily between its monstrous gilded wheels, and sometimes adorned upon the four corners of its broad projecting roof with clumps of feathers, not unlike an ancient tester-bed—the coachman in richly-laced Hungarian livery, or in the silver-buttoned vest, hanging white sleeves, and broad white trowsers of the peasant; but of finer stuff, gayer embroidery, and richer fringe to the trowsers' edge, than the humbler of his class, as befitted the elevation to which he had been raised—the six horses, loaded with studded sparkling harness, and hanging strips of metal-behung leather, which streamed down the flanks and shoulders. Within them sat alone the proud dames of the Hungarian magnates, in even costlier dress than was the wont of that period of costly and cumbrous attire—their powdered heads adorned with the jewelled caps of the national costume; for in those days a man, who really

deemed himself a man, disdained to show himself the lazy tenant of these moving houses; and more especially the Hungarian, who considered the name of horseman as synonymous with that of man, and himself as born to be "a tamer of horses." Amidst these heavier vehicles, the light wooden carts of the peasant-noble, ignorant of all attempt at springs, of all harness but the rudest cords, endeavoured in vain to advance rapidly, in obedience to the impatience of the small, meagre, but impetuous horses of Tartar race which were lightly attached to them.

Among the crowded pedestrians was the scene still more checkered with kaleidoscope variety. Here the embroidered pantaloons, the braided dolmans, and the feathered bonnets, were mingled with the long-fringed, full white trowsers, the large hanging shirt-sleeves, the broad-brimmed up-turned hats—from beneath which streamed long black shaggy mane-like locks, over dark swarthy countenances, adorned with immense hanging moustaches—and the huge sheepskin cloaks, decorated on the exterior with fancifully embroidered flowers, and patches of bright cloth; the jaunty, dancing, bold, easy air of the Hungarians, all booted and spurred even to the very children, contrasting with the slouched gait of the Slavonians, with their curiously sandled feet—the Croat, still attired like the Dacian of old, thronging along with the demi-brigand of the southern provinces, whose savage bandit aspect would have struck terror in the streets of any more civilized land—the purple talas, and long flowing beard of the followers of the Greek Pope, sweeping against the dark robe of the bald monk from the neighbouring convent—the smoother, finer gown of the richer Catholic priest brushing past the white uniform of the Austrian grenadier, with his conical headpiece, and long powdered pigtail.

Amid the hum of the many voices, the salutations of friends, the laughter of some of the squeezing throng, the oaths of others, the cries of the coachmen and the shouts of the horsemen to those who obstructed the streets, arose, nevertheless, one unwearied and endless sound—the sound of ring-

ing metal—from the rattling of the universal spurs, and the clashing of the many sabres.

But if the scene was varied, more varied still were the emotions of the crowd—among those, at least, who were more deeply interested in the result of the event which had called together a great part of the nation within the walls of the city of Presburg; according as their party feelings or private interests led them to desire that resistance should be shown to the appeal made by her whom the Hungarians styled their "King," to her faithful subjects of Hungary, for succour under her distresses; or as their enthusiasm or attachment to the House of Austria induced them to wish that every assistance should be bestowed to enable her to restore her fallen fortunes.

The situation of Maria Theresa was indeed desperate. Her right to the countries inherited by her from her father Charles VI., emperor of Germany, were contested by almost all the other states of Europe. Her friends and allies were few; and those few seemed to have deserted her at this critical juncture. And yet with what confidence, with what a well-assured prospect of a glorious reign, had she mounted the throne secured to her!

As early as the year 1713, the Emperor Charles VI. had issued, in his privy council, a solemn ordinance, by which the female succession was secured throughout his states, in case of the failure of male issue—an ordinance well known in history, under the name of the "Pragmatic Sanction." It was published throughout the Austrian states as inviolable law, was made known to all the European courts, and by degrees guaranteed by all, forming the ground and basis of all their treaties and alliances with the House of Austria, and was moreover confirmed by oath by the princes allied to the family by their intermarriage with Austrian princesses. It was this ordinance, which only afterwards came into effect upon the death of the Archduke Leopold, the only son of Charles VI., that secured the right of succession to his daughter Maria Theresa, who at his decease, which occurred in October 1740, and

closed the male succession of the House of Hapsburg, succeeded him, with the title of Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, in these and all the other Austrian States, including Milan, Parma, Placentia, and the Netherlands. All these lands gave in their oath of adherence.

In spite of the triple right, however, which gave the States of Austria to Maria Theresa—the right of nature, the law of the Pragmatic sanction, and the sureties given by all the European states—several powers shortly afterwards rose to contest her heritage. The Elector of Bavaria laid claim to the succession, in virtue of a will of the Emperor Ferdinand the First, dated in the year 1543; Augustus of Poland, in virtue of the earlier rights of his wife, Maria Josepha, daughter of the Emperor Joseph, the elder brother of Charles the Sixth. The King of Spain, Philip the Fifth, went back as far as the rights of the wife of Philip the Second, a daughter of the Emperor Maximilian the Second, from whom he was descended in the female line. The King of Sardinia, Charles Emmanuel, laid claim to the duchy of Milan; and Louis the Fifteenth of France supported the Elector of Bavaria and the King of Spain. All Europe was quickly in flames upon the subject of the succession. Not only princes, but many private individuals, took an eager and active part in the quarrel. But the war, at last, broke out from an unexpected quarter. Frederic the Second of Prussia now laid claim to four duchies in Silesia, in spite of the renunciations of these lands frequently made by his predecessors in favour of the House of Austria, and suddenly, in December 1740, invaded the country, which, being almost entirely undefended, was soon completely overrun by the Prussian army. Maria Theresa, in spite of the alliance offered her by the King of Prussia against her other enemies, in case Silesia should be yielded up to him, stoutly and valiantly refused all compromise, declared herself noways disposed to dismember, in the least degree, the States left her by her father, and bade defiance to Frederic. Her enemies now took this opportunity to attack her. Bavaria declared war, and was

supported by France, Spain, Savoy, and Saxony. In spite of the opposition of Cardinal Fleury, the French minister, who was favourable to the cause of the young Queen, Louis the Fifteenth placed under the command of Marshal Count de Belle-Isle, a large French army, which crossed the Rhine in August 1741; whilst the Chevalier de Belle-Isle was sent from court to court in Germany, to rouse the powers against Maria Theresa; and numerous spies and agents were dispatched, in every direction, to undermine the last support she might have to hope for from her few remaining allies. Linz quickly fell into the hands of the enemy, who approached upon Vienna. Utter ruin lay before the persecuted Queen, who was obliged to leave her capital, and seek refuge in Hungary. And under these circumstances it was, that she had convoked at Presburg the Diet of the four orders of the kingdom, the opening of which now caused the city to throng with crowds of Hungarians from all quarters of the country.

Among the mass of persons that thus swarmed in the main street of Presburg, like ants upon the chief passage to the anthill, in seeming confusion in which each individual atom has, nevertheless, its own purpose and design, was a young man, whose striking personal appearance continually attracted attention among those who crossed his path, and caused many a head to turn and gaze after him, even in that favoured land where beauty of the most romantic kind is common among all classes. He was a youth of scarcely more than twenty years, as might be seen by the fresh bloom upon his cheek, and the first down of dark moustaches which faintly painted his upper-lip. His figure was slim, but yet his carriage had all the bold ease of Hungarian youth; his features were regularly and beautifully fashioned, although not of that extreme symmetry which mars expression by its coldness; his dark-grey eyes, shaded by long black lashes, which bestowed on them an Oriental cast, wore a look of hardihood and langour combined, which spoke of a romantic temperament; and his dark-brown hair, unconcealed by the fashion of the times, streamed free

and unfettered on to his neck and temples. He was attired in a sombre dress, which well became his figure and poetic look. His braided attila and pantaloons were of black cloth, slightly relieved with velvet of the same colour upon the cuffs and collar; and a black velvet Hungarian cap, surmounted by a plume of black caglet's feathers, sat boldly upon his head. The silver-mounted belt and chains of his sabre were the only ornaments that glittered on his dress.

Whatever the purpose of the seemingly capricious wanderings of the young man, as he thrust obstinately and somewhat rudely through the crowds which opposed his progress, he was not to be diverted from it by the objurgations of some of those whom he thus elbowed on his passage, or the commendatory remarks of others, who noticed his good mien. His eye roved perpetually to every window at which a female form appeared; and, upon the approach of each coach that passed, he pushed boldly forward, to obtain as near a view as possible of its fair inmates. But he evidently sought some one particular form, which he found not in his unwearying scrutiny; for, as often as some fresh female face had been narrowly examined, followed sometimes with a moment's doubt, and then abandoned, he gently shook his head, with knitted brow, and an expression of disappointment, and, falling back, uttered an impatient sigh.

At a short distance from the youth followed a tall old man, in the hussar dress of an Hungarian domestic, who, in turn, pushed sturdily after him, never losing him entirely from his sight, and utterly heedless of the exclamations of those thrust aside, who, however they might spare their angry comments to the handsome young noble, bestowed them with double wrath upon his rude attendant. The look of the old man was one of discontent, as he thus pursued the capricious movements of the youth; and he gave vent to a continued string of muttered rough Hungarian oaths, whilst he pushed on, and muttered such phrases as, "he is distraught—he is utterly distraught with this silly boyish fancy!"

At length, as the dusk of approach-

ing evening began slowly to fall upon the streets, as the crowd gradually lessened, as no more carriages rumbled heavily along the causeway, and as no more faces appeared at the windows, the young man paused in his hurried walk, uttered a still deeper sigh of disappointment, and leaning himself wearily against a doorway, sank his head downwards, and seemed lost in painful meditation.

His old attendant approached him, and after a time, seeing that his presence was unnoticed, and that the gloomy reverie of the young man continued, he addressed him in a tone in which rude familiarity and respect were strangely combined—

"Is my lord's young blood so hot, then, that he seeks to cool it by taking up his night-quarters under this airy gateway?" But seeing that the young man heeded him not, he muttered an impatient "*Termetete!*" between his teeth, and then, plucking at his master's dress, he continued—

"Have you no orders to give me, Master Otmar?"

"None, Farkas. No, leave me!" was the only reply vouchsafed.

"Look you, Master Otmar," pursued his attendant—"You are observed here—you are an object of attention, perhaps of mockery, to the passers-by."

"What mean you, Farkas?" cried the young man, in a tone of displeasure.

"Nay! if my lord is angry, I have no more to say," replied Farkas, drawing back.

"Perhaps you are right," said the young man, with a sigh; "although your words were rude." And without further comment, he removed himself from his reclining position, and walked away with hurried steps.

The old domestic followed rapidly, and, as they approached the St Michael's gate, evidently expected that his young master would enter his lodging close by; but, seeing that he still walked on, Farkas paused for a moment, and murmured the words, "He bade me leave him. But he is utterly distraught. He knows not what he says; he has forgotten his command ere now; and who knows what may happen to the poor foolish boy!" And having thus reassured his

conscience upon his act of disobedience, he pursued the young man's footsteps at a respectful distance, through the gateway, over the bridge, and along the suburb.

Beyond lay a more open road, skirted by gardens, and enlivened here and there by summer pavilions, belonging to some of the wealthier nobles; and, at about a quarter of a mile from the town, stood, to the left of the wanderers, a stately palace, built in the heavy but ornamented style of the commencement of the same century, and backed by gardens, that stretched out behind it to the foot of that richly wooded and romantic ridge of low mountains which gives so peculiar a charm to the environs of the fine old city of Presburg.

Passing through a side entrance of the court of this palace, which served as a summer residence to the Archbishop Primate of Hungary—at that period the Prince Immeric Esterhazy—and entering the gardens beyond, which the liberality of the wealthy primate opened to public recreation, but which were now empty, the young noble sauntered on, lost in meditation, through statues of heathen divinities, which seemed ill in accordance with the abode of a Christian bishop; and tritoned fountains, and stif' parterres, and huge incommensurable stone benches; until, reaching an alley of shady planes and clustering chestnut-trees, he flung himself listlessly down on the mossy bench of a shell and pebble-studded niche. The glow of the last rays of the setting sun faintly penetrated the entrance of the avenue, adding a still richer colour to the rich green shades of the trees, as yet untouched by the influence of autumn; while, in the distant opening of the dark vista, framed, as it were, by the circling trees, appeared a hazy landscape of calm vine-covered hills, dotted with white cottages. It was a spot peculiarly adapted to meditation and repose, the solitude of which was enhanced, rather than disturbed, by its sole occupant—a misanthropic stork, that with its wings folded on its back, like a sulky old gentleman with his arms behind him, placed slowly and deliberately one foot before the other, as it stepped on in lonely thoughtfulness.

For a time the young man sat lost in reflection; and it was not until he at length raised his head to gaze upon a scene congenial to his feelings, that he became aware of the form of old Farkas, standing erect against a tree, like a sentry in his box, at no great distance from him.

"This is a persecution to which I cannot submit," he murmured to himself; and then rising, and calling angrily to his attendant, he cried,

"Did I not bid you leave me, Farkas?"

"Leave you, my lord?" said the attendant, advancing with an air of surprise.

"Yes, leave me. Do you hear now?"

"My duty"—continued the old man, in an expostulatory tone.

"Is to obey me."

"My attachment"—

"Becomes importunate," broke in his master, "if my footsteps are to be thus dogged, and my solitude to be disturbed, fellow."

Farkas tossed his head, with a sigh, that perhaps might be more appropriately termed a grunt, and moved a few steps backwards; but then, as if unable to obey, he again lingered and returned.

"Master Otmar," he said, "call me rude, unmannered, disobedient. Bid me leave you—yes, leave you for ever, if you will. But, out it must, *teremtette!* in spite of all. I cannot see you thus, and quit you, without a word—you, your father's son. You, Master Otmar, whose heels I was the first to spur, whom I first set on horseback to gallop alone over the Puszta, whom I first taught a good round Hungarian oath. I could not do it, were I to know it were the last word I spoke."

"Speak then! What have you to say?" cried Otmar, in a tone of vexed impatience; but then, as he saw the eyes of the old man fixed in such mournful earnestness and solicitude upon him, he seemed to repent his harshness, and stretched out his hand, which his attendant took and kissed with reverence, according to the custom of the country.

"Speak!" he said more mildly; "I know you love me, although some-

times you show your love after a strange rude fashion, Farkas!"

"Are you a man, Master Otmar," began the old attendant, bluntly, "that you should be thus cast down because you have seen a pretty face that smiled upon you?" The young man showed evident marks of impatience at these words; but Farkas had seized his advantage, and continued, "Is a chitfaced woman's glance, seen only once, to break a man's bold spirit thus? You are in love, you will tell me. That's a boy's answer to all; but"—

"Peace, foolish man! what do you know of love?" said Otmar, impatiently.

"Foolish!" echoed the old man, with a toss of the head, as if he were for a moment inclined to argue which were the more foolish, he or his master. "Be that as it may. Perhaps I understand little of this love, at least now. But I remember the time I understood it better; and, *teremtette!* that was another sort of thing. When I was in love, I danced and sprang, and drank and swore, and flung up my cap on to the very horns of the young moon! There was some spirit in love then! But you have saved a fair lady from danger, as her unruly devils of horses were about to plunge her travelling coach from the bank into the broad stream of the Danube, and you are as cast down about it as if you had caused her death, instead of saving her from destruction. *Eb adta!* it is for her to whine and pine, and lament that she sees the bright eyes of her handsome deliverer no more; not for you, boy!"

"And with how sweet a smile! with what a dignity and grace! with what a look of angel brightness, did she hold out her hand to thank me!" muttered the young man to himself, as he again sank down upon the bank.

"Be a man, Master Otmar!" pursued Farkas, with more animation and earnestness. "Call back again your energy and spirit! Where is the bold young fellow, now, who challenged that cursed outlandish rascal, who not long since strove to tamper with his loyalty, and throw doubts upon the rights of our King—God bless *her!*—and pricked him, too, right

through the sword-arm, and did it well, right well?"

"And would again, Farkas!" said Otmar, raising his head proudly.

"Although, to be sure, you would not allow me to cudgel him soundly, and beat his treacherous brains out afterwards," continued the man, with a grim smile; "but, no matter for that, he had half his deserts, and shall have the other half one of these days. An honest man pays his just debts."

"Leave the villain to his fate!" cried the young man with a look of scorn.

"That's right!" pursued his attendant. "Now, you are yourself again. Look you, Master Otmar! I cannot bear to see you thus unhappy and cast down, and all for the look of a bright eye. It goes nigh to break my heart, I tell you." And the old man's voice began to falter with emotion.

"But I am not unhappy," said Otmar, smiling; "I am happy, very happy. Let that re-assure you, Farkas, You tell me, be a man. Can I be a man, and not indulge grave thoughts in these times of strife and trouble?"

The old man shook his head.

"You love me, Farkas," continued the young noble. "Let, then, the assurance that I am far from unhappy suffice you. Now leave me, in all earnest. I shortly will return home—Home!" he murmured to himself, "have I a home now?"

The old attendant still lingered; but, as his master stretched forth his hand, he again kissed it reverently, and, turning up the alley, disappeared from sight.

"No! I am not unhappy," muttered Otmar, when he found himself alone. "Why should I not be happy, when she smiled upon me so sweetly? But should I not see her again? Oh no! Fate cannot be so cruel. And who was he that sat by her side, and took her hand in his, as she again entered the coach? Her husband—her lover, perhaps. I will not believe it. Her brother, may be. No! I am not unhappy. I should be happy that I can place between myself and the dark realities of life a bright barrier of fancy, of poetry, of love—like unto those glorious painted windows in the old

cathedral, which spread out, between the inclemencies of the atmosphere without, and the mysteries of the calm sanctuary within, the thousand glories of a thousand colours, a radiant curtain of purple, and crimson, and gold, in such wise that the passing cloud, with all its variations of shade, only develops fresh treasures of harmony and beauty; and if a ray of sun bursts forth—oh then!—it might almost seem as if, in those dazzling showers of light and radiance, a whole celestial choir of angels descended upon the altar! Thrice happy should I be, that, on the sanctuary of my heart, shines such a ray of light! Yes, in the midst of the darkness of my life," pursued the young man to himself, still following up the same images of his poetic fancy, "my thoughts should be as the thousand particles of dust that may be seen to turn, and whirl, and gambol in the golden shaft of light which streams through a peephole into a darkened prison! No, I should not be—I am not unhappy!" And yet Otmar sighed, as he bent his head again to the earth.

From this poetic reverie he was roused, however, by the noise of footsteps; and, as he lifted up his head, he saw that the entrance to the alley was darkened by the forms of three persons, who were advancing towards him. That which immediately attracted his attention, and caused him to spring up from his seat as if struck by an electric shock which darted through his heart, was a young female, whose features and expression, as she approached nearer, might be seen, spite of the gathering darkness, to be of singular beauty. She was attired in a dark brocaded dress, the long and slim waist of which was set off by a small hoop, in accordance with the custom of the times; a thick veil, or rather Spanish mantilla, of similar stuff was fastened into the top of her powdered edifice of hair, and covered her neck and shoulders; and from beneath its folds protruded a small hand, the fingers of which rested gently upon the arm of a young man. This second personage was dressed in all the rich extravagance of the French fashion of the day—his long lapped coat, hanging waistcoat, and breeches,

all laced and spangled, and belung with knots of ribands—his three-cornered hat flung under the arm which did not serve as support to the lady—and an embroidered handkerchief, the perfumes of which scented the air even at a distance, ostentatiously flourished in his hand; and if Otmar's heart beat involuntarily at first sight of the female, it was twinged with an equally involuntary pang of painful emotion as his eye wandered to her companion. The group was completed by an aged man, in the plain costume of a Catholic ecclesiastic of the day, to whom the lady turned her head to address some remark, as he lingered somewhat behind the other personages.

The first instinctive movement of Otmar's heart had not deceived him. As the lady approached still nearer, the lingering doubt gave way to full conviction. It was she—she of whom he had dreamt so fondly—she whom he had sought all day so eagerly among the crowds that thronged the city streets! And now that she stood before him, his knees trembled, whilst his feet seemed to be rooted to the ground, and his tongue to cleave to the roof of his mouth. Had she passed him unnoticed where he stood, he could not have moved to claim a look, or framed a word to address her. But, as she drew closer to him, she checked her steps with a slight exclamation of surprise, almost of alarm, at the sight of the half-concealed stranger in the dusk. Her companion moved forward hastily, and, dropping her arm, advanced his hand to his sword; but, before he could say a word, she had in turn come forward.

"Forbear, my friend!" she said; and then, advancing to Otmar, she continued, "I am not deceived. It is my noble rescuer. I have sought you, sir, in vain, to tender you my thanks for your good services, if my poor thanks, indeed, can be a recompense for service so beyond all price."

"Madam, I did but the duty of a gentleman," stammered Otmar; "and for you, who would not—?"

"I owe you, indeed, more than thanks can pay," interrupted the young female. "You left us so hastily, after accomplishing that deed of courage at the risk of your own life, that I had

no time to learn who was my bold deliverer from peril. In the confusion and trouble of the moment, I allowed you to depart; and, believe me, my heart has not ceased to reproach me since for a seeming want of gratitude, that, the Saints of Heaven know, was far from it."

"Oh! I am repaid, fully repaid, fair lady, by these words," interrupted the eager youth in his turn.

"But I may still repair my error," resumed the lady. "Alas! I have little to bestow," she continued, with a sigh, "save empty words of gratitude. But the time may come. Let me know, at least, the name of him who has done me such essential service."

"It were unworthy of your ears, fair lady," stammered Otmar timidly.

"Again, I reclaim the favour of your name, sir," said the young female. "You are noble; your mien proclaims it, did not the sabre by your side attest it." And her eyes seemed to rest with satisfaction upon the figure of the handsome youth. "You have more—you have the true nobility of heart. You will not refuse your name to a lady who demands it."

Otmar was about to speak, when the noise of several persons advancing into the alley with rapid steps, caused the heads of all parties to turn in that direction. A troop of five or six men, with drawn swords, and black masks upon their faces, rushed violently upon them.

"Seize her! It is she!" cried a tall man, who appeared the leader of the party, as he darted forward.

A violent scream issued from the mouth of the female—exclamations of alarm, and shouts of rescue from those of her companions. Otmar instinctively drew his sabre with a cry of rage, and the next moment all was skirmish and confusion.

"Ruffian!" exclaimed the young Hungarian, attacking the taller man, who had now seized with rude grasp the hand of the female, and causing him, by the violence of the onset, to let go his hold.

"Ha! he once more! God's curse on him!" cried the leader, parrying the attack as best he might, whilst he endeavoured to regain possession of the lady.

"Let her not escape! let her not escape!" he shouted again to his followers, finding himself hardly pressed upon. "I will dispatch this fellow, on whom I reckoned not." And he, in his turn, attacked Otmar with fury.

Even in the midst of the skirmish, the young man could not resist seeking the lady with his eye; and he could dimly perceive, in the darkness and confusion, that she had taken refuge with the ecclesiastic, whilst her companion was making desperate efforts with his French small-sword, to keep at bay the other assailants. But his unwary solicitude had well-nigh cost him his life. A plunge of his adversary's sword passed through his attila, and slightly grazed his side. The next moment his own sabre descended on to the shoulder of the man with whom he was engaged, with sufficient effect, although the blow was evaded, to disable him for the moment, and cause him to stagger back.

Profiting by this circumstance, Otmar rushed upon the other ravishers, and came up at the very instant when, overpowered by numbers, the companion of the lady had lost all power of any longer protecting her retreat, and preventing their object of seizing on her. Attacking them with fury, and dealing several severe wounds, he succeeded in turning their attention chiefly to himself.

Thus desperately engaged in a most unequal combat, he heard the step and voice of his first antagonist from behind. A dagger already gleamed over his head, when suddenly a heavy blow resounded, and his assailant staggered and fell to the ground. In a few moments more he had contrived to disperse the other ruffians, who, wounded and alarmed, now took to flight. When he turned, he found his old Farkas standing over the prostrate body of his first foe.

"I could not leave my lord," cried the old domestic, brandishing a stout stick which he had snatched up. "And, *terentette!* I was right, whatever you may say. But I have done for one of the rascals, *eb adta!* and just at the right nick too!"

"Leave him and follow me, Farkas!" cried the young man. "They may still again assail her." And he hurried up the avenue, followed by the old man, who grunted with unwillingness at leaving the prize of his strong arm.

When they reached the open space beyond the alley, no one was visible in the dark. The lady and her companions had disappeared. Lights, however, were moving in the archbishop's palace; and, at the same moment, a troop of servants, torches in hand, was seen to issue from the lower part of the building, attracted, probably, by the noise of the tumult.

"Where can she be? Again lost to me! Lost, perhaps, for ever!" exclaimed Otmar.

"Shall we not secure the fellow I knocked down?" said Farkas insinuatingly, with no small spice of pride at the thoughts of the capture. "He may be yet alive."

"You are right," replied his master. "He was the leader of this troop of bravoos. He may be compelled to divulge the mystery of this deed; and I knew that voice, methinks, although as yet my recollections are confused."

With these words he hurried back into the avenue. But when master and man had reached the spot where the body had lain, it was no longer visible. Marks of blood and of trampling feet, two broken swords and a ragged hat, were the only evidences that remained of the late combat.

"Gone!" cried Otmar.

"The other ruffians have returned and carried him off, *eb adta!*" exclaimed Farkas, with intense vexation.

"Let us follow on their traces!" said the young noble. "See here! This way through the thicket! There are marks of broken boughs." And pushing his way through the bushes, he entered the dark wood, followed by his attendant.

A moment afterwards the avenue was illuminated by the torches of the domestics from the archbishop's palace.

CHAPTER III.

" Spirit of men,
Thou heart of our great enterprise, how much
I love these voices in thee!"

BEN. JONSON.

" Love is ambitious, and loves majesty."

DECKER.

Upon an imposing hill, which rises from the Danube's banks, and frowns over the city of Presburg, still stand the extensive ruins of a fine old castle, which was destroyed by fire at the commencement of the present century, but which, at this period of history, was generally occupied as a residence by the rulers of Hungary, when they paid a royal visit to their Hungarian capital; and in the large hall of state in this immense building it was, that the Diet of the four orders of the kingdom, convoked by Maria Theresa, had assembled on the eleventh of September—the morning following that evening so eventful to Otmar and his young love.

At the upper end of this large apartment, a throne had been arranged for the young Queen. In the spaces between the old portraits of the heads of the House of Hapsburg, which adorned the walls, were now displayed Hungarian banners. On either side of the throne, awaiting the arrival of Maria Theresa, were several of her German ministers and household; and, as it was well known that those immediately about her person had protested energetically against her appeal to her Hungarian subjects, these German servants of the Queen were regarded with no looks of good-will or sympathy by those who filled the hall.

Upon the first step of the throne, and apart from those who surrounded it, stood, on the right, the Count John Pallfy, the Palatin or Viceroy of the kingdom, his handsome martial countenance, with that semi-oriental disdain of all expression of emotion in the physiognomy, betraying none of those anxious feelings which were natural as to the result of a crisis so important; on the left, Count Louis Batthyani, the *Reichskanzler* or Chancellor. Immediately below the throne were ranged, on one side, the

bishops and prelates of the kingdom, to the number of sixty-seven, in their rich ecclesiastical attire; on the other, the numerous magnates of the realm, the princes, counts, and barons, to the amount of seven hundred and eighty, glittering in all the marvellous pomp and splendour of the Hungarian costume, and reaching in proud array far beyond the middle of the hall—the lower part of which was thronged by a crowd of the lesser nobles, and the deputies from the provinces, and from the royal free-towns of Hungary. Brilliant and dazzling was the scene composed of this living mass, with its thousand fantastic and bejewelled dresses; and wonderful to look at the many fine energetic countenances of all ages of which it was composed.

Among the nobles, towards the middle of the hall, stood Otmar, his handsome face still pale from the excitement of the previous evening, and a night passed in sleeplessness. It was in vain that he had sought to find the trace of the ruffians who had made so strange an attempt to seize upon the person of the mysterious object of his affections: and only late in the night had he returned to his lodging, and striven to calm the anxiety of his mind in a useless attempt at repose upon his couch. His brain whirled with the confusion of his thoughts. All the past was involved in mystery and conjecture. Who was the beautiful female, to whom he had so quickly given all the first emotions and energies of his young heart? Should he ever again behold her who had thus twice crossed his path, to disappear as suddenly from before his eyes? Had she escaped the hands of her ravishers? What had become of her? And who, again—he demanded with a pang of bitter jealousy—was that

young man who had twice been her companion, and whom she had styled her friend? Thus agonized with a thousand doubts and apprehensions, he could scarcely command his senses to gaze upon the scene around, or to reflect upon the important purpose which had called him, with the other Hungarian nobles, to that hall. The troubles of his life, his doubtful fate, his dreary position in the world, were all forgotten in the absorbing thoughts connected with her he loved: all minor anxieties—such as his dismissal that morning, as he left the house, from his poor lodging by his old landlord, in a manner which, had he been able to think on other matters, might have appeared to him as heartless as inconsistent—found no room in his tormented mind. The noise of the trumpets, announcing the entry of the Queen; the opening of the door, to the right of the throne, through which she passed; the murmur, and partial confusion, which attended her ascending the steps, and placing herself in presence of that crowded assembly, scarcely roused him from his reverie.

But when he raised his eyes, he scarcely could credit their own evidence. There she stood on high before him! The crown of St. Stephen of Hungary was on her lofty brow: the royal mantle covered her shoulders: the bejewelled cimeter of the Hungarian kings was at her side. In her arms she held a baby of about six months of age: in her left hand she clasped that of a little girl. She was there in all her dazzling splendour of royal beauty. And it was she!—she to whom his heart was given—she whom he had dared to love!

For a moment the whole scene whirled before the eyes of Otmar: he staggered as one struck by lightning: his pale cheek grew paler still: he felt as if he were falling to the earth. How he found a tongue to speak, he himself could not have told. But, with faltering voice, he turned to an old Hungarian magnate by his side, and stammered—

"Is it possible? Is that—she—our King—is that?"

"Who should it be, *domine illustrissime!*" answered the person thus addressed, with the Latin courtesy of

the country. "Who should it be, friend?"

Again Otmar found force to falter forth—

"And he, who has given her his hand to mount the throne—he who now stands behind her, glittering in all the rich fancifulness of that outlandish dress—who is he?"

"Humph!" replied the old Hungarian, in no very amiable tone of voice. "That is her favourite German minister, the young Prince Kaunitz—a silly fop! She might have better and less compromising servants about her person, methinks. As you seem a stranger, *domine,*" he pursued, unheeding Otmar's agitation, "you may like to know that the old ecclesiastic, who has taken the other place behind her, is our Archbishop Primate, the Prince Emmeric Esterhazy, at whose summer palace she took up her residence, *incognita*, on first arriving here."

"Kaunitz! her favourite minister, and she called him 'my friend!'" muttered the young man, trembling with emotion.

"Yes! and they do say," continued his informant lightly, "that now her husband, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, is absent with the remains of her discomfited army, she and the young prince"—and he whispered in Otmar's ear.

A pang of the bitterest feeling passed through the young noble's heart. But that pang, by its very revulsion, gave him fresh energy.

"Calumny!" he exclaimed, angrily, to his companion, whom he doubted not to be one of those disaffected to the cause of the persecuted Queen. "Calumny!" But his voice was drowned in the loud murmur which arose on all sides calling for silence.

Maria Theresa had risen from the throne, upon which she had seated herself on her first entrance to calm her feelings; and she gazed, with evident emotion, and with faltering purpose, upon the vast crowd before her. No doubt that she saw a stern discouraging frown upon many a brow: no doubt that she knew how deeply the seeds of discontent and disaffection had been sown among her subjects—how great a majority was

unfavourable to her cause: and she trembled and faltered for a moment.

But the beauty, the dignity, and grace of the young Queen had already worked their spell upon the susceptible natures of the Hungarians, who, stern as they may be, are easily led away by enthusiastic impulses. A flattering murmur of applause ran through the assembly.

Encouraged by this movement of sympathy, which her quickly sensitive woman's heart felt rather than perceived, Maria Theresa lifted her head more boldly, and advancing one step forward, with her little daughter clinging to her dress, held forward in her arms the baby boy, whose destinies afterwards fixed him on the imperial throne of Germany as Joseph the Second.

All set speeches, all forms were forgotten by her in the trouble of the moment.

"Hungarians!" she said, with quivering voice, in Latin,—“deserted by my friends, persecuted by my enemies, attacked and oppressed by my nearest relations, my only refuge, in my utmost need, is in your fidelity, courage, and support. To you alone, with God, can I any longer look for safety. To your loyalty alone can I confide the welfare of the son and daughter of your kings. At your feet I lay my children. I come to you for succour. Will you grant it me?”

Her voice trembled. She could not proceed. A pause ensued.

“*Vitam et sanguinem!*” responded a voice.

It was that of Otmar, who had listened, with beating heart, to the accents of his adored Queen; whilst the blood had gradually risen into his pale cheeks, and now flushed his animated countenance with colour.

“*Vitam et sanguinem!*” was shouted by almost every voice in the assembly, as it caught up the cry.

“MORIAMUR PRO REGE NOSTRO!” again cried Otmar, drawing forth his sabre.

“MORIAMUR PRO REGE NOSTRO!” was re-echoed by a thousand mouths, as a thousand sabres were waved on high, and flashed upon the air.

The enthusiastic feeling had been

communicated as an electric shock throughout the crowd. Spite of party feelings, party purpose, stern resolves, it had proved irresistible. Before the Hungarian nobles was a woman—a beautiful female in distress—and she their Queen! The burst of loyal fervour was spontaneous, uncontrollable.

The bosom of Maria Theresa heaved with emotion at the sound of this wild cry. For a moment she struggled with her feelings, strove to be a queen: but her woman's nature gave way; and, sinking back on her throne, she burst into tears.

The sight of this outbreak of emotion spoke again to each Hungarian heart; and, with still wilder and louder shouts of frenzied enthusiasm, the cry of “MORIAMUR PRO REGE NOSTRO!” rang again through the hall of the Castle of Presburg, until the old walls trembled to their base. Tears sprang from many of the sternest eyes, and rolled down many a withered cheek. But they were tears of pity, admiration, and fury.

All rancour, discontent, political difference, purpose of treachery, had been forgotten. The cause of Maria Theresa had been won!

Long it was before the tumult of the many voices ceased, or the flashing sabres were restored to their scabbards. And when at length the murmur in the hall was somewhat stilled, the aged archbishop advanced to the side of Maria Theresa, who, with her eyes streaming with tears, stood up at once. He attempted to speak in the name of the Hungarian nation in answer to her appeal. But the old man's voice failed him; and only in broken accents, which scarcely could be heard beyond the throne, could he utter a few words of fervent devotion, and pray God to bless her.

In his turn also, the Palatin, Count Pallfy, stepped forward and spoke of supplies and men. But his voice, also, was drowned in the enthusiastic shouts which promised to the persecuted Queen the succour of the very life's blood of her faithful Hungarians, and the aid of their fortunes to the last florin. It could scarcely at last be heard, as the official declaration was made of the opening of the Diet

and of the sittings to be held, at which the necessary measures to be taken were to be debated.

Then again rose the shouts, as Maria Theresa attempted to thank her faithful subjects. She could no longer speak; but she waved her hand to them, with a graceful gesture, and a look of gratitude which betrayed the depth of her feelings. Otmar's heart again beat tumultuously. He closed his eyes, as if to shut out from his very heart the dangerous sight of her who held over it so powerful a fascination. When he again looked up, she had descended from the throne. She was gone.

Overpowered by the various conflicting feelings which had so powerfully assailed him in the last short hour, the young noble followed instinctively the crowd as it streamed out of the great hall; and it was only when he found himself in a large ante-room, somewhat severed from the general mass, that he stopped and threw himself down upon a bench near a doorway, to collect his confused and scattered thoughts. He remained for a time lost in a reverie, from which he was aroused by a tap upon his shoulder.

Before him stood a boy, in a military dress, whose mien bore all the boldness and pertness of a page.

"*Servus, domine!*" said the youth, with an impudent air.

"What want you with me?" asked Otmar sharply. "I do not know you, sir. This is some mistake."

"It is none at all, if I read right your person," answered the boy pertly, mustering Otmar from top to toe. "Are you not he who was last night in the primate's garden? The description answers that of him I was bid to seek."

"I was in the primate's garden last night, of a truth," said the young noble: "but"—

"Then follow me," continued the boy, with a nod of the head.

"Whither?"

"Where a lady calls you," laughed the page, with an impudent swagger. "A young fellow of our age and blood needs no other bidding, methinks."

"What lady?" once more asked Otmar. But the boy only winked

him to follow, as a reply; and turning into a side-door, beckoned to him once more; and then, seeing that the summons was obeyed, proceeded on, through several passages and corridors, until, reaching a door, he pushed it open. Within stood a female; and Otmar's heart, which had beat high with vague expectations of what he himself scarce dared to divine, was suddenly chilled, when he saw before him an elderly lady, altogether unknown to him. But as she came forward to ask the boy whether it was the person he was charged to seek, he became aware that it was not she into whose presence he was to be introduced. The lady, in turn, signed to him to follow; and after tapping gently upon an inner-door, and waiting for a reply, opened it, and bade him enter.

The apartment into which the young noble had been thus ushered, seemed to have been hastily fitted up with such resources of a lady's chamber as the cumbrous and incommensurable fashion of the day offered. At the upper end, in a large high-backed chair, sat a female figure, behind whom a tirewoman appeared in waiting.

Those hopes and expectations which, once or twice, Otmar had permitted to float over his mind, as he had followed the page through the passages of the castle, and had then dismissed from it as fantastic and improbable, and yet again, in spite of his better reasonings, indulged, were now confirmed, and still, to his dazzled sight, appeared impossible.

It was indeed Maria Theresa who sat before him.

The mantle had been disengaged from the shoulders, the cimeter ungirded from her side, and the crown removed from her head; but she still wore the rich dark dress, incrustated with gems, that proclaimed her royalty, but which she needed not to stamp her "every inch" a queen. Her hair had been, apparently, loosened by the removal of the diadem from her brow; and powdered as it was, it fell in luxuriant ringlets over her neck and shoulders. The glow of her recent emotion still remained upon her face, and added to the natural grace of her beauty; and her

lustrous dark-grey eyes were still moist with her late tears.

No wonder that Otmar stood before her, doubly dazzled with her beauty as a woman, and her majesty as a queen—bewildered that she, whom he had presumed to love, and for whom, in spite of himself, his heart yet beat wildly, should be his sovereign, and that he should stand thus in her presence.

"Ah! is it you, sir—you, doubly my rescuer from evil!" said Maria Theresa, rising from her chair, and advancing a few steps towards him. "Welcome, to accept your monarch's inmost thanks!" And she stretched out her hand, which, although totally unpractised in the etiquette of courts, Otmar, by an instinctive impulse, knelt down to kiss.

"Rise, sir!" she continued. "Were my gratitude alone to speak, it were for me, your Queen, to kneel and kiss the hand that a second time has, through God's providence, been the instrument of my deliverance from peril."

Otmar rose from his knees, a deep blush overspreading his handsome countenance. The young Queen seemed to gaze upon him for a moment with satisfaction; and then, waving her hand to her female attendant to retire, she again addressed him.

"What can I do to serve you, sir?" she said—"you, who have thus twice served me at the peril of your life. I am but a poor and a powerless Queen," she continued, with a faint smile: "but a grateful heart may still find means to recompense"——

"To live and die in your majesty's defence, is all your poor servant, who has but done his duty to his Queen, although unknowingly, has to desire," was the young noble's reply.

"Nay, sir, we have too many obligations towards you," said the Queen, "to allow ourselves to be quit thus. Can I do naught to serve you in return?" she pursued, with a less dignified and more familiar tone. "You must not allow so great a weight of thanks to lie upon my heart. Take pity on me!"

Otmar could with difficulty find words to speak. The tumult of his feelings almost overpowered him, as

he began to forget the queen in the beautiful and loved woman before him. But he struggled with the impetuous dictates of his heart.

"Madam!" he said, commanding himself, "I am a poor noble, left alone in this wide world, almost without a friend, since my poor father's death, which left me with involved fortunes, and without a prospect for the future; and I was careless of life, until—until I had seen—your majesty," he continued with emotion, whilst the blush upon the cheek of the young Queen showed her perception that the homage paid was as much to the woman as the monarch. "And now my only wish, as I have said, is to die in your service and defence."

"Die! God forbid!" said Maria Theresa, with a woman's ready tear starting to her eye. "Live, sir! and, if you will, to fight in our cause. Enter the army. Rank shall be granted you. Your advancement shall be cared for. Live to be again the friend and champion of the poor persecuted Queen, who needs friends indeed, when all are set against her."

"Say not so, madam," interrupted Otmar, with fervour. "Have we not, one and all, sworn to give our life and life's blood in your cause?"

"Yes," said the Queen, her tears now fully flowing, at the recollection of the late scene of wild enthusiasm. "I have found friends among my faithful, and my true—my gallant, noble Hungarians. Think you I did not mark you, sir—you, who were the first to shout, 'For Maria Theresa we will die!' Think you that my heart did not feel that you were, perhaps, a third time, my friend in need? But I have enemies still. Calumny, I am aware, miscolours my simplest actions. My very feelings may be misinterpreted, my very tears, at this moment, in your presence, misconstrued. Who can know what is the worth of friends better than those who suffer from such odious attacks of enemies as I have suffered?" And Maria Theresa clasped her hands before her eyes.

Otmar once more sank down at her feet deeply affected.

"But I must away with this weakness!" said the Queen, struggling to

recover from her agitation, and dashing away her tears with her fingers.

As she saw Otmar kneeling before her, his fine features fixed upon her with the liveliest expression of pity and admiration, his handsome figure bent to do homage to her loveliness and worth, her woman's feelings had the mastery of her feelings as a queen, and, smiling upon him with a smile, which shone all the more brightly through her tears—that smile, with the power and fascination of which none knew better how to fetter hearts than Maria Theresa—she hastily detached from her shoulders a string of diamonds, and passed them over the young man's neck.

"This is no recompense, to reward your services with matters of sordid value, sir," she said. "This is no gift to enable you to retrieve, however slightly, your fallen fortunes. This is the chain of honour which I bestow upon my champion and knight; for such you shall be in the eyes of the world. Here, in Maria Theresa's chamber, you are to her the deliverer and friend."

"Madam! my life, my heart, and soul are yours!" stammered the young man, no longer able to control his feelings, under circumstances which made him forget for a moment that distance which the sovereign herself seemed to have overleapt.

Again Maria Theresa blushed slightly. In spite of her strong understanding, her virtue, and her worth, she was not above those feelings of coquetry which, joined to her admiration of beauty, often, especially at an after period of her life, gave handle to the many unjust calumnies of her traducers.

"Rise oncemore, my noble knight!" said the young Queen, with another smile; "for we have dubbed you such. We will attach you to our especial service, since such is your desire, and find a place for you in our suite; although it be but badly paid in our state of disastrous fortune. But I know you heed not that. I see it in that look, that would reproach me for such a thought. You shall remain with us until you join our army," she added with a sigh, "to fight in our cause."

"This honour, madam" — stammered Otmar, rising.

"Is not without its perils and its pains, good youth," continued Maria Theresa. "You will have to combat envy, jealousy, ill-will within; for such is the life of courts. Alas! I know it but too well. Without, you may have often wearisome and dangerous services."

"None can be felt as such when it is you—your Majesty I serve," said the young man with enthusiasm.

"I will—I do believe you, sir," replied the Queen. "I have said it once, and I repeat it. Yours is the true nobility of heart. Ah! were they all so—they who serve me and call themselves my friends! But enough of this! Let your first service be to direct the search of our agents to the discovery of the disguised enemies who made that bold attempt last night to secure my person during my evening stroll—my poor moments of liberty! Ah! France, I recognise there your treacherous designs! You did not know who were your adversaries?"

"Madam," answered the young man, "I should recognise again the voice of him who was my principal assailant; and who, if I mistake not, has already crossed his sword with mine. But I know him not."

"I would not punish when I can forgive," said Maria Theresa, with a sigh. "But the discovery of these complotters on my liberty, perhaps my life, is necessary for the safety of my realm."

"If my zeal avail aught," said Otmar warmly, "their life shall pay their treachery."

"No bloodshed, no bloodshed, as you love me, good youth!" said the Queen, shuddering. "Blood enough is shed upon the battle-field for me and mine. And who knows how far such blood should lie upon the conscience of a miserable queen?—how far the Almighty will write it to her dread account at the last great day of reckoning?" And, with that nobility of feeling peculiar to Maria Theresa, she sank her head downwards in gloomy thought. For a time she thus remained, as if forgetful of the presence of the young noble; at length

she again raised her head, cleared away the gloom upon her features with a faint smile, and once more extending her hand, said—"Now leave us, sir, but to return shortly hither. Already they may cry scandal that I should have talked to one of such good mien so long. But go not," she continued, as Otmar moved towards the door, "until I have told you how my heart was pained, that the search of those who sought to discover you, after the skirmish of last evening, was useless—how anxi-

ously I prayed, in the darkness of the night, that no ill might have befallen my young champion—how my very soul was gratified to see him in the crowd before me, to know that he was safe! You must not think your Queen heartless and ungrateful, sir. Now, go!"

With a wave of the hand, Maria Theresa dismissed from her presence the young noble, who staggered from the chamber in a tempest of tumultuous emotions.

CHAPTER IV.

'Stand back, thou manifest conspirator:
Thou that contrivedst to murder!'

SHAKESPEARE.

"Farewell, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.
Farewell, sweet madam!"

Idem.

In a small room on the first floor of the old house occupied by the Jew druggist, sat Otmar once more, on the evening of the important day which had decided the fortunes of Maria Theresa. He had returned to the temporary home from which he had been so inhospitably driven, in order to direct the removal of his scanty baggage, and the few relics that reminded him of happier times, and the brighter days of his childhood, and which, during the day, his old attendant had collected together.

The room was wainscoted with blackened oak, the sombre shades of which were unrelieved by any ornament; and at a table, near the heavy casement-window, a part of which was open, rather to admit the fading light of day into the dark apartment than the autumn air of the chill evening, sat the young noble, tracing slowly the lines of a letter, which he seemed to compose with difficulty, and not without many a hesitation and many a heavy sigh.

Upon a packed portmanteau, in the middle of the room, sat Farkas, puffing from a short pipe small clouds of smoke, which issued in regular but uneasy jerks from beneath his thick overhanging moustache. From time to time he nodded his head impatiently, with a sideward movement, and

murmured between his teeth, without interrupting his employment, words that accompanied his intermittent puffs, like the distant rumbling which follows the smoke of the cannon on the far-off battle-field.

"*Tereutette!*" he muttered angrily. "I shall not be easy until I am quit of this den of the old hyena, who has turned my lord out of doors like a gipsy beggar-boy—and why? The foul fiend only knows. I should like to wring the old ruffian's neck for him, like a carrion-crow, *eb adta!*"

At length the young noble threw down his pen.

"It is done!" he exclaimed with a sigh. "I have written to the old advocate at Buda to send me the papers I require. I must not think on my own fortunes. My father's honour must be saved; and my own beggary shall be signed before I leave this country."

"Too honest by half to such rascals as those villanous cheating money-lenders, whoever they may be, *eb adta!*" muttered Farkas again unheard, with a vexed shrug of the shoulders.

"Is all prepared?" said Otmar, turning to his attendant.

"There is nothing but what I can take upon my own shoulders," answered the old man with a sigh;

"and they are broad enough to bear twice the weight." And rising from his temporary seat, he jerked it on to his back. Then seizing up another small valise in his hand, he stood ready for departure.

"Enter the first inn, and there await my orders, whether they have room to lodge us or no; as is not probable in the confusion of the town," said Otmar. "I trust that I may yet find us other and better quarters for another night; and we can seek a home for once under nature's roof, without much detriment to our bones."

"What his lord can bear, can old Farkas also," was the attendant's sturdy answer, and he left the room.

"Farewell, then," said Otmar, gazing around him. "Farewell, my poor chamber, the depository of so many hopes and aspirations, regrets, sad thoughts, and air-built castles. Visions, bright visions of beauty and of love, have illumined thy dark walls; and they, too, have flown—flown before a stern reality, which proclaimed them folly, madness—ay, madness! They are gone for ever! But shall they not be followed by dreams of glory, of renown, of smiles from her beaming eyes to thank her champion—her friend? Yes—me, too, she has called her friend. Farewell, then, my poor chamber! Thou hast witnessed little but my wretchedness, and yet I regret thee; for her spirit—hers—the beautiful, the bright, the unknown—still hovers around thee. Fare-thee-well!"

Otmar prepared to depart; but he was still lingering to send around him a last look upon those bare walls which he had thus apostrophized, when hasty steps were heard to mount the stair, and Farkas abruptly re-entered the room.

"Quick, quick!" cried the old man. "I saw him coming up the street—him, you know—that outlandish rascal, whom you fought by the inn on the roadside, because he would have spoken ill of our Queen—God preserve her!—the same who, if your doubts prove true, was the villain who tore that cursed slip in your attila last night—the foul fiend confound him, *eb adta!* I thought I had a stronger arm—old fool that I was!

Quick, quick!" And seizing Otmar's arm, he dragged him to the open window.

"It is he!" exclaimed the young noble, looking out; "the same tall form and insolent gait. Ah! he is entering the house. Hark! he is mounting the stair. God be praised, he falls into my very hands!"

In truth, footsteps were evidently ascending the staircase. Otmar and his old attendant paused to listen with palpitating interest. The next moment the door of the Jew's apartment, on the other side of the passage, was heard to open, and a voice to exclaim, "Hollo! old fox, where have you hid yourself? Out of your hole, I say! I have to speak with you." Then the door closed, and all was still.

"It is the same voice!" exclaimed Otmar again. "It is he who made that foul attempt upon her liberty. Villain!" And half-drawing his sabre, he rushed towards the door of the room.

"Down with him! down with the rascal, *terentette!*" cried Farkas, following his master in excitement.

"No, no!" said Otmar, checking his own first impulse, and catching the old man's arm. "He is a traitor and a spy! It is not for me to punish; it is for the country's laws. She bids me seek to discover him. Providence has thrown him into my hands, and enabled me to obey her behest. She would condemn me were I to take vengeance into my own hands."

"What!" cried Farkas, violently. "My lord has his enemy face to face, and hesitates to defy him to the death!"

"Peace, old man!" exclaimed Otmar: "you know not what you say. Ah! I see it all now," he continued. "He is the agent of her enemies, and is in collusion with our doctor landlord. It is here their villainous schemes are hatched."

"True! It was he—it must have been he," said Farkas in his turn, "who sat with the rascally old thief, when I entered his room the night before the last."

"Hear me, Farkas," continued the young noble. "I must away to the castle. Maria Theresa may still be

there. All shall be revealed. Watch you, at some distance, in the street, that he leave not the house or escape us."

"Better split the cowardly villain's skull at once, *teremette!*" cried the old man once more, indignantly.

"Peace, I say!" said Otmar. "Follow me, and stealthily." And with these words he left the room, followed down the stairs by his grumbling attendant, who still muttered many an angry "*teremette!*" between his lips, unable to comprehend the hesitation of his young master, when so good an opportunity was before him of taking revenge upon "such a villanous scoundrel" as the spy.

Scarcely had they quitted the apartment, when an angle of the wainscoting, forming the door of a partially concealed closet, opened; and the form of the Jew money-lender—pale, trembling, and with haggard eyes—staggered into the room.

"Jehovah! We are lost—irretrievably lost!" he exclaimed with a choked husky voice. "Cavaliere! Cavaliere!" and he hastened, as fast as his trembling limbs would carry him, to the door. But, in spite of his agony and his alarm, his usual habits of caution, and perhaps of self-appropriation also, did not forsake him, and with the words, "That paper the young fellow wrote may tell us more!" he turned back, shuffled to the table, snatched up the letter, which Otmar had forgotten in his hurry, and then gained his room, where, seated, with gloomy and discontented brow, the Italian spy waited him.

"*Diavolo!* Where have you been hiding, Bandini? I need your aid," exclaimed the cavaliere, as he entered. "All is ruined, if still stronger measures be not taken. My grand expedition of last night, which might have secured all at a blow, has utterly failed, through the interference of a rash young fool, who has twice crossed my path to baffle me. I myself am wounded,"—and he pointed to a bandage, partly concealed by a scarf thrown over his shoulder—"still confused, from a blow dealt upon my head by some meddling ruffian. The curses of hell blight their arms, one and all! Those traitors, too, the Hungarians,

have broken every promise, to shout *Vivat!* to that woman; because she shed before them a few maudlin tears. Weak fools! weak fools! and that they call enthusiasm! They promise her supplies of men and money. My schemes are ruined—my services all naught—your hopes of reward utterly gone, Master Bandini—utterly gone, do you hear?—if some great *coup-de-main* be not yet tried. There! look not so pale and frightened, man, with that ugly wo-begone face of yours. There are yet means that may be used."

"But we are lost—lost!" stammered the Jew, shaking in every limb, and struggling in vain to speak.

"Lost! Not yet!" replied the Italian scornfully; "whilst I have yet a head to scheme, and a bold heart to execute."

"We are lost, I tell you. All is discovered. We are betrayed!" cried the Jew. "That young fellow—in yonder room—alas! he knows all. We must fly—conceal ourselves."

"How now, man?" exclaimed the cavaliere, in his turn springing up in alarm.

"I had driven him from the house, at your desire," stammered Bandini, panting for breath; "but he returned to seek his baggage. They had both been absent, master and man; and I had thought to look after my own poor goods and chattels in the room!"

"Or to that which you could lay your hands upon, old thief—I know you. But proceed! What means this tale?" said the spy.

"Jehovah knows you speak not true!" continued the Jew. "But they came back suddenly and unawares. I feared they might think evil of me, if they found me there; and I concealed myself in the closet. I heard all!"

"All!—all what? Speak, man!" exclaimed the Italian furiously.

"He is the same—the same of whom you spoke just now," pursued the old man, trembling. "He who wounded you last night. He recognised you as you entered. He knows all. He is gone up to the castle to betray us. Oh! I am a lost man—a lost man!" and the Jew wrung his hands bitterly.

"Betrayed!" cried the spy—"gone, to the castle! Ten thousand devils drag him down to hell! Which way did he go? What did you hear? Speak, man!—speak, I tell you." And he shook the old man violently by the collar.

"He will probably mount to it by the shorter ascent, along the Jews' street," gasped forth Bandini with difficulty.

"And is there no quicker way?" exclaimed the Italian hurriedly.

"By the lane opposite," stammered the Jew breathlessly. "Turn to the left—mount the crooked street—you will find yourself opposite to the garden, behind my old friend Zachariah's house. On passing through it, you are at the upper end of the Jews' street, and near the castle plain."

"There is no time to be lost!" cried the spy, flinging his hat upon his head. "My pistols are primed and loaded," he continued, feeling in an inner pocket of his coat. "I shall be there before him. He must die. The same passage will favour my escape. Ah! it is you, rascal of a Jew, villanous miser, who are the cause of all! Dearly shall you repay me this!" And seizing the old money-lender by the throat, he nearly throttled him, and, when he was almost black in the face, flung him with violence into a corner of the room.

As the Italian disappeared, the old man raised himself, with difficulty, from the ground.

"And such is the poor Jew's reward," he muttered, "from these Christian dogs, for all his losses, and his sacrifices, and his perils! What is to be done? If he kill the youth, I have still to fear his wrath. If he come not in time, we are undone. Every way is danger. Shall I myself turn informer? It is late—very late in the day—but yet it may be tried. Can I glean nothing from this paper that may sound like fresh and genuine information? What have we here?" he continued, rapidly scanning parts of Otmar's letter with his eye, and murmuring its contents to himself. "'I leave the country'—'But my father's honour must be covered'—'Send the papers ceding the estates'—'I am resolved to sign, although it be my utter ruin'—The name?—

'Otmar, Baron Bartori.'—Merciful Jehovah!" burst forth the Jew. "It is he! It is my young man—and I knew it not—he, whose sign-manual is to convey to me the estates, in return for my poor moneys lent; and, if he sign not, the heritage goes to the next male heir; and I am frustrated of my dues. But he will be killed—die without signing. I am a ruined man—a ruined man!" And the money-lender clasped his hands in despair. "No, no—he must not die. Caracalli! Caracalli! touch him not! touch him not! He must not die, ere I have his precious sign-manual. Save him! save him! Jehovah! what shall I do? Caracalli! Caracalli!" And thus madly shouting after the Italian, the Jew rushed from his room in a frenzy of despair.

In addition to the great and winding carriage-road which leads up to the summit of the hill on which stands the castle of Presburg, there is a shorter passage to it, by a narrow tortuous street, lined with old falling houses, and paved at intervals with terrace-like stone steps to aid the steep ascent. To this street, in former times, the Israelites residing in the city were restricted as a dwelling-place, incurring heavy fine and imprisonment by daring, either openly or under a feigned name, to infringe this severe rule: and even at the present day, although this restriction has been removed, it is almost entirely occupied, either from habit or from choice, by petty and most doubtful traders of the same persuasion, and is still known under the name of the Jews' Quarter. The upper end of this steep and winding lane is terminated, between high walls, by a large old gateway, opening into the castle plain. And under this gateway it was, that the Italian spy awaited his victim. He had contrived to evade the vigilance of Farkas, by darting up a lane immediately fronting the St Michael's gate, and now, having ascertained, by a few hasty words interchanged with the Jew Zachariah, that no one answering the description of the young noble had been seen to pass, he felt assured, that, by his haste in pursuing the shorter cut from behind, he had gained an advance upon him.

The night was fast closing in, and

the Italian felt himself secure from observation in the dark recess in which he lurked behind the gate. Aware that by a deed of assassination alone he could save himself from the consequences of a revelation which not only ruined all his schemes, but placed his life at stake, he grasped a pistol in his hand, and waited firmly, with a calmness which showed his long acquaintance with deeds of hazard and of crime.

He had stood some time, counting with impatience the moments, until he began to fear that the young noble had taken the longer road, when at last the sound of footsteps struck upon his ear. Looking out from the corner of the gateway in which he had concealed himself, he could plainly see, at some little distance, the form of a man, resembling that of his expected victim, mounting the stone steps of the lane between the row of walls; and he drew back, cocked his pistol, and prepared to fire at him as he passed. Presently hastier footsteps—those of a running man—sounded nearer. Had he been perceived? Was his purpose divined? Was his victim about to rush upon him? These thoughts had scarcely time to pass rapidly through his brain, when a dark form hurried round the angle of the gateway. The Italian's hand was on the lock. He fired.

A terrific cry, and then a groan, followed the explosion. A body fell. The Italian bent forward. At his feet lay the form of his associate, the miserable Jew.

"Kill him not—the sign-manual"—were the only last words that faintly met the ear of the assassin, before the blood rushed up in torrents into the mouth of the unhappy man, and choked his voice for ever.

Before the spy had a moment's time to recover from his surprise at the unexpected deed he had done, another cry of "Murder! murder!" was shouted close beside him, by a man who had run up. A strong hand grasped his arm. It was that of his intended victim.

"Assassin!" cried Otmar. "Ah! it is again he! God's will be done!"

"*Mille diavoli!* Have at thee yet!" exclaimed the Italian, struggling to

disengage himself with a strong effort, and staggering back.

Succeeding in the attempt, he drew his sword. The weapons of the two men were immediately crossed. Both fought with desperation. Already a wound on Otmar's arm had rather excited his energies than disabled him, when a crowd was seen approaching rapidly from the direction of the castle. Some persons detached themselves from it, and ran forward, attracted by the previous cry of "murder," and the clash of arms. The cavaliere felt that he was lost, if he made not a fearful effort to disengage himself at once from his antagonist, and made a violent lunge at Otmar. The active young noble swerved aside. The sword passed him unscathed, and the next moment his sabre descended on to the Italian's head. With a fearful curse, the spy staggered, reeled backward, and fell to the ground.

When the persons from the castle hurried up, they found the young noble standing by his prostrate foe, and leaning upon his sabre—his cheek already pale from the loss of the blood which streamed from his wound. Before, in the confusion, much explanation could be asked or given, others of the approaching party had come up: at an order issued, a sedan chair, borne by eight men, was set down under the gateway; a female form issued from it, and, in spite of the opposition of those about her, Maria Theresa advanced through the crowd.

"What has happened? Who disturbs the peace?" she exclaimed, coming forward with that courage she evinced on all emergencies.

"Retire, I beseech you, to your chair, madam; and allow yourself to be carried on," said the young Prince Kaunitz, who formed one of the suite. "This is no sight for a woman, and a queen." And he interposed his person between his sovereign and the bodies of the Italian and the Jew.

"Permit me, prince," said Maria Theresa, waving him aside; for she had now caught sight of the pale face of Otmar, brightly illumined by the lighted torches which some of her attendants bore to light her on her way, upon her evening transit from the castle to the primate's summer palace.

"You, my young champion, here!" she cried, with tones of evident anxiety, stepping forward. "What has happened? In God's name, what is this? You are not hurt, sir?"

"Only a scratch, so please your majesty," replied Otmar; "and happy and proud I am that I should have gained it in your service."

"Tell me what has passed? How do I find you here? Who is this man?" continued the young Queen, glancing slightly at the form of the prostrate Italian.

"It is the same villain who has already dared to lay his hand upon the sacred person of your majesty," said the young noble proudly. "Chance led me to his discovery. I was hurrying to seek my Queen, to obey her orders. The wretch—I know not how—was beforehand with me. He would have waylaid me, as I must suppose. Another, who passed me at the moment, was his victim. I attacked him; and there he lies. I know no more."

"And who is that poor man?" said Maria Theresa, pointing to the body of the Jew.

Some of her attendants raised up the corpse.

"I recognise him," said Otmar. "He was the accomplice of that fellow. God's justice has fallen on him by the hand of his own confederate. But how, is still to me a mystery."

"The other still lives," exclaimed the voices of some, who had now lifted up the form of the Italian.

"Let him be conveyed to the castle," commanded the Queen. "Every inquiry shall be instituted in this affair. Let justice take its course upon the spy and traitor."

The Italian was conveyed away.

"But you are hurt, noble youth. Your cheek grows paler still," cried Maria Theresa. "Help there! Bring water! quick! He may be dying."

"It is nothing!" said Otmar, with sinking voice and failing senses. "A

little faintness! I shall be better soon. A smile from you will repay all!"

His head whirled, and he fell back into the arms of the bystanders.

In spite of the alarm of the young Queen, a deep blush overspread her countenance at these last words.

"Ah! should it be so!" she murmured to herself; and, after casting a long look upon the form of the handsome youth before her, she bent her head to the earth.

Water was quickly brought from a neighbouring house. In spite of the increasing crowd attracted to the spot, Maria Theresa disdained not to bathe with her own hands the temples of the fainting man. Snatching a perfumed handkerchief from the hand of Kaunitz, she bound it tightly on the young noble's arm. In a short time, he once more opened his eyes. Water was given him to drink; and he again was able to stand, weakly, on his feet.

"You—my Queen. You have deigned—to look upon your poor subject—to tend him"—he stammered faintly, as his eyes fell upon the lovely face before him. "You—the noble—the beautiful—the beloved!"—

"Hush! hush, sir," interposed the young Queen hurriedly. "You must not speak now. Your brain wanders. You shall be conveyed to the castle, and tended there. As soon as you are fully recovered, a post is ready for you with the army. You must leave us forthwith. Be brave, be gallant, be noble, as you have ever shown yourself; and, perhaps, hereafter!"—

She checked herself, with a sigh, and turned away her face.

"Yes—away from here! I must away," said Otmar. "The army, the battle-field, glory, renown, must be my only thoughts." And, sinking his head on his heart, he murmured lowly—

"Moriatur pro Rege Nostro."

CONCLUSION.

It is well known in history, that the rising of the Hungarians saved the falling fortunes of Maria Theresa. The enthusiasm of this sensitive and

energetic people, once awakened, knew no bounds. All the country nobles, with their followers, took up arms. Croatia alone supplied twelve thou-

sand men. Immense sums of money, to support the army, were offered by the clergy; and, out of the most distant provinces, sprang up, as the soldiers sown by the teeth of Cadmus from the earth, those countless savage hordes, who under the name of Pandours carried terror into every part of Europe. From the moment of the "insurrection," as it is called, of the Hungarian nobility, the aspect of affairs began to change. The Elector of Bavaria, who, to the grief of Maria Theresa, had received the imperial crown of Germany, so long in the possession of the House of Hapsburg, chiefly by the influence of French intrigues, under the name of Charles the Seventh, was driven from his States. England and Holland were won over to the cause of the persecuted Queen; and both, especially the former, lent her large sums. The whole British nation was interested in her favour. The English nobility, instigated by the Duchess of Marlborough, offered her a subscription collected to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds; but this sum Maria Theresa nobly refused, accepting nothing that was not granted to her by the nation in Parliament assembled. By the valour of Hungarian arms, the French were at length driven out of Bohemia; and what still more contributed to the peace shortly after obtained from a great portion of the Queen's enemies, was the result of the bloody field of Hanau, which turned out entirely to the advantage of Maria Theresa and her noble allies, and at

which half of the *noblesse* of France was either killed or wounded.

It was shortly after this great battle, in which so many bold spirits fell on either side, that a catafalk was erected at the upper end of the middle aisle belonging to the glorious Gothic Church of St Stephen's in Vienna. The service for the dead had been performed with pomp. The priests had retired from the aisle. But still, upon the steps, covered with black cloth, and illumined from above by many wax-lights, knelt two personages. The one was a female, dressed in deep mourning, who appeared to be praying fervently. A group of attendants, both male and female, in the attire of the court mourning of the day, stood at a little distance from her. The other was an old man, in a well-worn hussar dress, who had thrown himself forward on to the upper step, upon another side of the catafalk, and had buried his face in his hands. At length the female rose, gave a last look at that dark mass, which concealed a coffin, and, within, a corpse; and then, drawing her veil over her face, moved slowly towards a side-door, followed by her attendants, with a respect paid only to a royal personage. A crowd of beggars surrounded the door, where an imperial carriage waited; and distributing the contents of a heavy purse among them, the lady said, with broken voice,

"Pray for the soul of Otmar, Baron Bartori, who died in battle for his Queen."

MESMERIC MOUNTEBANKS.

IN an age of utilitarian philosophy and materialism, we are proud to stand forth as the champion of the Invisible World. MAGA and MAGIC are words which we cannot dissociate from one another, either in sound or in affection. The first was the mistress of our youth—our literary mother—our guide and instructress in the paths of Toryism, good-fellowship, and honour. Fain would we hope that, in maturer years, we have rendered back to the eldest-born of Buchanan some portion of the deep debt of gratitude which from our childhood upwards we have incurred. We have ever striven to comport ourselves in sublunary matters as becometh one who has sat at the feet of Christopher, imbibed the ethical lore of a Tickler, and received the sublimest of peptic precepts and dietetic instruction from the matchless lips of an Odoherty. Her creed is ours, and no other—the bold, the true, and the unwavering—and when we die, bewept, as we trust we shall be by many a youth and maiden of the next generation, we shall ask no better epitaph for our monument than that selected by poor John Keats, though with the alteration of a single word—“HERE LIETH ONE WHOSE NAME IS WRIT IN MAGA.”

Magic, however—not Maga—is the theme of our present article; nor do we scruple at the very outset to proclaim ourselves a devout and fervent believer in almost every known kind of diablerie, necromancy, and witchcraft. We are aware that in the present day such confessions are very rare, and that when made by some reluctant follower of the occult faith, they are always accompanied with pusillanimous qualifications, and weak excuses for adherence to opinions which, in one shape or another, pervade the population of Christendom, and pass for current truth throughout the extensive realm of Heathenness. So much the better. We like a fair field and no auxiliaries; and we are here to do battle for the memory and fair fame of Michael Scott, Doctor Faus-

tus, and the renowned Cornelius Agrippa.

Sooth to say, we were born and bred long before Peter Parley had superseded the Fairy Tales, and poisoned the budding faculties of the infancy of these realms with his confounded philosophical nonsense, and his endless editions of *Copernicus made Easy*. Our nurserymaid, a hizzie from the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, was a confirmed and noted believer in dreams, omens, tattiebogles, and sundry other kinds of apparitions. Her mother was, we believe, the most noted spaewife of the district; and it was popularly understood that she had escaped at least three times, in semblance of an enormous hare, from the pursuit of the Laird of Lockhart's grews. Such at least was the explanation which Lizzy Lindsay gave, before being admitted as an inmate of our household, of the malignant persecution which doomed her for three consecutive Sundays to a rather isolated, but prominent seat in the Kirk of Dolphington Parish: nor did our worthy Lady-mother see any reason to doubt the accuracy of the statement. For was it not most natural that the daughter—however comely—and Lizzy was as strapping a lass as ever danced at a kirk—of a woman who had the evil reputation of divining surreptitious fortunes by means of the sediment of a tea-cup—of prophesying future sweethearts in exchange for hoarded sixpences—and of milking dry her neighbours' cows by aid of cantrips and an enchanted hair rope—was it not most natural, we say, that the daughter of the witch should have been looked upon with a suspicious eye by the minister, who used annually to preach four sermons in vituperation of Her of Endor, and by the Elders, whose forefathers had turned out doggedly for the Covenant, and among whom still circulated strange and fantastic tales of bodily apparitions of the Evil One to the fugitives in the muir and the wilderness—of hideous shapes, which dis-

turbed the gathered conventicle by the sides of the lonely burn—of spells, which made the buff-coats of their adversaries impenetrable as adamant to leaden bullet or the sweep of the Cameronian steel?

Upon these testimonials, and a strong affidavit from Lizzy, that in every other earthly matter she was innocent of the slightest peccadillo, the Lily of Lanark was installed as mistress and governante of the Nursery. We were then in the days of teething, and sorely tormented with our gums, which neither for knob of poker, nor handle of kitchen-fork—the ancient Caledonian corals—would surrender their budding ornaments. We believe, therefore, that Lizzy Lindsay erred not materially from the path of truth when she signalized us as “the maist fractious bairn that ever broke a woman’s heart.” Night and day did we yell, with Satanic energy, from the excruciating molar pain, and little sympathy did our tears awaken in our pillow, as we lay in fevered anguish on the exuberant bosom of our guardian. Fortunately for us, in these days Daffy’s Elixir was a thing unknown, else no doubt we should have received an early introduction to dram-drinking by means of the soft carminative. The fertile genius of Lizzy suggested a better spell for allaying our infant sorrows. Whenever we indulged in a more than ordinary implacable fit of screeching, she threatened us with the apparition of “the Boo-man,” a hideous spectre which was then supposed to perambulate the nurseries in the shape of Napoleon Bonaparte. In a very short while, no Saracen child ever became dumber when threatened by its mother with a visit from the Melch-Ric, than we did at the proposed coming of the dark and sanguinary phantom. For many years afterwards we believed as sincerely in the existence of this anthropophagus as in our own, and very nearly became a Bauldy for life, from having been surprised on one occasion, whilst surreptitiously investigating the contents of a jam-pot, by the descent of a climbing-boy into the nursery, and the terrors of his telegraphic boo! As we grew up, our nascent intellect received still more supernatural services from the

legendary lore of Lizzy. She taught us the occult and mysterious meaning of those singular soot-flakes which wave upon the ribs of a remarkably ill-pokered fire—the dark significance which may be drawn from the spluttering and cabbaging of a candle—and the misfortunes sure to follow the mismanagement of the sacred salt. Often, too, her talk was of the boding death-watch—the owl which flapped its wings at the window of the dying—and the White Dove that flitted noiselessly from the room at the fearful, and then to us incomprehensible, moment of dissolution. As Hallowe’en approached, she told us of the mystic hempseed, of the figure which stalked behind the enterprising navigator of the stacks, and that awful detention of the worsted clue, which has made the heart of many a rustic maiden leap hurriedly towards her throat, when in the dead of night, and beneath the influence of a waning moon, she has dared to pry into the secrets of futurity, and, lover-seeking, has dropped the ball into the chasm of the deserted kiln.

Such being the groundwork of our mystic education, it is little wonder that we turned our novel knowledge of the alphabet to account, by pouncing with intense eagerness upon every work of supernatural fiction upon which we possibly could lay our hands. We speak not now of Jack the Giant-killer, of the aspiring hero of the Beanstalk, or the appropriator of the Seven-leagued Boots. These were well enough in their way, but not, in our diseased opinion, sufficiently practical. We liked the fairies better. For many a day we indulged in the hope that we might yet become possessed of a pot of that miraculous unguent, which, when applied to the eye, has the virtue of disclosing the whole secrets of the Invisible World. We looked with a kind of holy awe upon the emerald rings of the greensward, and would have given worlds to be present at the hour when the sloping side of the mountain is opened, and from a great ball, all sparkling with a thousand prismatic stalactites, ride forth, to the sound of flute and recorder, the squadrons of the Elfin Chivalry. Well do we remember the thrill of horror which pervaded our being when we first read

of the Great Spectre of Glenmore, the Headless Fiend that haunts the black solitudes of the Rothenmurchus Forest, whom to see is madness, and to meet is inexorable death! Much did we acquire in these days of the natural history of Wraiths and Corpse-candles—of Phantom Funerals encountered on their way to the kirkyard by some belated peasant, who, marveling at the strange array at such an hour, turns aside to let the grim procession pass, and beholds the visionary mourners—his own friends—sweep past, without sound of footfall or glance of recognition, bearing upon their shoulders a melancholy burden, wherein, he knows, is stretched the wan Eidolon of himself! No wonder that he takes to his bed that night, nor leaves it until the final journey.

Not for worlds would we have left the Grange House, which was then our summer residence, after nightfall, and, skirting the hill by the old deserted burial-ground, venture down the little glen, gloomy with the shade of hazels—cross the burn by the bridge above the Caldron pool—and finally gaze upon the loch all tranquil in the glory of the stars! Not all the fish that ever struggled on a night-line—and there were prime two-pounders, and no end of eels, in the loch—would have tempted us to so terrible a journey. For just below the bridge, where the rocks shot down precipitously into the black water, and the big patches of foam went slowly swirling round—there, we say, in some hideous den, heaven knows how deep, lurked the hateful Water-Kelpy, whose yell might be heard, during a spate, above the roar of the thundering stream, and who, if he did not lure and drown the cat-witted tailor of the district, was, to say the least of it, the most malign and slandered individual of his race. Even in broad day we never liked that place. It had a mischievous and uncanny look; nor could you ever entirely divest yourself of the idea that there was something at the bottom of the pool. Bad as was the burn, the loch was a great deal worse. For here, at no very remote period, the fiend had emerged from its depths in the shape of a black steed, gentle and mild-eyed to look upon, and pacing up to three children, not ten mi-

minutes before dismissed from the thralldom of the dominie, had mutely but irresistibly volunteered the accommodation of an extempore ride. And so, stepping on with his burden across the gowans—which never grew more, and never will grow, where the infernal hoof was planted—the demon horse arrived at the margin of the loch where the bank is broken and the water deep, and with a neigh of triumph bounded in, nor from that day to this were the bodies of the victims found. Moreover, yonder at the stunted thorn-trees is the spot where poor Mary Walker drowned herself and her innocent and unchristened bairn; and they say that, at midnight when all is quiet, you will hear the wailing of a female voice, as if the spirit of the murdered infant were bewailing its lost estate; and that a white figure may be seen wringing its hands in agony, as it flits backwards and forwards along the range of the solitary loch. Therefore, though the black beetle is an irresistible bait, we never threw a fly at night on the surface of the Haunted Tarn.

Penny Encyclopædias, although Lord Brougham had advanced considerably towards manhood, were not then the fashion. Information for the people was not yet collected into hebdomadal tracts; and those who coveted the fruit of the tree of knowledge were left to pursue their horticultural researches at their own free will. In the days of which we write, the two leading weekly serials were the "*Tales of Terror*" and "*The Terrific Register*," to both of which we regularly subscribed. To our present taste—some-what, we hope, improved since then—the latter seems a vulgar publication. It was neither more nor less than a *rifucciamento* of the most heinous and exaggerated murders, by steel, fire, and poison, which could be culled from the records of ancient and modern villany. It was, in short, the quintessence of the *Newgate Calendar*, powerful enough to corrupt a nation; as a proof of which—we mention it with regret—the servant lad who ten years ago purloined it from our library, has since been transported for life. We even dare to back it, for pernicious results, against the moral influence which has been since exercised by the

authors of *Oliver Twist* and Jack Sheppard, to both of whom the penal colonies have incurred a debt of lasting gratitude. It is true that, in point of sentiment, these gentlemen have the advantage of the Editor of *The Terrific Register*, but he beats them hollow in the broad delinquency of his facts. But in the *Tales of Terror* we possessed a real supernatural treasure. Every horrible legend of demon, ghost, goulc, gnome, salamandrine, and fire-king, which the corrupted taste of Germany had hatched, was contained in this precious repository. It was illustrated also, as we well remember, by woodcuts of the most appalling description, which used to haunt us in our sleep long after we had stolen to our bed at half-past eleven punctually, in order that we might be drenched in slumber before the chiming of the midnight hour—at which signal, according to the demonologists, the gates of Hades are opened wide, and the defunct usurer returns to mourn and gibber above the hiding-place of his buried gold.

Gradually, however, we waxed more bold; and by dint of constant study familiarized ourselves so much with the subject, that we not only ceased to fear, but absolutely longed for a personal acquaintance with an apparition. *The History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, which shortly afterwards fell into our hands, inspired us with the ambition of becoming a practical magician, and we thirsted for a knowledge of the Cabala. We had already done a little business in the way of turnip lanterns, the favourite necromantic implements of the ingenuous Scottish youth—hideous in the whiteness of their vegetable teeth, and not unappalling when dexterously placed upon the edge of the kirk-yard wall. Electric shocks conveyed by means of the door-handles, phosphoric writings on the wall, and the mystery of spontaneous bells, were our next chemical amusements; nor did we desist from this branch of practice until we had received a most sound castigation, at the recollection of which our bones still ache, from a crusty old tutor whose couch we had strewn, not with roses, but with chopped horse-hair.

We are old enough to recollect the first representation of *Der Freischutz*,

and it is an era in our dramatic reminiscences. Previously to that, we had seen a Vampire appear upon the boards of the Edinburgh stage, and after an extravagant consumption of victims throughout the course of three acts, fall thunder-smitten by an indigo bolt through a deep and yawning trap-door. But Zamiel, as then represented by Mr Lynch, completely distanced the Blood-sucker. With feelings of intense awe, we beheld the mysterious preparations in the Wolf's Glen—the circle of skull and bone—the magic ring of light blue that flickered round it—the brazier with the two kneeling figures beside it—the owl on the blasted tree, which opened its eyes and flapped its wings with true demoniacal perseverance—and the awful shapes that appeared at the casting of every bullet! But when, as the last of them was thrown from the mould, a crash of thunder pealed along the stage, and lurid lightnings glared from either wing—when the cataract was converted into blood, and the ferocious form of Lynch stood forth as the Infernal Hunter, discharging, after the manner of such beings, two rifles at once—our enthusiasm utterly overcame us; we gave vent to an exulting cheer, and were conducted from the boxes in a state of temporary insanity.

We pass over our classical studies. We were no great dab at Virgil, but we relished Apuleius exceedingly, and considerably petrified the Rector, by giving up, as the subject of our private reading, "*Wierus de Præstigiis Demonum.*" Our favourite philosopher was Sir Kenelm Digby, whose notions upon sympathy and antipathy we thought remarkably rational; so much so, that up to the present time, we recognise no other treatment for a cut finger than a submersion of the bloody rag in vitriol and water, and a careful unction of the knife. We lost our degree in medicine by citing as a case in point the wonderful cure of Telephus by the application of oxide of iron, which we held to be no specific at all, except as obtained from the spear of Achilles. This dogma, coupled with our obstinate adherence to the occult doctrines of Van Helmont, the only medical writer whose works we ever perused with the slight-

est satisfaction, was too much for the bigoted examiners. We were recommended to go abroad and study homo-pathy. We did so, and we swear by Hahnemann.

It is now some years since we received our first inking of mesmeric revelation. Since then, we have read almost every work which has appeared upon the subject; and we scruple not to say that we are a profound believer in all of its varied mysteries. In it we recognise a natural explanation of all our earlier studies; and we hail with sincere delight the progress of a science which reconciles us to magic without the necessity of interposing a diabolic agency. The miracles of Apollonius of Tyana, as related by Philostratus, become very commonplace performances when viewed by the light of mesmerism. The veriest bungler who ever practised the passes can explain to you the nature of that secret intelligence which enabled the *clair-voyant* philosopher, then at Ephesus, to communicate the murder of Domitian to his friends at the moment it took place at Rome. Second-sight has ceased to be a marvel: the preternatural powers, long supposed to be confined to Skye, Uist, and Benbecula, are now demonstrated to be universal, and are exhibited on the platform by scores of urchins picked up at random from the gutter. Even the Arabian Nights have become probable. Any perambulating mesmeriser can show you scores of strapping fellows, reduced by a single wave of his hand to the unhappy condition of the young Prince whose lower extremities were stone. Comus was nothing more than a common Professor of the science; and Herminius a silly blockhead, who could not wake himself from his trance in time to prevent his wife from consigning him to the funeral pile.

The practical utility of the science is no less prodigious. Is it nothing, think you, if you have suffered a compound fracture of the leg, so bad that amputation is indispensable, to be relieved from all the horrors of the operation, from the sickening sight of the basins, the bandages, and the saw—to feel yourself sinking into a delicious slumber at the wave of the surgeon's hand, and to wake up ten

minutes afterwards an unshrinking uniped, and as fresh as the Marquis of Anglesea? Is it nothing, when that back-grinder of yours gives you such intolerable agony that the very maid-servants in the attics cannot sleep o'nights because of your unmitigated roaring—is it nothing to avoid the terrible necessity of a conscious Tusculan disputation with Nasmith or Spence—to settle down for a few moments into a state of unconsciousness, and to revive with your masticators in such a condition as to defy the resistance of a navy biscuit? Or, if you are a stingy person and repugnant to postage, do you think it is no advantage to get gratis information about your friends in India through the medium of your eldest son, who, though apparently sitting like a senseless booby in your arm-chair, is at this moment invisibly present in the mess-room at Hyderabad, and will express, if you ask him, his wonder at the extreme voracity with which Uncle David devours his curry? Why, in that boy you possess an inestimable treasure! You may send him to Paris at a moment's notice for a state of the French funds—he will be at St Petersburg and back again in the twinkling of an eye—and if your own sight is failing, you have nothing to do but to clap the last number of the Magazine below him, and he will straightway regale your heart with the contents of the leading article.

There is a great deal of romance about Mesmerism. We have nowhere read a more touching story than that of the two consumptive sisters who were thrown into the Magic trance about the end of autumn, who lay folded in each other's arms—pale lilies—throughout the whole of the dreary winter, and awoke to life and renovated health in the joyous month of May, when the leaves were green, the flowers in bud, and the lambskins frolicking on the meadow! Read you ever any thing in novels so touching and pathetic as this? Nor is the case once recounted to us by a friend of our own, a noted mesmeriser, one whit less marvellous. In the ardent prosecution of his art, he had cast his glamour upon a fair Parisian damsel of the name of

Leontine—we believe she was a landress—and daily held conference with the dormant Delphic girl. On one occasion he led her, wrapt in the profoundest sleep, in his chamber, and proceeded to perambulate the Boulevards on his own secular affairs. On returning, he found poor Leontine suffused in tears; deep and stifling sobs disturbed her utterance, nor was it until the charmer had soothed her with a few additional passes, that she could falter out the tender reproach—“Why did you not bring me some bonbons from the shop where you eat those three ice-creams?” Our friend had not walked alone through Paris. The spirit of the loving Leontine was invisibly clinging to his arm.

Now, although we make it an invariable rule to believe every thing which we read or hear, we were not a little desirous to behold with our own eyes an exhibition of these marvellous phenomena. But somehow or other, whilst the papers told us of Mesmeric miracles performed in every other part of the world, Edinburgh remained without a prophet. Either the Thessalian influence had not extended so far, or the Scottish frame was unnsceptible to the subtle fluid of the conjuror. One or two rumours reached us of young ladies who had become spellbound; but on inquiring more minutely into the circumstances, we found that there was an officer in each case, and we therefore were inclined to think that the symptoms might be naturally accounted for. There was, however, no want of curiosity on the part of the public. The new science had made a great noise in the world, and was the theme of conversation at every tea-table. Various attempts at mesmerization were made, but without success. We ourselves tried it; but after looking steadfastly for about twenty minutes into a pair of laughing blue eyes, we were compelled to own that the power was not in us, and that all the fascination had been exercised on the other side. Nobody had succeeded, if we except a little cousin of ours—rather addicted to fibbing—who averred that she had thrown a cockatoo into a deep and mysterious slumber.

Great, therefore, was our joy, and

great was the public excitement, when at length a genuine professor of the art vouchsafed to favour us with a visit. He was one of those intelligent and patriotic men who go lecturing from town to town, inspired thereto by no other consideration than an ardour for the cause of science. The number of them is absolutely amazing. Throughout the whole winter, which is popularly called the lecturing season, the dead walls of every large city in the empire are covered with placards, announcing that Mr Tomlinson will have the honour of delivering six lectures upon Syria, or that Mr Whackingham, the famous Timbuctoo traveller, will describe the interior of Africa. They are even clannish in their subjects. The Joneses are generally in pay of the League, and hold forth upon the iniquity of the Corn-duties. The Smiths, with laudable impartiality, are divided between slavery and liberation, and lecture *pro* or *con*, as the humour or opportunity may serve. The Macgillicuddies support the Seceding interest, and deliver facers in the teeth of all establishments whatsoever. The Robinsons are phrenological, the Browns chemical, and the Bletheringtons are great on the subject of universal education for the people. To each and all of these interesting courses you may obtain admittance for the expenditure of a trifling sum, and imbibe, in exchange for your shilling or half-crown, a considerable allowance of strong and full-flavoured information. Always ardent in the cause of science, we never, if we can help it, miss one of these seducing soirees: and we invariably find, that whatever may have been the heterodoxy of our former opinion, we become a convert through the powerful arguments of these peripatetic apostles of science.

Our new Xavier belonged to what is called the mesmerico-phrenological school. He was a man of bumps as well as passes—a disciple alike of German Spurzheim and of English Elliotson. His placard was a modest one. It set forth, as usual, the disinterested nature of his journey, which was to expound to the intelligent citizens of Edinburgh a few of the great truths of mesmerism, illustrated by a series of experiments. He studiously

disclaimed all connexion with preternatural art, and ventured to assure every visitor, that, so far as he was concerned, no advantage should be taken of their attendance at his *Seance* in any future stage of their existence. This distinct pledge removed from our minds any little scruple which we otherwise might have felt. We became convinced that the lecturer was far too much of a gentleman to take advantage of our weakness, and report us to the Powers of Evil; and accordingly, on the appointed night, after a bottle or so of fortifying port, we took our way to the exhibition-room, where Isis was at last to be revealed to our adoring eyes.

We selected and paid for a front seat, and located ourselves in the neighbourhood of a very smart bonnet, which had mesmerically attracted our eye. Around us were several faces well known in the northern metropolis, some of them wearing an expression of dull credulity, and others with a sneer of marked derision on the lip. On looking at the platform, we were not altogether surprised at the earliness of the latter demonstration. There was no apparatus there beyond a few chairs; but around a sort of semicircular screen were suspended a series of the most singular portraits we ever had the fortune to behold. One head was graced with a mouth big enough to contain a haggis, and a coronal of erected hair like a hearth-brush surmounting it left no doubt in our mind that it was intended for a representation of Terror. It was enough, as a young Indian officer afterwards remarked, to have made a Chimpanzee miscarry. Joy was the exact portraiture of a person undergoing the punishment of death by means of tickling. We should not like to have met Benevolence in a dark lane: he looked confoundedly like a fellow who would have eased you of your last copper, and knocked you down into the bargain. As for Amativeness, he seemed to us the perfect incarnation of hydrophobia. In fact, out of some two dozen passions, the only presentable personage was Self-esteem, a prettyish red-haired girl, with an expression of fun about the eyes.

In a short time the lecturer made his appearance. To do him justice,

he did not look at all like a conjuror, nor did he use any of those becoming accessories which threw an air of picturesque dignity around the wizard of the middle ages. We could not say of him as of Lord Gifford,

“ His shoes were mark’d with cross and spell.

Upon his breast a pentacle;
His zone, of virgin parchment thin,
Or, as some tell, of dead-man’s skin,
Bore many a planetary sign,
Combust, and retrograde, and trine.”

On the contrary, he was simply attired in a black coat and tweed terminations; and his attendant imps consisted of half a dozen young gentlemen, who might possibly, by dint of active exertion, have been made cleaner, and whose free-and-easy manner, as they scrambled towards their chairs, elicited some hilarious expressions from the more distant portion of the audience.

The introductory portion of the lecture appeared to us a fair specimen of Birmingham rhetoric. There was a great deal in it about mysterious agencies, invisible fluids, connexion of mind and matter, outer and inner man, and suchlike phrases, all of which sounded very deep and unintelligible—so much so indeed, that we suspected certain passages of it to have been culled with little alteration from the emporium of Sartor Resartus. Meanwhile the satellites upon the platform amused themselves by grimacing at each other, and exchanging a series of telegraphic gestures, which proved that they were all deep adepts in the art of masonry as practised by the youth of the Lawnmarket. The exposition might have lasted about a quarter of an hour, when sundry shufflings of the feet gave a hint to the lecturer that he had better stop discoursing, and proceed incontinently to experiment. He therefore turned to the imps, who straightway desisted from mowing, and remained mute and motionless before the eye of the mighty master. Seizing one of them by the hands, the operator looked steadfastly in his face. A dull film seemed to gather over the orbs of the gaping nrchin—his jaw fell—his toes quivered—a few spasmodic jerks of the elbows showed that his whole frame was becoming

a Leyden jar of animal electricity—his arms dropped fecklessly down—a few waves across the forehead. and the Lazarillo of Dunedin was transported to the Invisible World!

Muttered exclamations—for the sanctity of the scene was too great to admit of ruffing—were now heard throughout the room. “Did you ever?”—“By Jove, there’s a go!”—“Lord save us! but that’s fearsome!”—“I say, Bob, d’ye no see him winking?” and other similar ejaculations caught our ear. Presently the operator abandoned his first victim, and advanced towards another, with the look of a rattlesnake, who, having bolted one rabbit, is determined to exterminate the warren. The second gutter-blood succumbed. His resistance to the mesmeric agency was even weaker than the other’s: and, indeed, to judge from the rapidity of his execution, the marvellous fluid was now pouring in cataracts from the magic fingers of the adept. In a very few seconds the whole of the lads were as fast asleep as dormice.

Leaving them in their chairs, like so many slumbering Cupids, the lecturer next proceeded to favour us with a dissertation upon the functions of the brain. Cries of “Get on!”—“Gar them speak!”—“We ken a’ about it!” assured him at once of the temper and the acquired information of the Modern Athenians; so, turning round once more, he pitched upon Lazarillo as a subject. So far as our memory will serve us, the following is a fair report of the colloquy.

“Are you asleep, my little boy?”

“I should think sae!”

“Do you feel comfortable?”

“No that ill. What was ye speering for?”

“Ha! a cautious boy! You observe, ladies and gentlemen, how remarkably the natural character is developed during the operation of the mesmeric trance. An English boy, I assure you, would have given me a very different reply. Let us now proceed to another test. You see, I take him by the hand, and at the same time introduce this piece of lump sugar into my own mouth. Remark how instantaneously the muscles of his face are affected. My little fellow, what is that you are eating?”

“Sweeties.”

“Where did you get them?”

“What’s yer bizziness?”

“Well, well—we must not irritate him. Let us now change the experiment—how do you like this?”

“Fich!—proots!—Ye nastie fellie, if ye pit saut in ma mooth, I’ll hit ye a duff in the muns!”

“How! I do not understand you!”

“A dad in the haffits.”

Here a benevolent gentleman, with a bald head and spectacles, was kind enough to act as interpreter, and explained to the scientific Anglican the meaning of the minatory term.

“Ha! our young friend is becoming a little restive. We must alter his frame of mind. Observe, ladies and gentlemen, I shall now touch the organ of Benevolence.”

With an alacrity which utterly dumbfounded us, the young hope of the Crosscauseway now sprung to his feet. His hands were precipitately plunged into the inmost recesses of his corduroys.

“Puir man! puir man!” he exclaimed with a deep expression of sympathy, “ye’re looking far frae weel! Ay, ay! a wife and sixteen weans at hame, and you just oot o’ the hospital!—Hech-how! but this is a weary warld. Hae—it’s no muckle I can gie ye, but tak it a’—tak it a’!”

So saying, he drew forth from his pockets a miscellaneous handful of slate-pencil, twine, stucco-bowls, and, if we mistake not, gib—a condiment much prized by the rising generation of the metropolis—all of which he deposited, as from a cornucopia, at the feet of the delighted lecturer.

A loud hum of admiration arose from the back-benches. Charity is a popular virtue, as you may learn at the theatre, from the tumultuous applause of the gallery whenever the hero of the melodrama chucks a purse at the head of some unfortunate starveling. Two old ladies in our neighbourhood began to whimper; and one of them publicly expressed her intention of rewarding with half-a-crown the good intentions of the munificent Lazarillo, so soon as the lecture was over. This seemed to inspire him with a fresh accession of

benevolence; for, the organ being still excited, he made another desperate attempt, and this time fished up a brass button.

"Let us now," said the magician, "excite the counter organ of Secretiveness; and, in order to give this experiment its full effect, I shall also irritate the kindred organs of Acquisitiveness and Caution."

To our great disgust, Lazarillo instantly threw off the character of Howard, and appeared in that of David Haggart. He was evidently mentally prowling with an associate in the vicinity of a stall bedecked with tempting viands, irresistible to the inner Adam of the boy.

"I say, Tam! did ye ever see sic speldrings? Eh, man—but they'd be grand chowin! What'n rock!—and thae bonnie red-cheekit apples! Whisht-ye, man—bide back in the close-head, or auld Kirsty will see ye! Na—she's no lookin' now. Gang ye ahint her, and cry oot that ye see a mad dowg, and I'll make a spang at the stall! That's yeer sort! I've gotten a hantle o' them. Stick them into ma pouches for fear they tumble oot, and we'll rin doon to the King's Park and hide them at the auld dyke!"

"This boy," said the operator, "evidently imagines himself to be engaged in an act of larceny. Such is the wonderful power of mesmerism, and such and so varied is the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the human frame. What we call man is a shell of virtue and of vice. In the same brain are contained the virtues of an Aristides, and the coarse malignity of a Nero. I could now, ladies and gentlemen, very easily procure from this lad the restitution of his imaginary spoils, by simply exciting the organ of Justice, which at once would prompt him to a full and candid confession. But I shall prefer to develop the experiment, by slightly awakening the powerful functions of Terror, an organ which we dare not trifle with, as the consequences are sometimes calamitous. I think, however, from the peculiar construction of this boy's head, that we may safely make the attempt. Mark the transition."

The hair of Lazarillo bristled.

"Gosh, Tam! are ye sure naebody

seed us! Wha's that wi' the white breeks comin' down the close? Rin, man, rin—as sure's death it's the poliss! O Lord! what will become o' ma pair mither gin they grup me! O man—let's in! let's in! The door's fast steekit—Mercy—mercy—mercy! Tak' yeer knuckles oot o' ma neck, and I'll gie ye the hale o' them back. It wasna me, it was Tam that did it! Ye're no gann to tak us up to the office for sic a thing as that?—O dear me—dear me—dear me!" and the voice of Lazarillo died away in almost inarticulate moaning.

This scene had so affected the nerves of our fair neighbour in the bonnet, that, out of common civility, we felt ourselves compelled to offer a little consolation. In the mean time, the stern operator continued to aggravate the terrors of poor Lazarillo, whose cup of agony was full even to the brim, and who now fancied himself in the dock, tried, and found guilty, and awaiting with fear and tribulation the tremendous sentence of the law.

"O, ma lord, will ye no hie mercy on us? As true as I'm stamin' here, it's the first time I ever stealt ony thing. O whaur's mither? Is that her greeting outside? O, ma lord, what are ye puttin' on that black hat for? Ye daurna hang us surely for a wheen wizzened speldrings!—O dear—O dear! Is there naebody will say a word for me? O mercy—mercy! Wae's me—wae's me! To be hangit by the neck till I'm deid, and me no fifteen year auld!"

"We shall now," said the operator, "conduct our young friend to the scaffold"—

"Stop, sir!" cried the benevolent gentleman in the spectacles—"I insist that we shall have no more of this. Are you aware, sir, that you are answerable for the intellects of that unhappy boy? Who knows but that the cruel excitement he has already undergone may have had the effect of rendering him a maniac for life? I protest against any further exhibition of this nature, which is absolutely harrowing to my own feelings and to those of all around me. What if the boy should die?"

"Let alane Jimsy!" cried a voice from the back row. "I ken him fine; he'll dee name."

"I shall have much pleasure, sir," said the mesmerist, with a polite bow, "in complying with your humane suggestion. At the same time, let me assure you that your apprehensions are without foundation. Never, I trust, in my hands, shall science be perverted from its legitimate object, or the glorious truths I am permitted to display, minister in the slightest degree to the wretchedness of any one individual of the great human family. I shall now awaken this boy from his trance, when you will find him wholly unconscious of every thing which has taken place."

Accordingly, he drew forth his bandana, flapped it a few times before the eyes of Lazarillo, and then breathed lightly on his forehead. The boy yawned, rubbed his eyes, stretched his limbs, sneezed, and then rose up.

"How do you feel?" asked the operator.

"A wee stiff—that's a'."

"Would you like a glass of water?"

"I'd rather hae yill."

"Do you recollect what you have been doing?"

"I've been sleeping, I think."

"Nothing more?"

"Naething. What else should I hae been doing? I say—I want to gang hame."

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, I think we may dismiss this boy."

Lazarillo, however, did not show any immediate hurry to depart. He lingered for a while near that edge of the platform where the two aged ladies were seated, as though some faint vaticination of the advent of half-a-crown still haunted his bewildered faculties. But the profligacy of his latter conduct had effaced all memory of the liberality with which he first dispensed his earthly treasures. His unhallowed propensity for spell-rings had exhibited itself in too glaring colours, and each lady, while she thought of the pilfered Kirsty, clutched her reticule with a firmer grasp, as though she deemed that the contents thereof were not altogether safe in the vicinity of the marvellous boy. At length, finding that delay was fruitless, Lazarillo, *alias* Jimsy, went his way.

The phrenological organs of the remaining lads were now subjected

to similar experiments. These were, we freely admit, remarkably interesting. One youth, being called upon to give a specimen of his imitative powers, took off our friend Frederick Lloyd of the Theatre-Royal to the life; whilst another treated us to a very fair personification of Edmund Glover. Some youths in the back gallery began to whistle and scream, and the sounds were regularly caught up and transmitted by the slumbering mimics. A learned Pundit, who sate on the same bench with ourselves, favoured them with a German sentence, which did certainly appear to us to be repeated with some slight difference of accent. A Highland divinity student went the length of asserting that the reply was conveyed in Gaelic, which, if true, must be allowed to throw some light upon the knotty subject of the origin of languages. Is it possible that, in the mesmeric trance, the mind in some cases rejects as artificial fabric all the educated conventionality of tongues, and resumes unconsciously the original and genuine dialect of the world? We have a great mind, at some future moment of leisure, to indite an article on the subject, and vindicate, in all its antiquity, the speech of Ossian and of Adam.

We shall pass over several of the same class of experiments, such as the display of Adoration, which struck us as bordering very closely upon the limits of profanity. In justice to the operator, we ought to mention that they were all remarkably successful. We admired the dexterity with which two lads, under the savage influence of combativeness, punched and squared at each other; we were pleased with the musical talents of another boy, who varied the words, airs, and style of his singing as the fingers of the mesmerist wandered around the several protuberances of his cranium. In fact, we saw before us a human organ of sound, played upon with as much ease as a mere pianoforte. After such exhibitions as these, it was impossible to remain a sceptic.

A grand chorus by the patients, of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," under the influence of some bump corresponding to Patriotism, terminated this portion of the evening's en-

tertainments. But all was not yet over. The lecturer informed us that he would now exhibit the power of mesmerism over the body, apart from the enchainment of the mental faculties—that is, that he would produce paralysis in the limbs of a thinking and a sentient being. We are ashamed to say that a cry of “Gammon!” arose from different parts of the hall.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” said the undaunted sorcerer, “some incredulous persons seem to doubt my power. You shall see it with your own eyes. I shall now proceed to waken these boys, and submit them to the new experiment.”

In the twinkling of a handkerchief they were awake and lively, and beyond a slight complaint from the pugilists of pain in the region of the abdomen, and a very reasonable demand on the part of the musician for lozenges, they did not seem at all the worse in consequence of their recent exercise. One of them was now desired to stretch out his arm. He did so. A few passes were made along it, and he remained in the attitude of a faker.

“That lad’s arm,” said he of the mysterious art, “is now as fixed as marble. He cannot take it down. Can you, O’Shaughnessy?”

“The devil a bit!” replied the Irishman, a stout and brawny villain of some two and twenty.

“Would any gentleman like to try it?” inquired the operator.

“It’s myself has no manner of objections at all!” exclaimed a stalwart medical student, springing upon the platform, amidst a shout of general exultation. “Hould yerself tight, Pat, my boy; for, by the powers, I’ll twist ye like an ounce of pig-tail!”

“Tear and owns!”—replied O’Shaughnessy, looking somewhat dismayed, for the volunteer was about as stout a Connaught as it ever was our fortune to behold. “Tear and owns! it isn’t after breaking my arm you’d be at? Och wirra! Would ye take a dirty advantage of a decent lad, and him as stiff as a poker?”

“I protest against this exhibition!” said the benevolent gentleman, in whom we now recognised a Vice-President of the Fogie Club. “The shoulder of the man may be dislo-

cated—or there may be a fracture of the ulna—or some other horrid catastrophe may happen, and we shall all be prosecuted for murder!”

“And am I not here to set the bone!” demanded the student indignantly. “Give us a hould of ye, Pat, and stand firm on your pins, for I’ll work ye like a pump-handle.”

So saying, he closed with O’Shaughnessy. But that wary individual, whilst he abandoned his arm to the student, evidently considered himself under no obligation to forego the use of his legs. He spun round and round like a tectotum, and stooped whenever an attempt was made to draw him down, but still the arm remained extended.

“You see, ladies and gentlemen!” said the operator, after the scuffle was over—“You see how the power of the mesmeric fluid operates above the exertion of physical force. This amazingly powerful young gentleman has totally failed to move the arm one inch from its place.”

“I’d move it fast enough, if he’d only stand still,” replied the student. “I’ll tell you what. I look upon the whole thing as egregious humbug. There’s my own arm out, and I defy either you or Pat to bring it down!”

“Excuse me, sir,” replied the mesmerist with dignity—“We do not meet here to practise feats of strength, but to discuss a scientific question. I appeal to this intelligent individual, who has taken so distinguished a part in the interesting proceedings of this evening, whether I am in any way bound to accept such a challenge.”

“Certainly not—certainly not!” said the Vice-President, delighted with this appeal to his understanding.

“You hear the remark of the gentleman, sir,” said the mesmerist. “May I now beg you will retire, and permit me to go on with the experiments?”

“Take it all your own way, then,” replied the student, reluctantly retiring from the platform; “but as sner’s I am out of purgatory, that lad’s arm was no more fixed than your tongue!”

This slight episode over, the work went on accordingly. Paralysis flourished in all its shapes. One lad was spellbound to the floor, and could not

move a yard from the spot, though encouraged to do so by an offer of twenty pounds from the liberal and daring artist. What effect the superadded security of the Vice-President might have had upon the patient's powers of locomotion, we really cannot say. Another, as he assured us, was utterly deprived of sight by a few cross passes of the operator—a third was charmed into dumbness—whilst a fourth declared his readiness to be converted into a pin-cushion; but was, at the intreaty of some ladies and our benevolent acquaintance, exempted from that metamorphosis, and merely endured, without murmuring, a few nips from the fingers of the lecturer.

This closed the *séance*. We moved a vote of thanks to the Mesmerist for his gratifying exertions, and then retired to our Club to meditate upon the subject over a comfortable board of pandores. A few days afterwards, we met our friend the young Indian officer in Prince's Street.

"I say, old fellow," quoth the Jemadar, "that was a confounded take-in the other night."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that magnetizing nonsense. Not a soul of them was asleep after all."

"Do you wish me to disbelieve the evidence of my own senses?"

"You may believe whatever you like; I only wish you had been with us last Tuesday at a meeting we held in the Café. If you've got any tin about you, and don't mind standing an ice or so at Mrs Stewart's, I'll tell you all about it."

Our desire for truth overcame our habitual parsimony. We led the way into the back saloon, and at a moderate expenditure became possessed of the following particulars:—

"You see," said the Jemadar, sipping his cherry bounce, "there were a lot of clever fellows sitting near me the other night, and I made out from what they said that they were by no means satisfied with the whole proceeding. Now, as I have seen a thing or two in India, where, by Jove, a native will make a mango-tree grow out of a flowerpot before your eyes, and bear fruit enough in a few months to keep a large family for a year in pickles—and as I knew all about snake-

charming, the singeing of tiger's whiskers, and so forth, I thought I might be of some use to the scientific birds; so, when the meeting broke up, I proposed an adjournment and a tumbler. I looked about for you, but you seemed more agreeably occupied."

"You never were in a greater mistake in your life."

"Well—that's all one; but I thought so. They were quite agreeable, and we passed a very pleasant evening. There were two or three young advocates who went the pace in regular style, a fair sprinkling of medicos, and that Irish student who handled the humbug on the platform; and who, let me tell you, is little short of a perfect trump. We reviewed the whole experiments, quite impartially, over a moderate allowance of alcohol, and were unanimously of opinion that it was necessary, for the interests of science, to examine into the matter more closely. One of the company undertook to procure the attendance of some of those lads whom you saw upon the platform; and another, who believes in mesmerism, but scouts the idea of phrenology, was acquainted with a creditable magnetizer, who, he said, would be sure to attend. We fixed our meeting for the second evening afterwards, and then adjourned.

"When the appointed hour came, we mustered to the number of about thirty. Some scientific fellows about town had got wind of the thing, and wished to be present: to this we made no manner of objection, as it was not a hole-and-corner meeting. Of course, we took care that the lecturer should know nothing about it—indeed, he had left Edinburgh, for the purpose, I suppose, of enlightening the gallant Glaswegians; so that we had nothing to fear on the ground of secret influence. Well, sir, we elected a President, who gave his vote in favour of the postponement of beer until all the experiments were over, and had in the raggamuffins, who at their own request were each accompanied by a friend. They did not look quite easy on finding themselves introduced to such an assemblage, but native brass prevailed—they were in for it, and they durst not recede.

"After a pretty tight examination

by the President as to their former experiences and sensations, which of course resulted in nothing, one of the lads—the fellow who became blind—consented to be mesmerised by his brother. The latter, a very sheepish-looking sort of journeyman, went awkwardly through the usual flummery of passes, and then ensued this dialogue.

“ ‘Hoo are ye, Jock?’ ”

“ ‘Man, I’m blind!’ ”

“ ‘Can ye see naething?’ ”

“ ‘Naething ava. It’s jist a’ blackness afore me. Gudesake, dinna keep us lang this way—it’s positeevly fearsome.’ ”

“ ‘Gentlemen,’ said the brother, ‘I hope you’ll no be ower lang wi’ oor Jock. Pair fallow! he’s no jist a’ the-gether right in the nerves, and a wee thing is enech to upset him. Dinna handle him roughly, sir!’ he continued, as one of our party commenced turning up his sleeves preparatory to an ocular demonstration; ‘ye manna pit your hand upon him—it’s enough to destroy the hail mesmereesin’ influence, and he’ll gang into a fit. Nane but the operawtor should touch him. Gin ye want to look into his een, I’se hand up the lids mysell.’ ”

“ He did so; and sure enough he disclosed a couple of unmeaning grey gooseberry orbs which stared perseveringly upon vacancy. A medical gentleman approached a candle towards them without any visible effect. The urchin was perfect in his calling. He did not even shrink at the rapid approach of a finger.

“ I was convinced in my own mind,” continued the Jemadar, “ that this was a piece of absolute humbug. The anxiety of the brother to keep every person at a distance was quite palpable, so I had recourse to stratagem to get him out of the way. We pretended to give the boy a momentary respite, and a proffered pot of porter proved a bait too tempting to the Argus of the blind. In short, we got him out of the room, and then resumed our examination of Jock, who still pled, like another Homer, to absolute want of vision.

“ ‘This is really very extraordinary, gentlemen,’ said I, assuming the airs of a lecturer, but getting carefully in the rear of the patient. ‘I am now perfectly convinced that this boy is,

by some inexplicable means, deprived of the functions of sight. You observe that when I advance the finger of my right hand towards his right eye—so—there is not the slightest shrinking or palpable contraction of the iris. It is the same when I approach the left eye—thus. If any gentleman doubts the success of the experiment, I shall again make it on the right eye.’ ”

“ But this time, instead of probing the dexter orbit, for which he was prepared, I made a rapid pass at the other. The effect was instantaneous. A spasmodic twitch of the eyelid betrayed the acuteness of Jock’s ocular perception.

“ ‘He winks, by the soul of Lord Monboddo!’ cried one of my legal acquaintances. ‘I saw it perfectly plainly!’ ”

“ ‘Ye’re leein!’ retorted Jock, whose pease-soup complexion suddenly became flushed with crimson—“ ‘Ye’re leein!’ I winkit nane. It was a flea. Did ye no see that I winkit nane when ye pit the lancet forrard?’ ”

“ ‘Oh! my fine fellow!’ replied the Advocate, a youth who had evidently picked up a wrinkle or two at circuit, ‘you’ve fairly put your foot into it this time. Not a living soul has said a single word about a lancet, and how could you know that this gentleman held it in his hand unless you positive-ly saw it?’ ”

“ This was a floorer, but Jock would not abandon his point.

“ ‘Ye dinna ken what mesmereesin’ is,’ he exclaimed. ‘It’s a shame for a wheen muckle chaps like you to be trying yer cantrips that way on a laddie like me. It’s no fair, and I’ll no stand it ony langer. Whaur’s my brither? Let me gang, I say—I’m no weel ava!’ and straightway the miraculous boy girded up his loins, and flew swiftly from the apartment.

“ Pat O’Shaughnessy was next brought forward to exhibit once more his unparalleled feat of rigidity. Confident in the strength of his brawny arm, the young Milesian evinced no scruples. The magnetist who had attended at our request—a pleasant gentlemanly person—made the usual passes along the arm, and O’Shaughnessy stood out in the attitude of the Pythian Apollo.

"I tried to bend his arm at the elbow, but sure enough I could not do it. The fellow had the muscles of a rhinoceros, and defied my utmost efforts. The magnetizer now began to exhibit another phenomenon. He made a few passes downwards, and the arm gradually fell, as if there were some undefinable attraction in the hand of the operator. He then reversed the motion, and the arm slowly ascended. Being quite convinced that in this case there was no collusion, I said a few words to the operator, who then took his post *behind* the giant carcass of the navigator. A friend of the latter, who was detected dodging in front of him, was politely conducted to the door, and in this way the experiment was tried.

"'Now sir,' said I, 'will you have the kindness to attract his arm upwards? I am curious to see if the mesmeric principle applies equally to all the muscles.'

"'Faix!' volunteered O'Shaughnessy, 'it does that, and no mistake. Ye might make me hould up my fist on the other side of an oak door!'

"I am sorry for the honour of Tipperary. The operator, as had been privately agreed on, commenced the downward passes, when, to our extreme delight, the arm of O'Shaughnessy rose directly upwards, until his fist pointed to the zenith!

"'Beautiful!—admirable!—marvellous!' shouted half a dozen voices.

"'Now, sir, will you try if you can take it down?'

"The magnetiser made efforts which, if successful, would have enabled O'Shaughnessy to count the number of his own dorsal vertebrae. He didn't seem, however, to have any such passion for osteology. The arm gradually declined, and at last reposed passively by his side. A general cheer proclaimed the success of the experiment.

"'Mr Chairman,' said one gentleman, 'I move that it be recorded as the opinion of this meeting, that the late exhibitions of mesmerism, as exhibited in this city, were neither more nor less than a tissue of unmitigated humbug!'

"'After what we have seen this evening,' said another, 'I do not feel

the slightest hesitation in seconding that motion.'

"'And I move,' said a third, 'that in case that motion should be carried, we do incontinently proceed to supper.'

"So far as I recollect, there was not a dissentient voice in the room to either proposition.

"'Axing yer pardon,' said O'Shaughnessy, advancing to the chairman, 'it's five shillings I was promised for time and trouble, and expinces in attending this mating. Perhaps yer honour will allow a thrifle over and above to my friend Teddy yonder, who came to see that I wasn't bothered all at onst?'

"'You are an impudent scoundrel, sir,' said the chairman, 'and deserve to be kicked down stairs. However, a promise is a promise. There is your money, and let us never see your face again.'

"'Och, long life to yese all!' said the undaunted O'Shaughnessy, 'but its mismirism is a beautiful science! Divil a barrow have I wheeled this last month on the North British Railway, and it isn't soon that I'll be after doing it again. Teddy, ye sowl! let's be off to the ould place, and dhrink good luck to the gentlemín in a noggin.'

"Such," concluded the Jemadar, "was the result of our meeting; and I can tell you that you lost a rich treat by not hearing of it in time."

"I don't want to be disenchantèd," said we. "Nothing that you have said can shake my firm belief in mesmerism in all its stages. I allow that the science, like every thing else, is liable to abuse, but that does not affect my faith in the slightest degree. Have you ever read Chauncey Hare Townshend's book? Why, my dear fellow, he has magnetized a female patient, through mere volition alone, at the other end of the town; and I have not the remotest doubt that it is quite possible to exercise the same powers between Edinburgh and Madras. What a beautiful thought it is that two lovers, separated by land and ocean, may yet exercise a sweet influence over each other—that at a certain hour, a balmy slumber, stealing over their frames, apprises them

that their souls are about to meet in undisturbed and tranquil union! That in a few moments, perhaps, far, far above the galaxy!"—

"Oh, confound the galaxy!" interrupted the prosaic Jemadar. "If you're going on in that style, I shall be off at once. I have no idea of any communication quicker than the electric telegraph; and as for your sympathies, and that sort of rubbish, any body may believe them that likes. I suppose, too, you believe in clair-voyance?"

"Most assuredly," we replied. "The case of Miss M'Avoy of Liverpool—of Prince Hohenlohe, and many others"—

"Are all very wonderful, I dare say; but I should like to see the thing with my own eyes. A friend of mine told me, no later than yesterday, that he had been present at a meeting, held in a professional gentleman's house, for the purpose of testing the powers of a lad said to be clair-voyant, who was exhibited by one of those itinerant lecturers. In addition to the usual bandages, of which there was much suspicion, a mask, previously prepared, was put upon the face, so that all deception was impossible. In this state, the boy, though professedly in the mesmeric sleep, could see

nothing. He fingered the cards—fumbled with the books—but could read no more than my poodle-dog. In fact, the whole thing was considered by every one present not only a failure, but a rank and palpable sham; and until I have some better evidence in support of these modern miracles, I shall take the liberty of denouncing the system as one of most impudent imposture."

"But, my dear fellow, recollect the number of persons of rank and station—the highly intellectual and cultivated minds which have formed a directly opposite opinion. What say you to Van Helmont? What say you to Michael Scott,

'A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That when in Salamanca's cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame?'

What say you to the sympathetic secrets still known to be preserved in the monastery of Mount Carmel? What say you"—

"I say," replied the Jemadar, "that you are beginning to talk most infernal nonsense, and that I must be off, as I have an engagement at three to play a match at billiards. In the meantime, you'll oblige me by settling with Mrs Stewart for the ices."

COOKERY AND CIVILISATION.

It is only after passing through an ordeal cruelly insidious, tolerably severe, and rather protracted, that we feel conscientiously entitled to assert our ability to dine every day of every week at the Reform Club, without jeopardy to those immutable principles which are incorruptible by Whigs and indestructible by Rats. A sneer, perhaps, is curling with "beautiful disdain" the lips of some Conservative Achilles. Let us nip his complacent sense of invulnerability in the bud. To eat and to err are equally attributes of humanity. Looking at ourselves in the mirror of honest criticism, we behold features as unchangeable as sublunary vicissitudes will allow.

"Time writes no wrinkles on our azure brow."

Witness it! ye many years of wondrous alternation—of lurid tempest and sunny calm—of disastrous rout and triumphant procession—of shouting paean and wailing dirge—witness the imperturbable tenor of our way! Attest it, thou goodly array of the tomes of Maga, laden and sparkling, now as ever, with wisdom and wit, science and fancy!—attest the unwavering fidelity of our career! All this is very true; but the secret annals of the good can never be free from temptations, and never are in reality unblotted by peccadilloes. The fury of the demagogue has been our laughing-stock—the versatility of trimming politicians, our scorn. We have crouched before none of the powers which have been, or be; neither have we been carried off our feet by the whirlwinds of popular passion. Yet it is difficult to resist a good dinner. The victories of Miltiades robbed Themistocles of sleep. The triumphs of SOYER are apt to affect us, "with a difference," after the same fashion.

There was, we remember, a spirit of surly independence within us on visiting, for the first time, the "high capital" of Whiggery, where the Tail at present

"New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their State affairs."

To admire any thing was not our mood:

"The ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately height; and
straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover,
wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the
smooth
And level pavement."

And as these lines suggested themselves, we recollected who the first Whig is said to have been, and whose architectural glories Milton was recording. We never yet heard a Radical disparage a peer of the realm without being convinced, that deep in the pocket, next his heart, lay an incautious hospitable invitation from the noble lord, to which a precipitate answer in the affirmative had already been dispatched. Analogously, in the magnificent edifice, whose tessellated floor we were treading gingerly, it seemed to us that we surveyed an unmistakable monument of an innate predilection for the splendours and comforts, the pomp and the *abandon*, of a "proud aristocracy." This was before dinner, and we were hungry. To tell all that happened to us for some hours afterwards, would, in fact, force us to transfer to our pages more than half of the volume which is prompting these observations. Suffice it to say, that when we again stood on Pall-Mall, a bland philanthropy of sentiment, embracing all races, and classes, and sects of men, permeated our bosom. Whence came the mellowing influence, seeing that we had been, as our custom is, very innocent of wine? Nor could it be the seductive eloquence of the company. We had indeed been roundly vituperated in argument by the Liberator. Oh yes! but we had been fed by the Regenerator.

To us, then, on these things much meditating—so Cicero and

Brongham love to write—many of the speculations in which we had indulged, and of the principles which we had advocated, were obviously not quite in harmony with the views long inculcated by us on a docile public. Suddenly the truth flashed across and illuminated the perplexity of our ponderings. We were aware that, early in the evening, a much milder censure than usual upon some factions Liberal manoeuvre had passed our lips. This took place just about the fourth spoonful of soup. The spells were already in operation under the shape of "*potage à la Marcus Hul.*" There is a fascination even in the name of this "delicious soup"—such is the epithet of Soyer—which our readers will better understand in the sequel. Again, it was impossible to deny that we had hazarded several equivocal observations in reference to the Palmerstonian policy in Syria. But it was equally true that such inadvertencies slipped from us while laboriously engaged in determining a delicate competition between "*John Doré à l'Orléanaise*" and "*saumon à la Beyrout.*" A transient compliment to the influence at elections of the famous Duchess of Devonshire was little liable to objection, we imagined, during a playful examination of a few "*aiguillettes de roquette à la jeune fille.*" More questionable, it must be admitted, were certain assertions regarding the Five Points, enunciated hastily over a "*neck of mutton à la Charte.*" No fault, however, had we to find with the cutting facetiousness with which we had garnished "*cotelettes d'agneau à la réforme en surprise aux Champignons.*" The title of this dish was so ludicrously applicable to the consternation of the remnants of the Melbourne ministry—the cutlets of lamb—in finding themselves outrun in the race by mushroom free-traders, that our pleasantry thereat was irresistible. It was difficult, at the same time, to justify the expression of an opinion, infinitely too favourable to Peel's commercial policy, yielding to the allurements of a "*tobac des caïlles à la financière.*" And, on the whole, we smarted beneath a consciousness that all our conversation had been perceptibly flavoured by "*filets de bécasses à la Talleyrand.*"

The result of these reflections was, simply, an alarming conviction of the tremendous influence exercised by Soyer throughout all the workings of the British constitution. The causes of the success of the League begin to dawn upon us, while our gravest suspicions are confirmed by the appearance, at this peculiar crisis, of the "Gastronomic Regenerator." What patriotism can withstand a superabundance of untaxed food, cooked according to the tuition of Soyer? How can public virtue keep its ground against such a rush of the raw material, covered by such a "*batterie de cuisine?*" Cobden and Soyer, in alliance, have given a new turn, and terribly literal power, to the fable of Menenius Agrippa.

"There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly."

Such times are gone. The belly now has it all its own way, while

"The kingly-crownèd head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,"

are conjunctly and severally cuffed, or bunged up, or broken, or stifled, unless they are perpetually ministering to the service of the great cormorant corporation. It is mighty well to talk of the dissolution of the League. The testament of Cæsar, commented on by Mark Antony, was eventually more fatal to the liberties of Rome, than the irrepressible ambition which originally urged the arch-traitor across the Rubicon. The "Gastronomic Regenerator," in the hands of every housewife in the country, is merely to convert the most invincible portion of the community into a perpetual militia of free-traders. All cooks proverbially encourage an enormous consumption of victuals. The study of Soyer will infallibly transform three-fourths of the empire into cooks. Consequently, the demand for every variety of sustenance, by an immense majority of the nation, will be exorbitant and perennial. No syllogism can be more unassailable. We venture also to affirm that the judgment of posterity will be rigidly true in apportioning the endurance of fame which the conflicting merits of our

great benefactors may deserve. It is far from unlikely that the glories of a Peel may be disregarded, forgotten, and unsung, when the trophies of a Soyer, still odorous, and unctuous, and fresh, shall be in every body's mouth.

The "Gastronomic Regenerator" has not assumed his imposing title without a full appreciation of the dignity of his office and the elevation of his mission. The brief and graceful "dialogue culinaire" between Lord M. H. and himself, illustrates the grand doctrines that man is a cooking animal, and that the progress of cooking is the progress of civilisation. There is something prodigiously sublime in the words of the noble interlocutor, when he declares, "Read history, and you see that in every age, and among all nations, the good which has been done, and sometimes the evil, has been always preceded or followed by a copious dinner." This language, we presume, must be considered on the great scale, as applicable to the most solemn and momentous occurrences in the history of governments and countries. Not that we can exclude it from individual biography. Benevolence we have always regarded as a good sauce, and have often observed it to be an excellent dessert. The man who tucks his napkin under his chin immediately after conferring a benefit on a fellow-creature, invariably manifests marvellous capabilities for digestion; and, on the other hand, the man who has dined to his own entire satisfaction, if solicited in the nick of time, will frequently evince an open-handed generosity, to which his more matutine emotions would have been strangers. But—to reverse the picture—any interruption to the near prospect of a "copious dinner" is at all times inimical to charity; while repletion, we know, occasionally reveals such unamiable dispositions as could not have been detected by the most jealous scrutiny at an earlier period of the day. Nations are but hives of individuals. We understand, therefore, the noble lord to mean, that all the history of all the thousand races of the globe concurrently teaches us that every great event, social or political, domestic or foreign, involving their national weal or woe,

has been harbingered or commemorated by a "copious dinner." Many familiar instances of this profound truth—some of very recent date—crowd into our recollection. But we cannot help suspecting a deeper meaning to be inherent in the enunciation of this "great fact." Copious dinners are, as it strikes us, here covertly represented as the means of effecting the most extensive ameliorations. To dine is insinuated to be the first step on the highway to improvement. In the consequences which flow from dining copiously, what is beneficial is evidently stated to preponderate over what is hurtful, the qualifying "sometimes" being only attached to the latter. In this respect, dinners seem to differ from men, that the evil is more frequently "interred with their bones," while the "good they do lives after them." This is, assuredly, ringing a dinner-bell incessantly to the whole universe. We have ourselves, not half an hour ago, paid our quota for participating within the last week in congratulatory festivities to two eminent public characters. The overwhelming recurrence, in truth, of these entertainments, drains us annually of a handsome income; and reading, as we do daily in the newspapers, how every grocer, on changing his shop round the corner, and every professor of dancing, on being driven by the surges of the Utilitarian system up another flight of stairs, must, to felicitate or soothe him, receive the tribute or consolation of a banquet and demonstration, we hold up our hands in amazement at the opulence and deglntition of Scotland.

What shall become of us, driven further onwards still, by the impetus of the Gastronomic Regenerator, we dare not foretell. The whole year may be a circle of public feasts; and our institutions gradually, although with no small velocity, relapse into the common table of Sparta. But never, whispers Soyer, into the black broth of Lycurgus. And so he ensnares us into the recognition of another fundamental principle, that the simplicity of Laconian fare might be admirably appropriate for infant republics and penniless helots, but can afford no subsistence to an overgrown empire, and the possessors of the wealth

of the world! Thus cookery marks, dates, and authenticates the refinement of mankind. The savage cuts his warm slice from the haunches of the living animal, and swallows it reeking from the kitchen of nature. The civilized European, revolting from the dreadful repast, burns, and boils, and stews, and roasts his food into an external configuration, colour, and substance, as different from its original condition as the mummy of Cheops differs from the Cheops who watched, with an imperial dilatation of his brow, the aspiring immortality of the pyramids. Both, in acting so differently, are the slaves and the types of the circumstances of their position. The functions in the frames of both are the same; but these functions curiously follow the discipline of the social situation which directs and regulates their development. The economy of the kitchen is only a counterpart, in its simplicity or complication, its rudeness or luxury, of the economy of the state. The subjects of patriarchs and despots may eat uncooked horses with relish and nourishment. The denizens of a political system whose every motion is regulated by an intricate machinery, in which the teeth of all the myriad wheels in motion are indented with inextricable multiplicity of confusion into each other, perish under any nurture which is not as intricate, complex, artificial, and confused. What a noble and comprehensive science is this Gastronomy!

"Are you not also," says the philosophic Soyer, in the same interesting dialogue, "of opinion with me, my lord, that nothing better disposes the mind of man to amity in thought and deed, than a dinner which has been knowingly selected, and artistically served?" The answer is most pregnant. "It is my thinking so," replies Lord M. H., "which has always made me say that a good cook is as useful as a wise minister." Behold to what an altitude we are carried! The loaves and fishes in the hands of the Whigs, and Soyer at the Reform Club to dress them! Let us banish melancholy, and drive away dull care. The bellicose propensities of a foreign secretary are happily innocuous. The rumours of war pass

by us like the idle wind which we regard not. Protocols and treaties, notes and representations, are henceforth disowned by diplomacy. The figure of Britannia, with a stew-pan for her helmet, and a spit for a spear, leaning in statuesque repose on a folio copy of the *Gastronomic Regenerator*,

"Surveys mankind from China to Peru;"

and with an unruffled ocean at her feet, and a cloudless sky overhead, smiles on the countless millions of the children of earth, chatting fraternally together at the round table of universal peace. Bright will be the morning of the day which sees the impress of such an image on our currency. Of course, it will be understood that we are entirely of the same mind, abstractly, as M. Soyer and Lord M. H. The *maître de cuisine* appears to us unquestionably to be one of the most important functionaries belonging to an embassy. Peace or war, which it is scarcely necessary to interpret as the happiness or the misery of two great countries, may depend upon a headache. Now, if it were possible, in any case, to trace the bilious uneasiness which may have perverted pacific intentions into hostile designs, to the unskilful or careless performance of his momentous duties by the cook-legate, no punishment could too cruelly expiate such a blunder. We should be inclined to propose that the brother artist who most adroitly put the delinquent to torture, should be his successor, holding office under a similar tenure. It may be matter of controversy, however, at once whether such a system would work well, and whether it is agreeable to the prevalence of those kindly feelings which it is the object of M. Soyer, and every other good cook or wise statesman, to promulgate throughout the human family. The publication of the *Gastronomic Regenerator* inspires us with better hopes. The tyro of the dripping-pan will be no more entitled to screen himself behind his imperfect science or neglected education, than the unlettered criminal to plead his ignorance of the alphabet as a justification of his ignorance of the statute law,

whose enactments send him to Botany Bay. The rudiments and the mysteries—the elementary axioms and most recondite problems—of his lofty vocation are unrolled before him in legible and intelligible characters. The skill which is the offspring of practice, must be attained by his opportunities and his industry. And if

“Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise,”

it might, we trust, satiate the most ravenous appetite which ever gnawed the bowels even of a cook, not merely to secure the tranquillity of the universe, but to save his native land the expense of armies and fleets, and turn the currents of gold absorbed by taxation, into the more congenial channel of gastronomical enterprise. The majestic and far-spreading oak springs out of the humble acorn. In future ages, the acute historian will demonstrate how the “copious dinner” which cemented the bonds of eternal alliance between vast and consolidated empires, whose people were clothed in purple and fine linen, lived in habitations decorated with every tasteful and gorgeous variety which caprice could suggest and affluence procure, and mingled the physical indolence of Sybaris with the intellectual activity of Athens, was but the ripe fruit legitimately matured from the simple bud of the calumet of peace, which sealed a hollow truce among the roving and puny bands of the naked, cityless, and untutored Indian. So, once more, the perfectibility of cookery indicates the perfectibility of society.

The gallantry of Soyer is as conspicuous as his historical and political philosophy. He would not profusely “scatter plenty o’er a smiling land” solely for the gratification of his own sex. The sun shines on woman as on man; and when the sun will not shine, a woman’s eye supplies all the light we need. The sagacious “Regenerator” refuses to restrict to the lordly moiety of mankind a monopoly of his beams, feeling that, when the pressure of mortal necessity sinks his head, fairer hands than those of the statesman or the warrior, the ecclesiastic or the lawyer, are likely to be the conservators of his reputation. “Al-

low me,” he remarks, “to suggest to your lordship, that a meeting for practical gastronomical purposes, *where there are no ladies*, is in my eyes a garden without flowers, a sea without waves, an experimental squadron without sails.”

“Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Say what were man?—a world without a sun!”

The harrowing picture of desolation, from the pen of M. Soyer, may be equalled, but cannot be surpassed, by a line here and there in Byron’s “Darkness.” The sentiment, at the same time, sounds oddly, as it issues from the penetralia of a multitudinous club. Our notion has hitherto been, that a club was an invention of which a principal object was to prove that female society was far from being indispensable to man, and that all the joys of domesticity might be tasted in a state of single-blessedness beyond the precincts of home for a small annual payment. A thorough-going club-man would very soon drive a coach and four through the Regenerator’s polite eloquence. For instance, a garden without flowers has so much the more room for the growth of celery, asparagus, artichokes, and the like. There could not possibly be a greater convenience than the evaporation or disappearance of the waters of the ocean; because we should then have railways every where, and no nausea. Sails, likewise, are not requisite now-a-days for ships; on the contrary, steam-vessels are so evidently superior, that the sail-maker may as well shut up his shop. The flowers of a garden are an incumbrance—the waves of the sea are an impediment—the sails of a ship are a superfluity. Garden, sea, and ship would be better wanting flowers, waves, and sails. On the same principles a club is preferable to a family fire-side, and the lot of a bachelor to the fate of a Benedict. M. Soyer, speaking *ex cathedra* from the kitchen of the Reform Club, would find it no easy matter to parry the cogency of this reasoning. He forgets, apparently, that he bares his breast to a most formidable attack. What right have MEN to be Cooks? What hypocrisy it is

to regret that women cannot eat those dinners which women alone are entitled, according to the laws of nature and the usages of Britain, to dress! Be just before you affect to be generous! Surrender the place, and the privileges, and the immunities, which are the heritage and birthright of the petticoat! Hercules with a distaff was bad enough; but where, in the vagaries and metamorphoses of heathen mythology, do you read of Hercules with a dishcloth? What would the moon say, should the sun insist on blazing away all night as well as all day? Your comparisons are full of poetry and humming. A kitchen without a female cook—it is like a flowerless garden, a waveless sea, a sail-less ship. A kitchen with a male cook—is a monster which natural history rejects, and good feeling abhors. The rights of women are scarcely best vindicated by him who usurps the most precious of them. There will be time to complain of their absence from the scene, when, by a proper self-ostracism, you leave free for them the stage which it becomes them to occupy. These are knotty matters, M. Soyer, for digestion. With so pretty a quarrel we shall not interfere, having a wholesome respect for an Amazonian enemy who can stand fire like salamanders. To be candid, we are puzzled by the sprightliness of our own fancy, and do not very distinctly comprehend how we have managed to involve the Regenerator, whose thoughts were bent on the pale and slim sylphs of the boudoir, in a squabble with the rubicund and rotund vestals who watch the inextinguishable flames of THE GREAT HEARTH.

This marvellous dialogue, from which we have taken with our finger and thumb a tit-bit here and there, might be the text for inexhaustible annotation. It occupies no more than two pages; but, as Gibbon has said of Tacitus, "they are the pages of Soyer." Every topic within the range of human knowledge is touched, by direct exposition or collateral allusion. The metaphysician and the theologian, the physiologist and the moralist, are all challenged to investigate its dogmas, which, let us forewarn them, are so curtly, positively, and oracularly propounded, as, if orthodox, to need

no commentary; and if heterodox, to demand accumulated mountains of controversy to overwhelm them. For he, we believe, can hardly be deemed a mean opponent, unworthy of a foe-man's steel-pen, who has at his fingers' ends "Mullets à la Montesquien," "Filets of Haddock à la St Paul," "Saddle of Mutton à la Mirabeau," "Ribs of Beef à la Bolingbroke," "Ponding Soufflé à la Mephistopheles," "Woodcock à la Stael," and "Filets de Boeuf farcis à la Dr Johnson."

The constitution of English cookery is precisely similar to the constitution of the English language. Both were prophetically sketched by Herodotus in his description of the army of Xerxes, which gathered its numbers, and strength, and beauty, from "all the quarters in the shipman's card." That imperishable mass of noble words—that glorious tongue in which Soyer has prudently written the "Gastronomic Regenerator," is in itself an unequalled specimen of felicitous cookery. The dishes which furnished the most *recherché* dinner Soyer ever dressed, the "Diner Lucullusian à la Sampayo," being resolved into the chaos whence they arose in faultless proportions and resistless grace, would not disclose elements and ingredients more heterogeneous, remote, and altered from their primal nature, than those which go to the composition of the few sentences in which he tells us of this resuscitation of the *cena* of Petronius. A thousand years and a thousand accidents, the deepest erudition and the keenest ingenuity, the most delicate wit and most outrageous folly, have been co-operating in the manufacture of the extraordinary vocabulary which has enabled the Regenerator himself to concoct the following unparalleled receipt for

"THE CELESTIAL AND TERRESTRIAL CREAM OF GREAT BRITAIN.

"Procure, if possible, the antique Vase of the Roman Capitol; the Cup of Hebe; the Strength of Hercules; and the Power of Jupiter;

"Then proceed as follows:—

"Have ready the chaste Vase (on the glittering rim of which three doves are resting in peace), and in it deposit

a Smile from the Duchess of Sutherland, from which Terrestrial Déesse it will be most graceful; then add a Lesson from the Duchess of Northumberland; the Happy Remembrance of Lady Byron; an Invitation from the Marchioness of Exeter; a Walk in the Fairy Palace of the Duchess of Buckingham; an Honour of the Marchioness of Douro; a Sketch from Lady Westmorland; Lady Chesterfield's Conversation; the Deportment of the Marchioness of Aylesbury; the Affability of Lady Marcus Hill; some Romances of Mrs Norton; a Mite of Gold from Miss Coutts; a Royal Dress from the Duchess of Buccleuch; a Reception from the Duchess of Leinster; a Fragment of the Works of Lady Blessington; a Ministerial Secret from Lady Peel; a Gift from the Duchess of Bedford; an Interview with Madame de Bunsen; a Diplomatic Reminiscence from the Marchioness of Clanricarde; an Autocratic Thought from the Baroness Brunow; a Reflection from Lady John Russell; an amiable Word from Lady Wilton; the Protection of the Countess de St Aulaire; a Seraphic Strain from Lady Essex; a poetical gift of the Baroness de la Calabrala; a Welcome from Lady Alice Peel; the Sylph-like form of the Marchioness of Abercorn; a Soirée of the Duchess of Beaufort; a Reverence of the Viscountess Jocelyn; and the Goodwill of Lady Palmerston.

“Season with the Piquante Observation of the Marchioness of Londonderry; the Stately Mein of the Countess of Jersey; the Trésor of the Baroness Rothschild; the Noble Devotion of Lady Sale; the Knowledge of the Fine Arts of the Marchioness of Lansdowne; the Charity of the Lady De Grey; a Criticism from the Viscountess of Melville;—with a Musical Accompaniment from the whole; and Portraits of all these Ladies taken from the Book of Celebrated Beauties.

“Amalgamate scientifically; and should you find this *Appareil* (which is without a parallel) does not mix well, do not regard the expense for the completion of a dish worthy of the Gods!

“Endeavour to procure, no matter at what price, a Virtuous Maxim from the Book of Education of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent; a Kiss from the Infant Princess Alice; an Innocent Trick of the Princess-Royal; a Benevolent Visit from the Duchess of Gloucester; a Maternal Sentiment of Her

Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge; a Compliment from the Princess Augusta de Mecklenbourg; the future Hopes of the Young Princess Mary;—

“And the Munificence of Her Majesty Queen Adelaide.

“Cover the Vase with the Reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and let it simmer for half a century, or more, if possible, over a Fire of Immortal Roses.

“Then uncover, with the greatest care and precision, this Mysterious Vase; garnish the top with the Aurora of a Spring Morning; several Rays of the Sun of France; the Serenity of an Italian Sky; and the Universal Appreciation of the Peace of Europe.

“Add a few Beams of the Aurora Borealis; sprinkle over with the Virgin Snow of Mont Blanc; glaze with an Eruption of Mount Vesuvius; cause the Star of the Shepherd to dart over it; and remove, as quickly as possible, this *chef-d'œuvre* of the nineteenth century from the Volcanic District.

“Then fill Hebe's Enchanted Cup with a religious Balm, and with it surround this mighty Cream of Immortality;

“Terminate with the Silvery light of the Pale Queen of Night, without disturbing a Ray of the Brilliancy of the brightest Queen of the Day.”

Half a century hence, when the simmering over the roseate fire is silent, may we, with M. Soyer, be present to gaze on the happy consummation of the conceptions of his transcendent imagination!

The Regenerator is too conversant with universal history not to know that his book, in crossing the Tweed northwards, approaches a people more familiar with its fundamental principles than any other inhabitants of these Fortunate Isles. England, for any thing we care, may deserve the opprobrious title of perfidious Albion. Scotland—(“Stands Scotland where it did?”)—was ever the firm friend of France. Ages ago, when our southern cousins were incessantly fighting, we were constantly dining, with the French. Our royal and noblest families were mingled by the dearest ties with the purest and proudest blood of the adopted land of Mary. For centuries uninterruptedly was maintained an interchange of every

gentle courtesy, and every friendly succour; and when the broadsword was not needed to gleam in the front ranks of Gallic chivalry, the dirk never failed to emit the first flash in the onslaughts of Gallic hospitality. The Soyers of those times—dim precursors of the Regenerator—did not disdain to alight on our hungry shores, and leave monuments of their beneficence, which are grateful to this hour in the nostrils and to the palate of prince and peasant. Nay, we shrewdly conjecture that some time-honoured secrets still dwell with us, of which the memory has long since perished in their birth-place. Boastful we may not suffer ourselves to be. But if M. Soyer ever heard of, or dressed or tasted precisely as we have dressed and tasted, what is known to us and a very limited circle of acquaintances as “Lamb-tosty,” we shall start instantly from the penultimate habitation of Ultima Thule, commonly known as John O’Groat’s House, expressly to test his veracity, and gratify our voracity. Perhaps he may think it would not be too polite in us to transmit him the receipt. Not for a wilderness of Regenerators! Could we unfold to him the awful legend in connexion with it, of which we are almost the exclusive depositaries, the cap so lightly lying on his brow would be projected upwards to the roof by the instantaneous starting of his hair. The Last Minstrel himself, to whom it was narrated, shook his head when he heard it, and was never known to allude to it again; in reference to which circumstance, all that the bitterest malice could insinuate was, that if the story had been worth remembering, he was not likely to have forgotten it. “One December midnight, a shriek”—is probably as far as we can now venture to proceed. There are some descendants of the parties, whose feelings, even after the lapse of five hundred years, which is but as yesterday in a Highlander’s genealogy, we are bound to respect. In other five hundred years, we shall, with more safety to ourselves, let them “snp full of horrors.”

The Gastronomic Regenerator reminds us of no book so much as the Despatches of Arthur Duke of Wel-

lington. The orders of Soyer emanate from a man with a clear, cool, determined mind—possessing a complete mastery of his weapons and materials, and prompt to make them available for meeting every contingency—singularly fertile in conceiving, and fortunate without a check in executing, sudden, rapid, and difficult combinations—overlooking nothing with his eagle eye, and, by the powerful felicity of his resources, making the most of every thing—matchless in his “Hors-d’Œuvres”—massailable in his “Removes”—impregnable in his “Pièces de resistance”—and unconquerable with his “Flanks.” His directions are lucid, precise, brief, and unmistakeable. There is not a word in them superfluous—or off the matter immediately on hand—or not directly to the point. They are not the dreams of a visionary theorist and enthusiast, but the hard, solid, real results of the vast experience of a tried veteran, who has personally superintended or executed all the operations of which he writes. It may be matter of dispute whether Wellington or Soyer acquired their knowledge in the face of the hotter fire. They are both great Chiefs—whose mental and intellectual faculties have a wonderful similarity—and whose sayings and doings are characterised by an astonishing resemblance in nerve, perspicuity, vigour, and success. In one respect M. Soyer has an advantage over his illustrious contemporary. His Despatches are addressed to an army which as far outnumbered any force every commanded or handled by the Hero of Waterloo, as the stars in the blue empyrean exceed the gas-lamps of London—an army which, instead of diminishing under any circumstances, evinces a tendency, we fear, of steadily swelling its ranks year by year, and day by day—a standing army, which the strong hand of the most jealous republicanism cannot suppress, and which the realization of the bright chimera of universal peace will fail to disband. Before many months are gone, thousands and tens of thousands will be marching and countermarching, cutting and skewering, broiling and freezing, in blind obedience to the commands of

the Regenerator. "Peace hath her victories no less than those of war." But it is not to be forgotten that if the sword of Wellington had not restored and confirmed the tranquillity of the world, the carving-knife of Soyer might not have been so bright.

The confidence of Soyer in his own handiwork is not the arrogant presumption of vanity, but the calm self-reliance of genius. There is a deal of good sense in the paragraph which we now quote:—

"Although I am entirely satisfied with the composition, distribution, and arrangement of my book, should some few little mistakes be discovered they will be the more excusable under those circumstances, as in many instances I was unable to devote that tedious time required for correction; and although I have taken all possible care to prescribe, by weight and measure, the exact quantity of ingredients used in the following receipts for the seasoning and preparing of all kinds of comestibles, I must observe that the ingredients are not all either of the same size or quality; for instance, some eggs are much larger than others, some pepper stronger, salt salter, and even some sugar sweeter. In vegetables, again, there is a considerable difference in point of size and quality; fruit is subject to the same variation, and, in fact, all description of food is subject to a similar fluctuation. I am far, however, from taking these disproportions for excuses, but feel satisfied, if the medium of the specified ingredients be used, and the receipts in other respects closely followed, nothing can hinder success."

It seems a childish remark to make, that all salts do not coincide in their saltiness, nor sugars in their sweetness. The principle, however, which the observation contains within it, is any thing but childish. It implies, that, supposing the accuracy of a Soyer to be nearly infallible, the faith in his instructions must never be so implicit as to supersede the testimony of one's own senses, and the admonitions of one's own judgment. It is with the most poignant recollections that we acknowledge the justice of the Regenerator's caution on this head. We once, with a friend who shared

our martyrdom, tried to make onion soup in exact conformity with what was set down in an Oracle of Cookery, which a foul mischance had placed across our path. With unerring but unreflecting fidelity, we filled, and mixed, and stirred, and watched, the fatal caldron. The result was to the eye inexpressibly alarming. A thick oily fluid, repulsive in colour, but infinitely more so in smell, fell with a flabby, heavy, lazy stream, into the soup-plate. Having swallowed, with a Laocœonic contortion of countenance, two or three mouthfuls, our individual eyes wandered stealthily towards our neighbour. Evidently we were fellow-sufferers; but pride, which has occasioned so many lamentable catastrophes, made us both dumb and obdurate in our agony. Slowly and sadly, at lengthened intervals, the spoon, with its abominable freight, continued to make silent voyages from the platters to our lips. How long we made fools of ourselves it is not necessary to calculate. Suddenly, by a simultaneous impulse, the two windows of the room favoured the headlong exit of two wretches whose accumulated grievances were heavier than they could endure. Hours rolled away, while the beautiful face of Winandermere looked as ugly as Styx, as we writhed along its banks, more miserably moaning than the hopeless beggar who sighed for the propitiatory obolus to Charon. And from that irrevocable hour we have abandoned onions to the heroines of tragedy. Fools, in spite of all warning, are taught by such a process as that to which we submitted. Wise men, take a hint.

"Nature, says I to myself"—Soyer is speaking—"compels us to dine more or less once a-day." The average which oscillates between the "more" and the "less," it requires considerable dexterity to catch. Having read six hundred pages and fourteen hundred receipts, the question is, where are we to begin? Our helplessness is confessed. Is it possible the Regenerator is, after all, more tantalizing than the Barmecide? No—here is the very aid we desiderate. Our readers shall judge of a

"DINNER PARTY AT HOME.

BILL OF FARE
FOR EIGHT PERSONS.

1 SOUP.

French Pot au Feu.

1 FISH.

3 Slices of Salmon en matelote.

2 REMOVES.

Braised Fowls with spring vegetables.
Leg of Mutton basted with devil's tears.

2 ENTRÉES.

Lamb Cutlets with asparagus, peas.
Salmi of Plovers with mushrooms.

2 ROASTS.

2 Ducklings.

4 Pigeons barded with vine leaves.

4 ENTREMETS.

Orange Jelly.
Green peas.Omelette, with fine herbs.
Gooseberry Tart, with cream.

1 REMOVE.

Iced Cake with fruits.

Asparagus.

New Potatoes.

"Nothing but light wine is drunk at the first course, but at the second my guests are at liberty to drink wines of any other description, intercepting them with several hors-d'œuvres, which are small dishes of French pickled olives and sardines, thin slices of Bologna sausage, fillets of anchovies, ciboulettes, or very small green onions, radishes, &c.; also a plain dressed *salade à la Française*, (for which see end of the *entrées*, *Kitchen at Home*), *fromage de brie Neufchatel*, or even Windsor cheese, when it can be procured. The coffee and dessert I usually leave to the good taste and economy of my *menagere*."

We shall be exceedingly curious to hear how many hundred parties of eight persons, upon reading this bill of fare in our pages, will, without loss of time, congregate in order to do it substantial honour. Such a clattering of brass and brandishing of steel may strike a new government as symptomatical or preparatory of a popular rising. We may therefore reassure them with the information, that those who sit down with M. Soyer, will have little thought of rising for a long time afterwards.

We have introduced the *Gastro-nomic Regenerator* to public notice in that strain which its external appearance, its title, its scheme, and its contents, demand and justify. But

we must not, even good-humouredly, mislead those for whose use its publication is principally intended. To all intents and purposes M. Soyer's work is strictly and most intelligibly practical. It is as full of matter as an egg is full of meat; and the household which would travel through its multitudinous lessons must be as full of meat as the *Regenerator* is full of matter. The humblest, as well as the wealthiest kitchen economy, is considered and instructed; nor will the three hundred receipts at the conclusion of the volume, which are more peculiarly applicable to the "*Kitchen at Home*," be, probably, the portion of the book least agreeable and valuable to the general community. For example,

just before shaking hands with him, let us listen to M. Soyer, beginning admirably to discourse

Of the Choosing and Roasting of Plain Joints.

“ Here I must claim all the attention of my readers. Many of the profession will, I have no doubt, be surprised that I should dwell upon a subject which appears of so little importance, saying that, from the plain cook to the most professed, all know how to roast or boil a piece of meat; but there I must beg their pardon. I will instance myself, for, previously to my forming any intention of writing the present work, I had not devoted the time necessary to become professionally acquainted with it, always depending upon my roasting cook, who had constant practice, myself only having the knowledge of whether or not properly done. I have since not only studied it closely, but have made in many respects improvements upon the old system, and many discoveries in that branch which I am sure is the most beneficial to all classes of society, (remembering, as I have before stated, that three parts of the animal food of this country is served either plain-roasted or boiled) My first study was the fire, which I soon perceived was too deep, consumed too much coal, and required poking every half hour, thus sending dust and dirt all over the joints, which were immediately basted to wash it off; seeing plainly this inconvenience, I immediately remedied it by inventing my new roasting fire-place, by which means I saved two hundred-weight of coals per day, besides the advantage of never requiring to be poked, being narrow and perpendicular; the fire is lighted with the greatest facility, and the front of the fire being placed a foot back in the chimney-piece, throws the heat of the fire direct upon the meat, and not out at the sides, as many persons know, from the old roasting ranges. I have many times placed ladies or gentlemen, visiting the club, within two feet of the fire when six large joints have been roasting, and they have been in perfect ignorance that it was near them, until, upon opening the wing of the

screen by surprise, they have appeared quite terrified to think they were so near such an immense furnace. My next idea was to discontinue basting, perhaps a bold attempt to change and upset at once the custom of almost all nations and ages, but being so confident of its evil effects and tediousness, I at once did away with it, and derived the greatest benefit (for explanation, see remarks at the commencement of the roasts in the Kitchen of the Wealthy,) for the quality of meat in England is, I may say, superior to any other nation; its moist soil producing fine grass almost all the year round, which is the best food for every description of cattle; whilst in some countries not so favoured by nature they are obliged to have recourse to artificial food, which fattens the animals but decreases the flavour of the meat: and, again, we must take into consideration the care and attention paid by the farmers and graziers to improve the stock of those unfortunate benefactors of the human family.”

How full of milky kindness is his language, still breathing the spirit of that predominant idea—the tranquilisation of the universe by “ Copious Dinners!” He has given up “ basting” with success. Men may as well give up basting one another. Nobody will envy the Regenerator the bloodless fillets worthily encircling his forehead, should the aspirations of his benevolent soul in his lifetime assume any tangible shape. But if a more distant futurity is destined to witness the lofty triumph, he may yet depart in the confidence of its occurrence. The most precious fruits ripen the most slowly. The sun itself does not burst at once into meridian splendour. Gradually breaks the morning; and the mellow light glides noiselessly along, tinging mountain, forest, and city spire, till a 'stealthy possession seems to be taken of the whole upper surface of creation, and the mighty monarch at last uprises on a world prepared to expect, to hail, and to reverence his perfect and unclouded majesty.

THE LATE AND THE PRESENT MINISTRY.

Our sentiments with regard to the change of policy on the part of Sir Robert Peel and his coadjutors, were early, and we hope forcibly, expressed. We advocated then, as ever, the principle of protection to native industry and agriculture, not as a class-benefit, but on far deeper and more important considerations. We deprecated the rash experiment of departing from a system under which we had flourished so long—of yielding to the clamours of a grasping and interested faction, whose object in raising the cry of cheap bread, was less the welfare of the working man, than the depression of his wages, and a corresponding additional profit to themselves. The decline of agricultural prosperity—inevitable if the anticipations of the free-traders should be fulfilled—seems to us an evil of the greatest possible magnitude, and the more dangerous because the operation must be necessarily slow. And in particular, we protested against the introduction of free-trade measures, at a period when their consideration was not called for by the pressure of any exigency, when the demand for labour was almost without parallel, and before the merits of the sliding-scale of duty, introduced by Sir Robert Peel himself in the present Parliament, had been sufficiently tested or observed. Those who make extravagant boast of the soundness and sagacity of their leader cannot deny, that the facts upon which he based his plan of financial reform, were in reality not facts, but fallacies. The political Churchill enunciated his *Prophecy of Famine*, not hesitatingly nor doubtfully, but in the broadest and the strongest language. Month after month glided away, and still the famine came not; until men, marvelling at the unaccountable delay, looked for it as the ignorant do for the coming of a predicted eclipse, and were informed by the great astrologer of the day that it was put off for an indefinite period! Now, when another and a more beautiful harvest is just beginning, we find that in reality the prophecy was a mere delusion; that there were no

grounds whatever to justify any such anticipation, and that the pseudo-famine was a mere staking-horse, erected for the purpose of concealing the stealthy advance of free-trade.

If this measure of free-trade was in itself right and proper, it required no such paltry accessories and stage tricks to make it palatable to the nation at large. Nay, we go further, and say, that under no circumstances ought the distress of a single year to be assigned as a sufficient reason for a great fiscal change which must derange the whole internal economy and foreign relations of the country, and which must be permanent in its effects. There is, and can be, no such thing as a permanent provision for exigencies. Were it so, the art of government might be reduced to principles as unerring in their operation as the tables of an assurance company—every evil would be provided for before it occurred, and fluctuations become as unknown among us as the recurrence of an earthquake. A famine, had it really occurred, would have been no apology for a total repeal of the corn-laws, though it might have been a good reason for their suspension. As, however, no famine took place, we take the prophecy at its proper value, and dismiss it at once to the limbo of popular delusions: at the same time, we trust that future historians, when they write this chapter of our chronicles, will not altogether overlook the nature of the foundation upon which this change has been placed.

It requires no great penetration to discover how the repeal of the corn-laws has been carried. The leaders of a powerful party who for ten years misgoverned the country, were naturally desirous, after an exile of half that period, to retaste the sweets of office—and were urged thereunto, not only by their own appetites, but by the clamour of a ravenous crew behind them, who cared nothing for principle. While in power, they had remained most dogmatically opposed to the repeal of the corn-laws. Lord Melbourne denounced the idea as maniacal—he was sup-

ported in that view by almost every one of his colleagues; nor was it until they found themselves upon the eve of ejection, that any new light ever dawned upon the minds of the steadfast myrmidons of Whiggery. The election of 1841, which turned them out of office, made matters worse instead of better. They now saw no prospect of a restoration to power, unless they could adopt some blatant cry similar to that which formerly brought them in. Such a cry was rather difficult to be found. Their ignorance of finance, their mismanagement abroad, their gross bungling of almost every measure which they touched, had made them so unpopular, that the nation at large regarded their return to office much as a sufferer from nightmare contemplates the arrival of his nocturnal visitant. Undeterred by scruple or by conscience, they would with the greatest readiness have handed over the national churches to the tender mercies of the Dissenters, if such a measure could have facilitated their recall to the pleasant Goshen of Downing Street. It was not, however, either advisable or necessary to carry matters quite so far. Midway between them and revolution lay the corn-law question, once despised, but now very valuable as a workable engine. The original advocates of abolition were not prime favourites with the Whigs. The leaders of that party have always been painfully, and even ludicrously, particular about their associates. Liberal in appearance, they yet bind themselves together with a thin belt of aristocratic prejudice, and, though insatiable in their lust for public applause, they obstinately refuse to strengthen their coterie by any more popular addition. They found the corn-law question in the hands of Messrs Cobden, Bright, and Wilson—men of the people—who by their own untiring energy, and the efforts of the subsidiary League, had brought the question prominently forward, and were fighting, independent of party, a sort of guerilla battle in support of their favourite principle. Our regard for these gentlemen is not of the highest order, but we should do them great injustice if we did not bear testimony to the zeal and perseverance

they have exhibited throughout. These are qualities which may be displayed alike in a good and in an evil cause; and yet earnestness of purpose is at all times a high attribute of manhood, and enforces the respect of an enemy. With the constitution of the League we have at present nothing to do. The organization and existence of such a body, for the purposes of avowed agitation, was a fact thoroughly within the cognisance of ministers—it was checked, and is now triumphant, and may therefore prove the precursor of greater democratic movements.

The question of the corn-laws was, however, emphatically theirs. A body of men, consisting almost entirely of master manufacturers, had conceived the project of getting rid of a law which interfered materially, according to their views, with the profit and interests of their class. Their arguments were specious, their enthusiasm in the cause unbounded. They spared no exertions, grudging no expense, to obtain converts; they set up gratuitous newspapers, hired orators, held meetings, established bazars—in short, erected such a complicated machine of agitation as had never before entered into the minds of democrats to conceive. With all this, however, their success, save for political accident, was doubtful. The leaders of the League were not popular even with their own workmen. Some of the simpler rules of political economy are tolerably well known among the operative classes, and of these none is better understood than the relationship betwixt the prices of labour and of food. Cheap bread, if accompanied at the same time by a reduction of wages, was at best but a questionable blessing; nor were these doubts at all dispelled by the determined resistance of the master manufacturers to every scheme proposed for shortening the hours of labour, and ameliorating the social as well as the moral condition of the poor. All that the taskmaster cared for was the completion of the daily tale. The truck system—that most infamous species of cruel and tyrannical robbery—gave sad testimony of the extent, as well as the meanness, of the avarice which could wring profit even

from the most degraded source, and which absolutely sought to establish, here, within the heart of Britain, a slavery as complete and more odious than that which is the disgrace of the American republic. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at if the great mass of the working population regarded the proceedings of the Anti-Corn-law League with apathy and indifference. For, be it remarked, that the original Leaguers were by no means thorough-paced free-traders. Their motive was to deal most summarily with every restriction which stood in the way of their business, both as regarded export and import, and the establishment of a lower rate of wages. For such purposes they were ready to sacrifice every interest in the commonwealth except their own; but they showed no symptoms whatever of anxiety to discard restriction wherever it was felt to be advantageous to themselves. They were, in fact, the aspiring monopolists of the country. In their disordered imagination, the future position of Britain was to be that of one mighty workshop, from which the whole world was to be supplied—a commonalty of cotton, calico, and iron, with a Birmingham and Manchester aristocracy.

Such was the position of the League at the moment when the Whigs, eager for a gathering-cry, came forward as auxiliaries; and yet we have some doubt as to the propriety of that latter term. They did not come as helpers—as men who, devoted in singleness of heart to the welfare of their country, were anxious to assist in the promotion of a measure which the sagacity of others had discovered—but claiming a sort of divine right of opposition, similar to that which the lion exercises when the jackal has run down the prey. Accordingly, upon the corn-laws did the magnanimous Whig lion place its paw, and wheeze out a note of defiance against all interlopers whatsoever. Henceforward that question was to be a Whig one. English agriculture was not to receive its death from the ignoble hands of Cobden and Co.

Such was the move of the Whigs in the month of November last. A paltrier one, in every sense of the

word, was never yet attempted, nor did the simultaneous conversion of the whole party, with scarcely more than one or two honourable exceptions, present a very creditable specimen of the integrity of her Majesty's Opposition. They had become convinced—why or wherefore was not stated—that “the time had now arrived” for a total repeal of the corn-laws, and there was an end of the matter. They were prepared to vote for it in Parliament—to go to the country with it as their rallying-cry—to adopt it, in short, as their readiest stepping-stone into office. The old champions of repeal—the Leaguers—might go about their business. The conduct of the question was now transferred into the same hands which had become imbecile and paralysed in 1841, but which had since been renovated and invigorated by a wholesome course of five years' banishment from office.

It is somewhat remarkable, but rather instructive, that the Whigs do not seem to have contemplated any other financial alteration beyond the repeal of the corn-laws. Of an equitable adjustment of clashing interests, they appear to have had no idea. It is quite true that they had been of old well accustomed to a deep defalcation of the public revenue, and the probability of the recurrence of *that* fact, may have been viewed by them as a mere bagatelle. From vague and general protestations of economy, we can form no proper estimate of the real nature of their plans. Economy, or that paltry system of paring which passes with the Whigs for such, is, after all, a political virtue of minor import. What we require from every administration is the adoption of such measures only as shall tend to promote the general wealth and prosperity of the country; and, in consequence, render more easy the payment of the national burdens. Any fiscal change which affects the revenue, must, as a matter of course, affect some particular class of the community. A certain yearly sum has to be made up—no matter how—and every million which is remitted from one source of the revenue must be supplied by another. It is this necessity which renders the administra-

tion of our finances so difficult. Great Britain, when she obtained her place in the foremost rank of nations, had to pay a fancy price for that supremacy. Our system of taxation is not the growth of a few years, but of a large tract of time, embracing periods of enormous expenditure and of intense excitement. It is of the most complex and artificial nature; for the reservoir of the state is filled from a thousand separate sources, and not one of these can be cut off without occasioning a greater drain upon the rest.

In such a state of things, it is quite natural that each particular interest should be desirous to shift the burden from itself. This may not be right nor proper, but it is natural; and the desire is greatly fostered by the frequent changes which have of late been made in the financial department, and by the alteration and adjustment of duties. The attack of the League upon the agriculturists is a specimen of this, though upon the largest scale; and the Whigs were quite ready to have lent it their support, without any further consideration. That they were really and sincerely converts to the new doctrine, we do not believe—but, if so, it is little creditable to their understanding. The repeal of the corn-laws, as a solitary and isolated measure, is, we maintain, an act of gross injustice and impolicy—as part of a great financial reform, or rather remodelment of our whole system, it may bear a different character. The Whigs, however, in adopting it, gave no promise of an altered system. The creed and articles of the League were readily made, and sufficient for them, nor did they think it necessary to enlarge the sphere of their financial relief; and so, towards the end of last year, they presented themselves in the quality of aspirants for office.

It is to us matter of great and lasting regret, that this move was not met by Sir Robert Peel and his cabinet with a front of determined resistance. Whatever may be the opinions of the late premier, of Lords Aberdeen and Lincoln, or any other members of that cabinet, on the abstract advantages of free-trade, we still hold that they were bound, in justice to the great body of gentlemen

whose suffrages in the House of Commons had carried them into power, to have pursued a very different course. It is in vain for them to take shelter under their privileges or their duties as ministers of the crown. Their official dignity by no means relieved them from the pledges, direct or implied, in virtue of which alone they were elevated to that position. The understanding of the country at large was broad and clear upon the point, that the agricultural interest should not suffer from the acts of the late administration; and it was their duty, as well as their true interest, to have kept that confidence inviolate.

The financial plans of Sir Robert Peel have not yet been fully expounded. Over-caution has always been his characteristic and his misfortune. It is beyond dispute, that, in point of tact and business talent, he has no superior; but he either does not possess, or will not exhibit, that frankness which is necessary to make a leader not only respected but beloved; and hence it is that he has again alienated from himself the confidence of a large proportion of his followers. Enough, however, has transpired to convince us that his scheme is of a much more comprehensive nature than any which has been yet submitted. Various acts of his administration have shown a strong tendency towards free-trade. The establishment of the property and income tax, though apparently laid on to retrieve the country from the effects of Whig mismanagement, seemed to us at the time very ominous of a coming fiscal change. It organized a machinery by means of which direct taxation, however graduated, became the simplest method of raising the revenue; and the revision of the tariff was doubtless another step in the same direction.

If on these foundations it was intended to rear a perfect system of free-trade—by which we understand an abolition of all restrictions and protections, of all duties and customs on exports and on imports—and the substitution, for revenue purposes, of direct taxation, we think that the country may fairly complain of having been kept most lamentably in the dark. It is a great—nay, a gigantic

plan—one which certainly would simplify or remove many of the intricacies of government,—it might possibly put an end, as is most desirable, to all clashing interests at home, and might open up abroad a new and greater field to the operations of British industry. All these are possible, nay, probable results—at the same time we are quite justified in saying, that if so wide and important a change was really contemplated, it was somewhat hazardous, and surely unprecedentedly bold, to keep it all the time concealed from public observation, and to give a different gloss and colour to the measures devised for its advancement. In reality, a more momentous question than this does not exist. The fortunes of every man in this country are more or less bound up with it,—it is one of the deepest imports to our colonies, and calculated to affect the whole range of our commercial relations. We say further, that such a measure is not one which ought to be considered in detail—that is, brought about by the gradual abolition of different imposts without reference to the general end—but that, if entertained, it ought to be proclaimed at once, and carried into effect so soon as the nation has been enabled to pronounce an opinion upon it.

Our surmises are, of course, conjectural; for hitherto Sir Robert Peel has chosen to wear the mask of mystery, and has enunciated nothing clearly, beyond a single statement, to the effect that the late bills for the regulations of corn and the customs formed only a part of a larger measure. It is to this reserve that Sir Robert owes his defeat; and we cannot but deeply regret that he should have thought fit to persevere in it at so serious a cost as the dismemberment of his party. We have a strong and rooted objection to this kind of piecemeal legislation. It is, we think, foreign to the genius of this country, which requires the existence between the minister and his supporters of a certain degree of confidence and reciprocity which in this case has certainly not been accorded to the latter. The premier of Britain is not, and cannot be, independent of the people. It is their confidence and opinion

which does practically make or mar him; and in the House of Commons, no measure whatever ought to be proposed by a minister without a full and candid admission of its real object, an exposition of its tendencies, and, at least, an honest opinion of its results.

There were, we think, two courses open to Sir Robert Peel and his cabinet, either of which might have been adopted, after the issue of the Russell manifesto, with perfect consistency. The first of these, and the manlier one, was a steady adherence, during the existence of the present Parliament, to the established commercial regulations. They had already done quite enough to free them from any charge of bigotry—they had modified the corn-duties, with the consent even of the agricultural body, who were induced to yield to that change on the ground that thereby a permanent settlement of the question would be effected, and a baneful agitation discontinued. It is quite true that neither of these results followed. The settlement was not held to be permanent; and the agitation, as is always the case after partial concession, was rather increased than diminished. This, however, was a cogent reason why the ministry should not have proceeded further. Under their guidance, and at their persuasion, the agriculturists had already made a large concession, and that easiness of temper on their part ought not to have been seized on as a ground for further innovation. Within the walls of Parliament the Conservative party possessed a large majority; without, if we except the manifestations of the League, there was no popular cry whatever against the operation of the sliding-scale. Even with the prospect of a bad winter—an auxiliary circumstance not unlooked for by the Whigs—Lord John Russell and his colleagues would have had no chance whatever of unseating their political rivals, supported as these were by the votes of the country party. Had distress absolutely occurred, the means of remedying the more immediate pressure of the evil were in the hands of ministers, who, moreover, would have been cordially assisted by every one in any scheme calculated to ward away famine from the door of the in-

dustrious and the poor. In short, there was no political necessity for any such precipitate change.

Far better, therefore, would it have been for the late ministry had they remained uninfluenced by the interested conversion of the Whigs. By doing so they would have saved both character and consistency, without impairing in the least degree the strength of her Majesty's government—an excuse which the experience of a few months has shown to be utterly fallacious. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Was it conceivable that a change of policy upon a point on which an immense majority of the supporters were distinctly pledged, could *add* to the permanent strength of the ministry?—was no allowance to be made for irritated feelings, for broken ties, for inevitable desertion on the part of those who believe themselves to be wantonly betrayed? The Duke of Wellington surrendered his own private opinion in order that her Majesty's government might be carried on! A sentiment which might have been applauded to the echo in ancient times, but which, it must be confessed by all, is wholly inapplicable to the notions of the century in which we live. The result has proved it. Her Majesty's government was indeed able, by joining with the Whig-Radical faction, or rather by adopting their game, to carry the corn-bill by the most incongruous majority ever counted out in the lobby of St Stephens, but at their very next step the day of reckoning arrived. Indeed the presages of their coming fall was so apparent, that the Irish coercion bill—the measure which more than any other, if we may believe the tissue of bloody and disgusting facts upon which its introduction was founded, demanded attention and despatch—was put off from day to day, lest a hostile division upon it should oust the ministry before the corn-bill could be carried through the House of Lords and receive the royal assent. Had Sir Robert Peel and his supporters been wedded from their infancy upwards to free-trade opinions—had these been the golden dreams of their political life—principles which they had adhered to, and sworn by, through many a long year of adversity and

opposition—they could not have manifested a more unseemly haste in seizing upon the favourable moment, and paralysing all the efforts of the agricultural party, at a time when their own official existence was fast drawing to its close. Public opinion, as we are now told from a very high source, ought always to guide a minister in the formation of his measures, irrespective of the considerations of party. The axiom is indeed a true one, but true only when followed out according to the letter of the constitution. Public opinion is to be gathered neither from the voice, however loudly expressed, of a clamant faction like the League—nor from the sentiments enunciated by a changeable press, which shifts oftener, according to the flow of its own proper interests, than the quicksands of the deceitful Solway—nor even from the votes of renegades, who promised one thing upon the hustings and promoted the reverse in Parliament—but from the sentiments of the electors of the country, from *their* votes and *their* understanding, which have not been appealed to since 1841, when deliberately and unmistakeably they pronounced in favour of protection.

This brings us to the alternative course, which, without any peril of honesty or of honour, was open to the late ministry. We mean, a clear and unreserved declaration of their future policy, and an appeal to the country for its support. If Sir Robert Peel was convinced in his own mind that the principles of protection which he had hitherto advocated were in themselves objectionable—that the time had arrived for a great experiment whereby the whole taxation of the realm should be remodelled, and the many smaller sources of revenue abolished, in order to make way for a broader and a simpler system—if, furthermore, he believed that the continuance even of such agitation as prevailed upon the subject of the corn-laws, was likely to become more serious and more hurtful to the general interest by the factious declaration of the Whigs—then, he had it in his power at once to test the opinion of the country, by offering to the crown the alternative of his resignation or a dissolution of Parliament; and upon ob-

taining the latter, to have put forth, in unambiguous language, a statement of the policy which he intended thereafter to pursue, so that the constituencies of the empire might fairly have chosen between adherence to the ancient, or adoption of the novel plan. We can admit of no excuse such as the stoppage of private business, or any other similar impediment. These are reasons which, if just, might apply to every dissolution of Parliament short of the statutory term; nor can they in the present instance be brought forward, since the late government were by their own confession seriously perplexed by the amount of railway and other bills which this session have been crowded before Parliament, and had sought, without discovering, some method which might check at an early stage the flood of untoward speculation. In such a crisis as this, private interests ought to have been as nothing in comparison with the public good. If the choice lay between free-trade in its widest sense, and protection, it was but common justice that the country should have had the opportunity of making its selection. In no other way can public opinion be gathered. At last general election the country declared for protection—ministers since then have manœuvred that protection away. We were told that certain compensations were to be given; but, alas! the ministry is no more, and compensation has perished with it. The old balance has been disturbed, and the task of adjusting a new one—if that indeed be contemplated—is now left to weak and incompetent hands.

Most heartily, therefore, do we regret that these great changes, which have free-trade for their ultimate object, were commenced in the present Parliament. Sir Robert Peel cannot but have foreseen—indeed he acknowledged it—that the corn-bill could not be carried without a complete disorganization of the Conservative party. In his eyes this may seem a small matter, but we view it very differently. It has shaken, and that to a great degree, the confidence which the people of the country were proud to place in the declarations and sincerity of the government. It has generated a belief, now very common, that the plain

course of open and manly dealing has been abandoned for a system of finesse; and that for the last few months—it may be longer—the leaders of the two great political parties have been playing a match at chess, with less regard to the safety of the instruments they were using, than to the exhibition of their own adroitness. Perhaps no minister of this country ever owed more to party than Sir Robert Peel; and yet, without the excuse of strong necessity, he has not only abandoned that party, but placed it in a false position. The majority of the Conservatives were sent to Parliament under clear and distinct pledges, which honour forbade them to violate. This of the corn-laws was so far from being a discretionary question, that the continuance or discontinuance of agricultural protection was the great theme of the hustings at last general election, and their opinions upon that point became the touchstone on which the merits of the respective candidates were tried. It is worse than vain to talk of Parliamentary freedom, and the right of honourable members to act irrespective of the opinion of their constituents. They are neither more nor less than the embodied representatives of that opinion; and no man of uprightness or honour—we say it deliberately—ought to retain his seat in the House of Commons after the confidence of his supporters is withdrawn. It is neither fair nor honourable to taunt members with having been too free and liberal with their pledges before they knew the policy of their leaders. All men do not possess that happy ambiguity of phrase which can bear a double construction, and convey one meaning to the ear of the listener, whilst another served for the purposes of future explanation. It is not pleasant to believe that we are moving in an atmosphere of perpetual deceit. It is not wholesome to be forced to construe sentences against their obvious and open meaning, or to suspect every public speaker of wrapping up equivokes in his statement. At the last general election there was no misunderstanding. The Conservative candidates believed that their leaders were resolved to uphold protection;

the people believed so likewise, and in consequence they gave them a majority. Situated as the protectionists were, they had no alternative but to act in accordance with their first professions, and to maintain their trust inviolate.

We have no pleasure in referring to that tedious and protracted debate. Yet this much we are bound to say, that the country party, under circumstances of unparalleled discouragement, abandoned, nay, opposed by their former chiefs, and deprived of the benefit which they undoubtedly would have received from the great talents and untiring energy of Lord Stanley—a champion too soon removed from the Lower House—did nevertheless acquit themselves manfully and well, and have earned the respect of all who, whatever may be their opinions, place a proper value upon consistency. It was perhaps inevitable that in such a contest there should have been a display of some asperity. We cannot blame those who, believing themselves to have been betrayed, gave vent to their indignation in language less measured than becomes the dignity of the British senate: nor, had these displays been confined to the single question then at issue, should we have alluded even remotely to the subject. But whilst our sympathies are decidedly with the vanquished party—whilst we deplore as strongly as they can the departure of the ministers from their earlier policy at such a time and in such a manner—we cannot join with the more violent of the protectionists in their virulent denunciations of Sir Robert Peel, and we demur as to the policy of their vote upon the Irish coercion bill, which vote was the immediate instrument of recalling the Whigs to power.

Sir Robert Peel has told us that he is contented to be judged by posterity. He is so far wise in his appeal. The opinions of contemporaries are comparatively worthless on a matter like this, and very few of us are really able to form an unprejudiced opinion. But, unless we are greatly mistaken, he does not contemplate the possibility of appearing before that tribunal in his present posture and condition. There is much yet to come upon

which he must depend, not only for a posthumous verdict, but for that which we hope he may yet receive, an honourable acquittal from those who are at present alienated from his side. As the foe to agricultural protection, he can look but for sorry praise—as the financial reformer of the whole national system, he may, though at heavy risk, become a public benefactor. Every thing depends upon the future. He has chosen to play a very close and cautious game. His is a style of legislation not palatable to the nation; for he has taken upon himself too boldly the functions and responsibilities of a dictator—he has aspired to govern the freest country of the world without the aid of party—and he has demanded a larger and more implicit confidence, even whilst withholding explanation, than any minister has ever yet exacted from the representatives of the people. The risk, however, is his. But clearly, in our opinion, it was not the policy of the protectionists, after the corn-bill was carried and past control, to take a nominal revenge upon their former leader, and eject him from office by a vote inconsistent with their previous professions. By doing so, they have relieved him of the necessity which must soon have become imperative, of announcing the full nature of his scheme of financial reform; they have contributed to an interregnum, possibly of some endurance, from which we do not augur much advantage to the public welfare; and, finally, they have in some degree relinquished the credit and the strength of their position. From the moment the corn-bill was carried, they should have resolved themselves into a corps of observation. Their numbers were formidable enough to have controlled either party; and in all future measures, whenever explanation was required, they were in a condition to have enforced it.

The step, however, has been taken, and it is of course irremediable. All that remains for them and for us is to watch the progress of events during the remainder of the present Parliament—a period which, so far as we can judge from recent disclosures, is likely to pass over without any very marked attempts at innovation. The

Whigs are at present too happy in the resumption of office, to be actually dangerous. They are, or they profess to be, in high good-humour. They have thrown aside for a time the besom of Radical reform, and are now extending in place of it the olive-branch of peace to each different section of their antagonists. We look, however, a little below the surface, and we think that we can discover two very cogent reasons for this state of singular placidity. In the first place, the Whigs are in a minority in the House of Commons. Their political walk cannot extend a yard beyond the limits of Sir Robert's sufferance; and as the boundary line, like the Oregon, has not been clearly laid down, they will be most cautious to avoid transgression. In the second place, they are, as is well known, most miserably divided in opinion among themselves. There is no kind of coherency in the councils of the present cabinet. They cannot approach any single great question without the imminent risk of internal discord; and it is only so long as they can remain quiescent that any show of cordiality can be maintained among them. Accordingly, when we look to Lord John Russell's manifestoes, we are quite delighted with their imbecility. As a matter of course, he has put forward, in the first rank of his declarations, the usual vague rhetoric about the social improvement of the people, which is to be effected by the same means which the Whigs have always used towards that desirable end—viz. by doing nothing. Then there is the subject of education, which we must own opens up a vast field for the exertions of government, if they will only seriously undertake it. This, however, cannot be done without the establishment of a new department in the state, which ought to have been created long ago—we mean a board, with a minister of public instruction at its head; but we hardly expect that Lord John Russell will vigorously proceed to its formation. Then come what are called sanitary measures, by which we understand an improved system of sewerage, and a larger supply of water to the inhabitants of the towns. On this point, we understand, the whole of the cabinet are united,

and we certainly rejoice to hear it. It is certainly the first time in our experience, that a ministry has founded its claims to public support on the ground of a promised superintendence of drains and water-carts. Upon this topic, one of the members for Edinburgh was extremely eloquent the other day upon the hustings. We hope sincerely that he is in earnest, and that, for the credit of Whig legislation, since we cannot obtain it from the municipality, our citizens may occasionally be indulged with the sight of a sprinkled street in summer, and that some means will be adopted for irrigating the closes, which at present do stand most sorely in need of the sanitary services of the scavenger. This point, then, of sewerage we freely concede to the Whigs. Let them grapple with it manfully, annihilate all the water-companies in the realm, and give us an unlimited supply of the pure fresh element without restriction or assessment. They cannot be employed more harmlessly—nay, more usefully, than in such a task. Let them also look to the points of adequate endowment for hospitals, and the institution of public baths and washing-houses, and for once in their lives they shall promote measures of real importance and benefit to the poor.

But, unfortunately, sewerage and its concomitants form but a small part of the considerations connected with the government of this country. A ministry may ask some popularity, but it can hardly found a claim for permanency on the fact of its attention to drains. In the first place, Lord John Russell and his colleagues have serious difficulties before them in the state of the public revenue. The late fiscal changes cannot but have the effect of causing a most serious defalcation, which must be immediately and summarily supplied. It will not do to attribute this defalcation to the acts of the late government, since the Whigs were not only the cordial supporters of these measures, but were ready to have taken the initiative. They are as much answerable as Sir Robert Peel, if, at the end of the present year, the accounts of Exchequer shall exhibit a large deficiency, which cannot, consistently with their own policy, be remedied by any new in-

direct taxation. The moment that free-trade is adopted as a broad principle, there can be no going back upon former steps. There is no resource left except a direct appeal to the purse, which may, indeed, be made by an additional income-tax, if the country are of a temper to submit to it. But we apprehend that a good deal of negotiation will be necessary before any such measure can be carried. The agriculturists are not in a mood to submit to any further burdens. The eyes of the productive classes are by this time a little opened to the effects of foreign importation, and their trade has been already much crippled by the influx of manufactured articles from abroad. Above all, a strong conviction is felt, both in England and in Scotland, of the gross injustice of the system which throws the whole burden of the direct taxation upon the inhabitants of these two countries, whilst Ireland is entirely free. It is a system which admits of no excuse, and which cannot continue long. The immunities which Ireland already enjoyed were any thing but reasons for exempting her from the operation of the income-tax. It is not a question of relative poverty, for the scale is so adjusted that no man is taxed except according to his possession; and it does seem utterly inexplicable, and highly unjust to the Scotsman who pays his regular assessments, and a per centage besides upon his income of £150, that the Irishman, in similar circumstances, should be exempt from either charge. It was this feeling, we believe, more than any other, which rendered the increased grant to Maynooth college obnoxious to the greater part of the British nation; and which, setting aside all other considerations, would at once seal the fate of any ministry that might be rash enough to propose the endowment of the Romish clergy out of the consolidated fund. An increased direct taxation, therefore, would, under present circumstances, be a most dangerous experiment for the Whigs; and yet, if they do not attempt it, how are they to make good the almost certain deficiency of the revenue?

Probably that point may be postponed for future consideration. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,

and the sugar-duties are more immediately pressing. Whether the West Indian proprietors are to receive the *coup-de-grâce* during the present year, or whether they are to be allowed a further respite, seems at the present a matter of absolute uncertainty. It is, however, merely a question of time. Free-trade cares not for the colonies; and, indeed, whilst the work of protective abolition is going on so rapidly both at home and abroad, no isolated interest has reason to expect that it will be exempted from the common rule. Ireland, it seems, is to have an extension of the franchise; and with respect to her social grievances, Lord John Russell is hopeful that his ministry will be enabled "to afford, not a complete and immediate remedy, *but some remedy—some kind of improvement; so that some kind of hope may be entertained that, SOME TEN OR TWELVE YEARS HENCE, the country will, by the measures we undertake, be in a far better state with respect to the frightful destitution and misery which now prevail in that country.*" Here is a precious enunciation of principles and grammar!—A complete remedy for the Irish social grievances is avowedly out of the power of the most intrepid of Whig politicians—a confession of which we presume Mr O'Connell will not be slow to avail himself. But then he expects—or, to use his own phraseology thinks—"it is *most likely* to be in our power to afford" *some remedy, some kind of improvement, the nature of which is still in embryo, but which shall be so matured that some kind of hope may be entertained, that in some ten or twelve years hence the country may be in a far better state with regard to the destitution which now prevails in the country!* Was there ever, we ask, in the whole history of oracles, any thing more utterly devoid of meaning, more thoroughly and helplessly vague, than the above declaration? Why, the whole hopes of the noble scion of the house of Russell are filtered away to nothing before he has achieved the limits of his sentence. There are four or five different stages of trust through which we decline to follow him, being perfectly convinced that the hope of his being likely to introduce any such

measure, is quite as improbable as the implied hope conveyed a little farther on, to the effect that he and his party may be allowed to remain for some ten or twelve years in office, until these exceedingly musty ideas shall have resolved themselves into a tangible form.

In the mean time it is some gratification to know that the Churches are to be spared for the present. Not that Lord John Russell has any abstract love for these institutions—for he has no objection to Romish endowment out of the funds of the Irish Protestant Church—but then he is quite aware that any such move on his part would lead to his instant and ignominious expulsion from power. Earl Grey is of a different opinion; but the construction of the present cabinet is such, that it admits of every possible diversity of opinion, and was, in fact, so planned by the new premier, that the lion and the lamb might lie down together, and Radical Ward be installed in peace by the side of Conservative Lord Lincoln and of Sidney Herbert, about a year ago the pride of the protectionists!

There is something painfully ludicrous in Lord John's exposition of the theories of cabinet construction. It was, as he experienced last winter, quite impossible to bring the chiefs of his party to any thing like a common understanding. The revelations of Mr Macaulay to his correspondent in Edinburgh, gave any thing but a flattering picture of the unity which then pervaded the councils of Chesham Place. It is gratifying to know, that individuals who at that time expressed so exalted an opinion of the intellects and temper of each other, should have met and consented to act together in a spirit of mutual forgiveness. And we are now asked to receive from the lips of Lord John this profound political axiom, that it is not at all necessary that members of the same cabinet should agree in their individual opinions. We have all heard of cabinets breaking up through their own internal dissensions. Such a disruption, in the eyes of Lord John, was an act of egregious folly. What was to have prevented each man from voting according to his own

opinions? On urgent questions, he admits, they should maintain some show of unanimity; but, with all respect for such an authority, we think he is unnecessarily scrupulous. Why quarrel or dissolve upon any single point? Let every man vote according to his own mind—let every question be considered an open one—and we shall answer for the stability of the ministry. In fact, Lord John Russell has at last discovered the political *elixir vite*. No disunion can break up his administration, because disunion is the very principle upon which it has been formed. He has sought support from all classes of men. He is so far from disapproving of Conservative doctrines, that he absolutely has solicited three members of the late government to hold office under him. He asks no recantation of their former opinions, and binds them down to no pledges for the future. Their associates, it is true, are to be men of liberal opinions, some of them verging upon Chartism, and others avowed ecclesiastical destructionists; but that need not deter them from accepting and retaining office. We once knew a worthy Highland chief—a more hospitable being never breathed—who, towards the conclusion of his third bottle, invariably lapsed into an affectionate polemical mood, and with tears in his eyes used to put this question to his friends—"Why can't a man be a Christian and a good fellow at the same time?" This is just the theory of Lord John Russell. He can see no objection to diversity of opinions, so long as the whole body of the cabinet are agreed upon one essential point—that of holding fast by office, and surrendering it upon no account whatever.

Accordingly, when we look narrowly into his manifesto, we find that he has chalked out for himself a course which makes this singular coalition by no means absolutely impossible. He will do nothing, if he can help it, which may give offence to any body. The cabinet are to have an easy task of it. They have nothing to do but to sit still with uplifted oars, and allow the vessel of the state to drift quietly along with the stream. We fear,

however, that the Whig Palinurus has not taken into account the existence of such things as shoals and sand-banks. Let him provide what crew he pleases, the keel, unless we are sadly mistaken, will erelong be grating upon some submerged impediment; and then he will have a fair opportunity of testing the discipline of his motley band. Neither sewerage nor education can well be expected to last for ever. Enormous interests are at present placed in his charge; and these, handled and deranged as they have been of late, will not admit of idling or inattention. There can be no dawdling with these as with the Irish social measures. They will not stand the postponement of some ten or twelve years; nor will Lombard Street permit a second derangement of the financial affairs of the nation. In the manufacturing districts, the workmen are demanding the relief of a controlling factory bill, and on that point the cabinet is divided. The railway system requires particular attention, less for the sake of remedying past ministerial neglect, than of regulating future proceedings. The affairs of the colonies may erelong require the superintendence of a calm, temperate, and experienced head; and, finally, there is the question of revenue and the inchoate system of free-trade. There is quite enough work ready to the hand of the present ministry, if they only choose to undertake it. The country party, we believe, will form an effective and a watchful opposition, and will prove the best safeguard against any rash or uncalled-for experiments. Situated as they now are, they have no other functions to perform; and we would earnestly entreat of them, during the period which must elapse between the present time and the next general election, to bury, in so far as may be, all animosity for the past; and to reflect seriously in what manner

the changes, which are now inevitable, may be best carried out for the benefit of the nation at large. The artificial fabric which has been reared during many years of conquest and successful industry, has now been deprived of its equipoise, and is fast becoming a ruin. We thought, and we still think, that it may be difficult to find a better; but the work of demolition has already commenced, and we must do what we can to assist in the construction of another. At all events, we are entitled to insist upon working rigidly by plan. Let us know what we are about to do, before we bind our hands to any partial and one-sided measure; and, above all things, let us take care that the poorer classes of our fellow-subjects shall not suffer privation or want of employment during the adjusting and development of the new commercial theories. A little time will show their actual value. Long before the invention of the Irish social remedies, we shall be enabled to judge how far the free-trade policy of England is likely to be reciprocated abroad—we shall learn too, by the sure index of the balance-sheet, whether these changes are operating towards our loss or our gain; and we shall also have some opportunity of testing the efficiency of the present administration. Let us, at all events, be prepared for future action; and since we cannot altogether dismiss from our minds the political history of the last few months, let us make it a useful lesson. It may be instructive for future statesmen to learn how the most powerful party in this age and country has been broken up and severed, not by any act of their own, but by the change of policy of their leader. It may also teach them the value of candour and of open dealing—virtues of such universal application, that we cannot yield to doctrines which would exclude them even from the councils of a cabinet.

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MEXICO, ITS TERRITORY AND PEOPLE.

MAN must be content to follow the steps of Providence tardily, timidly, and uncertainly; but he can have no pursuit more worthy of his genius, his wisdom, or his virtue. Why one half of the globe remained hidden from the other during the four or five thousand years after its creation, is among the questions which we may long ask without obtaining an answer. Why the treasures, the plants, and the animals of America should have been utterly unknown, alike to the adventurous expeditions of Tyre and Sidon, to the nautical skill of the Carthaginian, to the brilliant curiosity of the Greek, and to the imperial ambition of the Roman; while their discovery was reserved for a Genoese sailor in the fifteenth century, is a problem perhaps inaccessible of solution by any human insight into the ways of the Great Disposer of all things. Yet may it not be conjectured that the knowledge was expressly withheld until it could be of practical use to mankind; that if America had been discovered a thousand years before, it would have been found only a vast wilderness in both its southern and northern divisions, for it was then almost wholly unpeopled; that with the chief interest of imperial Rome turned to European possession or Eastern conquest, the discovery would have been nearly thrown away; that there was hitherto no superflux of European population to pour into this magnificent desert; and that even if Roman adventure had dared the terrors of the ocean, and the perils of

new climates, at an almost interminable distance from home, the massacres and plunders habitual to heathen conquest must have impeded, if not wholly broken up, the progress of the feeble population already settling on the soil; or perhaps trained that population to habits of ferocity like their own, and turned a peaceful and pastoral land into a scene of slaughter and misery?

The discovery of the American Continent flashed on the world like the discovery of a new Creation. In reading the correspondence of the learned at the time, the return of Columbus, and the knowledge which that return brought, is spoken of with a rapture of language more resembling an Arabian tale than the narrative of the most adventurous voyage of man. The primitive races of their fellow-beings, living in the simplicity of nature, under forests of the palm, with all delicious fruits for their food, with gold and pearls for their toys, and the rich treasures of new plants and animals of all species for their indulgence and their use, were described with the astonishment and delight of a dream of Fairy-land, or the still richer visions of restored Paradise.

Yet, when the hues of imagination grew colourless by time, the continents of the West displayed to the ripened knowledge of Europe virtues only still more substantial. The contrast between the northern and southern portions of the New World is of the most striking kind. It is scarcely less marked than the distinction be-

tween the broken, deeply-divided, and well-watered surface of Europe, and the broad plains, vast mountain ranges, and few, but mighty rivers, which form the characteristic features of Asia. In North America, we see a land of singularly varied surface, in its primitive state, covered with forest; with an uncertain climate; a soil seldom luxuriant, often sterile, every where requiring, and generally rewarding human industry; watered by many rivers, penetrated in almost every direction by navigable streams, and traversed from north to south, an unusual direction for rivers, by an immense stream, the Mississippi, bringing down the furs, the produce of the north, the corn of the temperate zone, the fruits of the tropics, and connecting all those regions with the commerce of Europe: a natural canal, of more than two thousand miles, without a perceptible difference of breadth, from New Orleans to the falls of St Anthony. The Arkansas, Missouri, Ohio, noble rivers, traverse the land in a variety of directions, with courses of from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles; and to the north of the United States, a chain of vast inland seas, a succession of Mediterraneans, surrounded by productive provinces, rapidly filling with a busy population.

The southern portion of the New World exhibits the plains of Tartary, the solitary mountain range of India, the fertility of the Asiatic soil. It, too, has its Ganges and its Indus, in the Amazon and the Rio de la Plata; but its smaller streams are few and feeble. It has the fiery heat of India, the dangerous exhalations of the jungle, the tiger and the lion, though of a less daring and powerful species; and the native, dark, delicate, timid, and indolent, as the Hindoo.

Without speaking of the contrast as perfectly sustained in all its points, it is unquestionable that North and South America have been formed for two great families of humankind as distinct as energy and ease; that the North is to be possessed only as the conquest of toil, while the South allows of the languor into whose hand the fruit drops from the tree.

May it not also be rationally conjectured, that in the discovery Europe and America were equally the objects of the Providential benevolence? It

was palpably the Divine will to give Europe a new and powerful advance in the fifteenth century. Printing, gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, were its gifts to Europe; to be followed and consummated in that new impulse at once to religious truth and to social improvement, which so soon transpired in the German Reformation, and in the commercial system of England and the continental nations. The extension of this mighty impulse to America rapidly followed. The first English colony was planted in North America in the reign of Elizabeth, the great protectress of Protestantism; and the first authentic knowledge of South America was brought to Europe by the discoveries of Englishmen, following the route of Columbus, and going beyond him. It is true that the intercourse of the South with the energetic qualities and free principles of Europe was impeded by an influence which, from its first being, has been hostile to the free progress of the human mind. The Popedom threw its shadow over Spanish America, and the great experiment of civilisation was comparatively thrown away wherever the priest of Rome was paramount. The land, too, witnessed a succession of slaughters, and the still more fearful trade in the unfortunate natives of Africa. But the most powerful contrast was furnished to mankind in the rapid growth of the Protestant states of the north, in their increasing commerce, in the vigour of their laws, in the activity of the public mind, and the ascent of their scattered and feeble communities into the rank and the enjoyments of a great nation.

Nor are we to speak of South America as having wholly slept during the period since its discovery. If all the larger faculties which give nations a place in history remained in a state of collapse under the pressure of Spain, society had made a forward step in every province of that great territory. The inhabitants had never relapsed into their primitive barbarism; they had laws, commerce, manufactures, and literature, all in a ruder degree than as developed under the vivid activity of Europe, but all raising the provinces into a gradual capacity of social vigour, of popular civilisation, and perhaps even of that pure religion without which national

power is only national evil. Perhaps the cloud which has rested for so many ages over the moral soil of South America, may have been suffered to remain until the soil itself acquired strength for a larger product under a more industrious generation. It is not improbable that as the gold and silver of the South were evidently developed, in the fifteenth century, to supply the new commercial impulse of that time of European advance, the still more copious, and still more important, agricultural wealth of countries overflowing with unused exuberance—the magnificent tropical fertility of the continents beyond the ocean—may have been reserved to increase the opulence and stimulate the ardour of a period which the Steam-boat and the Railway have marked for a mighty change in the earth; and in which they may be only the first fruits of scientific skill, the promises of inventions still more powerful, the heralds of a general progress of mankind, to whose colossal strides all the past is feeble, unpurposed, and ineffectual.

The invasion of the Mexican territory by the army of the United States has naturally attracted the eyes of Europe; and whether the war shall issue in a total conquest or in a hollow peace, its results must strongly affect the future condition of the country. Mexico must at once take the bold attitude of an empire, or must be discovered, province by province, until its very name is no more. But no country of the western world has a position more fitted for empire. Washed on the east by the gulf which bears its name, and on the west by the Pacific, it thus possesses direct access to two oceans, and by them to the most opulent regions of the globe. On the south it can dread no rival in the struggling state of Guatemala. But the north is the true frontier on which the battle of its existence is to be fought, if fought at all, for beyond that barrier stretch the United States. The extent of its territory startles European conceptions, extending in north latitude from fifteen to forty-two degrees, and in west longitude from eighty-seven to one hundred and twenty-five degrees. Its surface, on a general calculation, contains about a million and a half of square miles, or about *seven* times the dimensions of

France. Yet, though thus approaching the equator, the climate of Mexico is in general highly favourable to life and to the products of the temperate zone: the incomparably larger portion of its surface being a succession of tablelands or elevated plains, where, with the sun of the tropics blazing almost vertically, the evenings are refreshingly cool, the breeze is felt from the mountains or the ocean, and the days are scarcely hotter than those of Europe.

We now glance at the principal features of this great territory.

Vera Cruz, its chief commercial city, and medium of intercourse with Europe, is handsomely built, exhibiting the usual signs of commercial wealth, in the stateliness of its private houses, and in the rarer peculiarity of wide and cleanly streets. But when did commerce build with any other consideration than that of trade? Vera Cruz is proverbially unhealthy; a range of swamps in the vicinity loads the summer air with fatal exhalations; and the Vomito, the name for a rapid disease, evidently akin to the fearful Black-vomit of Africa, requires either the most vigilant precaution, or more probably the most fortunate chance, to escape its immediate seizure of the frame. Yet it is said that this disease seldom attacks the natives of the city.

But the general susceptibility of the European frame to tropical disease, is tried here in almost every shape of suffering; and typhus, yellow fever, and almost pestilence, terribly thin the concourse of the stranger.

Yet such is the courage of money-making in all parts of the world, that climate is regarded as only a bugbear. The trader in Vera Cruz enters on the campaign against "all the ills that flesh is heir to," as if he had a patent for life. The streets, in the trading season, exhibit perpetual crowds; the harbour is full of masts, nestling under the protection of St Juan d'Ulloa from the bursts of wind which sometimes come with terrible violence from the north; and the funeral and the festivity go on together, and without much impeding each other, in a land which for the time exhibits the very *Festino*, or *fête* of the Merchant, the Sailor, and the Creole.

But, when this season ends, Vera

Cruz is as sad as a dungeon, as silent as a monastery, and as sickly as an hospital. The señoras, a race of perfectly Spanish-visaged, black-eyed, and very coquettish beauties, sit all day drooping in their balconies, like doves upon the housetops, perhaps longing for a hurricane, an earthquake, or any thing which may break up the monotony of their existence. The sound of a guitar, a passing footstep, nay, the whine of a beggar, sets a whole street in motion, and there is a general rustling of mantillas, and a general rush to the windows. The men bear their calamity better; the señor, when he has once a cigar between his sallow lips, has made up his mind for the day. Whether he stands in the sunshine or sits in the shade—whether he wakes or sleeps, the cigar serves him for all the exercise of his animal functions. His brain is as much enveloped in smoke as his moustaches; his cares vanish like the smoke itself. It is not until his cigar-box is empty, that he reverts to the consciousness of his being an inhabitant of this world of ours.

But some are of a more aspiring disposition. They now and then glance round upon the noble landscape which encircles their city. But they do this with the most dexterous determination not to move a limb. Their houses are flat-roofed; some of them have little glazed chambers on the roofs; and there they sit with the sky above them, the mountains round them, and the sea beneath them, dreaming away like so many dormice. One of their American describers compares the whole well-bred population to a colony of beavers; but, we presume, *without* the industry of the quadruped. Their still closer resemblance would be to a wax-work collection on a large scale, where tinsel petticoats, woollen wigs, and bugle eyes imitate humanity, and every thing is before the spectator but life.

Jonathan, who thinks himself born to lay hold on every scrap of the globe by which he can turn one cent into two, looks, of course, on the whole shore of the gulf—towns, mines, and mountains—as his own. He frees himself from all scruples on the subject by the obvious convenience of the conception.

"No spot of the earth," says one of those neighbourly persons, "will be more desirable than the soil of Mexico for a residence, whenever it is in possession of *our race*, with the government and laws which they carry with them wherever they go. The march of time is not more certain than that *this will be*, and probably at *no distant day*."

And, on this showing, the man of "government and laws" proceeds to "sink, burn, and destroy," in the "great cause of humanity," edifies the native by grapeshot, and polishes him with the cutlass. In those exploits of a "free and enlightened" people, our only surprise is that diplomacy itself takes the trouble of offering any apology whatever. The comparative powers of resistance and attack settle the conscience of the affair in a word. The seizure is easy, and therefore why should it not be made? The riflemen of Kentucky and the hunters of Virginia, the squatters of Ohio and the sympathizers of Massachusetts, all see the affair in the proper light; and why should the philosopher or the philanthropist, the man of justice or the man of religion, be listened to on subjects so much more easily settled by the rattle of twelve-pounders? The right of making war on Mexico has not yet found a single defender but in the streets; not a single ground of defence but in the roar of the rabble; not a single plea but in the convenience of the possession. Even the American journals have given up their old half-savage rant of universal conquest. Every drop of blood shed in a war of aggression is sure to be avenged.

The present town is not the town of Cortés. His "Villa Rica de Vera Cruz" (The Rich City of the True Cross) was seated six miles further inland. But trade decided against the choice of the great soldier. The pen, in this instance, conquered the sword a century before the conflict began in Europe. The population of the old city slipped away to the new and hasty hovels on the shore; and the ground consecrated by the banner of the Spanish hero was left to the donkey and the thistle.

The visible protector of the city and harbour (it has saints innumerable)

is the island of St Juan de Ulloa, lying within 600 yards of the mole; and on which stands the well-known fortress. Ships, of course, pass immediately under its guns; and it is regarded as the most powerful fortress in Mexico, or perhaps in the New World, being now thoroughly armed. This is a different state of things from the condition in which it was found by the French squadron in 1839. The ramparts were then scarcely mounted, the guns were more dangerous to the garrison than to the enemy, and of regular artillerists there were few or none; engineers were unheard of. The French naturally did as they pleased; achieved a magnanimous triumph over bare walls, and plucked a laurel for the Prince de Joinville from the most barren of all possible soils of victory; but it served for a bulletin. They would probably now find another kind of reception, for the ramparts *have* guns, and the guns have artillerymen.

The aspect of the Mexican coast from the sea is singularly bold. On the north and west the waters of the Gulf wash a level shore; but on the south all is a crescent of mountains, rising to a general height of 12,000 feet above the level of the sea; but the noblest object is the snow-capped pinnacle of Orizaba, rising, according to Humboldt, 17,400 feet, and covered with perpetual snow from the height of 15,092. This is a volcanic mountain, but which has slept since the middle of the sixteenth century; what must have been its magnificence when its summit was covered with flame!

The mode of conveyance between Vera Cruz and Mexico is chiefly by an establishment of stage-coaches, making three journeys a-week between the capitals. Those vehicles, originally established by an American of the United States, are now the property of a Mexican whom they are rapidly making rich. The horses are Mexican, and, though small, are strong and spirited. The stage leaves Vera Cruz at eleven at night, and arrives about three o'clock in the next afternoon at Jalapa, a distance of about seventy miles, and a continual ascent through mountains. The houses on the wayside are few and wretched, constructed of canes ten

feet long, fixed in the ground, and covered with palm-tree leaves. The villages strongly resemble those of the American Indians; hovels ten or twelve feet square, with a small patch of ground for Chillies and Indian corn—the only difference of those original styles of architecture being, that the northern builds with logs, the southern with mud in the shape of bricks.

A large portion of the country between those two towns belonged to the well-known General Santa Anna. The soil of his vast estate is fertile, but left to its natural fertility—the General being a shepherd, and said to have from forty to fifty thousand head of cattle in his pastures. He also acts the farmer, and takes in cattle to graze. His demand is certainly not high; and Yorkshire will be astonished to hear that he feeds them at forty dollars the hundred.

The ascent of the mountain range, and the varieties of the road, naturally keep the traveller on the *qui vive*. With the air singularly transparent, with the brightest of skies above, and the most varied of southern landscapes stretching to an unlimited extent below, the eye finds a continual feast. The city of Jalapa stands on the slope, throned on a shelf of the mountain 4000 feet above the sea, and with 4000 feet of the bold and sunny range above it. The whole horizon, except in the direction of Vera Cruz, is a circle of mountains, and towering above them all, at a distance of twenty-five miles, (which, from the clearness of the air, seems scarcely the fourth part of the distance,) rises the splendid cone of Orizaba. On the summit of the range stands Perote, a town connected with a strong fortress, perhaps the highest in position that the world exhibits—8500 feet above the shore.

Height makes the difference between heat and cold every where. In the middle of a summer which burns the blood in the human frame at Vera Cruz, men in Perote button their coats to the chin, and sleep in blankets. Thus winter is brought from the Poles to the Tropic, and the Mexican shivers under the most fiery sunshine of the globe.

The next stage is Puebla—eighty

miles; the road passes over a vast plain generally without a sign of cultivation, as generally destitute of inhabitants, and with scarcely a tree, and scarcely a stream. It is difficult to know to what purpose this huge prairie can be turned, except to a field of battle. As the road approaches Puebla, there are farms erected by the town, and from which its wants are chiefly supplied. They produce wheat, barley, and Indian corn. The only fodder for horses is wheaten straw, but on this they contrive to "grow fat;" we are not called on to account for the phenomenon.

But every nation loves to intoxicate itself, and the Mexican boasts of the most nauseous invention for the purpose among the discoveries of man. Pulque, the national beverage, is the juice of the *Agave Americana*, fermented. The original process by which the fermentation is produced is one which we shall not venture to detail; but the liquor obtained from the section of the plant is drawn up by a rude syphon, and poured into dressed ox-hides. The taste is mawkish, and the smell is noisome. Yet, to the Mexican, it is nectar and ambrosia together. Pulque is to him meat, drink, and clothing, for without it the world has no pleasures. The most remarkable circumstance is, that it is without strength. Thus it wants the charm of brandy, which may madden, but which at least warms; or aquafortis, which the Pole and the Russ are said to drink as a qualifier of their excesses in train oil; but the Mexican would rather die, or even fight, than dispense with his pulque; and if Santa Anna had but put his warriors on short allowance of the national liquor before his last battle, and promised them double allowance after it, he would probably have been, at this moment, on the Mexican throne.

The *Agave*, called by the natives *Maguey*, is certainly an extraordinary instance of succulency, and an unrivalled acquisition to a thirsty population. A single plant of the *Agave* has been known to supply one hundred and fifty gallons of this sap. In good land it grows to an enormous size, the centre stem often thirty feet high, and twelve or fifteen inches in diameter at the bottom. When the

plant is in flower, which occurs from seven to fifteen years old, the centre stem is cut off at the bottom, and the juice is collected.

Humbolt says, that a single plant will yield four hundred and fifty-two cubic inches of liquor in twenty-four hours, for four or five months, which would give upwards of four hundred gallons. How curious are the distributions of nature! All this profuse efflux of mawkish fluid would be thrown away in any other country. But nature has given the Mexican a palate for its enjoyment, and to him the draught is rapture.

Mexico is the land for the lovers of pumice-stone. The whole road from Vera Cruz to the capital is covered with remnants of lava. Every plain seems to have been burnt up by eruptions a thousand years old, or, according to the time-table of the geologist, from ten to ten thousand millions of years ago. With the mountain tops all on fire, and the plains waving with an inundation of flame, Mexico must have been a splendid, though rather an inconvenient residence, in the "olden time."

Mexican agriculture has not yet attained the invention of an iron ploughshare; its substitute is primitive, and wooden. It evidently dates as far back as the times of the Dispersion. Nor, with thousands and tens of thousands of horses, have they yet discovered that a horse may be yoked to a plough. The Turks say, that the plague exists only where Mahometanism is the religion, and they seem to regard the distinction as a peculiar favour of Providence. It has been said by, or for, the Spaniards of the present day, that no railroad exists, nor, we presume, *can* exist, "where the Spanish language is spoken." The late abortive attempts to make a railway from Bayonne to Madrid, so far prove the incompatibility of railways with the tongue of the Peninsula. A little effort of human presumption in Cuba, has been ventured on, in the shape of a brief railway, which already goes, as we are informed, at the rate of some half-dozen miles an hour. But as this is a dangerous speed to a Spaniard, we naturally suppose that the enterprise will be abandoned. But though the ma-

majority of the population, between drinking pulque and smoking cigars, find their hands completely full, one class is at least sufficiently active. Robbers in Mexico are what pedlars used to be in England; they keep up the life of the villages, plunder wherever they can, cheat where they cannot plunder, ride stout horses, and lead, on the whole, a varied, and sometimes a very gay life. One of the American travellers saw, at one of the villages where the stage changed horses, a dashing and picturesque figure, gaudily dressed, who rode by on a handsome horse richly caparisoned. On inquiring if the coachman knew him, the answer was, that he knew him perfectly well, and that he was the captain of a band of robbers, who had plundered the stage several times since the whip and reins had been in his hands. On the Americans urging the question, why he had not brought the robber to punishment, the answer was, "that he would be sure to be shot by some of the band the next time he passed the road;" the honour of Mexican thieves being peculiarly nice upon this point. It appeared that the dashing horseman had gone through the village on a *reconnaissance*, but probably not liking the obvious preparations of the travellers, had postponed the capture.

The mode of managing things in this somnolent country, is remarkable for its tranquillity. The American who narrates the circumstance, had taken with him from Vera Cruz four dragoons; but on accidentally enquiring on the road into the state of their arms, he found that but one carbine had a lock in fighting order, and even that one was not loaded; on which he dismissed the guard, and trusted to his companions, who were all well armed. The Mexican travellers, taking the matter in another way, never carry arms, but prepare a small purse "to be robbed of," of which they are robbed accordingly. A few miles from Perote, the road winds round a high hill, and the passengers generally get out and walk. The Americans on this occasion had left their arms in the carriage, but their more prudent chief immediately ordered them to carry them in their hands, and in the course of the ascent, they pounced upon a

group of ruffians whom the driver pronounced to be robbers; and who, but for their arms, would probably have attacked them. In less than a month after this, five or six Americans having left their arms in the stage at this spot, were attacked, and stripped of every cent belonging to them.

It must be owned that this country has fine advantages for the gentlemen of the road. The highway between Vera Cruz and Mexico is the great conduit of life in the country. Nearly all the commerce goes by that way, and ninety out of every hundred travellers pass by the same route. The chief portion of the road is through an absolute desert. It frequently winds up the sides of mountains, and then is bordered by forests of evergreens, forming a capital shelter for the land pirate, the whole being a combination of Hounslow Heath and Shooter's Hill on a grand scale, and making highway robbery not merely a showy but a safe speculation, the gaming-table being the chief recruiting-office of the whole battalion of Mercury.

The statistics of gaming might borrow a chapter from Mexico. The passion for play is public, universal, and unbounded. It is probably superior even to the passion for pulque. Every one plays, and plays for all that he is worth in the world, and often for more. But he has his resource—the road. A man who has lost his last dollar, but who is determined to play on till he dies, lays himself under strong temptations of coveting his neighbour's goods. The hour when the stages pass is known to every one; the points of the road where they must go slowly up the hill, are familiar to all highway recollections. Associates are expeditiously found among the loiterers, who, after their own ruin, sit round the room watching the luck of others. The band is formed in a moment; they take the road without delay, post themselves in the evergreens, enjoy the finest imaginable prospect, and breathe the most refreshing air, until the creaking of the coach-wheels puts them on the alert. They then exhibit their weapons, the passengers produce their little purses, the stage is robbed of every thing portable, or convertible into cash, the band return

to the gaming-table, fling out their coin, and play till they are either rich or ruined once more.

Some time after an adventure, such as we have described, the stage was robbed near Puebla by a gang, all of whom had the appearance of gentlemen. When the operation of rifling every body and every thing was completed, one of the robbers observed—"that they must not be looked on as professional thieves, for they were gentlemen; but having been unfortunate at play, they were forced to put the company to this inconvenience, for which they requested their particular pardon."

An incident of this order occurring in the instance of a public personage, some years before, long excited remarkable interest. The Swiss consul had been assassinated at noonday. A carriage had driven up to his door, out of which three men came, one in the dress of a priest. On the doors being opened they seized and gagged the porter, rushed into the apartment where the consul was sitting, murdered and robbed him, and then retreated. None knew whence they came or whither they went; but the murdered man, in his dying struggle, had torn a button off the coat of one of the robbers, which they found still clenched in his hand. A soldier was shortly after seen with more money than he could account for; suspicion naturally fell upon him; his quarters were searched, and one of his coats was found with the button torn off. He was convicted, but relied upon a pardon through the Colonel Yanez, chief aide-de-camp of the president Santa Anna, who was his accomplice in the transaction. On being brought out for execution, and placed on the fatal bench where criminals are strangled, he cried out, "Stop, I will acknowledge my accomplices;" and he pronounced the name of the colonel. Search was immediately made in the house of Yanez, and a letter in cipher was found, connecting him with this and other robberies. This letter was left in the hands of one of the judges: he was offered a large sum to destroy it, and refused. In a few days after he was found dead, as was supposed, by poison. The paper was then transferred to another judge,

who was offered the same bribe, and who promised to destroy it; but on conferring with his priest, though he took the money, he shrank from the actual destruction of the document, and kept it in silence. Yanez was brought to trial, and, believing that the paper was no longer in existence, treated the charge with contempt. The paper was produced, and the aide-de-camp was condemned and executed.

Puebla is one of the handsomest cities in the Mexican territory. The houses are lofty, and in good taste, and the streets are wide and clean. About six miles from the city stood Cholula, which Cortes described "as having a population of forty thousand citizens, well clothed," and, as it might appear, peculiarly devout according to their own style, for the conqueror counted in it the towers of four hundred idol temples. Of this city not a vestige remains but an immense mound of brick, on which now stands a Romish chapel.

Beyond Puebla, cultivation extends to a considerable distance on both sides of the road. To the right lies the republic of Tlascalala, so memorable in the history of the Spanish conquest, and once crowded with a population of warriors. The road then runs at the foot of Pococatpetl, the highest of the Mexican mountains, seventeen thousand feet above the level of the sea. The capital is now approached; and on passing over the next ridge, the first glimpse is caught of the famous valley and city of Mexico. From this ridge Cortes had the first view of his conquest. It must have been an object of indescribable interest to the great soldier who had fought his way to the possession of the noblest prize of his age. The valley of Mexico, a circuit of seventeen hundred square miles, must then have been a most magnificent sight, if it be true that it contained "forty cities, and villages without number." Time, war, and the fatal government of Spain, have nearly turned this splendid tract into a desert. But it still has features combining the picturesque with the grand. The valley partially resembles the crater of an immense volcano wholly surrounded by mountains, some of them rising ten thousand feet above the city. In the cen-

tre of this vast oval basin is a lake, or rather a chain of lakes, through the midst of which the road now passes for about eighteen miles, on a raised causeway. The city stands in the north-eastern quarter of the valley, not more than three miles from the mountains, at an elevation of seven thousand four hundred and seventy feet, and its position seems obviously made for the capital of an empire.

Mexico is regarded as the "state-liest city" in the New World. Its plan was laid, and the principal portion of its public buildings are said to have been designed, by Cortes. They bear all the impress of a superb mind. The habitual meanness of democratical building has no place there; the majority of the fabrics were evidently constructed by a man to whom the royal architecture of the European nations was familiar, and the finest houses in the city are still inhabited by the descendants of the conqueror.

The principal square is the pride of the Mexicans, and the admiration of travellers. It has an area of twelve acres; unluckily, this fine space, which in England would be covered with verdant turf, shrubs, and flowers, is covered only with pavement. But the buildings are on a noble scale. The Cathedral fills one whole side of the square, the Palace another, and the sites of both are memorable and historical; the Cathedral standing on the ground where once stood the great idol temple, and the Palace on the ground of the palace of Montezuma! The latter building is 500 feet long, and contains the public offices, besides the apartments of the President. The Cathedral is of striking Gothic architecture, and after all the pressures and plunderings of the later period, still retains immense wealth. The high altar is covered with plates of silver, interspersed with ornaments of massive gold. This altar is inclosed with a balustrade a hundred feet long, not less precious than the high altar itself. It is composed of an amalgam of gold, silver, and copper, richly flourished and figured. It is said than an offer had been made to purchase it at its weight in silver, giving half a million of dollars besides. Of this balustrade there are not less in the building than 300 feet.

Statues, vases, and huge candlesticks of the precious metals, meet the eye every where; and yet it is said that the still more precious portion of the treasure is hidden from the popular eye. The streets are wide, and cross each other at right angles, dividing the whole city into squares. But the Romish habit of giving the most sacred names to common things, is acted on in Mexico with most offensive familiarity. The names of the streets are instances of this profanation, which has existed wherever monks have been the masters. Thus, the Mexican will tell you that he lives in "Jesus," or in the "Holy Ghost." In the Spanish navy the most sacred names were similarly profaned; and the Santissima Trinidad (the Most Holy Trinity) was a flag-ship in the fleet destroyed at Trafalgar. What blasphemies and brutalities must not have been mingled with this sacred name in the mouths of a crew!

The churches are the chief buildings in the city, some of them of great size, and all filled with plate and other wealth. Yet the houses, even of the most opulent families, exhibit some of the vilest habits of the vilest southern cities of Europe. To pass over other matters, in the whole city there is perhaps not a stable separate from the house. The stud is on the basement story, and it may be conceived how repulsive must be the effects of such an arrangement in the burning climate of Mexico! The servants' rooms are also upon this floor; and in some of the principal houses the visitors have to pass through this row of stables and sleeping rooms on their way to the chief apartments. In some, too, of the larger private houses, no less than thirty or forty families reside, each renting one or two rooms, and having a common stair of exit to the street. This crowding of families is produced, in the first instance, by the narrow limits of the city, which is scarcely more than two miles in length by a mile and a half in breadth; and in the next, by the lazy habits of their Spanish ancestry, which still gathered them together for the sake of gossiping and idling, and which seem every where to have had an abhorrence of cleanliness, of fresh air, and of the sight of a field; the population thus

festering on each other, while the country round them is open, healthful, and cheerful. The inhabitants, to the amount of two hundred thousand, evidently prefer half suffocation in an atmosphere that tortures the nostrils of all strangers; and are content with the dust and dimness, the heat and the effluvia, naturally generated by a tropical sun acting upon a crowded population.

In addition to this voluntary offence, Mexico has two natural plagues, inundations and earthquakes. The city was once a kind of American Venice, wholly surrounded by water, penetrated by water, and built on piles in the water. A gigantic canal, which was tunnelled through its mountain barrier in the beginning of the seventeenth century, partially drained the waters of the lakes, and left it on firm ground. But the lakes, from time to time, take their revenge; clouds of a peculiarly ominous aspect begin to roll along the mountains, until they break down in a deluge. Then the genius of the land of monks exhibits itself, and all the bells in the city are rung, whether to frighten the torrent, or to propitiate the Deity. But the rain still comes down in sheets, and the torrents roar louder. The bells meet the enemy by still louder peals. At length the clouds are drained, and the torrents disappear; the bells have the praise. The city recovers its spirits, finds that its time for being swept from the earth has not yet arrived; the sun shines once more, and the monks have all the credit of this triumph over Satan and Nature.

Mexico has its museum, and it contains some curiosities which could not be supplied in any other part of the world. They are almost wholly Mexican. The weapons found among the people at the time of the conquest: rude lances, daggers, bows and arrows, with the native armour of cotton, and those wooden drums which the old Spaniards seem to have dreaded more than the arms. Among them is the Mexican "razor sword," a staff with four projecting blades, made of volcanic glass, and brought to such sharpness that a stroke has been known to cut off a horse's head. In the museum there are some still more curious spe-

cimens of their manufactures, paper made from the Cactus, with much of their hieroglyphic writing on it. One of these rolls exhibits the Mexican idea of the deluge, and among other details shows "the bird with a branch in its claw." It is said that they had traditions of the leading events from the Creation to the Deluge, nearly resembling the Mosaic history; but that from the Deluge downwards all records have escaped them. But the museum contains more modern and more characteristic remains. Among the rest, the armour of Cortes.

From its size, its wearer must have been a man of small stature, and about the size of Napoleon. The armour of the brave Alvarado is also in the museum, and is even smaller than that of Cortes; but, as a covering of the form, both are complete. The wearer could have been vulnerable only at the joints; the horse of the man-at-arms was similarly protected, being in fact covered all over either with steel or bull's hide. The use of cannon finally put an end to the wearing of armour, which was found to be useless against weight of metal. It is now partially reviving in the cuirass, and unquestionably ought to be revived among the infantry so far as covering the front of the soldiers. The idea is childish that this would degrade the intrepidity of the troops. The armour of knighthood did not degrade its intrepidity; the cuirasses of our dragoons have not degraded their intrepidity; nor will any man be the less daring from the sense that he is less exposed to the casualties of the field.

A colossal bronze statue of Charles IV. stands in the court-yard of the museum, but its history is of higher value than its subject; that history being, that it was designed by one native Mexican, and cast by another. Thus at least showing that the cultivation of the fine arts is not impossible, even in Spanish America.

There also is the great sacrificial stone on which human victims bled, a circular mass four feet high and eight in diameter, with figures in relief elaborately carved on the top and sides. On this stone sixty-two of the companions of Cortes were put to death before the eyes of their countrymen.

The finance of Mexico becomes a matter of European importance, in a period which should be called the "Age of Loans." The debt in 1844 was about one hundred millions of dollars, of which sixty millions are due to foreigners. But the territory is evidently the richest in silver that the world has yet seen, and possibly exceeding in mineral wealth all the world beside, if we except the gold sands of the Ural, which have lately teemed with such marvellous produce. Humboldt reckoned no less than three thousand silver mines in Mexico in the year 1804. But not one fiftieth of those mines continue to be worked, a result caused by the distance of quicksilver in the mines of Old Spain. The mines produce but little gold, and that little is generally found in combination with silver. But the quantity of silver is absolutely astonishing. The mines still continue to give a produce as large as in any year of the last two centuries, in which Humboldt computes the average produce at twelve millions of dollars annually. But allowing for the quantity notoriously smuggled out of the country, besides the eighteen millions and a half of gold and silver actually registered for exportation, the produce may amount to twenty-four millions of dollars yearly. This increase evidently arises from the greater tranquillity of the country; for in the times of actual revolution, it frequently sank to three or four millions.

The American writer from whom we have taken these calculations, cannot help betraying the propensity of Yankeeism, by talking of the wonders which would be done in such a country if it were once in the possession of Jonathan. He thinks that the produce of the mines would be "at least five times as great as it is now," that every mine would be worked, and that many more will be discovered. Calculating the exports of British produce at two hundred and sixty millions of dollars yearly, he thinks that "Mexico, if in full action, would equal that amount in ten years." But his words are more significant still with respect to the relations of the United States. We are to remember that those words were written previously to the aggression which has just taken place against

Mexico, and which the Americans pretend to be perfectly innocent and justifiable. And also, that they are written by an American minister. "Recent manifestation," says this writer, "of a rabid, not to say rapacious spirit of acquisition of territory on the part of our countrymen, may well cause a race so inferior in all the elements of power to tremble for the tenure by which they hold this Eldorado. It is not often, with nations at least, that such temptations are resisted, or that 'danger winks on opportunity.' I trust, however, that our maxim ever will be, 'noble ends by worthy means,' and that we may remember that wealth improperly acquired never ultimately benefited an individual or a nation."

Those are wise and just sentiments. But we unluckily see the practical morality of the Americans on the subject, in the invasion of the territory, and the slaughter of the natives.

The mineral produce is not confined to gold and silver. No country produces larger masses of that iron which so much better deserves the name of precious metal, if we are to estimate its value by its use. And tin, lead, and copper are also found in large masses.

The fertility of the soil, where it receives any tolerable cultivation, is also remarkable, and two crops may be raised in one year. But the farmers have neither capital nor inclination to cultivate the soil. Having no market, they have no use for their superfluity, and therefore they raise no superfluity. A considerable portion of the whole territory is also distributed into immense pastures of eighty or a hundred thousand cattle, and fifteen or twenty thousand mules and horses, the grass being green all the year round, and those animals being left to the course of nature. Yet, except when there is a government demand to mount the cavalry, those immense herds of horses seldom find a purchaser, nearly all agricultural work being done by oxen. Horses are sold at from eight to ten dollars a-piece. But the Mexicans exhibit the old Spanish preference for mules, and a pair of handsome carriage mules will cost one thousand dollars.

Thus, in all the precious products of

the earth, Mexico may stand a rivalry with the most favoured nations. It is the land of the cochineal; it produces all the rice which is required for the food of the people; the silkworm might there be multiplied to any extent; cotton can be raised in almost every province to a boundless amount. The high grounds are covered with fine timber, and, where nothing else is produced, bee's-wax abounds; this is consumed chiefly in the churches, where a part of their religion consists in keeping candles perpetually burning. Yet the Mexican bee-masters are as careless as the rest of their countrymen, and they do not produce wax enough for this holy ignition, and great quantities are imported accordingly.

The history of Mexico, since the Spanish conquest, is a combination of the histories of European sovereignty and American republicanism.

Mexico was not among the discoveries of the great Columbus, though he approached Yucatan. That peninsula was first seen in 1517 by Cordova. In 1519 the famous Hernan Cortes landed on the site of Vera Cruz. After founding Villa Rica, he began his memorable march into the territory of Montezuma, King of the Azteks. It cost him two years of desperate struggle to make good his ground; the Mexicans exhibited occasional bravery, and fought with the fervour of devotees to their king and their idols. But the novelty of the Spanish arms, the belief in an ancient prediction that "the kingdom was to be conquered from the sea," and, above all, the indefatigable bravery of Cortes, finally established the supremacy of Spain.

The great source of calamity to Spain has always been its pride. The groundless sense of personal superiority in every thing belonging to Spain, its religion, its government, its literature, and its people, has, during the last four hundred years of European advance, kept Spain stationary. The country was pronounced to be perfect, and what is the use of trying to improve perfection? But the Spaniard pronounced himself as perfect as the country; and, therefore, what was the use of his adopting the inventions, habits, or intelligence of others? He

disdained them all, and therefore continued the byword of ignorance, arrogance, and prejudice, to all nations. The troops of Cortes, and the gallant adventurers who followed them as settlers in the Spanish colonies, had descendants who soon began to form a powerful population. Among those, a government possessed of common sense would have found the natural support of the parent state. But the man of Spain scorned to acknowledge the equality even of the Spanish blood, when born in the colonies; and no office of trust, and no commission in the colonial troops, could be given to a Creole. The foundation of hostility was thus laid at once, and on it was raised a large superstructure.

Another race soon rose, the children of Spaniards by native women, the Mestizos. They, too, were excluded from all employments. The revolt of the United States would probably have applied the torch to this mass of combustible matter, but for the jealousy of the two races. As the men of Old Spain despised the Creole, the Creole despised the Mestizo. Thus the power of Spain remained guarded by the jealousies of both.

But a new period was at hand. The infamous seizure of Spain by Napoleon in 1808, roused both races to an abhorrence of the French name, and a determination to separate themselves from a kingdom which could now be regarded only as a French province. Again jealousy prevailed; the Creoles demanded a national representation, the Spanish troops and *employés* a royal government. In the midst of their disputes, a powerful enemy appeared. The Mestizos and Indians united under a village priest, Hidalgo, and overran the country. This incursion brought the disputants to a sense of their own peril; they collected troops, were beaten by the bold priest, rallied for another field, beat him, took him prisoner in the battle, and put him to death.

But the spirit of revolt had now become popular, and another priest, Morellos, was found to head another insurrection. His talents and intrepidity swept all before him for a period, and the "independence of Mexico" was declared by a "na-

tional assembly" in November 1813. But Morellos was finally unfortunate, was attacked by the Spanish general Calleja, who seems to have been a man of military genius, was taken prisoner, and shot. The Old Spaniards were once more masters, and Apodaca, a man of intelligence and conduct, was sent from Spain as viceroy.

But sudden tumults broke out in Spain itself. The "Constitution of 1820" was proclaimed, the parties in Mexico followed the example, and a constitution strongly tending to democracy was proposed. It produced a total dissolution of the alliance between the Creoles and the Old Spaniards, the former demanding a government virtually independent, the latter adhering to Spain. In the confusion, Iturbide, a young Creole of an ancient family, and of large possessions, pushed his way into power, and, to the astonishment of all Western republicanism, in 1822 proclaimed himself Augustin the First, *Emperor* of Mexico.

But he instantly committed the capital fault of quarrelling with his congress. By a rash policy he dissolved the assembly and appointed another, composed of his adherents. But Cromwell's boldness required Cromwell's abilities to sustain it. The army had been the actual givers of the throne, and what they had given they regarded themselves as having the right to resume. The generals revolted against Iturbide, overthrew him, proclaimed a new constitution, and sent him to travel in Europe on a pension!

The constitution thus formed (October 1824) was republican, and took for its model that of the United States. Its two assemblies are a senate and a house of representatives. The senate consisting of two members for each state; the representatives, of two for every eighty thousand inhabitants. All must be natives, and have landed property to the amount of eight thousand dollars, or some trade or profession which brings in ten thousand dollars annually. The congress sits every year from the first of January to the middle of April. The senators holding their seats for four years, ge-

nerally; the representatives for two. The executive is vested in a president and vice-president, both elected by the state legislatures for four years. The ages of the several functionaries are curiously fixed. The representative must have attained the age of twenty-five, the senator of thirty, and the high officers of state thirty-five.* The whole territory forms one "Federal Republic, governed by one Executive," a marked distinction between Mexico and its model; the several states of the American Union retaining to themselves many of the privileges which, in the Mexican, belong to the government of the capital.

Iturbide, after a two years' exile, whether uneasy in his fall, or tempted by the perpetual tumults of party at home, returned to Mexico in 1824. He was said to complain of the stoppage of his pension; but, before his arrival, a party especially hostile to him had obtained power, and Iturbide, with a rashness which exhibits the true Creole, landing, without making the natural inquiry into the actual condition of things, was instantly seized and shot. Santa Anna, who had distinguished himself in the military service, now appealed to the usual donor of power, the army, and, at the head of his squadrons, took possession of the Presidentship.

In the present confusion of Mexican affairs, the recollection of Santa Anna has been frequently brought before the mind of his nation, as the only man fit to sustain it under the difficulties of the crisis; and nothing can be more fully acknowledged, than that, among the successive leaders of the country, he has had no rival in point of decision, intelligence, and intrepidity, the qualities obviously most essential for the time.

Santa Anna, in 1823, was unknown; he was simply a colonel in the Mexican service. The declaration of public opinion in that year for Republicanism, found him a zealous convert; and at the head of his regiment he marched from Vera Cruz to meet the troops of Iturbide. He met the Emperor's general, Echavari, half-way to the capital, and, after some trivial

* There have been some subsequent changes in these matters.

encounters, made a convert of his enemy; Echavari's battalions marched into Santa Anna's camp. Iturbide, thus suddenly stript of his troops, had no alternative but to capitulate, and go into banishment. The Republic was proclaimed, and Santa Anna was recognised as the deliverer of his country. But an occasion occurred in which his military talents were to be equally conspicuous.

In 1829, a Spanish armament, with four thousand troops under General Barrados, made its appearance off Tampico, dispatched to recover the country for the Spanish crown. This instance of activity on the part of Old Spain was so unexpected, that the Republic was in general consternation. But Santa Anna took his measures with equal intelligence and bravery. Collecting about seven hundred men hastily, crossing the Gulf in open boats, and evading the Spanish vessels of war, he landed within a few miles of the Spanish expedition. Barrados, unprepared for this dashing antagonist, had gone on some rash excursion, carrying with him three-fourths of his force; the remaining thousand were the garrison of Tampico. Santa Anna, losing no time, assaulted the place next morning, and after a four hours' struggle, made the whole garrison prisoners. But his victory had placed him in imminent danger. Barrados rapidly returned; the Mexican general, encumbered with prisoners, found himself in presence of triple his numbers, and with a river in his rear. Death, or surrender, seemed the only alternatives. In this emergency, he dexterously proposed an armistice, impressing the Spanish general with the idea that he was at the head of an overwhelming force—an impression the more easily made, from the apparent hardihood of his venturing so near an army of Spanish veterans. One of his first conditions was, that the Mexican troops should return to their own quarters unmolested. Thus, with merely six hundred men, he escaped from five times that number. In a few days he was joined by several hundred men. He then commenced a vigorous and incessant attack on the Spanish position, which was followed by the surrender of the entire corps; and 2200 Spaniards were embarked

for the Havannah as prisoners of war. Santa Anna's force never exceeding 1500 men.

A campaign of this rank naturally placed him in a distinguished point of public view. Yet he remained in comparative quiet on his estates near Vera Cruz, probably on the Napoleon principle—waiting his opportunity. It soon came; in 1841, Bustamante, the president, fell into unpopularity; murmurs rose ominously among the troops, and Santa Anna was summoned to head a revolution. Gathering five or six hundred men, chiefly raw recruits, he marched on the capital. The enterprise was singularly adventurous, for Bustamante was an experienced officer, with 8000 men under his immediate command. Santa Anna again tried the effect of diplomacy; the result was, that Bustamante finally surrendered both his power and his place, and was shortly after sent into exile.

Santa Anna now governed the country as dictator. His administration had the rashness, but the honesty, of his Spanish origin; and Mexico, relieved from the encumbrances of her Spanish dependence, was beginning to enjoy the riches of her unparalleled climate and boundless fertility, when a new enemy arose in Texas—the American settlers, who, in the spirit of cosmopolitanism, had been universally suffered to enter the Mexican territories as inhabitants. The result was, that they began to clamour for provincial independence. The natives were generally tranquil; but the newcomers intrigued, harangued, and demanded a direct alliance with the United States. The struggle has been too recent to require recital. Santa Anna, with the rashness which characterises his courage, rushed into this war with troops evidently unprepared. After various skirmishes, in which the settlers suffered severely, his undisciplined force was routed, and Santa Anna, left alone in the field, was made prisoner in the attempt to escape. The "Independence" of Texas followed, which was quickly exchanged for the "Annexation" to the United States, by which its independence was extinguished.

The "Annexation" was immediately pronounced by the Mexican

government to be a breach of that treaty by which the neighbour States were pledged to respect the possessions of each other; and the invasion of Mexico by an American army was the consequence. The Mexican force on the frontier was obviously too feeble for any effective resistance; and the American general, after some delays of movement, and divisions of his forces, which one active officer on the defensive would have turned to his ruin, attacked the Mexicans, drove them from their position, and took their guns. Since that period the advance of the Americans seems to have been checked by the difficulties of the country. Whether it is the intention of the American commander to fight, or to negotiate, to make a dash for the capital, or to treat for California, must be left to be discovered by events. But Paredes, the present head of the state, and commander of the troops, has the reputation of a brave officer, and Santa Anna is strongly spoken of as the man whom the nation would gladly summon to the redemption of his country.

But Mexico has one fatal feature which makes the mind despair of her ever holding the rank of a great nation. However glaring may be the superstition of continental Europe, it is of a feeble hue to the extravagance of Mexican ceremonial. In those remote countries, once guarded under the Spanish government with the most jealous vigilance from the stranger's eye, every ceremonial was gradually adopted, of every shape and colour, which the deepest superstition, aided by great wealth, the influence of a powerful hierarchy, and the zeal of a people at once desperately ignorant and singularly fond of show, could invent. Rome, and even Naples, were moderate, compared with Mexico. The conveyance of the Host to the sick was almost a public pageant; its carriage to the wife of Santa Anna was accompanied by twenty thousand people. The feast of Corpus Christi exhibits streets through which thirty or forty thousand people pour along, of all classes of society, with thousands of soldiery, to swell and give military brilliancy to the display. At the head of the pageant moves a platform, on which the wafer is borne by the highest

dignitaries of the church. Then follows, in a similar vehicle, "Our Lady of the Remedies," the blessed Virgin Mother, a little alabaster doll, with the nose broken and an eye out. This was the image of herself given by the Virgin to Cortes to revive the valour of his soldiers after their Mexican defeat; and this the priests profess to believe, and the populace actually do believe. The doll's wardrobe, with its precious stones, is valued at a million of dollars. The doll stops all contagious diseases, and is remarkably active in times of cholera.

Some of the popular exhibitions on Scriptural subjects are actually too startling to be described to Christian ears. Among those is the exhibition of the Nativity, as the especial display of Christ's eye. Joseph enters Bethlehem with Mary; they are sitting on the same mule; they search the city for lodgings in vain. At last they find the stable. The rest of the exhibition, a part of which, however, passes behind a curtain, is indescribable. And all this is done with the highest approbation of the ecclesiastical authorities.

The anniversary of the "Miracle" of the "Virgin of Guadalupe," is one of the "grand days" of the Federal Republic. The president, the cabinet, the archbishop, and all the principal functionaries of the state, are present, with an immense multitude of every class. A member of Congress delivers an oration on the subject; and the Virgin and her story are no more doubted than the history of Magna Charta. The story thus blazoned, and thus believed, is briefly this:—

An Indian, going to Mexico one morning in the sixteenth century, saw a female form descending from the sky. He was frightened; but the female told him that she was the Virgin Mary, come down to be the patron of the Mexican Indians, and ordered him to announce to the bishop that a church must be built in the mountain where she met him. The Indian flew to the bishop, but the prelate drove him away. The next day he met the Virgin on the same spot, and she appointed a day to convince the sceptical ecclesiastic. She bid him go to the summit of the mountain, where he should find the rock covered with

roses for the first time since the Creation. He carried the roses in his apron to the bishop, when, lo! he found that on his apron was stamped a figure of the Virgin in a cloak of velvet spangled with stars of gold! Her proof was irresistible, and the church was built. The original portrait is still displayed there, in a golden frame studded with precious stones, with the motto, *Non fecit taliter omni nationi.* (He hath not so done to every nation; or, more significantly, to any other nation.) Copies of the miraculous picture, of more or less costliness, are to be found in almost every house, and all have the full homage of saintship. The Church of the Virgin, though not so large as the Cathedral, is of a finer style, and nearly as rich; the balustrade is pure silver, and all the candelabra, &c., are of the precious metals.

The idleness and the low class of life from which the majority of the monks and friars are taken, make celibacy especially dangerous to the community. The higher orders of the priesthood are comparatively decorous; but many of them have these suspicious appendages to a priest's household, which are called "house-keepers," with a proportionate share of those equally suspicious appendages, which are popularly called "nephews and nieces," the whole system being one which furnishes a large portion of the gossip of Mexican society. But on those topics we have no wish to dwell.

Whether the American invasion will succeed in reaching Mexico, or in obtaining Upper California, or in breaking up the Federation, are matters still in the future. The disruption of the Federation seems to have been already, and spontaneously begun; Yucatan is said to have demanded independence; and the northern provinces bordering on the United States will, in all probability, soon make the same demand. It is obvious that the present Mexican territory is too large for the varying, distracted, and feeble government which Mexico has exhibited for the last quarter of a century—a territory seven times the size of France, or perhaps ten times that size, can be governed by a cen-

tral capital only so long as the population continues scanty, powerless, and poor. But if Mexico had a population proportionate to France, and there is no reason for doubting its capacity of supporting such a population, the capital would govern a territory containing little less than three hundred millions of men; an obvious impossibility, where those men were active, opulent, intelligent, and engaged in traffic with the world. The example of the Chinese population is not a contrary case. There the empire was old, the throne almost sacred, the imperial power supported by a large military establishment, the character of the people timid, and the country in a state of mental stagnation. Yet, even for China, great changes may be at hand.

But the whole subject is to be looked on in a more comprehensive point of view. There is a general shaking of nations. The Turk, the Egyptian, the African, and the Chinese, have all experienced an impulse within late years, which has powerfully influenced their whole system. That impulse is now going westward. The immense regions beyond the Atlantic are now commencing the second stage of that existence, of which their discovery by Europe was the first. The language, the habits and history, the political feelings of England, are becoming familiar to them. They have begun their national education in the great school of self-government, with England for their teacher; and however tardy may be the pupilage, or however severe the events which turn the theory into example, we have strong faith in the conception, that all things will finally work together for good, and that a spirit of regeneration is already sent forth on its mighty mission to the New World as to the Old, to the "bond as to the free;" to those whom misgovernment has enfeebled, and superstition has debased, as to those who, possessing the original advantages of civilisation and religion, have struggled their difficult way to increasing knowledge, truth, and freedom, and whose progress has alike conferred on them the power, and laid upon them the duty, of being the moral leaders of Mankind.

A SUMMER DAY.

BY THOMAS AIRD.

MORNING.

DEAR little Isle of ours! your very clouds,
 Ranged in the east and battlemented black,
 White flock of zenith, or, with stormy glory,
 Tumbling tumultuous o'er the western hills,
 Lend power and beauty to your pictured face,
 Relieved and deepened in its light and shade,
 Varied of dale and mountain, pleasing still
 Through all the seasons, as they come and go,—
 Blue airy Summer, Autumn brown and grave,
 Gnarled sapless Winter, and clear glinting Spring.

Mine be the cottage, large enough for use,
 Yet fully occupied, and cheerful thus.
 Desolate he who, with his means abridged,
 And wants reduced, yet pride of property
 Still unimpaired, dwells in a narrow flank
 Of his ancestral house, gloomily vast
 Beyond his need,—dwells with the faded ghost
 Of former greatness. There the bellied spider,
 That works in cool and silent palaces,
 Has halls his own. The labyrinthine rooms
 Seem haunted all. Mysterious laden airs
 Move the dim tapestries drearily. And shapes
 Spectral at hollow midnight beckoning glide
 Down the far corridors, and faint away.

Up with the summer sun! Earlier at times,
 And see gray brindled dawn come up before him;
 There's natural health, there's moral healing in
 The hour so naked clear, so dewy cool!
 But oft I wish a chamber in the black
 Castle of Indolence, far in, where spark
 Of prying light ne'er comes, nor sound of cock
 Is heard, nor the long howl of houseless cur,
 Nor clock, nor shrill-winged gnat, nor buzzing fly
 That, by the snoring member undeterred,
 Aye settles on your nose's tickled tip
 Tormentingly. Deep in that charmed rest
 Laid, I could sleep the weary world away,
 Months at a time—so listless fancy thinks.

Oh! curse of sleeplessness! Haggard and pale,
 The tyrant Nero, see him from his bed
 Wandering about, haunting the long dim halls,
 And silent stairs, at midnight, startled oft
 At his own footsteps, like a guilty thing
 Sharp turning round aghast. The palace sleeps,
 And all the city sleeps, all save its lord.
 Then looks he to the windows of the east,
 Wearily watching for the morning light,
 That comes not at his will. Down on his bed
 He flings himself again. His eyeballs ache;

His temples throb ; his pillow's hot and hard ;
 And through his dried brain thoughts and feelings drift,
 Tumultuous, unrestrained, carrying his soul
 On the high fever's surge. The imperial world
 For one short dewy hour of healing sleep !
 Worlds cannot buy the blessing. Up he reels,
 And staggers forth. Slow-coming day at length
 Has found him thus. Its living busy forms,
 Its turms, its senators, its gorgeous guests,
 Bowing in homage from barbaric isles,
 Its scenes, its duties, are to him a strange
 Phantasmagoria : Through its ghastly light
 Wildered he lives. To feel and be assured
 He yet has hold on being, with the drugs
 Of monstrous pleasures, cruelty and lust,
 He drugs his spirit ; ever longing still
 For the soft hour of eve, if sleep may come
 After another day has worn him out.
 But images of black, bed-fellows strange,
 Lie down with him ; drawing his curtain back,
 Uncarthy shapes, and unimagined faces,
 Look in upon him, near down on his eyes,
 Nearer and nearer still, till they are forced
 To wink beneath the infliction, like a weight
 Of actual pressure, solid, heavy, felt.
 But winking hard, a thousand coloured motes
 Begin to dance confused, and central stars,
 And spots of light, welling and widening out
 In rings concentric, peopling all the blind
 Black vacancy before his burning balls.
 But soon they change to leering antic shapes,
 And dread-suggesting fiends. Dim, far away,
 Long dripping corpses, swaying in the waves,
 Slowly cast up, arise ; gashed, gory throats,
 And headless trunks of men, are nearer seen,
 And every form of tragic butchery—
 The myriad victims of his power abused
 By sea and land. To give their hideousness
 Due light, a ceiling of clear molten fire,
 Figured with sprawling imps, begins to glow
 Hot overhead, casting a brazen light
 Down on the murdered crew. All bent on him,
 Near, nearer still, they swarm, they crowd, they press ;
 And round and round, and through and through the rout,
 The naked Pleasures, knit with demons, dance.
 Wild whirls his brain anew. This night is as
 The last, and far more terrible. Guilt thus,
 And sleeplessness, more than perpetuate
 Each other—dreadful lineage ! Let us hope,
 For human nature, that the man was mad.

Up from your blameless sleep, go forth and meet
 The glistening morn, over the smoking lawn
 Spangled, by briery balks, and brambled lanes,
 Where blows the dog-rose, and the honey-suckle
 Hangs o'er the heavy hedge its trailing sheaf
 Of stems and leaves, tendrils and clasping rings,
 Cold dews, and bugle blooms, and honey smells,
 And wild bees swinging as they murmur there,
 The speckled thrush, startled from off the thorn,

Shakes down the crystal drops. With spurring haste,
 The rabbit scuds across the grassy path ;
 Pauses a moment—with its form and ears
 Arrest to listen ; then, with glimpse of white,
 Springs through the hedge into the ferny brake.
 Or taste the freshness of the pastoral hills
 On such a morn : Light scarfs of thinning mist
 In graceful lingerings round their shoulders hang ;
 New-washed and white, the sheep go nibbling up
 The high green slopes ; a hundred gurgling rills,
 Sparkling with foam-bells, to your very heart
 Send their delicious coolness ; hark ! again,
 The cuckoo somewhere in the sunny skirts
 Of yonder patch of the old natural woods ;
 With sudden iron croak, clear o'er the gray
 Summit, o'erhanging you, with levell'd flight,
 The raven shoots into the deep blue air.

Lo ! in the confluence of the mountain glens,
 The small gray ruin of an ancient kirk.
 'Twas the first kirk, so faithful reverence tells,
 Of Scotland's Reformation : And it drew,
 Now as before, from all the hills around,
 The worshippers ; till, in a richer vale,
 To suit the populous hamlet rising there,
 A larger, nearer parish church was built.
 Thus was the old one left. But there it stands,
 And there will stand till the slow tooth of Time
 Nibble it all away ; for it is fenced
 Completely round, not with just awe alone,
 But superstitious fears, the abuse of awe
 In simple minds : Strange judgments, so they say,
 Have fallen on those who once or twice have dared
 To lay their hands upon its holy stones
 For secular uses, and remove its bell.
 With such excess of love—we'll blame it not—
 Does Scotland love her Church. Be it so still
 And be its emblem still the Burning Bush !
 Bush of the wilderness ! See how the flames
 Bicker and burn around it ; but a low
 Soft breath of the great Spirit of Salvation
 Blows gracious by, and the dear little Bush,
 The desert Bush, in every freshened leaf
 Uncurled, unsinged in every flowery bud,
 Fragrant with heavenly dews, and dropping balsams
 Good for the hurt soul's healing, waves and rustles,
 Even in the very heart of the red burning,
 In livelier green and fairer blossoming.

Earth sends her soft warm incense up to heaven ;
 The birds their matins sing. Joining the hymn,
 The tremulous voice of psalms from human lips
 Is heard in the free air. You wonder where,
 And who the worshippers. Behold them now,
 Down in the grassy hollow lowly seated,
 Close by the mountain burn—an old gray man,
 His head uncovered, and the Book of life
 Spread on his knee, a female by his side,
 His aged wife, both beggars by their garb,
 With frail cracked voices, yet with hearts attuned

To the immortal harmonies of faith,
 And hope, and love, in the green wilderness
 Praising the Lord their God—a touching sight!
 High in the Heavenly House not made with hands,
 The archangels sing, angels, and saints in white,
 Striking their golden harps before the Throne ;
 But, in the pauses of the symphony
 A voice comes up from Earth, the simple psalm
 Of those old beggars, heard by the Ear of God
 With more acceptance than hosannas sung
 In blissful jubilee. 'Tis hard to think
 The people of the Lord must beg their bread ;
 Yet happy they who, poor as this old twain
 On earth, like them, have laid fast titled hold
 Upon the treasures of Eternity !

Her nest is here : But ah ! the cunning thing,
 See where our White-throat, like the partridge, feigns
 A broken wing, thick fluttering o'er the ground,
 And tumbling oft, to draw you from her brood
 Within the bush. Now that's a lie, my birdie !
 Your wing's not broken ; but we'll grant you this,—
 The lie's a white one, white as your own throat.
 Yet how should He who is the Truth itself,
 And whose unquestioned prompting instinct is,
 Implant deceit within your little breast,
 And make you act it, even to save your young ?
 The whole creation groans for man, for sin,
 And death its consequence : We're changed to you
 In our relations, birdie ; as a part
 Of that primeval ill, we rob your nest.
 To meet this change, and in God's own permission
 Of moral wrong, was it, that guile was given
 Even to the truest instinct of your love ;
 And your deceit is our reflected sin ?
 Subtle philosopher, or sound divine,
 'Tis a grave question ; can you answer it ?
 The more we wonder at this curious warp
 From truth, the more we see the o'erruling law
 Of natural love in all things, which will be
 A fraud in instinct, rather than a flaw
 In care parental. Oh ! how gracious good,
 That all the generations, as they rise,
 Of living things, are not sustained by one
 Great abstract fiat of Benevolence ;
 But by a thousand separate forms of love,
 All tremblingly alive : The human heart,
 With all its conduits and its channel-pipes,
 Warm, flowing, full, quiveringly keen and strong
 In all its tendrils and its bloody threads,
 Laying hold of its children with the fast
 Bands of a man ; fish, bird, beast, reptile, insect,
 The wallowing, belching monsters of the deep,
 Down to the filmiest people of the leaf,
 Are all God's nurses, and draw out the breast,
 Or brood for Him. Oh ! what a system thus
 Of active love, of every shape and kind,
 Has been created, from the Heart of Heaven
 Extended, multiplied, personified
 In living forms throughout the Universe !

In life's first glee, and first untutored grace,
 With raven tresses, and with glancing eyes,
 How beautiful those children, lustrous dark,
 Pulling the kingcups in the flowery meadow!
 Born of an Indian Mother: She by night,
 An orphan damsel on her native hills,
 Looked down the Khyber Pass, with pity touched
 For the brave strangers that lay slain in heaps,
 Low in that fatal fold and pen of death.
 Sorrow had taught her mercy: Forth she went
 With simple cordials from her lonely cot,
 If she might help to save some wounded foe.
 By cavern went she, and tall ice-glazed rock,
 Casting its spectral shadow on the snow,
 Beneath the hard blue moon. Save her own feet
 Crushing the starry spangles of the frost,
 Sound there was none on all the silent hills;
 And silence filled the valley of the dead.
 Down went the maid aslant. A cliff's recess
 Gave forth a living form. A wounded youth,
 One unit relie of that thick battue,
 Escaping death, and mastering his deep hurt,
 From out the bloody Pass had climbed thus far
 The mountain side, and rested there a while.
 The virgin near, up rose he heavily,
 Staggered into the light, and stood before her,
 Bowing for help. She gave him sweet-siced milk,
 And led him to her home, and hid him there
 Months, till pursuit was o'er, and he was healed,
 And from her mountains he could safely go.
 But grateful Walter loved the Affghan girl,
 And would not go without her: They had taught
 Each other language: Will she go with him
 To the Isles of the West, and be his wife?
 Nor less she loved the fair-haired islander,
 And softly answered, Yes. And she is now
 His Christian wife, wondering and loving much
 In this mild land, honoured and loved of all;
 With such a grace of glad humility
 She does her duties. And, to crown her joy
 Of holy wedded life, her God has given her
 Those beauteous children, with the laughing voices,
 Pulling the kingcups in the flowery meadow.

Our walk is o'er. But let us see our bees,
 Before we turn into our ivied porch.
 The little honey-folk, how wise are they!
 Their polity, their industry, their work,
 The help they take from man, and what they give him
 Of fragrant nectar, sea-green, clear, and sweet,
 Invest them almost with the dignity
 Of human neighbourhood, without the intrusion.
 Coming and going, what a hum and stir!
 The dewy morn they love, the sunny day,
 With showery dropping balms, liquoring the flowers
 In every vein and eye. But when the heavens
 Grow cloudy, and the quick-engendered blasts
 Darken and whiten as they skiff along
 The mountain-tops, till all the nearer air,
 Seized with the gloom, is turbid, dense, and cold,

Back from their far-off foraging the bees,
 In myriads, saddened into small black notes,
 Strike through the troubled air, sharp past your head,
 And almost hitting you, their lines of flight
 Converging, thickening, as they draw near home ;
 So much they fear the storms, so much they love
 The safety of their straw-built citadels.

NOON.

At times a bird slides through the glossy air,
 O'er the enamelled woodlands ; but no chirp
 Of song is heard : All's dumb and panting heat.
 How waste and idle are yon river sands,
 Far-stretching white ! The stream is almost shrunk
 Down to the green gleet of its slippery stones ;
 And in it stand the cows, switching their tails,
 With circling drops, and ruminating slow.
 A hermit glutton on a sodded root,
 Fish-gorged, his head and bill sunk to his breast,
 The lean blue heron stands, and there will stand
 Motionless all the long dull afternoon.

But the old woods are near, with grateful glooms,
 Dells, silent grottoes, and cold sunken wells ;
 There rest on mossy seats, and be refreshed :
 Thankful you toil not, at this blazing hour,
 Beneath the dog-star, in some sandy lane
 Of the strait sea-coast town, pent closely in
 With walls of fiery brick, their tops stuck o'er
 With broken pointed glass, and danders hot
 Fencing their feet, with sparse ears of wild barley
 Parched, dun, and dead amongst them ; o'er your head
 The smoke of potteries, and the foundry vent
 Sending its quivering exhalation up—
 Heat more than smoke ; to aggravate the whole,
 The sweltering, smothering, suffocating whole,
 The oppressive sense upon your heart of man's
 Worst dwellings round you—smells of stinking fish,
 Torn dingy shirts, half washed, flea-spotted still,
 Hung out on bending strings at broken windows ;
 Hunger, and fear, and pale disordered faces,
 Lies, drunken strife, strokes, cries, and new-coined oaths,
 All hot and rough from the red mint of hell.

Lo ! with her screwed tail cocked aloft in air,
 The cottar's cow comes scampering clumsily.
 Her, sorely cupped and leeches, the clegs have stung
 From her propriety ; and hoisting high
 Her standard of distress, this way she comes
 Cantering unskillfully, her heavy udder,
 Dropping out milk, swinging from side to side.
 Pathetic sight ! So long have we been used
 To see the solemn tenor of her life,
 From calfhood to her present reverend age
 Of wrinkled front, scored horns, and hollow back,—
 Tenor unbroken, save when once or twice
 A pool of frothy blood before the smithy
 Has made her snuff, snort, paw, and toss her head,

Wheel round and round, and slaving bellow mad :
 That blood the cadger's horse, seized with the bots,
 When he on cobwebbed clover, raw and cold,
 Had supped, gave spouting, spinning from his neck,
 Beneath the blacksmith's mallet and his fleam.
 Is this the cow, at home so patient o'er
 The cool sobriety of cabbage leaves,
 Hoarse cropp'd for her at morn, when the night-drops
 Lie like big diamonds in the freshened stock,—
 Drops broken, running, scattered, but again
 Conglobed like quicksilver, until they fall
 Shaken to earth? Is this the milky mother,
 That long has given to thankful squeezing hands,
 With such an air of steady usefulness,
 The children's streaming food—twelve pints a day ;
 And with her butter, and her cheese, and cans
 Of white-green whey, has bought the grocery goods,
 Snuff and tobacco? Oh! the affecting sight!
 Help, help, ye Shades, the venerable brute!
 But gradually subsiding to a trot,
 She takes the river with a fellow-feeling,
 And, modestly aloof to raise no strife,
 There settles down behind the stranger cows.
 Ah! Crummie, you have stolen this scampering march
 Upon the little cow-herd. Far are heard
 The opening roarings of his wondering fear,
 Nearer and nearer still, as they come on,
 Loading the noontide air. Three other friends
 Had he to feed, besides the family cow.
 Twin cushats young, the yellow hair now sparse
 In their thick gathering plumage, nestling lie
 Within his bonnet; they can snap, and strike
 With raised wing; grown vigorous thus, they need
 A larger dinner of provided peas.
 Nor less his hawk, shrill-screaming as it shakes
 Its wings for food, must have the knotted worms
 From moist cold beds below the unwholesome stone,
 That never has been raised—if he be quick
 To raise it, and can seize them ere they slink
 Into their holes, or, when half in, can draw them,
 With a long, steady, gentle, equal pull,
 Tenacious though they be, and tender stretched
 Till every rib seems ready to give way,
 Unbroken out in all their slippery length.
 These now he wandered seeking, for the ground
 Was parched, and they the surface all had left ;
 And many a stone he raised, but nothing saw,
 Save insect eggs, and shells of beetles' wings,
 Slaters, cocoons, and yellow centipedes.
 Thus was he drawn away. When he came back,
 His cow was gone. Dismayed, he looked all round.
 At last he saw, far-off on the horizon,
 Her hoisted tail. He seized his birds and ran,
 Following the tail, and as he ran he roared.
 Yonder he comes in view with red-hot face ;
 Roaring the more to see old Crummie take
 The river—how shall he dislodge her thence ;
 And get her home again? Oh! deep distress!
 The world is flooded with the dazzling day.
We take the woods. Couched in the checkered skirts,

Below an elm we lie. A sylvan stream
 Is sleeping by us in a cold still pool,
 Within whose glassy depth the little fishes
 Hang, as in crystal air. Freckled with gleams,
 'Neath yonder hazelly bank that roofs it o'er
 With roots and moss, it slides and slips away.
 Here a ray'd spot of light, intensely clear,
 Strikes our eyes through the leaves; a snubcam there
 Comes slanting in between the mossy trunks
 Of the green trees, and misty shimmering falls
 With a long slope down on the glossy ferns:
 Light filmy flies athwart it brightening shoot,
 Or dance and hover in the motty ray.

We love the umbrageous Elm. Its well-crimp'd leaf,
 Serrated, fresh, and rough as a cow's tongue,
 Is healthy, natural, and cooling, far
 Beyond the glazy polish of the bay,
 Famed though it be, but glittering hard as if
 'Twere liquor'd o'er with some metallic wash.
 Thus pleased, laid back, up through the Elm o'erhead
 We look. The little Creeper of the Tree
 Lends life to it: See how the antic bird,
 Her bosom to the bark, goes round away
 Behind the trunk, but quaintly reappears
 Through a rough cleft above, with busy bill
 Picking her lunch; and now among the leaves
 Our birdie goes, bright glimmering in the green
 And yellow light that fills the tender tree.

Low o'er the burnie bends the drooping Birch:
 Fair tree! Though oft its cuticle of bark
 Hangs in white fluttering tatters on its breast,
 No fairer twinkles in the dewy glade.
 Sweet is its scented breath, the wild deer loves it,
 And snuffs and browses at the budding spray.
 But far more tempting to the truant's eyes,
 Wandering the woods, its thick excrescences
 Of bundled matted sprigs: Soft steals he on,
 To find what seems afar the cushat's nest,
 Or pie's or crow's. Deceived, yet if the tree
 Is old, he seeks in its decaying clefts
 The fungous cork-wood that gives balls to boys,
 And smooth-skin'd razor-strops to bearded men.
 Bent all on play, our little urchin next
 Peels off a bit of bark, and with his nails
 Splits and divides the many-coated rind
 To the last outer thinness; then he holds
 The silky shivering film between his lips,
 And pipes and whistles, mimicking the thrush.

Nor less the Beauty of our natural woods
 Is useful too. What time the housewife's pinn
 (Oh, cheerless change that stopp'd the birring wheel!)
 Whirled glimmering round before the evening fire,
 'Twas birchen aye. And when our tough-heel'd shoes
 Have stood the tear and wear of stony hills
 Beyond our hope, we bless the birchen pegs.
 In Norway o'er the foam, their crackling fires
 Are fed with bark of birch, and there they thatch

Their simple houses with its pliant twigs.
 At home, the virtues of our civic besoms
 Confess the birch. The Master of the School
 Is now "abroad:" Oh! may he never miss,
 Wander where'er he will, the birchen shaw,
 But cut the immemorial ferula,
 To lay in pickle for rebellious imps,
 And discipline to worth the British youth.

The Queen can make a Duke; but cannot make
 One of the forest's old Aristocrats.
 Behold you Oak! What glory in his bole,
 His boughs, his branches, his broad frondent head!
 The ancient Nobleman! Not She who rules
 The kingdoms, many-isled, on which the sun
 Never goes down, with all the investiture
 Of garters, coronets, scutcheons, swords, and stars,
 Could make him there at once. Patrician! Nay,
 King of the woods, his independent realm!
 Whate'er his titled name, there let him stand,
 Fit emblem of our British constitution,
 Full constituted in the rooted Past,
 With powers, and forces, and accommodations,
 The growth of ages, not an act or work!
 Beyond this emblem of old dignity,
 And far beyond the associated thought
 Of "Hearts of Oak," that mightiest incarnation
 Of human power that earth has ever seen—
 As when we launch'd our Nelson, and he went
 Thundering around the world, driving the foe,
 With all their banded hosts, from hemisphere
 To hemisphere, before him, by the terror
 Of his tremendous name, but overtook,
 And thunder-smote them down, swept from the seas,—
 Beyond all this, the reverend Oak takes back
 The heart to elder days of holy awe.
 Such oaks are they, the hoariest of the race,
 Round Loehwood Tower, the Johnstones' ancient seat.
 Bow'd down with very age, and rough all o'er
 With scurfy moss, and the depending hair
 Of parasitic plants, (the mistletoe,
 Be sure, is there, congenial friend of old.)
 They look as if no lively little bird
 Durst hop upon their spirit-awing heads:
 Perhaps, at midnight hour, Minerva's bird,
 The grave, staid owl, may rest a moment there.
 But solemn visions swarm on every bough,
 Of Druid doings in old dusky time.

When lowers the thunder-cloud, and all the trees
 Stand black and still, with what a trump profound
 The wild bee wanders by! But here he is,
 Hoarse murmuring in the fox-glove's weigh'd-down bell.
 Happy in summer he! but when the days
 Of later autumn come, they'll find him hanging
 In torpid stupor, on the horse-knot's top;
 Or by the ragweed in the school-boy's hand,
 As forth he issues, angry from his bike,
 Struck down, he'll die—what time the urchins, bent
 On honey, delve into the solid ground:

They seize the yellower and the cleaner comb,
 But drop it quick, when squeezing it they find
 Nought there but milky maggots; then they pick
 The darker bits, and suck them, though they be
 Wild, bitter flavoured, in their luscious strength,
 And dirty brown, and mix'd with earthen mould.
 The luckier mower in the grassy mead,
 Turns up with his scythe's point, or with its edge,
 The foggie's bike, a ball of soft, dry fog.
 With what a sharp, thin, acrid, pent-up buzz,
 Swarming, it lives and stirs! But when the bees
 Are all dislodged, and, circling, wheel away,
 The swain rejoices in that bright clean honey.

Ah! there's Miss Kitty Wren, with her cocked tail,
 Cocked like a cooper's thumb. Miss Kitty goes
 In 'neath the bank, and then comes out again
 By some queer hole. Thus, all the day she plies
 Her quest from hedge to bank, scarce ever seen
 Flying above your head in open air.
 Unsmitten by the heat where now she is,
 She strikes into her song—Miss Kitty's song!
 (We never think of male in Kitty's case.)
 The song is short, and varies not, but yet
 'Tis not monotonous; with such a pipe
 Of liquid clearness does she open it,
 And, with increasing vigour, to the end
 Go through it quite: Thus, all the year, she sings,
 Except in frost, the spunky little bird!
 On mossy stump of thorn, her curious nest
 Is often built, a twig drawn over it,
 To bind it firm; but more she loves the roof
 Of sylvan cave over-arched, where the green twilight
 Glimmers with golden light, and fox-gloves stand,
 Tall, purple-faced, her goodly beef-eaters,
 To guard and dignify her entrance-gate.
 The ballad vouches that a wee, wee bird
 Oft brings a whispered message to the ear;
 So here's our ear, Miss Wren, (your pardon! we
 Must call you Mrs now,) pray, tell us how
 You manage, in your crowded little house,
 To feed your thirteen young, nor miss one month
 In its due turn, but give them all fair play?
 And here's our other ear; say, ere you go,
 What means the Bachelor's Nest? 'Tis oftener found
 Than the true finished one. Externally,
 'Tis built as well; but ne'er we find within
 The cozy feathery lining for the home
 Of love parental. Is it, as some think,
 And as the name, though not precise, implies,
 Made for your husband, whosoe'er he be,
 To sleep o'nights in? Or, as others deem,
 Is it a lure to draw the loiterer's eye
 Off from the genuine nest, not far away?
 Or, shy and nice, were you disturbed in building;
 Or by some other instinct, fine and true,
 Impelled to change your first-projected place,
 And choose a safer? This your Laureate holds.

But here comes Robin. In our boyish days,

We thought him Kitty's husband. By his clear
 Black eye, he's fit to answer for himself.
 Like her, he sings the whole year round ; but she
 Is not his wife. See how he turns the head
 This way and that, peeping from out the leaves
 With curious eye, and still comes hopping nearer.
 Strong in his individual character,
 His knowing glance, his shape, his waistcoat red,
 His pipe mellifluous, and pugnacious pride,
 Darting to strike intruders from his beat,
 And other qualities, his love of man
 Is still his great peculiarity.
 The starved hedge-sparrow haunts the moistened sink,
 On gurdy winter days, the bitter wind
 Ruffling her back, showing the bluer down
 Beneath her feathers freckled brown above,
 But ne'er she ventures nearer where man dwells.
 With sidelong look, bold Robin takes our floor ;
 And when, as now, we rest us in the depths
 Of leafy woods, he's with us in a trice.
 Such is the genius of red-breasted Robin.

Along the shingly shallows of the burn,
 The smallest bird that walks, and does not hop,
 How fast yon Wagtail runs ; its little feet
 Quick as a mouse's ! Thus its shaking tail
 Is kept in even balance, poised and straight.
 With hopping movements 'twould not harmonise,
 But, wagging inconveniently more,
 Mar and confound the bird's progressive way,
 When off the wing. Wisdom Divine contrived
 The just proportions of this compromise
 Betwixt the motions of the feet and tail.
 Aloft in air, each chirrup keeping time
 With each successive undulation long,
 The Wagtail flies, a pleasant summer bird.

A moment on the elm above our head
 Rests the Green-linnet. Wordsworth says, He "from
 The cottage-eaves pours forth his song in gushes."
 Not so in Scotland : Here he sometimes builds
 His nest within the garden's beechen hedge ;
 But never haunts our eaves. As for his song,
 A few short notes, meagre and harsh, are all
 This somewhat spiritless and lumpish bird
 Has ever given us. Can the Master err ?

With all the short thick rowing of her wings
 The Magpie makes slow way. But her glib tongue
 Goes chattering fast enough. In yonder fir,
 The summer solstice cannot keep her mute.
 Surely, the bird should speak : Take the young pie,
 And with a silver sixpence split its tongue,
 'Twill speak incontinent ; thus the notion runs
 From simple father down to simple son,
 In many parts. Oft in our boyhood's days
 We've seen it tried ; but somehow, by bad luck,
 It always happened that the poor bird died,
 When, doubtless, just upon the eve of speech.
 Sore was the splitting then, but far worse now :

The sixpence then, worn till it lost the head
 Of George the Third, was thin as a knife's edge,
 And fitly sharp; the coin's now thick and dull,
 And makes the clumsier cleaving full of pain.
 As boys we feared the magpie, for 'twas held
 A bird of omen: oft 'twas seen to tear
 With mad extravagant bill the cottage thatch,
 Herald of death within: To neighbouring towns
 The schoolboy, sent on morning messages,
 Counted with awe how many pies at once
 Hopped on his road; by this he learned to know
 The various fortunes of the coming time.

Sweet lore was yours, O Bewick! with that eye
 So keen, yet quiet, for the Beautiful,
 And for the Droll—that eye so loving large!
 Yet sweeter, Wilson, yours, as yours a range
 More ample far, watching the goings-on
 Of Nature in the boundless solitudes.
 We know no happier man than him, at once,
 With native powers, fixed from a restless youth,
 To a great work congenial, which his might
 Of conscious will has mastered ere begun;
 Life's work, and the foundation of his fame:
 But oh! its sweetness, if in Nature's eye
 His is the privilege to work it out!
 Such was the work of Wilson. Happy, too,
 Is Audubon. When Day, like a bright bird,
 Throughout the heavens has flown, chased by the black
 Falcon of Night, he sleeps beneath a tree;
 Upspringing with the morn, the enthusiast holds
 On his green way rejoicing: His to catch,
 And fix the creatures of the wilderness
 In pictured forms, not in the attitudes
 Of stiff convenience, but in all their play
 Of happy natural life, fearless, untamed
 By man's intrusion, wanton, easy, free,
 Yet full of tart peculiarities,
 Freakish, and quaint, and ever picturesque,
 Their secret gestures, and the wild escapes
 From out their eyes; watching how Nature works
 Her fine frugalities of means, even there
 Where all is lavish freedom, finer still,
 The compensations of her processes,
 Throughout their whole economy of life.
 Sweet study! Oh! for one long summer day
 With Audubon in the far Western woods!

We leave the shade, and take the open fields,
 Winding our way by immemorial paths,
 So soft and green, the poor man's privilege:
 May jealous freedom ever keep them free!
 Such is the sultry languor of the day,
 The eye sees nothing clear. But now it rests
 On yonder sable patch—ah! yes, a band
 Of mourners gathered round a closing grave,
 In the old churchyard. How unnatural
 The black solemnity in such a day
 Of light and life! But who was he or she
 Who thus goes dust to dust? A matron ripe

In years and grace at once for death and Heaven.
 Her aged father's stay until he died,
 She then was wed and widowed in one year,
 And made a mother. With her infant son
 She dwelt in peace, and nourished him with love.
 Mild and sedate, upgrew the old-fashioned boy ;
 And went to church with her, a little man
 In garb and gravity : you would have smiled
 To see him coming in. She lifted him
 Up to his seat beside her, drew him near,
 And took his hand in hers. There as he sate,
 Oft looked she down to see if he was sleeping ;
 And drowsy half, half in the languor soft
 Of innocent trust and aimless piety,
 The child looked up into his mother's face.
 And she looked down into his eyes, and saw
 The neighbouring window in their pupils' balls,
 With all its panes, reflected small but clear ;
 And gave his hand soft pressure with her hand,
 Still shifting, trying still to be more soft.
 God took him from her. In a holy stillness
 She dwelt concentred. Decent were her means,
 And so she changed not outwardly. No trouble
 Gave she to neighbours ; but she helped them oft.
 And when she died, her grave-clothes, there they were,
 Made by her own preparing heart and hand,
 And neatly folded in an antique chest :
 Not even a pin was wanting, where, to dress
 Her body with due care, a pin should be ;
 And every pin was stuck in its own place.
 Nor was all this from any hard mistrust
 Of human love, for she the charities
 Took with glad heart ; but from a strength of mind
 Which stood equipped in every point for death,
 And, loving order, loved it to the end.

The mourners all are gone. How lonely still
 The churchyard now ! Here in their simple graves
 The generations of the hamlet sleep :
 All grassy simple, save that, here and there,
 Love-planted flowerets deck the lowly sod.
 Blame not that sorrowing love : 'Tis far too true
 To make of Burial one of the Fine Arts ;
 Yet the sweet thought that scented violets spring
 From the loved ashes, is a natural war
 Against the foul dishonours of the grave.
 Bloom then, ye little flowers, and sweetly smell ;
 Draw up the heart's dust in your flushing hues,
 And odorous breath, and give it to the bee,
 And give it to the air, circling to go
 From life to life, through all that living flux
 Of interchange which makes this wondrous world.
 Go where it will, the dear dust is not lost ;
 Found it will be in its own place and form,
 On that great day, the Resurrection Day.

EVENING.

Those shouts proclaim the village school is out.
 This way and that, the children break in groups ;
 Some by the sunny stile, and meadow path,
 Slow sauntering homeward ; others to the burn
 Bounding, beneath the stones, and roots, and banks,
 With stealthy hand to catch the spotted trout,
 Or stab the eel, or slip their noose of hair
 Over the bearded loach, and jerk him out.
 Here on his donkey, slow as any snail
 At morn from the far farm, but, homeward now,
 Willing and fast, an urchin blithe and bold
 Comes scampering on : His face is to the tail
 In fun grotesque ; stooping, with both his hands
 He holds the hairy rump ; his kicking feet
 Go walloping ; his empty flask of tin,
 That bore his noon of milk, quiver of life,
 And not of death, high-bounding on his back,
 Rattles the while. With many a whoop behind,
 Scouring the dusty road with their bare feet,
 In wicked glee, a squad of fellow-imps
 Come on with thistles and with nettle-wands,
 Pursuingly, intent to goad and vex
 The long-eared cuddy : He, the cuddy, lays
 His long ears back upon his neck, his head
 Lowered the while, and out behind him flings
 High his indignant heels, at once to keep
 That hurly-burly of tormentors off,
 And rid his back of that insulting rider.

Unconscious boyhood ! Oh ! the perils near
 Of luring Pleasures ! In the evening shade,
 Drowsy reclining, in my dream I saw
 A comely youth, with wanton flowing curls,
 Chase down the sunlit vale a glittering flight
 Of wingèd creatures, some like birds, and some
 Like butterflies, and moths of marvellous size
 And beauty, purple-ruffed, and spotted rich
 With velvet tippets, and their wings like flame—
 Onward they drew him to a coming cloud,
 With skirts of vapoury gold, but steaming dense
 And dark behind, close gathering from the ground :
 And on and in he went, in heedless chase.
 And straight those skirts curled inward, and became
 Part of the gloom : Compacted, solid, black,
 It has him in, and it will keep him there.
 The cloud stood still a space, as if to give
 Time for the acting of some doom within,
 Ominous, silent, grim. It moved again,
 Tumultuous stirred, and broke in seams and flaws,
 And gave me glimpses of its inner womb :
 Outdarting forkèd tongues, and brazen fins,
 Blue web-winged vampire-bats, and harpy faces,
 And dragon crests, and vulture heads obscene,
 I there beheld : Fierce were their levelled looks,
 As if inflicted on some victim. Who
 That victim was, I saw not. But are these
 The painted Pleasures which that youth pursued

Adown the vale? How cruel changed! But where,
 And what is he? Is he their victim there?
 Heavy the cloud went passing by. From out
 Its further end I saw that young man come,
 Worn and dejected; specks and spots of dirt
 Were on his face, and round his sunken eyes;
 Hollow his cheeks, lean were his bony brows;
 And lank and clammy were the locks that once
 Played curling round his neck: The Passions there
 Have done their work on him. With trembling limbs,
 And stumbling as he went, he sate him down,
 With folded arms, upon a sombre hill,
 Apart from men, and from his father's house,
 That wept from him; and, sitting there, he looked
 With heavy-laden eyes down on the ground.
 But the night fell, and hid him from my view.

In yonder sheltered nook of nibbled sward,
 Beside the wood, a gipsy band are camped;
 And there they'll sleep the summer night away.
 By stealthy holes, their ragged tawny brood
 Creep through the hedges, in their pilfering quest
 Of sticks and pales, to make their evening fire.
 Untutored things, scarce brought beneath the laws
 And meek provisions of this ancient State!
 Yet, is it wise, with wealth and power like hers,
 And such resources of good government,
 To let so many of her sons grow up
 In untaught darkness and consecutive vice?
 True, we are jealous free, and hate constraint,
 And every cognisance o'er private life;
 Yet, not to name a higher principle,
 'Twere but an institution of police,
 Due to society, preventative
 Of crime, the cheapest and the best support
 Of order, right, and law, that not one child,
 In all this realm of ours, should be allowed
 To grow up uninstructed for this life,
 And for the next. Were every child State-claimed,
 Laid hold of thus, and thus prepared to be
 A proper member of society,
 What founts of vice, with all their issuing streams,
 Might thus be closed for ever, and at once!
 Good propagating good, so far as man
 Can work with God. Oh! this is the great work
 To change our moral world, and people Heaven.

Would we had Christian statesmen to devise,
 And shape, and work it out! Our liberties
 Have limits and abatements manifold;
 And soon the national will, which makes restraint
 Part of its freedom, oft the soundest part,
 Would recognise the wisdom of the plan,
 Arming the state with full authority
 For such an institute of renovation.
 This work achieved at home, with what a large
 Consistent exercise of power, and right
 To hope the blessing, should we then go forth,
 Pushing into the dark of Heathen worlds
 The crystal frontiers of the invading Light,
 The Gospel Light! The glad submitting Earth
 Would cry, Behold, their own land is a land

Of perfect living light—how beautiful
Upon the mountains are their blessed feet !

Through yonder meadow comes the milk-maid's song,
Clear, but not blithe, a melancholy chaunt,
With dying falls monotonous ; for youth
Affects the dark and sad : Her ditty tells
Of captive lorn, or broken-hearted maid,
Left of her lover, but in dream thrice dreamt
Warned of his fate, when, with his fellow-crew
Of ghastly sailors on benighted seas
He clings to some black, wet, and slippery rock,
Soon to be washed away ; what time their ship,
Driven on the whirlpool's wheel, is sent below,
And ground upon the millstones of the sea.
The song has ceased. Up the dim elmy lane
The damsel comes. But at its leafy mouth
The one dear lad has watched her entering in,
And with her now comes softly side by side.
But oft he plucks a leaf from off the hedge,
For lack of words, in bashful love sincere ;
Till, in his innocent freedom bolder grown,
He crops a dewy gowan from the path,
And greatly daring flings it at her cheek.
Close o'er the pair, along the green arcade,
Now hid, now seen against the evening sky,
The wavering, circling, sudden-wheeling bat
Plays little Cupid, blind enough for that,
And fitly fickle in his flights to be
The very Boy-god's self. Where'er may lie
The power of arrows with the golden tips,
That silent lad is smit, nor less that girl
Is cleft of heart : Be this the token true :—
Next Sabbath morn, when o'er the pasture hills
Barefoot she comes to church, with Bible wrapped
In clean white napkin, and the sprig of mint
And southernwood laid duly in the leaves,
And down she sits beside the burn to wash
Her feet, and don her stockings and her shoes,
Before she come unto the House of Prayer,
With all her reverence of the Day, she'll cast
(Forgive the simple thing !) her eye askance
Into the mirror of the glassy pool,
And give her ringlets the last taking touch,
For him who flung the gowan at her cheek
In that soft twilight of the elmy lane.

Pensive the setting Day, whether, as now
Cloudless it fades away, or far is seen,
In long and level parallels of light,
Purple and liquid yellow, barred with clouds,
Far in the twilight West, seen through some deep
Embrownèd grove of venerable trees,
Whose pillared stems, apart, but regular,
Stand off against the sky : In such a grove,
At such an hour, permitted eyes might see
Angels, majestic Shapes, walking the earth,
Holding mild converse for the good of man.

Day melts into the West, another flake
Of sweet blue Time into the Eternal Past !

CABRERA.

On the twenty-seventh day of December 1806, at the collegiate town of Tortosa in Catalonia, Maria Griño, the wife of José Cabrera, an industrious and respectable mariner, gave birth to a son. Destined to the church, this child, from his earliest boyhood, was the petted favourite of his family. His parents looked to him as a staff and support for their declining years, his sisters as a protector; and none ventured to thwart his whims, or correct the failings of the young student. Thus abandoned to the dictates of a disposition naturally perverse, Ramon Cabrera led the life of a vagabond, rather than that of a scholar and of one destined to holy orders. Avoided by the more respectable of his classmates and townsmen, he fell amongst evil associates, and soon became notorious for precocity of vice. The reprimands of his superiors, the entreaties of his relatives, even punishment and seclusion, were inefficacious to reclaim him. Disliking books, the sole use he made of opportunities of study, was to imbibe the abominable and sanguinary maxims of the Inquisition. The taint of Carlism, widely spread amongst the clergy of the diocese of Tortosa, whose bishop, Saenz, was an influential and devoted member of the apostolical party, was speedily contracted by Cabrera. By character and propensities better fitted for an unscrupulous military partisan than for a minister of the gospel, for a devouring wolf than for a meek and humble shepherd of God's flock, no sooner was the cry of insurrection raised in the kingdom of Arragon than he hastened to swell it with his voice. On the 15th of November 1833 he joined Colonel Carnicer, who had already planted on the ramparts of Morella the standard of Charles the Fifth.

Six years have elapsed since the termination of the civil war in Arragon and Valencia, and we should

scarcely hope to interest English readers by raking up its details. In taking the volumes named at foot for the subject of an article, our intention is rather to give a correct notion of the character of a man who by one party has been extolled as a hero, by another stigmatized as a savage. A brief sketch of his career, and a few personal anecdotes, will afford the best means of deciding which of these epithets he may with most justice claim.

For the first sixteen months of the war, Cabrera acted as subordinate to Carnicer, chief of the Arragonese Carlists; and during that time he in no way distinguished himself, save by occasional acts of cruelty. His presumption and want of military knowledge caused the loss of more than one action—especially that of Mayals in Catalonia, in which, as it was then thought, the Arragonese faction received its death-blow. This unlucky encounter was followed by various lesser ones, equally disastrous; and at the commencement of 1835, the Carlist chiefs in the eastern provinces of the Peninsula were reduced to wander in the mountains at the head of scanty and disheartened bands, seeking shelter from the Queen's troops, against whom they were totally unable to make a stand. Furious at this state of things, and still more so at the conduct of Carnicer, to whose lenity with the prisoners and population he attributed their reverses, discontented also with his obscure and subaltern position, Cabrera, who represented in Arragon the apostolical or ultra-absolutist party, and who on that account had influential supporters at the court of Charles the Fifth, resolved upon a bold attempt to get rid of his chief and command in his stead. Abandoning his post, he set out for Navarre, in company with a clever and resolute female of considerable personal attractions, intended as a propitiatory offering to the royal

widower whose favour he was about to solicit. On his arrival he obtained a private audience of Don Carlos, to whom he represented himself as capable of commanding in Arragon, and of achieving the triumph of the King's cause. He exposed his plan of campaign, accused Carnicer of weakness and mistaken humanity, and urged the necessity of severe and sanguinary measures. The result of his representations, and of the pleadings of his friends, some of whom were the Pretender's most esteemed counsellors, was his return to Arragon, bearing a despatch by which Carnicer was ordered to make over his command to Cabrera, and to present himself at headquarters in Navarre. On the ninth of March 1835, Cabrera assumed the supreme command, and Carnicer, in obedience to his instructions, set out for the Basque country. On his road he fell into the hands of the Christians, and was shot at Miranda del Ebro.

Public opinion amongst the Carlists unhesitatingly attributed to Cabrera the death of his former superior. Under pretence of their serving him as guides, he had prevailed upon Carnicer to take with him two officers whom he pointed out. These were also made prisoners; but although the Eliot convention was not yet in existence, and quarter was rarely given, both of them were exchanged after a very short delay. The information received by the Christiano authorities, of the route that Carnicer was to follow, was sent from the village of Palomar on a day when Cabrera was quartered there. Other circumstances confirmed the suspicion of foul play, and that Carnicer had been betrayed by his own party; and so generally was the treachery imputed to Cabrera, that he at last took notice of the charge, and used every means to check its discussion. So long as a year afterwards, he shot at Camarillas the brother of one of the two officers who had accompanied Carnicer, for having

been so imprudent as to say that the latter had been sold by Cabrera.* Such severity produced, of course, a directly opposite effect to that desired by its author; for although Cabrera pretexted other motives, its real ones were evident, and all men remained convinced of his guilt. Subsequently, the Carlist general Cabañero threw the alleged calumny in his face in presence of several persons, and instead of repelling it with his sword, Cabrera submitted patiently to the imputation.

Justly distrustful of those about him, Carnicer, when passing the night in the mountains, was wont to change his sleeping place after all his companions had retired to rest. On one occasion, in the neighbourhood of Alacon, a soldier who had lain down upon the couch prepared for his general, was assassinated by a pistol-shot. Cabrera was in the encampment, and although the perpetrator of the deed was never positively known, rumour laid the crime at his door. Whether or not the dark suspicion was well founded, the establishment of its justice would scarcely add a shade of blackness to the character of Ramon Cabrera.

Already, during a period of eighteen months, the kingdoms of Arragon and Valencia had groaned beneath the calamities of civil war. Their cattle driven, their granaries plundered, their sons dragged away to become unwilling defenders of Don Carlos, the unfortunate inhabitants could scarcely conceive a worse state than that of continual alarm and insecurity in which they lived. They had yet to learn that what they had hitherto endured was light to bear, compared to the atrocious system introduced by the ruthless successor of Carnicer. From the day that Cabrera assumed the command, the war became a butchery, and its inflictions ceased to be confined to the armed combatants on either side. Thenceforward, the infant in the cradle, the bedridden old

* By a remarkable coincidence, this execution occurred on the 16th of February 1836, on the same day and at the very same hour that Cabrera's mother was shot at Tortosa. To this latter unfortunate and cruel act, which has been absurdly urged as a justification of Cabrera's atrocities, further reference will presently be made.

man, the pregnant matron, were included amongst its victims. A mere suspicion of liberal opinions, the possession of a national guardsman's uniform, a glass of water given to a wounded Christino, a distant relationship to a partisan of the Queen, was sentence of death. The rules of civilized warfare were set at nought, and Cabrera, in obedience to his sanguinary instincts, committed his murders not only when they might possibly advance, but even when they must positively injure, the cause of him whom he styled his sovereign. "Those days that I do not shed blood," said he, in July 1837, when waiting in the ante-chamber of Don Carlos with Villareal, Merino, Cuevillas, and other generals, "I have not a good digestion." During the five years of his command, his digestion can rarely have been troubled.

The task of recording the exploits and cruelties of Cabrera, and the history of the war in which he took so prominent a part, has been undertaken by three Spaniards of respectability and talent: the principal of whom, Don Francisco Cabello, was formerly political chief of the province of Teruel, in the immediate vicinity of Cabrera's strongholds. There he had abundant opportunities of gathering information concerning the Carlist leader. In the book before us he does not confine himself to bare assertion, but supplies an ample appendix of justificatory documents, without which, indeed, many of the atrocious facts related would find few believers.

The Carlist troops in Arragon and Valencia were of very different composition from those in Navarre and Biscay. In the latter provinces, an intelligent and industrious peasantry rose to defend certain local rights and immunities, whose preservation, they were taught to believe, was bound up with the success of Don Carlos. In Eastern Spain the mass of the respectable and labouring classes were of liberal opinions, and the ranks of the faction were swelled by the dregs and refuse of the population. Highway-men and smugglers, escaped criminals, profligate monks, bad characters of every description, banded together under command of chiefs little better than themselves, but who, by greater

energy, or from having a smattering of military knowledge, gained an ascendancy over their fellows. In these motley hordes of reprobates, who, after a time, schooled by experience and defeat, were formed into regular battalions, capable of contending, with chances of success, against equal numbers of the Queen's troops, the clergy played a conspicuous part. Rare were the encounters between Christinos and Carlists, in which some sturdy friar did not lose his life whilst heading and encouraging the latter; after every action cowls and breviaries formed part of the spoil; scarce one of the rebel leaders but had his clerical staff of chaplains, sharing in, often stimulating, his cruelties and excesses. Those monks who did not openly take the field, busied themselves in promoting disaffection amongst the Queen's partisans. The most subversive sermons were daily preached: the confessional became the vehicle of insidious and treasonable admonitions: the liberal section of the clergy was subjected to cruel molestation and injustice. All these circumstances, added to the scandal and discord that reigned in the convents, loudly called for the suppression of the latter. Not only the government, which saw and suffered from the rebellion so enthusiastically shared in and promoted by the monks, but the very founders of the orders, could they have revisited Spain, would have advised their abolition. The following curious extract from the book now under review gives a striking picture of Spanish monastic doings in the nineteenth century.

"If, in the year 1855, St Bernard could have accompanied us on our visit to the monastery of Berneda in the Moncayo, surely he would have been indignant, and would have chastised the monks; surely he himself would have solicited the extinction of his order. Out of thirty monks, very few confessed, and only two or three knew how to preach; every one breakfasted and said mass just when he thought proper; by nine in the morning they might be seen wandering about the neighbouring country and gardens, or shooting small birds near the gates of the monastery; at eleven, they assembled in a cell to play *monté* with

visitors from the neighbouring towns and villages, winning and losing thousands of reals. During dinner, instead of having some grave and proper book read aloud to them, one of their number related obscene stories for the amusement of his companions; at dessert the finest wines were served, the monks played upon the piano, and sang indecent songs. The *siesta* passed away the afternoon, until, towards evening, these self-denying anchorites roused themselves from their slumbers, and resumed their favourite amusements of birding and tale-telling. At nightfall the green-cloth was again spread, and the cards were in full activity; sometimes six or eight of the monks got upon their mules, and rode a distance of two or three leagues to a ball, dressed in the height of the fashion. The writer of these pages once asked the prior to let him see the paintings executed by the brotherhood; he was conducted to the apartments of the abbot, and in the most secluded of them was shown a wretched daub, of which the subject was shamefully coarse and disgusting. * * * Many of the women of the neighbouring village of Vera went by the names of the monks; and so great became the scandal, that, on one occasion, when the national guards were sent upon an expedition, the alcalde issued an order prohibiting their wives to walk in the direction of the monastery. One woman, who disobeyed the injunction, was made to pay a fine, and narrowly escaped having her head shaved in the public market-place."

The monks prosecuted the alcalde for this abuse of authority; but in the course of the trial so many scandalous revelations were made concerning them, that the over-zealous official got off with a very light punishment. His proclamation, the sentence of the Audiencia of Saragossa, and some other documents confirming the truth of the above allegations against the monastery, are given in the appendix to Señor Cabello's book. "Certainly," continues that gentleman, "all monasteries were not like that of Beruela. There were many virtuous, enlightened, and laborious monks; but if these were too numerous to be

styled the exceptions, they at any rate composed the minority."

To return to Cabrera. His first act, upon assuming the supreme command, was to collect the scattered remnant of Carnicer's faction, which amounted but to three hundred infantry and forty horsemen. With these he commenced operations, limited at first, owing to the scanty numbers of his band, to marauding expeditions amongst the villages, whence he retreated to the mountains on the approach of the Queen's forces. His cruelties soon made him universally dreaded in the districts he overran. To the militia especially he gave no quarter, slaying them unmercifully, wherever he could lay hands upon them, even when they capitulated on promise of good treatment. He was seconded by Quilez, El Serador, Llangostera, and other partisans, as desperate, and nearly as bloodthirsty, as himself. With extraordinary and stupid obstinacy, the Madrid government persisted in treating the Arragonese rebellion as unimportant; and instead of at once sending a sufficient force for its suppression, allowed the insurgents to gain ground, recruit their forces, capture fortified places, and ravage the country, setting at defiance the feeble garrisons, and gallant but unavailing efforts of the national guard.

On the 11th of September, at day-break, Cabrera suddenly appeared in the town of Rubielos de Mora. Believing him far away, the garrison were taken entirely by surprise, and after a brief skirmish in the streets, retreated to a fortified convent. Here they made a vigorous defence, and no efforts of the Carlists were sufficient to dislodge them; until at dawn upon the 12th, after a siege of twenty-four hours, the Christinos perceived the points of the assailants' pickaxes piercing the wall that divided the convent from an adjoining house. They set fire to the house, but unfortunately a high wind fanned the flames, which speedily communicated to the convent. Even then the besieged continued to defend themselves, but at last, overcome by fatigue, hunger, and thirst, scorched, bruised, and exhausted, they accepted the terms

offered by the besiegers. Their lives were to be spared, and they were to retain their clothes and whatever property they had about them. Cabrera and Forcadell signed the agreement; and sixty-five national guardsmen and soldiers of the regiment of Ciudad Real marched out of the burning convent, and were escorted by the Carlists in the direction of Nogueruelas. On reaching a plain near that town, known as the Dehesa, or Pasture, Cabrera ordered a halt, that his soldiers might eat their rations. The prisoners also were supplied with food. The meal over, the Carlist chief formed his infantry and cavalry in a circle, made the captives strip off every part of their clothing, and bade them run. No sooner did they obey his order, than they were charged with lance and bayonet, and slaughtered to a man. It was a fine feast of blood for Cabrera and his myrmidons. On the body of one victim twenty-six wounds were afterwards counted. When Cabrera departed, the authorities of the adjacent town buried the bodies; but at the end of the war, in the year 1841, upon the anniversary of the massacre, their remains were disinterred and removed to Rubielos with much pomp and religious ceremony.

Such were the pastimes of Cabrera, such was the faith he kept with those who confided in his word. The barbarous execution detailed above was one of many that occurred in the first year of his command. Up to the month of February 1836, the number of his victims, slain after the battle, in cold blood, often in defiance of capitulation, sometimes on mere suspicion of liberalism, amounted to one hundred and eighty-one. This does not include murders committed on the highways and in the mountains, but those only of which there were abundant witnesses, and that are proved by dates and documents. Amongst the slaughtered, were children and old men. Two lads of sixteen and seventeen years of age were shot at Codoñera in presence of their mother. When she implored Cabrera's mercy, he told her that her sons should be spared if her husband would give himself up and take their place. On hearing this reply, worthy of a Caligula or a Nero, the unhappy wo-

man swooned away, and the infant at her breast fell dead from her arms as if struck by lightning. The shock to the mother had killed the child. All these atrocities were committed whilst Cabrera's mother yet lived unmolested in Tortosa.

Meanwhile the Christino general Nogueras, busied in the pursuit of the rebels, passed his whole time in the mountains, often not entering a town for a month together, except to get pay or shoes for his troops. Wherever he went, he was assailed by the tears and lamentations of bereaved wives and mothers. If he paused at Calatayud, they told him of the death of nine national guards shot at Casteljuncillo; at Caspe, the weeping widows and orphans of five others presented themselves before him; at Ternel he was horrified by the narrative of the massacre of the Dehesa; when he traversed the plains of Alpuente, the Carrascal of Yesa, where forty prisoners had been bayoneted, was pointed out to his notice; in the Maestrazgo he found universal mourning for sixty-one nationals, pitilessly butchered at Aleanar; in each hamlet where he halted for the night, the authorities complained to him of the most barbarous ill-treatment at the hands of Cabrera. Not a village did he pass through, whose alcalde had not been brutally bastinadoed. From his companions, his visitors, his guides, he heard continually of Cabrera's cruelties. In the whole district nothing else was talked of. The sole thought of the liberal party was how to put a period to them, and to be avenged upon their perpetrator. The most humane and peaceable men urged a system of reprisals, as both legitimate and likely to be efficacious. Such a system, Nogueras, yielding to the public voice, and enraged at the murder of two alcaldes, whom Cabrera had causelessly shot, at last resolved to adopt. He demanded the execution of Cabrera's mother; in the vain hope that it would strike terror into the rebel chief, and check his excesses. Most unhappy was the impulse to which he yielded. The act itself was cruel and hasty; its consequences were terrible. But such was the state of feeling in Arragon at that time, that, until those consequences were felt, many approved the

deed. The captain-general of Arragon, Don Francisco Serrano, a man noted for humanity and mildness, deemed the measure advisable, and even announced it with satisfaction in a proclamation, by which he declared a similar fate to be in reserve for Cabrera's sisters, and for the relatives of the other rebel chiefs, if the Carlists persisted in their atrocities. Hitherto the whole odium of the fate of a forlorn old woman, who perhaps deplored as much as any one the enormities committed by her son, has rested upon Nogueras. This is hardly fair. Ill-advised, and in a moment of just irritation, he urged a request, too hastily complied with, speedily repented, and which, according to the conviction of Señor Cabello, he would himself have retracted had he not been absent from Tortosa when its accomplishment took place. A more unfortunate act, to whomsoever it may chiefly be imputed, could not have been devised. It was at once repudiated by the Spanish government, by the Cortes and the nation. In the eyes of Europe, it went far to convert Cabrera from a pitiless butcher into an injured victim. At a distance from the theatre of war, the nine score unfortunates whom he had massacred in cold blood were forgotten or overlooked. Pity for the mother's fate procured oblivion for the previous crimes of the son. Filial affection and regret, working upon an impassioned nature, were urged in extenuation of his subsequent excesses. His massacres became holocausts, offered by a pious child to the manes of a murdered parent.

In Valderobles, on the 20th of February, Cabrera received intelligence of his mother's death. Its first result was a ferocious proclamation, by an article of which he decreed the death of four women, one of them the lady of a Christino colonel, then in his power. Had he shot them at once, in the first heat of anger and heaviness of grief, the act, however barbarous and severe, would have been palliated by circumstances; but for seven days he dragged those unfortunate women with him on all his marches, compelling them to wander barefoot over the rugged mountains of Arragon. So great were the sufferings of these poor

creatures, that even Cabrera's aides-de-camp, albeit not very tender-hearted, interceded for them with their chief. At last, on the 27th February, having returned to Valderobles, three of the women were released from their misery by a violent death. This execution was followed by many others. Seven and twenty national guards, taken prisoners at Liria, were kept alive for two or three days, and then massacred at Chiva. On the 17th of April, the ferryman of Olva, who acted as spy to Cabrera, and who was shot after the war, in the year 1841, brought information to the Carlist camp that two companies of Christino soldiers, quartered in the hamlet of Aleotas, kept but a careless watch, and might easily be surprised. Cabrera immediately set out, the ferryman acting as guide, and fell upon the Christinos before they were aware of his approach. They defended themselves bravely; but their ammunition being expended, and themselves surrounded, they capitulated on promise of quarter. Cabrera's chaplain, Father Escorihuela, was the person who prevailed on them to surrender, solemnly assuring them that their lives should be spared. A few hours later, this same priest heard the confession of the officers previously to their execution. To the soldiers, even the last consolations of religion were refused. Unshriven, they were shot to the last man.

But enough of such sanguinary details. Notwithstanding a severe defeat sustained a short time previously at Molina, Cabrera, in the spring of 1836, found himself at the head of four thousand infantry and three hundred dragoons. He displayed extraordinary activity; improved the organisation of his forces, and put them upon the footing of a regular army. Owing to these ameliorations, and to the culpable negligence of the Spanish government, who left the Army of the Centre unprovided with the commonest necessaries for campaigning, he was now able to abandon his former haunts in the mountains of Beceite, and to advance into the open country. Seeing the necessity of a stronghold for his stores and hospitals, and as a place of refuge in case of a reverse, he fixed upon the town of Cantavieja, which, from its size, the

strength of its walls, its central position in the territory of his operations, and especially from the difficulty of bringing artillery over the steep and bad roads leading to it, was peculiarly suited to his purpose. He set to work to fortify it; and in spite of the representations made to the Madrid government by the inhabitants of the province, who foresaw the evils that would accrue to them from its fortification, he was allowed, without interruption or molestation, to put it in a state of defence. The energy and skill exhibited by him at this period were wonderfully great, and would have done honour to an older soldier. He formed capacious hospitals, and vast depots for food and other stores; established powder manufactories, and workshops for armourers and tailors; and leaving a strong garrison in the place, again took the field.

Some sharp fighting now occurred, and the Christians had the worst of it in several encounters; until at last the minister of war, roused from his apathy, sent strong reinforcements to Arragon and Valencia. Amongst others, General Narvaez, at the head of a brilliant brigade, was detached from the army of the north, and after a rapid march of nine days, during which he crossed nearly the whole north-eastern corner of Spain from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, arrived at Teruel, and commenced operations with an activity that inspired the Arragonese with fresh hopes of a prompt termination of the war. He was in the field, and hard upon the heels of a Carlist corps commanded by a chief known as the Organist, when an orderly, bearing despatches from Madrid, came up at speed. "Yonder rebels," said Narvaez, after reading his letters, and pointing to the enemy, "may truly say that they exist by royal order." The despatches directed him instantly to quit Arragon, and pursue Gomez, who had left Biscay on his celebrated expedition to the southern provinces of Spain.

It is significant of the little estimation in which Cabrera was held by the generals of the Navarrese and Biscayan faction, that when Gomez, finding himself hard pressed by the Queen's troops, sent to Arragon for

assistance, he did not address himself to Cabrera, who commanded in chief in that province, but to Quilez and El Serrador, subordinate partisans. Nevertheless Cabrera joined him, not with a body of troops, but accompanied only by his aides-de-camp and staff, and by one of his clerical mentors, the canon Cala y Valcarcel. Gomez treated him with great contempt, and would give him no command in his division; but he still continued with him, and was present at the defeat of Villarrobledo, where Diego Leon with his hussars routed Gomez, taking the whole of his baggage, twelve hundred prisoners, and two thousand muskets. When the Carlists occupied Cordova, Cabrera was one of the first men in the town, which he entered with a handful of cavalry, under the command of Villalobos, to whom he had attached himself, and who was killed by a shot fired from a window. If Gomez disliked Cabrera, Cabrera, on his side, heartily despised Gomez. To have captured three thousand national guardsmen in Cordova, and not to have shot at least a couple of thousands of them—to have spared the fifteen hundred men composing the garrison of Almaden, were inexcusable weaknesses in the eyes of the Arragonese leader. Moreover, his name was omitted in the despatches and proclamations announcing the triumphs of the division; and at this he was indignant, viewing it as a stain upon his reputation, and a dishonour to his rank. At last, so troublesome did he become, constantly murmuring at whatever was done, and even conspiring to promote mutiny amongst the men, that Gomez, in order not to shoot him, which he otherwise would have been compelled to do, insisted upon their parting company. On the 3d of November, Cabrera, with his staff, orderlies, and a small escort, set out for the mountains of Toledo. His numbers increased by the accession of some parties of Carlist cavalry, picked up on the road, he passed through La Mancha, and made for the Ebro, intending to visit Don Carlos at Oñate. But whilst seeking a ford, he was surprised by the cavalry of Iribarren. The lances of Leon and the sabres of Buenvenega

made short work of it with the astonished rebels. Cabrera and a handful of men escaped, and only paused at midnight, when exhausted by their long flight, in the village of Aróvalo. Scarcely had they taken up their quarters, when a column of Christino infantry dashed into the place, bayoneting all before them. Unacquainted with the localities, Cabrera wandered about the streets, seeking an exit; and finally, favoured by the darkness, and after receiving a stab from a knife, and another from a bayonet, he succeeded in escaping to the neighbouring forest. Here he was found by one of his officers, who conveyed him to the house of a village priest, named Moron, where he was concealed and taken care of till his wounds were healed. At the commencement of 1837 he found himself well enough to travel, and started for Arragon, escorted by a squadron of cavalry and a few light infantry, whom he had sent for from the Maestrazgo. But he had been tracked by Christino spies, and Señor Cabello, then political chief of Teruel, had information of his route. This he communicated to the military governor, an old and dilatory officer, who moved out with a small body of troops, intending to surprise Cabrera at Camañas, one of his halting places, and hoping to gain in the field the promotion which he would have done better to have awaited within the walls of his citadel. At a village, four hours' march from Camañas, he paused, and wasted a day in sending out spies to ascertain the movements of the enemy. His emissaries at last returned; but only to tell him that Cabrera had rested at Camañas from ten in the morning till one in the afternoon, and had then continued his journey, travelling in a wretched carriage, and escorted by a hundred sleepy infantry, and as many horsemen, whose beasts were unshod, and half dead with fatigue. It was too late to pursue; and thus, owing to the sluggishness and incapacity of this officer, Cabrera escaped, probably without knowing it, from one of the greatest risks he had yet run.

The disastrous result of the various expeditions which, under Gomez, Garcia, and others, had left the

Basque provinces for the interior of Spain, had not yet convinced Don Carlos that his cause was unpopular. Deceived by his flatterers, who assured him that his appearance would every where be the signal for a general uprising in his favour, he crossed the Ebro in the month of May with sixteen battalions and nine squadrons. Victorious at Huesca, at Gra, in Catalonia, his army was utterly routed by the Baron de Meer and Diego Leon; and his sole thought then became how to recross the Ebro, and take refuge at Cantavieja, under the wing of his faithful Cabrera. Orders were sent to the latter chief to come and meet his sovereign. He obeyed, and by his assistance the passage of the river was accomplished. It was shortly before this time that Cabrera, whilst witnessing the conflagration of a village set on fire by his command, was struck by lightning, which killed one of his aides-de-camp, and threw him senseless from his horse. At first it was thought that he also was dead; but bleeding restored him, and the next day he was again in the saddle, burning, plundering, and shooting. His atrocities at this period surpass belief, and are too horrible to recapitulate. The curious in such matters may find them set down in all their hideous details, in the pages of Señor Cabello. Whether on account of his cruelties, or of his other bad qualities, most of the Carlist generals in Arragon about this time refused to act with him, and even loaded him with abuse. Cabañero actually challenged him to fight—a challenge which he did not think proper to accept. The same chief repeatedly told Don Carlos that he would rather serve as a private soldier in the army of Navarre than as a general under the orders of Cabrera. Quilez, who hated Cabrera as the assassin of his friend and countryman Carnicer, published an address to the Arragonese troops, calling upon them to leave the standard of the vile, dissolute, and cowardly Catalonian who disgraced them by his cruelties. He invited their attention to the ruined and miserable condition of their province since Cabrera had commanded there, and urged them to petition Don Carlos to give them a general more wor-

thy of defending his rights and leading them to victory. So high did the quarrel run, and so widely did it spread, that the Arragonese and Catalonian battalions were near coming to blows. Don Carlos supported Cabrera, and Quilez and Cabañero, with their divisions, separated themselves from the army, and went to make war elsewhere.

In the month of July there were forty thousand infantry and four thousand cavalry in the province of Ternel; for nearly four years the district had been devastated and plundered by the Carlists, and the harvest was not yet ripe. Under these circumstances the troops were half-starved. The Carlist soldiers received no bread and only half rations of meat. Even in the towns, and for ready money, provisions were unobtainable. The Conde de Luchana, who then commanded the Christinos, did all that a general could do, more than could be expected of any commander—all, in short, that he was wont to do, when the opportunity offered, for the cause of liberty and of his Queen. Thinking that the surrounding country would not supply rations because the impoverished government could not pay cash for them, he drew upon his private funds, and sent a commissioner with large sums of money to Ternel, to purchase all the corn that could be obtained. This was so little that it did not yield two days' rations to each soldier. At last Espartero and his division were summoned to the defence of Madrid, then menaced by Zaratégui. During his absence occurred the action of Herrera, in which General Buerens, greatly outnumbered, was defeated with considerable loss. But this reverse was soon revenged. Encouraged by their recent success, Don Carlos and Cabrera approached Madrid by forced marches. Their movements had been so eccentric and rapid that they had thrown most of the Christino generals off the scent. Espartero was an exception. After driving away Zaratégui, he had returned to Arragon. He now hurried back to Madrid, and entered its gates a few hours after the arrival of the Pretender within sight of that city, amidst the acclamations of the national guards,

who, until then, formed the sole garrison of the capital. Don Carlos retired, Espartero followed, came up with him on the 19th of September, and so mauled his army that he entirely gave up his mad project of establishing himself in Madrid, sent Cabrera back to Arragon, and scampered off in the direction of the Basque provinces. He was followed up by Espartero and Lorenzo, overtaken and beaten at Covarubbias and at Huerta del Rey, and finally entered Biscay in lamentable plight, his illusions dissipated, his hopes of one day sitting upon the throne of his ancestors entirely destroyed. Five months had elapsed since he left Navarre, and strange had been their vicissitudes. Surrounded in Sanguesa by bishops, ministers, generals, and courtiers, in Espejo a handful of *Chapelcharris* were his sole defenders. Enthroned and almost worshipped at Huesca, in the mountains of Bronchales he had been glad to accept the support and guidance of a shepherd. One day holding a levee, the next he was unable to write a letter in safety. At Barbastro he bestowed places and honours upon his adherents; at El Pobo he had not wherewith to reward the servants who waited on him. Strange transitions, bitterly felt! By the failure of the expedition all his prospects were blighted. A loan, and his recognition by the Northern powers, both promised him contingently on his entering Madrid, were now more remote than ever. That nothing might be wanting to the discomfiture of this ill-starred prince, even the hypocrisy of his character was discovered and exposed. Several of his letters to the Princess of Beira were intercepted by General Oraa, and published in the Spanish newspapers. Although written by one professedly so devout and austere, their contents were both trivial and licentious.

The year 1838 opened disastrously for the Christinos. The strong town and fort of Morella fell into the hands of Cabrera. Situated on a hill in the valley formed by the highest sierras of the Maestrazgo, and at the point of junction of Arragon, Catalonia, and Valencia, difficult of approach, and protected by defiles and rivers, chief

town of a *corregimiento* or department, and possessing considerable wealth both agricultural and manufacturing, it was, of all others, the place most coveted by the Carlists. For a long time previously to its capture, an officer of the faction, Paul Alio by name, had been entrusted with its blockade. His orders were to employ every possible means to win over the garrison or accomplish a *coup de main*. Various attempts had proved unsuccessful, when, at the moment that he least expected it, he was suddenly enabled to accomplish his objects. An artilleryman, a deserter from the castle, offered to scale the walls with twenty men, to surprise the sentinel upon the platform, and subsequently the whole guard. The idea was caught at; ladders were made according to the measure which the traitor had brought of the exact height of the walls, and on the dark and rainy night of the 25th January a party of Carlists crept up the hill, planted and climbed the ladders, stabbed the sentry, who was asleep in his box, overcame the guard, and fired upon the town. In vain did the unfortunate governor, Don Bruno Portillo, endeavour to make his way into the fort; he was repulsed and wounded, and before morning he and the remains of the garrison were compelled to abandon Morella. Although an old and respected officer, he was accused of treachery, or at least of want of vigilance. The latter might perhaps be imputed to him, but there appear to have been no sufficient grounds for the former charge. Eager to wash out the stain upon his reputation, he returned to Morella, when General Oraa made his unsuccessful attack upon it a few months later, and died leading the forlorn-hope, the first man upon the breach.

The capture of Morella was a great triumph for Cabrera, whose chief stronghold it became. It assured him the dominion of a large and fertile tract of country. From its towers, lofty though they were, the banner of Isabella the Second could nowhere be descried, save on the coasts of the Mediterranean and the distant banks of the Ebro. The termination of the war seemed less likely than ever.

It was about a month after the

surprise of Morella, that General Cabañero, encouraged by the recent success of his party, eager for distinction, and perhaps jealous of Cabrera's reputation, attempted the most daring and dashing enterprise of the whole war. He conceived the hope of capturing in one night, and with three thousand men, a fortress that had defended itself for two months against the best generals of Napoleon, backed by seventy thousand veterans, and a hundred pieces of artillery. The capital of Arragon, the heroic city of Saragossa, was the high game at which Cabañero ventured to fly. Had he succeeded, he would have commanded the Ebro and the communication between Navarre and Catalonia, and might have installed Don Carlos in the palace of Alonzo the Fifth, and of Ferdinand the Catholic. Making one march from Alloza, a distance of four-and-twenty hours, he arrived late at night in the environs of Saragossa. Provided with ladders by the owner of a neighbouring country-house, who was in his confidence, he caused a few soldiers to scale the wall, and open the gate of the Virgin de la Carmen, through which he marched. Some *vivats* given for Cabañero and Carlos Quinto roused the nearest inhabitants, and preserved the main guard from a surprise. Shots were fired, and the alarm spread. By this time Cabañero was far into the town, posting his battalions in the squares and open places. In every street the Carlist drums were beating, and several houses were broken open and entered. It was a terrible moment for the inhabitants of Saragossa. Startled from their sleep, without chiefs to direct or previous plan to guide them, none knew what measures to adopt. Some few ran to the public squares, and were taken prisoners; but the majority, recovering from their first panic, adopted the best and surest means of ridding the city of the unexpected foe. In an instant every window was thrown open, and bristled with the muskets of the national guards. They could not be confident of victory, for they were totally ignorant of the number of their enemies; but if the triumph was to be for the latter, the Saragossans were determined that it should cost them

dear. When the much-wished-for daylight appeared; the battle ceased to be from the balconies; the nationals, and about two hundred soldiers of various regiments who happened to be in the town, descended to the streets, and after a sharp but short struggle, drove out the daring intruders. The loss of the Carlists was a thousand men, inclusive of seven hundred prisoners; that of the Saragossans amounted to about one hundred and twenty.

Various strange incidents occurred during this night-attack. A French writer who visited Arragon during the civil war, relates an anecdote of two drummers who came up with each other at midnight in the streets of Saragossa, both plying their sticks with extraordinary vigour, but to very different tunes.

"Why do you beat the *chamade*?" demanded one.

"Why do you beat to arms?" retorted the other.

"I obey my orders."

"And I mine."

At that moment a passing lantern lit up the Carlist boina of the one, and the blue national guard's uniform of the other. The drummers stared at each other for a moment, and then, instead of drawing their swords and setting to, which one would have thought the most natural course to adopt, they continued their march side by side, each indulging in his own particular *rub-a-dub*. The rights of the sheepskin were mutually respected.

The results of Caballero's attack were a cross of honour conferred upon the national guards, who had made so gallant a defence, and the death of the governor, Esteller, who was assassinated by the populace two days afterwards. His conduct during the fight had been marked by extreme weakness, and even cowardice. He entirely lost his presence of mind, could give no orders, and remained shut up in his house in spite of all the efforts of his aides-de-camp and secretaries to get him out into the street. He would not even allow his servants and orderlies to fire from the balconies, and his windows were the only ones in Saragossa that continued closed during that eventful night. The next day he was imprisoned, and it was in-

tended to bring him to trial; but on the following morning a mob composed of the lowest of the people repaired to his place of confinement, brought him out into the streets and there murdered him. At the time the delinquents remained unpunished, but seven years later, in 1845, the sons of Esteller revived the affair, and procured the condemnation to ten years' galleys of one Chorizo, the leader of the *marranos*, or *lazzaroni* of Saragossa. Chorizo, literally Sausage, whose real name was Melchior Luna, was a butcher by trade, and a sort of popular demagogue amongst the lower orders of his fellow citizens. But according to Señor Cabello, his condemnation was unjust; and instead of sharing in the murder of Esteller, he had done his utmost to protect him, even risking his own life to save that of the unfortunate governor. After a lapse of seven years it was difficult to get at the real facts of the case; and the chief effect of the trial has been to publish the pusillanimity of General Esteller, concerning which the people of Saragossa had previously observed a generous silence.

On the 1st of October 1838, the Christiano general Pardiñas, with five battalions and a regiment of cavalry, encountered Cabrera near the town of Maella. The forces were about equal on either side, and at first the Christians had the advantage. But Pardiñas having thrown his left too forward, it was cut off and surrounded. Without waiting for help from the centre and right wing, the battalions fell into confusion and surrendered themselves prisoners, thereby grievously compromising the remainder of the division. Astonished at the sudden loss of one third of his force, Pardiñas made desperate efforts to preserve order; but all was in vain, and his heroic efforts and example served but to procure him an honourable death, thereby saving him the pain of reporting the most unfortunate and disgraceful action of the whole war. More than three-fifths of the division were killed or taken prisoners. The fate of the latter could not be doubtful, for Cabrera was their captor. Whilst still on the field of battle, with the groans of the wounded and dying sounding in his ears, he sent an order to Major Espinosa to

kill a number of dragoons of the regiment del Rey, whom he had made prisoners. Espinosa replied, that, the action once over, he had forgotten how to use his lance. Cabrera, however, had little difficulty in finding a more pliant agent. The unhappy dragoons were stripped naked and bayoneted: Espinosa was deprived of his command and of future opportunities of distinction. The same afternoon Cabrera shot twenty-seven wounded, in hospital at Maella. Amongst his prisoners were ninety-six sergeants. These he crammed into a dark and narrow dungeon, and after a few days, proposed to them to take service in the rebel army. They all refused, and one of them imprudently added, "Sooner die than serve with robbers." These words were reported to Cabrera, and he sought to discover the man who had uttered them; but although the other ninety-four well knew who it was, no menaces could induce them to betray their comrade. Any one but Cabrera would have been touched by such courage and constancy, but he only found in it a pretext for murder. The ninety-six sergeants were shot at Horcayo. Similar enormities now followed in rapid succession; until the exasperation in Saragossa and Valencia became extreme, and the inhabitants tumultuously assembled, demanding reprisals. These it was not safe to refuse. General Mendez Vigo, commanding at Valencia, and who ventured to deny them, was shot in the streets. Juntas were formed, and Carlist prisoners were executed. One of these unfortunates, when marching to his doom, was heard to exclaim, "Not to the people of Valencia, but to the infamous Cabrera, do I ascribe my death." There was a great outcry made at the time, especially by persons who knew nothing of the real facts of the case, concerning these reprisals, which were in fact unavoidable. Cabrera's atrocities had reached such a pitch, that disaffection was widely spreading in Arragon and Valencia. The people, finding themselves constantly in mourning for the death of some near relative, murdered by his orders, murmured against the government which could not protect them, and accused their rulers of Carlism

and treachery, of cowardice and indifference. There was danger, almost a certainty indeed, of an insurrection, in which every Carlist prisoner and a vast number of innocent persons would inevitably have been sacrificed. Cabrera would listen to no proposals for exchanges, but persisted in shooting all who fell into his hands. Without reckoning the innumerable captives dead from hunger and cruel treatment, or those murdered on the march and in the Carlist depots, but counting only such as were shot and stabbed before witnesses, Cabrera had killed, previously to his mother's death, one hundred and eighty-one soldiers and nationals; and seven hundred and thirty subsequently to that event, and up to the 1st of November 1838. His subalterns had slain three hundred and seventy more, making a total of twelve hundred and eighty. Under these circumstances, there was nothing for it but a system of retaliation. This, General Van Halen and the juntas adopted, and after a very short time the good effect was manifest. The imprecations of the Carlist prisoners, and the murmurs of his party, reached the ears of Cabrera in tones so menacing, that he was compelled to listen. The treaty for exchange of prisoners and cessation of reprisals, signed by him and Van Halen, caused much discontent amongst the coffeehouse politicians of the Puerta del Sol; but those who had experience of the war, and who dwelt in its district, appreciated the firmness of the Christino general, as well as the docility and true dignity with which he signed the honourable name of a brave soldier beside that of the assassin Count of Morella.

Anticipating an attack upon the fort of Segura, to whose possession he attached great importance, Cabrera took measures for its defence. For this, if the inhabitants of the town did not unite in it, a very large garrison was necessary. Cabrera endeavoured, therefore, by great promises, to win over the townspeople, menacing them at the same time with the destruction of their town if they did not comply with his wishes. They held a meeting, and its result was a declaration that they would never take up arms against the Queen, and

that sooner than do so, they would submit to be driven from their dwellings, and become wanderers in the woods. Cabrera took them at their word, and in a few days the plough might have passed over the site of Segura. The magnificent church, the public edifices, and three hundred and fifty houses, were razed to the ground. The castle alone was preserved. The inhabitants themselves had been compelled to accomplish the work of destruction; and when that was done, sixteen hundred men, women, and children emigrated to the neighbouring villages, or took shelter in the caves and hollows of the pine forests. In this circumstance, it is hard to say which is most striking, the barbarity of the destroyer, or the courageous patriotism of the victims. The expected siege of the castle soon followed, but the inclemency of the weather compelled Van Halen to raise it. He was removed from the command, and Nogueras, who was to succeed him, being attacked by illness, the army in Arragon remained for a while without a competent chief. Cabrera took advantage of this, prosecuted the war with great activity and vigour, and captured some fortified places. Amongst others, he laid siege to Montalban, which was desperately defended for fifty days. At the end of that time, the town being reduced to ruins, the garrison and inhabitants evacuated it, and retired to Saragossa. During the siege, there occurred a trait worthy of Cabrera. The medicines for the wounded being expended, the colonel of the national guards spoke from the walls to the Carlist general, and begged permission to send to the nearest village for a fresh supply. There were many wounded Carlists in the town hospital, and it was expected, therefore, that the request would be granted. Cabrera refused it, but, feigning compassion, advised Vicente to hoist a flag upon the hospital, that it might be respected by the besiegers' artillery. The flag was hoisted, and instantly became a mark for every gun the Carlists had. In the course of that day, sixty-six shells fell into the hospital, killing many of the wounded, and, amongst others, thirteen Carlist prisoners. During this siege, a young

woman, two-and-twenty years of age, Manuela Cirugeda by name, emulous of the example of the Maid of Saragossa, served as a national guard, and fought most valiantly, until incapacitated by illness, the result of her fatigues and exertions.

Were it his only crime, Cabrera's treatment of his prisoners in the dungeons of Morella, Benifasa, and other places, would suffice to brand him with eternal infamy. From the commencement of the war till he was driven out of the country, twelve thousand soldiers and two thousand national guards fell into his hands. Half of the first named, and two-thirds of the latter, died of hunger, ill treatment, and of the diseases produced by the stifling atmosphere of their prisons, by the bad quality of their food, and the state of general destitution in which they were left. Those who bore up against their manifold sufferings only regained their liberty to enter an hospital, incapacitated for further military service. It took months to rid them of the dingy, copper-coloured complexion acquired in their damp and filthy prisons, and some of them never lost it. When the prisoners taken in the action of Herrera arrived at Cantavieja, they were barefooted, and for sole raiment many had but a fragment of matting, wherewith to cover their nakedness, and defend themselves from the weather. They were thrust into a convent, and no one was allowed to communicate with them: even mothers, who anxiously strove to convey a morsel of bread to their starving sons, were pitilessly driven away. Sick and squalid, they were marched off to Beceite, and on the road more than two hundred were murdered. Those who pined or sat down, overcome by fatigue, were disposed of with the bayonet; some fainted from exhaustion, and had their heads crushed with large stones, heaped upon them by their guards. The muleteers, who compassionately lent their beasts to the wounded or dying, were unmercifully beaten. On reaching Beceite, the daily ration of each prisoner was two ounces of raw potatoes. After repeated entreaties of the inhabitants, they were at last allowed to leave their prison by detachments, in order

to clean the streets; and by this means they were enabled to receive the assistance which the very poorest of the people stinted themselves and their children to afford them. In spite of the prohibitions of the Carlist authorities, bread, potatoes, and maize ears were thrown into the streets for their relief. But even of these trifling supplies they were presently deprived, for an epidemic broke out amongst them, and they were forbidden to leave their prison lest they should communicate it to the troops. Will it be believed that in a Christian country, and within the last ten years, men were reduced to such extremities as to devour the dead bodies of their companions? Such was the case. It has been printed fifty times, and hundreds of living witnesses are ready to attest it. When the Carlist colonel Pellicer, the savage under whose eyes these atrocities occurred, discovered the horrible means by which his wretched captives assuaged the pangs of hunger, he became furious, caused the prisoners to be searched, and shot and bayoneted those who had preserved fragments of their frightful meal. The poor creatures thus condemned marched to death with joy and self-gratulation; those who remained accused themselves of a similar crime, and entreated that they also might be shot. Twelve hundred entered the prison; two hundred left it; and of these, thirty were massacred upon the road because they were too weak to march. In the appendix to his book, Señor Cabello gives the diary of a survivor, an officer of the regiment of Cordova. The cruelties narrated in it exceed belief. They are nevertheless confirmed by unimpeachable evidence. The following extract is from a document dated the 20th of March 1844, and signed by fifteen respectable inhabitants of Beceite.

“During the abode of the said prisoners in this town, each day twelve or fourteen of them died from hunger and misery. It was frequently observed, when they were conveyed from the prison to the cemetery, that some of them still moved, and made signs with their hands not to bury them; some even uttered words, but all in vain—*dead or alive, those who*

*once left the prison were buried, and only one instance was known of the contrary occurring. The chaplain of a Carlist battalion had gone to the burying-ground to see if the graves were deep enough, and whilst standing there, one of a pile of corpses pulled him by the coat. This attracted his attention, and he had the man carried to the hospital. * * ** There would be no end to our narrative if we were to give a detailed account of the sufferings of these prisoners; so great were they, as at last to shock even the commandant of the depot, Don Juan Pellicer, who was heard to exclaim more than once *that he wished somebody would blow out his brains, for he was sick of beholding so much misery and suffering.* The few inhabitants who remained in the town behaved well, and notwithstanding that the Carlists robbed them of all they had, and that it was made a crime to help the prisoners, they managed in secret to give them some relief, especially to the officers. The facts here set down are true and certain, and of them more than a hundred eyewitnesses still exist.”

When the war in Biscay and Navarre was happily concluded by the convention of Vergara, the Duke de la Victoria invited Cabrera to follow the example of the other Carlist generals, offering to him and to the rebel troops under his command the same terms that had been conceded to those in the Basque provinces. But the offer, generous though it was, and undeserved by men who had made war like savages rather than as Christians, was contemptuously spurned. Those best acquainted with the character of Cabrera, were by no means surprised at the refusal. They foresaw that he would redouble his atrocities, and only yield to brute force. These anticipations were in most respects realised.

In the months of October 1839, Espartero, with the whole army of the North, consisting of forty thousand infantry, three thousand cavalry, and the corresponding artillery, entered lower Arragon. Anxious to economise the blood of his countrymen, trusting that Cabrera would open his eyes to the inutility of further resistance, confiding also, in some degree,

in the promises of certain Carlist chiefs included in the treaty of Vergara, and who expected by their influence to bring over large bodies of the rebels, the Duke de la Victoria remained inactive during the winter, merely blockading the Carlists within their lines. Meanwhile Cabrera, debilitated by six years of anxiety and agitation, and by the dissolute life he had led from a very early age, and preyed upon by vexation and rage occasioned him by the convention of Vergara, fell seriously ill, and for some time his life was in peril. Contrary to expectation, he recovered; but sickness or reflection had unmaned him, and it is certain that in his last campaign he displayed little talent and less courage. Not so his subordinates. The Arragonese Carlists fought like lions, and the final triumph of the Queen's army and of their distinguished leader was not achieved without a desperate struggle.

The first appearance of spring was the signal of action for the Christmas. Even before the inclement season had entirely passed away, in the latter days of February 1840, Espartero attacked Segura. One day's well-directed cannonade knocked the fort about the ears of the garrison, and in spite of the proverb, *Segura serà segura, ó de Ramon Cabrera sepultura*, the place capitulated. The defence of Castellote was longer, and extraordinarily obstinate. Pelted with shot and shell, the walls mined and blown up and reduced to ruins, its garrison, with a courage worthy of a better cause, still refused to surrender, hoisted a black banner in sign of no quarter, and received a flag of truce with a volley. The position of the castle, on the summit of a steep and rugged rock, rendered it almost impossible to form a column of attack and take it by assault. At last, however, this was attempted, and after a desperate combat of an hour's duration, and great loss on the part of the assailants, the latter established themselves in a detached building at the eastern extremity of the fortress. The besieged still defended themselves, hurling down hand-grenades and masses of stone, until at last, exhausted and overcome, they hung out a white flag. By their obstinate defence of an un-

tenable post, when they had no hope of relief, they had forfeited their lives. Fortunately their conqueror was no Cabrera.

"They were Spaniards," said Espartero in his despatch to Madrid, "blinded and deluded men who had fought with the utmost valour, and I could not do less than view them with compassion." Their lives were spared, and the wounded were carried to the hospital in the arms of their recent opponents.

Cabrera had sworn to die before giving up Morella, but when the time came his heart failed him. He visited the town, harangued the garrison and inhabitants from the balcony of his quarters, and told them that he had come to share their fate. A day or two later he marched away, taking with him all his particular friends and favourites, and left Morella to take care of itself. It was the last place attacked by Espartero. The siege lasted eleven days, but Cabrera did not come to its relief; dissension arose amongst the garrison, and surrender ensued. Three thousand prisoners, including a number of Carlist civil functionaries, a quantity of artillery, ammunition, and other stores, fell into the hands of the victors. Morella taken, the war in Arragon was at an end.

Determined that his last act should be worthy of his whole career, Cabrera, now upon his road to France, precipitated into the Ebro a number of national guards, whom he carried with him as captives. Others were shot, and some few were actually dragged across the frontier, bound hand and foot, and only liberated by the French authorities. Such wanton cruelty is the best refutation of the arguments of certain writers, who have maintained that Cabrera was severe upon principle, with the sole objects of intimidating the enemy, and of furthering the cause of his king. On the eve of his departure from Spain, himself a fugitive, the self-styled sovereign a captive in a foreign land, what end, save the gratification of his insatiable thirst of blood, could be attained by the massacre of prisoners? At last, on the sixth of July 1840, he delivered his country from the presence of the most exe-

crable monster that has disgraced her modern annals. On that day, at the head of twenty battalions and two hundred cavalry, Cabrera entered France.

By superficial persons, unacquainted with facts, attempts have been made to cast upon the whole Spanish nation the odium incurred by a small section of it. The cruelties of Cabrera and his likes, have been taken as an index to the Spanish character, wherein ferocity has been asserted to be the most conspicuous quality. Nothing can be more unjust and fallacious than such a theory. Cabrera's atrocities were viewed and are remembered in Spain with as deep a horror as in England or France. Those who shared in them were a minute fraction of the population, and even of these, many acted on compulsion, and shuddered at the crimes they were obliged to witness and abet. Is the character of a nation to be argued from the excesses of its malefactors, even when, banded together and in military array, they assume the style and title of an army? Assuredly not. The Carlist standard, uplifted in Arragon, became a rallying point for the scum of the whole Spanish people. Under Cabrera's banner, murder was applauded, plunder tolerated, vice of every description freely practised. And accordingly, escaped galley-slaves, ruined profligates, the worthless and abandoned, flocked to its shelter. To these may be added the destitute, stimulated by their necessities; the ignorant and fanatical, led away by crafty priests; the unreflecting and unscrupulous, seeking military distinction where infamy alone was to be reaped. Bad example, seduction, even force, each contributed its quota to the army of Cabrera. From the commencement, the war was of a very

different nature in Navarre and in Arragon. Both chiefs and soldiers were of different origin, and fought for different ends. To Navarre repaired those men of worth and respectability who conscientiously upheld the rights of Don Carlos; the battalions were composed of peasants and artisans. In Arragon and Valencia, a few desperate and dissolute ruffians, such as Cabrera, Llangostera, Quilez, Pellicer, assembled under their orders the refuse of the jails.

"The Navarrese recruit," says Señor Cabello, "when he set out to join the Carlists, took leave of his friends and relatives, and even of the alcalde of his village; the volunteer into the faction of Arragon, departed by stealth after murdering and robbing some private enemy or wealthy neighbour. The Biscayan Carlist, going on leave to visit his mistress, took her at most a flower gathered in the gardens of Bilboa; when a soldier of Cabrera revisited his home, he carried with him the spoils of some slaughtered family or plundered dwelling. All Spain knew Colonel Zumalacarre; but only the lay-brothers of St Domingo de Tortosa, or the gendarmes of Villafranca, could give an account of Cabrera or the Serrador. To treat with the former was to treat with one who, a short time previously, had commanded with distinction the first light infantry regiment of the Spanish army. To negotiate with the latter was to condescend to an equality with the Barbudo or José Maria.*

Even in the inevitable confusion of civil war, a distinction may and must be made between the man who takes up arms to defend a principle, and him who makes the unhappy discussions of his country a stepping-stone to his own ambition, a pretext for the indulgence of the worst vices and most unhallowed passions.

* Celebrated Spanish robbers.

MY COLLEGE FRIENDS. NO. IV.

CHARLES RUSSELL, THE GENTLEMAN COMMONER.

CHAP. II.

It was the last night of the boat races. All Oxford, town and gown, was on the move between Illey and Christchurch meadow. The reading man had left his ethics only half understood, the rowing man his bottle more than half finished, to enjoy as beautiful a summer evening as ever gladdened the banks of Isis. One continued heterogeneous living stream was pouring on from St "Ole's" to King's barge, and thence across the river in punts, down to the starting-place by the lasher. One moment your tailor puffed a cigar in your face, and the next, just as you made some critical remark to your companion on the pretty girl you just passed, and turned round to catch a second glimpse of her, you trod on the toes of your college tutor. The contest that evening was of more than ordinary interest. The new Oriel boat, a London-built clipper, an innovation in those days, had bumped its other competitor easily in the previous race, and only Christchurch now stood between her and the head of the river. And would they, could they, bump Christchurch to-night? That was the question to which, for the time being, the coming examination, and the coming St Leger, both gave way. Christchurch, that had not been bumped for ten years before—whose old blue and white flag stuck at the top of the mast as if it had been nailed there—whose motto on the river had so long been "Nulli secundus?" It was an important question, and the Christchurch men evidently thought so. Steersman and pullers had been summoned up from the country, as soon as that impertinent new boat had begun to show symptoms of being a dangerous antagonist, by the rapid progress she was making from the bottom towards the head of the racing-boats. The old heroes of bygone contests were enlisted again, like the Roman legionaries, to fight the battles of their "vexillum," the little three-cornered bit of blue and white silk before men-

tioned; and the whole betting society of Oxford were divided into two great parties, the Oriel and the Christchurch, the supporters of the old, or of the new dynasty of eight oars.

Never was signal more impatiently waited for than the pistol-shot which was to set the boats in motion that night. Hark! "Gentlemen, are—you—ready?" "No, No!" shouts some umpire, dissatisfied with the position of his own boat at the moment. "Gentlemen, are you ready?" Again "No, no, no!" How provoking! Christchurch and Oriel both beautifully placed, and that provoking Exeter, or Worcester, or some boat that no one but its own crew takes the slightest interest in to-night, right across the river! And it will be getting dusk soon. Once more—and even Wyatt, the starter, is getting impatient—"Are you ready?" Still a cry of "No, no," from some crew who evidently never will be satisfied. But there goes the pistol. They're off, by all that's glorious! "Now Oriel!" "Now Christchurch!" Hurrah! beautifully are both boats pulled—how they lash along the water! Oriel gains evidently! But they have not got into their speed yet, and the light boat has the best of it at starting. "Hurrah, Oriel, its all your own way!" "Now, Christchurch, away with her!" Scarcely is an eye turned on the boats behind; and, indeed, the two first are going fast away from them. They reach the Gut, and at the turn Oriel presses her rival hard. The cheers are deafening; bets are three to one. She must bump her! "Now, Christchurch, go to work in the straight water!" Never did a crew pull so well, and never at such a disadvantage. Their boat is a tub compared with the Oriel. See how she buries her bow at every stroke. Hurrah, Christchurch! The old boat for ever! Those last three strokes gained a yard on Oriel! She holds her own still! Away they go, those

old steady practised oars, with that long slashing stroke, and the strength and pluck begins to tell. Well pulled, Oriel! Now for it! Not an oar out of time, but as true together as a set of teeth! But it won't do! Still Christchurch, by sheer dint of muscle, keeps her distance, and the old flag floats triumphant another year.

Nearly hustled to death in the rush up with the racing boats, I panted into the stern sheets of a four-oar lying under the bank, in which I saw Leicester and some others of my acquaintance. "Well, Horace," said I, "what do you think of Christchurch now?" (I had sufficient Tory principle about me at all times to be a zealous supporter of the "old cause," even in the matter of boat-racing.) "How are your bets upon the London clipper, eh?" "Lost, by Jove," said he; "but Oriel ought to have done it to-night; why, they bumped all the other boats easily, and Christchurch was not so much better; but it was the old oars coming up from the country that did it. But what on earth is all that rush about up by the barges? They surely are not going to fight it out after all?"

Something had evidently occurred which was causing great confusion; the cheering a moment before had been deafening from the partisans of Christchurch, as the victorious crew, pale and exhausted with the prodigious efforts they had made, mustered their last strength to throw their oars aloft in triumph, and then slowly, one by one, ascended into the house-boat which formed their floating dressing-room; it had now suddenly ceased, and confused shouts and murmurs, rather of alarm than of triumph, were heard instead: men were running to and fro on both banks of the river, but the crowd both in the boats on the river and on shore made it impossible for us to see what was going on. We scrambled up the bank, and were making for the scene of action, when one of the river-officials ran hastily by in the direction of Ifley.

"What's the matter, Jack?"

"Punt gone down, sir," he replied without stopping; "going for the drags."

"Any body drowning?" we shouted after him.

"Don't know how many was in her, sir," sung out Jack in the distance. We ran on. The confusion was terrible; every one was anxious to be of use, and more likely therefore to increase the danger. The punt which had sunk had been, as usual on such occasions, overloaded with men, some of whom had soon made good their footing on the neighbouring barges; others were still clinging to their sides, or by their endeavours to raise themselves into some of the light wherries and four oars, which, with more zeal than prudence, were crowding to their assistance, were evidently bringing a new risk upon themselves and their rescuers. Two of the last of the racing eights, too, coming up to the winning-post at the moment of the accident, and endeavouring vainly to back water in time, had run into each other, and lay helplessly across the channel, adding to the confusion, and preventing the approach of more efficient aid to the parties in the water. For some minutes it seemed that the disaster must infallibly extend itself. One boat, whose crew had incautiously crowded too much to one side in their eagerness to aid one of the sufferers in his struggles to get on board, had already been upset, though fortunately not in the deepest water, so that the men, with a little assistance, easily got on shore. Hundreds were vociferating orders and advice, which few could hear, and none attended to. The most effectual aid that had been rendered was the launching of two large planks from the University barge, with ropes attached to them, which several of those who had been immersed succeeded in reaching, and so were towed safely ashore. Still, however, several were seen struggling in the water, two or three with evidently relaxing efforts; and the unfortunate punt, which had righted and come up again, though full of water, had two of her late passengers clinging to her gunwale, and thus barely keeping their heads above the water's edge. The watermen had done their utmost to be of service, but the University men crowded so rashly into every punt that put off to the aid of their companions, that their efforts would have been comparatively abor-

tive, had not one of the pro-protectors jumped into one, with two steady hands, and authoritatively ordering every man back who attempted to accompany him, reached the middle of the river, and having rescued those who were in most imminent danger, succeeded in clearing a sufficient space round the spot to enable the drags to be used, (for it was quite uncertain whether there might not still be some individuals missing.) Loud cheers from each bank followed this very sensible and reasonable exercise of authority; another boat, by this example, was enabled to disencumber herself of superfluous hands, and by their united exertions all who could be seen in the water were soon picked up and placed in safety. When the excitement had in some degree subsided, there followed a suspense which was even more painful, as the drags were slowly moved again and again across the spot where the accident had taken place. Happily our alarm proved groundless. One body was recovered, not an University man, and in his case the means promptly used to restore animation were successful. But it was not until late in the evening that the search was given up, and even the next morning it was a sensible relief to hear that no college had found any of its members missing.

I returned to my rooms as soon as all reasonable apprehension of a fatal result had subsided, though before the men had left off dragging; and was somewhat surprised, and at first amused, to recognise, sitting before the fire in the disguise of my own dressing-gown and slippers, Charles Russell.

"Hah! Russell, what brings you here at this time of night?" said I; "however, I'm very glad to see you."

"Well, I'm not sorry to find myself here, I can tell you; I have been in a less comfortable place to-night."

"What do you mean?" said I, as a suspicion of the truth flashed upon me—"Surely!"

"I have been in the water, that's all," replied Russell quietly; "don't be alarmed, my good fellow, I'm all right now. John has made me quite at home here, you see. We found your clothes a pretty good fit, got up

a capital fire at last, and I was only waiting for you to have some brandy and water. Now, don't look so horrified, pray."

In spite of his good spirits, I thought he looked pale; and I was somewhat shocked at the danger he had been in—more so from the suddenness of the information.

"Why," said I, as I began to recall the circumstance, "Leicester and I came up not two minutes after it happened, and watched nearly every man that was got out. You could not have been in the water long then, I hope?"

"Nay, as to that," said Russell, "it seemed long enough to me, I can tell you, though I don't recollect all of it. I got underneath a punt or something, which prevented my coming up as soon as I ought."

"How did you get out at last?"

"Why, that I don't quite remember; I found myself on the walk by King's barge; but they had to turn me upside down, I fancy, to empty me. I'll take that brandy by itself, Hawthorne, for I think I have the necessary quantity of water stowed away already."

"Good heavens! don't joke about it; why, what an escape you must have had!"

"Well, seriously then, Hawthorne, I *have* had a very narrow escape, for which I am very thankful; but I don't want to alarm any one about it, for fear it should reach my sister's ears, which I very much wish to avoid, for the present at all events. So I came up to your rooms here as soon as I could walk. Luckily, John saw me down at the water, so I came up with him, and got rid of a good many civil people who offered their assistance; and I have sent down to the lodgings to tell Mary I have staid to supper with you; so I shall get home quietly, and she will know nothing about this business. Fortunately, she is not in the way of hearing much Oxford gossip, poor girl!"

Russell sat with me about an hour, and then, as he said he felt very comfortable, I walked home with him to the door of his lodgings, where I wished him good-night, and returned.

I had intended to have paid him an early visit the next morning; but

somehow I was lazier than usual, and had scarcely bolted my commons in time to get to lecture. This over, I was returning to my rooms, when my scout met me.

"Oh, sir," said he, "Mr Smith has just been here, and wanted to see you, he said, particular."

Mr Smith? Of all the gentlemen of that name in Oxford, I thought I had not the honour of a personal acquaintance with one.

"Mr Russell's Mr Smith, sir," explained John: "the little gentleman as used to come to his rooms so often."

I walked up the staircase, ruminating within myself what possible business "poor Smith" could have with me, of whom he had usually appeared to entertain a degree of dread. Something to do with Russell, probably. And I had half resolved to take the opportunity to call upon him, and try to make out who and what he was, and how he and Russell came to be so intimately acquainted. I had scarcely stuck old Herodotus back into his place on the shelf, however, when there came a gentle tap at the door, and the little Bible-clerk made his appearance. All diffidence and shyness had wholly vanished from his manner. There was an earnest expression in his countenance which struck me even before he spoke. I had scarcely time to utter the most commonplace civility, when, without attempt at explanation or apology, he broke out with—"Oh, Mr Hawthorne, have you seen Russell this morning?"

"No," said I, thinking he might possibly have heard some false report of the late accident—"but he was in my rooms last night, and none the worse for his wetting."

"Oh, yes, yes! I know that; but pray, come down and see him now—he is very, very ill, I fear."

"You don't mean it? What on earth is the matter?"

"Oh! he has been in a high fever all last night! and they say he is worse this morning—Dr Wilson and Mr Lane are both with him—and poor Miss Russell!—he does not know her—not know his sister; and oh, Mr Hawthorne, he must be *very* ill; and they won't let me go to him!"

And poor Smith threw himself into a chair, and fairly burst into tears.

I was very much distressed too; but, at the moment, I really believe I felt more pity for the poor lad before me, than even apprehension for my friend Russell. I went up to him, shook his hand, and begged him to compose himself. Delirium, I assured him—and tried hard to assure myself—was the usual concomitant of fever, and not at all alarming. Russell had taken a chill, no doubt, from the unlucky business of the last evening, but there could not be much danger in so short a time. "And now, Smith," said I, "just take a glass of wine, and you and I will go down together, and I dare say we shall find him better by this time."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," he replied; "you are very kind—very kind indeed—no wine, thank you—I could not drink it: but oh! if they would only let me see him. And poor Miss Russell! and no one to attend to him but her!—but will you come down now directly?"

My own anxiety was not less than his, and in a very few minutes we were at the door of Russell's lodgings. The answer to our inquiries was, that he was in much the same state, and that he was to be kept perfectly quiet; the old housekeeper was in tears; and although she said Dr Wilson told them he hoped there would be a change for the better soon, it was evident that poor Russell was at present in imminent danger.

I sent up my compliments to Miss Russell to offer my services in any way in which they could be made available; but nothing short of the most intimate acquaintance could have justified any attempt to see her at present, and we left the house. I thought I should never have got Smith from the door; he seemed thoroughly overcome. I begged him to come with me back to my rooms—a Bible-clerk has seldom too many friends in the University, and it seemed cruel to leave him by himself in such evident distress of mind. Attached as I was to Russell myself, his undisguised grief really touched me, and almost made me reproach myself with being comparatively unfeeling.

At any other time, I fear it might have annoyed me to encounter as I did the inquisitive looks of some of my friends, as I entered the College gates arm-in-arm with my newly-found and somewhat strange-looking acquaintance. As it was, the only feeling that arose in my mind was a degree of indignation that any man should venture to throw a supercilious glance at him; and if I longed to replace his shabby and ill-cut coat by something more gentlemanly in appearance, it was for his sake, and not my own.

And now it was that, for the first time, I learnt the connexion that existed between the Bible-clerk and the quondam gentleman-commoner. Smith's father had been for many years a confidential clerk in Mr Russell's bank; for Mr Russell's bank it was solely, the Smith who had been one of the original partners having died some two generations back, though the name of the firm, as is not unusual, had been continued without alteration. The clerk was a poor relation, in some distant degree, of the some-time partner: his father, too, had been a clerk before him. By strict carefulness, he had saved some little money during his many years of hard work: and this, by special favour on the part of Mr Russell, he had been allowed to invest in the bank capital, and thereby to receive a higher rate of interest than he could otherwise have obtained. The elder Smith's great ambition—indeed it was his only ambition—for the prosperity of the bank itself he looked upon as a law of nature, which did not admit of the feeling of hope, as being a fixed and immutable certainty—his ambition was to bring up his son as a gentleman. Mr Russell would have given him a stool and a desk, and he might have aspired hereafter to his father's situation, which would have assured him £250 per annum. But somehow the father did not wish the son to tread in his own steps. Perhaps the close confinement, and unrefreshing relaxations of a London clerk, had weighed heavily upon his own youthful spirits: perhaps he was anxious to spare the son of his old age—for, like a prudent man,

he had not married until late in life—from the unwholesome toils of the counting-house, varied only too often by the still less wholesome dissipation of the evening. At all events, his visions for him were not of annually increasing salaries, and future independence: of probable partnerships, and possible lord mayoralties; but of some cottage among green trees, far away in the quiet country, where, even as a country parson, people would touch their hats to him as they did to Mr Russell himself, and where, when the time should come for superannuation and a pension—the house had always behaved liberally to its old servants—his own last days might happily be spent in listening to his son's sermons, and smoking his pipe—if such a thing were lawful—in the porch of the parsonage. So while the principal was carefully training his heir to enact the fashionable man at Oxford, and in due time to take his place among the squires of England, and shunning, as if with a kind of remorseful conscience, to make him a sharer in his own contaminating speculations; the humble official too, but from far purer motives, was endeavouring in his degree, perhaps unconsciously, to deliver his boy from the snares of Mammon. And when Charles Russell was sent to the University, many were the enquiries which Smith's anxious parent made, among knowing friends, about the expenses and advantages of an Oxford education. And various, according to each individual's sanguine or saturnine temperament, were the answers he obtained, and tending rather to his bewilderment than information. One intimate acquaintance assured him, that the necessary expenses of an undergraduate need not exceed a hundred pounds per annum: another—he was somewhat of a sporting character—did not believe any young man could do the thing like a gentleman under five. So Mr Smith would probably have given up his darling project for his son in despair, if he had not fortunately thought of consulting Mr Russell himself upon the point; and that gentleman, though somewhat surprised at his clerk's aspiring notions, good-naturedly solved the difficulty

as to ways and means, by procuring for his son a Bible-clerk's appointment at one of the Halls, upon which he could support himself respectably, with comparatively little pecuniary help from his friends. With his connexions and interest, it was no great stretch of friendly exertion in behalf of an old and trusted servant; but to the Smiths, father and son, both the munificence which designed such a favour, and the influence which could secure it, tended if possible to strengthen their previous conviction, that the power and the bounty of the house of Russell came within a few degrees of omnipotence. Even now, when recent events had so fearfully shaken them from this delusion; when the father's well-earned savings had disappeared in the general wreck with the hoards of wealthier creditors, and the son was left almost wholly dependent on the slender proceeds of his humble office; even now, as he told me the circumstances just mentioned, regret at the ruined fortunes of his benefactors seemed in a great measure to overpower every personal feeling. In the case of the younger Russell, indeed, this gratitude was not misplaced. No sooner was he aware of the critical situation of his father's affairs, and the probability of their involving all connected with him, than, even in the midst of his own harassing anxieties, he turned his attention to the prospects of the young Bible-clerk, whose means of support, already sufficiently narrow, were likely to be further straitened in the event of a bankruptcy of the firm. His natural good-nature had led him to take some little notice of young Smith on his first entrance at the University, and he knew his merits as a scholar to be very indifferent. The obscure suburban boarding-school at which he had been educated, in spite of its high-sounding name—"Minerva House," I believe—was no very sufficient preparation for Oxford. When the Greek and the washing are both extras, at three guineas per annum, one clean shirt in the week, and one lesson in *Delectus*, are perhaps as much as can reasonably be expected. Poor Smith had, indeed, a fearful amount of up-

hill work, to qualify himself even for his "little-go." Charles Russell, not less to his surprise than to his unbounded gratitude, inasmuch as he was wholly ignorant of his motives for taking so much trouble, undertook to assist and direct him in his reading: and Smith, when he had got over his first diffidence, having a good share of plain natural sense, and hereditary habits of plodding, made more rapid progress than might have been expected. The frequent visits to Russell's rooms, whose charitable object neither I nor any one else could have guessed, had resulted in a very safe pass through his first formidable ordeal, and he seemed now to have little fear of eventual success for his degree, with a strong probability of being privileged to starve upon a curacy thereafter. But for Russell's aid, he would, in all likelihood, have been remanded from his first examination back to his father's desk, to the bitter mortification of the old man at the time, and to become an additional burden to him on the loss at once of his situation and his little capital.

Poor Smith! it was no wonder that, at the conclusion of his story, interrupted constantly by broken expressions of gratitude, he wrung his hands, and called Charles Russell the only friend he had in the world. "And, oh! if he were to die! Do you think he will die?"

I assured him I hoped and trusted not, and with the view of relieving his and my own suspense, though it was little more than an hour since we had left his door, we went down again to make enquiries. The street door was open, and so was that of the landlady's little parlour, so we walked in at once. She shook her head in reply to our inquiries. "Dr Wilson has been up-stairs with him, sir, for the last hour nearly, and he has sent twice to the druggist's for some things, and I fancy he is no better at all events."

"How is Miss Russell?" I inquired.

"Oh, sir, she don't take on much—not at all, as I may say; but she don't speak to nobody, and she don't take nothing: twice I have carried her up some tea, poor thing, and she just tasted it because I begged her, and

she wouldn't refuse me, I know—but, poor dear young lady! it is very hard upon her, and she all alone like."

"Will you take up my compliments—Mr Hawthorne—and ask if I can be of any possible service?" said I, scarce knowing what to say or do. Poor girl! she was indeed to be pitied; her father ruined, disgraced, and a fugitive from the law; his only son—the heir of such proud hopes and expectations once—lying between life and death; her only brother, her only counsellor and protector, now unable to recognise or to speak to her—and she so unused to sorrow or hardship, obliged to struggle on alone, and exert herself to meet the thousand wants and cares of illness, with the added bitterness of poverty.

The answer to my message was brought back by the old housekeeper, Mrs Saunders. She shook her head, said her young mistress was very much obliged, and would be glad if I would call and see her brother to-morrow, when she hoped he would be better; "But oh, sir!" she added, "he will never be better any more! I know the doctors don't think so, but I can't tell her, poor thing—I try to keep her up, sir; but I do wish some of her own friends were here—she won't write to any body, and I don't know the directions"—and she stopped, for her tears were almost convulsing her.

I could not remain to witness misery which I could do nothing to relieve; so I took Smith by the arm—for he stood by the door half-stupified, and proceeded back towards college. He had to mark the roll at his own chapel that evening; so we parted at the top of the street, after I had made him promise to come to breakfast with me in the morning. Russell's illness cast a universal gloom over the college that evening; and when the answer to our last message, sent down as late as we could venture to do, was still unfavourable, it was with anxious anticipation that we awaited any change which the morrow might bring.

The next day passed, and still Russell remained in the same state. He was in a high fever, and either perfectly unconscious of all around him, or talking in that incoherent and yet earnest strain, which is more painful

to those who have to listen to and to soothe than even the total prostration of the reason. No one was allowed to see him; and his professional attendants, though they held out hopes founded on his youth and good constitution, acknowledged that every present symptom was most unfavourable.

The earliest intelligence on the third morning was, that the patient had passed a very bad night, and was much the same; but in the course of an hour or two afterwards, a message came to me to say that Mr Russell would be glad to see me. I rushed, rather than ran, down to his lodgings, in a perfect exultation of hope, and was so breathless with haste and excitement when I arrived there, that I was obliged to pause a few moments to calm myself before I raised the carefully muffled knocker. My joy was damped at once by poor Mrs Saunders' mournful countenance.

"Your master is better, I hope—is he not?" said I.

"I am afraid not, sir; but he is very quiet now: and he knew his poor dear sister; and then he asked if any one had been to see him, and we mentioned you, sir; and then he said he should like to see you very much, and so Miss made bold to send to you—if you please to wait, sir, I'll tell her you are here."

In a few moments she returned—Miss Russell would see me if I would walk up.

I followed her into the little drawing-room, and there, very calm and very pale, sat Mary Russell. Though her brother and myself had now so long been constant companions, I had seen but very little of her; on the very few evenings I had spent with Russell at his lodgings she had merely appeared to make tea for us, had joined but little in the conversation, and retired almost before the table was cleared. In her position, this behaviour seemed but natural; and as, in spite of the attraction of her beauty, there was a shade of that haughtiness and distance of manner which we had all at first fancied in her brother, I had begun to feel a respectful kind of admiration for Mary Russell, tinged, I may now venture to admit—I was barely twenty at the time—with a slight degree of awe.

Her very misfortunes threw over her a sort of sanctity. She was too beautiful not to rivet the gaze, too noble and too womanly in her devotion to her brother not to touch the affections, but too cold and silent—almost as it seemed too sad—to love. Her brother seldom spoke of her; but when he did it was in a tone which showed—what he did not care to conceal—his deep affection and anxious care for her; he watched her every look and movement whenever she was present; and if his love erred in any point, it was, that it seemed possible it might be even too sensitive and jealous for her own happiness.

The blinds were drawn close down, and the little room was very dark; yet I could see at a glance the work which anguish had wrought upon her in the last two days, and, though no tears were to be seen now, they had left their traces only too plainly. She did not rise, or trust herself to speak; but she held out her hand to me as if we had been friends from childhood. And if thorough sympathy, and mutual confidence, and true, but pure affection, make such friendship, then surely we became so from that moment. I never thought Mary Russell cold again—yet I did not dream of loving her—she was my sister in every thing but the name.

I broke the silence of our painful meeting—painful as it was, yet not without that inward throb of pleasure which always attends the awakening of hidden sympathies. What I said I forget; what does one, or can one say, at such moments, but words utterly meaningless, so far as they affect to be an expression of what we feel? The hearts understand each other without language, and with that we must be content.

“He knew me a little while ago,” said Mary Russell at last; “and asked for you; and I knew you would be kind enough to come directly if I sent.”

“Surely it must be a favourable symptom, this return of consciousness?”

“We will hope so: yes, I thought it was; and oh! how glad I was! But Dr Wilson does not say much, and I fear he thinks him weaker. I will go now and tell him you are come.”

“You can see him now if you please,” she said when she returned; “he seems perfectly sensible still, and, when I said you were here, he looked quite delighted.” She turned away, and, for the first time, her emotion mastered her.

I followed her into her brother’s room. He did not look so ill as I expected; but I saw with great anxiety, as I drew nearer his bed, that his face was still flushed with fever, and his eye looked wild and excited. He was evidently, however, at present free from delirium, and recognised me at once. His sister begged him not to speak much, or ask questions, reminding him of the physician’s strict injunctions with regard to quiet.

“Dr Wilson forgets, my love, that it is as necessary at least for the mind to be quiet as the tongue,” said Russell with an attempt to smile; and then, after a pause, he added, as he took my hand, “I wanted to see you, Hawthorne; I know I am in very great danger; and, once more, I want to trouble you with a confidence. Nay, nothing very important; and pray, don’t ask me, as I see you are going to do, not to tire myself with talking: I know what I am going to say, and will try to say it very shortly; but thinking is at least as bad for me as speaking.” He paused again from weakness; Miss Russell had left the room. I made no reply. He half rose, and pointed to a writing-desk on a small table, with keys in the lock. I moved towards it, and opened it, as I understood his gestures; and brought to him, at his request, a small bundle of letters, from which he selected one, and gave it me to read. It was a banker’s letter, dated some months back, acknowledging the receipt of three hundred pounds to Russell’s credit, and enclosing the following note:—

“SIR,—Messrs —— are directed to inform you of the sum of £300 placed to your credit. You will be wrongly advised if you scruple to use it. If at any time you are enabled, and desire it, it may be repaid through the same channel.

“ONE OF YOUR FATHER’S
CREDITORS.”

"I have never touched it," said Russell, as I folded up the note.

"I should have feared you would not," said I.

"But now," he proceeded, "now things seem changed with me. I shall want money—Mary will; and I shall draw upon this unseen charity; ay, and gratefully. Poor Mary!"

"You are quite right, my dear Russell," said I, eager to interrupt a train of thought which I saw would be too much for him. "I will manage all that for you, and you shall give me the necessary authority till you get well again yourself," I added in a tone meant to be cheerful.

He took no notice of my remark. "I fear," said he, "I have not been a wise counsellor to my poor sister. She had kind offers from more than one of our friends, and might have had a home more suited to her than this has been, and I allowed her to choose to sacrifice all her own prospects to mine!"

He turned his face away, and I knew that one painful thought besides was in his mind—that they had been solely dependent on her little income for his support at the University since his father's failure.

"Russell," said I gently, "this conversation can surely do no good; why distress yourself and me unnecessarily? Come, I shall leave you now, or your sister will scold me. Pray, for all our sakes, try to sleep; you know how desirable it is, and how much stress Dr Wilson has laid upon your being kept perfectly calm and quiet."

"I will, Hawthorne, I will try; but oh, I have so much to think of!"

Distressed and anxious, I could only take my leave of him for the present, feeling how much there was, indeed, in his circumstances to make rest even more necessary, and more difficult to obtain, for the mind than for the body.

I had returned to the sitting-room, and was endeavouring to give as hopeful answers as I could to Miss Russell's anxious inquiries as to what I thought of her brother, when a card was brought up, with a message that Mr Ormiston was below, and "would be very glad if he could see Miss Russell for a few moments, at any hour she

would mention, in the course of the day."

Ormiston! I started, I really did not know why. Miss Russell started also, visibly; did she know why? Her back was turned to me at the moment; she had moved, perhaps intentionally, the moment the message became intelligible, so that I had no opportunity of watching the effect it produced, which I confess I had an irrepressible anxiety to do. She was silent, until I felt my position becoming awkward: I was rising to take leave, which perhaps would have made hers even more so, when, half turning round towards me, with a tone and gesture almost of command, she said, "Stay!" and then, in reply to the servant, who was still waiting, "Ask Mr Ormiston to walk up."

I felt the few moments of expectation which ensued to be insufferably embarrassing. I tried to persuade myself it was my own folly to think them so. Why should Ormiston *not* call at the Russells, under such circumstances? As college tutor, he stood almost in the relation of a natural guardian to Russell; Had he not at least as much right to assume the privilege of a friend of the family as I had, with the additional argument, that he was likely to be much more useful in that capacity? He had known them longer, at all events, and any little coolness between the brother and himself was not a matter, I felt persuaded, to be remembered by him at such a moment, or to induce any false punctilio which might stand in the way of his offering his sympathy and assistance, when required. But the impression on my mind was strong—stronger, perhaps, than any facts within my knowledge fairly warranted—that between Ormiston and Mary Russell there either was, or had been, some feeling which, whether acknowledged or unacknowledged—whether reciprocal or on one side only—whether crushed by any of those thousand crosses to which such feelings, fragile as they are precious, are liable, or only repressed by circumstances and awaiting its development—would make their meeting under such circumstances not that of ordinary acquaintances. And once

again I rose, and would have gone; but again Mary Russell's sweet voice—and this time it was an accent of almost piteous entreaty, so melted and subdued were its tones, as if her spirit was failing her—begged me to remain—"I have something—something to consult you about—my brother."

She stopped, for Ormiston's step was at the door. I had naturally—not from any ungenerous curiosity to scan her feelings—raised my eyes to her countenance while she spoke to me, and could not but mark that her emotion amounted almost to agony. Ormiston entered; whatever his feelings were, he concealed them well; not so readily, however, could he suppress his evident astonishment, and almost as evident vexation, when he first noticed my presence: an actor in the drama for whose appearance he was manifestly unprepared. He approached Miss Russell, who never moved, with some words of ordinary salutation, but uttered in a low and earnest tone, and offered his hand, which she took at once, without any audible reply. Then turning to me, he asked if Russell were any better? I answered somewhat indefinitely, and Miss Russell, to whom he turned as for a reply, shook her head, and, sinking into a chair, hid her face in her hands. Ormiston took a seat close by her, and after a pause of a moment said,

"I trust your very natural anxiety for your brother makes you inclined to anticipate more danger than really exists, Miss Russell: but I have to explain my own intrusion upon you at such a moment"—and he gave me a glance which was meant to be searching—"I called by the particular request of the Principal, Dr Meredith."

Miss Russell could venture upon no answer, and he went on, speaking somewhat hurriedly and with embarrassment.

"Mrs Meredith has been from home some days, and the Principal himself has the gout severely; he feared you might think it unkind their not having called, and he begged me to be his deputy. Indeed he insisted on my seeing you in person, to express his very sincere concern for your brother's illness, and to beg that

you will so far honour him—consider him sufficiently your friend, he said—as to send to his house for any thing which Russell could either want or fancy, which, in lodgings, there might be some difficulty in finding at hand. In one respect, Miss Russell," continued Ormiston in somewhat a more cheerful tone, "your brother is fortunate in not being laid up within the college walls; we are not very good nurses there, as Hawthorne can tell you, though we do what we can; yet I much fear this watching and anxiety have been too much for you."

Her tears began to flow freely; there was nothing in Ormiston's words, but their tone implied deep feeling. Yet who, however indifferent, could look upon her helpless situation, and not be moved? I walked to the window, feeling terribly out of place where I was, yet uncertain whether to go or stay; for my own personal comfort, I would sooner have faced the collected anger of a whole common-room, called to investigate my particular misdemeanours; but to take leave at this moment seemed as awkward as to stay; besides, had not Miss Russell appeared almost imploringly anxious for me to spare her a *tête-à-tête*?

"My poor brother is very, very ill, Mr Ormiston," she said at last, raising her face, from which every trace of colour had again disappeared, and which seemed now as calm as ever. "Will you thank Dr Meredith for me, and say I will without hesitation avail myself of his most kind offers, if any thing should occur to make his assistance necessary."

"I can be of no use myself in any way?" said Ormiston with some hesitation.

"I thank you, no," she replied; and then, as if conscious that her tone was cold, she added—"You are very kind: Mr Hawthorne was good enough to say the same. Every one is very kind to us, indeed; but"—and here she stopped again, her emotion threatening to master her; and Ormiston and myself simultaneously took our leave.

Preoccupied as my mind had been by anxiety on Russell's account, it did not prevent a feeling of awkwardness when I found myself alone with

Mr Ormiston outside the door of his lodgings. It was impossible to devise any excuse at the moment for turning off in a different direction, as I felt very much inclined to do; for the little street in which he lived was not much of a thoroughfare. The natural route for both of us to take was that which led towards the High Street, for a few hundred steps the other way would have brought us out into the country, where it is not usual for either tutors or under-graduates to promenade in cap and gown, as they do, to the great admiration of the rustics, in our sister university. We walked on together, therefore, feeling—I will answer at least for one of us—that it would be an especial relief just then to meet the greatest bore with whom we had any pretence of a speaking acquaintance, or puss any shop in which we could frame the most threadbare excuse of having business, to cut short the embarrassment of each other's company. After quitting any scene in which deep feelings have been displayed, and in which our own have been not slightly interested, it is painful to feel called upon to make any comment on what has passed; we feel ashamed to do so in the strain and tone which would betray our own emotion, and we have not the heart to do so carelessly or indifferently. I should have felt this, even had I been sure that Ormiston's feelings towards Mary Russell had been nothing more than my own; whereas, in fact, I was almost sure of the contrary; in which case it was possible that, in his eyes, my own *locus standi* in that quarter, surprised as I had been in an apparently very confidential interview, might seem to require some explanation which would be indelicate to ask for directly, and which it might not mend matters if I were to give indirectly without being asked. So we proceeded some paces up the little quiet street, gravely and silently, neither of us speaking a word. At last Ormiston asked me if I had seen Russell, and how I thought him? adding, without waiting for a reply, "Dr Wilson, I fear from what he told me, thinks but badly of him."

"I am very sorry to hear you say so," I replied; and then ventured to remark how very wretched it would

be for his sister, in the event of his growing worse, to be left at such a time so utterly helpless and alone.

He was silent for some moments. "Some of her friends," he said at last, "ought to come down; she must have friends, I know, who would come if they were sent for. I wish Mrs Meredith were returned—she might advise her."

He spoke rather in soliloquy than as addressing me, and I did not feel called upon to make any answer. The next moment we arrived at the turn of the street, and, by what seemed a mutual impulse, wished each other good-morning.

I went straight down to Smith's rooms, at —— Hall, to get him to come and dine with me; for I pitied the poor fellow's forlorn condition, and considered myself in some degree bound to supply Russell's place towards him. A Bible-clerk's position in the University is always more or less one of mortification and constraint. It is true that the same academical degree, the same honours—if he can obtain them—the same position in after life—all the solid advantages of a University education, are open to him, as to other men; but, so long as his undergraduate ship lasts, he stands in a very different position from other men, and he feels it—feels it, too, through three or four of those years of life when such feelings are most acute, and when that strength of mind which is the only antidote—which can measure men by themselves and not by their accidents—is not as yet matured either in himself or in the society of which he becomes a member. If, indeed, he be a decidedly clever man, and has the opportunity early in his career of showing himself to be such, then there is good sense and good feeling enough—let us say, to the honour of the University, there is sufficient of that true *esprit du corps*, a real consciousness of the great objects for which men are thus brought together—to ensure the acknowledgment from all but the most unworthy of its members, that a scholar is always a gentleman. But if he be a man of only moderate abilities, and known only as a Bible-clerk, then, the more he is of a gentleman by birth and education, the more painful does his position gene-

rally become. There are not above two or three in residence in most colleges, and their society is confined almost wholly to themselves. Some old schoolfellow, indeed, or some man who "knows him at home," holding an independent rank in college, may occasionally venture upon the condescension of asking him to wine—even to meet a friend or two with whom he can take such a liberty; and even then, the gnawing consciousness that he is considered an inferior—though not treated as such—makes it a questionable act of kindness. Among the two or three of his own table, one is the son of a college butler, another has been for years usher at a preparatory school; he treats them with civility, they treat him with deference; but they have no tastes or feelings in common. At an age, therefore, which most of all seeks and requires companionship, he has no companions; and the period of life which should be the most joyous, becomes to him almost a purgatory. Of course, the radical and the leveller will say at once, "Ay, this comes of your aristocratic distinctions; they ought not to be allowed in universities at all." Not so: it comes of human nature; the distinction between a dependent and an independent position will always be felt in all societies, mark it outwardly as little as you will. Humiliation, more or less, is a penalty which poverty must always pay. These humbler offices in the University were founded by a charity as wise as benevolent, which has afforded to hundreds of men of talent, but of humble means, an education equal to that of the highest noble in the land, and, in consequence, a position and usefulness in after life, which otherwise they could never have hoped for. And if the somewhat servile tenure by which they are held, (which in late years has in most colleges been very much relaxed,) were wholly done away with, there is reason to fear the charity of the founders would be liable to continual abuse, by their being bestowed upon many who required no such assistance. As it is, this occurs too often; and it is much to be desired that the same regulations were followed in their distribution, throughout the University, which some

colleges have long most properly adopted: namely, that the appointment should be bestowed on the successful candidate after examination, strict regard being had to the circumstances of all the parties before they are allowed to offer themselves. It would make their position far more definite and respectable, because all would then be considered honourable to a certain degree, as being the reward of merit; instead of which, too often, they are convenient items of patronage in the hands of the Principal and Fellows, the nomination to them depending on private interest, which by no means ensuring the nominee's being a gentleman by birth, while it is wholly careless of his being a scholar by education, and tends to lower the general standing of the order in the University.

This struck me forcibly in Smith's case. Poor fellow! with an excellent heart and a great deal of sound common sense, he had neither the breeding nor the talent to make a gentleman of. I doubt if an University education was any real boon to him. It ensured him four years of hard work—harder, perhaps, than if he had sat at a desk all the time—without the society of any of his own class and habits, and with the prospect of very little remuneration ultimately. I think he might have been very happy in his own sphere, and I do not see how he could be happy at Oxford. And whether he or the world in general ever profited much by the B.A. which he eventually attached to his name, is a point at least doubtful.

I could not get him to come and dine with me in my own college. He knew his own position, as it seemed, and was not ashamed of it; in fact, in his case, it could not involve any consciousness of degradation; and I am sure his only reason for refusing my invitations of that kind was, that he thought it possible my dignity might be compromised by so open an association with him. He would come over to my rooms in the evening to tea, he said; and he came accordingly. When I told him in the morning that Russell had inquired very kindly after him, he was much affected; but it had evidently been a comfort to him to feel that he was not forgotten, and

during the hour or two which we spent together in the evening, he seemed much more cheerful.

"Perhaps they will let me see him to-morrow, if he is better?" he said, with an appealing look to me. I assured him I would mention his wish to Russell, and his countenance at once brightened up, as if he thought only his presence were needed to ensure our friend's recovery.

But the next morning all our hopes were dashed again; delirium had returned, as had been feared, and the feverish symptoms seemed to gain strength rather than abate. Bleeding, and the usual remedies had been had recourse to already to a perilous extent, and in Russell's present reduced state, no further treatment of the kind could be ventured upon. "All we can do now, sir," said Dr Wilson, "is little more than to let nature take her course. I *have known* such cases recover." I did not ask to see Mary Russell that day; for what could I have answered to her fears and inquiries? But I thought of Ormiston's words; surely she ought to have some friend—some one of her own family, or some known and tried companion of her own sex, would surely come to her at a moment's notice, did they but know of her trying situation. If—if her brother were to die—she surely would not be left here among strangers, quite alone? Yet I much feared, from what had escaped him at our last interview, that they had both incurred the charge of wilfulness for refusing offers of assistance at the time of their father's disgrace and flight, and that having, contrary to the advice of their friends, and perhaps imprudently, taken the step they had done in coming to Oxford, Mary Russell, with something of her brother's spirit, had made up her mind now, however heavy and unforeseen the blow that was to fall, to suffer all in solitude and silence. For Ormiston, too, I felt with an interest and intensity that was hourly increasing. I met him after morning chapel, and though he appeared intentionally to avoid any conversation with me, I knew by his countenance that he had heard the unfavourable news of the morning; and it could be no common emotion that had left

its visible trace upon features usually so calm and impassible.

From thoughts of this nature, indulged in the not very appropriate locality of the centre of the quadrangle, I was roused by the good-humoured voice of Mrs Meredith—"our governess," as we used to call her—who, with the doctor himself, was just then entering the College, and found me right in the line of her movements towards the door of "the lodgings." I was not until that moment aware of her return, and altogether was considerably startled as she addressed me with—"Oh! how do you do, Mr Hawthorne? you young gentlemen don't take care of yourselves, you see, when I am away—I am so sorry to hear this about poor Mr Russell! Is he so very ill? Dr Meredith is just going to see him."

I coloured up, I dare say, for it was a trick I was given to in those days, and, in the confusion, replied rather to my own thoughts than to Mrs Meredith's question.

"Mrs Meredith! I really beg your pardon," I first stammered out as a very necessary apology, for I had nearly stumbled over her—"May I say how very glad I am you are returned, on Miss Russell's account—I am sure"—

"Really, Mr Hawthorne, it is very natural I suppose, but you gentlemen seem to expend your whole sympathy upon the young lady, and forget the brother altogether! Mr Ormiston actually took the trouble to write to me about her"—

"My dear!" interposed the Principal.

"Nay, Dr Meredith, see how guilty Mr Hawthorne looks! and as to Mr Ormiston"—"Well, never mind," (the doctor was visibly checking his lady's volubility,) "I love the poor dear girl so much myself, that I am really grieved to the heart for her. I shall go down and see her directly, and make her keep up her spirits. Dr Wilson is apt to make out all the bad symptoms he can—I shall try if I can't cure Mr Russell myself, after all; a little proper nursing in those cases is worth a whole stall of doctors—and, as to this poor girl, what can she know about it? I dare say she sits crying her eyes out, poor thing, and doing

nothing—I'll see about it. Why, I wouldn't lose Mr Russell from the college for half the young men in it—would I, Dr Meredith?"

I bowed, and they passed on. Mrs Principal, if somewhat pompous occasionally, was a kind-hearted woman; I believe an hour scarcely elapsed after her return to Oxford, before she was in Russell's lodgings, ordering every thing about as coolly as if it were in her own house, and all but insisting on seeing the patient and prescribing herself for him in spite of all professional injunctions to the contrary. The delirium passed off again, and though it left Russell sensibly weaker, so weak, that when I next was admitted to see him with Smith, he could do little more than feebly grasp our hands, yet the fever was evidently abated; and in the course of the next day, whether it was to be attributed to the remedies originally used, or to his own youth and good constitution, or to Mrs Meredith's experienced directions in the way of nursing, and the cheerful spirit which that good lady, in spite of a little fussiness, succeeded generally in producing around her, there was a decided promise of amendment, which happily each succeeding hour tended gradually to fulfil. Ormiston had been unremitting in his inquiries; but I believe had never since sought an interview either with the brother or sister. I took advantage of the first conversation Russell was able to hold with me, to mention how very sincerely I believed him to have felt the interest he expressed. A moment afterwards, I felt almost sorry I had mentioned the name—it was the first time I had done so during Russell's illness. He almost started up in bed, and his face glowed again with more than the flush of fever, as he caught up my words.

"Sincere, did you say? Ormiston sincere! You don't know the man as I do. Inquired here, did he? What right has he to intrude his?"—

"Hush, my dear Russell," I interposed, really almost alarmed at his violence. "Pray, don't excite yourself—I think you do him great injustice; but we will drop the subject, if you please."

"I tell you, Hawthorne, if you knew all, you would despise him as much as I do."

It is foolish to argue with an invalid—but really even my friendship for Russell would not allow me to bear in silence an attack so unjustifiable, as it seemed to me, on the character of a man who had every claim to my gratitude and respect. I replied therefore, somewhat incautiously, that perhaps I did know a little more than Russell suspected.

He stared at me with a look of bewilderment. "What do you know?" he asked quickly.

It was too late to hesitate or retract. I had started an unfortunate subject; but I knew Russell too well to endeavour now to mislead him. "I have no right perhaps to say I know any thing; but I have gathered from Ormiston's manner, that he has very strong reasons for the anxiety he has shown on your account. I will not say more."

"And how do you know this? Has Mr Ormiston dared?"—

"No, no, Russell," said I, earnestly; "see how unjust you are, in this instance." I wished to say something to calm him, and it would have been worse than useless to say any thing but the truth. I saw he guessed to what I alluded; and I gave him briefly my reasons for what I thought, not concealing the interview with his sister, at which I had unintentionally been present.

It was a very painful scene. When he first understood that Ormiston had sought the meeting, his temper, usually calm, but perhaps now tried by such long hours of pain and heaviness, broke out with bitter expressions against both. I told him, shortly and warmly, that such remarks towards his sister were unmanly and unkind; and then he cried, like a chidden and penitent child, till his remorse was as painful to look upon as his passion. "Mary! my own Mary! even you, Hawthorne, know and feel her value better than I do! I for whom she has borne so much."

"I am much mistaken," said I, "if Ormiston has not learned to appreciate her even yet more truly. And why not?"

“Leave me now,” he said; “I am not strong enough to talk; but if you wish to know what cause I have to speak as I have done of your friend Ormiston, you shall hear again.”

So exhausted did he seem by the excess of feeling which I had so unfortunately called forth, that I would not see him again for some days, contenting myself with learning that no relapse had taken place, and that he was still progressing rapidly towards recovery.

I had an invitation to visit my aunt again during the Easter vacation, which had already commenced, and had only been prevented from leaving Oxford by Russell’s alarming state. As soon, therefore, as all danger was pronounced over, I prepared to go up to town at once, and my next visit to Russell was in fact to wish him good-by for two or three weeks. He was already sitting up, and fast regaining strength. He complained of having seen so little of me lately, and asked me if I had seen his sister. “I had not noticed it until the last few days,” he said—“illness makes one selfish, I suppose; but I think Mary looks thin and ill—very different from what she did a month back.”

But watching and anxiety, as I told him, were not unlikely to produce that effect; and I advised him strongly to take her somewhere for a few weeks for change of air and scene. “It will do you both good,” I said; “and you can draw another £50 from your unknown friend for that purpose; it cannot be better applied, and I should not hesitate for a moment.”

“I would not,” he replied, “if I wanted money; but I do not. Do you know that Dr Wilson would take no fee whatever from Mary during the whole of his attendance; and when I asked him to name some sufficient remuneration, assuring him I could afford it, he said he would never forgive me if I ever mentioned the subject again. So what remains of the fifty you drew for me, will amply suffice for a little trip somewhere for us. And I quite agree with you in thinking it desirable, on every account, that Mary should move from Oxford—perhaps altogether—for one

reason, to be out of the way of a friend of yours.”

“Ormiston?”

“Yes, Ormiston; he called here again since I saw you, and wished to see me; but I declined the honour. Possibly,” he added bitterly, “as we have succeeded in keeping out of jail here, he thinks Mary has grown rich again.” And then he went on to tell me, how, in the days of his father’s reputed wealth, Ormiston had been a constant visitor at their house in town, and how his attentions to his sister had even attracted his father’s attention, and led to his name being mentioned as likely to make an excellent match with the rich banker’s daughter. “My father did not like it,” he said, “for he had higher views for her, as was perhaps excusable—though I doubt if he would have refused Mary any thing. I did not like it for another reason: because I knew all the time how matters really stood, and that any man who looked for wealth with my sister would in the end be miserably disappointed. What Mary’s own feelings were, and what actually passed between her and Ormiston, I never asked; but she knew my views on the subject, and would, I am certain, never have accepted any man under the circumstances in which she was placed, and which she could not explain. I did hope and believe, however, then, that there was sufficient high principle about Ormiston to save Mary from any risk of throwing away her heart upon a man who would desert her upon a change of fortune. I think he loved her at the time—as well as such men as he can love any one; but from the moment the crash came—Ormiston, you know, was in town at the time—there was an end of every thing. It was an opportunity for a man to show feeling if he had any; and though I do not affect much romance, I almost think that, in such a case, even an ordinary heart might have been warmed into devotion; but Ormiston—cold, cautious, calculating as he is—I could almost have laughed at the sudden change that came over him when he heard the news. He pretended, indeed, great interest for us, and certainly did seem cut up about it; but he had not

committed himself, I conclude, and took care to retreat in time. Thank Heaven! even if Mary did ever care for him, she is not the girl to break her heart for a man who proves so unworthy of her regard. But why he should insist on inflicting his visits upon us now, is what I cannot make out; and what I will not endure."

I listened with grief and surprise. I knew well, that not even the strong prejudice which I believed Russell to have always felt against Ormiston, would tempt him to be guilty of misrepresentation: and, again, I gave him credit for too much penetration to have been easily deceived. Yet I could not bring myself all at once to think so ill of Ormiston. He had always been considered in pecuniary matters liberal almost to a fault; that he really loved Mary Russell, I felt more than ever persuaded; and, at my age, it was hard to believe that a few thousand pounds could affect any man's decision in such a point, even for a moment. Why, the very fact of her being poor and friendless was enough to make one fall in love with such a girl at once! So when Russell, after watching the effect of his disclosure, misconstruing my silence, proceeded to ask somewhat triumphantly—"Now, what say you of Mr Ormiston?"—I answered at once, that I was strongly convinced there was a mistake.

"Ay," rejoined he with a sneering laugh; "on Ormiston's part, you mean; decidedly there was."

"I mean," said I, "there has been some misunderstanding, which time may yet explain: I do not, and will not believe him capable of what you impute to him. Did you ever ask your sister for a full and unreserved explanation of what has passed between them?"

"Never; but I know that she has shunned all intercourse with him as carefully as I have, and that his recently renewed civilities have given her nothing but pain." My own observation certainly tended to confirm this: So, changing the subject—for it was one on which I had scarce any right to give an opinion, still less offer advice, I asked whether I could do any thing for him in town; and, after exchanging a cordial good-by with Miss Russell, in whose appear-

ance I was sorry to see confirmation of her brother's fears for her health, I took my leave, and the next morning saw me on the top of "The Age," on my way to town.

There I received a letter from my father, in which he desired me to take the opportunity of calling upon his attorney, Mr Rushton, in order to have some leases and other papers read and explained to me, chiefly matters of form, but which would require my signature upon my coming of age. It concluded with the following P. S.:—

"I was sorry to hear of your friend's illness, and trust he will now do very well. Bring him down with you at Christmas, if you can. I hear, by the way, there is a *Miss Russell* in the case—a very fascinating young lady, whom you never mention at all—a fact which your mother, who is up to all those things, says is very suspicious. All I can say is, if she is as good a girl as her mother was before her—I knew her well once—you may bring her down with you too, if you like."

How very unlucky it is that the home authorities seldom approve of any little affairs of the kind except those of which one is perfectly innocent! Now, if I *had* been in love with Mary Russell, the governor would, in the nature of things, have felt it his duty to be disagreeable.

I put off the little business my father alluded to day after day, to make way for more pleasant engagements, until my stay in town was drawing to a close. Letters from Russell informed me of his having left Oxford for Southampton, where he was reading hard, and getting quite stout; but he spoke of his sister's health in a tone that alarmed me, though he evidently was trying to persuade himself that a few weeks' sea-air would quite restore it. At last I devoted a morning to call on Mr Rushton, whom I found at home, though professing, as all lawyers do, to be full of business. He made my acquaintance as politely as if I had been the heir-expectant of an earldom, instead of the very moderate amount of acres which had escaped sale and subdivision in the Hawthorne family. In fact, he seemed a very good sort of fellow, and we ran over the parchments together very

amicably—I almost suspected he was cheating me, he seemed so very friendly, but therein I did him wrong.

“And now, my dear sir,” continued he, as we shut up the last of them, “will you dine with me to-day? Let me see; I fear I can’t say before seven, for I have a great deal of work to get through. Some bankruptcy business, about which I have taken some trouble,” he continued, rubbing his hands, “and which we shall manage pretty well in the end, I fancy. By the way, it concerns some friends of yours, too: is not Mr Ormiston of your college? Ay, I thought he was; he is two thousand pounds richer than he fancied himself yesterday.”

“Really?” said I, somewhat interested; “how, may I ask?”

“Why, you see, when Russell’s bank broke—bad business that—we all thought the first dividend—tenpence-halfpenny in the pound, I believe it was—would be the final one: however, there are some foreign securities which, when they first came into the hands of the assignees, were considered of no value at all, but have gone up wonderfully in the market just of late; so that we have delayed finally closing accounts till we could sell them to such advantage as will leave some tolerable pickings for the creditors after all.”

“Had Ormiston money in Mr Russell’s bank, then, at the time?”

“Oh, yes: something like eight thousand pounds: not all his own, though: five thousand he had in trust for some nieces of his, which he had unluckily just sold out of the funds, and placed with Russell, while he was engaged in making arrangements for a more profitable investment; the rest was his own.”

“He lost it all, then?”

“All but somewhere about three hundred pounds, as it appeared at the time. What an excellent fellow he is! You know him well, I dare say. They tell me that he pays the interest regularly to his nieces for their money out of his own income still.”

I made no answer to Mr Rushton at the moment, for a communication so wholly unexpected had awakened a new set of ideas, which I was busily following out in my mind. I

seemed to hold in my hands the clue to a good deal of misunderstanding and unhappiness. My determination was soon taken to go to Southampton, see Russell at once, and tell him what I had just heard, and of which I had no doubt he had hitherto been as ignorant as myself. I was the rather induced to take this course, as I felt persuaded that Miss Russell’s health was suffering rather from mental than bodily causes; and, in such a case, a great deal of mischief is done in a short time. I would leave town at once.

My purse was in the usual state of an under-graduate’s at the close of a visit to London; so, following up the train of my own reflections, I turned suddenly upon Mr Rushton, who was again absorbed in his papers, and had possibly forgotten my presence altogether, and attacked him with—

“My dear sir, can you lend me ten pounds?”

“Certainly,” said Mr Rushton, taking off his spectacles, and feeling in his pockets, at the same time looking at me with some little curiosity—“certainly—with great pleasure.”

“I beg your pardon for taking such a liberty,” said I, apologetically; “but I find I must leave town to-night.”

“To-night!” said the lawyer, looking still more inquiringly at me; “I thought you were to dine with me?”

“I cannot exactly explain to you at this moment, sir, my reasons; but I have reasons, and I think sufficient ones, though they have suddenly occurred to me.”

I pocketed the money, leaving Mr Rushton to speculate on the eccentricities of Oxonians as he pleased, and a couple of hours found me on the Southampton mail.

The Russells were surprised at my sudden descent upon them, but welcomed me cordially; and even Mary’s pale face did not prevent my being in excellent spirits. As soon as I could speak to Russell by himself, I told him what I had heard from Mr Rushton.

He never interrupted me, but his emotion was evident. When he did speak, it was in an altered and humbled voice.

"I never inquired," he said, "who my father's creditors were—perhaps I ought to have done so; but I thought the knowledge could only pain me. I see it all now; how unjust, how ungrateful I have been! Poor Mary!"

We sat down, and talked over those points in Ormiston's conduct upon which Russell had put so unfavourable a construction. It was quite evident, that a man who could act with so much liberality and self-denial towards others, could have had no interested motives in his conduct with regard to Mary Russell; and her brother was now as eager to express his confidence in Ormiston's honour and integrity, as he was before hasty in misjudging him.

Where all parties are eager for explanation, matters are soon explained. Russell had an interview with his sister, which brought her to the breakfast table the next morning with blushing cheeks and brightened eyes. Her misgivings, if she had any, were easily set at rest. He then wrote to Ormiston a letter full of generous apologies and expressions of his high admiration of his conduct, which was answered by that gentleman in person by return of post. How Mary Russell and he met, or what they said, must ever be a secret, for no one was present but themselves. But all embarrassment was soon over, and we were a very happy party for the short time we remained at Southampton together; for, feeling that my share in the matter was at an end—a share which I contemplated with some little self-complacency—I speedily took my departure.

If I have not made Ormiston's conduct appear in as clear colours to the reader as it did to ourselves, I can only add, that the late misunderstanding seemed a painful subject to all parties, and that the mutual explanations were rather understood than expressed. The anonymous payment to Russell's credit at the Bank was no longer a mystery: it was the poor remains of the College Tutor's little fortune, chiefly the savings of his years of office—the bulk of which had been lost through the fault of the father—generously devoted to meet the necessities of the son. That he would

have offered Mary Russell his heart and hand at once when she was poor, as he hesitated to do when she was rich, none of us for a moment doubted, had not his own embarrassments, caused by the failure of the bank, and the consequent claims of his orphan nieces, to replace whose little income he had contracted all his own expenses, made him hesitate to involve the woman he loved in an imprudent marriage.

They were married, however, very soon—and still imprudently, the world said, and my good aunt among the rest; for, instead of waiting an indefinite time for a good college living to fall in, Ormiston took the first that offered, a small vicarage of £300 a-year, intending to add to his income by taking pupils. However, fortune sometimes loves to have a laugh at the prudent ones, and put to the rout all their wise prognostications; for, during Ormiston's "year of grace"—while he still virtually held his fellowship, though he had accepted the living—our worthy old Principal died somewhat suddenly, and regret at his loss only gave way to the universal joy of every individual in the college, (except, I suppose, any disappointed aspirants,) when Mr Ormiston was elected almost unanimously to the vacant dignity.

Mr Russell the elder has never returned to England. On the mind of such a man, after the first blow, and the loss of his position in the world, the disgrace attached to his name had comparatively little effect. He lives in some small town in France, having contrived, with his known *clever management*, to keep himself in comfortable circumstances; and his best friends can only strive to forget his existence, rather than wish for his return. His son and daughter pay him occasional visits, for their affection survives his disgrace, and forgets his errors. Charles Russell took a first class, after delaying his examination a couple of terms, owing to his illness, and is now a barrister, with a reputation for talent, but as yet very little business. However, as I hear the city authorities have had the impudence to seize some of the college plate in discharge of a dis-

puted claim for rates, and that Russell is retained as one of the counsel in an action of replevin, I trust he will begin a prosperous career, by contributing to win the cause for the "gown."

I spent a month with Dr and Mrs Ormiston at their vicarage in the country, before the former entered upon his official residence as Principal; and can assure the reader that, in spite of ten—it may be more—years of difference in age, they are the happiest couple I ever saw. I may almost say, the only happy couple I ever saw, most of my married acquaintance appearing at the best only *contented* couples, not drawing their happiness so exclusively from each other as suits my notion of what such a tie ought to be. Of course,

I do not take my own matrimonial experience into account; the same principle of justice which forbids a man to give evidence in his own favour, humanely excusing him from making any admission which may criminate himself. Mrs Ormiston is as beautiful, as amiable, as ever, and has lost all the reserve and sadness which, in her maiden days, overshadowed her charms; and so sincere was and is my admiration of her person and character, and so warmly was I in the habit of expressing it, that I really believe my dilating upon her attractions used to make Mrs Francis Hawthorne somewhat jealous, until she had the happiness to make her acquaintance, and settled the point by falling in love with the lady herself.

LETTERS ON ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

LETTER II.

DEAR MR EDITOR—I should like to offer you some more of my criticisms on the hexameters which have been written in English, and, by your good leave, will try to do so at some future time. But there are probably some of your readers who entertain the prejudices against English hexameters which we often hear from English critics of the last generation. I cannot come to any understanding with these readers about special hexameters, till I have said something of these objections to hexameters in general. One of these objections I tried to dispose of in a former missive; namely, that "we cannot have good hexameters in English, because we have so few spondees." There are still other erroneous doctrines commonly entertained relative to this matter, which may be thus briefly expressed;—that in hexameters we adopt a difference of long and short syllables, such as does not regulate other forms of English versification; and that the versification itself—the movement of the hexameter—is borrowed from Greek and Latin poetry. Now, in opposition to these opinions, I am prepared to show that our English hexameters suppose no other relations of strong and weak syllables than those which govern our other kinds of verse;—and that the hexameter movement is quite familiar to the native English ear.

The first of these truths, I should have supposed to be, by this time, generally acknowledged among all writers and readers of English verse: if it had not been that I have lately seen, in some of our hexametrists, a reference to a difference of *long* and *short*, as something which we ought to have, in addition to the differences of strong and weak syllables, in order to make our hexameters perfect. One of these writers has taken the model hexameter—

"In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;"

and has objected to it that the first syllable of *column* is *short*. But, my dear sir, it is not shorter than the first syllable of *collar*, or of the Latin *collum*! The fact is, that in hexameters, as in all other English verses, the ear knows

nothing of *long* and *short* as the foundation of verse. All verse, to an English ear, is governed by the succession of *strong* and *weak* syllables. Take a stanza of Moore's:—

“ When in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear.
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine,
Of the brightest hue while it linger'd here.”

I have marked the strong syllables, which stand in the place of long ones, so far as the actual *existence* of verse is concerned; though no doubt the *smoothness* of the verse is promoted by having the light syllables short also, that they may glide rapidly away. But this, I say, though favourable to smoothness, is not essential to verse: thus the syllable *death*, though strong, is short; *I* and *while*, though weak, are long.

Now this alternation, in a certain order, of strong and weak syllables, is the essential condition of all English verse, and of hexameters among the rest. Long and short syllables, to English ears, are superseded in their effect by strong and weak accents; and even when we read Greek and Latin verses, so far as we make the versification perceptible, we do so by putting strong accents on the long syllables. The English ear has no sense of any versification which is not thus constructed.

I had imagined that all this was long settled in the minds of all readers of poetry; and that all notion of syllables in English being long, for purposes of versification, because they contain a long vowel or a diphthong, or a vowel before two consonants, had been obliterated ages ago. I knew, indeed, that the first English hexametrists had tried to conform themselves to the Latin rules of quantity. Thus, as we learn from Spenser, they tried to make the second syllable of *carpenter* long; and constructed their verses so that they would *scan* according to Latin rules. Such are Surry's hexameters; for instance:—

“ Unto a caitiff wretch whom long affliction holdeth,
Grant yet, grant yet a look to the last monument of his anguish.”

But this made their task extremely difficult, without bringing any gain which the ear could recognise; and I believe that the earlier attempts to naturalize the hexameter in England failed mainly in consequence of their being executed under these severe conditions, which prevented all facility and flow in the expression, and gave the popular ear no pleasure.

The successful German hexametrists have rejected all regard to the classical rules of quantity of syllables; and have, I conceive, shown us plainly that this is the condition of success in such an undertaking. Take, for instance, the beginning of *Hermann und Dorothea*:—

“ Und so sass das trauliche Paar, sich unter dem Thorweg
Ueber das wander de Volk mit mancher Bemerkung ergötgend
Endlich aber began der wüedige Hansfrau, und sagte
Sept! dort kommt der Prediger her; es kommt auch der Nachbar.”

The penultimate dactyls in these lines, “*unter dem Thorweg*,” “*Bemerkung ergötgend*,” “*Hansfrau und sagte*,” “*kommt auch der Nachbar*,” have, in the place of short syllables, syllables which must be long, if any distinction of long and short, depending upon consonants and diphthongs, be recognised; but yet these are good and orderly dactyls, because in each we have a strong syllable followed by two weak ones. If we call such trissyllable feet *dactyls*, and in the same way describe other feet by their corresponding names in Greek and Latin verse, *spondees*, *trochees*, and the like, we shall be able to talk in an intelligible manner about English verse in general, and English hexameters in particular.

And I have now to show, in the second place, that English hexameters are readily accepted by the native ear, without any condition of a discipline in Greek and Latin verse. I do not mean to say that hexameters have not a

peculiar character among our forms of verse; and I should like to try to explain, on some future occasion, the mode in which the recollection of Homer and Virgil, in Greek and Latin, affects and modifies the pleasure which we receive from hexameter poems in German and English. But I say that, without any such reference, poems written in rigorous hexameters will be recognised by a common reader as easy current verse.

In order to bring out this point clearly, you must allow me, Mr Editor, to make my quotations with *various readings* of my own, which are requisite to exemplify the forms of verse of which I speak.

I begin by talking of "dactylies," in spite of the *Antijacobin*. Dactylic measures are very familiar to our ears, and congenial to the genius of our versification. These lines are dactylies:—

“ Oh | know ye the | land where the | cypress and | myrtle
Are | emblems of | deeds that are | done in their | clime ? ”

But the lines may be also regarded as anapaestics:—

“ Oh know | ye the land | &c.
Are em | blems of deeds | &c.
Where the rage | of the vul | ture, the love | of the turtle, |
Now melt | into sor | row, now mad | den to crime. | ”

In all these cases, the line begins with a weak syllable; and if the lines are regarded as dactylies, this syllable must be taken as a fragment of a foot. When the line begins with a strong syllable, the dactylic character is more decided: as if the lines were,—

Know ye the land of the cypress and myrtle?
Emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?

Now, in such examples, along with the trissyllable feet, dissyllable feet are often mixed, as their metrical equivalents: as

“ When in | death I shall | calm re | clime,
O | bear my | heart to my | mistress | dear;
Tell her it | lived upon | smiles and | wine
Of the | brightest | hue, while it | lingered | here.”

We may observe that there is, in this example, a kind of symmetry shown in preserving the dissyllable feet always in the second place, which is not without its effect on the ear. Some of these feet may be made two or three syllables at pleasure, as *linger'd* or *linger'd*. I will add the next stanza as a further example:—

“ Bid her not | shed one | tear of | sorrow,
To | sully a | heart so | brilliant and | bright;
But | drops of | kind re | membrance | borrow,
To | bathe the | relie from | morn to | night.”

That the verse so constructed is perfectly rhythmical, we know, by the exactness with which it lends itself to music. The musical bars would point out the divisions, or the number at least, of the feet, if we had any doubt upon that subject.

In order that we may the more distinctly perceive the mixture of two kinds of feet in this example, let us reduce it entirely to trissyllable feet, by slight changes in the expression:—

When in my tomb I shall calmly be | lying,
O | carry my heart to my conqueror dear:
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and on | nectar
Of | brilliant hue, while it lingered here.
Bid her not shed any token of | sorrow
To | sully a heart so resplendant and | glowing;
But | fountains of loving remembrance | borrow,
To | water the relie from morning to even.

I have arranged this variation so that the incomplete feet at the end of one line and the beginning of the next in each distich, as well as the rest, make up a complete dactyl; and thus, the measure runs on through each two written lines in a long line of seven dactyls and a strong syllable. But it will be easily perceived, that if the feet had been left incomplete at the end of each written line, the pause in the metre would have supplied what was wanting, and would have prevented the verse from being perceived as irregular. Thus these are still true dactylic lines:—

When in my tomb I shall calmly recline
O carry my heart to my conqueror dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and on wine
Of brilliant hue, while it lingered here.

I will now arrange the same passage so as to reduce it entirely to dissyllable feet, which alters the character of the versification.

When in death I calm recline,
O bear my heart to her I love;
Say it liv'd on smiles and wine
Of brightest hue, while here above.
Bid her shed no tear of grief
To soil a heart so clear and bright;
But drops of kind remembrance give
To bathe the gem from morn to night.

As the dissyllable feet may be divided either as dactyls or as anapæsts, so the dissyllable feet may be divided either as trochees or as iambuses. Thus we may scan either of these ways—

O | bear my | heart to | her I | love,
O bear | my heart | to her | I love.

But in this case, as in that of dissyllable feet, the metre is more decidedly trochaic, because each line, (that is, each distich, as here written,) begins with a strong syllable.

When in | death I | calm re | cline.

The animated trochaic character, when once given by a few lines of this kind, continues in the movement of the verse, even when retarded by initial iambuses; as,

“Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity:
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles;
Such as dwell on Hebe's *cheek*,
And love to live in dimple sleek,
Sport that wrinkled care *derides*,
And laughter holding both his sides.”

Here the weak syllables *And*, *And*, do not materially interrupt the trochaic verse. They may be taken as completing the trochee at the end of the preceding line.

In these verses, and in all English verses, there are no spondees, or feet consisting of two strong syllables. No foot in English metre has more than one strong syllable, and the weak syllables are appended to the strong ones, and swept along with them in the current of the metre. The equality between a trissyllable and a consecutive dissyllable foot, which the metre requires, is preserved by adding strength to the short syllable, so as to preserve the balance. Thus, when we say—

Bear my heart to my *mistress* dear,

There is a strength given to *bear*, and *mistress*, which makes them metrically balance *carry* and *conqueror* in this verse,

Carry my heart to my *conqueror* dear.

It must be observed, however, that the proportion between heavy and light, or strong and weak, in syllables, is not always the same. When a dissyllable foot occurs in the place of a trissyllable one, in a metre of a generally trissyllabic character, the light syllable may be conceived as standing in the place of two, and is therefore more weighty than the light syllables of the trissyllabic feet. Thus, if we say—

“Tell her it lived upon smiles *and* wine,”

the *and* is more weighty than it would be, if we were to say—

“Tell her it lived upon smiles *and on* wine.”

And if again we say—

“Tell her it liv'd *on* smiles and on wine,”

the *on* is more weighty than the same syllable in *upon*. Hence, in these cases, *smiles and, lived on*, approach to spondees. But still there is a decided preponderance in the first syllables of each of these feet respectively.

I have hitherto considered dactyls with rhyme; of course the measure may be preserved, though the rhyme be omitted, either at the end of the alternate lines; as

When in my tomb I am calmly lying,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and nectar
Of brightest hue, while it lingered here:

Or altogether; as

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and bright;
But drops from fond remembrance gather,
And bathe for ever the relic in these.

In the absence of rhyme, each distich is detached, and the number of such distiches, or long lines, may be either odd or even.

I shall now take a shorter dactylic measure; and first, with alternate rhymes.

Tityrus, you laid along,
In the shade of umbrageous beeches,
Practise your pastoral song,
As your muse in your solitude teaches.
We from the land that we love,
From all that we value and treasure,
We must as exiles remove:
While, Tityrus, you at your leisure,
Make all the woods to resound
Amaryllis's name at your pleasure.

We see, in this example, that the rhyme is a fetter to the construction. In this case, it is necessary to have three distichs which rhyme, in order to close the metre with the sentence.

We detach these distichs, or long lines, from each other, by rejecting the use of rhyme between successive distichs. We might make the two parts of the same long line rhyme thus:—

Tityrus, you in the shadow Of chestnuts stretcht in the meadow,
Practise your pastoral verses In strains which your oat-pipe rehearses.
We, poor exiles, are leaving All our saving and having;
Leaving the land that we treasure: You in the woods at your pleasure
Make them resound, when your will is, The name of the fair Amaryllis.

But these rhymes, even if written in one long line, are really two short lines with a double rhyme; and this measure, besides its difficulty, is destitute of dignity and grace.

If we take the same measure, rejecting rhyme, and keep the dactyls pure, we have such distichs as these :—

Tityrus, you in the shade
Of a mulberry idly reclining,
Practise your pastoral muse
In the strains that your flageolet utters.

But these may be written in long lines, thus :—

Tityrus, you in the shade of a mulberry idly reclining,
Practise your pastoral muse, in the strains that your flageolet utters ;
We from the land that we love, from our property sever'd and banish'd,
We go as exiles away ; and yet, Tityrus, you at your leisure
Tutor the forests to ring with the name of the fair Amaryllis.

These verses are of a rhythm as familiar and distinct to the English ear as any which our poets use. Now these are *hexameters* consisting each of five dactyls and a trochee,—the trochee approaching to a spondee, as I have seen ; yet still, not being a spondee, but having its first syllable decidedly strong in comparison with the second.

The above hexameters are perfectly regular, both in being purely dactylic, and in having the regular *cæsura*, namely the end of a word at the beginning of the third dactyl, as—

We from the land that we love
We go as exiles away.

But these hexameters admit of irregularities in the same manner as the common English measures of which we have spoken. We may have dissyllable feet instead of trissyllable in any place in the line ; thus in the fourth—

Tityrus, you in the shade of a *chestnut* idly reclining.

In the third—

Tityrus, you in the *shade* of mulberries idly reclining.

In the second—

Tityrus, you in shadows of mulberries idly reclining.

In the first—

Damon, you in the shade of a mulberry idly reclining.

We may also have a dissyllable for the fifth foot—

Tityrus, you in the shade of a beech at your *ease* reclining.

But this irregularity disturbs the dactylic character of the verse more than the like substitution in any other place. So long as we have a dactyl in the fifth place, the dactylic character remains. Thus, even if we make all the rest dissyllables—

“ Damon, you in shades of beech-trees idly reclining.”

But if the fifth foot also be a dissyllable, the measure becomes trochaic.

“ Damon, you in shades of beech at ease reclining,
Play your oaten pipe, your rural strains combining.”

Supposing the dactylic character to be retained, we may have dissyllables not in one place only, but in several, as we have seen is the case in the more common English dactyls. Now, the metre thus produced corresponds with the heroic verse hexameters of the Greek and Latin languages ; except in this, that the English dissyllable feet are not exactly spondees. The Greek and Latin hexameters admit of dactyls and spondees indiscriminately, except that the fifth foot is regularly a dactyl, and the sixth a spondee or trochee. Also, the

regular caesura of the Greek and Latin hexameters occurs in the beginning of the third foot, as in the English hexameters above given.

I think I have now shown that, without at all deviating from the common forms of English metre, and their customary liberties, we arrive at a metre which represents the classical hexameters, with this difference only, that the spondees are replaced by trochees. And this substitution is a necessary change; it results from the alternation of strong and weak syllables, which is a condition of all English versification.

And thus I have, I conceive, established my second point; that hexameters, exactly representing those of Greek and Latin verse, may grow out of purely English habits of versification.

But at the same time, I allow that classical scholars do read and write English hexameters with a recollection of those which they are familiar with in Greek and Latin; and that they have a disposition to identify the rhythm of the ancient and the modern examples, which leads them to treat English hexameters differently from other forms of English verse. This gives rise to some particularities of English hexameters, of which I may have a few words to say hereafter. In the mean time, I subscribe myself, your obedient

M. L.

FROM SCHILLER.

COLUMBUS.

Still steer on, brave heart! Though witlings laugh at thy emprise,
 And though the helmsmen drop, weary and nerveless, their hands.
 Westward and westward still! There land must emerge from the ocean;
 There it lies in its light, clear to the eye of thy mind.
 Trust in the power that guides: press on o'er the convex of ocean:
 What thou seek'st, were it not, yet it should rise from the waves.
 Nature with Genius holds a pact that is fixt and eternal—
 All which is promised by *this, that* never fails to perform.

ODYSSEUS.

O'er all seas, in his search of home, lay the path of Odysseus,
 Scilla he past and her yell, skirted Charybdis's whirl.
 Through the perils of land, through the perils of waves in their fury—
 Yea even Hades' self scap't not his devious course.
 Fortune lays him at last asleep on Ithaca's margin,
 And he awakes, nor knows, grieving, the land that he sought.

M. L.

ALGERIA.

WE have always felt a strong interest in the welfare and progress of the French colonies in Africa. Our reasons for the same are manifold, and must be manifest to the readers of *Maga*; that is to say, to all judicious and reflecting persons conversant with the English language. There is, indeed, much to excite sympathy and admiration in the conduct of our neighbours to their infant settlement in the land of the Moor and the Arab. Their treatment of the natives has been uniformly considerate, their anxiety to avoid bloodshed painfully intense, their military operations have been invariably successful, and in their countless triumphs, modestly recorded in the veracious bulletins of a Bugeaud, they have ever shown themselves generous and magnanimous conquerors. The result of their humane and judicious colonial administration, and of a little occasional wholesome severity on the part of Colonel Pellissier, or some other intrepid officer, is most satisfactory and evident. A hundred thousand men are now sufficient to keep the ill-armed and scattered Arab tribes in a state of perfect tranquillity. Twice or thrice in the year, it is true, they rise up, like ill-bred savages as they are, and fiercely assault the Europeans who have kindly volunteered, to govern their country, and, whenever it may be possible, to civilize themselves. A few unfortunate French detachments, outposts and colonists, are plundered and slaughtered; but then up comes a Lamoricière or a Changarnier, perchance the Duke of Isly himself, or a prince of the blood in person, with thousands of bayonets and sabres; and forthwith the turbulent Bedouins scamper across the desert in tumultuous flight, their dingy bournouses waving in the wind, shouts of fury and exultation upon their lips, and Frenchmen's heads upon the points of their

scimeters. As to Abd-el-Kader, the grand instigator of these unjustifiable outbreaks, he is a troublesome and discontented barbarian, always kicking up a devil of a hubbub, usually appearing where least desired, but, when wanted, never to be found. The gallant and *reverend* gentleman—for, besides being an emir and a general, he is a marabout or saint of the very first chop—has caused the aforesaid Bugeaud a deal of annoyance; and the marshal has long been desirous of a personal interview, which hitherto has been obstinately declined. Altogether the emir is a vexatious fellow; and it is another strong proof of French kindness and conciliatory spirit, that although he has frequently wandered about in very reduced circumstances, *sans* army or friends, with a horse and a half, and a brace of barefooted followers, (*vide* the Paris newspapers of any date for the last dozen years,) the French, instead of laying hold of him and hanging him up, which of course they might easily have done, have preferred to leave him at large. Some say that it would be as unreasonable to expect an enthusiastic fox-hunter to waylay and shoot the animal that affords him sport, as to look for the capture of Abd-el-Kader at the hands of men who find pleasure and profit in the chase, but would derive little of either from its termination. To cut his throat would be to cut their own, and to slay the bird that lays the golden epaulets. It is related, in a book now before us, that M. Bugeaud, when applied to by a colonel for a column of troops to pursue and capture the emir, replied in these terms:—"Do not forget, sir, that to Abd-el-Kader most of your brother officers are indebted for their chances of promotion." Others have asserted, that if the Arab chief is still a free denizen of the desert, it must be attributed to his own skill, courage, and conduct;

Algeria and Tunis in 1845. By CAPTAIN J. C. KENNEDY, 18th Royal Irish. London: 1846.

Algeria in 1845. By COUNT ST MARIE, formerly in the French Military Service. London: 1846.

to the bravery of his troops, and the fidelity of his adherents; and not to any merciful or prudential scruples of his opponents. We reject this notion as absurd and groundless. We are persuaded that French forbearance is the sole reason that the head of Abd-el-Kader, duly embalmed by the *procédè* Gannal, does not at this moment grace the sideboard of the victorious Duke of Isly, or frown grimly from the apex of the Luxor obelisk.

Having thus avowed our strong interest in the prosperity of Algeria, we need hardly say that we read every book calculated to throw light upon the progress and prospects of that country. The volumes referred to at foot of the first page, had scarcely issued from the sanctuaries of their respective publishers, when our paper-knife was busy with their contents, and as we cut we eagerly read. We confess to have been disappointed. Captain Kennedy's narrative is tame, and rather pedantic; its author appears more anxious to display his classical and historical lore, and to indulge in long descriptions of scenery and Arab encampments, than to give us the sort of information we should most have appreciated and relished. As a book of travels, it is respectable, and not unamusing; but from travellers in a country whose state is exceptional, one has a right to expect more. We had hoped for more copious details of the present condition and probable result of French colonization, for more numerous indications of the state of feeling and intercourse between the Arab tribes and their European conquerors. These matters are but slightly touched upon. It is true that Captain Kennedy, in his preface, avows his intention of not entering into political discussions, and of abstaining from theories as to the future condition of the southern coast of the Mediterranean. We can only regret, therefore, that he has *not* thought proper to be more comprehensive. His opportunities were excellent, his pen is fluent, and he evidently possesses some powers of observation. Received with open arms and cordial hospitality by the numerous officers to whom he had introductions, or with whom he casually became acquainted, he has per-

haps felt a natural unwillingness to probe and lay bare the weak points of the French in Africa. Such, at least, is the general impression conveyed to us by his book. He seems hampered by fear of requiting kindness by censure; and, to escape the peril, has abstained from criticism, forgetting the possible construction that may be put upon his silence. There is certainly scope for a work on Algeria of a less superficial character, and such a one we wish he had applied himself to produce. From no one could it better proceed than from a British officer of intelligence and education. We are not disposed, however, because Captain Kennedy has not fulfilled all our expectations, to judge with severity the printed results of his tour. His tone is easy and gentlemanly, and we are far from crying down what we presume to be his first literary attempt.

From the English officer we turn to the French one, whose book is of a much more ambiguous character. Who is this Count St Marie? Whence does he derive his countship, and his melodramatic or vaudevilleish name? Does he write in English, or is his book translated? Is he a Frenchman as well as a French officer, a *bonâ fide* human being, or a publisher's myth; a flesh and blood author, or a cloak for a compilation? From sundry little discrepancies, we suspect the latter; and that he is indebted for name, title, and rank, to the ingenious benevolence of his editor. Sometimes he talks as if he were a Frenchman; at others, in a manner to make us suppose him English. Whatever his nation, it is strange, if he has been an officer in the French service, that he should request information from a certain mysterious Mr R——, whom he constantly puts forward as an authority, on the subject of promotion in the French army, and respecting French military decorations. The commanders of the Legion of Honour, he tells us, wear the gold cross *en sautoir*, like the cross of St Andrew. Odd enough that Count St Marie should be more conversant with Scottish decorations than with French ones. Talking of Bougia, at page 203, he remarks that "the blindness and imbecility of the French in Africa is (he might have

said *are*) more perceptible there than any where else ;" and adverts to "the ruined *débarcadère*, the fragments of which seem left only to put French negligence to shame." We doubt if any Frenchman would have written in this tone, especially in a book intended for publication in England. There are many similar passages in the volume. Yet the gallant count talks of the French consul as "*our* consul," and of the French troops as "*our* columns," the latter in the very same paragraph in which he sneers at their victories. His style is free from foreign idioms, but here and there occurs a peculiarity seeming to denote a translation. A town is said to be garrisoned by veteran troops, when the meaning evidently is, that the garrison was a detachment of the French corps known as "the Veterans." Although *cent sous* is a common term in France to express a five-franc piece, in English we do not talk of a payment of one hundred sous. But it is unnecessary to multiply instances. We have probably said enough to make our readers coincide in our suspicion, that "Algeria in 1845," by Count St Marie, is neither fish, flesh, nor red herring, but altogether of the composite order. It is, nevertheless, amusing and full of anecdote, with only here and there a blunder or dash of exaggeration; and although, as we believe, a compilation, it is tolerably correct in its statistics and inferences. We must protest, however, against the lumbug of the system. A book that has merit may be launched under its true colours, and kept afloat without a titled name upon the title-page.

The motives that induce the French to cling, with a tenacity which an immense annual outlay of treasure and human life has hitherto failed to weaken, to their African conquest, are, we believe, pretty well appreciated, at least in this country, where colonies and colonization are understood, and where French policy is studied by many. Algeria is the safety-valve by which the superfluous steam of the national character is in some measure let off; it affords a *point de mire* for the people, occupation for the army, a subject of discussion for the newspapers. Doubtless a large section of the French

nation, or at least of its more sensible and thinking classes, would gladly witness the abandonment of a colony which has already cost more than there is any probability of its yielding for years to come—more, perhaps, than it ever will yield, either in direct or indirect advantages. But were it proposed to give it up, the general cry would be loudly against the measure. Not that there is a probability of the proposal being made. The present shrewd and wary ruler of France well knows that a little blood-letting is as essential to keep down the feverish temperament of his people as a play-thing is to occupy their thoughts and preserve them from mischief. Algeria is at once the leech and the toy. Restless and enterprising spirits there find the field of action they require; those who might otherwise be busy with home politics, have their attention diverted by battles and bulletins. The evils of protracted and unprofitable warfare do not, in this instance, come home to the nation in a very direct and palpable form, and therefore disgust at the resultless strife has not yet replaced the interest and excitement it creates. Now and then a tent or an umbrella is captured and stuck up in the gardens of the Tuileries to be gaped and wondered at by the Parisians. This gives a fillip to popular enthusiasm, and well-fed national guardsmen, as they take their turn of duty at the palace gates, look with increased respect and envy upon the Algerine schako and bronzed visage of their fellow sentry of the line. Captain Kennedy gives an amusing instance of the extent to which the martial ardour of sober French citizens is sometimes carried by that stir of arms and din of battle whose echoes are wafted to their ears from the distant shores of the Mediterranean.

"Among the various costumes and styles of dress seen in the streets of Algiers, none are so ridiculous as that of the European civilian, dressed à *l'Arabe*, some fine specimens of which we saw to-day. One of this genus, a wealthy shopkeeper from the Rue Chaussée d'Antin, had, by his adventures a short time since, created some little amusement. Enthusiastic on the subject of the new colony, his thoughts by day had been for months of Al-

glers, and his dreams by night of bournoused warriors, fiery steeds, and bloody yataghans. At last, determined to see with his own eyes, he left his beloved Paris, and arrived safely in Algiers.

“His first care was to procure a complete Arab dress, in which he sallied forth the morning after his arrival. He came in search of adventures, and he was soon gratified. Stalking along, he accidentally hustled a couple of French soldiers, was sworn at, thrashed, and rolled in the mud as a ‘*Sacre cochon d’Arabe*,’ lost his purse from having no pockets in his new garments, and was nearly kicked down stairs by the *garçon* of his hotel for venturing to enter his own room.

“Undismayed by these misadventures, he set out the following day, armed to the teeth, to ride to Blidah. When half-way there, he was seized as a suspicious character by two Arab gendarmes, for being armed without having a permit, and pretending not to understand Arabic; he was disarmed and dismounted, his hands tied behind his back, and fastened to his captor’s stirrup. He spent the night on the ground in a wretched hut, with a handful of cuscusoo for supper, and next morning was dragged into Algiers in broad daylight, half dead with fear and fatigue. On being carried before the police he was instantly liberated; and, taking advantage of the first packet, returned to France, having seen more of life in Algeria in a few days, than many who had spent the same number of years in the colony.”

Great must have been the discomfiture of the worthy burgher, although he had much reason to rejoice at having encountered Arab gendarmes and French troopers, instead of Bedonins or Kabyles, who would hardly have let him off with a beating, a night’s imprisonment, and a cuscusoo supper. We can imagine his delight at again finding the asphalté of the Boulevards under his boot-soles, and the respect with which his coffee-house gossips regarded him, as he related, over his post-prandial *demi-tasse*, or in the intervals of his game at dominos, the adventures of his amateur campaign, and the perils that beset the pilgrim to Algeria. A slight traveller’s license would convert the pair of gen-

darmes into a troop of hostile cavalry, and his brief detention in the hut into a visit to the dungeons of Abd-el-Kader. His friends would look up to him as a military authority, his wife exclaim at the injustice that left his button-hole undecorated; and when next his company of the national guard elected their officers, he would have but to present himself to be instantly chosen. The laurels he had failed to achieve in Africa would be bestowed upon him by acclamation in the guard-room of his *arrondissement*.

In relating the well-known incident that gave rise to hostilities between France and the Dey of Algiers, Count St Marie goes back to the remote cause, which, by his account, was a lady. In the time of Napoleon the Bey of Tunis had a favourite female slave, for whom he ordered, of an Algerine Jew, a costly and magnificent head-dress. The Jew, unable to get it manufactured in the country, wrote to Paris: the head-dress was made, at an expense of twelve thousand francs, and the modest Israelite charged it thirty thousand to the Bey. The latter was too much pleased with the bauble to demur at the price, but, not being in cash, he paid for it in corn. There chanced just then to be a scarcity in France; the Jew sold his grain to the army contractors, and managed so well that he became a creditor of the French government for upwards of a million of francs. Napoleon fell, and the Bourbons declined to pay; but the Jew contrived to interest the Dey of Algiers in his cause, and remonstrances were addressed to the French government. The affair dragged on for years, and at last, in 1829, on the eve of a festival, when the diplomatic corps were admitted to pay their respects to the Dey, the latter expostulated with the French consul on the subject of the long delay. The answer was unsatisfactory, and the consequence was the celebrated rap with a fan or fly-flap, which sent its giver into exile, and converted Algeria into a French province. On visiting the Kasbah, or citadel, at Algiers, Captain Kennedy was shown the little room in which the insult was offered to the representative of France. It is now used as a poultry-yard. “Singularly enough,” says the captain, “as we entered, a cock, strutting on the de-

served divan, proclaimed his victory over some feeble rival by a triumphant crow—an appropriate emblem of the real state of affairs." But the conquered cock is game; and although sorely punished by his adversary's spurs, he returns again and again to the charge.

Within the fortress of the Kasbah were comprised the Dey's palace, harem, and treasury. The buildings are now greatly altered, at least as regards their application. The private residence of the Dey has been converted into officers' quarters, the harem is occupied by artillerymen, a kiosk has been arranged as an hospital, and a mosque has become a Catholic chapel. The treasury was said to contain an immense sum at the time of its capture by the French; but the exact amount was never known, and various accounts have been given of the probable disposal of the money. Captain Kennedy believes there is little doubt that the sum of forty-three millions of francs, officially acknowledged to have been shipped to France, was employed by the ministers of Charles the Tenth in their vain endeavours to suppress the revolution of 1830. Certain general officers of the invading army have been charged with acts of appropriation; but nothing was ever proved, and the whole rests on rumour and unsupported assertion. However the money was got rid of, there is no doubt that a vast deal was found. The Dey, a careless extravagant old dog, worthy of his piratical ancestors, was any thing but minute in his record of receipts and expenditure. He was not the man to ring his sovereign or mark his bank-notes; he knew as much about double entry as about the Greek mythology or the Waverley novels, and kept his accounts with a shovel and a corn-bin. Wooden partitions divided his treasury into compartments—one for gold, one for silver, and separating foreign and native coin; when money was received, it was thrown in uncounted; when wanted, it was taken out without form or ceremony of writing. "Such also was the carelessness shown," adds Captain Kennedy, "that, in one part, the walls still bear the impressions of coins cast in at random, before the inner coating of plaster had had time

to dry,"—quite a realisation of fairy tale accounts; and popular ideas of Oriental profusion and lavish prodigality. The manner in which these heads of gold and silver were guarded is equally curious, and completes a picture worthy of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. "Prior to the French occupation," says M. St Marie, "any attempt to penetrate into these caves was impracticable, the approach to them being guarded by lions, tigers, and hyenas, chained up at short distances from each other." Besides these formidable brute body-guards, whose melodious voices must have greatly soothed the slumbers of the fair inmates of the seraglio, the Dey had barracks within the Kasbah for his household troops, on whose fidelity he relied for protection from the soldiery of the regency, frequently in a state of mutiny.

Military hospitals are of course a primary necessity in a country where half a million of soldiers have perished during the last fifteen years, either by disease or the sword. At Algiers there are several establishments of the kind, one of which, situated in the gardens of the Dey, and capable of containing five thousand sick, is particularly worthy of notice. Large as the building is, it is insufficient in summer and autumn to accommodate all who seek admission. The gardens have been left as much as possible uninjured, and their orange-trees and fountains afford cool shade and delightful freshness to the convalescent soldiers. On the other hand, the Jardin Marengo, belonging to Colonel Marengo, the commandant of the citadel of Algiers, contributes its quota to the sick wards. It is cultivated, Count St Marie informs us, by condemned soldiers, who suffer dreadfully from the heat and from exposure to the burning sun. Scarcely a day passes without some of the unfortunate men being conveyed to hospital, and in many instances they never recover. The real name of Colonel Marengo is Capon. His father distinguished himself at the battle of Marengo, and Napoleon jestingly bestowed on him the name retained by his son, instead of the ignoble appellation that he previously bore. Apropos of the hospital—or it might just as well be said, *à propos de bottles*—

the Comte, who certainly never loses an opportunity of bringing in a good story, relates one of a M. St Vincent, president of a French learned society, who went to Africa to prosecute researches in natural history. Eager for specimens, he was liberal in his payments; and one day a great curiosity was brought to him in the shape of two rats, each with a long excrescence, like the trunk of an elephant, issuing from the top of the nose. He caught at the prize, and immediately forwarded to the Jardin des Plantes at Paris a scientific description of the *rat trompé*. But his letter had scarcely gone when the excrescence became dry and dropped off; and on examination it was found that incisions had been made above the noses of the animals, and the tails of two other rats inserted. The *rat trompé* dwindled into a *rat trompeur*.

After a short stay in the city of Algiers, and contemplating a return thither, Captain Kennedy and his companion, Viscount Fielding, started for Blidah by diligence. At about half a mile from the Kasbah, the road—an excellent one, constructed by the troops—passes under the walls of Fort l'Empereur, built in commemoration of a victory obtained by the Moors in the year 1541 over the troops of Charles V. Some of the cannon abandoned on this occasion by the Spaniards were originally French, having been taken by the imperial army at the battle of Pavia. The Algerines mounted them on the Kasbah, where they remained until in 1830, after an interval of three hundred and five years, they again fell into the hands of their first possessors. The fort, which owes its existence to a signal triumph of Algerine power, was not destined to survive the downfall of the Crescent. Invested by the French, a few hours' cannonade dismounted its guns, breached its walls, and ruined its defences. The garrison were compelled to abandon it, and retreat into the city, with the exception of a few desperadoes, who had sworn to perish, but never to fly before the Christians. Whilst the French troops impatiently awaited orders for an assault, a tremendous explosion took place; and when the dust and smoke cleared away, the whole western face of the

fort was a heap of ruins. The surrender of the city shortly followed.

Previously to an earthquake that occurred in 1825, the town of Blidah, situated in a fertile valley at the foot of the lesser Atlas, numbered fifteen thousand inhabitants. Many of these perished in the ruins of their dwellings, and the place never recovered itself; for, at the period of the French invasion, the population was only five thousand. Placed in the very heart of the scene of war, the diminution continued, and the native inhabitants are now an insignificant handful. The European population is on the increase, and the situation of the town on the line of communication between the port of Algiers and the country beyond the Atlas, as well as its good climate and abundance of water, seems to mark it out as a place of future importance. In former times it was a favourite residence of the Moors and Arabs, who called it the New Damascus. There has been hard fighting there during the present war, and it has thrice changed masters. It is surrounded by luxuriant gardens and groves of orange-trees, whose fruit is said to be the finest in the world. The plantations formerly extended quite up to the town; but the Arabs took advantage of this to come down and pick off the sentries, and it was found necessary to clear a large number of acres. This impoverished many of the inhabitants, whose wealth consisted in plantations of oranges, lemons, and olives. The town is usually garrisoned by the Zouaves, troops originally raised amongst the natives in imitation of our Sepoys. Soon after the formation of the corps, however, Frenchmen were allowed and encouraged to enlist, and of these the three battalions now principally consist. As fighting men they enjoy the highest possible character, but in quarters they are terrible scamps. Its gallant reputation and picturesque uniform, and the numerous opportunities of distinction afforded to it, cause this corps to be generally preferred by volunteers, and non-commissioned officers often leave the line to serve as privates in the Zouaves.

At Blidah, Captain Kennedy and his friend procured horses, and with their party strengthened by two Prussian officers, they set out for Medeah.

West of the river Chiffa they came upon another military road, at which a battalion was then working. Men and officers were encamped in tents, and in huts constructed of boughs. "The men employed on this duty receive seventy-five centimes (about sevenpence) additional pay per diem; and during the winter and spring, as the work is not hard, it is rather preferred by the troops to garrison duty." The system of providing employment for the soldier, when he is not actually opposed to the enemy, is very generally carried out by the French in their African colony, and also in France when it is possible to be done. Captain Kennedy evidently approves of it. At Medeah, a few minutes' walk from the gate, are the gardens of the garrison. Each regiment or battalion has its piece of ground, divided into lots for the different companies, and supplying the troops with vegetables. "Here, as at other places I have since visited, the ground in the occupation of the troops was in a high state of culture, and superior both in produce and neatness of arrangement to the gardens of the civilians. * * In many of our own colonies, and even at home, this system might be followed with beneficial results to our troops; for, putting aside the addition the produce would make to the comforts of the men, any employment or amusement that would tend to keep the soldier out of the canteen or public-house during his leisure hours, and there are many on whom it would have that effect, must be advantageous."

Medeah is the capital of the province of Tittery, and the head-quarters of a subdivision of the French army, commanded by General Marey, to whom Captain Kennedy had introductions. To these the general did all honour, and sketched out for his guests the plan of an expedition to the Little Sahara. A French traveller, recording his visit to Medeah, has given the following ludicrous and melancholy account of the caravanserais of the town. "On a déjà plusieurs cafés avec l'inévitable billard, et deux hôtels où le travail est divisé, car l'un loge and l'autre nourrit; les chambres n'y sont pas encore tout-à-fait menblées, et le charpentier

n'a pas encore achevé l'escalier qui y monte. On y a oublié une certaine faïence très utile, mais il y a déjà des miroirs." This description, doubtless as true as it is characteristic, now no longer applies. Things have improved in the last year or two; and at the time of Captain Kennedy's journey, the Medeah hotels were very tolerable. But he was eager for the desert, and tarried little in the town. Accompanied by an aide-de-camp of General Marey, who had volunteered to do the honours of the colony, and show to the English visitors life amongst the Bedouins, escorted also by a score of light infantry, a party of Spalis or native cavalry, by half a dozen officers of the garrison, several servants, and a vast number of dogs, our travellers struck into the Arab country. The district they were about to traverse being peopled by friendly tribes, this large attendance was less for purposes of protection to the Englishmen than of mischief to the wild boars, which it was proposed to hunt. After a night passed in an Arab tent, the battue began; and although not very successful, only one boar being killed, the sportsmen deemed themselves well repaid for eight hours' walk in a broiling sun, by magnificent scenery, and the excitement of the chase.

There is interest, although no very great novelty, in Captain Kennedy's narrative of his wanderings amongst the *dasher*as and *douars* of the Bedouins. The douars are Arab camps, the *dasher*as villages, or rather collections of huts, built of stone and mud, and roofed with branches of trees. The walls of these miserable habitations are low; the door does duty as sole window; for a fireplace a hole is made in the earthen floor; the furniture consists of a few mats, a corn-mill, some pots, and a lamp. These are the dwellings of the agricultural tribes, who live near the mountains. The pastoral tribes roam over the desert; their tents, corn-mills, and mats, packed upon camels; and driving with them flocks and herds of sheep, goats, and cattle. When they halt, the tents are pitched in a circle, the opening towards the east; and at night the animals are driven into the inclosure, for safety

from robbers, and to prevent straying. A family of Arabs will frequently wander several days' march from their usual abiding-place to some French garrison or settlement, there to barter their stock for corn and European produce. They travel by easy journeys, and halt whenever convenient, only taking care to keep out of the way of hostile tribes. "A short time serves to unload the camel, spread the mats, and pitch the tent. A few handfuls of corn, ground in the mill, kneaded into a paste with water, and baked in thin cakes on the fire, with a drink of water, or, if they have it, milk, forms their simple meal." Such is the abstemious life of these sons of the desert. In the autumn, when the great fair is held at Boghar, the advanced post of the French on the side of the Little Sahara, several thousand people repair thither, bringing hides, cheese, butter, and wool; also dates, skins of beasts, ostrich feathers, and the woollen manufactures of the Arab women, received from the interior of the country. These various products are exchanged for honey, oil, corn, cutlery, and cotton cloths. Arms and ammunition used to be greatly in request, but the French have prohibited that traffic. The imports of European goods are on the increase, and Captain Kennedy considers French trade in the north of Africa in a highly improving state, favoured as it is by numerous roads, made or making, through the Atlas, by the pacification of the country, and submission of the tribes between Blidah and Boghar. How long this submission may last must be considered doubtful. It has been induced neither by love nor fear, but by self-interest. The more prosperous tribes, and those located in the plain, finding Abd-el-Kader unable to protect them, took the only means left to secure themselves from the fierce razzias of the French, and from the ruin that these entailed. So long as they deem it advantageous, they will doubtless be staunch to their compact; but let them see or imagine a probable change in the fortune of the war, and they will be found eager, as some of them have already shown themselves, to rally once more round the standard of the Emir.

Amongst the tribes whose hospi-

tility was shared by Captain Kennedy, the most powerful was that of Ouled-Macktar, whose chief, Ben Douda, is considered by the captain to afford a good type of the Arab chiefs in the pay of France. For a long period he acted as one of Abd-el-Kader's lieutenants, but at a critical moment transferred his services to the French. His people had their possessions secured to them, and he himself received the appointment of Aga over the Arabs of the Little Desert, with an allowance of ten per cent on the tribute paid by the tribes under his jurisdiction. He is described as about fifty years of age, with handsome though harsh features of the true Arab cast. "What struck me most in his appearance, was the expression of deep cunning strongly marked in the lines that crossed his forehead, and in the downcast and furtive glances of the eye, observing every thing, yet seemingly inattentive." The Aga is very wealthy, and lives in great luxury, comparatively to most of the Arabs. Captain Kennedy's party reached his camp at a fortunate moment. The douar was in an unusual state of excitement, and great rejoicings were on foot in honour of the marriage of the Aga's son. The wedding-feast, consisting of sheep roasted whole, stewed gazelle, cuscusoo, and other Bedouin delicacies, was succeeded by some very graceless dances. Whilst the latter proceeded, the men kept up an irregular fire of guns, pistols, and blunderbusses, presenting their weapons at each others' breasts, and suddenly dropping the muzzle at the moment of pulling the trigger, so that the charge struck the ground. As might be anticipated, this dangerous sport did not terminate without an accident. One young savage omitted to sink his muzzle, and sent a blank cartridge into the hip of a comrade, knocking him over, burning his bournons, and causing an ugly, although not a dangerous wound. "The rest of the party did not seem to care much about it, and the wounded man's wife, instead of looking after her husband, rushed up to the man who had shot him, and, assisted by some female friends, opened upon him a torrent of abuse, with such fluency of tongue and

command of language, that, after endeavouring in vain to get in a word or two, he fairly turned tail and walked off."

In the douar of the Abides tribe, Captain Kennedy fell in with a scorpion-eater. This was a disgusting-looking boy, who, being an idiot, was looked upon by the Arabs as a saint—deprivation of intellect constituting in their opinion a high claim to holiness. This urchin bolted, sting and all, a fine lively scorpion upwards of two inches long—the reptile writhing between his teeth as he deliberately crunched it. Our traveller had heard of such exploits, but had naturally been rather incredulous concerning the non-removal of the sting. In this case, however, he was perfectly satisfied that no deception was practised. The boy afterwards devoured another of the same dangerous species of vermin. He belonged to the religious sect of the Aisaona, who claim the privilege of being proof against the venom of reptiles and the effects of fire. A most extraordinary account of a festival of this sect has been given by a French officer, of whose narrative Captain Kennedy supplies a translation. Fortunately he does not vouch for its veracity; so we may be permitted to disbelieve one half and doubt the rest. M. St Marie relates some marvels of a similar description, collected from an interpreter who had been a prisoner of Abd-el-Kader.

The general impression made on us by Captain Kennedy's account of his visit to the Arab tribes, is, that the French have as yet done little or nothing towards securing the affection and improving the condition of the people they have subjugated. It must be acknowledged that they have had to do with an intractable race, and one difficult to conciliate. The old hatred and contempt of Mussulmans towards Christians has been preserved in full force in the deserts and mountains of Northern Africa. Centuries have done nothing to weaken it, or to cause the followers of Mahomet to look with liking, or even tolerance, upon the children of the Cross. The Christian is still a dog, and the son of a dog; and even when crouching before his power and intelligence, the Arab nurtures hopes of revenge, long

deferred but never abandoned. The French regard their conquest as secure; and doubtless it may be rendered so by the maintenance of a powerful military establishment; but who can foretell the time when they will be enabled to withdraw even a portion of their present African army? Their doing so would be a signal for revolt amongst the chiefs now in their pay, amongst the tribes apparently most effectually humbled and subdued. Patience and vindictiveness are distinguishing traits of the Arab. He bides his time, but never loses sight of his object and of his revenge. "They do not forget," says Count St Marie, speaking of the Arabs of the province of Oran, "that the Spaniards, weary of occupying a territory which cost them great sacrifices, and yielded them no advantages, abandoned their conquest after two centuries of possession. They foresee that, one day or other, they will be rid of the French, who have made as great a mistake as the Spaniards. The Arabs are animated by an innate spirit of pride and independence which nothing can subdue." We venture no prophecies in this sense, but neither can we predict the day when Algeria, as a colony, will become other than an unproductive burden to its present possessors, or when it will repay them for the blood and treasure they so liberally expend upon it. They should beware of arguing too favourably from apparent calm and submission on the part of the natives. The ocean is often smoothest before a storm; the Arab most dangerous when apparently most tranquil. Like other Orientals, he starts in an instant from torpor and indolence into the fiercest activity. "The Arab," says a German officer, whose narrative of adventure in Africa has recently been rendered into English, "lies whole days before his tent, wrapped in his bouznons, and leaning his head on his hand. His horse stands ready saddled, listlessly hanging his head almost to the ground, and occasionally casting sympathising glances at his master. The African might then be supposed phlegmatic and passionless, but for the occasional flash of his wild dark eye, which gleams from under his bushy brows. His rest is like that of the Numidian

lion, which, when satisfied, stretches itself beneath a shady palm-tree—but beware of waking him! Like the beasts of the desert and the forest, and like all nature in his own land, the Arab is hurried from one extreme to the other, from the deepest repose to the most restless activity. At the first sound of the tam-tam, his foot is in the stirrup, his hand on his rife, and he is no longer the same man. He rides day and night, bears every privation, and braves every danger, in order to make prize of a sheep or ass, or of some enemy's head. Such men as these are hard to conquer, and harder still to govern: were they united into one people, they would form a nation which would not only repulse the French, but bid defiance to the whole world. Unhappily for them, every tribe is at enmity with the rest; and this most ultimately lead to their destruction, for the French have already learned to match African against African."

The constant hostilities amongst the tribes have doubtless facilitated their conquest; and the French still act upon the maxim of "*divide et impera*," as the best means to retain what they have won. As yet little attention has been paid to more humane means of strengthening themselves in their new possessions, and to the civilisation of the natives. The chief plan proposed for the attainment of the latter object, has been to subject to the conscription all Arabs born since the occupation of the country by the French. It is very doubtful what may be the effect of this measure should it be carried out. Will it Frenchify the natives, and induce kindly feelings towards their conquerors, or render them more dogged and dangerous than before? They will, at any rate, acquire military knowledge, and an acquaintance with the European system of warfare, which, combined with the skill in arms and horsemanship they already possess, will render them doubly dangerous in case of a revolt. After their seven years' service, they may perhaps think fit to join Abd-el-Kader, or any other leader then warring against the French. It is want of proper discipline that has rendered the Arab cavalry unable to compete successfully with that of

France. They charge tumultuously and with little order, each man relying much upon himself individually, but doing little to aid the combined effect of the mass.

Might not conversion to Christianity be made a powerful lever for the civilisation of the tribes? They entertain a degree of respect for the Catholic priests scarcely inferior to that shown to their own marabouts. Abd-el-Kader has more than once released a prisoner, without ransom, at the prayer of the Bishop of Algiers. Near the last-named city, some French Jesuits have formed an establishment for the education, in the Christian faith, of young Arabs and Moors. There, as the author of "Algeria in 1845" informs us, a certain number of youths, after being baptized, are fed, clothed, lodged, and instructed in some trade. The French government pays little attention to this establishment, which is supported chiefly by charitable contributions. "It is, however, a great work of civilisation. The young pupils are hostages in the hands of the French. It is pretty certain that their fathers, brothers, and relations, will not join the rebels. When they leave this establishment, they will carry with them indelible feelings of gratitude. They will have an occupation, they will speak the French language, and will be of the same religion as their masters."

Exclusive of the army, Frenchmen form less than half of the European population of Algeria. After them come Spaniards, who are very numerous; then Maltese and Italians; and finally, a small number of Germans, barely five per cent of the whole. The Spaniard, although often taxed with idleness and dislike to labour, here proves himself an industrious and valuable colonist: the Maltese travels from village to village with his little stock of merchandise; the German tills the ground. In the neighbourhood of Algiers, things have a very European aspect; and the Arabs themselves, from constant intercourse with the city, have lost much of their nationality. The appearance of a flourishing colony is, however, confined to this district. Little progress has as yet been made in rebuilding the other towns,

although in most of them the work of improvement is begun, and the narrow dirty streets are being pulled down to make room for wider avenues and more commodious houses. In some of them the only buildings as yet erected are barracks and hospitals. The seaport town of Bona, bordering on the regency of Tunis, is an exception. In 1832 it was reduced to ruins by the troops of the Bey of Constantina, under command of Ben Aïssa. It is now rebuilding on the European plan. A large square, with a fountain, has been laid out in its centre, and several well-built streets are completed. The town already boasts of an opera, with an Italian company, who are assisted by amateurs, chiefly Germans, from the ranks of the foreign legion.

The Algerine Jews attribute their first arrival in Africa to a miracle, of which we find the following version in Count St Marie's book. In the year 1390, Simon-ben-Sinia, chief rabbi of Seville, and sixty of his co-religionists were imprisoned, and condemned to die, the object being to get possession of their wealth. On the eve of the day fixed for their execution, Simon drew the image of a ship on his prison wall. The drawing was miraculously changed into a real vessel, on board of which the prisoners embarked for Algiers, where they were kindly received by the Marabout Sidi Ben Yusef. This tradition is still an article of faith, even with the most enlightened of the Jews. In whatever manner they came, they have increased and multiplied, and now abound in all the towns of Algeria. Preserving the characteristics of their race, they differ little from their European brethren; or, if there be any difference, it is not much in their favour. Their moral condition is low; and although some honourable and honest men are found amongst them, the majority are of a very different stamp. They are charitable to their poor, and hospitable to their own people, and are generally well conducted; but their insatiable and inherent greed leads them into all sorts of disgraceful transactions. They have been immense gainers by the expulsion of the Deys, under whose rule they were subjected to much oppression

and ill usage. "Their condition is now vastly ameliorated, and I have even heard complaints of their insolence; a very extraordinary charge against a race so tamed and broken in spirit. The French, I fear, can place but little reliance on their courage in occasions of danger." The Jewish women, when young, are for the most part strikingly handsome; and the boys are models of beauty until the age of ten or eleven years, when their features grow coarse. Education is confined to the males.

The taming of savage animals is no uncommon amusement amongst the French in Algeria; and the most extraordinary and alarming pets are encountered not only in officers' quarters but in ladies' drawing-rooms. At Medeah, Captain Kennedy was introduced to a magnificent lion, the property of General Marey, Sultan by name, two years old, and of a most amiable and docile disposition. Sultan allowed himself to be examined and pulled about, and did not even exhibit anger, but some annoyance, when an aide-de-camp puffed a cigar in his nostrils—a pleasantry which we are disposed to consider fool-hardy. The only thing that excited his ire was a Scotch plaid worn by Captain Kennedy. It was supposed that the hanging ends reminded him of an Arab bournous, to which he had shown great aversion, having probably been ill-treated in his infancy by the Arabs who caught him. Notwithstanding his good temper, the general intended to get rid of him, fearing that in the long run instinct might prove stronger than education. Besides the lion, General Marey had an unhappy-looking eagle, and a pair of beautiful gazelles. Count St Marie abounds in anecdotes of ferocious beasts in a state of civilisation. One of the first acquaintances he made in Algiers was a tame hyena, of most unamiable aspect, but who lived in touching amity with a little dog, and did the civil for lumps of sugar. At Bona, the count went to call upon some ladies, and, on opening the door, beheld a brace of lions walking about the room. He shut himself out with great precipitation, but was presently reassured by the fair proprietresses of these singular favourites. When

he ventured into the saloon, and sat down, the lion laid his head upon his knee, and the lioness jumped on the divan beside her mistress. These brutes were seven years old. Lions are not very common in Algeria. Now and then they approach the douars, greatly to the alarm of the Arabs, who hasten to inform the French authorities, and a battue takes place. Accidents generally happen at these lion-hunts: Count St Marie affirms that there are always three or four lives lost, to say nothing of wounds and other serious injuries. Whilst passing the night in an Arab encampment at the entrance of the Bibans or Iron Gates—the scene of much hard fighting, and of a gallant exploit of the late Duke of Orleans—the count was roused, he informs us, in the dead of the night, “by a noise which appeared to me like a distant peal of thunder, repeated and prolonged by the mountain echoes. Gradually the noise became louder. The animals sprang from their resting-places, and the men, armed with muskets, rushed out of the tents. The oxen grouped themselves together, and turned their horns to the enemy; the dogs were afraid even to bark. Presently the roaring became less frequent and more distant; and we found that we had been saved from the unwelcome visit of a lion, by the light of the burning brushwood on the neighbouring hills.” The boar and the jackal are more common and less dangerous objects of chase than the lion. Some of the rich colonists and many of the officers are ardent sportsmen. Two of the former have regular packs of hounds and studs of horses. Hares, rabbits, and red partridges are very common.

The horse has greatly degenerated in Algeria, owing chiefly to the neglect of the Arabs, who consider the choice of the dam to be alone important, and pay no attention to the qualities of the sire. The French government has recently established stables near Bona, with a view to the improvement of the breed; the stud is to consist of stallions only. There are to be similar establishments in the other two provinces. So great is the demand for the better class of horses, that the Arabs obtain very high prices

for their stallions, which they willingly sell, but they will not part with the mares. Every year, therefore, it becomes more difficult to propagate a good breed. Officers have now been sent to Tunis to make purchases, at a limit of eighty pounds sterling for each horse. This price, Captain Kennedy says, ought to buy the best horses in the country. Although less numerous than formerly, splendid specimens of the Barbary Arab are still to be met with in Algeria. Captain Kennedy describes, in glowing terms, a magnificent charger belonging to General Marey, purchased by that officer at a high price, and after a long negotiation, from a wealthy chief in the south-west. M. St Marie says, that he knew a Morocco horse to perform fifty leagues in eleven hours, without turning a hair or showing a trace of the spur. Assuming him to speak of the common three-mile league, or even of the old French posting league, which was something less, this statement appears incredible. Thirteen miles and a half an hour! Dick Turpin himself, upon his famous mare, would have recoiled before such a pace sustained for such a time. The rate of marching of the Arabs, however, from Captain Kennedy's evidence, is very rapid. The infantry do their fifteen or twenty leagues in the twenty-four hours—the cavalry from thirty to forty-five—the *meharies* (so say the Arabs) from fifty to eighty. This is when the tribes are on the war-path, making razzias upon each other's flocks and camps, when it may be supposed that they put on a little extra steam. The *mehary* is an inferior race of camel, with a small hump, and possessed of considerable strength and spirit, carrying a couple of men. It keeps up for the whole day at about the same speed as the ordinary trot of a horse. Its diet is herbs and date kernels. The horses of the Sahara thrive best upon dates and milk; few of them get barley; and they are sometimes reduced, when no other food is obtainable, to eat cooked meat.

Amongst the most determined enemies of the French in Africa, are to be enumerated the Kabyles, tribes dwelling in the ranges of the Lesser Atlas, from Tunis to Morocco. Of

different race from the Arabs, they are believed to be the aboriginal inhabitants of Northern Africa. Secure in their wild valleys, they have ever preserved their independence. Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Arabs, all failed to subdue them; and, although some of the tribes, whose territory is the least inaccessible, are now partially under the rule of the French, the maritime range, from the east of the Metidjah to Philippeville, remains unconquered. Their numbers are inconsiderable, roughly estimated at eighty thousand. This would give a fighting population of at most from sixteen to twenty thousand men; but that small force has been found efficient to preserve from foreign domination the almost impregnable fastnesses in which they dwell. Although the tribes wage frequent war amongst themselves, a common enemy unites them all. The attachment of the Kabyles to their country and tribe is remarkable. Like the Swiss, or the Spanish Galicians, they are accustomed to wander forth when young, and seek their fortune in other lands. Kabyle servants and labourers are found in all the towns and villages of Northern Africa. But if they learn that their tribe is threatened or at war, they abandon their situations, however advantageous, and hasten home, and to arms. They are very brave, but barbarously cruel, giving no quarter, and torturing their prisoners before cutting off their heads.

Their weapons are guns six or seven feet long, pistols, and yataghans, chiefly of their own manufacture, and the materials for which are found in their mountains, where they work mines of copper, lead, and iron. In their rude way, and considering the badness of their tools, they are tolerably ingenious. Amongst other things, they make counterfeit five-franc pieces, sufficiently well executed to take in the less knowing amongst the Arabs. Their industry is great, and, besides the valleys, they cultivate the steep mountain sides, forming terraces by means of walls, such as are seen in the vineyards on the Rhine and in Switzerland. Possessing few horses, they usually fight on foot; and in the plain, their untutored courage is unable to withstand the discipline

of the French troops. Their charges are furious but disorderly; and when beaten back, they disperse to rally again at a distance. In the mountains, where the advantages of military organization have less weight, they are sturdy and dangerous foes, fighting on the guerilla plan, disputing each inch of ground, and disappearing from before their enemy only to fall with redoubled fierceness upon his flank or rear. No foreigners can penetrate into their country, and even Arabs run great risk amongst them. Not long ago, Captain Kennedy informs us, a party of Arab traders, suspected by the Kabyles of being in the French interest, were murdered to a man. Most of them understand and speak the Arabic, but they have also a language of their own, called the Shilla or Sherwia, whose derivation it has hitherto been impossible to discover. They profess Islamism, but mix up with it many superstitions of their ancestors, and ascribe certain virtues to the symbol of the cross, which they use as a talisman and tattoo upon their persons. "It would seem from this," observes Captain Kennedy, "that at least the outward forms of the early Christians had at one period penetrated into the heart of their mountains." That, however, like all that relates to the early history of the Kabyles, is enveloped in doubt and obscurity.

A barbarous practice, prevalent in Algeria before the French invasion, is still, Count St Marie tells us, adhered to by the Kabyles. The amputation of a limb, instead of being surgically performed, is effected by a blow of a yataghan. The stump is then dipped into melted pitch, to stop the bleeding. The barber is the usual operator. Until the French came, regular physicians and surgeons were unknown in Algeria.

Besides the Zouaves already referred to, the French have raised various other corps expressly for African service. Conspicuous amongst these are two regiments of light cavalry, composed of picked men, and known as the "Chasseurs d'Afrique." They are mounted on Arab horses; and in order to obtain a sufficient supply, each tribe has to furnish a horse as part of its yearly tribute.

The arms of the Chasseurs are carbine, sabre, and pistols; their equipment is light; their uniform plain, and well suited to the nature of the service. Wherever engaged, they have greatly distinguished themselves, and are proportionably esteemed in the army of Africa. The reputation of the Spahis stands less high. These consist of four regiments of native cavalry, under the command of the Arab general Yussuf, whose history, as related by M. St Marie, is replete with romantic incident. It has been said that he is a native of the island of Elba, and was captured, when yet a child, by a Tunisian corsair. Sold to the Bey, he was placed as a slave in the seraglio, and there remained until an intrigue with his master's daughter compelled him to seek safety on board a French brig, then about to join the fleet destined to attack Algiers. He made the first campaign as interpreter to the general-in-chief. His talents and heroic courage rapidly advanced him, and when the first regiment of Spahis was raised, he was appointed its colonel. Previously to that, he had rendered great services to the French, especially at Bona, when that town was attacked by Ben Aïssa. Landing from a brig of war with Captain d'Armaudy and thirty sailors, he threw himself into the citadel, then garrisoned by the Turkish troops of Ibrahim, the former Bey of Constantina, who professed to hold the town for the French government, but had left his post. The Turks rose against their new leaders, and would have murdered them, but for the energy of Yussuf, who killed two ringleaders with his own hand, and then, heading the astounded mutineers, led them against the besiegers, who were totally defeated. The exterior of this dashing chief is exceedingly elegant and prepossessing. When at Paris he was called "*le beau Yussuf*," and caused quite a *furor*, especially among the fair sex. His portrait may still be seen in the various print-shops, side by side with Lamoricière, Bugeaud, and the other "great guns" of the "*Armée d'Afrique*."

The first Foreign Legion employed by the French in Africa was transferred to Spain in 1835, and there used up, almost to a man. Another has since been raised, composed of men of

all countries—Poles, Belgians, Germans of every denomination, a few Spanish Carlists, and even two or three Englishmen; the legion, like most corps of the same kind, is remarkable for the reckless valour and bad moral character of its members. The Polish battalion is the best and most distinguished. The others are not to be trusted; and only a very severe system of punishments preserves something like discipline in their ranks, where adventurers, deserters, and escaped criminals are the staple commodity. Bad as they are, they are eclipsed by the condemned regiments, known by the slang name of "*Les Zephyrs*." These are punished men, considered ineligible to serve again in their former regiments, and who are put together on the principle of there being no danger of contagion where all are infected. A taught hand is kept over them; they are insubordinate in quarters, but dare-devils in the field. It will easily be imagined that the duties assigned to these convict battalions are neither the most agreeable nor the least perilous. At present, however, a detachment is employed on no unpleasant service, the care of an experimental military farm, near the camp of El Arrouch, in the district of Constantina. Here they cultivate a considerable tract of land, both farm and garden, breed cattle, and supply the colonists with seeds, fruit-trees, and so forth. Workshops are attached to the farm, for the manufacture of agricultural implements. The men who work as artisans receive three-pence, and the field labourers three halfpence, in addition to their daily pay. "Since the commencement of the experiment," says Captain Kennedy, "the offences that have been committed bear but a small proportion to those that formerly occurred during a similar period in garrison." In these days of reform in our military system, might not some hints be taken from such innovations as these? If employment is found to diminish crime amongst a troop of convicts, it might surely be expected to do as much in regiments to which no stigma is attached, and the vices of whose members are often solely to be attributed to idleness and its concomitant temptations.

Of few men so largely talked of, and so justly celebrated, is so little positively known as of Abd-el-Kader. The contradictory accounts obtained from the tribes, the narratives of prisoners, who, from their very condition, were precluded from gathering other than partial and uncertain information, compose all the materials hitherto afforded for the history of this remarkable chieftain. Even his age is a matter of doubt, and has been variously stated, although it appears probable that he is now about forty years old. Seeing the great difficulty of obtaining authentic information, Captain Kennedy has abstained from more than a brief reference to the Emir. At the period of his visit, Abd-el-Kader was not in the field, and his whereabouts was very vaguely known—the French believing him to be “somewhere on the frontiers of Morocco.” In the absence, therefore, of trustworthy data, and of opportunities of personal observation, the captain says little on the subject. His reserve is unimitated by M. St Marie, who not only gives a detailed account of the Arab sultan, but prefixes to his book a portrait of that personage, with whom he claims to have had an interview. As regards the portrait, it may be as much like Abd-el-Kader as any other of the half-dozen we have met with, no two of which bore any similitude to each other. The account of the interview is rather marvellous. During his stay in the city of Algiers, M. St Marie

went to breakfast with a young Belgian acquaintance, and found an Arab seated in his friend's room, smoking a pipe. Refreshments were offered to the stranger, and, whilst he discussed them, the count had an opportunity of studying his countenance. He was struck with the dignity of his manner and deportment, and with his air of intellectual superiority, and was given to understand that he was sheik of a tribe friendly to the French. Breakfast over, the Arab departed. Two days afterwards, M. St Marie met his Belgian entertainer. “You were very fortunate the other day,” said the latter; “the Arab whom you saw, when breakfasting with me, was no other than the Emir himself.” And he proceeded to relate how Abd-el-Kader had entered the city with a party of peasants, carrying some chickens, which he sold in the marketplace, to prevent suspicion of his real character. He pledged his word to the truth of this statement, of whose accuracy the count appears satisfied. His readers will possibly be more incredulous. As a traveller's story, the “yarn” may pass muster, and is, perhaps, not much out of place in the book where it is found. With it we conclude our notice of the rival “Algerias.” Those who desire further details of Bedonin douars and French encampments, of camels and Kabyles, razzias and the like, may seek and find them in the chronicle of the English captain, and the varied, but less authentic pages of the foreign count.

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE AND LIVE IN IT.

No. II.

WE spent last Sunday at Figgins's at Brixton, No. 2, Albert Terrace, Woodbine Lane. A hearty fellow: good glass of port: prime cigar: smug box in the garden: and a bus every five minutes at the end of the road: a regular A.1. place for a Sunday out, and home again in an hour and a half to our paradise at —; but we are not going to give you our address, or we should be pestered to death with your visits. Suffice it to say that Figgins's is a good specimen of a citizen's villa near London. Now, there are several kinds of villas: there is the villa near London, and the villa not near: there is the villa in a row, and the detached villa: there is your lodge, and your park, and your grange, and your cottage *ornée*; and best of all, in our opinion, there is—what is neither the one nor the other of all these—there is the plain old-fashioned country-house:—once a cottage, then a farm, then a gentleman's house: irregular, odd, picturesque, unpretending, comfortable, and convenient. But Figgins's is a new slap-up kind of affair; built within the last two years, and uniting in itself all the last improvements and the most recent elegancies. He has settled himself in a neighbourhood quite the genteelst of that genteel district: for, though merchants and men of yesterday, so to speak, the people of Albert Terrace show that they have respect for the good times of yore, and they admire the character of the fine old English gentleman: they pride themselves, moreover, on being a steady set of people, and they show their respect for things ancient even in the outward arrangements of their dwellings. Thus you enter each of the twenty little gardens surrounding each of the twenty little detached houses, through gates with Norman pillars at their sides, that would have done honour to Durham or Canterbury. while the wooden barriers themselves are none of your radical innovations on the Greek style, nor any

of your old impious fox-hunting five-bars, but beautiful pieces of fretwork, copied from the stalls of Exeter Cathedral, painted so nicely in oak, and so well varnished, that Stump the painter must have out-stumped himself in their execution. Once within the gate, however, and the connecting wall—capped, we ought to have said, with a delicious Elizabethan cornice—all Gothic formality ends for the while; and you are lost in astonishment at the serpentine meanderings, the flowing lines, and the thousand attractions of the garden. An ill-natured friend, who went with us, took objection at the weeping ash, in the middle of the circular grass-plot in front of the door; but he altered his mind in the evening, when he found the chairs ranged under its sociable branches—and the Havannahs and sherry-coblers crowding the little table made to fit round the central stem. 'Twas a wrinkle that which he was not up to:—he was a Goth—a cockney. Figgins, though a Londoner, knows what's what, in matters of that kind; and shows his good taste in such a practical combination of the *utile* with the *dulce*. On either side of the house, the pathways ran off with the most mysterious windings among the rhododendrons and lilac bushes, and promised a glimpse of better things in the garden behind, when we should have passed through our host's *atrium*, *aula*, *porticus*, and *viridarium*. Figgins's house has its main body, or *corps de logis*, composed of two little bits of wings, and a wee little retiring centre—the former have their gables capped with the most elaborate "barge-boards," as the architects term them, all fretwork and filigree, and swell out below into bay windows, with battlements at top big enough for Westminster Abbey. The centre has a narrow and exceedingly Gothic doorway, and one tiny bit of a window over it, through which no respectably-sized mortal has any chance

of getting his head: and again over this is a goodly shield, large enough to contain the blazoned arms of all the Figginses. The builder has evidently gone upon the plan of making the most of his design in a small compass; but he has committed the absurdity first of allowing subsidiary parts to become principals, and then of making the ornaments more important than the spaces: thus the centre is squeezed to death like a nut in a pair of crackers, and battlements, boards, and shield "engross us whole," by the obtrusiveness of their size and workmanship. Nevertheless, this façade, such as it is, struck us as beating Johnson's house, in Paragon Place, all to nothing: there was something like the trace of an idea in it, there was an aim, or a pretension, at something: whereas the other is really nothing at all, and its appearance indicates absolute vacuity in the central cerebral regions of its inventor. Figgins has two good rooms on the ground floor, a lobby and staircase between them, to keep the peace between their occupants, three good bed-rooms on his first, and four very small ones up amongst his gables: add to which, that he boasts of what he calls his future dressing-room, but what his wife says is to be her boudoir—we forget where—but somewhere up the stairs. All this again is much better than the Paragon Place plan—it shows that men recover somewhat of their natural good sense when they get into country air.

Figgins has not got a great deal of room in his villa, it is true; but he and his nineteen neighbours are all suitably lodged; and when they all go up to the Bank every morning in the same omnibus, can congratulate themselves on emerging each from his own undivided territory; or when they all come down again in the afternoon, each in a different vehicle—(you never meet the same faces in the afternoon that you do in the morning trip: we know not why, but so it is, and the fact should be signalized to the Statistical Society)—they can each perambulate their own eighth of an acre with their hands under their coat-tails in solemn dignity; or their wife, while awaiting their arrival, and listening to

the beef-steaks giving an extra fiz, wanders round and round again, or, like Virgil's crow,

"Secum sola magnâ spatiatur arenâ."

If Figgins had but insisted on having the back of his residence plastered and painted to look more natural than stone, the same as the front—or, better still, if his ambition could have contented itself with the plain unsophisticated original brick, we should say nothing against his taste—'tis peculiar certainly, but he's better off than Johnson.

On the opposite side of Woodbine Lane, some wretch of a builder is going to cut off the view of the Albert Terrace people all over the narrow field, as far as the brick kilns, by erecting a row of contiguous dwellings some three or four storeys high, besides garrets, and they are to be in the last Attic style imported. One word is enough for them: the man who knowingly and voluntarily goes out of town to live in a house in a row, like those lines of things in the Clapham Road or at Hammersmith, deserves to be sent with his house to "eternal smash;" he is an animal below the range of æsthetics, and is not worth remonstrating with.

One of these next days, when we take our hebdomadal excursion, we intend going to see old Lady de Courtain at Lowlands Abbey, near——; you can get to it in about twenty minutes by the Great Western. It is no abbey in reality, you know; there never was any Foundation on the spot further than what Sam Curtain, when he was an upholsterer in Finsbury, and before he got knighted, had laid down in the swampy meadow which he purchased, and thus bequeathed to his widow: but it's all the same; it looks like an abbey;—that is to say, there are plenty of turrets, and the windows have all labels over their heads, and there are two Gothic conservatories, and two Gothic lodges at each of the two Gothic gates; and there is a sham ruin at the end of the "Lake:" and if this is not as good as a real abbey, we should like to know what is. Old Lady de Courtain was perfectly justifi-

fied in Normanizing her name and her house:—why should she not? she had plenty of money: had she been a man, she could have bought a seat for half a dozen boroughs, and might even have gone a step higher; but, as it is, she has married her eldest daughter to the eldest son of Sir Thomas Humburg, a new Whig baronet; and she calls her house as she pleases. We applaud the old lady's spirit; she has two other daughters still on the stocks, and she gives good dinners; we shall certainly go and patronize her. Comfort for comfort, we are not quite sure but that we had rather take up our quarters with John Bold, Esq., at Hazel House, on the top of the hill opposite. It is quite a different-looking mansion, and yet the rooms are laid out nearly on the same plan: in the one all is Gothic, in the other all is classic: one is be-fretted, and be-pinnacled, and be-shafted, and be-buttressed; but the other has a good plain Tuscan portico, like St Paul's in Covent-Garden—plain windows wide and high, at enormous distances from each other—sober chimney-pots, that look as if they were really meant to be smoked, and not a single gimcrack or fanciful device any where about the building. It's only a brick house plastered, after all; but it has a certain air of ease and comfort and respectability about it, that corresponds to a nicety with the character of its worthy inmate. If the door were wide enough, you might turn a coach and pair in the dining-room; there is a good, wide, low-stepped staircase; you may come down it four-a-breast, and four steps at a time, if you like—and if it were well behaved so to do, but it isn't; and your bedroom would make two of Figgins's drawing-rooms, lobby and all. The house always looks to us as if it would last longer than Lady de Courtain's; and so we think it will; just as we doubt not but that honest John Bold's dirty acres will be all in their proper places when Lady de C.'s three per cents shall be down at forty-two again, and her houses in the city shall be left empty by their bankrupt tenants. They live, too, in a very different way, and in widely distinct circles: at the Abbey you meet many an ex-civic notoriety, and many a

rising hope of Lombard Street: it is a perpetual succession of dinners, dances, and picnics: at the House you are sure to be introduced to some sober-faced, top-booted, elderly gentleman or other, and to one or two rotund black-skirted individuals; and you find a good horse at your service every morning, or the keeper is ready for you in proper time and season; and sometimes the county member calls in, or a quorum of neighbouring magistrates sit there in solemn conclave. One is the house of to-day, the other of yesterday: one keeps up the reminiscences of the town, and of a peculiar part of the town, rather too strongly; the other actually smells of the country, and, though so near the metropolis, has nothing with it in common. Their owners, when they go to town, live, one in the Regent Park, the other in Park Lane.

Another acquaintance of ours—and this we will say that we are proud of being known to him—dwells in an old-fashioned gloomy house at Peter-sham. It is a respectable old gentleman in a brown coat, black shorts, white waistcoat, and a pigtail; and is a member of the Royal Society as well as of the Society of Antiquarians. The house in question suits him, and he suits the house; it was built in the time of that impudent intriguing Dutchman who came over here and drove out his uncle and *beau-père*; and it accordingly possesses all the heavy dignity of the Dutch houses of that period. The windows are pedimented and cased with mouldings; they are lofty and sufficiently numerous; the doorway has two cherubs flying, with cabbages and roses round the shell that hangs over it; and the lawns are still cut square, and have queer-shaped beds and parterres. There is something dignified and solemn in the very bricks of the mansion, wearing as they do a more regular and sombre hue of red than the dusty-looking things of the present day; and when you once get into the spacious rooms, all floored and panelled with oak, you feel a glow of veneration for olden times—though not for *those* times—that you cannot define, but which is nevertheless excessively pleasing. While sitting in the well-stored library of this man-

sion, you expect to see Addison walking in at the one door, and Swift at another; and you are not quite sure but that you may have to meet Bolingbroke at dinner, and take a glass of wine with Prior or Pope. There are numberless large cupboards all over the place; you could sit inside any of the fireplaces, if the modern grates were, as we wish them, removed: and as for opening or slamming a door in a hurry, it is not to be done; they are too heavy; no such impertinences can ever be tolerated in such a residence. And then our friend himself—we could tell you such a deal about him, but we are writing about houses, not men—you must go and get introduced to him yourself. Let it be put down in your pocket memoranda, whenever you hear of a house of this kind to let, either take it yourself or recommend somebody else whom you have a regard for to do so. It is not a handsome, stylish kind of house; but it is one of the right sort to live in.

Very little is to be said in blame, much in praise, of the majority of English country gentlemen's houses; if atrocities of taste be committed any where, it is principally near the metropolis, where people are only half-and-half rural, or rather are of that *rus-in-urbe* kind, that is in its essence thoroughly cockney. There is every variety of mansion throughout the land, every combination of style, and more often the absence of all style at all; and in most cases the houses, at least the better kind of them, are evidently made to suit the purposes of the dweller rather than the architect. This ought to be the true rule of building for all dwellings, except in the cases of those aristocratic palaces or *châteaux* where the public character of the owner requires a sacrifice of private convenience to public dignity. Houses that are constructed in accordance with the requirements of those that are to live in them, and that are suited to the exigencies of their ground and situation, are sure to please longer, and to gratify the taste of a greater number of persons, than those which are the mere embodyings of an architect's portfolio. This, however, requires that the principles of the architect should

be allowed to vary from the strict proportions of the classic styles;—or rather, that he should be allowed to copy the styles of civil architecture, whether of Greece or Rome, or of ancient Europe. The fault hitherto has been, that designers of houses have taken all their ideas, models, and measurements from the religious rather than the civil buildings of antiquity; and that they have thought the capitals of the Jupiter Stator more suited to an English gentleman's residence than the capricious yet elegant decorations of a villa at Pompeii. In the same way, until very lately, those who call themselves "Gothic Architects" have been putting into houses windows from all the cathedrals and monasteries of the country, but have seldom thought of copying the more suitable details of the many mansions and castellated houses that still exist. Better sense and better taste are now beginning to prevail, and we observe excellent houses rising around us. Of these, by far the larger proportion are in the styles of the Middle Ages; and for this reason, that the architects who practise in those styles have a wider field to range in for their models, and have also more thoroughly emancipated themselves from their former professional thralldom. There is also a very decided reaction in the public taste in favour of the arts of the Middle Ages, or rather let us say, in favour of a style of national architecture;—and as the Greek and Roman styles have little to connect them with the historical associations of an Englishman's mind, they have fallen into comparative disfavour. For one purely classic house now erected, there are three or four Gothic. The worst of it is, however, that from the low state into which architecture had fallen by the beginning of the present century, and even for some time afterwards, there has been no sufficient space and opportunity for creating a number of good architects adequate to meet the demands of the public; and hence, the greatest barbarisms are being daily perpetrated, even with the best intentions of doing the correct thing, both on the part of the man who orders a building, and of him who builds. Architecture is a science not to be acquired in a day, nor by inspiration;—

nor will the existence of one eminent man in that profession immediately cause a hundred others of the same stamp to rise up around him. On the contrary, it requires a long course of scientific study, and of actual scientific practice; it demands that a great quantity of traditionary precepts be kept up, and handed down from master to pupil through many generations of students and practitioners: it requires the accumulation of an enormous number of good instances and examples; and in most cases it is to be polished by long foreign travel. Now, all this cannot be accomplished in an impromptu, off-hand manner: the profession of architecture requires to be raised and kept up at a certain height of excellence through many long years: it is like the profession of medicine, of law, or the study of all scientific matters: when once the school of architecture declines, the practice of it declines in the same ratio, and the resuscitation of it becomes a work of considerable time. Such a regenerating of architecture is going on amongst us: comparatively more money is now laid out on buildings than at any preceding period for the last hundred years: our architects are becoming more scientific and more accomplished: the profession is occupying a higher rank than it has lately done; and we may, therefore, hope for an increasing proportion of satisfactory results. If only the public eye be cultivated and refined in a similar degree, we may reasonably expect that some beautiful and notable works will be executed.

Not, however, to launch forth into the wide question of architectural fitness and beauty, we will confine our observations to two special topics; one concerning the ornamentation of architectural objects, the other concerning the materials used in private dwellings.

Thank goodness for it! but people are now beginning to see rather further than six inches beyond their noses, and to find out that if they adopt ornament as the starting point, and usefulness as the goal of their architectural course, they are likely to end in the committing of some egregious folly. Private persons are

more convinced of this truth than public ones; and the unprofessional crowd more than professed architects. In the one case, as ornament costs dear, the pocket puts an effectual drag on the vagaries of taste; whereas, in the other, public money is most commonly spent without any virtual control: and again, all architects are liable to descend to the prettinesses of their profession rather than abide by the great qualities of properly balanced proportion and design. A bad architect, too, is always seeking after ornament to conceal his mistakes of construction. In private houses, therefore, the superabundance of bad ornament that was adopted after a period of its almost total disuse is now giving way to a moderate employment of it; but, in public buildings, the rage for covering blank spaces, and for getting rid of sharp edges or corners, still continues. Persons who have not inquired practically into the matter can hardly believe how very meagre is the stock of ornament with which nine architects out of ten set up in their trade; looking at what they usually employ in the Greek or Roman style, we observe that the details are generally debased clumsy copies of antiques, jumbled together with much incongruity, and commonly altered in proportions. We do not apply this to capitals and bases, which are now worked with tolerable precision, though even in these we observe a heaviness of hand and eye that detracts greatly from their effect; we refer more particularly to mouldings, and to the decoration of cornices and friezes. Any one who has visited the galleries of the Vatican, or wandered over the Acropolis of Athens, will recollect the broad freedom and spirit with which the most graceful details are treated, and the total absence of stiffness or heaviness in any of the designs; whereas, whoever takes the trouble of lounging about London must prepare his eye for that overload of thick heavy ornament which characterises what is now called the English style. The foliage of Greece and Italy was well worked in those countries, because the objects represented by the architectural sculptor were familiar to his own and to the public eye; his own eye committed no blunder, nor

would the public eye have tolerated it. In the application, too, of the human form to sculptured ornament, the proportions and harmonies of the body were too well known and felt to allow of any egregious errors taking place; hence, even in the decorating a frieze, the wonderful taste and skill of the Greek and Roman artists fully appear; whereas, in the hands of the English sculptor, such objects are purely mythical—he knows them only by imagination, not by reality, and he properly designates them as “fancy objects.” Hence their clumsiness, their heaviness, and their incongruity. In all the ordinary details of modern common house-building, the mouldings and enrichments ordinarily used are of a very poor description; decorators lived for a long time on the slender stores of the puerile and meretricious embellishments adopted from the French, and translated, if we may so say, for the use of the English public;—they had lost the boldness and originality which made the style of Louis XIV. tolerable, or rather agreeable; and they had substituted in its place the poorest and the cheapest kind of details that could be worked. Let any one go and find out a house in London, built between 1780 and 1810, and he will instantly remark the meagreness of which we are speaking. Grosvenor Square and the adjacent streets abound with houses of this kind; so does Portland Place. Carlton House was one of the most notable examples. In the stead of this, after the war, came in a flood of Greek ornament; every thing Roman was thrown aside; all was to be either Doric or Attic, with an occasional admixture of the Egyptian: the Greek zig-zag, the Greek honey-suckle and acanthus, Doric flutings and flat bands for cornices, swarmed all over the land. Many an honest builder must have broken his heart on the occasion, for his old ornament-books were no longer of use; and he had, as it were, to learn his trade all over again. From poor Batty Langley, with his five orders of Gothic architecture, who was the type of architects towards the end of the last century, down to Nash, Smirke, and Wilkins, who had it all their own way at the beginning of the present, such was

the commutation and revolution of ornamental propriety. These styles were not the only ones that had to go through changes of accessory parts, and to suffer from the caprices of those that dressed them up for public exhibition: the revivers of the mediæval styles, the new and old Gothic men, ran also their race of absurdity and clumsy invention. It was long—very long, before they could make any approach towards a proper understanding of the spirit of their predecessors: all was to them a thorough mystery: and it is actually only within the last ten years that any tolerable accuracy has been attained in such matters. Norman capitals used to be put on shafts of the 15th century, and perpendicular corbels used in early English buildings: as for the tracery of windows, it was “confusion worse confounded”—architects there ran quite mad. In these classes of ornamental forms, the faults of awkward and ignorant imitators have been equally apparent: for just as English sculptors have made the Greek acanthus and olive twine and enwreath themselves like Dutch cabbages and crab-trees, so the modern Gothics have made their water-lilies, their ivy, their thistle, and their oak-leaves twist and frizzle in praternatural stiffness—while their griffins and heraldic monsters have ramped and regarded and displayed in the most awful and mysterious manner. Gothic decorators, too, fell into the mistake of over-ornamenting their objects far more than the pseudo-classical men did: what used to be called Gothic ornament in 1820—no longer ago than that—is now so intolerable that many an expensive building requires to be re-erected ere it can square with the laws of common sense and good taste. Gothic furniture-makers went wild in their peculiar art; and there are still numberless magnificent drawing-rooms that require to be entirely unfurnished ere their owners can lay claim to any portion of decorative discernment. Eton Hall and Font-hill (while the latter stood) were two notable instances of this lamentable excess of Gothic absurdity. Windsor Castle is by no means free from blame; and in fact there is hardly a Gothic house in England, of modern date,

that does not require the severe hand of the architectural reformer.

To hit the due medium in such matters is not easy; and the reason is, that in architecture we are all imitators, not originators: we are all aiming at renovating old things and restoring old buildings, rather than at inventing new ones; and the result is, that architectural genius and invention are thereby closely cramped and thwarted. To imitate all the details of an old style in the closest manner is indispensable when ancient buildings are to be restored, or when an exact facsimile is to be produced in some new work: but for the ornamental powers of the architect to be perpetually tied down to one set class of forms, is to lower him to the level of a Chinese artist.

Unless we are mistaken, it appears to us that the Greeks imitated nature in her most perfect and abstract forms of beauty: and that they, with their successors the Romans, or rather the later Greeks, sought for beautiful objects as adapted to architectural ornament, wherever they could find them. They were not prevented by any traditional or conventional proprieties from imitating and using the beautiful and the natural wherever they might exist: all the varied forms of nature would have come right to them had they been willing. They seem, however, not to have taken so wide a range as we should have expected; or else their works that have come down to us are so few in number that their choice seems to have been rather restricted. The Middle Age architects also took a wide or rather a free range in the forms of the vegetable and animal world: but they worked with barbarous eyes and stiff hands; nor till the twelfth century do they seem to have arrived at that artistic freedom and correctness which are requisite to interpret and to imitate the multiplex forms of the natural world. As for the human figure, they confined themselves principally to draped forms; and they embodied these with considerable elegance; nevertheless, through all their operations, we trace a want of anatomical knowledge, which not all their ready invention can conceal, and which is scarcely compensated by the value of their

sculpture, as a contemporaneous illustration of mediæval history. Heraldry seems always to have been a mystic and a mythic art; and hence heraldic forms have a certain privilege of caricature and distortion from which it is in vain to try to emancipate them.

Such being the case, it becomes a question—how should modern ornament be composed? In the classic style, are we always to adhere to foreign foliage, foreign animals, and mythological figures: and in the Gothic style, are we always to preserve the same rigidity and distortion which prevailed as long as those styles were in actual practice? We apprehend the true rule of æsthetics in this case to be, as we implied before, that for restorations or exact facsimiles of buildings, whether classical or mediæval, the very form as well as the spirit of the ornaments contemporaneously used in such buildings should be most strictly adopted. An imitation, unless it is an exact one, is good for nothing, as far as architecture is concerned. But should we prevail on ourselves either to depart from these styles, or to carry out their main principles, so as to form a national style of our own—not a fixed one, but a style varying through different ages, suiting itself to the social requirements of each—then we should be prepared, not only to call in the aid of natural beauty to the fullest extent, but also to avail ourselves of all that rich fund of form which results from the extensive use of scientific knowledge, and the investigation of physical curves. There is no reason why such a style, or succession of styles, should not be formed, if the great principles of science and utility be taken as the substructure on which imagination may afterwards raise its enrichment: and, if ever it come into existence, we have the unlimited expanse of the universe to range through in search of beauty and harmony. It is impossible to say what changes the introduction of new mathematical forms may not produce, and produce with good effect: thus the beautiful curve of the catena would not have been known, but for the introduction of suspension bridges. The application of the cycloid is comparatively modern, though the curve

itself is ancient; and the grand effect of the horizontal line was not fully known—despite of Greece and Rome—till our interminable lines of railroad had stretched their lengths across the land. In the same way, our more extended and more intimate knowledge of the animal and vegetable kingdom ought to furnish us with an immense variety of new and beautiful forms of ornament—we do not mean of mythic or fanciful ornament, but of that highest and best kind of decoration, absolute, and yet partial, imitation of nature. Thus, for example, have we a blank space, extending horizontally to a long distance, which we desire to cover with enrichments. We have our choice, either in mathematical forms and combination of forms, such as mediæval architects might have applied, or else we may throw along it wreaths and branches of foliage, peopled with insect life, or enlivened by birds and animals. A succession of simple oak-branches or laurel-leaves, or the shoots of any other common plants, faithfully imitated, and cut into mimic life, from the inanimate stone, would form an ornament of the most effective kind, and would constitute a work of art, being an intelligent and poetical interpretation of natural beauty. In the building of our houses, why should the straight line and sections of the circle be the only lines admissible for doors, windows, and roofs? Why should the Greek and Roman *ovolo*, *cavetto*, and square, be the only combination that we know of in our common mouldings? How much richer were the architects of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, who drew with “free hands,” and gave us such exquisite effects of light and shade! We are firmly persuaded, that an architect, deeply imbued with the scientific principles of his profession, and endowed, at the same time, with the hand and the eye of a skilful artist, may cause a most happy and useful reformation of our national architecture.

In our choice of materials for our common buildings, it appears that we are always struggling with a deficiency of pecuniary means: for we never yet met an architect whose skill was not thwarted, in this re-

spect, by the necessities of his employer. Such a man would have built a splendid palace, only he was not allowed to use stone; another would have made a magnificent hall, had he been able to employ oak instead of deal. Whenever people are so situated that they are restricted in their choice of materials, they should remember that they are immediately limited, both in construction and in decorative forms; and, being so limited, it becomes an absurdity in them to aim at any thing that is unreal, any thing that is in fact beyond their means. This has been one of the curses of all architectural and ornamental art in modern times, that every thing has been imitative, fictitious, sham, make-believe:—brick is stuccoed to look like stone, and fir is painted to look like oak. It is impossible for art to flourish when an imitative object can be accepted in the place of original ones; for when once public taste becomes so much vitiated as to be easily satisfied with cheap copies of the real instead of the real itself, the productive faculties of the artist and the manufacturer take a wrong turn, and go directly to increase rather than diminish the evil. On architecture, the effects of a corrupted national desire for the cheap and the easily made are peculiarly disastrous: this being the least suited of all arts to any thing like deception, since, to be good, it must be essentially real and true. Hence it has arisen, that instead of being content with humble brick, and learning how to convert that material to purposes of ornamentation, the use of stucco and cement has become universal—materials totally unsuited to our country and climate. The decorative portion of architecture has fallen into the same track, and elaborate looking things in plaster, and fifty other substances—in the production of which art has had no share—have come to cover our ceilings and our walls. Had not, indeed, the repairs and erection of public buildings called forth the dormant skill of our workmen, decorative art had long since become extinct amongst us. It may therefore be taken as a fundamental rule in architecture, that the decorations of buildings should be made

either of the same materials as the edifices themselves, or that more costly substances should be combined with the former, and should serve for the decorator to exercise his skill on. Thus the combination of stone with brick, an old-fashioned expedient, is good, because it is justified by all the exigencies of constructive skill, and because it is founded on common sense. Look for what effective buildings may be thus produced at Lincoln's Inn, the Temple, St James's, and several of our colleges in the universities: how intrinsically superior are these to the flimsy shabby buildings of Regent Street and its Park: even old Buckingham House was good in comparison with some of these. Or go to Hampton Court and Kensington, and see how much grandeur may be produced by proportions and well-combined decoration, without any cement, stucco, or paint, to bedizen the walls. If a man cannot be content to adopt plain brick with such instances as these before his eyes, let him travel forth a little, and see what the effect of the great brick buildings is in Holland, or the south-west of France, where the most admirable churches and public edifices are all erected of this material. Sculptured ornament is of course out of the question in such a case as this: nothing but stone will bear the chisel and mallet to produce any effect that shall satisfy the eye and the judgment of the lover of natural beauty.

We protest strongly against all *terra-cotta* imitations of sculptural

forms; but for geometrical figure they are allowable, and their stiffness, if justified by sufficient solidity, will be found highly suitable for buildings of such a kind.

Whenever the means of the employer are ample enough, let him make up his mind to sink a little additional capital, and build a good stone house, that shall last him and his family for a couple of centuries, instead of a rickety edifice, that can endure for only a couple of generations. And, in this case, let him call in the decorative aid of the architect, to whatever amount his taste dictates. Ornament, to be effective, need not be abundant; it should be employed sparingly rather than the contrary; and, if kept in its proper place, and limited to its due purposes, it will reward its owner's eye, and will prove a permanent source of artificial satisfaction. Good stone-work without, and good oak-work within, will make a house that a prince may live in. A good house, well built and well decorated, is like a good coat—there is some pleasure in wearing it; it will last long, and look well the whole time; it will bear reparation; and (though we cannot say the same of any short-cut, upper Benjamin, or jacket we ever wore—we wish we could) it will always fetch the price given for it. We have plenty of the finest stone and timber within this snug little island of ours, and it is entirely our own fault that we are not one of the best-built people in the universe.

HOW I BECAME A YEOMAN.

CHAPTER I.

HAD the royal army of Israel been accoutred after the colour and fashion of the British battalions, I am quite satisfied that another enigma would have been added by King Solomon to his special list of incomprehensibilities. The extraordinary fascination which a red coat exercises over the minds and optics of the fair sex, appears to me a greater phenomenon than any which has been noticed by Goethe in his *Theory of the Development of Colours*. The same fragment of ensanguined cloth will irritate a bull, charm a viper, and bewitch the heart of a woman. No civilian, however good-looking or clean-limbed—and I rather pique myself upon my pins—has the ghost of a chance when opposed in the lists of love to an officer, a mail-guard, a whipper-in, or a postman. You may be as clever a fellow as ever coopered up an article for the *Magazine*, as great a poet as Byron, in beauty an Antinous, in wit a Selwyn, in oratory a Canning—you may dance like Vestris, draw like Grant, ride like Alexander; and yet, with all these accomplishments, it is a hundred chances to one that your black coat, although fashioned by the shears and polished by the goose of Stultz, will be extinguished by the gaudy scarlet habiliments of a raw-boned ensign, emancipated six months ago, for the first time in his life, from the wilderness of a Highland glen, and even now as awkward a cub as ever presumed to plunge into the perils of a polka.

Let no man, nor woman either, consider these observations flummery or verbiage. They are my calm deliberate opinions, written, it is true, under circumstances of considerable irritation, but nevertheless deliberate. I have no love to the army, for I have been sacrificed for a dragoon. My affections have been slighted, my person vilified, my professional prospects damaged, and my constitution fearfully shaken in consequence of this military mania. I have made an idiot of my-

self in the eyes of my friends and relatives. I have absolutely gone upon the turf. I have lost some valuable inches of epidermis, and every bone of my body feels at the present moment as sore as though I were the sole survivor of a terrific railway collision. A more injured individual than myself never mounted upon a three-legged stool, and from that high altitude I now hurl down defiance and anathemas upon the regulars, be they horse or foot, sappers or miners, artillery, pioneers, or marines!

It was my accursed fate to love, and love in vain. I do not know whether it was the eye or the instep, the form or the voice, of Edith Bogle, which first drew my attention, and finally fascinated my regards, as I beheld her swimming swan-like down the Assembly Rooms at the last Waverley Ball. A more beautiful representative of *Die Vernon* could not have been found within the boundary of the three kingdoms. Her rich auburn hair flowed out from beneath the crimson network which strove in vain to confine within its folds that bright luxuriant sea—on her brow there lay one pearl, pure as an angel's tear—and oh! sweet even to bewilderment was the smile that she cast around her, as, resting upon the arm of the moody Master of Ravenswood, she floated away—a thing of light—in the mazy current of the waltz! I shall not dwell now upon the circumstances of the subsequent introduction; on the delicious hour of converse at the supper-table; or on the whispered, and—as I flattered myself—conscious adieux, when, with palpitating heart, I veiled her fair shoulders with the shawl, and felt the soft pressure of her fingers as I tenderly assisted her to her chair. I went home that night a lovesick Writer to the Signet. One fairy form was the sole subject of my dreams, and next morning I woke to the conviction, that without Edith Bogle earth would be a wilderness, and even the

bowers of Paradise damp, chilly, and uncomfortable.

There is no comfort in looking back upon a period when hope was high and unchecked. I have met with men who, in their maudlin moments—usually towards the close of the evening—were actuated by an impulse similar to that which compelled the Ancient Mariner to renew his wondrous tale: and I have heard them on such occasions recount the whole circumstances of their unfortunate wooing with voices choked by grief, and with tears of tender imbecility. I have observed, however, that, on the morrow succeeding such disclosures, these gentlemen have invariably a shy and sheepish appearance, as though inwardly conscious that they had extended their confidence too far, and rather dubious as to the sincerity of their apparent sympathizers. Warned by their example, I hold it neither profitable nor wise to push my own confessions too far. If Edith gave me at the outset more encouragement than she ought to have done—if she systematically led me to believe that I had made an impression upon her heart—if she honoured me with a preference so marked, that it deceived not only myself, but others—let the blame be hers. But why should I go minutely into the courtship of half a year? As difficult, indeed, and as futile, would it be to describe the alternations of an April day, made up of sunshine and of shower, of cloud and rainbow and storm—sometimes mild and hopeful, then ominous of an eve of tempest. For a long time, I had not the slightest suspicion that I had a rival. I remarked, indeed, with somewhat of dissatisfaction, that Edith appeared to listen too complacently to the commonplace flatteries of the officers who are the habitual haunters of private ball and of public assembly. She danced too often with Ensign Corkingham, flirted rather openly with Major Chawser, and certainly had no business whatever to be present at a military fête and champagne luncheon given at the Castle by these brave defenders of their country. I was not invited to that fête, and the circumstance, as I well remember, was the cause of a week's

coolness between us. But it was not until Lieutenant Roper of the dragoons appeared in the field that I felt any particular cause for uneasiness.

To give the devil his due, Roper was a handsome fellow. He stood upwards of six feet in his boots, had a splendid head of curling black hair, and a mustachio and whiskers to match. His nose was beautifully aquiline, his eyes of the darkest hazel, and a perpetual smile, which the puppy had cultivated from infancy, disclosed a box of brilliant dominoes. I knew Roper well, for I had twice bailed him out of the police-office, and, in return, he invited me to mess. Our obligations, therefore, to each other might be considered as nearly equal—in fact, the balance, if any, lay upon his side, as upon one occasion he had won from me rather more than fifty pounds at *carté*. He was not a bad fellow either, though a little slap-dash in his manner, and somewhat supercilious in his cups; on which occasions—and they were not infrequent—he was by far too general in his denunciation of all classes of civilians. He was, I believe, the younger son of a Staffordshire baronet, of good connexions, but no money—in fact, his patrimony was his commission, and he was notoriously on the outlook for an heiress. Now, Edith Bogle was rumoured to have twenty thousand pounds.

Judge then of my disgust, when, on my return from a rent-gathering expedition to Argyleshire, I found Lieutenant Roper absolutely domiciled with the Bogles. I could not call there of a forenoon on my way from the Parliament-House, without finding the confounded dragoon seated on the sofa beside Edith, gabbling away with infinite fluency about the last ball, or the next review, or worsted-work, or some similar abomination. I question whether he had ever read a single book since he was at school, and yet there he sat, misquoting Byron to Edith—who was rather of a romantic turn—at no allowance, and making wild work with passages out of Tom Moore's *Loves of the Angels*. How the dence he got hold of them, I am unable upto this day to fathom. I suspect he had somehow or other possessed himself of a copy of the

"Beauties," and dedicated an hour each morning to committing extracts to memory. Certainly he never opened his mouth without enunciating some rubbish about bulbuls, gazelles, and chibouques; he designated Edith his *Plingari*, and swore roundly by the Koran and Kiebaubs. It was to me perfectly inconceivable how any woman of common intellect could listen to such egregious nonsense, and yet I could not disguise from myself the consciousness of the fact, that Miss Bogle rather liked it than otherwise.

Roper had another prodigious advantage over me. Edith was fond of riding, an exercise to which, from my earliest years, I have had the utmost abhorrence. I am not, I believe, constitutionally timid, and yet I do not know almost any ordeal which I would not cheerfully undergo, to save me from the necessity of passing along a stable behind the heels of half a dozen stationary horses. Who knows at what moment the concealed demon may be awaked within them? They are always either neighing, or pulling at their halters, or stamping, or whisking their tails, in a manner which is absolutely frightful; and it is impossible to predict the exact moment they may select for lashing out, and, it may be, scattering your brains by the force of a hoof most murderously shod with half a hundred-weight of iron. The descent of Hercules to Hades seems to me a feat of mere insignificance compared with the cleaning out of the Augean stables, if, as I presume, the inmates were not previously removed.

Roper, on the contrary, rode like a Centaur, or the late Ducrow. He had several brutes, on one or other of which you might see him every afternoon prancing along Princes Street, and he very shortly contrived to make himself the constant companion of Edith in his daily rides. What took place on these occasions, of course I do not know. It was, however, quite clear to me, that the sooner this sort of thing was put an end to the better; nor should I have cared one farthing had a civil war broke out, if that event could have ensured to me the everlasting absence of the pert and pestilential dragon.

In this dilemma I resolved to make a confidante of my cousin Mary Muggerland. Mary and I were the best possible friends, having flirted together for five successive seasons, with intermissions, on a sort of general understanding that nothing serious was meant, and that either party was at liberty at any time to cry off in case of an extraneous attachment. She listened to the history of my sorrows with infinite complacency.

"I am afraid, George," she said, "that you have no chance whatever: I know Edith well, and have heard her say, twenty times over, that she never will marry any man unless he belongs to the army."

"Then I have been exceedingly ill-used!"

"O fie, George—I wonder at you! Do you think that nobody besides yourself has a right to change their mind? How often, I should like to know, have you varied your attachments during the last three years?"

"That is a very different matter. Mary."

"Will you have the kindness to explain the difference?"

"Pshaw! is there no distinction between a mere passing flirtation and a deep-rooted passion like mine?"

"I understand—this is the first time there has been a rival in the case. Well—I am sorry I cannot help you. Rely upon it that Roper is the man; and, to be plain with you, I am not at all surprised at it."

"Mary!—what do you mean?"

"Do you really know so little of the sex as to flatter yourself that a lively girl like Edith, with more imagination than wit, would prefer you, who—pardon me, dear cousin—are rather a commonplace sort of personage, to a gay young officer of dragoons? Why, don't you see that he talks more to her in one hour than you do in four-and-twenty? Are not his manners more fascinating—his attentions more pointed—his looks?"

"Upon my word, Miss Mary!" I exclaimed, "this is going rather too far. Do you mean to say that in point of personal appearance?"

"I do, indeed, George. You know I promised you to be candid."

"Say no more. I see that you

women are all alike. These confounded scarlet coats"—

"Are remarkably becoming; and really I am not sure that in one of them—if it were particularly well made—you might not look almost as well as Roper."

"I have half a mind to turn post-man!"

"Not a bad idea for a man of letters. But why don't you hunt?"

"I dislike riding."

"You stupid creature! Edith never will marry you: so you may just as well abandon the idea at once."

So ended my conference with my cousin. I had made it a rule, however, never to believe above one half of what Miss Mary Muggerland said; and, upon the whole, I am inclined to think that was a most liberal allowance of credulity. A young lady is not always the safest depository of such secrets, or the wisest and most sound adviser. A little spice of spite is usually intermingled with her counsels; and I doubt whether in one case out of ten they sincerely wish success to their simple and confiding clients. On one point, however, I was inclined to think her right. Edith certainly had a decided military bias.

I begin to think that there is more in judicial astrology than most people are inclined to admit. To what other mysterious fount than the stars can we trace that extraordinary principle which regulates men in the choice of their different professions? Take half a dozen lads of the same standing and calibre; give them the same education; inculcate them with the same doctrines; teach them the identical catechism; and yet you will find that in this matter of profession there is not the slightest cohesion among them. Had I been born under the influence of Mars, I too might have been a dragoon—as it was, Saturn, my planetary godfather, had devoted me to the law, and here I stood a discomfited concocter of processes, and a botcher of deeds and titles. Pondering these things deeply, I made my way to the Parliament-House, then in the full hum attendant upon the close of the Session. The usual groups of the briefless were gathered around the stoves. As I happened to have a

paper in my hand, I was instantly assailed by half a dozen.

"Hallo, M^rWhirter, my fine fellow—d'ye want a counsel? Set you down cheap at a condescendence," cried Mr Anthony Whaup, a tall barrister of considerable faciousness.

"I say, M^rWhirter, is it a *semi-plenet*? Hand it over to Randolph; he has lots of experience in that line."

"Get out, you heretical humbug! Never mind these fellows, George. Tip, and I'm your man," said Randolph.

"Can any body tell me who is pleading before the Second Division just now?" asked a youth, looking rather white in the gills.

"Old Windlass. He's good for three quarters of an hour at least, and then the judges have to give their opinions."

"I'm devilish glad to hear it. I think I shall bolt."

"Haven't you got that case over yet, Prior?"

"No, nor sha'n't for a week. A confounded count and reckoning, with columns of figures as long as Anthony. Well, Scripio, how are stocks?"

"Rather shakey. What do you say to a shot at the Northerns?"

"O, hang Northerns! I burned my fingers with them a month ago," replied Randolph. "This seems a fine afternoon. Who's for Musselburgh?"

"I can't go to-day," said Whaup. "I was tempted yesterday with a shilling, and sold myself."

"Who is the unfortunate purchaser?"

"Tom Hargate, crimp-general to the yeomanry."

"I'm delighted to hear it, old fellow! We have been wanting you for two years back in the corps. Gad! won't we have fun when we go into quarters. I say, M^rWhirter—why don't you become a yeoman?"

I started at the suggestion, which, strange to say, had never crossed my mind before. There was a way then open to me—a method left by which I might satisfy, without compromising my professional character, the scruples of Edith, and become a member of the military service without abandoning the pen. The man that hesitates is lost.

"I don't know," I replied. "I think I should rather like it. It seems a pretty uniform."

"Pretty!" said Randolph. "By the Lord Harry, it's the splashiest affair possible! I'll tell you what, M'Whirter, I'll back you in the yeoman's jacket and pantaloons against the Apollo Belvidere."

"It is regular Queen's service, isn't it?"

"Of course it is. Only we have no flogging."

"That's no great disadvantage. Well, upon my word, I have a great mind"—

"Then, by Jove, there goes the very man! Hallo—Hargate, I say—Tom Hargate!"

"What's the row?"

"Here's a new recruit for you. George M'Whirter, W.S. Book him

down, and credit me with the bounty money."

"The Edinburgh squadron, of course," said Hargate, presenting me with a shilling.

"Don't be in a hurry," said one of my friends. "There are better lancers than the Templars. The Dalmahoy die, but they never surrender!"

"Barnton à la rescousse!" cried another.

"No douking in the Dalkeith!" observed a third.

"Nonsense, boys! you are confounding him. M'Whirter and Anthony Whaup shall charge side by side, and woe betide the insurgent who crosses their path!" said Randolph. "So the sooner you look after your equipments the better."

In this identical manner was I nailed for the yeomanry.

CHAPTER II.

I confess that a thrill of considerable exultation pervaded my frame, as I beheld one morning on my dressing-table a parcel which conscience whispered to me contained the masterpiece of Buckmaster. With palpitating hand I cut the cord, undid the brown paper foldings, and feasted my eyes in a trance of ecstasy upon the pantaloons, all gorgeous with the red stripe; upon the jacket glittering with its galaxy of buttons, and the polished glory of the shoulder scales. Not hurriedly, but with a protracted sense of keen enjoyment, I eased myself in the military shell, slung on the pouch-belt, buckled the sabre, and finally adjusted the magnificent helmet on my brows. I looked into the mirror, and hardly could recognise the counterpart of Mars which confronted me.

"'Ods scimiters!" cried I, unsheathing my Bilboa, and dealing, with a reckless disregard to expense, a terrific cut at the bed-post—"Let me catch any fellow saying that the yeomanry are not a constitutional force!"

And so I strode into the breakfast-room, where my old housekeeper was adjusting the materials for the matutinal meal.

"Lord save us a'!" cried Nelly,

dropping in her astonishment a platter of fimmans upon the floor—"Lord save us a', and keep us frae the sin o' bluidshed! Dear-a-me, Maister George, can that really be you! Hae ye turned offisher, and are ye gaun out to fecht!"

"To be sure, Nelly. I have joined the yeomanry, and we shall turn out next week. How do you like the uniform?"

"Dinna speak to me o' unicorns! I'm auld enough to mind the days o' that bluidy murderin' villain Bony-party, wha was loot loose upon huz, as a scourge and a tribulation for the backslidings o' a sinfu' land: and, wae's me! mony a mither that parted frae her son, maybe as bonny, or a bantle bonnier than yoursel', had sair een, and a broken heart, when she heard that her laddie was streekit cauld and stiff on the weary field o' Waterloo! Na—for gudeness sake, dinna draw yer sword or I'll swarff! O, pit it aff—pit it aff, Maister George—There's a dear bairn, bide at hame, and dinna gang ye a sodgerin'! Think o' the mither that lo'es ye, forbye yer twa aunties. Wad ye bring down their hairs—I canna ca' them a' grey, for Miss Kirsty's is as red as a lobster—in sorrow to the grave?"

"Why, you old fool, what are ye thinking of? We are not going out to fight—merely for exercise."

"Waur and waur! Can ye no tak' yir yexerceese at hame, or doon at the Links wi' golf, or gang awa' to the fishin'? Wadna that be better than stravagin' through the streets, wi' a lang sword harlin' ahint ye, and consortin' wi' deboshed dragoons, and drinkin' the haill nicht, and rinnin' wud after the lasses? And if ye're no gaun out to fecht, what's the use o' ye? Are ye gaun to turn anither Claverse, and burn and hang pair folk like the wicked and bluid-thirsty troopers lang syne? Yexerceese indeed! I wonder, Maister George, ye're no just ashamed o' yersel'!"

"Hold your tongue, you old fool, and bring the tea-pot."

"Fule! Deed I'm maybe just an auld fule to gang on clattering that gate, for I never kent ye tak' gude advice syne ye were a wean. Aweel! He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar. Ye'se hae it a' yer ain way; but maybe we'll see some day sune, when ye're carried hame on a shutter wi' a broken leg, or a stab in the wame, or a bullet in the barns, whilk o' us twa is the greater fule!"

"Confound that woman!" thought J, as I pensively buttered my roll. "What with her Cameronian nonsense and her prophecies, she is enough to disband a regiment."

And, to say the truth, her last hint about a broken leg was not altogether foreign to my own apprehensions. I had recollected of late, with no slight uneasiness, that for this sort of service a horse was quite as indispensable as a man; and, as already hinted, I had more than doubts as to my own equestrian capabilities. However, I comforted myself with the reflection, that out of the fifty or sixty yeomen whom I knew, not one had ever sustained any serious injury; and I resolved, as a further precaution against accident, to purvey me the very quietest horse that could be found any where. Steadiness, I have always understood, is the characteristic feature of the British cavalry.

My correspondence that morning was not of the legal kind. In the first place, I received a circular from

the commanding-officer, extremely laudatory of the recruits, whose zeal for the service did them so much credit. We were called upon, in an animated address, to maintain the high character of the regiment—to prove ourselves worthy successors of those who had ridden and fought before us—to turn out regularly and punctually to the field, and to keep our accoutrements in order. Next came a more laconic and pithy epistle from the adjutant, announcing the hours of drill, and the different arrangements for the week; and finally, a communication from the convener of the mess committee.

To all these I cordially assented, and having nothing better to do, be-thought me of a visit to the Bogles. I pictured to myself the surprise of Edith on beholding me in my novel character.

"She shall see," thought I, "that years of dissipation in a barrack or guard-room, are not necessary to qualify a high-minded legal practitioner for assuming his place in the ranks of the defenders of his country. She shall own that native valour is an impulse, not a science. She shall confess that the volunteer who becomes a soldier, simply because the commonwealth requires it, is actuated by a higher motive than the regular, with his prospects of pay and of promotion. What was Karl Theodore Körner, author of the *Lyre and Sword*, but a simple Saxon yeoman? and yet is there any name, Blücher's not excepted, which stirs the military heart of Germany more thrillingly than his? And, upon my honour, even as a matter of taste, I infinitely prefer this blue uniform to the more dashing scarlet. It is true they might have given us tails to the jacket," continued I soliloquizing, as a young vagabond who passed, hazarded a contumelious remark regarding the symmetry of my nether person. "But, on the whole, it is a manly and a simple garb, and Edith cannot be such a fool as not to appreciate the motives which have led me to assume it."

So saying, I rung the Bogles' bell. Edith was in the drawing-room, and there also, to my no small mortification, was Lieutenant Roper. They

were sitting together on the sofa, and I rather thought Miss Bogle started as I came in.

"Goodness gracious! Mr M'Whirter," cried she with a giggle—Edith never looked well when she giggled—"What *have* you been doing with yourself?"

"I am not aware, Miss Bogle, that there is any thing very extraordinary"—

"O dear, no! I beg your pardon for laughing, but really you look so funny! I have been so used, you know, to see you in a black coat, that the contrast is rather odd. Pray forgive my ignorance, Mr M'Whirter, but what *is* that dress?"

"The uniform of the Mid-Lothian Yeomanry Cavalry, madam. We are going into quarters next week."

"How very nice! Do you know it is one of the prettiest jackets I ever saw? Don't you think so, Mr Roper?"

"Veway much so," replied Roper, reconnoitring me calmly through his eyeglass. "A veway handsome turn-out indeed. 'Pon my honour, I had no idea they got up things so cleverly in the fencibles"—

"Yeomanry, if you please, Lieutenant Roper!"

"Ah, yes! Yeomanry—so it is. I say, M'Whirter, 'pon my soul, do you know, you look quite killing! Do, like a good fellow, just march to the corner of the room, and let us have a look at you on the other side."

"Oh do, Mr M'Whirter!" supplicated, or rather supplemented Edith.

I felt as if I could have shot him.

"You'll exense me, Roper, for not going through drill just now. If you like to come to the review, you shall see how our regiment can behave. At any rate, we shall be happy to see you at mess."

"Oh certainly, certainly! Veway good things those yeomanry messes. Always a deal of claret, I believe."

"And pray, Mr M'Whirter, what rank do you hold in that distinguished corps?" asked Miss Bogle.

"A full private, madam."

"Goodness gracious!—then you're not even an officer!"

"A private of the yeomanry, Miss Bogle, is, let me inform you, totally independent of rank. We enrol our-

selves for patriotism, not for pay. We are as honourable a body as the Archers of the Scots Guard, the Cavaliers of Dundee, or the Mousquetaires"—

"How romantic and nice! I declare, you are quite a D'Artagnan!" said Edith, who had just read the *Trois Mousquetaires*.

"Don't they pay you?" said Roper. "'Pon my honour that's too bad. If I were you I'd memorialize the Horse Guards. By the way, M'Whirter, what sort of a charger have you got?"

"Why, to say the truth," replied I, hesitatingly, "I am not furnished with a horse as yet. I am just going to look out for one at some of the livery stables."

"My dear friend," said Roper, with augmented interest, "I strongly recommend you to do nothing of the kind. These fellows will, to a dead certainty, sell you some sort of a brute that is either touched in the wind or dead lame; and I can tell you it is no joke to be spilt in a charge of cavalry."

I felt a sort of sickening sensation as I recalled the lines of Schiller—

"Young Piccolomini, known by his plume

And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches;

Himself leapt first, the regiment all plunged after.

His charger, by a halbert gored, reared up,

Flung him with violence off, and over him

The horses, now no longer to be curbed"—

The fate of Max might be mine, and Edith might be left, a mournful Thekla, to perform a moonlight pilgrimage to my grave in the solitary churchyard of Portobello!

"Do you really think so, Roper?" said I.

"Think so! I know it," replied the dragoon. "Never while you live trust yourself to the tender mercies of a livery stable. It's a regular maxim in the army. Pray, are you a good rider?"

"Pretty—fairish—tolerable. That is, I can ride."

"Ah! I see—want of practice merely—eh?"

"Just so."

"Well, then, it's a lucky thing that I've seen you. I have just the sort of animal you want—a regular-bred horse, sound as a roach, quiet as a lamb, and quite up to the cavalry movements. Masaniello will suit your weight to an ounce, and you shall have him for seventy guineas."

"That's a very long price, Roper!"

"For Masaniello? I assure you he's as cheap as dirt. I would not sell him for twice the sum: only, you see, we are limited in our number, and my father insists upon my keeping other two which he bred himself. If you like to enter Masaniello for the races, I'll ensure your winning the cup."

"Oh do, Mr M'Whirter, take Mr Roper's advice!" said Edith. "Masaniello is such a pretty creature, and so quiet! And then, after the week is over, you know you can come and ride with us."

"Won't you take sixty, Roper?"

"Not a penny less than seventy," replied the dragoon.

"Well, then, I shall take him at that. Pounds?"

"Guineas. Call down to-morrow forenoon at Piershill, and you shall have delivery. Now, Miss Bogle, what do you say to a canter on the sands?"

I took my leave rather satisfied than otherwise with the transaction. Edith evidently took a warm interest in my welfare, and her suggestion as to future expeditions was quite enchanting. Seventy guineas, to be sure, was a deal of money, but then it was something to be assured of safety for life and limb. On the street I encountered Anthony Whaup.

"Well, old fellow," quoth Anthony, "how are you getting on? Pounding away at drill, eh?"

"Not yet."

"Faith, you had better look sharp about it, then. I've been down twice at Canonmills of a morning, and I can tell you the facings are no joke. Have you got a horse yet?"

"Yes; a regular dragoon charger—and you?"

"A beast from Wordsworth. He's been out regularly with the squadron for the last ten years; so it is to be

presumed he knows the manoeuvres. If not, I'm a spilt yeoman!"

"I say, Anthony—can you ride?"

"No more than yourself, but I suppose we shall contrive to stick on somehow."

"Would it not be as well to have a trial?" said I, with considerable intrepidity. "Suppose we go together to the riding-school, and have an hour or two's practice."

"I have no earthly manner of objection," said Anthony. "I suppose there's lots of sawdust there, and the exhibition will, at any rate, be a private one. *Allons!*" and we departed for the amphitheatre.

We enquired for a couple of peaceable hacks, which were forthwith furnished us. I climbed up with some difficulty into the saddle, and having submitted to certain partial dislocations of the knee and ankle, at the hands of the master of the ring, (rather a ferocious Widdicomb, by the way,) and having also been instructed in the art of holding the reins, I was pronounced fit to start. Anthony, whose legs were of a parenthetical build, seemed to adopt himself more easily to his seat.

"Now then, trot!" cried the sergeant, and away we went with a wild expenditure of elbow.

"Toes in, toes in, gentlemen!" continued our instructor; "blowed but you'd drive them wild if you had spurs on! You ain't been at the dancing-school lately, have you? Steady—steady—very good. Down your elbows, gentlemen, if you please! them bridles isn't pumps. Heads up! now gallop! Bravo! very good. Screw in the knees a little. Hold on—hold on, sir, or damme you'll be off!"

And sure enough I was within an ace of going over, having lost a stirrup, when the sergeant caught hold of me by the arm.

"I'll tell you what, gents," he said, "you'll never learn to ride in this 'varsal world, unless you tries it without the irons. Nothing like that for giving a man a sure seat. So, Bill, take off the stirrups, will you! Don't be afeard, gentlemen. I'll make riders of you yet, or my name isn't Kickshaw."

Notwithstanding the comforting as-

surances of Kickshaw, I felt considerably nervous. If I could not maintain my seat with the assistance of the stirrups, what the mischief was I to do without them? I looked rebelliously at Anthony's stirrup, but that intrepid individual seemed to have nerved himself to meet any possible danger. His enormous legs seemed calculated by nature to embrace the body of his charger, and he sat erect like an overgrown Bacchus bestriding a kilderkin of beer.

"Trot, gentlemen!" and away we went. I shall never forget the agony of that hour! The animal I rode was peculiarly decided in his paces; so much so that at each step my *os coccygis* came down with a violent thump upon the saddle, and my teeth rattled in my head like dice in a backgammon-box. How I managed to maintain my posture I cannot clearly understand. Possibly the instinct of self-preservation proved the best auxiliary to the precepts of Sergeant Kickshaw; for I held as tight a hold of the saddle as though I had been crossing the bridge of Al Sirat, with the flames of the infernal regions rolling and undulating beneath.

"Very good, gentlemen—capital!—you're improving vastly!" cried the complimentary sergeant. "Nothing like the bare saddle after all—damme but I'll make you take a four-barred gate in a week! Now sit steady. Gallop!"

Croton oil was a joke to it! I thought my whole vitals were flying to pieces as we bounded round the

oval building, the speed gradually increasing, until in my diseased imagination we were going at the pace of Lucifer. My head began to grow dizzy, and I clutched convulsively at the pommel.

"An-tho-ny!" I gasped in monosyllables.

"Well?"

"How—do—yon—feel?"

"Monstrous shakey," replied Anthony in dissyllables.

"I'm off!" cried I; and, losing my balance at the turn, I dropped like a sack of turnips.

However, I was none the worse for it. Had it not been for Anthony, and the dread of his report, I certainly think I should have bolted, and renounced the yeomanry for ever. But a courageous example does wonders. I persevered, and in a few days really made wonderful progress. I felt, however, considerably sore and stiff—straddled as I walked along the street, and was compelled to resort to diachylon. What with riding and the foot-drill I had hard work of it, and earnestly longed for the time when the regiment should go into quarters. I almost forgot to mention that Masaniello turned out to be an immense black brute, rather aged, but apparently sound, and, so far as I could judge, quiet. There was, however, an occasional gleam about his eye which I did not exactly like.

"He'll carry you, sir, famously—no doubt of it," said Kickshaw, who inspected him; "and, mind my words, he'll go it at the charge!"

CHAPTER III.

It was a brilliant July morning when I first donned my regimentals for actual service. Dugald M'Tavish, a caddy from the corner of the street, had been parading Masaniello, fully caparisoned for action, before the door at least half an hour before I was ready, to the no small delectation of two servant hizzies who were sweeping out the stairs, and a diminutive baker's boy.

"Tak' a cup o' coffee afore ye get up on that muckle funkng beast, Maister George," said Nelly; "and mind ye, that if ye are brocht hame

this day wi' yer feet foremost, it's no me that has the wyte o't."

"Confound you, Nelly! what do you keep croaking for in that way?"

"It's a' ane to me; but, O man, ye're unco like Rehoboam! Atweel ye needna flounce at that gate. Gang yer wa's sodgerin', and see what'll come o't. It's ae special mercy that there's a hantle o' lint in the hoose, and the auld imbrocation for broken banes; and, in case o' the warst, I'll ha'e the lass ready to rin for Doctor Scouthen."

This was rather too much; so, with

the reverse of a benediction on my governante, I rushed from the house, and, with the assistance of Dugald, succeeded in mounting Masaniello, a task of no small difficulty, as that warlike quadruped persisted in effecting a series of peripheral evolutions.

"And when will ye be back, and what will ye ha'e for denner?" were the last words shouted after me as I trotted off to the rendezvous.

It was still early, and there were not many people abroad. A few faces, decorated with the picturesque mutch, occasionally appeared at the windows, and one or two young rascals, doubtless descendants of the disaffected who fell at Bounymuir, shouted "Dook!" as I rode along. Presently I fell in with several of my comrades, amongst whom I recognised with pleasure Randolph and Anthony Whaup.

"By Jove, M'Whirter!" said the former, "that's a capital mout of yours. I don't think there is a finer horse in the troop; and I say, old chap, you sit him as jauntily as a jaissary!"

"He has had hard work to do it though, as I can testify," remarked Anthony, whose gelding seemed to be an animal of enviable placidity. "I wish you had seen us both at Kickshaw's a week ago."

"I dare say, but there's nothing like practice. Hold hard, M'Whirter! If you keep staring up that way, you may have a shorter ride of it than you expect. Easy—man—easy! That brute has the mettle of Beelzebub."

The remark was not unrecalled for. We were passing at that moment before the Bogles' house, and I could not resist the temptation of turning round to gaze at the window of Edith, in the faint hope that she might be a spectator of our expedition. In doing so, my left spur touched Masaniello in the flank, a remembrancer which he acknowledged with so violent a caper, that I was very nearly pitched from the saddle.

"Near shave that, sir!" said Hargate, who now rode up to join us; "we'll require to put you into the rear rank this time, where, by the way, you'll be remarkably comfortable."

"I hope," said Anthony, "I may be entitled to the same privilege."

"Of course. Pounset, I think, will be your front rank man. He's quite up to the whole manœuvre, only you must take care of his mare. But here we are at Abbey-hill gate, and just in time."

I was introduced in due form to the officers of the squadron, with none of whom I was previously acquainted, and was directed to take my place as Randolph's rear rank man, so that in file we marched together. Before us were two veteran yeomen, and behind were Anthony and Pounset.

Nothing particular occurred during our march to Portobello sands. Masaniello behaved in a manner which did him infinite credit, and contributed not a little to my comfort. He neither reared nor plunged, but contented him at times with a resolute shake of the head, as if he disapproved of something, and an occasional sniff at Randolph's filly, whenever she brought her head too near.

On arriving at the sands we formed into column, so that Anthony and I were once more side by side. The other squadrons of the regiment were already drawn up, and at any other time I should no doubt have considered the scene as sufficiently imposing. I had other things, however, to think of besides military grandeur.

"I say, Anthony," said I, somewhat nervously, "do you know any thing about these twistified manœuvres?"

"Indeed I do not!" replied Whaup, "I've been puzzling my brains for the last three days over the Yeomanry Regulations, but I can make nothing out of their 'Reverse flanks' and 'Reforming by sections of threes?'"

"And I'm as ignorant as a baby! What on earth are we to do? That big fellow of a sergeant won't let us stand quietly, I suppose."

"I stick to Pounset," said Whaup. "Whatever he does I do, and I advise you to do the same by Randolph."

"But what if they should ride away? Isn't there some disgusting nonsense about forming from threes?"

"I suppose the horses know something about it, else what's the use of

them? That brute of yours must have gone through the evolutions a thousand times, and ought to know the word of command by heart—Hallo!—I say, Pounset, just take care of that mare of yours, will ye! She's kicking like the very devil, and my beast is beginning to plunge!"

"I wouldn't be Pounset's rear-rank for twenty pounds," said a stalwart trooper to the left. "She has the ugliest trick of using her heels of any mare in Christendom."

"Much obliged to you, sir, for the information," said Whaup, controlling, with some difficulty, the incessant curvetting of his steed. "I say, Pounset, if she tries that trick again I'll hamstring her without the slightest ceremony."

"Pooh—nonsense!" replied Pounset. "Woa, Miss Frolic—woa, lass!—she's the gentlest creature in the creation—a child might ride her with a feather. Mere playfulness, my dear fellow, I assure you!"

"Rot her playfulness!" cried Anthony; "I've no idea of having my brains made a batter pudding for the amusement of a jade like that."

"Are you sure, Whaup, that you did not tickle her tail?" asked Pounset, with provoking coolness. "She's a rare 'un to scatter a crowd."

"Hang me if I'd come within three yards of her if I possibly could help it," quoth Anthony. "If any gentleman in the neighbourhood has a fancy to exchange places, I'm his man."

"Threes right!" cried the commanding-officer, and we executed a movement of which I am wholly unconscious; for, to the credit of Masaniello be it said, he took the direction in his own mouth, and performed it so as to save his rider from reproach.

Then came the sword exercise, consisting of a series of slashes, which went off tolerably well—then the skirmishing, when one of our flank men was capsized—and at last, to my great joy, we were permitted to sit at ease; that is, as easily as our previous exertions would allow. I then learned to appreciate the considerate attention of the authorities in abrogating the use of pistols. In each man's holsters was a soda-water bottle, filled for the nonce with something more

pungent than the original Schweppe, and a cigar case. These were now called into requisition, and a dense wreath of smoke arose along the lines of the squadron. The officer then in command embraced the opportunity of addressing us in a pithy oration.

"Gentlemen!" said he, "I would not be performing my duty to my Queen and my country, (cheers,) if I did not express to you my extreme surprise and satisfaction in the manner in which the new recruits have gone through the preliminary drill. Upon my honour I expected that more than one-half of you would have been spilt—a spectacle which might possibly have been pleasing to those veteran warriors of Dalmahoy, but which I should have witnessed with extraordinary pain. As it is, you rode like bricks. However, it is my duty to inform you, that a more serious trial of your fortitude is about to come. The squadrons will presently form together, and you will be called upon to charge. Many of you know very well how to do that already"—

"Especially the Writers to the Signet," muttered Anthony.

"But there are others who are new to the movement. To these gentlemen, therefore, I shall address a few words of caution; they are short and simple. Screw yourselves tight in your saddles—hold hard at first—keep together as you best can—think that the enemy are before you—and go at it like blazes!"

A shout of approval followed this doughty address, and the heart of every trooper burned with military ardour. For my own part, I was becoming quite reconciled to the thing. I perfectly coincided with my commanding-officer in his amazement at the adhesive powers of myself and several others, and with desperate recklessness I resolved to test them to the utmost. The bugle now sounded the signal to fall in. Soda bottles and cigar cases were returned to their original concealment, and we once more took our respective places in the ranks.

"Now comes the fun," said Randolph, after the leading squadron had charged in line. "Mind yourselves, boys!"

"March—trot—gallop."

On we went like waves of the sea, regularly enough at first, then slightly inclining to the line of beauty, as some of the weaker hacks began to show symptoms of bellows.

“Cha—a—rge!”

“Go ahead!” cried Randolph, sticking his spurs into his Bucephalus. Masaniello, with a snort, fairly took the bridle into his teeth, and dashed off with me at a speed which threatened to throw the ranks into utter confusion. As for Pomset, he appeared to be possessed with the fury of a demon. His kicking mare sent up at every stride large clods of sand in the teeth of the unfortunate Anthony Whaup, whose presence of mind seemed at last to have forsaken him.

“What the mischief are you after, Whaup?” panted the trooper on his left. “Just take your foot out of my stirrup, will you?”

“Devil a bit!” quoth Anthony, “I’m too glad to get any thing to hold on by.”

“If you don’t, you’re a gone ’coon. There!—I told you.” And the steed of Anthony was rushing riderless among the press.

I don’t know exactly how we pulled up. I have an indistinct notion that I owed my own arrest to Neptune, and that Masaniello was chest deep in the sea before he paid the slightest attention to my convulsive tugs at the bridle. Above the rush of waves I heard a yell of affright, and perceived that I had nearly ridden over the carcass of a fat old gentleman, who, *in puris naturalibus*, was disporting himself in the water, and who now, in an agony of terror, and apparently under the impression that he was a selected victim for the tender mercies of the yeomanry, struck out vigorously for Inchkeith. I did not tarry to watch his progress, but returned as rapidly as possible to the squadron.

By this time the shores of Portobello were crowded with habitual bathers. There is a graceful *abandon*, and total absence of prudery, which peculiarly characterise the frequenters of that interesting spot, and reminds one forcibly of the manners of the Golden Age. Hirsute Triton and dishevelled Nereid there float in unabashed proximity: and, judging from the usual number of spectators, there

is something remarkably attractive in the style of these aquatic exercises.

The tide was pretty far out, so that of course there was a wide tract of sand between the shingle and the sea. Our squadron was again formed in line, when a bathing-machine was observed leisurely bearing down upon our very centre, conveying its freight towards the salubrious waters.

“Confound that boy!” cried the commanding-officer; “he will be among the ranks in a minute. Sergeant! ride out, and warn the young scoundrel off at his peril.”

The sergeant galloped towards the machine.

“Where are you going, you young seum of the earth? Do you not see the troops before you? Get back this instant!”

“I’ll do naething o’ the kind,” replied the urchin, walloping his bare legs, by way of encouragement, against the sides of the anatomy he bestrode. “The sands is just as free to huz as to ony o’ ye, and I would like to ken what richt ye have tae prevent the fouls frae bathin’.”

“Do you dare to resist, you vagabond?” cried the man of stripes, with a terrific flourish of his sabre. “Wheel back immediately, or”—— and he went through the first four cuts of the sword exercise.

“Eh man!” said the intrepid shrimp, “what wull ye do? Are ye no ashamed, a great muckle fellie like you, to come majoring, an’ shakin’ yer swurd at a bit laddie? Eh, man, if I was ner yer size, I’d gie ye a licking mysel’. Stand oot o’ the gate, I say, an’ I’ll sune run through the hail o’ ye. I’m no gaun to lose a saxpence for yeer nonsensical parauds.”

“Cancel my commission!” said the lieutenant, “if the brat hasn’t bothered the sergeant! The bathing-machine is coming down upon us like the chariot of Queen Boadicea! This will never do. Randolph—you and M’Whirter ride out and reinforce. That scoundrel is another Kellerman, and will break us to a dead certainty!”

“Twa mair o’ ye!” observed the youth with incredible nonchalance, as we rode up with ferocious gestures. “O men, but ye’re bauld bauld the day! Little chance the Frenchies

wad hae wi' the like o' yon 'gin they were comin'! Gee hup, Bauldy!"

"Come, come, my boy," said Randolph, nearly choking with laughter, "this is all very well, but you must positively be off. Come, tumble round, my fine fellow, and you shall have leave to pass presently."

"Aum no' gaun to lose the tide that way," persevered the urchin. "The sands is open to the haill o' luz, and I'll no' gang back for nane o' ye. Gin ye offer tae strike me, I'll hae the haill squad o' ye afore the Provost o' Portobelly, and, ma certie, there'll be a when heels sunc coolin' in the jongs!"

"By heavens! this is absolutely intolerable!" said the sergeant—"M'Whirter, order the man in the inside to open the door, and come out in Her Majesty's name."

I obeyed, as a matter of course.

"I say—you, sir, inside—do you know where you are going? Right into the centre of a troop of the Royal Yeomanry Cavalry! If you are a gentleman and a loyal subject, you will open the door immediately, and desire the vehicle to be stopped."

In order to give due effect to this remonstrance, and also to impress the inmate with a proper sense of the consequences of interference with martial discipline, I bestowed cut No. Seven with all my might upon the machine. To my horror, and that of my companions, there arose from within a prolonged and double-voiced squall.

"Hang me, if it isn't women!" said the sergeant.

"Yer mither wull be proud o' ye the nicht," said the Incubus on the atomy, "when it's tell't her that ye hae whanged at an auld machine, and frichtet twa leddies to the skirlin'! Ony hoo, M'Whirter, gin that's your name, there'll be half-a-crown to pay for the broken brodd!"

The small sliding-pannel at the back of the machine was now cautiously opened.

"Goodness gracious, Mr M'Whirter!" said a voice which I instantly recognised to be that of Edith Bogle, "is it possible that can be you? Is it the custom, sir, of the Scottish yeomen to break in upon the privacy of two young defenceless females, and even

to raise their weapons against the place which contains them? Fie, sir! is that your boasted chivalry?"

"O George—go away, do! I am really quite ashamed of you!" said the voice of my cousin, Mary Muggerland.

I thought I should have dropped from my saddle.

"Friends of yours, eh, M'Whirter?" said Randolph. "Rather an awkward fix, I confess. What's to be done?"

"Would the regulars have behaved thus?" cried Edith, with increased animation. "Would *they* have insulted a woman? Never. Begone, sir—I am afraid I have been mistaken in you"——

"By my honour, Edith!—Miss Bogle, I mean—you do me gross injustice! I did not know—I could not conceive that you, or Mary, or any other lady, were in the machine, and then—consider my orders"——

"Orders, sir! There are some orders which never ought to be obeyed. But enough of this. If you have delicacy enough to feel for our situation, you will not protract this interview. Drive on, boy! and you, Mr M'Whirter, if you venture to interrupt us further, never expect my pardon."

"Nor mine!" added Mary Muggerland.

"Who the mischief cares for yours, you monkey!" muttered I *sotto voce*. "But Edith—one other word"——

"Don't call me Edith, sir! This continued importunity is insufferable! If you have any explanation to make, you must select a fitter time," and the sliding-pannel was instantly closed.

"Ye've cotched it ony hoo!" said the shrimp, with a malignant leer. "Wauken up, Bauldy, my man, and see how cleverly ye'll gae through them!"

A few words of explanation satisfied our commanding-officer, and the victorious machine rolled insultingly through the lines. I have not spirits to narrate the further proceedings of that day. My heart was not in the squadron; and my eyes, even when ordered to be directed to the left, were stealthily turned in the other direction towards two distant figures in bathing-gowns, sedulously attempt-

ing to drown one another in fun. Shortly afterwards we dispersed, and returned to Edinburgh. I attempted a visit of explanation, but Miss Bogle was not at home.

I messed that evening for the first time with the squadron. Judging from the laughter which arose on all sides, it was a merry party; but my heart was heavy, and I could hardly bring myself to enter cordially into

the festivities. I was also rather uneasy in person, as will happen to young cavalry soldiers. I drank, however, a good deal of wine, and, as I was afterwards informed, recovered amazingly towards the end of the sederunt. They also told me next morning, that I had entered Masaniello to run for the Squadron Cup.

CHAPTER IV.

“And so you really forgive me, Edith!” said I, bending over the lady of my love, as she sat creating worsted roses in a parterre of gossamer canvass; “you are not angry at what happened the other day at that unlucky encounter on the sands?”

“Have I not said already that I forgive you?” replied Edith. “Is it necessary that I should assure you twice?”

“Charming Miss Bogle! you do not know how happy you have made me.”

“Pray, don’t lean over me so, or you’ll make me spoil my work. See—I have absolutely put something like a caterpillar in the heart of this rosebud!”

“Never, dearest lady, may any caterpillar prey upon the rosebud of your happiness. How curious! Do you know, the outline of that sketch reminds me forcibly of the countenance of Roper?”

“Mr M-Whirter!”

“Nay, I was merely jesting. Pray, Miss Bogle, what are your favourite colours?”

“Peach blossom and scarlet; but why do you ask?”

“Do not press me for an explanation—it will come early enough. And now, Edith, I must bid you adieu.”

“So soon? Cannot you spare a single hour from your military duties? Bless me, how pale you are looking! Are you sure you are quite well?”

“Quite—that is to say a little shaken in the nerves or so. This continued exertion—”

“Do you mean at mess? Mr Roper told me sad stories about your proceedings two nights ago.”

“Oh, pooh—nonsense! You will certainly then appear at the races?”

“You may depend upon me.”

And so I took my leave.

The reader will gather from this conversation, which took place four days after the events detailed in last chapter, that I had effectually made my peace with Miss Bogle. For this arrangement Mary Mugerland took much more credit than I thought she was entitled to; however, it is of no use quarrelling with the well disposed, especially if they are females, as, in that case, you are sure to have the worst of it in the long run. I did not feel quite easy, however, regarding the insinuations thrown out upon my unusually pallid appearance. The fact is, that the last week had rather been a fast one. The mess was remarkably pleasant, and all would have been quite right had we stopped there. But I had unfortunately yielded to the fascinations of Archy Chaffinch and some of the younger hands, who, being upon the loose, resolved to make the very most of it, and the consequence was, that, to the great scandal of Nelly, we kept highly untimorous hours. In fact, one night I made a slight mistake, which I have not yet, and may never hear, the last of, by walking, quite accidentally, into the house of my next-door neighbour—a grave and reverend signior—instead of my own, and abusing him like a pickpocket for his uncalled-for presence within the shade of my patrimonial lobby. It therefore followed, that sometimes of a morning, after mounting Masaniello, I had a strong suspicion that a hive of bees had taken a fancy to settle upon my helmet—a compliment which might have

been highly satisfactory to the infant Virgil, but was by no means suited to the nerves or taste of an adult Writer to the Signet.

Roper had been my guest at one of the late messes. His speech in returning thanks for the health of his regiment was one of the richest specimens of oratory I ever had the good fortune to hear, and ought to be embalmed for the benefit of an aspiring posterity. It ran somewhat thus—

“I assure you, sir, that the honour you have just conferred upon ours, is—yas—amply appreciated, I assure you, sir, by the wegular army. It gives us, sir—yas—the hiwest gwatification to be pwesent at the mess of such a loyal body as the South-Lothian Yeomanry Cavalry. The distinguished services of that gallant corps, both at home and abroad, are such as—yas—to demand the admiwation of their country, and—yas—in short, I feel compwetely overpowerd. The bwoud banners of Bwitaïn floating over land and sea—chalk cliffs of old Albion, if I may be allowed the simile—wight hand of the service and left—wegulars and yeomanry—and the three corners of the world may come at once in arms, and be considerably shocked for their pains. Permit me again to expwess my extweme thanks for the honour you have done to ours.”

Now, on that evening, as I can conscientiously vouch, Roper contrived to deposit at least two bottles of claret beneath his belt. Any revelations, therefore, of what took place at our hospitable board, amounted to a gross breach of confidence, and were quite unpardonable; more especially when our relative situations with regard to the affections of Miss Bogle are considered. But Punic faith is the very least that one can expect from a rival.

On the review day, the whole regiment turned out under auspices of unusual smartness. We were to be inspected by a veteran officer of high rank and reputation, and, under these circumstances, we all thought ourselves bound in honour to support the credit of the corps. This was not remarkably difficult. You will hardly see anywhere a finer-looking set of fellows than the Mid-Lothian yeomanry, and our discipline, considering

the short period of exercise, was really praiseworthy. In the words of our commanding-officer, he was justly proud of his recruits, and I can answer for it, that the recruits most cordially reciprocated the sentiment.

“Now, Anthony,” said Pounset, as we formed into line, “I shall really be obliged to you to make less clatter with that scabbard of yours when we charge. My mare is mad enough with the music, without having the additional impetus of supposing that a score of empty kettles are tied to her tail.”

“By Jove, that’s a good one!” replied Anthony. “Here have you been bungling up my eyes and making attempts upon my ribs for the last week, and yet you expect me to have no other earthly consideration beyond your personal comfort! How the deuce am I to manage my scabbard when both hands are occupied?”

“Can’t you follow the example of Prince Charles, and throw it away?”

“Thank you for nothing. But, I say, that sort of madness seems contagious. Here’s M’Whirter’s horse performing a fandango, which is far more curious than agreeable.”

“What’s the matter with Masaniello?” cried Archy Chaffinch; “he looks seriously inclined to bolt.”

I had awful suspicions of the same nature. No sooner had the regimental band struck up, than my charger began to evince disagreeable signs of impatience; he pawed, pranced, snorted, curvetted, and was utterly deaf to the blandishments with which I strove to allay his irritability. I was even thankful when we were put into motion preparatory to the charge, in the belief that action might render him less restive; and so it did for a time. But no sooner had we broke into a gallop, than I felt it was all up with me. I might as well have been without a bridle. The ungovernable brute laid back his ears like a tiger, and I shot past Randolph in an instant, very nearly upsetting that judicious warrior in my course.

Nor was I alone. Pounset’s mare, who never brooked a rival, and who, moreover, had taken umbrage at the sonorous jolting of Anthony, was resolved not to be outstripped; and, taking the bridle between her teeth,

came hard and heavy on my flank. The cry of "halt!" sounded far and faint behind us. We dashed past a carriage, in which, from a momentary glimpse, I recognised the form of Edith; while a dragoon officer—I knew intuitively it was Roper—had drawn up his horse by the side. They were laughing—yes! by heavens they were laughing—at the moment I was borne away headlong, and perhaps to destruction. My sword flew out of my hand—I had need of both to hold the reins. I shouted to Ponnset to draw in, but an oath was the only reply!

I heard the blast of the recall bugle behind us, but Masaniello only stretched out more wildly. We splashed through the shallow pools of water, sending up the spray behind us; and onwards—onwards we went towards Joppa, with more than the velocity of the wind.

"Have a care, M'Whirter!" shouted Ponnset. "Turn his head to the sea if you can. There's a quicksand right before you!"

I could as easily have converted a Mussulman. I saw before me a dark streak, as if some foul brook were stagnating on the sands. There was a dash, a splash, a shock, and I was catapulted over the ears of Masaniello.

I must have lost consciousness, I believe, for the next thing I remember was Ponnset standing over me, and holding my quadruped by the bridle.

"We may thank our stars it is no worse," said he; "that stank fairly took the shine out of your brute, and brought him to a stand-still. Are you hurt?"

"Not much. But I say, what a figure I am!"

"Not altogether adapted for an evening party, I admit. But never mind. There's a cure for every thing except broken bones. Let's get back again as fast as we can, for the captain will be in a beautiful rage!"

We returned. A general acclamation burst from the squadron as we rode up, but the commanding officer looked severe as Draco.

"Am I to conclude, gentlemen," said he, "that this exhibition was a trial of the comparative merits of your horses preparatory to the racing?"

Upon such an occasion as this I must say"—

"Just look at M'Whirter, captain," said Ponnset, "and then judge for yourself whether it was intentional. The fact is, my mare is as hot as ginger, and that black horse has no more mouth than a brickbat!"

"Well, after all, he *does* seem in a precious mess. I am sure it was a mere accident, but don't let it happen again. Fall in, gentlemen."

There was, however, as regarded myself, considerable opposition to this order.

"Why, M'Whirter, you're not going to poison us to death, are you?" said Anthony Whaup. "Pray keep to the other side, like a good fellow—you're not just altogether a bouquet."

"Do they gut the herrings down yonder, M'Whirter?" asked Archy Chaffinch. "Excuse me for remarking that your flavour is rather fall than fragrant."

"I wish they had allowed smoking on parade!" said a third. "It would require a strong Havannah to temper the exhalations of our comrade."

"Hadn't you better go home at once?" suggested Randolph. "My horse is beginning to cough."

"Yes—yes!" cried half-a-dozen. "Go home at once."

"And if you are wise," added Hargate, "take a dip in the sea—boots, helmet, pantaloons, and all."

I obtained permission, and retired in a state of inconceivable disgust. Towards the carriage where Edith was seated, I dared not go; and with a big and throbbing heart I recollected that she had witnessed my disgrace.

"But she shall yet see," I mentally exclaimed, "that I am worthy of her! Once let me cast this foul and filthy slough—let me don her favourite colours—let me win the prize, as I am sure I ought to do, and the treasure of her heart may be mine!—You young villain! if you make faces at me again, I shall fetch you a cut over the costard!"

"Soor dook!" shouted the varlet. "Eh! see till the man that's been coupit ower in the glaur!"

I rode home as rapidly as possible. I throw a veil over the triumphant ejaculations of Nelly at the sight of

my ruined uniform, and the personal allusions she made to the retreat and discomfiture of the Philistines. That

evening I avoided mess, and courted a sound sleep to prepare me for the fatigues of the ensuing day.

CHAPTER V.

“Here is a true, correct, and particular account, of the noblemen, gentlemen, and yeomen’s horses, that is to run this day over the course of Musselburry, with the names, weights, and liveries of the riders, and the same of the horses themselves!”

Such were the cries that saluted me, as next day I rode up to the race-course of Musselburgh. I purchased a card, which among other entries contained the following:—

EDINBURGH SQUADRON CUP, 12 STONE.

Mr A. CHAFFINCH’s br. g. GROGGYBOY—*Green and White Cap.*

Mr RANDOLPH es. b. g. CHEESER—*Geranium and French Grey.*

Mr M’WHIRTER’s bl. g. MASANIELLO—*Peach-blossom and Scarlet.*

Mr HARGATE es. ch. m. LOUPOWERHER—*Fawn and Black Cap.*

Mr POUNSET’S b. m. MISS FROLIC—*Orange and Blue.*

Mr SHAKERLEY es. b. g. SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION—*White body and Liver-coloured sleeves.*

I made my way to the stand. Miss Bogle and Mary Muggerland were there, but so also was the eternal Roper.

“Ah, M’Whirter!” said the latter. How do you feel yourself this morning? None the worse of your tumble yesterday, I hope? Mere accident, you know. Spiwited cweature Masaniello, it must be confessed. ‘Gad, if you can make him go the pace as well to-day, you’ll distance the whole of the rest of them.”

“Oh, Mr M’Whirter!” I’m so glad to see you!” said Edith. “How funny you looked yesterday when you were running away! Do you know that I waved my handkerchief to you as you passed, but you were not polite enough to take any notice?”

“Indeed, Miss Bogle, I had something else to think of at that particular moment.”

“You were *not* thinking about me, then?” said Edith. “Well, I can’t call that a very gallant speech.”

“I’ll lay an even bet,” said Roper, “that you were thinking more about the surgeon.”

“Were you ever wounded, Mr Roper?” said I.

“Once—in the heart, and incurably,” replied the coxcomb, with a glance at Edith.

“Pshaw! because if you had been, you would scarce have ventured to select the surgeon as the subject of a joke. But I forgot. These are times of peace.”

“When men of peace become soldiers,” retorted Roper.

“I declare you are very silly!” cried Edith; “and I have a good mind to send both of you away.”

“Death rather than banishment!” said Roper.

“Well, then, do be quiet! I take *such* an interest in your race, Mr M’Whirter. Do you know I have two pairs of gloves upon it? So you must absolutely contrive to win. By the way, what are your colours?”

“Peach-blossom and scarlet.”

“How very gallant! I take it quite as a compliment to myself.”

“M’Whirter! you’re wanted,” cried a voice from below.

“Bless me! I suppose it is time for saddling. Farewell, Edith—farewell, Mary! I shall win if I possibly can.”

“Good-by!” said Roper. “Stick on tightly and screw him up, and there’s no fear of Masaniello.”

“Where the deuce have you been, M’Whirter?” said Randolph. “Get into the scales as fast as you can. You’ve been keeping the whole of us waiting.”

“I’ll back Masaniello against the

field at two to one," said Anthony Whaup.

"Done with you, in ponies," said Patsey Chaffinch, who was assisting his brother from the scales.

"Do you feel nervous, M'Whirter?" asked Hosier, a friend who was backing me rather heavily. "You look a little white in the face."

"To tell you the truth—I do."

"That's bad. Had you not better take a glass of brandy?"

"Not a bad idea;" and I took it.

"That's right. Now canter him about a little, and you'll soon get used to it."

I shall carefully avoid having any occasion to make use of my dear-bought experience. I felt remarkably sheepish as I rode out upon the course, and heard the observations of the crowd.

"And wha's yon in the sammon-coloured jacket?"

"It 'll be him they ca' Chaffinch."

"Na, man—yon chield wad make twa o' Chaffinch. He's but a feather-wecht o' a cratur."

"Wow, Jess! but that's a bonnie horse!"

"Bonnier than the man that's on it, ony how."

"Think ye that's the beast they ca' Masonyellow?"

"I'm thinkin' sae. That man can ride nane. He's nae grupp wi' his thies."

These were the sort of remarks which met my ears as I paced along, nor, as I must confess, was I particularly elated thereby. Pounset now rode up.

"Well, M'Whirter, we are to have another sort of race to-day. I half fear, from the specimen I have seen of Masaniello, that my little mare runs a poor chance; but Chaffinch will give you work for it—Groggyboy was a crack horse in his day. But come, there goes the bell, and we are wanted at the starting-post."

The remainder of my story is short.

"Ready, gentlemen?—Off!" and away we went, Spontaneous Combustion leading, Miss Frolic and Groggyboy next, Randolph and myself following, and Hargate bringing up the rear on Loupowerher, who never had

a chance. After the first few seconds, when all was mist before my eyes, I felt considerably easier. Masaniello was striding out vigorously, and I warmed insensibly to the work. The pace became terrific. Spon. Bus. gradually gave way, and Groggyboy took the lead. I saw nothing more of Randolph. On we went around the race-course like a crowd of motley demoniaes, whipping, spurring, and working at our reins as if thereby we were assisting our progression. I was resolved to conquer or to die.

Round we came in sight of the assembled multitude. I could even hear their excited cries in the distance. Masaniello was now running neck and neck with Groggyboy—Miss Frolic half-a-length before!

And now we neared the stand. I thought I could see the white fluttering of Edith's handkerchief—I clenched my teeth, grasped my whip, and lashed vigorously at Masaniello. In a moment more I should have been a-head—but there was a crash, and then oblivion.

Evil was the mother that whelped that cur of a butcher's dog! He ran right in before Masaniello, and horse and man were hurled with awful violence to the ground. I forgive Masaniello. Poor brute! his leg was broken, and they had to shoot him on the course. He was my first and last charger.

As for myself, I was picked up insensible, and conveyed home upon a shutter, thereby fulfilling to the letter the ominous prophecies of Nelly, who cried the coronach over me. Two of my ribs were fractured, and for three weeks I was confined to bed with a delirious fever.

"What noise is that below stairs, Nelly?" asked I on the second morning of my convalescence.

"Deed, Maister George, I'm thinking it's just the servant lass chappin' coals wi' yer sward."

"Serve it right. And what parcel is that on the table?"

"I dinna ken: it came in yestreen."

"Give it me."

"Heaven and earth! Wedding-cake and cards! MR AND MRS ROBIN!"

THE WATER-CURE.

IN the biographies of the Seven Sages of Greece, some interesting incidents have escaped even the discursive and vigilant erudition of Bayle. All of these worthies, in fact, being original members and perpetual vice-presidents of the Fogie Club, they were, naturally, as prosy octogenarians as the amber of history ever preserved for the admiration of posterity. But Thales of Miletus we imagine to have easily outstripped his six compeers in soporific garrulity; because an author whose name, while it would be Greek to the illiterate, is sufficiently familiar, without being mentioned, to the scholar, and who flourished long enough after the people of whom he speaks to give weight to his statements, has particularly recorded, that the Ionic philosopher was universally called by his friends, behind his back, "Old Hygrostroma." This euphonical and distinctive epithet we have discovered, by dint of deep study, to mean, very literally, "Old Wet-Blanket." Assigning an equal value to ancient and modern phraseology, the portrait of the Milesian, so characterised, wears an ugly aspect. Our own martyrdom, under the relentless persecutions of his legitimate successors, concentrates, by an instinctive process of mental association, all their worst features in the single physiognomy of their prototype. How many luxuriant posies of fancy and humour, ready to burst into brilliant blossom, have irrecoverably drooped—how many

"Fair occasions, gone for ever by,"

of refreshing a laborious day by the evening carnival of nonsense—how many glorious "high jinks," *infundum renovare dolorem*, have been stifled—beneath the dank suffocation of this water-kelpy of social enjoyment! It is proper, therefore, in order to be just, to ascertain whether the stigma which Thales carried about with him can be traced to the same causes which hang similar

labels round the necks of men in our own day, or whether a term of reproach or of ridicule may not here, as in many other instances, have been widely diverted from, or excessively aggravated in, its original signification.

Now, it happened that the mind of the wise man was filled by a crotchet, which absorbed all other ideas. He announced to the world that water is the primal element, the essence, the seed, the embryo of all matter. Every thing, throughout the whole area of the universe, however ponderous or substantial, however complex or varied, was not merely evolved from the liquid laboratory, but was actually part and parcel of the radical fluid itself. Earth and fire, the azure heaven and the golden stars, marble and brass, birds and beasts, fruits and flowers, ay, men and women, were dew-drops, in different phases of configuration, and different stages of condensation. Such a doctrine, inculcated with endless iteration and intolerable prolixity, could not but exhaust the patience of the gay and dissipated Ionians, whose habits, we know, were far from being circumscribed by the rules and regulations of a total abstinence society. And although, even when the topic had become nauseously stale, a little hilarity might be excited by the old gentleman falling easily into the trap, and answering in harmony with his favourite theory, when tauntingly asked, if the glowing forms before him, whose witchery of grace had passed into a proverb, were indeed emanations from the muddy Mæander; or if the neighbouring Latmus, where

"the moon sleeps with Endymion,
"And would not be wak'd,"

was no more than a pitcherful of the Ægean; or if the pyramids, whose altitude he had measured for the wondering priests of Isis, were but bubbles of the Nile. Still the echo of the merriment thus provoked was faint and feeble beside the vociferous uproar which shook the voluptuous

chambers when young Anaximander, in whom Thales fondly thought he saw a disciple, ere yet the shadow of his deluded master had glided over the threshold, filled a ruddy bumper to the brim, and dashed down with a shout his libation to Bacchus, in thankfulness that at last they were rid of "Hygrostroma." Flesh and blood could not bear for ever "the dreadful noise of water in their ears;" and so, most deservedly and fitly, Thales got the name of "Wet-Blanket," and bequeathed it, we regret to acknowledge, to an infinite line of descendants, who, in dealing with other themes, daily and hourly, after their own fashion, stabilitate and eclipse his renown.

From the days of Thales, which may be fixed, according to the nicest calculations, about four-and-twenty hundred years ago, water was generally understood to have found its level. Occasionally, no doubt, it made vigorous spurts to revindicate its prominecy, but never mounted to the alarming flood-mark which it had reached in the Ionic philosophy. It certainly has had little reason to complain of the position from which it cannot be displaced. Covering entirely three-fifths of the surface of the globe, few are the specks of land, and these few shunned by man, where its influence is not paramount. Permeating the vast economy of nature through its grandest and its minutest ramifications; nursing from its myriad fountains and reservoirs the vitality of creation; affecting and controlling the salubrity of climates, the purity and temperature of atmospheres, the fertility of soils; moistening the parched lips, and requickenening the energies of vegetation; bearing all the necessaries and all the luxuries of life, all that industry can furnish or opulence procure, into the centre of immense continents, and up to the doors of populous cities; generating, with the help of a strong ally, the most gigantic power which human ingenuity has ever tamed to the uses, and comforts, and improvements of mankind; rolling the rampart of its sleepless tides round the shores and the independence of mighty empires, and stretching out its broad waters as the highway of amicable intercourse between all nations, this colossal and beneficent

element needs not to aspire higher than the eminence where it must be raised by such a contemplation of its virtues and its strength. Regarding it, however, with a homelier eye, we cannot conceal our opinion that too many men, women, and children, have underrated its serviceable qualities in connexion with their personal and domestic welfare. Nor shall our observations, desultory as they may be, conclude without some serious reflections on this subject, applicable to our own country and our own times; for even in the relaxing warmth and idlesse of autumn, when nothing very grave is very palatable, we must coax our friends to swallow a thin slice of instruction along with our jests and their grouse. But in the mean time, casting a rapid glance from the Ionian era, whence we started, downwards to the present century, over the aquatic propensities which have distinguished successive generations in the intervening ages, it can scarcely be affirmed with truth that the efficacy of water, as an useful, agreeable, and a sanative boon from Providence to man, has been neglected and despised. The Greeks, the Romans, and the Orientals require no justification. Their bathing, shampooing, and anointing have survived the downfall of thrones and the extinction of dynasties. And if the inhabitants of less benign regions, who must sometimes smash the ice in their tubs before commencing a lavation, do not evince the same headlong predilection for continual immersion and ceaseless ablution as do their kindred of the genial South and blazing East, we confess that their apology seems to us to be remarkably clear and satisfactory. What do we think of Scotland?—is a query from which a sensitive patriotism, perhaps, might shrink. It does not abash us at all. All ducklings do not plunge into the pond or the stream exactly at the same age—one exhibiting, in this respect, a rash precocity, while another will for a long time obstinately refuse to acknowledge that

"Her march is on the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep."

Had Caledonia been as tardy as she is alleged to have been in the prac-

tice of scrupulous cleanliness, we should easily have found good reasons for defending and palliating her procrastination. But the charge against her is absolutely a vulgar error—a popular delusion—a senseless clamour. Take the country. Is it likely that the national poet, who knew the customs and dispositions of our peasantry, being one of them himself, intimately and practically, would have enumerated among the dearest reminiscences of childhood, that

“ We twa hae paidl’t i’ the burn
Frae mornin’ sun till dine,”

if such an occupation were not the delight of the whole rural population? Take the town. Does there ever come down a torrent of rain, making the streets the channels of mighty rivers, that there is not seen instantly a colony of young Argonauts emerging, like flies from the Tweed, out of the very water, and exploring the unknown profundities of the gutter, as from lamp-post to lamp-post they go, “sounding on their dim and perilous way?” Take every well-regulated family on Saturday night. Where is the fortunate urchin who shall escape the rude purgation of the Girzy, nor be sent to bed red as a lobster, and clean as a whistle? Take the far-reaching seabeach from Newhaven to Joppa. Are those tremendous scenes which have lately riveted the gaze of a whole country on the sands of Portobello characteristic of a people animated by a feline antipathy to moisture? The verdict is so unquestionably for us, that we decline to adduce any further evidence.

In short, Europe continued to maintain most amicable relations, while Asia cultivated the closest intimacy with water, hot and cold, fresh and salt. America is too young yet to be included in the argument; and as for Africa, crocodiles, hippopotami, and sharks, usurp a monopoly of the favourite pools so exclusively, that the returns of its bathing statistics are most uncertain. In this course, matters ran on smoothly for cycles and cycles of years, races of men following races, as waves follow waves. Any perceptible alteration in the relative positions of man and water, at the same time, was in the

direction of stricter and more frequent communication between them. Cleanliness became fashionable—an event which, without snapping the connexion somewhat loosely subsisting between the purifying element and the inferior grades of society, rapidly and widely diffused a knowledge of its capabilities and its amia-bilities among the higher circles. Well, on the dawn of a glorious morning, when the sun, and all the seas, lakes, and rivers of the globe were playing at battledore and shuttle-cock with the beams of the orb of day, water suddenly found itself, at a bound, lifted to a pinnacle only a little beneath the summit on which Thales of yore enthroned it. Matter, on this occasion, it was not announced to be—but the cure of all the afflictions with which matter could be visited. Ten thousand aromatic herbs gracefully adjusted their petals, ere they fell, and withered into rank and noisome weeds; ten thousand apothecaries were petrified in the act of braying poison in their mortars, and in that attitude remain, stony remembrances of their own villainies; physicians melted away by faculties and colleges;

“ Nations ransom’d and the world o’er-
joyed ”

walked once more emancipated, as Milton sings,

“ From colocynthine pains and senna
tea.”

Numerous are the blunders under which humanity has reposed in incurious apathy. The sun gamboled round the earth so long, that, when they changed places and motions, the denizens at that moment of our planet were cheated out of several days in their sublunary or circumsolar career. What was that mistake in comparison with the disastrous error of having for centuries obdurately turned their backs on the inexhaustible laboratory in which alone health could be bought, and perversely purchased destruction from a series of quacks, whose infinite retails had caused more wholesale ruin than the pernicious wrath of Pelides? “Look here upon this picture and on this.” Declining to accede to the unpleasant request we hurry to another pheno-

menon. The inestimable discovery of the Water-Cure has proved the posthumous triumph of Old Hygros-troma. Instead of being a damper to good-fellowship, the wet-blanket is synonymous with, and symbolical, and productive of all that is vivacious, hilarious, obstreperous, and jolly. A dozen of champagne is not an equivalent for the "SWEET;" and when you are once properly "packed," by the mere flow of your animal spirits, and a tumbler of pure spring water, you shall "sew up" the most potential toper and wit, whose facetiousness grows with the consumption of his wine.

Here we perceive that our readers, by an unmistakeable twitch of the muscles of the face, intimate their suspicions that our fidelity to the water system is impeachable. An explanatory sentence is unavoidable. In the month of August, we are always like Napoleon at Elba, confident in the incorruptible attachment of our adherents, but at a considerable distance from every one of them—certain of re-assuming, in undiminished splendour, and amidst thunders of acclamation, our undisputed sway on the first of September, but much at a loss a week before our return to find a bark, however frail, in which to trust our fortunes—projecting stupendous expeditions with invincible armies, and, in the meanwhile, possessing not even a recruit from the awkward squad to put through his facings. The days were insufferably hot or unmitigably rainy. Nobody cared about news, nor did anybody send us grouse. The Benedi steam-boat was stranded with a broken back on a rock of the Fifeshire coast; and harrowing paragraphs represented all the railways in every direction as strewn with the "disjecta membra" of ill-fated travellers. The thunder and lightning deafened and blinded us, while the absence of all companionship reduced us to compulsory dumbness. In this torpor of the soul and confusion of the intellect, looking up with a vacant stare to the cupola, on which the firmament was playing with inimitable rapidity a fierce prelude, we were startled by the appearance of Mr Lane's elegant and agreeable volume. It found us in no very

consecutive or severely logical mood. The engravings were amusing—the writing was pleasant. Having skimmed the contents with our customary velocity, we flung ourselves back upon the downy slopes of our autumn ottoman, and poured forth the rhapsody which has bewildered our friends. It could not well be otherwise. There was such implicit faith in Mr Lane—in union with so much good feeling and good sense—pleading his case so fervently—interesting us so much in himself, his illness and his recovery, his relapses and his mendings, his packing and scrubbing, his company and his talk, his walks and his rides, his digestions and reflections, and leaving us in the end so little convinced of the unquestionable superiority of the treatment which had bettered him, and no doubt many others, that, assured of there being nothing new under the sun, we took our flight back into the olden times to recall, if we could, when water ever aspired so loftily before in popular estimation. Icarus-like, we dropped into the bosom of the Ægean, and were dragged up opportunely by the phantom of Thales at Miletus.

Captivating, we admit, is the notion that water cures all diseases. There is a grandeur in the simplicity, and a rapture in the tastelessness of such a medicine, which its motley competitors cannot approach. Did any one ever see physic, which, by its appearance, infused love for it at first sight, and a vehement longing to swallow it? Revolve how endless in variety of colour and substance are the contents of a medicine-chest, and confess that you have not been able to look at one of them with satisfaction. The mature mind recoils from terrible reminiscences; and at the apparition of some single phial, a hideous congregation of detestable tastes, starting from the crevices of memory, will rush into the palate, and resuscitate the forgotten tortures and trials of infancy and boyhood. To be spared all this were "a consummation devoutly to be wished." To know that no shock sharper than the douche, and no draught more nauseous than half-a-dozen tumblers of water, should ever, at the doctor's hand, visit or wrack the frame might subdue the refrac-

tery temper of patients. To throw physic to the dogs, and be cleansed of all perilous stuff by a currycomb and a pail, might reconcile us to be assimilated to the horse. But alas! what do we discern in man, "the paragon of animals," which will entitle us to conclude that his innumerable bodily frailties can be so overcome or expelled?

"Oh, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities."

Happy and painful experiences unite to prove it. It has cost the labour and the zeal, the intense concentration of the undivided energies, and, in memorable instances, the very lives of the erudite and the ingenious, the sagacious and the daring, engaged in an incalculable multiplicity of investigations, experiments, and observations, in all ages and in all countries, to explore, and test, and confirm what is valuable, trustworthy, and stable, in medical science. Even to-day it may be urged that much is still obscure, indefinite, unsteady, and liable to be overturned and dismissed by the clearer illumination of to-morrow. Be it so. But, in spite of all the lengths to which the objection can be pushed, there remain two points irrefragably settled in medicine. First of all, there are certain remedies ascertained, beyond the shadow of a doubt, to act efficaciously on certain diseases. In the second place—and by far the most important truth for us in this discussion—no one specific remedy has ever been discovered which applies efficaciously to all diseases, nor to the overwhelming majority, nay, nor to any majority of all diseases. A period of ten years never elapses without such a panacea being broached, paraded, and extinguished. The "impar congressus Achillei" is made manifest in every case. At the outset, accordingly, an advertisement of the Cold Water Cure as a specific brands it with a suspicion which has never been false before. To affirm that, from Galen to Abernethy, a veil of impenetrable ignorance shrouded the vision of all physicians, which prevented them from picking up the truth lying at their feet, is not to be more

arrogant than Holloway's ointment, or Morrison's pills. It is, however, to offer a statement for our acceptance which common sense and the practical testimony of more than two thousand years simultaneously reject. The question truly deserves no argument. The publication of the discovery of a panacea is sufficient. The remedy, whatever it is, cannot be what it pretends to be; although it may be worse or better than it is generally supposed to be. Those who have been restored to convalescence, to buoyancy of spirits, and agility of limbs, by cold water, are at perfect liberty to abjure and denounce all other cures. But the chasm in the reasoning is a yawning one, over which an adventurous leap must be taken, to stand firm on the other side upon the conclusion that what cured Richard of dyspepsia will deliver Thomas from typhus.

It is not incumbent on us to enumerate Mr Lane's ailments. Blue pill and black draught, taraxacum and galvanism, were successively repelled by the stubborn enemy, whose entrenchments were to be neither sapped nor stormed. In a lucky hour, "an intimate friend of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton detailed, with generous eloquence, the great results of the Water-Cure in many cases; and his own characteristic benevolence prompted him to press upon me, *as a duty*, the visit of a month to Malvern." So there he goes. "The drive from Worcester to Malvern is not marked by any particular beauty, except the occasional glimpses of the hills, and the constant succession of rich orchards, at this time luxuriant in apple blossoms." The trifling exception to the monotony of the landscape, which does not escape his notice, almost suggests the *possibility* of the patient being a little better already.

"Here I am in the temple dedicated to Dame Nature and the Elixir Vitæ. The Doctor not at home, but a message that we are expected at a *pic-nic* at St Anne's Well. Too tired to go, we went to our comfortable double-bedded room, and, being refreshed, waited for the Doctor, who soon returned, and severely scrutinized me. He found my boy in exactly the state which he had expected, and rubbed his hands with

delight in anticipation of the change to be wrought in him. To me he boldly said, 'Give me a month, and I will teach you to manage yourself at home.' At supper (eight o'clock) we were presented to our fellow-patients, all graciously and gracefully welcoming the new-comers. This is the final meal of the day, consisting of bread in many varieties, butter, and biscuits, with bottles of water and jugs of milk. Tea, although allowed in some cases, is not encouraged. The house overlooks the beautiful Abbey church. The monks always knew how to avail themselves of the charms of situation; sheltered by the hills, and yet overlooking the extensive plain, and receiving the first rays of the sun—nothing could be more lovely.

"Doctor examined and asked me divers questions, and then gave his orders to the bath attendant. To bed at ten."

The compliment to the discrimination of the monks might not be inappropriately transferred to Dr Wilson. There are more things in the Water-Cure than cold water, and more than the body frequently morbid or ill at ease in the visitors to Malvern. Lovely scenery is wholesome food for a depressed mind.

"May 14.—At a little before seven came the bath attendant. He poured about four inches depth of water into a tin bath, five feet long, and directed me to get out of bed and sit in it. He then poured about two gallons of water on my head, and commenced a vigorous rubbing, in which I assisted. This is called THE SHALLOW BATH. After three or four minutes, I got out of the bath, and he enveloped me in a dry sheet, rubbing me thoroughly. All this friction produced an agreeable glow, and the desire to dress quickly and get into the air was uppermost. The same process was repeated with Ned; and, having each taken a tumbler of water, we started to mount the hill. I got as far as St Anne's Well, with Ned's help, and, drinking there, sauntered about the exquisite terrace walks on the hill. The fountain of St Anne's Well is constantly flowing, and though varying in quantity, has never failed. I am told that the water is at nearly the same temperature in summer as in winter. In sparkling brilliancy, as well as purity, it is confessedly unrivalled even at Malvern, except by the water of the 'Holy Well.'

A cottage, beautifully situated in the hollow of this eminence, encloses the fountain, where it escapes from the rock; the chief apartment of which is free, and open to all who wish to drink; but it is good taste to put down a half-crown upon the first visit, and inscribe a name in the book, which (with a ready pen) is also 'open to all.' From this cottage, which is I found a favourite place of rendezvous, paths lead by various routes to the highest hill called the Worcestershire Beacon, and the other commanding heights. We shall see, I trust.

"Another glass of this exquisite water, and home to breakfast at nine. Several sorts of bread (all in perfection) and excellent butter; bottles of the brightest water and tumblers duly arranged on the table; jugs of milk for those who like it, and to whom it is allowed. One jug *sparkles*, and the well known fragrant flavour soon suggests to the nose *tea!* Surely this is irregular, or why the disguise? Why not a teapot?"

"The Doctor took his seat at the head of the table. In the place of honour on his left was the patient whose longest stay in the house entitled her to the distinction. (I afterwards found that precedence at table is arranged by this rule, subject to the intermixture of the gentlemen.) She is eminently gifted to grace her position, being more than pretty, and with tongue and manner to match. Next to her is a gentleman of a dissenting expression of countenance, then another pretty woman, a young man of distinguished manners, and another *very* pretty woman, who, unlike the two fair patients above her, is *dark* in all that beautifies a brilliant complexion.

"Skipping over the gentleman on her left, because on this first morning I found nothing to remark upon, I come to my *vis-à-vis*, with her kindly and companionable expression (I am sure I shall like her;) and having mentioned our present stock of ladies on the opposite side, the lower part of the table is made up of gentlemen, one of whom presides at that end. On my side of the table, the upper seat is generally reserved for a visitor. I am happy to find in the whole party nothing distressing to look at: no lameness, no appearance of skin diseases, no sign-post or label to proclaim an ailment, no sore eyes, no '*eyesore*;' nothing, in short, worse than an occasional pallid or invalid character, like my own; and I am

told that all who have any palpable or disagreeable infirmity, are treated as out-door patients, which wholesome regulation gives full play to the proverbially high spirits of hydropathists, who almost immediately jump from a state of dejection and perverse brooding over their ailments, to a joyous anticipation of good, even on the first day of initiation into the treatment. The appetite, too, is always ready for the simple, wholesome meal. Nobody ever enjoyed a well-earned breakfast more than I on this morning."

The gentleman "of a dissenting expression of countenance," of whom we desiderate a drawing, seems the only bit of shade in this bright scene. We have quoted, without abridgment, the description of the company at the table, as not unimportant, alongside of the hilarity of hydropathists, who jump from grave to gay, "even on the first day of initiation into the treatment." Mr Lane will understand that we do not at all doubt his account of his illness. He must not quarrel with us for remarking that simple fare, regular diet, agreeable society, lots of laughing and talking, bathing and shampooing, bracing exercise, and enchanting natural prospects, appear admirably adapted to reinvigorate the invalids to whom we have been introduced. It would surprise us to be informed that the process had any where failed; and, as far as we can judge, the prescription of the regular practitioner in London would, without much hesitation, be in similar cases—"Go to Malvern for a month." Shower-baths and douches, too, may be had in the Great Babylon, but not exactly the refreshing concomitants so vividly brought before us by Mr Lane. Suppose we take a peep at a hydro-pathist's dinner:—

"At the head of the table, where the Doctor presides, was the leg of mutton, which, I believe, is every day's head-dish. I forget what Mrs Wilson dispensed, but it was something savoury, of fish. I saw veal cutlets—with bacon, and a companion dish, maccaroni—with gravy (a very delicate concoction): potatoes, plain boiled, or mashed and browned; spinach, and other green vegetables. Then followed rice pudding, tapioca, or some other farinaceous ditto, rhubarb tarts, &c. So much for what I have heard of the miserable diet

of water patients. The cooking of all is perfection, and something beyond, in Neddy's opinion, for he eats fat!

"After dinner, the ladies did not immediately retire, but made up groups for conversation, both in the dining and withdrawing room. A most happy arrangement this, which admits the refreshing influence of the society of ladies in such a house.

"A drive had been proposed, and, by the invitation of two of the ladies, I joined the party.

"Through picturesque lanes, we went to Madresfield Court, the seat of Lord Beauchamp (Ned on the box.) We saw the exquisite conservatories, the grapes in succession houses, and pinneries. The principal furniture in this house—carpets, tapestry, &c.—were placed exactly as they now appear, more than fifty years ago. It is a very romantic place, abounding in a great variety of trees of magnificent growth.

"We returned soon after seven, when I prepared to take my first *Sitz* bath. It is not disagreeable, but very odd, and exhibits the patient in by no means an elegant or dignified attitude.

"For this bath it is not necessary to undress, the coat only being taken off, and the shirt gathered under the waist-coat, which is buttoned upon it; and when seated in the water, which rises to the waist, a blanket is drawn round, and over the shoulders.

"Having remained ten minutes in this condition (Ned and I being on equal terms, and laughing at each other), we dried and rubbed ourselves with coarse towels, and descended to supper with excellent appetite."

Shall we alter or modify our observations, in consequence of this extract? Not pausing for a reply, we wish to explain, that, in hydropathical nomenclature, to be "half-packed" is to be put to bed, with a wet towel placed over you, extending from shoulders to knees, and enveloped with all the blankets, and a down-bed, with a counterpane to tuck all in, and make it air-tight. Here is complete "packing."

"May 15.—It was not the experience of the half packing that caused me to awake early, but a certain dread in anticipation of the *whole* wet sheet; and at six the bath attendant appeared with what seemed a coil of linen cable, and a gigantic can of water, and it was

some comfort to *pretend* not to be in the least degree apprehensive. I was ordered out of bed, and all the clothes taken off. Two blankets were then spread upon the mattress, and half over the pillow, and the wet sheet unfolded and placed upon them.

"Having stretched my length upon it and lying on my back, the man quickly and most adroitly folded it—first on one side and then on the other, and closely round the neck, and the same with the two blankets, by which time I was *warm*, and sufficiently composed to ask how the sheet was prepared of the proper degree of dampness. [I was told that being soaked well, it is held by two persons—one at each end, and pulled and twisted until water has ceased to drop; or that it may be done by one person putting it round the pump-handle, or any similar thing, and holding and twisting it at *both* ends.] Two more doubled blankets were then put upon me, and each in turn tucked most carefully round the neck, and under me. Upon this the down bed was placed, and over all another sheet or counterpane was secured at all sides and under the chin, to complete this hermetical sealing. By this time I was sure of being fast asleep in five minutes, and only anxious to see Ned as comfortable, for he was regarding the operation with silent horror. He, however, plucked up, and before Bardon (the attendant) had swathed him completely, favoured me with his opinion, conveyed in accents in which a slight tremor might be detected, that 'packing is jolly.'

"What occurred during a full hour after this operation neither man nor boy were in a situation to depose, beyond the fact that the sound, sweet, soothing sleep which both enjoyed, was a matter of surprise and delight, and that one of them, who had the less excuse for being so very youthful, was detected by Mr Bardon, who came to awake him, *smiling*, like a great fool, at *nothing*, if not at the fancies which had played about his slumbers. Of the *heat* in which I found myself, I must remark, that it is as distinct from perspiration, as from the parched and throbbing glow of fever. The pores are open, and the warmth of the body is very soon communicated to the wet sheet, until, as in this my first experience of the luxury, a breathing—steaming heat is engendered, which fills the whole of the wrappers, and is plentifully shown in the *smoking*

state which they exhibit as they are removed: still it is not like a vapour bath. I can never forget the calm, luxurious ease in which I awoke on this morning, and looked forward with pleasure to the daily repetition of what had been quoted to me, by the uninitiated, with disgust and shuddering.

"The softness and delicacy of the skin under the operation is very remarkable, and to the touch, clearly marks the difference between a state of perspiration or of fever."

We wish to be informed what there is of novelty in all this procedure? It is merely one way, out of many ways, of taking a bath. The shepherds on our hills, long before the Water-Cure had local habitation or name, were well aware, when their hard but faithful service made the heather their bed, that by dipping their plaids in the stream, and wringing them out, and then wrapping them round their bodies, such heat was generated as they could not otherwise procure. Then the alternation of hot bath and cold bath, followed by dry rubbing! The Russians and the Turks are comparatively beings of yesterday. But what does a hydropathist undergo at Malvern, for which Galen and Celsus had not laid down plain and ample directions? There is no apparatus so intricate or so extensive—there is nothing done by the hand or by machinery at a hydropathical establishment, which is not anticipated at Pompeii, or was not familiar to those eminent ancients whom we have named. The economy of baths was brought to more exquisite and copious perfection by the Romans than it has been since. Vice, luxury, gluttony, fatigue, disease, caprice, indolence, extravagant wealth, inordinate vanity, imperial pomp, were all occupied according to the impulse or the necessity of the individual, or of cities and provinces, to adorn with new contrivances, or to supply the defects of that essential furniture to the comfort of the later Roman. The poets teem with allusions to and descriptions of the expedients used in ministering to their effeminacy in the baths. The medical writers have considered and discussed the whole subject of baths and bathing with a minuteness and

a comprehensiveness which leave nothing to be learned from hydropathy now-a-days. The Greeks wanted only the enormous riches of Rome to be cited as of tantamount authority. Galen differs from Celsus in arranging the order according to which different baths should be taken; but the interval between them may account for all changes. Did it ever occur to Galen that water was a panacea? No; but many patients were under his care, the counterparts of the sojourners at Malvern; and that he treated them much after the fashion of Dr Wilson, we shall accord to the latter gentleman our belief. Rome, in the reign of Commodus, was not less likely than London to send forth sufferers whose roses would renew their bloom, and whose nerves would regain their tension, at the bidding of rustic breezes, lively chat, and methodical discipline.

It has seldom been our happiness to meet with a more astute lady of her rank than the woman at the cottage at St Anne's, who replies to Mr Lane, when he wonders at his power to mount the steep hills,—“Indeed, so do I, sir; but when I tell how the Water-Cure patients get strength to come up here, after a few days, and how well they look, some gentlefolks are *hard* enough to say the Doctor *pays* me to say so.” We exonerate the woman and the Doctor.

“May 26.—Packed, bathed, and out as usual, but instantly turned *in* again. It was raining after a fashion that, even to me, seemed to promise no interval or alleviation.

“We turned into the dining-room, and, pushing the seats of the chairs under the table, we made a clear space for walking round the room. Our dining-room is forty feet long; and, after a minute's discussion as to our intended route, it was settled that we should go (by the watch) to the spring beyond the Wyche. I opened the windows, and Ned arranged water bottle and tumblers on the table, undertaking to announce our arrival at the several springs. He had marked the distances by the time occupied, and so we started; and having walked from end to end of the room—and round the table ten minutes, Ned called that we were at the Turnpike, and we stopped to drink. We then

passed on, doing all sorts of small talk with a friend who had joined us, until we got to the Wyche and to the Willow Spring; then we drank again, and just having started, we met, at the turn of the road, Mr Townley; who came suddenly upon us, and joined our party cheerfully. There were frequent overtakings of each other, and at the corners of the paths we contended for the sharp angles, and carried out the rules of the road by passing on the proper side.

“Mr Townley walked as well as the best of us, and was a delightful walking companion; full of anecdote, of solid information, and a quiet dry humour all his own; but we could not inculcate him with a love for Malvern. Enumerating the varied attractions of the place, I unluckily wound up with the charming *drives*; when he admitted that it is ‘a delightful place to get away from.’”

A rebel in the camp! What is to come next? Why, a revelation that the Water-Cure system at Malvern is so old that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

“May 27.—Packed, bathed, and out as usual. Surely the variable nature of our climate is a source of constant, never-failing interest. Here is a glorious morning, following a day that seemed to give no hope of a change. Walked with Sterling and Ned to the Holy Well at Malvern Wells, then mounting the hills to the Beacon.

“The work published by Dr Card tells of extraordinary cures effected by the water of the Holy Well. The monks of old used to wrap in cloths steeped in this water, persons afflicted with leprosy or other eruptions; and (as the *Guide* quotes) ‘make them lie in bed, and even *sleep*, with the wet cloths on the diseased parts.’

“Why, here was an instinctive use of the ‘Wet Sheet Packing’ of very ancient date; but *not* (as the monks perhaps deemed) miraculous.”

The monks have unexpectedly got Mr Lane into a scrape. Their treatment of their patients is in all respects the same as the hydropathic treatment. But what is science in hydropathy is instinct in the priesthood. It is the most singular instance of instinct ever recorded. A controversy has long raged as to the precise approximation of animal instinct to human reason.

The line of demarcation between the instinct of the monk and the reason of the hydropathic doctor is so faint and slender that nobody, except a "packed" Malvern jury, with Mr Lane as foreman, could be audacious enough to hint its existence. So the worthy and intelligent monks not only knew how to select a charming residence, but practised the Water-Cure several hundred years ago! What becomes of the apt comparison between the "common fate of new revelations," as illustrated in the hostility of doctors which nearly ruined the great Harvey, and the disbelief of sensible people in the virtue of hydropathy? Hydropathy, in our view of it, is nothing new; but when it is demonstrated that at Malvern itself it existed in former ages, its want of success cannot with consistency be attributed to its novelty. The originality of the system, altogether, is on a par with the following branch of it:—

May 31.—"At five o'clock in walked the executioner, who was to initiate me into the SWEATING process. There was nothing awful in the commencement. Two dry blankets were spread upon the mattress, and I was enveloped in them, as in the wet sheet, being well and closely tucked in round the neck, and the head raised on two pillows; then came my old friend, the down bed, and a counterpane, as before. I need not sketch this, as it is precisely like the wet sheet packing in appearance.

"Not so in *luxury*. At first I felt very comfortable, but in ten minutes the irritation of the blanket was disagreeable, and endurance was my only resource—*thought* upon other subjects out of the question. In half an hour, I wondered *when* it would begin to act. At six, in came Bardon, to give me water to drink. Another hour—and I was getting into a state. I had for ten minutes followed Bardon's directions, by slightly moving my hands and legs, and the profuse perspiration was a relief; besides, I knew that I should be soon *fit* to be *bathed*, and what a tenfold treat! He gave me more water, and then it broke out! In a quarter of an hour more he returned, and I stepped, in that condition, into the cold bath, Bardon using more water on my head and shoulders than usual—more rubbing and sponging, and afterwards more vigorous *dry* rubbing. I was more than

pink, and hastened to get out, and compare notes with Sterling. We went to the Wyche. This process is very startling. The drinking water is to keep quiet the action of the heart. To plunge into cold water after *exercise* has induced perspiration might be fatal, but this quiescent, passive state, involves no danger of any kind."

To recur to the Roman bath is superfluous. The curious will find in Celsus all they have read in these extracts, and much more than is "dream'd of in your hydropathy, Horatio." The ingenuous narrative of Mr Lane is useful. The preposterous pretensions of the Water-Cure are visible and palpable. There may be no harm in Malvern, so long as the patients with whom Mr Lane makes us acquainted resort to it; although, conscientiously, we coincide with Mr Townley in his opinion that it must be "a delightful place to get away from." We do not at all impugn Dr Wilson's medical skill, and we heartily admire his fact. There are numbers of people who, resisting and infringing the orders of their medical advisers at home, blindly obey the behests of the physician at a watering-place. There are many, also, *blasés* and out of sorts with the racket, the whirl, and the glare of London life—or of what is worse, a provincial burlesque of London life—to whom the gentle influences of the balmy country air waft back the health which their riot had almost frightened from its frail tenement. These people visit such places as Malvern, do what they are commanded to do, spend their hours in rational enjoyment, and go home—converts to the Water-Cure. It is not very just, but it is very common.

And now let us state distinctly what we would really consider, and gladly dignify, as "The Water-Cure." For although unable to recognise in water an universal and infallible panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, we can yet bear a large testimony in its favour, and send it out to service with the highest character. It is our deliberate and mature conviction that the inhabitants of the Cumbraes and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland may, to their own infinite advantage, fishify their flesh a great deal more than they do at present.

Our language does not embrace the full scope of our recommendation; because the minnow and the whale, along with all the intermediate gradations of the finny family, may probably disclaim the reputation of water-drinkers. Internally and externally, according to the rational views which we are about to explain, we advocate the application of the pellucid fountain and the crystal stream. This is to touch, we are quite aware, some of the most important questions which can engage the attention of the philanthropy and of the legislature of this country. It is to do so; and we hope to evince in our remarks at once the fearlessness and the moderation which become the honest and the practical investigation of matters affecting the moral and the physical welfare of thousands of human beings.

In lauding water as a beverage, it is impossible to evade an expression of opinion regarding the great movement which is represented and embodied in the existence and diffusion of temperance societies over the length and breadth of the land. Whatever words can be selected of most emphatic significance, we are willing to adopt in general approbation of that movement. We single out here no individuals for encomium, and refuse to decorate with a preference any particular fraternity or society. Taking, as our limits necessarily oblige us to take, a broad survey of the principle, and the results of the principle disclosed by experience, we cheerfully pronounce both to be positively and undeniably good. Observe, we say temperance. Total abstinence is a different thing altogether—an extreme which may warrant and cover abuses as bad as drunkenness itself. No spectacle is more ludicrous than a procession of Tec-totallers. If total abstinence is a virtue hard to win, and accessible only to an inconsiderable minority, the pharisaical ostentation of its vain-glory is not calculated to attract or conciliate the overwhelming majority who feel unable to soar to its sublimity. If, on the other hand, total abstinence is a virtue of such easy acquisition as to imply no sacrifice either in grasping or holding it, surely banners need not wave, nor bagpipes grant, to celebrate such hum-

ble and ordinary merits. The Stoics, in declaring pain to be no evil, unconsciously proclaimed that there was no fortitude in suffering. The citizens of Edinburgh who live guiltless of larceny do not perambulate the streets once a-year in holiday attire to the cadence of martial music, for the purpose of being pointed out to the marvelling on-looker as men who never picked a pocket or broke into a larder. Total abstinence is not an end which common sense acknowledges to be attainable. In peculiar circumstances it may be that a sagacious and strong mind, determined to rescue masses of his countrymen from a degrading and destructive bondage, may begin by tearing them violently and completely asunder from their former pernicious habits. His ultimate hopes, however, do not rest on the permanency of this revulsion, but on the foundation which even its temporary supremacy enables him to plant in the understanding and in the heart, for finally establishing better inclinations, wiser purposes, a detestation of excess, and a love of moderation. National temperance will be the triumphant realisation of his aspirations; and as we believe national temperance to be practicable, so we believe it to be desirable, on the lowest and most selfish, as well as on the loftiest and purest grounds. As politicians, we are satisfied that the temperance of the people is an auxiliary in securing, assisting, and facilitating good government, little inferior to many of those invaluable institutions for which Britons are ready to shed their life-blood. The national tranquillity, energy, industry, and affluence, ought to be the aggregate of the contentment, enterprise, diligence, and wealth of each individual. Any thing, therefore, which will convince a man that sobriety makes a happier fireside than heretofore, gives to him at all hours of the day a cooler head and a steadier hand than he used to have, and leaves at sunset a shilling in the purse which he could never find there during the reckless season of his dissipation, is not merely a direct benefit to the individual, but a substantive addition to the resources and strength of the community. We wish to preach no ascetic doctrines, nor to curtail the enjoyment of life of any

the least of its fair proportions. Overfasting and over-feasting are alike repugnant to our ideas. What we delight to see is, that hundreds and tens of hundreds, voluntarily turning off from a road which leads invariably to misery, poverty, and crime, are now treading a more salubrious path, where, as they proceed, an unrepining conscience and domestic happiness must cheer them with their blessings, and, in all probability, worldly prosperity will reward them with its comforts. The first part, then, of our "Water-Cure" is temperance—by which we do not mean either that water is the only fluid which mortals shall imbibe, or that water, even if so exclusively imbibed, is the elixir of life. We mean a general recognition in the conduct of life, that while intemperance is senseless, brutish, dangerous, and guilty, temperance on the contrary—without stinting enjoyment, or balking mirth, or fettering the freest exhilaration of his nature—secures to man at all times, whether of relaxation or of toil, the healthful development of his faculties, and would, in this our own country, prodigious as its achievements have been, redeem a quantity of time and means wasted, which, rightly employed and exerted, might elevate the social security and harmony, the political and commercial ascendancy, the public and the private affluence, of the British empire above the visionary splendours of an Utopian commonwealth. Thus far we

"Fetch our precepts from the Cynick tub,"

without fear of being accused of

"Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence."

The external application of our "Water-Cure" sends us plump over head and ears into as many fathoms as you please. In the middle of the multitudinous sea, or under the even-down deluge of a shower-bath, we are equally at home and at ease. No misgivings of any kind restrict our exhortation to wash and to bathe. Medical advice is so precious a thing that we are anxious to enhance its

value by its rarity. Nothing will effect this purpose so certainly as the habitude of constant and sensitive cleanliness among rich and poor, young and old. What ought to be the cheapest, and what is the most thorough instrument of cleanliness, is an abundance, an overflowing superabundance, of water. Before judging our neighbours, we may begin by looking into matters at home. Is it possible that the metropolis of Scotland, at any season of any year, shall be in such a condition from want of water as to exclaim in its agony,

"Oh, my offence is rank!—it smells to heaven?"

Is it possible that during certain summer months, in more than one year, of which the recollection does not dry up so readily as the city-reservoir, water could with difficulty be procured here for love or money? And is this the place, where the ordinary supply fails sometimes to meet the ordinary demand, in which it was gravely and enthusiastically proposed to erect spacious baths for the working classes? It is infinitely discreditable that such occurrences should have ever distressed us; but, looking forward both to what the people themselves are attempting, and to what the government intends to do, the necessity is apparent for an immense and immediate alteration and improvement in the supply of water to all large and densely-populated towns. The squabbles of companies cannot be permitted to banish health and breed fever. Extensive sanatory measures introduced into a city of which the water-pipes might be dry during the dog-days, would be a repetition of the monkey's exhibition of the beauties of the magic-lantern, forgetting to light the lamp. The husky voice of the public, adust with thirst, shall not be wholly inaudible. The procrastinations of juntos cannot much longer be accumulated with the vicissitudes of the atmosphere.

When the scheme for the erection of baths for the working classes was first promulgated here, we individually subscribed our pittance, and predicted its failure—and for this reason: The plan could not stand by itself. To make a labourer, at the end of the

day's or the week's work, as clean and fresh as soap and hot-water, with all appliances and means to boot, could make him, and send him to encounter in his own dwelling and vicinity the filth and the odours of a pig-stye, was not a very feasible proposition. But personal purification would induce household tidiness. It might do so, if ventilation and drainage and space were all at his command, and within his regulation. If they were not, in what a hopeless contest he engaged! Invisible demons, on whose invulnerable crests all his blows fell harmlessly, whose subtlety no precaution on his part could exclude, and to whose potency his own lustrations only made his senses more acute, would speedily quench his new-born ardour, and probably seduce him back to the persuasion, that for one in his position the truth lay in the proverb—"The clartier the cosier." We must also give him the benefit of those data which political economists never refuse to any body—a prolific wife and numerous progeny. A clean house of one room, open to the incursions and excursions of seven or eight children, whose playground is the Cowgate, or, let it be the shores—that is, the common sewers—of the Water of Leith, is a tolerably desperate speculation. Thither, however, our operative, radiant from his abstersion, is doomed to repair, that he may be affronted by the muddy embraces of his infants, and oppressed by the fragrance of his home. The project of the baths, simply as such, although excellent in its spirit, and true in its tendency, could not, we repeat our belief, have been productive, as an isolated effort, of material or ending benefit. Much must go hand in hand, and step by step, with it. Ventilation and drainage, and more ample elbow-room, are indispensable to carry us forward successfully in the momentous progress on which we are, earnestly, we hope, entering towards the amelioration of the people. Nor shall we hesitate to affirm, that no system of education can be satisfactory or complete, which shall not at least endea-

avour to provide some means for extricating the offspring of the lower classes in their tender years, when the superintendence of father or mother is almost an impossibility for a great portion of the day, out of the cause-way and the dunghill, and if not absolutely to put them in the way of good, at all events effectually to keep them out of the way of harm.

Then it is that we shall clamour for water with indomitable pertinacity. We shall demand it every where—in private houses, in public baths, and in fountains in our streets and squares. There can be no excuse for withholding it. Nature has not been niggardly in her distribution among the neighbouring hills of this simple and invaluable gift. When sums of money which stagger the most gaping credulity are revealed so near our thresholds, and demonstrated to be so readily available for useful purposes, it is neither presumptuous nor irrational to expect that a few dribblets from the still swelling hoard may be dedicated to operations which, in combination with other extraordinary conceptions and performances, may crown the present century as more wonderful than any age, or all the ages, which it has succeeded. Great Britain, within a little span of time, has launched into an ocean of hazardous experiments. The voyage is more perilous, we think, than many anticipate; but if it be otherwise, and our forebodings are dissipated by steady sunshine and fine weather; if a new commercial policy shall furnish more sustenance than we require, without any detriment to native industry; if a grand system of education is destined to fortify public intelligence, without weakening public virtue; and if the physical condition of all ranks shall be ultimately so comfortable as to enable them to enjoy their good dinners and their good books, let us hope to hear, with our own ears, the people with one acclaim cry out—"We are well-fed, well-educated," and "Our hands are clean!"

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WILD SPORTS AND NATURAL HISTORY OF THE HIGHLANDS.

THIS year we have been a defaulter on the Moors. Not that our eye has become more dim, our aim less sure, or our understanding weaker than of yore; but we are no longer subject to the same keen and burning impulses which used periodically to beset us towards the beginning of our departed Augusts, inflaming our destructive organs, and driving us to the heather, as the stag is said to be driven by instinct to the shores of the sea. Somehow or other, we now take things much more coolly. We no longer haunt the shop of Dickson—that most excellent and unassuming of gunmakers—for weeks before the shooting-season, discussing the comparative excellences of cartridge and plain shot, or refitting our battered apparatus with the last ingenuities of Sykes. Our talk is not of pointers or of setters; neither do we think it incumbent upon us to perambulate Princes Street in a shooting-jacket, or with the dissonance of hobnailed shoes. We can even look upon the northern steamers, surcharged with all manner of ammunition, crammed from stem to stern with Cockney tourists and sportsmen, carriages and cars, hampers, havresacks, and hair trunks, steering their way from our noble frith towards the Highlands, without the slightest wish to become one of that gay and gallant crew. Incredible as it may appear, we actually

wrote an article upon the twelfth of August last; nor was the calm, even tenor of our thoughts for a moment interrupted by the imaginary whirr of the gor-cock. For the life of us, we cannot recollect what sort of a day it was. To be sure, we were early up and at work—that is, as early as we ever are, somewhere about ten: we wrote on steadily until dinner-time, with no more intermission than was necessary for the discussion of a couple of glasses of Madeira. After a slight and salubrious meal, we again tackled to the foolscap, and by nine o'clock dismissed the printer's devil to his den with a quarter of a ream of manuscript. We then strolled up to our club, where, for the first time, we were reminded of the nature of the anniversary, by the savour of roasted grouse. So, with a kind of melancholy sigh for the impairment of our blunted energies, we sat down to supper, and leisurely explored the pungent pepper about the backbone of the bird of the mountain.

But empty streets, hot sun, and a dust like that of the Sahara, are combined nuisances too formidable for the most tranquil or indolent nature. It is not good for any one to be the last man left in town. You become an object of suspicion to the porters—that is, the more superannuated portion of them, for the rest are all gone to carry bags upon the moors—who,

seeing you continue from day to day sidling along the deserted streets, begin to entertain strange doubts as to the real probity of your character, or, at all events, as to your absolute sanity. If you are a lawyer, and remain in town throughout August and September, your own conscience will tell you at once that you are nothing short of an arrant sneak. Are there not ten other months in the year throughout which you may cobble condescendences, without emulating the endurance of Chibert, and confining yourself in an oven, to the manifest endangerment of your liver, for the few paltry guineas which may occasionally come tumbling in? Will any agent of sense consider you a better counsel, or a more estimable plodder, because you affect an exaggerated passion for *Morrison's Decisions*, and refuse to be divorced even for a week from your dalliance with Shaw and Dunlop? Is that unfortunate Lord Ordinary on the Bills to be harassed day and night, deprived of his morning drive, and deranged in his digestive organs, on account of your unhallowed lust for fees? Is your unhappy clerk, whose wife and children have long since been dismissed to cheap bathing-quarters on the coast of Fife, where at this moment they are bobbing up and down among the tangled rocks, skirling as the waves come in, or hunting for diminutive crabs and cavies in the sea-worn pools—is that most oppressed and martyred of all mankind to be kept, by your relentless fiat, or rather wicked obstinacy, from participating in the same sanatory amusements with Bill, and Harry, and Phemie, and the rest of his curly-headed weans? Think you that the complaints of Mrs Screever will not be heard and registered against you in heaven, as, mateless and disconsolate, she cheapens haddocks in the market, or plucks seapinks along the cliffs of hoary Anstruther or of Crail? Shame upon you! Recollect, for the sake of others, if not for your own, that you call yourself a gentleman and a Christian. Shut up your house from top to bottom—fee the policeman to watch it—wafer a ticket on the window, directing all parcels to be sent to the grocer with whom you have deposited the

key—give poor Girzy a holiday to visit her friends at Carnwath—and be off yourself, as fast as you can, wherever your impulses may lead you, either to the Highlands with rod and gun, or, if you are no sportsman, to Largs, or Ardrossan, or Dunoon, pleasant places all, where you may saunter along the shore undisturbed from morn until dewy eve, hire a boat at a shilling the hour, and purvey your own whittings; or haply, if you are in good luck, take a prominent part in the proceedings of a regatta, and make nautical speeches after dinner to the intense amusement of your audience.

But you say you are a physician. Well, then, cannot you leave your patients to die in peace? It is six months since you were called in to attend that old lady, who has a large jointure and a predisposition to jaundice. You have visited her regularly once a day—sometimes twice—prescribed for her a whole pharmacopeia of drugs—blistered her, bled her, leeched her—curtailed her of wholesome diet, forbidden cordial waters, and denounced the needful cinnamon. Dare you lay your hand on your heart and say that you think her better? Not you. Why not, then, give the poor old woman, who is not only harmless, but an excellent subscriber to several Tract societies, one chance more of a slightly protracted existence? Restore to her her natural food and adventitious comforts. Send her away to Cheltenham or Harrogate, or some such other vale of Avoca, where, at all events, she may get fresh air, clean lodgings, and lots of mineral water. So shall you escape the pangs of an awakened conscience, and your deathbed be haunted by the thoughts of at least one homicide the less.

What we say to one we say to all. Stockbroker! you are a good fellow in the main, and you never meant to ruin your clients. It was not your fault that they went so largely into Glenmutchkins, and made such unfortunate attempts to bear the Biggleswade Junction. But why should you continue to tempt the poor devils at this flat season of the year, and with a glutted market, into any further purchases of scrip? You know very well, that until November, at the earliest, there is not the most distant

prospect of a rise, and you have already pocketed, believe us, a remarkably handsome commission. Do not be in too great a hurry to kill the goose with the golden eggs. A rest for a month or so will make them all the keener for speculation afterwards, and nurse their appetite for premiums. We foresee a stirring winter, if you will but take things quietly in the interim. Assemble your brethren together—shut up the Exchange by common consent during the dog-days—convert your lists into wadding, and let Mammon have a momentary respite.—Writer to the Signet! is it fair to be penning letters, each of which costs your employer three and fourpence, when they are certain to remain unanswered? Do not do it. This is a capital time for taking infestments, and those instruments of sashine may well suffice to plump out the interior of a game-bag. No better witnesses in the world than a shepherd and an illicit distiller; and sweat will be your crowning caulker as you take instruments of earth and stone, peat and divot, and the like, in the hands of Angus and Donald, by the side of the spring, far up in the solitary mountain. Therefore, again we say, be off as speedily as you can to the moors, and leave the Deserted City to sun and dust, and the vigilance of a perspiring Town Council.

Example, they say, is better than precept—we might demur to the doctrine, but we are not in a disputatious humour. For we too are bound, though late, to the land of grouse—indeed we have already accomplished the greater part of our journey, and are writing this article in a pleasant burgh of the west, separated only by an arm of the sea, across which the bright-sailed yachts are skimming, from a long range of heathery hills, whereon we hope, if it pleases fortune, to do some execution on the morrow. Our three pointers, Orleans, Tours, and Bordeaux—so named after the speculation that enabled us to purchase them—are basking in the sun on the little green beneath our window; whilst Scrip, our terrier and constant companion, is perched upon the sill, barking with all his might at a peripatetic miscreant of a minstrel, who for the last half hour has been

grinding Gentle Zitella to shreds in his barrel-organ. We have tried in vain to move him with coppers dexterously shied so as to hit him if possible on the head, but the nuisance will not abate. We must follow the example of the Covenanters, and put an end to him at the expenditure of a silver shot. "There, our good fellow, is a shilling for you—have the kindness to move on a few doors further; there are some sick folks in this house. At the end of the row you will find a family remarkably addicted to music—the house with the green blinds—you understand us? Thank you!" And in a few moments we hear his infernal instrument, now not unpleasantly remote, doling out the popular air of the Glasgow Chap-pie, for the edification of the intolerable Gorbaliar who poisoned our passage down the Clyde by constituting himself our Cicerone, and explaining the method by which one might discriminate the Railway boats from those of the Castle Company, by the peculiar ochreing of their funnels.

Did we intend to remain here much longer, we should be compelled in self-defence to clear the neighbourhood. This is not so impracticable as at first sight may appear. We have made acquaintance with a very pleasant fellow of a Bauldy—quite a genius in his way—who has a natural talent for the French horn. To him an old key-bugle would be an inestimable treasure, and we doubt not that with a few instructions he would become such a proficient as to serenade the suburb day and night. Nor would our conscience reproach us for having made one human creature supremely happy, even at the cost of the emigration of a few dozen others. But fortunately we have no need to recur to any such experiment. Tomorrow we shall enact the part of Macgregor with our foot upon our native heather; and for one evening, wherever the locality, we could not find a more apt or pleasant companion than Mr Charles St John, whose sporting journals are at last published in the Home and Colonial Library.

We make this preliminary statement the more readily, because for divers reasons we had hardly expected to find the work so truly excellent

of its kind; and had there been any shortcomings, assuredly we should have been foul of St John. In the first place, we entertained, and do still entertain, the opinion that very few English sportsmen are capable of writing a work which shall treat not only of the Wild Sports, but of the Natural History of the Highlands. They belong to a migratory class, and seldom exchange the comforts of their clubs for the inconveniences of northern rustication, at least before the month of June. Now and then, indeed, you may meet with some of them, whose passion for angling amounts to a mania, by the side of the Tweed or the Shin, long before the mavis has hatched her young. But these are usually elderly grey-coated men, whose whole faculties are bent upon hackles—the patriarchs of a far nobler school than that of Walton—magnificent throwers of the fly—salmonicides of the first water—yet in our humble estimation not very conversant with any other subject under heaven. Their sporting error—rather let us call it misfortune—is that they do not generalise. By the middle of September their occupation for the year is over. Shortly afterwards they assemble, like swallows about to leave our shores, on the banks of the Tweed, which river is permitted by the mercy of the British Parliament to remain open for a short time longer. There they angle on, kill their penultimate and ultimate fish; and finally, at the approach of winter, retreat to warmer quarters, and recapitulate the campaigns of the summer over port of the most generous vintage. These are clearly not the men to indite the *Wild Sports and Natural History of the North*.

The other section of English sportsmen come later and depart a little earlier. They are the renters of moors, crack sportsmen in every sense of the word, who resort to Ross-shire as regularly as they afterwards emigrate to Melton. Now, as to their slaughtering powers, we entertain not the shadow of a doubt. Steady shots and deadly are they from their youth upwards—trained, it may be, upon level ground, but still unerring in their aim. If not so wiry-sinewed, and sound of wind as the Caledonian,

their pluck is undeniable, and their perseverance praiseworthy in the extreme. Show them the birds, and they will bring them to bag—give them a fair chance at a red-deer, and the odds are that next minute he shall be rolling in blood upon the heather. But this, let it be observed, is after all a mere matter of tooling. To be a good shot is only one branch of the finished sportsman's accomplishment, and it enters not at all into the conformation of the naturalist. We would not give a brace of widgeons for the best description ever written of a week's sport in the Highlands, or indeed any where else, provided it contained nothing more than an account of the killed and wounded, some facetious anecdotes regarding the lives of the gillies, and a narrative of the manner in which the author encountered and overcame a hart. Even the adventures of a night in a still will hardly make the book go down. We want an eye accustomed to look to other things beyond the sight of a gun-barrel—we want to know more about the quarry than the mere fact that it was flushed, fired at, and killed. Death can come but once to the black-cock as to the warrior, but are their lives to be accounted as nothing? Ponto we allow to be a beautiful brute—a little too thin-skinned, perhaps, for the moors, and apt, in case of mist, to lapse into a state of ague—yet, notwithstanding, punctual at his points, and cheap at twenty guineas of the current money of the realm. Howbeit we care not for his biography. To us it is matter of the smallest moment from what breed he is descended, by whose gamekeeper he was broken, neither are we covetous as to statistics of the number of his brothers and sisters uterine. It is of course gratifying to know that our southern acquaintance approves of the sport he has met with in a particular district; and that on the twelfth, not only the bags but the ponies were exuberantly loaded with a superfluity of fid and feather. Such intelligence would have been listened to most benignly had it been accompanied by a box of game duly addressed to us at Ambrose's—as it is, we accept the fact without any spasm of extraordinary pleasure.

There are, we allow, some sporting tours from which we have derived both profit and gratification; but the locality of these is usually remote and unexplored. We like to hear of salmon-fishing in the Naamsen, and of forty and fifty pounders captured in its brimful rapids—of bear-skulls in Sweden, buffalo-hunting in the prairies, or the chase of the majestic lion in Caffreland or Morocco. Such narratives have the charm of novelty; and if, now and then, they border a little upon the marvellous or miraculous, we do our best to summon up faith sufficient to bolt them all. We by no means objected to Monsieur Violet's account of the *estampades* in California, or of the snapping turtles in the cane-brakes of the Red River. He was, at all events, graphic in his descriptions; and the zoology to which he introduced us, if not genuine, was of a gigantic and original kind. In fact, no sort of voyage or travel is readable unless it be strewn thickly with incident and adventure, and these of a startling character. Nobody cares now-a-days about meteorological observations, or dates, or distances, or names of places; we have been tired with these things from the days of Dampier downwards. Nor need any navigator hope to draw the public attention to his facts unless he possesses besides a deal of the talent of the novelist. If incident does not lie in his path, he must go out of his way to seek it—if even then it should not appear, there is an absolute necessity for inventing it. What a book of travels in Central Africa could we not write, if any one would be kind enough to furnish us with a mere outline of the route, and the authentic soundings of the Niger!

Scotland, however, is tolerably well known to the educated people of the sister country, and her productions have ceased to be a marvel. Grouse are common as howtowdies in the London market; and even red-deer venison, if asked for, may be had for a price. There is no great mystery in the staple commodity of our sports. Something, it is true, may still be said with effect regarding deer-stalking—a branch of the art venatory which few have the opportunity to study, and of those few a small

fraction only can attain to a high degree. Grouse are to be found on every hill, black-game in almost every corrie; few are the woods, at the present day, unhaunted by the roe; but the red-deer—the stag of ten—the of the branches and the tines—is, in most parts of the country save in the great forests, a casual and a wandering visitor; and many a summer's day you may clamber over cairn and crag, inspect every scaur and glen, and sweep the horizon around with your telescope, without discovering the waving of an antler, or the impress of a transitory footprint. But this subject is soon exhausted. Scrope has done ample justice to it, and left but a small field untrodden to any literary successor. The *Penny Magazine*, if we mistake not, disposed several years ago of otter-hunting, and the chase of the fox as practised in the rocky regions; and finally, Colquhoun—he of the Moor and the Loch—with more practical knowledge and acute observation than any of his predecessors, reduced Highland sporting to a science, and became the Encyclopedist of the *feræ naturæ* of the hills. With these authorities already before us, it was not unnatural that we should have entertained doubts as to the capabilities of any new writer, not native nor to the custom born.

Neither did the puff preliminary, which heralded the appearance of this volume, prepossess us strongly in its favour. What mattered it to the sensible reader whether or no “the attention of the public has already been called to this journal by the *Quarterly Review* of December 1845?” The book was not published, had not an existence, until seven or eight months after that article—a reasonably indifferent one, by the way—was penned; and yet we are asked to take that sort of pre-Adamite notice as a verdict in its favour! Now, we object altogether to this species of side-winded commendation, this reviewing, or noticing, or extracting from manuscripts before publication, more especially in the pages of a great and influential Review. It is always injudicious, because it looks like the work of a coterie. In the present case it was doubly unwise, because this volume really required no adventitious

aid whatever, and certainly no artifice, to recommend it to the public favour.

Whilst, however, we consider it our duty to say thus much, let it not be supposed that we are detracting from the merits of the extracts contained in that article of the *Quarterly*. On the contrary, they impressed us at the time with a high idea of the graphic power of the writer, and presented an agreeable contrast to the general prolixity of the paper. It is even possible that we are inclined to underrate the efforts of the critic on account of his having forestalled us by printing *The Muckle Hart of Benmore*—a chapter which we should otherwise have certainly enshrined within the columns of *Maga*.—At all events it is now full time that we should address ourselves more seriously to the contents of the volume.

Mr St John, we are delighted to observe, is not a sportsman belonging to either class which we have above attempted to describe. He is not the man whose exploits will be selected to swell the lists of slaughtered game in the pages of the provincial newspapers; for he has the eye and the heart of a naturalist, and, as he tells us himself, after a pleasant description of the wild animals which he has succeeded in domesticating—"though naturally all men are carnivorous, and, therefore, animals of prey, and inclined by nature to hunt and destroy other creatures, and, although I share in this our natural instinct to a great extent, I have far more pleasure in seeing these different animals enjoying themselves about me, and in observing their different habits, than I have in hunting down and destroying them."

Most devoutly do we wish that there were many more sportsmen of the same stamp! For ourselves, we confess to an organ of destructiveness not of the minimum degree. We never pass a pool, and hear the sullen plunge of the salmon, without a bitter imprecation upon our evil destiny if we chance to have forgotten our rod; and a covey rising around us, when unarmed, is a plea for suicide. But this feeling, as Mr St John very properly expresses it, is mere natural instinct—part of our original Adam,

which it is utterly impossible to subdue. But give us rod or gun. Let us rise and strike some three or four fresh-run fish, at intervals of half-an-hour—let us play, land, and deposit them on the bank, in all the glory of their glittering scales, and it is a hundred to one if we shall be tempted to try another cast, although the cruives are open, the water in rarest trim, and several hours must elapse ere the advent of the cock-a-leekie. In like manner, we prefer a moor where the game is sparse and wild, to one from which the birds are rising at every twenty yards; nor care we ever to slaughter more than may suffice for our own wants and those of our immediate friends. And why should we? There is something not only despicable, but, in our opinion, absolutely brutal, in the accounts which we sometimes read of wholesale massacres committed on the moors, in sheer wanton lust for blood. Fancy a great hulking Saxon, attended by some half-dozen gamekeepers, with a larger retinue of gillies, sallying forth at early morning upon ground where the grouse are lying as thick and tame as chickens in a poultry-yard—loosing four or five dogs at a time, each of which has found his bird or his covey before he has been freed two minutes from the couples—marching up in succession to each stationary quadruped—kicking up the unfortunate pouts, scarce half-grown, from the heather before his feet—banging right and left into the middle of them, and—for the butcher shoots well—bringing down one, and sometimes two, at each discharge. The red-whiskered keeper behind him, who narrowly escaped transportation, a few years ago, for a bloody and ferocious assault, hands him another gun, ready-loaded; and so on he goes, for hour after hour, depopulating God's creatures, of every species, without mercy, until his shoulder is blue with the recoil, and his brow black as Cain's, with the stain of the powder left, as he wipes away the sweat with his stiff and discoloured hand. At evening, the pyramid is counted, and lo, there are two hundred brace!

Is this sporting, or is it murder? Not the first certainly, unless the term can be appropriately applied to

the hideous work of the shambles. Indeed, between knocking down stots or grouse in this wholesale manner, we can see very little distinction; except that, in the one case, there is more exertion of the muscles, and in the other a clearer atmosphere to nerve the operator to his task. Murder is a strong term, so we shall not venture to apply it; but cruelty is a word which we may use without compunction; and from that charge, at least, it is impossible for the glutton of the moors to go free.

Great humanity and utter absence of wantonness in the prosecution of his sport, is a most pleasing characteristic of Mr St John. He well understands the meaning of Wordsworth's noble maxim,—

“Never to blend our pleasure or our pride

With sorrow of the meanest thing
that feels;”

and can act upon it without cant, without cruelty, and, above all, without hypocrisy. And truly, when we consider where he has been located for the last few years, in a district which offers a greater variety of game to the sportsman than any other in Great Britain, his moderation becomes matter of legitimate praise. Here is his own description of the locality wherein he has pitched his tent:—

“I have lived for several years in the northern counties of Scotland, and during the last four or five in the province of Moray, a part of the country peculiarly adapted for collecting facts in Natural History, and for becoming intimate with the habits of many of our British wild birds and quadrupeds. Having been in the habit of keeping an irregular kind of journal, and of making notes of any incidents which have fallen under my observation connected with the zoology of the country, I have now endeavoured, by dint of cutting and pruning those rough sketches, to put them into a shape calculated to amuse, and perhaps, in some slight degree, to instruct some of my fellow-lovers of Nature. From my earliest childhood I have been more addicted to the investigation of the habits and manners of every kind of living animal than to any more useful avocation, and have in consequence made myself tolerably well acquainted with the domestic economy of most of

our British *feræ naturæ*, from the field-mouse and wheatear, which I stalked and trapped in the plains and downs of Wiltshire during my boyhood, to the red-deer and eagle, whose territory I have invaded in later years on the mountains of Scotland. My present abode in Morayshire is surrounded by as great a variety of beautiful scenery as can be found in any district in Britain; and no part of the country can produce a greater variety of objects of interest either to the naturalist or to the lover of the picturesque. The rapid and glorious Findhorn, the very perfection of a Highland river, here passes through one of the most fertile plains in Scotland, or indeed in the world; and though a few miles higher up it rages through the wildest and most rugged rocks, and through the romantic and shaded glens of the forests of Darnaway and Altyre, the stream, as if exhausted, empties itself peaceably and quietly into the Bay of Findhorn—a salt-water loch of some four or five miles in length, entirely shut out by different points of land from the storms which are so frequent in the Moray Frith, of which it forms a kind of creek. At low-water this bay becomes an extent of wet sand, with the river Findhorn and one or two smaller streams winding through it, till they meet in the deeper part of the basin near the town of Findhorn, where there is always a considerable depth of water, and a harbour for shipping.

“From its sheltered situation and the quantity of food left on the sands at low-water, the Bay of Findhorn is always a great resort of wild-fowl of all kinds, from the swan to the teal, and also of innumerable waders of every species; while occasionally a seal ventures into the mouth of the river in pursuit of salmon. The bay is separated from the main water of the Frith by that most extraordinary and peculiar range of country called the Sandhills of Moray—a long, low range of hills formed of the purest sand, with scarcely any herbage, excepting here and there patches of bent or broom, which are inhabited by hares, rabbits, and foxes. At the extreme point of this range is a farm of forty or fifty acres of arable land, where the tenant endeavours to grow a scanty crop of grain and turnips, in spite of the rabbits and the drifting sands. From the inland side of the bay stretch the fertile plains of Moray, extending from the Findhorn to near Elgin in a continuous flat of the

richest soil, and comprising districts of the very best partridge-shooting that can be found in Scotland, while the streams and swamps that intersect it afford a constant supply of wild-fowl. As we advance inland we are sheltered by the wide-extending woods of Altyre, abounding with roe and game; and beyond these woods again is a very extensive range of a most excellent grouse-shooting country, reaching for many miles over a succession of moderately-sized hills which reach as far as the Spey.

“On the west of the Findhorn is a country beautifully dotted with woods, principally of oak and birch, and intersected by a dark, winding burn, full of fine trout, and the constant haunt of the otter. Between this part of the country and the sea-coast is a continuation of the Sandhills, interspersed with lakes, swamps, and tracts of fir-wood and heather. On the whole, I do not know so varied or interesting a district in Great Britain, or one so well adapted to the amusement and instruction of a naturalist or sportsman. In the space of a morning’s walk you may be either in the most fertile or the most barren spot of the country. In my own garden every kind of wall-fruit ripens to perfection, and yet at the distance of only two hours’ walk you may either be in the midst of heather and grouse, or in the sandy deserts beyond the bay, where one wonders how even the rabbits can find their living.

“I hope that my readers will be indulgent enough to make allowances for the unfinished style of these sketches, and the copious use of the first person singular, which I have found it impossible to avoid whilst describing the adventures which I have met with in this wild country, either when toiling up the rocky heights of our most lofty mountains, or cruising in a boat along the shores, where rocks and caves give a chance of finding sea-fowl and otters; at one time wandering over the desert sand-hills of Moray, where, on windy days, the light particles of drifting sand, driven like snow along the surface of the ground, are perpetually changing the outline and appearance of the district; at another, among the swamps, in pursuit of wild-ducks, or attacking fish in the rivers, or the grouse on the heather.

“For a naturalist, whether he be a scientific dissector and preserver of birds, or simply a lover and observer of

the habits and customs of the different *feræ nature*, large and small, this district is a very desirable location, as there are very few birds or quadrupeds to be found in any part of Great Britain who do not visit us during the course of the year, or, at any rate, are to be met with in a few hours’ drive. The bays and rivers attract all the migratory water-fowl, while the hills, woods, and corn-lands afford shelter and food to all the native wild birds and beasts. The vicinity, too, of the coast to the wild western countries of Europe is the cause of our being often visited by birds which are not strictly natives, nor regular visitors, but are driven by continued east winds from the fastnesses of the Swedish and Norwegian forests and mountains.

“To the collector of stuffed birds this county affords a greater variety of specimens than any other district in the kingdom; whilst the excellence of the climate and the variety of scenery make it inferior to none as a residence for the unoccupied person or the sportsman.

“Having thus described that part of the globe which at present is my resting-place, I may as well add a few lines to enable my reader to become acquainted with myself, and that part of my belongings which will come into question in my descriptions of sporting, &c. To begin with myself, I am one of the unproductive class of the genus homo, who, having passed a few years amidst the active turmoil of cities, and in places where people do most delight to congregate, have at last settled down to live a busy kind of idle life. Communing much with the wild birds and beasts of our country, a hardy constitution and much leisure have enabled me to visit them in their own haunts, and to follow my sporting propensities without fear of the penalties which are apt to follow a careless exposure of one’s-self to cold and heat, at all hours of night and day. Though by habit and repute a being strongly endowed with the organ of destructiveness, I take equal delight in collecting round me all living animals, and watching their habits and instincts; my abode is, in short, a miniature menagerie. My dogs learn to respect the persons of domesticated wild animals of all kinds, and my pointers live in amity with tame partridges and pheasants; my retrievers lounge about amidst my wild-fowl, and my terriers and beagles strike up friendship with

the animals of different kinds, whose capture they have assisted in, and with whose relatives they are ready to wage war to the death. A common and well-kept truce exists with one and all. My boys, who are of the most bird-nesting age (eight and nine years old), instead of disturbing the numberless birds who breed in the garden and shrubberies, in full confidence of protection and immunity from all danger of gun or snare, strike up an acquaintance with every family of chaffinches or blackbirds who breed in the place, visiting every nest, and watching over the eggs and young with a most parental care.

Why, this is the very Eden of a sportsman! Flesh, fowl, and fish of every description in abundance, and such endless variety, that no month of the year can pass over without affording its quota of fair and legitimate recreation. But to a man of Mr St John's accomplishment and observant habits, the mere prey is a matter of far less moment than the insight which such a locality affords, into the habits and instincts of the creatures which either permanently inhabit or casually visit our shores. His journal is far more than a sportsman's book. It contains shrewd and minute observations on the whole of our northern fauna—the results of many a lonely but happy day spent in the woods, the glens, the sand-tracts, by river and on sea. His range is wider than that which has been taken either by White of Selborne, or by Waterton; and we are certain that he will hold it to be no mean compliment when we say, that in our unbiased opinion, he is not surpassed by either of them in fidelity, and in point of picturesque description, is even the superior of both. The truth is, that Mr St John would have made a first-rate trapper. We should not have the slightest objections to lose ourselves in his company for several weeks in the prairies of North America; being satisfied that we should return with a better cargo of beaver-skins and peltry than ever fell to the lot of two adventurers in the service of the Company of Hudson's Bay.

It is totally impossible to follow our author through any thing like his range of subjects, extending from the hart to the seal and otter, from the eagle and wild swan to the ouzel. One or

two specimens we shall give, in order that you, our dear and sporting reader, may judge whether these encomiums of ours are exaggerated or misplaced. We are, so say our enemies, but little given to laudation, and far too ready when occasion offers, and sometimes when it does not, to clutch hastily at the knout. You, who know us better, and whom indeed we have partially trained up in the wicked ways of criticism, must long ago have been aware, that if we err at all, it is upon the safer side. But be that as it may, you will not, we are sure, refuse to join with us in admiring the beauty of the following description;—it is of the heronry on the Findhorn—a river of peculiar beauty, even in this land of lake, of mountain, and of flood.

“I observe that the herons in the heronry on the Findhorn are now busily employed in sitting on their eggs—the heron being one of the first birds to commence breeding in this country. A more curious and interesting sight than the Findhorn heronry I do not know: from the top of the high rocks on the east side of the river you look down into every nest—the herons breeding on the opposite side of the river, which is here very narrow. The cliffs and rocks are studded with splendid pines and larch, and fringed with all the more lowly but not less beautiful underwood which abounds in this country. Conspicuous amongst these are the bird-cherry and mountain-ash, the holly, and the wild rose; while the golden blossoms of furze and broom enliven every crevice and corner in the rock. Opposite to you is a wood of larch and oak, on the latter of which trees are crowded a vast number of the nests of the heron. The foliage and small branches of the oaks that they breed on seem entirely destroyed, leaving nothing but the naked arms and branches of the trees on which the nests are placed. The same nests, slightly repaired, are used year after year. Looking down at them from the high banks of the Altyre side of the river, you can see directly into their nests, and can become acquainted with the whole of their domestic economy. You can plainly see the green eggs, and also the young herons, who fearlessly, and conscious of the security they are left in, are constantly passing backwards and forwards, and alighting on the topmost branches of

the larch or oak trees; whilst the still younger birds sit bolt upright in the nest, snapping their beaks together with a curious sound. Occasionally a grave-looking heron is seen balancing himself by some incomprehensible feat of gymnastics on the very topmost twig of a larch-tree, where he swings about in an unsteady manner, quite unbecoming so sage-looking a bird. Occasionally a thievish jackdaw dashes out from the cliffs opposite the heronry, and flies straight into some unguarded nest, seizes one of the large green eggs, and flies back to his own side of the river, the rightful owner of the eggs pursuing the active little robber with loud cries and the most awkward attempts at catching him.

“The heron is a noble and picturesque-looking bird, as she sails quietly through the air with outstretched wings and slow flight; but nothing is more ridiculous and undignified than her appearance as she vainly chases the jackdaw or hooded crow who is carrying off her egg, and darting rapidly round the angles and corners of the rocks. Now and then every heron raises its head and looks on the alert as the peregrine falcon, with rapid and direct flight, passes their crowded dominion; but intent on his own nest, built on the rock some little way further on, the hawk takes no notice of his long-legged neighbours, who soon settle down again into their attitudes of rest. The kestrel-hawk frequents the same part of the river, and lives in amity with the wood-pigeons that breed in every cluster of ivy which clings to the rocks. Even that bold and fearless enemy of all the pigeon race, the sparrowhawk, frequently has her nest within a few yards of the wood-pigeon; and you see these birds (at all other seasons such deadly enemies) passing each other in their way to and fro from their respective nests in perfect peace and amity. It has seemed to me that the sparrowhawk and wood-pigeon during the breeding season frequently enter into a mutual compact against the crows and jackdaws, who are constantly on the lookout for the eggs of all other birds. The hawk appears to depend on the vigilance of the wood-pigeon to warn him of the approach of these marauders; and then the brave little warrior sallies out, and is not satisfied till he has driven the crow to a safe distance from the nests of himself and his more peaceable ally. At least in no other way can I

account for these two birds so very frequently breeding not only in the same range of rock, but within two or three yards of each other.”

Now for the wild swan. You will observe that it is now well on in October, and that the weather is peculiarly cold. There is snow already lying on the tops of the nearer hills—the further mountains have assumed a coat of white, which, with additions, will last them until the beginning of next summer; and those long black streaks which rise upwards, and appear to us at this distance so narrow, are, in reality, the great ravines in which two months ago we were cautiously stalking the deer. The bay is now crowded with every kind of aquatic fowl. Day after day strange visitants have been arriving from the north; and at nightfall, you may hear them quacking and screaming and gabbling for many miles along the shore. Every moonlight night the woodcock and snipe are dropping into the thickets, panting and exhausted by their flight from rugged Norway, a voyage during which they can find no resting-place for the sole of their foot. In stormy weather the light-houses are beset with flocks of birds, who, their reckoning lost, are attracted by the blaze of the beacon, dash wildly towards it, as to some place of refuge, and perish from the violence of the shock. As yet, however, all is calm; and lo, in the moonlight, a great flight of birds stooping down towards the bay!—noiselessly at first, but presently, as they begin to sweep lower, trumpeting and calling to each other; and then, with a mighty rustling of their pinions, and a dash as of a vessel launched into the waters, the white wild-swans settle down into the centre of the glittering bay! To your tents, ye sportsmen! for ball and cartridge; and now circumvent them if you can.

“My old garde-chasse insisted on my starting early this morning, *volens volens*, to certain lochs six or seven miles off, in order, as he termed it, to take our ‘satisfaction’ of the swans. I must say that it was a matter of very small satisfaction to me, the tramping off in a sleety, rainy morning, through a most forlorn and hopeless-looking country, for the chance, and that a bad one, of killing a wild swan or two. However, after a weary walk, we arrived at these

desolate-looking lochs: they consist of three pieces of water, the largest about three miles in length and one in width; the other two, which communicate with the largest, are much smaller and narrower, indeed scarcely two gunshots in width; for miles around them, the country is flat, and intersected with a mixture of swamp and sandy hillocks. In one direction the sea is only half a mile from the lochs, and in calm winter weather the wild-fowl pass the daytime on the salt water, coming inland in the evenings to feed. As soon as we were within sight of the lochs we saw the swans on one of the smaller pieces of water, some standing high and dry on the grassy islands, trimming their feathers after their long journey, and others feeding on the grass and weeds at the bottom of the loch, which in some parts was shallow enough to allow of their pulling up the plants which they feed on as they swam about; while numbers of wild-ducks of different kinds, particularly widgeons, swarmed round them and often snatched the pieces of grass from the swans as soon as they had brought them to the surface, to the great annoyance of the noble birds, who endeavoured in vain to drive away these more active little depredators, who seemed determined to profit by their labours. Our next step was to drive the swans away from the loch they were on; it seemed a curious way of getting a shot, but as the old man seemed confident of the success of his plan, I very submissively acted according to his orders. As soon as we moved them, they all made straight for the sea. 'This won't do,' was my remark. 'Yes, it will, though; they'll no stop there long to-day with this great wind, but will all be back before the clock chaps two.' 'Faith, I should like to see any building that could contain a clock, and where we might take shelter,' was my inward cogitation. The old man, however, having delivered this prophecy, set to work making a small ambuscade by the edge of the loch which the birds had just left, and pointed it out to me as my place of refuge from one o'clock to the hour when the birds would arrive.

"In the mean time we moved about in order to keep ourselves warm, as a more wintry day never disgraced the month of October. In less than half an hour we heard the signal cries of the swans, and soon saw them in a long undulating

line fly over the low sand-hills which divided the sea from the largest loch, where they all alighted. My commander for the time being, then explained to me, that the water in this loch was every where too deep for the swans to reach the bottom even with their long necks, in order to pull up the weeds on which they fed, and that at their feeding-time, that is about two o'clock, they would, without doubt, fly over to the smaller lochs, and probably to the same one from which we had originally disturbed them. I was accordingly placed in my ambuscade, leaving the keeper at some distance, to help me as opportunity offered—a cold comfortless time of it we (*i. e.* my retriever and myself) had. About two o'clock, however, I heard the swans rise from the upper loch, and in a few moments they all passed high over my head, and after taking a short survey of our loch (luckily without seeing me), they alighted at the end of it furthest from the place where I was ensconced, and quite out of shot, and they seemed more inclined to move away from me than come towards me. It was very curious to watch these wild birds as they swam about, quite unconscious of danger, and looking like so many domestic fowls. Now came the able generalship of my keeper, who seeing that they were inclined to feed at the other end of the loch, began to drive them towards me, at the same time taking great care not to alarm them enough to make them take flight. This he did by appearing at a long distance off, and moving about without approaching the birds, but as if he was pulling grass or engaged in some other piece of labour. When the birds first saw him, they all collected in a cluster, and giving a general low cry of alarm, appeared ready to take flight; this was the ticklish moment, but soon, outwitted by his manoeuvres, they dispersed again, and busied themselves in feeding. I observed that frequently all their heads were under the water at once, excepting one—but invariably one bird kept his head and neck perfectly erect, and carefully watched on every side to prevent their being taken by surprise; when he wanted to feed, he touched any passer-by, who immediately relieved him in his guard, and he in his turn called on some other swan to take his place as sentinel.

"After waiting some little time, and closely watching the birds in all their

graceful movements, sometimes having a swan within half a shot of me, but never getting two or three together, I thought of some of my assistant's instruction which he had given me *en route* in the morning, and I imitated, as well as I could, the bark of a dog: immediately all the swans collected in a body, and looked round to see where the sound came from. I was not above forty yards from them, so, gently raising myself on my elbow, I pulled the trigger, aiming at a forest of necks. To my dismay, the gun did not go off, the wet or something else having spoilt the cap. The birds were slow in rising, so without pulling the other trigger, I put on another cap, and standing up, fired right and left at two of the largest swans as they rose from the loch. The cartridge told well on one, who fell dead into the water; the other flew off after the rest of the flock, but presently turned back, and after making two or three graceful sweeps over the body of his companion, fell headlong, perfectly dead, almost upon her body. The rest of the birds, after flying a short distance away, also returned, and flew for a minute or two in a confused flock over the two dead swans, uttering their bugle-like and harmonious cries; but finding that they were not joined by their companions, presently fell into their usual single rank, and went undulating off towards the sea, where I heard them for a long time trumpeting and calling.

"Handsome as he is, the wild swan is certainly not so graceful on the water as a tame one. He has not the same proud and elegant arch of the neck, nor does he put up his wings while swimming, like two snow-white sails. On the land a wild swan when winged makes such good way, that if he gets much start it requires good running to overtake him."

Confound that Regatta! What on earth had we to do on board that yacht, racing against the Meteor, unconquered winger of the western seas? Two days ago we could have sworn that no possible temptation could divorce us from our unfinished article; and yet here we are with unsullied pen, under imminent danger of bartering our reputation and plighted faith to Ebony, for some undescribable nautical evolutions, a sack race, and the skeleton of a ball! After all,

it must be confessed that we never spent two more pleasant days. Bright eyes, grouse-pie, and the joyousness of happy youth, were all combined together; and if, with a fair breeze and a sunny sky, there can be fun in a smack or a steamer, how is it possible with such company to be dull on board of the prettiest craft that ever cleaved her way, like a wild swan, up the windings of a Highland loch? But we must make up for lost time. As we live, there are Donald and Ian with the boat at the rocks! and we now remember with a shudder that we trusted them for this morning to convey us across to the Moors! Here is a pretty business! Let us see—the month is rapidly on the wane—we have hardly, in sporting phrase, broken the back of this the leading article. Shall we give up the moors, and celebrate this day as another Eve of St John? There is a light mist lying on the opposite hill, but in an hour or two it will be drawn up like a curtain by the sunbeams, and then every bush of heather will be sparkling with dewdrops, far brighter than a carcanet of diamonds. What a fine elasticity and freshness there is in the morning air! A hundred to one the grouse will sit like stones. Donald, my man, are there many birds on the hill? Plenty, did you say, and a fair sprinkling of black-cock? This breeze will carry us over in fifty minutes—will it? That settles the question. Off with your caulker, and take down the dogs to the boat. We shall be with you in the snapping of a copper-cap.

This article, if finished at all, must be written with the keelavine pen on the backs of old letters—whereof, thank heaven! we have scores unanswered—by fits and snatches, as we repose from our labours on the green-sward; so we shall even take up our gun, and trust for inspiration to the noble scenery around us. Is every thing in? Well, then, push off, and for a time let us get rid of care.

What sort of fishing have they had at the salmon-nets, Ian? Very bad, for they're sair fashed wi' the sealghs. In that case it may be advisable to drop a ball into our dexter barrel, in case one of these oleaginous depredators should show his head above

water. We have not had a tussle with a phoca since, some ten years ago, we surprised one basking on the sands of the bay of Cromarty. No, Donald, we did not kill him. We and a dear friend, now in New Zealand, who was with us, were armed with no better weapon than our fishing-rods, and the sealgh, after standing two or three thumps with tolerable philosophy, fairly turned upon us, and exhibited such tusks that we were glad to let him make his way without further molestation to the water. The seal is indeed a greedy fellow, and ten times worse than his freshwater cousin the otter, who, it seems, is considered by the poor people in the north country as rather a benefactor than otherwise. The latter is a dainty epicure—a *gourmand* who despises to take more than one steak from the sappy shoulder of the salmon; and he has usually the benevolence to leave the fish, little the worse for his company, on some scarp or ledge of rock, where it can be picked up and converted into savoury kipper. He is, moreover, a sly and timid creature, without the impudence of the seal, who will think nothing of swimming into the nets, and actually taking out the salmon before the eyes of the fishermen. Strong must be the twine that would hold an entangled seal. An aquatic Samson, he snaps the meshes like thread, and laughs at the discomfiture of the tacksman, who is dancing like a demoniac on the shore; and no wonder, for nets are expensive, and the rent in that one is wide enough to admit a bullock.

Mr St John—a capital sportsman, Donald—has had many an adventure with the seals; and I shall read you what he says about them, in a clever little book which he has published—What the deuce! We surely have not been ass enough to forget the volume! No—here it is at the bottom of our pocket, concealed and covered by the powder-flask:—

“Sometimes at high-water, and when the river is swollen, a seal comes in pursuit of salmon into the Findhorn, notwithstanding the smallness of the stream and its rapidity. I was one day, in November, looking for wild-ducks near the river, when I was called to by a man who was at work near the water, and

who told me that some ‘muckle beast’ was playing most extraordinary tricks in the river. He could not tell me what beast it was, but only that it was something ‘no that canny.’ After waiting a short time, the riddle was solved by the appearance of a good-sized seal, into whose head I instantly sent a cartridge, having no balls with me. The seal immediately plunged and splashed about in the water at a most furious rate, and then began swimming round and round in a circle, upon which I gave him the other barrel, also loaded with one of Eley’s cartridges, which quite settled the business, and he floated rapidly away down the stream. I sent my retriever after him, but the dog, being very young and not come to his full strength, was baffled by the weight of the animal and the strength of the current, and could not land him; indeed, he was very near getting drowned himself, in consequence of his attempts to bring in the seal, who was still struggling. I called the dog away, and the seal immediately sank. The next day I found him dead on the shore of the bay, with (as the man who skinned him expressed himself) ‘twenty-three pellets of large hail in his craig.’

“Another day, in the month of July, when shooting rabbits on the sand-hills, a messenger came from the fishermen at the stake-nets, asking me to come in that direction, as the ‘muckle sealgh’ was swimming about, waiting for the fish to be caught in the nets, in order to commence his devastation.

“I accordingly went to them, and having taken my observations of the locality and the most feasible points of attack, I got the men to row me out to the end of the stake-net, where there was a kind of platform of netting, on which I stretched myself, with a bullet in one barrel and a cartridge in the other. I then directed the men to row the boat away, as if they had left the nets. They had scarcely gone three hundred yards from the place when I saw the seal, who had been floating, apparently unconcerned, at some distance, swim quietly and fearlessly up to the net. I had made a kind of breastwork of old netting before me, which quite concealed me on the side from which he came. He approached the net, and began examining it leisurely and carefully to see if any fish were in it; sometimes he was under and sometimes above the water. I was much struck by his activity while underneath, where I could most plainly see him, particularly as he twice dived almost below my station, and the water was clear and smooth as glass.

"I could not get a good shot at him for some time; at last, however, he put up his head at about fifteen or twenty yards' distance from me; and while he was intent on watching the boat, which was hovering about waiting to see the result of my plan of attack, I fired at him, sending the ball through his brain. He instantly sank without a struggle, and a perfect torrent of blood came up, making the water red for some feet round the spot where he lay stretched out at the bottom. The men immediately rowed up, and taking me into the boat, we managed to bring him up with a boat-hook to the surface of the water, and then, as he was too heavy to lift into the boat (his weight being 378 lbs.) we put a rope round his flippers, and towed him ashore. A seal of this size is worth some money, as, independently of the value of his skin, the blubber (which lies under the skin, like that of a whale) produces a large quantity of excellent oil. This seal had been for several years the dread of the fishermen at the stake-nets, and the head man at the place was profuse in his thanks for the destruction of a beast upon whom he had expended a most amazing quantity of lead. He assured me that £100 would not repay the damage the animal had done. Scarcely any two seals are exactly of the same colour or marked quite alike; and seals, frequenting a particular part of the coast, become easily known and distinguished from each other."

But what is Scrip youffing at from the bow? A seal? No, it is a shoal of porpoises. There they go with their great black fins above the water in pursuit of the herring, which ought to be very plenty on this coast. Yonder, where the gulls are screaming and diving, with here and there a solan goose and a cormorant in the midst of the flock, must be a patch of the smaller fry. The water is absolutely boiling as the quick-eyed creatures dart down upon their prey; and though, on an ordinary day, you will hardly see a single seagull in this part of the loch, for the shores are neither steep nor rocky, yet there they are in myriads, attracted to the spot by that unerring and inexplicable instinct which seems to guide all wild animals to their booty, and that from distances where neither sight nor scent could possibly avail them. This peculiarity has not escaped the observant eye of our author.

"How curiously quick is the instinct

of birds in finding out their food. Where peas or other favourite grain is sown, wood pigeons and tame pigeons immediately congregate. It is not easy to ascertain from whence the former come, but the house pigeons have often been known to arrive in numbers on a new sown field the very morning after the grain is laid down, although no pigeon-house, from which they could come, exists within several miles of the place.

"Put down a handful or two of unthrashed oat-straw in almost any situation near the sea-coast, where there are wild-ducks, and they are sure to find it out the first or second night after it has been left there.

"There are many almost incredible stories of the acuteness of the raven's instinct in guiding it to the dead carcass of any large animal, or even in leading it to the neighbourhood on the near approach of death. I myself have known several instances of the raven finding out dead bodies of animals in a very short space of time. One instance struck me very much. I had wounded a stag on a Wednesday. The following Friday, I was crossing the hills at some distance from the place, but in the direction towards which the deer had gone. Two ravens passed me, flying in a steady straight course. Soon again two more flew by, and two others followed, all coming from different directions, but making direct for the same point. 'Deed, sir,' said the Highlander with me, 'the corbies have just found the staig; he will be lying dead about the head of the muckle burn.' By tracing the course of the birds, we found that the man's conjecture was correct, as the deer was lying within a mile of us, and the ravens were making for its carcass. The animal had evidently only died the day before, but the birds had already made their breakfast upon him, and were now on their way to their evening meal. Though occasionally we had seen a pair of ravens soaring high overhead in that district, we never saw more than that number; but now there were some six or seven pairs already collected, where from we knew not. When a whale, or other large fish, is driven ashore on the coast of any of the northern islands, the ravens collect in amazing numbers, almost immediately coming from all directions and from all distances, led by the unerring instinct, which tells them that a feast is to be found in a particular spot."

We should not wonder if the ancient augurs, who, no doubt, were consummate scoundrels, had an inkling of this extraordinary fact. If so, it

would have been obviously easy, at the simple expenditure of a few pounds of bullock's liver, to get up any kind of ornithological vaticination. A dead ram, dexterously hidden from the sight of the spectators behind the Aventine, would speedily have brought birds enough to have justified any amount of warlike expeditions to the Peloponnesus; while a defunct goat to the left of the Esquiline, would collect sooties by scores, and forebode the death of Cæsar. We own that formerly we ourselves were not altogether exempt from superstitious notions touching the mission of magpies; but henceforward we shall cease to consider them, even when they appear by threes, as bound up in some mysterious manner with our destiny, and shall rather attribute their apparition to the unexpected deposit of an egg.

But here we are at the shore, and not a mile from the margin of the moor. Ian, our fine fellow, look after the dogs; and now tell us, Donald, as we walk along, whether there are many poachers in this neighbourhood besides yourself? Atweel no, forbye muckle Sandy, that whiles taks a shot at a time.—We thought so. In these quiet braes there can be little systematic poaching. Now and then, to be sure, a hare is killed on a moonlight night among the cabbages behind the shieling; or a blackcock, too conspicuous of a misty morning on a corn-stook, pays the penalty of his depredations with his life. But these little acts of delinquency are of no earthly moment; and hard must be the heart of the proprietor who, for such petty doings, would have recourse to the vengeance of the law. But were you ever in Lochaber, Donald?—Oo ay, and Badenoch too.—And are you aware that in those districts where the deer are plenty, there exist, at the present day, gangs of organised poachers—fellows who follow no other calling—true Sons of the Mist, who prey upon the red-deer of the mountain without troubling the herds of the Sassenach; and who, though perfectly well known by head-mark to keeper and constable, are still permitted with impunity to continue their depredations from year to year?—I never heard tell of it.

No more have we. Notwithstand-

ing Mr St John's usual accuracy and great means of information, he has given, in the fifth chapter of his book, an account of the Highland poachers which we cannot admit to be correct. In every thinly-populated country, where there is abundance of game, poaching must take place to a considerable extent, and indeed it is impossible to prevent it. You never can convince the people, that the statutory sin is a moral one; or that, in taking for their own sustenance that which avowedly belongs to no one, they are acting in opposition to a just or a salutary law. The question of *whence* the game is taken, is a subtilty too nice for their comprehension. They see the stag running wild among the mountains, to-day on one laird's land, and away to-morrow to another's, bearing with him, as it were, his own transference of property; and they very naturally conclude that they have an abstract right to attempt his capture, if they can. The shepherd, who has thousands of acres under his sole superintendence, and whose dwelling is situated far away on the hills, at the head, perhaps, of some lonely stream, where no strange foot ever penetrates, is very often, it must be confessed, a bit of a poacher. Small blame to him. He has a gun—for the eagle, and the fox, and the raven, must be kept from the lambs; and if, when prowling about with his weapon, in search of vermin, he should chance to put up, as he is sure to do, a covey of grouse, and recollecting at the moment that there is nothing in the house beyond a peas-bannock and a diseased potato, should let fly, and bring down a gor-cock, who will venture to assert that, under such circumstances, he would hesitate to do the same? For every grouse so slaughtered, the shepherd frees the country from a brace of vermin more dangerous than fifty human poachers; for every day in the year they breakfast, dine, and sup exclusively upon game.

Let the shepherd, then, take his pitance from the midst of your plenty unmolested, if he does no worse. Why should his hut be searched by some big brute of a Yorkshire keeper, for fud or feather, when you know

that, in all essentials, the man is as honest as steel—nay, that even in this matter of game, he is attentive to your interests, watches the young broods, protects the nests, and will tell you, when you come up the glen, where the finest coveys are to be found? It is, however, quite another thing if you detect him beginning to drive a contraband trade. Home consumption may be winked at—foreign exportation is most decidedly an unpardonable offence. The moment you find that he has entered into a league with the poultener or the coachman, give warning to the offending Melibœus, and let him seek a livelihood elsewhere. He is no longer safe. His instinct is depraved. He has ceased to be a creature of impulse, and has become the slave of a corrupted traffic. He is a noxious member of the Anti-game-law League.

This sort of poaching we believe to be common enough in Scotland, and there is also another kind more formidable, which, a few years ago, was rather extensively practised. Parties of four or five strong, able-bodied rascals, principally inmates of some of the smaller burghs in the north, used to make their way to another district of country, taking care, of course, that it was far enough from home to render any chance of identification almost a nullity, and would there begin to shoot, in absolute defiance of the keepers. Their method was not to diverge, but to traverse the country as nearly as possible in a straight line; so that very often they had left the lands of the most extensive proprietors even before the alarm was given. These men neither courted nor shunned a scuffle. They were confident in their strength of numbers, but never abused it; nor, so far as we recollect, have any fatal results attended this illegal practice. Be that as it may, the misdemeanour is a very serious one, and the perpetrators of it, if discovered, would be subjected to a severe punishment.

But Mr St John asserts the existence of a different class of poachers, whose exploits, if real, are a deep reproach to the vigilance of our respected friends the Sheriffs of Inverness, Ross, and Moray, as also to the Sub-

stitutes and their Fiscals. According to the accounts which have reached him, and which he seems implicitly to believe, there are, at this moment, gangs of caterans existing among the mountains, who follow no other occupation whatever than that of poaching. This they do not even affect to disguise. They make a good income by the sale of game, and by breaking dogs—they take the crown of the causeway in the country towns, where they are perfectly well known, and where the men give them “plenty of walking-room.” On such occasions, they are accompanied with a couple of magnificent stag-hounds, and in this guise they venture undauntedly beneath the very nose of “ta Phiscal!” The Highland poacher, says Mr St John, “is a bold fearless fellow, shooting openly by daylight, taking his sport in the same manner as the laird, or the Sassenach who rents the ground.” That is to say, this outlaw, who has a sheiling or a bothy on the laird’s ground—for a man cannot live in the Highlands without a roof to shelter him—shoots as openly on these grounds as the laird himself, or the party who has rented them for the season! If this be the case, the breed of Highland proprietors—ay, and of Highland keepers—must have degenerated sadly during the last few years. The idea that any such character would be permitted by even the tamest Dumbiedykes to continue a permanent resident upon his lands, is perfectly preposterous. Game is not considered as a matter of such slight import in any part of the Highlands; neither is the arm of the law so weak, that it does not interfere with most rapid and salutary effect. No professed poacher, we aver, dare shoot openly upon the lands of the laird by whose tenure or sufferance he maintains a roof above his head; and it would be a libel upon those high-minded gentlemen to suppose, that they knowingly gave countenance to any such character, on the tacit understanding that their property should be spared while that of their neighbours was invaded. In less than a week after the information was given, the ruffian would be without any covering to his head, save that which would be afforded

him by the arches of the Inverness or Fort-William jail.

Long tracts of country there are, comparatively unvisited—for example, the district around Lochs Erich and Lydoch, and the deserts towards the head of the Spey. Yet, even there, the poacher is a marked man. The necessity of finding a market for the produce of his spoil, lays him open immediately to observation. If he chooses to burrow with the badger, he may be said to have deserted his trade. He cannot by any possibility, let him do what he will, elude the vigilance of the keeper; and, if known, he is within the clutches of the law without the necessity of immediate apprehension.

The truth of the matter is, that the poachers have no longer to deal directly with the lairds. The number of moors which are rented to Englishmen is now very great; and it is principally from these that the depredators reap their harvest. Accordingly, no pains are spared to impress the Sassenach with an exaggerated idea of the lawlessness of the Gael, in every thing relating to the game-laws and the statutes of the excise. The right of the people to poach is asserted as a kind of indefeasible servitude which the law winks at, because it cannot control; and we fear that, in some cases, the keepers, who care nothing for the new-comers, indirectly lend themselves to the delusion. The Englishman, on arriving at the moor which he has rented, is informed that he must either compromise with the poachers, or submit to the loss of his game—a kind of treaty which, we believe, is pretty often made in the manner related by Mr St John.

“Some proprietors, or lessees of shooting-grounds, make a kind of half compromise with the poachers, by allowing them to kill grouse as long as they do not touch the deer; others, who are grouse-shooters, let them kill the deer to save their birds. I have known an instance where a prosecution was stopped by the aggrieved party being quietly made to understand, that if it was carried on, a score of lads from the hills would shoot over his ground for the rest of the season.”

Utterly devoid of pluck must the said aggrieved party have been! Had he carried on the prosecution firmly, and given notice to the authorities of the audacious and impudent threat, with the names of the parties who conveyed it, not a trigger would have been drawn upon his ground, or a head of game destroyed. If the lessees of shooting-grounds are idiots enough to enter into any such compromise, they will of course find abundance of poachers to take advantage of it. Every shepherd on the property will take regularly to the hill; for by such an arrangement the market is virtually thrown open, and absolute impunity is promised. But we venture to say that there is not one instance on record where a Highland proprietor, of Scottish birth and breeding, has condescended to make any such terms—indeed, we should like to see the ruffian who would venture openly to propose them.

As to Mr St John's assertion, that “in Edinburgh there are numbers of men who work as porters, &c., during the winter, and poach in the Highlands during the autumn,” we can assure him that he is labouring under a total delusion. A more respectable set of men in their way than the Edinburgh chairmen, is not to be found on the face of the civilised globe. Not a man of those excellent creatures, who periodically play at drafts at the corners of Hanover and Castle Street, ever went out in an illicit manner to the moors: nor shall we except from this vindication our old acquaintances at the Tron. Their worst vices are a strong predilection for snuff and whisky; otherwise they are nearly faultless, and they run beautifully in harness between the springy shafts of a sedan. If they ever set foot upon the heather, it is in the capacity of gillies, for which service they receive excellent wages, and capital hands they are for looking after the comforts of the dogs. Does Mr St John mean to insinuate that the twin stalwart tylers of the lodge Canongate Kilwinning—whose fine features are so similar that it is almost impossible to distinguish them—go out systematically in autumn to the Highlands for the purpose of

poaching? Why, to our own knowledge, they are both most praiseworthy fathers of families, exemplary husbands, well to do in the world, and, were they to die to-morrow, there would not be a drop of black-cock's blood upon their souls. Like testimony could we bear in favour of a hundred others, whom you might trust with untold gold, not to speak of a wilderness of hares; but to any one who knows them, it is unnecessary to plead further in the cause of the caddies.

We fear, therefore, that in this particular of Highland poaching, Mr St John has been slightly humbugged; and we cannot help thinking, that in this work of mystification, his prime favourite and hero, Mr Ronald, has had no inconsiderable share. As to the feats of this handsome desperado, as related by himself, we accept them with a mental reservation. Notwithstanding the acknowledged fact that the Grants existed simultaneously with the sons of Anak, we doubt extremely whether any one individual of that clan, or of any other, could, more especially when in bed, and fatigued with a long day's exertion, overcome five sturdy assailants. If so, the fellow would make money by hiring a caravan, and exhibiting himself as a peripatetic Hercules: or, if such an exhibition should be deemed derogatory to a poaching outlaw, he might enter the pugilistic or wrestling ring, with the certainty of walking the course. The man who, without taking the trouble to rise out of bed, could put two big hulking Highlanders under him, breaking the ribs of one of them, and keeping them down with one knee, and who in that posture could successfully foil the attack of other three, is an ugly customer, and we venture to say that his match is not to be found within the four seas of Great Britain. The story of his tearing down the rafter, bestowing breakfast upon his opponents, and afterwards pitching the keeper deliberately into the burn, is so eminently apocryphal, that we cannot help wondering at Mr St John for honouring it with a place in his pages.

Did you ever see a badger, Scrip? That, we suspect, is the vestibule of one of them at which you are snuffing

and scraping; but you have no chance of getting at him, for there he is lying deep beneath the rock; and, to say the truth, game as you are, we would rather keep you intact from the perils of his powerful jaw. He is, we agree with Mr St John, an ancient and respectable quadruped, by far too much maligned in this wicked age; and—were it for no other reason than the inimitable adaptation of his hair for shaving-brushes—we should sincerely regret his extinction in the British isles. We like the chivalry with which our author undertakes the defence of any libelled and persecuted animal, and in no instance is he more happy than in his oration in favour of the injured badger. Like Harry Bertram, he is not ashamed “of caring about a broek.”

“Notwithstanding the persecutions and indignities that he is unjustly doomed to suffer, I maintain that he is far more respectable in his habits than we generally consider him to be. ‘Dirty as a badger,’ ‘stinking as a badger,’ are two sayings often repeated, but quite inapplicable to him. As far as we can learn of the domestic economy of this animal when in a state of nature, he is remarkable for his cleanliness—his extensive burrows are always kept perfectly clean, and free from all offensive smell; no filth is ever found about his abode; every thing likely to offend his olfactory nerves is carefully removed. I, once, in the north of Scotland, fell in with a perfect colony of badgers; they had taken up their abode in an unfrequented range of wooded rocks, and appeared to have been little interrupted in their possession of them. The foot-paths to and from their numerous holes were beaten quite hard; and what is remarkable and worthy of note, they had different small pits dug at a certain distance from their abodes, which were evidently used as receptacles for all offensive filth; every other part of their colony was perfectly clean. A solitary badger's hole, which I once had dug out, during the winter season, presented a curious picture of his domestic and military arrangements—a hard and long job it was for two men to achieve, the passage here and there turned in a sharp angle round some projecting corners of rock, which he evidently makes use of when attacked, as points of defence, making a stand at any of these angles, where a dog could not scratch to enlarge the aperture, and fighting from behind

his stone buttress. After tracing out a long winding passage, the workmen came to two branches in the hole, each leading to good-sized chambers: in one of these was stored a considerable quantity of dried grass, rolled up into balls as large as a man's fist, and evidently intended for food; in the other chamber there was a bed of soft dry grass and leaves—the sole inhabitant was a peculiarly large old dog-badger. Besides coarse grasses, their food consists of various roots; amongst others, I have frequently found about their hole the bulb of the common wild blue hyacinth. Fruit of all kinds and esculent vegetables form his repast, and I fear that he must plead guilty to devouring any small animal that may come in his way, alive or dead; though, not being adapted for the chase, or even for any very skillful strategy of war, I do not suppose that he can do much in catching an un wounded bird or beast. Eggs are his delight, and a partridge's nest with seventeen or eighteen eggs must afford him a fine meal, particularly if he can surprise and kill the hen-bird also; snails and worms which he finds above ground during his nocturnal rambles, are likewise included in his bill of fare. I was one summer evening walking home from fishing in Loch Ness, and having occasion to fasten up some part of my tackle, and also expecting to meet my keeper, I sat down on the shore of the loch. I remained some time, enjoying the lovely prospect: the perfectly clear and unruffled loch lay before me, reflecting the northern shore in its quiet water. The opposite banks consisted, in some parts, of bright green-sward, sloping to the water's edge, and studded with some of the most beautiful birch-trees in Scotland; several of the trees spreading out like the oak, and with their ragged and ancient-looking bark resembling the cork-tree of Spain—others drooping and weeping over the edge of the water in the most lady-like and elegant manner. Parts of the loch were edged in by old lichen-covered rocks; while farther on a magnificent scaur of red stone rose perpendicularly from the water's edge to a very great height. So clearly was every object on the opposite shore reflected in the lake below, that it was difficult, nay impossible, to distinguish where the water ended and the land commenced—the shadow from the reality. The sun was already set, but its rays still illuminated the sky. It is said that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step;—and I was just then startled from my reverie by a kind of grunt close to me, and the apparition of a small wad-

dling grey animal, who was busily employed in hunting about the grass and stones at the edge of the loch; presently another, and another, appeared in a little grassy glade which ran down to the water's edge, till at last I saw seven of them busily at work within a few yards of me, all coming from one direction. It at first struck me that they were some farmer's pigs taking a distant ramble, but I shortly saw that they were badgers, come from their fastnesses rather earlier than usual, tempted by the quiet evening, and by a heavy summer shower that was just over, and which had brought out an infinity of large black snails and worms, on which the badgers were feeding with good appetite. As I was dressed in grey and sitting on a grey rock, they did not see me, but waddled about, sometimes close to me; only now and then as they crossed my track they showed a slight uneasiness, smelling the ground, and grunting gently. Presently a very large one, which I took to be the mother of the rest, stood motionless for a moment listening with great attention, and then giving a loud grunt, which seemed perfectly understood by the others, she scuttled away, followed by the whole lot. I was soon joined by my attendant, whose approach they had heard long before my less acute ears gave me warning of his coming. In trapping other vermin in these woods, we constantly caught badgers—sometimes several were found in the traps; I always regretted this, as my keeper was most unwilling to spare their lives, and I fancy seldom did so. His arguments were tolerably cogent, I must confess. When I tried to persuade him that they were quite harmless, he answered me by asking—'Then why, sir, have they got such teeth, if they don't live, like a dog or fox, on flesh?—and why do they get caught so often in traps baited with rabbits?' I could not but admit that they had most carnivorous-looking teeth, and well adapted to act on the offensive as well as defensive, or to crunch the bones of any young hare, rabbit, or pheasant that came in their way."

But now we have reached the moors, and for the next few hours we shall follow out the Wild Sports for ourselves. Ian, let loose the dogs.

Oh, pleasant—pleasant and cool are the waters of the mountain well! It is now past noonday, and we shall call a halt for a while. Donald, let us see what is in that bag. Twelve brace and a half of grouse, three blackcock, a leash of snipes, two ditto

of golden plovers, three hares, and the mallard that we raised from the rushes. Quite enough, we think, for any rational sportsman's recreation, howbeit we have a few hours yet before us. Somewhere, we think, in the other bag, there should be a cold fowl, or some such kickshaw, with, if we mistake not, a vision of beef, and a certain pewter flask.—Thank you. Now, let us all down by the side of the spring, and to luncheon with what appetite we may.

Are there any deer on these hills, Ian? But seldom. Occasionally a straggler may come over from one of the upper forests, but there are too many sheep about; and the deer, though they will herd sometimes with black cattle, have a rooted antipathy to the others. No sight is finer than that of a stag surrounded by his hinds; but it is late in the year that the spectacle becomes most imposing, and we would have given something to have been present with Mr St John on the following occasion:—

“The red deer had just commenced what is called by the Highlanders roaring, *i. e.* uttering their loud cries of defiance to rival stags, and of warning to their rival mistresses.

“There had been seen, and reported to me, a particularly large and fine antlered stag, whose branching honours I wished to transfer from the mountain side to the walls of my own hall. Donald and myself accordingly, one fine morning, early in October, started before daybreak for a distant part of the mountain, where we expected to find him; and we resolved to pass the night at a shepherd's house far up in the hills, if we found that our chase led us too far from home to return the same evening.

“Long was our walk that day before we saw horn or hoof; many a likely burn and corrie did we search in vain. The shepherds had been scouring the hills the day before for their sheep, to divide those which were to winter in the low ground from those which were to remain on the hills. However, the day was fine and frosty, and we were in the midst of some of the most magnificent scenery in Scotland; so that I, at least, was not much distressed at our want of luck. Poor Donald, who had not the same enjoyment in the beauty of the scene, unless it were enlivened by a herd of deer here and there, began to grumble and lament our hard fate; particularly as towards evening wild masses of cloud

began to sweep up the glens and along the sides of the mountain, and every now and then a storm of cold rain and sleet added to the discomfort of our position. There was, however, something so very desolate and wild in the scene and the day, that, wrapt in my plaid, I stalked slowly on, enjoying the whole thing as much as if the elements had been in better temper, and the Goddess of Hunting propitious.

“We came in the afternoon to a rocky burn, along the course of which was our line of march. To the left rose an interminable-looking mountain, over the sides of which was scattered a wilderness of grey rock and stone, sometimes forming immense precipices, and in other places degenerating into large tracts of loose and water-worn grey shingle, apparently collected and heaped together by the winter floods. Great masses of rock were scattered about, resting on their angles, and looking as if the wind, which was blowing a perfect gale, would hurl them down on us.

“Amongst all this dreary waste of rock and stone, there were large patches of bright green pasture, and rushes on the level spots, formed by the damming up of the springs and mountain streams.

“Stretching away to our right was a great expanse of brown heather and swampy ground, dotted with innumerable pools of black-looking water. The horizon on every side was shut out by the approaching masses of rain and drift. The clouds closed round us, and the rain began to fall in straight hard torrents; at the same time, however, completely allaying the wind.

“‘Well, well,’ said Donald, ‘I just dinna ken what to do.’ Even I began to think that we might as well have remained at home; but, putting the best face on the matter, we got under a projecting bank of oatcake and cold grouse, and having demolished that, and made a considerable vacuum in the whisky flask, I lit my cigar, and meditated on the vanity of human pursuits in general, and of deer-stalking in particular, while dreamy visions of balls, operas, and the last pair of blue eyes that I had sworn everlasting allegiance to, passed before me.

“Donald was employed in the more useful employment of bobbing for burn trout with a line and hook he had produced out of his bonnet—that wonderful blue bonnet, which, like the bag in the fairy tale, contains any thing and every thing which is required at a moment's notice. His bait was the worms which in a somewhat sulky mood he kicked

out of their damp homes about the edge of the burn. Presently the ring-ousel began to whistle on the hill-side, and the cock-grouse to crow in the valley below us. Roused by these omens of better weather, I looked out from our shelter, and saw the face of the sun struggling to show itself through the masses of cloud, while the rain fell in larger but more scattered drops. In a quarter of an hour the clouds were rapidly disappearing, and the face of the hill as quickly opening to our view. We remained under shelter a few minutes longer, when suddenly, as if by magic, or like the lifting of the curtain at a theatre, the whole hill was perfectly clear from clouds, and looked more bright and splendidly beautiful than any thing I had ever seen. No symptoms were left of the rain, excepting the drops on the heather, which shone like diamonds in the evening sun. The masses of rock came out in every degree of light and shade, from dazzling white to the darkest purple, streaked here and there with the overpourings of the swollen rills and springs, which danced and leapt from rock to rock, and from crag to crag, looking like streams of silver.

“How beautiful!” was both my inward and outward exclamation. ‘Deed it’s not just so dour as it was,’ said Donald; ‘but, the Lord guide us! look at you,’ he continued, fixing his eye on a distant slope, at the same time slowly winding up his line and pouching his trout, of which he had caught a goodly number. ‘Tak your perspective, sir, and look there,’ he added, pointing with his chin. I accordingly took my perspective, as he always called my pocket-telescope, and saw a long line of deer winding from amongst the broken granite in single file down towards us. They kept advancing one after the other, and had a most singular appearance as their line followed the undulations of the ground. They came slowly on, to the number of more than sixty (all hinds, not a horn amongst them), till they arrived at a piece of table-land four or five hundred yards from us, when they spread about to feed, occasionally shaking off the rain-drops from their hides, much in the same manner as a dog does on coming out of the water.

“They are no that canny,” said Donald. ‘*Nous verrons,*’ said I. ‘What’s your wull?’ was his answer; ‘I’m no understanding Latin, though my wife has a cousin who is a placed minister.’ ‘Why, Donald, I meant to say that we shall soon see whether they are canny or not: a rifle-ball is a sure remedy for all witchcraft.’ Certainly there

was something rather startling in the way they all suddenly appeared as it were from the bowels of the mountain, and the deliberate, unconcerned manner in which they set to work feeding like so many tame cattle.

“We had but a short distance to stalk. I kept the course of a small stream which led through the middle of the herd; Donald followed me with my gun. We crept up till we reckoned that we must be within an easy shot, and then, looking most cautiously through the crevices and cuts in the bank, I saw that we were in the very centre of the herd: many of the deer were within twenty or thirty yards, and all feeding quietly and unconscious of any danger. Amongst the nearest to me was a remarkably large hind, which we had before observed as being the leader and biggest of the herd, I made a sign to Donald that I would shoot her, and left him to take what he liked of the flock after I fired.

“Taking a deliberate and cool aim at her shoulder, I pulled the trigger; but, alas! the wet had got between the cap and nipple-end. All that followed was a harmless snap: the deer heard it, and, starting from their food, rushed together in a confused heap, as if to give Donald a fair chance at the entire flock, a kind of shot he rather rejoiced in. Before I could get a dry cap on my gun, snap, snap, went both his barrels; and when I looked up, it was but to see the whole herd quietly trotting up the hill, out of shot, but apparently not very much frightened, as they had not seen us, or found out exactly where the sound came from. ‘We are just twa fules, begging your honour’s pardon, and only fit to weave hose by the ingle,’ said Donald. I could not contradict him. The mischief was done; so we had nothing for it but to wipe out our guns as well as we could, and proceed on our wandering. We followed the probable line of the deers’ march, and before night saw them in a distant valley feeding again quite unconcernedly.

“Hark! what is that?” said I, as a hollow roar like an angry bull was heard not far from us. ‘Kep down, kep down,’ said Donald, suiting the action to the word, and pressing me down with his hand; ‘it’s just a big staig.’ All the hinds looked up, and, following the direction of their heads, we saw an immense hart coming over the brow of the hill three hundred yards from us. He might easily have seen us, but seemed too intent on the hinds to think of any thing else. On the height of the hill he halted,

and, stretching out his neck and lowering his head, bellowed again. He then rushed down the hill like a mad beast: when half-way down he was answered from a distance by another stag. He instantly halted, and, looking in that direction, roared repeatedly, while we could see in the evening air, which had become cold and frosty, his breath coming out of his nostrils like smoke. Presently he was answered by another and another stag, and the whole distance seemed alive with them. A more unearthly noise I never heard, as it echoed and re-echoed through the rocky glens that surrounded us.

“The setting sun threw a strong light on the first comer, casting a kind of yellow glare on his horns and head, while his body was in deep shade, giving him a most singular appearance, particularly when combined with his hoarse and strange bellowing. As the evening closed in, their cries became almost incessant, while here and there we heard the clash of horns as two rival stags met and fought a few rounds together. None, however, seemed inclined to try their strength with the large hart who had first appeared. The last time we saw him, in the gloom of the evening, he was rolling in a small pool of water, with several of the hinds standing quietly round him; while the smaller stags kept passing to and fro near the hinds, but afraid to approach too close to their watchful rival, who was always ready to jump up and dash at any of them who ventured within a certain distance of his seraglio. ‘Donald,’ I whispered, ‘I would not have lost this sight for a hundred pounds.’ ‘Deed no, its grand,’ said he. ‘In all my travels on the hill I never saw the like.’ Indeed it is very seldom that chances combine to enable a deer-stalker to quietly look on at such a strange meeting of deer as we had witnessed that evening. But night was coming on, and though the moon was clear and full, we did not like to start off for the shepherd’s house, through the swamps and swollen burns among which we should have had to pass; nor did we forget that our road would be through the valley where all this congregation of deer were. So after consulting, we turned off to leeward to bivouac amongst the rocks at the back of the hill, at a sufficient distance from the deer not to disturb them by our necessary occupation of cooking the trout, which our evening meal was to consist of. Having hunted out some of the driest of the fir-roots which were in abundance near us, we soon made a bright fire out of view

of the deer, and, after eating some fish, and drying our clothes pretty well, we found a snug corner in the rocks, where, wrapped up in our plaids and covered with heather, we arranged ourselves to sleep.

“Several times during the night I got up and listened to the wild bellowing of the deer: sometimes it sounded close to us, and at other times far away. To an unaccustomed ear it might easily have passed for the roaring of a host of much more dangerous wild beasts, so loud and hollow did it sound. I awoke in the morning cold and stiff, but soon put my blood into circulation by running two or three times up and down a steep bit of the hill. As for Donald, he shook himself, took a pinch of snuff, and was all right. The sun was not yet above the horizon, though the tops of the mountains to the west were already brightly gilt by its rays, and the grouse-cocks were answering each other in every direction.”

A graphic and most true description! The same gathering of the deer, but on a far larger scale, may be seen in the glens near the centre of Sutherland, hard by the banks of Loch Naver. Many hundreds of them congregate there together at the bleak season of their love; and the bellowing of the stags may be heard miles off among the solitude of the mountain. Nor is it altogether safe at that time to cross their path. The hart—a dangerous brute whenever brought to bay—then appears to lose all trace of his customary timidity, and will advance against the intruder, be he who he may, with levelled antler and stamping hoof, as becomes the acknowledged leader, bashaw, and champion of the herd. Also among the Coolin hills, perhaps the wildest of all our Highland scenery, where the dark rain-clouds of the Atlantic stretch from peak to peak of the jagged heights—where the ghostlike silence strikes you with unwonted awe, and the echo of your own footfall rings startlingly on the ear from the metallic cliffs of Hyperstein.

What is it, Ian? As we live, Orleans is pointing in yon correi, and Bordeaux backing him like a Trojan. Soho, Tours! Now for it. Black game, we rather think. Well roaded, dogs! Bang! An old cock. Ian, you may pick him up.

LETTERS AND IMPRESSIONS FROM PARIS.

THE gay metropolis of France has not lacked chroniclers, whether indigenous or foreign. And no wonder. The subject is inexhaustible, the mine can never be worn out. Paris is a huge kaleidoscope, in which the slightest movement of the hand of time produces fantastic changes and still recurring novelties. Central in position, it is the rendezvous of Europe. London is respected for its size, wealth, and commerce, and as the capital of the great empire on which the sun never sets; Paris is loved for its pleasures and pastimes, its amusements and dissipations. The one is the money-getter's Eldorado, the other the pleasure-seeker's paradise. The former is viewed with wonder and admiration; for size it is a province, for population a kingdom. But Paris, the modern Babel, with its boulevards and palaces, its five-and-twenty theatres, its gaudy restaurants and glittering coffee-houses, its light and cheerful aspect, so different from the soot-grimed walls of the English capital, is the land of promise to truant gentlemen and erratic ladies, whether from the Don or the Danube, the Rhine or the Wolga, from the frozen steppes of the chilly north, or the orange groves of the sunny south. A library has been written to exhibit its physiognomy; thousands of pens have laboured to depict the peculiarities of its population, floating and stationary.

Amongst those who have most recently attempted the task, Mr Karl Gutzkow, a dramatist of some fame in his own land, holds a respectable place. He has recorded in print the results of two visits to Paris, paid in 1842 and in the present year. The self-imposed labour has been creditably performed; much truth and sharpness of observation are manifest in his pages, although here and there a triviality forces a smile, a far-fetched idea or a bizarre opinion causes a start. Mr Gutzkow partakes a fault common to many of his countrymen—

a tendency to extremes, an aptness either to trifle or to soar, now playing on the ground with the children, then floating in the clouds with mystical familiars, or on a winged hobbyhorse. Desultory in style, he neglects the classification of his subject. Abruptly passing from the grave to the light, from the solid to the frothy, he breaks off a profound disquisition or philosophical argument to chatter about the new vaudeville, and glides from a scandalous anecdote of an actress into the policy of Louis Philippe. His frequent and capricious transitions are not disagreeable, and help one pleasantly enough through the book, but a methodical arrangement would be more favourable to the reader's memory. As it is, we lay down the volume with a perfect jumble in our brains, made up of the sayings, doings, qualities, and characteristics of actors, authors, statesmen, communists, journalists, and of the various other classes concerning whom Mr Gutzkow discourses, introducing them just as they occur to him, or as he happened to meet with them, and in some instances returning three or four times to the same individual. The first part of the book, which is the most lengthy and important, is in the form of letters, and was perhaps actually written to friends in Germany. This would account for its desultoriness and medley of matter. The second portion, written during or subsequently to a recent visit to Paris, serves as an appendix, and as a rectification of what came before. The author troubles himself little about places; he went to see Parisians rather than to gaze at Paris, to study men rather than to admire monuments, and has the good sense to avoid prattling about things that have been described and discussed by more common-place writers than himself. Well provided with introductions, he made the acquaintance of numerous notabilities, both political and literary, and of them he

gives abundant details: an eager playgoer, his theatrical criticisms are bold, minute, and often exceedingly happy; an observant man, his remarks on the social condition of Paris and of France are both acute and interesting. Let us follow him page by page through his fifth letter or chapter, the first that relates to Paris. Those that precede contain an account of his journey from Hanover. On his entrance into France, he encounters various petty disagreeables, in the shape of ill-hung vehicles, sulky conductors, bad dinners, extravagant prices, and attempts at extortion, which stir up his bile, accustomed as he is to the moderate charges, smiling waiters, and snug although slow *eilwegens* of his own country. But he has resolved neither to grumble at trifles nor to judge hastily. A visit to France, and especially to Paris, has long been his darling project. His greatest fear is to be disappointed—imagination, especially that of a German, is so apt to outrun reality.

“Every *sou* upon which I read ‘*Republique Française*,’ every portrait of the unhappy Louis upon the coarse copper money, makes such impression on me, that I no longer think of any thing but the historical ground under my feet; and consoled for my trifling grievances, upon a fine spring morning I enter the great Babel through the *Barrière St Denis*.

“I am in France, in Paris. I must reflect, in order to ascertain what was my first thought. As a boy, I hated France and loved Paris. My thoughts clung fast to Germany’s fall and Germany’s greatness; my feelings, my fancy, ranged through the French capital, of which I had early heard much from my father, who had twice marched thither as a Prussian soldier and conqueror.” Then come sundry reflections on the July revolution, and its effect on Europe. “These are chains of thought which hereafter will occupy us much. I must now think for a while of the France that I brought with me, because the one I have found is likely to lead me astray. Louis Philippe, Guizot, the armed peace, the peace at all price, the chamber of peers, the attempts on the king’s life, the deputies, the *épiciers*, the great men and the little intrigues, art and science, Véry, Vefour, Mu-

sard—I am really puzzled not to forget something of what I previously knew. A hackney-coach horse, lying dead upon the boulevard, preoccupies me more than yonder *hôtel des Capucins*, where Guizot gives his dinners. A wood-pavement at the end of the *Rue Richelieu* sets me a-thinking more than the bulletin of to-day’s *Débats*. They pave Paris with wood to deprive revolutions of building materials. Barricades are not to be made out of blocks. Better that those who cannot hear should be run over than that those who cannot see should risk to fall from their high estate.”

Considering that, when this was written, all the wood-pavement in Paris might have been covered with a Turkey carpet, and that up to this day its superficies has very little increased, Mr Gutzkow’s discovery has much the appearance of a mare’s nest. A better antidote to the stone within Paris is to be found in the stone around it. The fortifications will match the barricades. But it would be unfair to criticise too severely the crude impressions of a novice, suddenly set down amidst the turmoil, bustle, tumult, and fever of the French capital. From the pavements we pass to the promenaders.

“Pity that black should this year be the fashion for ladies’ dresses. The mourning garments clash with the freshness of spring. The heavens are blue, the sun shines, the trees already burst into leaf, the fountains round the obelisk throw their countless diamonds into the air. The exhibition of pictures has just opened. Shall I go thither, and exchange this violet-scented atmosphere for the odour of the varnish? In Paris the exhibition comes with the violets—in Berlin with the asters. I prefer the autumn show at Berlin to the spring exhibition in Paris; also intrinsically, with respect to art. Our German painters have more poetry. With us painting is lyric—here all is, or strives to be, dramatic. Every picture seems to thrust itself forward and demand applause. I see great effects, but little feeling. Religion is represented by a few gigantic altarpieces. They are the offerings of a devotion which only thinks of the saints because new churches require

new pictures. New churches consist of stone, wood, gold, silver, an organ, an altar-piece. These pictures of saints belong to the ministry of public works; it is easy to see that they have been done to order. Besides them, the gallery is full of Oriental scenes, family pictures and portraits. The first are to inspire enthusiasm for Algiers, the second illustrate the happiness of wedded life, the last are matrimonial advertisements in oil colour. In the family groups, children and little dogs are most prominent; of the male portraits the beard is the principal part. It is useless to look for men here; one sees nothing but hair. Everybody wears a beard *à la mode du moyen âge—flâneurs, coachmen, marquises, artisans*. On all sides one is surrounded with Vandyke and Rubens heads, poetical beards and hair, contrasting strangely with prosaic eyes, pallid lips, and the graceless costumes of the nineteenth century."

After some more very negative praise of French art, Mr Gutzkow gets sick of turpentine and confinement, and rushes out of the Louvre into the sunshine and the Champs Elysées, where the sight of the throng of dashing equipages, gay cavaliers, and pretty amazons, instead of causing him to throw up his hat and bless his stars for having conducted him into such ways of pleasantness, renders him melancholy and metaphysical. He is moralising on the Parisian ladies, when a cloud of dust and the clatter of cavalry give a new turn to his reflections. "Here," he exclaims, "comes an example of earthly happiness. Louis Philippe, King of the French, surrounded by a half squadron of his body-guard; a narrow and scarcely perceptible window in his deep six-horse carriage; a King, flying by, resting not, leaning back in his coach, not venturing to look out, breathing with difficulty under the shirt of mail which, according to popular belief, he ever wears beneath his clothes. But of this more hereafter." Quite enough as it is, Mr Gutzkow; and you are right, being in so gloomy a mood, to run off to the Theatre Français, and try to dissipate your vapours by seeing Rachel in Chimène. An unfavourable criticism of

that actress, retracted at a later period, closes the chapter. Chimène is one of Rachel's worst parts, and her critic was not in his best humour. He found her cold, and deficient in voice. Subsequently, in Joan of Arc, she fully redeemed herself in his opinion, although he had seen the best German actresses in Schiller's tragedy of that name, with which the work of Soumet ill bears comparison. Here, he acknowledges, she raised herself to an artistic elevation to which no German actress of the present day can hope to attain.

The next actress of whom Mr Gutzkow records his judgment, is the queen of the vaudeville, the faded but still fascinating Dejazet. From the classic hall of the "Français" to the agreeable little den of iniquity at the other end of the Palais Royal, the distance was not great, but the transition was very violent. It was passing from a funeral to an orgie, thus to leave Phèdre for Frétilon, Rachel for Dejazet. "She performed in a little piece called the *Fille de Dominique*, in which she represents the daughter of a deceased royal comedian of the days of Molière. She comes to Paris to get admitted into the troop to which her father belonged. She is to give proofs of her talents, and has already done so before any one suspects it. She has been to Baron, the comedian, and presented herself alternately as a peasant girl, a fantastical lady, and as a young drummer of the Royal Guard. She is seen by the audience in all these parts. Her first word, her first step, convinced me of the great fidelity of her acting. She is no queen, no fairy, or great dame out of Scribe's comedies, but the peasant girl, the grisette, the heroine of the vaudeville. All about her is arch, droll, true. Her gestures are extraordinarily correct and steady; and in spite of her harsh counter-tenor, and of an organ in which many a wild night and champagne debauch may be traced, she sings her couplets with clearness of intonation, grace of execution, and not unfrequently with most touching effect. I am at a loss fully to explain and define her very peculiar style of acting."

Mr Gutzkow thought that the French public had become careless of

Dejazet, even when he first saw her, now four years ago. We believe he is mistaken, and that she is as much appreciated as ever, in spite of her five and forty years, soon to be converted into fifty. Although haggard from vigils and dissipation, neither on the stage nor off it does she look her age. The good heart and joyous disposition that have endeared her to her comrades of the buskin, have in some degree neutralized the effects of her excesses. On his second visit to Paris, our author finds her grown exceedingly old, and depreciates as much as he before praised her—calls her a rouged corpse, and makes all manner of uncivil and unsavoury comments and comparisons. He goes so far as to style her acting in 1846, languid, feeble, and insipid. *Qui trop dit, ne dit rien*, and this is palpable exaggeration. We perceive scarcely any difference in Dejazet now and five years ago. Her singing voice may be a little less sure, her eyes a trifle hollower—she may need rather more paint to conceal the inroads of time on her *piquante* and *spirituelle* physiognomy, but she preserves the same spirit and vivacity, *verve* and vigour. Her appearance this spring at the Variétés theatre, in the vaudeville of *Gentil Bernard*, was a triumph of talent over time; and crowded houses, attracted not by the excellence of the piece, but by the perfection of the acting, proved that Dejazet is still, which she long has been, the pet of the Parisians. She is an extraordinary actress—so true to nature, possessed of such perfect judgment, and grace of gesticulation. Not a movement of her hand, a turn of her head, an inflexion of her voice, but has its signification and produces its effect. Her performance in the picturesque and bustling second act of *Gentil Bernard* is faultless. The frequenters of St James's theatre have this summer had an opportunity of appreciating it. At Paris she was better supported. Lafont makes a very fair *La Tulipe*, but not so good a one as Hoffmann. The inferior parts, also, were far better filled on the Boulevard des Italiens, than in King Street, St James's, where the whole weight of the protracted and not very interesting vaudeville rested upon the shoulders of Dejazet.

The success of Rachel has roused the ambition and raised the reputation of the daughters of Israel, who are now quite in vogue at the Paris theatres. Mesdemoiselles Rebecca and Worms, at the "Français," are both Jewesses; at the minor theatre of the "Folies Dramatiques," Judith delights a motley audience by her able enactment of the grisette. Instances have been known of very Christian young ladies feigning themselves of the faith of Moses, in hope that the fraud might facilitate their admission to the Thespian arena.

A severe judgment is passed by Mr Gutzkow upon the present state of musical art and representations in the French capital. The opera, he affirms, and not without reason, is on its last legs, sustained only by the ballet, by the beauty of the scenery and costumes. Duprez has had his day, Madame Stolz is among the middlings, Barroilhet alone may be reckoned a first-rate singer. Our author saw the *Elisir d'Amore* given by a company which he says would hardly be listened to in a German provincial town. Madame Stolz was then absent on a starring expedition. The ballet of *Paquita* was some compensation for the poorness of the singing. "At the 'Italiens' I heard the *Barber of Seville*, with Lablache, Ronconi, Tagliafico, Mario, and Persiani. This opera is considered the triumph of the Italian company; but I confess that the magnificence of the theatre, the high charge for admission, the Ohs! and Ahs! of the English women in the boxes, just arrived from London, and who had never before heard good music, were all insufficient to blind me with respect to the merits of the performance. I look upon the Italian opera at Paris as a mystification on the very largest scale, a thorough classic-Italian swindle. That a German company, composed of our best opera singers, would be infinitely superior to this Italian one, appears to me to admit of no dispute; but even at an ordinary theatre in Germany or Italy, one hears as good singing, perhaps with the exception of Lablache in *Bartolo*—and even he is cold and careless, devoid of freshness, and always seems to say to the audience, 'You stupid people, take that for your twelve francs a-seat!' The quackery of this theatre becomes the

more intelligible when we reflect that, in all Paris, there is no other where a single note of Italian opera music can be heard, the Italians having the monopoly of the sweet melodies of their native country. The Grand Opera, and the Opera Comique, deal in French music only; and the pleasure obtainable in any small German town possessing a theatre, that, namely, of hearing *Norma*, the *Somnambula*, and other similar operas, is nowhere to be procured except by paying extravagant prices to these half-dozen Italians." This statement is not quite correct. The Opera Comique, it is true, gives nothing but French music, and poor enough it is. In this particular, the Parisians are not difficult to satisfy. A good libretto, smart scenery, a hard-handed *claque*, a few skilful *reclames*, and laudatory paragraphs in the newspapers, will create an enthusiasm even for the insipid music of Monsieur Halevy, and sustain the *Mousquetaires de la Reine*, or similar mawkish compositions, through a whole season. But at the Académie Royale, good operas are to be heard, although the singing be deficient. Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Donizetti are not the names of Frenchmen; and the operas of these and other foreign composers are constantly given in the Rue Lepelletier.

"Several German opera companies have visited Paris; have begun well, and finished badly. And here our most brilliant singers would meet the same fate, because they would be allowed to sing nothing but German music; and German operas are not listened to in Paris. But if it were possible, with only a moderately good German company, to give *Norma*, the *Barber*, *Robert the Devil*, the *Huguenots*, and Mozart's operas, (omitting the dialogue,) that company, supported by a good orchestra, and performing in a decent theatre, would carry all before them, and return to Germany laden with fame and gold. But that is the difficulty. In France every one must stick to a speciality. From the German they will hear nothing but German music, and the representation of other operas is positively forbidden him."

Without going the lengths that Mr Gutzkow does, or by any means coinciding in his sweeping censure of the artists who now furnish forth the

Italian theatres of London and Paris, we doubt whether it is not fashion, as much as the excellence of the music, that draws the élite of French and English society to the Haymarket and the Salle Ventadour, and whether a German company of equal intrinsic merit would receive adequate patronage and encouragement in either capital, supposing even that they were allowed their choice of operas, and had the benefit of a handsome theatre and an able management. Certainly they would not get the enormous salaries which, in combination with the greediness of managers, and the manœuvres of ticket-sellers, render the enjoyment of a good opera, in London at least, a luxury attainable but by an exceedingly limited class.

Although the prices of admission to most of the Paris theatres are moderate, they are occasionally raised by illegitimate stratagems. This is especially the case when a new piece is performed from which much is expected, or concerning which, by puffery or for other reasons, the public curiosity has been greatly excited. On such occasions, the first few representations are sometimes rendered doubly and even trebly productive. The prices cannot be raised at the theatre itself without express permission from the authorities, and as this is seldom granted, another plan is resorted to. The box-office is transferred *de facto* from the corridor of the theatre to the open street. Whoever applies for tickets is told that there is not one left to any part of the house. Nothing then remains but to have recourse to the ticket-brokers, who carry on their disreputable commerce in the streets or at the wine-shops. In the Rue Montmartre, within a few doors of the Boulevard, there is a *marchand de vin*, whose establishment is a grand rendezvous of these gentry. They are the agents of the managers of the theatres. The latter sell all the tickets to themselves a fortnight beforehand, inscribing on the *coupons* the names of imaginary buyers, and then distribute them amongst the brokers, who sell them in front of the theatre to eager theatrical amateurs, as a great favour, and as the last obtainable tickets, at two or three times the regulation price. The theatre pockets the profits, minus

a brokerage. In this manner a first representation at the large theatre of the Porte St Martin may be made to yield ten thousand francs. When a theatre is out of vogue, and filling poorly, the same system is adopted; but in the contrary sense. The *marchands de billets* are provided with tickets which they sell at less than the established price.

When De Balzac's drama, *Les Expédients de Quinola*, was brought out at the "Odeon," he compounded to receive the proceeds of the first three nights, in lieu of a share of each representation whilst the piece should run. The play had been greatly talked of, the steam had been got up in every way, and the public was in a fever. It is customary enough in Paris for dramatic authors, in order at once to get paid for their labours, to barter their *droits d'auteur* for the entire profits of the first representations. Scribe does it at the Français. When the tickets are sold at the usual prices, this financial arrangement is regular enough, and concerns nobody but author and manager. But that would not satisfy Balzac, who is notorious for his avarice. He set the brokers to work, and drove the prices up to the highest possible point, fifteen francs for a stall, instead of five, a hundred francs for a box, and so forth. "Under such circumstances," says Mr Gutzkow, "it cannot be wondered if people forgot *Eugenie Grandet* and the *Père Goriot*, and hissed his play. To-day, nearly a hundred criticisms of *Quinola* have appeared. It is my belief, that, instead of reading them, Balzac is counting his five-franc pieces." The drama fell from want of merit as well as from the indignation excited by the author's greed. Although Balzac's books are read and admired—some of them at least—personally he is most unpopular. He is accused, and not without reason, of arrogance and avarice. His assumption and conceit are evident in his works. He has sacrificed his fame to love of gold; for one good book he has produced two that are trash; by speculating on his reputation, he has undermined and nearly destroyed it. Moreover, he has committed the enormous blunder of affecting to despise the press, which consequently shows him no

mercy. For a fortnight after the appearance of *Quinola*—which, although defective as a dramatic composition, was not without its merits—the unlucky play served as a daily laughing-stock and whipping-post to the battalion of Parisian critics. Janin led the way; a host of minor wasps followed in his wake, and threw themselves with deafening hum and sharp sting against the devoted head of M. de Balzac. He bore their aggravating assaults with great apparent indifference, consoled for want of friends by well-lined pockets.

At the "Ambigu Comique," Mr Gutzkow attended a performance of the *Mousquetaires*, a melo-drama founded on Dumas's romance of *Vingt Ans Après*. Its success was prodigious; it was performed the whole of last winter and spring, upwards of one hundred and fifty nights, always to crowded houses. The novel was dramatised by Dumas himself, with the assistance of one of his literary subordinates, M. Auguste Maquet. One or two of the actors at the "Ambigu" are to form part of the troop at M. Dumas's new theatre, now erecting, and which will open, it is said, this autumn. It is built by a company, and Dumas has engaged to write for it a certain number of plays yearly. The Duke of Montpensier gives it his name.

It will be the twenty-third theatre in Paris. Mr Gutzkow lifts up his hands and eyes in astonishment and admiration. "And this is granted," he says, "to that same Alexander Dumas, who, two years ago, publicly declared, that the stage and modern literature, in France especially, suffer from the indifference of the king!" He proceeds to compare this good-humoured facility with the scanty amount of encouragement given to theatricals in Prussia, with which he appears as moderately satisfied as with various other matters in the Fatherland. In Berlin, he says, although another theatre is sadly wanted, there is little chance of its being conceded either to a dramatic author or to any one else. But to follow him in his complaints, would lead us from Paris.

It is somewhat strange that Mr Gutzkow, himself a dramatist, and who tells us that his chief object in

visiting Paris was to see the remarkable men of France, did not make the acquaintance of M. Dumas. We infer, at least, that he did not, for the above passing reference is all that his book contains touching the distinguished author of *Angèle and Antony*, of *Monte Christo* and the *Mousquetaires*. To numerous other *littérateurs*, of greater and less merit, he sought and obtained introductions, and of them gives minute and interesting details. In Germany, as in England, Dumas is better known and more popular than any other French novelist; but, independently of that circumstance, as a brother dramatist, we wonder Mr Gutzkow neglected him. Perhaps, since he blames Balzac for overproduction, and speaks with aversion to the system of bookmaking, he eschewed the society of Dumas for a similar reason. Balzac is believed, at any rate, to write his books himself, although they suffer from haste; but Dumas has been openly and repeatedly accused of having his books written for him, and of maintaining a regular establishment of literary aide-de-camps, perpetually busied in the fabrication of tale, novel, and romance, whose productions he copies and signs, and then gives to the world as his own. His immense fertility has been the origin of this charge, which may be false, although appearances are really in favour of its truth. It seems physically impossible that one man should accomplish the mere pen and ink work of M. Dumas's literary labours; and even if, like Napoleon, he had the faculty of dictating to two or three different secretaries at once, it would scarcely account for the number of volumes he annually puts forth. From a clever but violent pamphlet, published in Paris in the spring of 1845, under the title of *Fabrique de Romans; Maison Alexander Dumas & Cie* we extract the following statement, which, it cannot be denied, is plausible enough:—

“It is difficult to assign limits to the fecundity of a writer, and to fix the number of lines that he shall write in a given time. Romance-writing especially, that frivolous style, has a right to travel post, and to scatter its volumes in profusion by the wayside. Nevertheless, time must be taken to consider a subject, to

arrange a plan, to connect the threads of a plot, to organize the different parts of a work; otherwise one proceeds blindfold, and finishes by getting into a blind alley, or by meeting insurmountable obstacles. Allowing for these needful preparations, supposing that an author takes no more repose than is absolutely necessary, eats in haste, sleeps little, is constantly inspired; in this hypothesis, the most skilful writer will produce perhaps fifteen volumes a-year—FIFTEEN VOLUMES, do you hear, Monsieur Dumas? And, even in this case, he will assuredly not write for fame; we defy him to chasten and correct his style, or to find a moment to look over his proofs. Ask those who work unassisted; ask our most fertile romance-writers, George Sand, Balzac, Eugène Sue, Frédéric Soulié; they will all tell you, that it is impossible to reach the limit we have fixed; that they have never attained it.

“You, M. Dumas, have published THIRTY-SIX volumes in the course of the year 1844; and for the year 1845, you announce twice as many.

“Well, we make the following simple calculation:—The most expert copyist, writing twelve hours a-day, hardly achieves 3900 letters in an hour, which gives, per diem, 46,800 letters, or sixty ordinary pages of a romance. At that rate he can copy five octavo volumes a month, and sixty in a year, but he must not rest an hour or lose a second. You, Monsieur Dumas, are a penman of first-rate ability. From the 1st of January to the 31st of December you work regularly twelve hours a-day, you sleep little, you eat in haste, you deprive yourself of all amusements, you hardly travel at all, you are never seen out of your house: consequently, if we suppose that your dramatic compositions, the bringing out of your plays, your correspondence with newspapers and theatres, importunate visitors, a few casual articles—as, for example, your letters in the *Democratique Pacifique*; (a series of five letters containing a fierce attack on the Théâtre Français, and on its administrator M. Buloz)—supposing, we say, that all these various occupations monopolize only one half of your time, we understand that you may have copied THIRTY volumes in the course of the year 1844—but only thirty!

the six others must have been the result of your son's labours. Now, if you are going to publish twice as much this year as you did during the last one, how will you manage? You must either give up sleeping, and work the twenty-four hours through, or you must teach your manufacturers to imitate your hand-writing. There is no other plan possible. To deliver your manuscripts to the printers as they are delivered to you, would be to furnish proofs against yourself."

The author of this pamphlet is himself a novelist, and allowance must be made for his jealousy of a successful rival. But there are grounds for his attack. M. Dumas is known to work hard: literary labour has become a habit and necessity of his life; but he is not the man to chain himself to the oar and renounce all the pleasures of society and of Paris, even to swell his annual budget to the enormous sum which it is reported, and which he has indeed acknowledged it, to reach. We have seen works published under his name, whose perusal convinced us that he had had little or nothing to do with their composition or execution. The internal evidence of others was equally conclusive in fixing their *bona fide* authorship upon their reputed author. *Au reste*, Dumas troubles himself very little about his assailants, but pursues the even tenor of his way, careless of calumniators. The most important point for him is, that his pen, or at least his name, should preserve its popularity; and this it certainly does, notwithstanding that his enemies have more than once raised a cry that "*le Dumas baisse sur la place*." On the contrary, the article, whether genuine or counterfeit, was never more in demand, both with publishers and consumers. In Paris, as Mr Gutzkow says, every thing is a speciality; it requires half a dozen different shops to sell the merchandise that in England would be united in one. One establishment deals in lucifer-matches and nothing else; chips and brimstone form its whole stock in trade: it is the *spécialité des allumettes chimiques*. Yonder we find a spacious *magasin* appropriated to glove-clasps; here is another where *clyso-pompes* are the sole commodity. We were aware of this peculiarity of French shopkeeping,

but were certainly not prepared to behold, as we did on our last visit to Paris, a shop opened upon the Place de la Bourse, exclusively for the sale of Monsieur Dumas's productions. This, we apprehend, is the *ne plus ultra* of literary fertility and popularity. "*Le Dumas*" has become a commercial *spécialité*. The bookseller who wishes to have upon his shelves all the productions of the author of the *Corricolo*, must no longer think of appropriating any part of his space to the writings of others; or if he persists in doing so, he had better take three or four shops, knock down the partitions, and establish a *magasin monstre*, like those of which ambitious linendrapers have of late years set the fashion in the Chaussée d'Antin and Rue Montmartre. Curiosity prompted us to enter the Dumas shop and procure a list of its contents. The number of volumes would have stocked a circulating library. We were gratified to find—for we have always taken a strong interest in Alexander Dumas, some of whose bettermost books we have honoured with a notice in *Maga*—that several of his works were out of print. On the other hand, five or six new romances, from two to four volumes each, were, we were informed by the obliging Dumas-merchant, on the eve of appearing. It was a small instalment of the illustrious author's annual contribution to the fund of French *belles lettres*.

In the *Galerie des Contemporains Illustres*, by M. de Lomenie, we find the following remarks concerning M. Dumas:—

"He has written masses of romances, feuilletons by the hundred. In the year 1840 alone, he published twenty-two volumes. He has even written with one hand the history that he turned over with the other, and heaven knows what an historian M. Dumas is! He has published *Impressions de Voyages*, containing every thing, drama, elegy, eclogue, idyl, politics, gastronomy, statistics, geography, history, wit—every thing excepting truth. Never did writer more intrepidly hoax his readers, never were readers more indulgent to an author's gasconades. Nevertheless, M. Dumas has abused to such an extent the credulity of the pub-

lie, that the latter begin to be upon their guard against the discoveries of the traveller."

The public, we apprehend, take M. Dumas's narratives of travels at their just value, find them entertaining, but rely very slightly on their authenticity. It has been pretty confidently affirmed and generally believed, that many of his excursions were performed by the fireside; that rambles in distant lands are accomplished by M. Dumas with his feet on his *chaises* in the Chaussée d'Antin, or in his country retirement at St Germain. Nor does he, when taxed with being a stay-at-home traveller, repel the charge with much violence of indignation. At the recent trial at Rouen of a sprig of French journalism, a certain Monsieur de Beauvallon, (truly the noble particle was worthily bestowed,) the accused was stated to be extraordinarily skillful with the pistol; and in support of the assertion, a passage was quoted from a book written by himself, in which he stated, that in order to intimidate a bandit, he had knocked a small bird off a tree with a single ball. The prisoner declared that this wonderful shot was to be placed to the credit of his invention, and not to his marksmanship. "I introduced the circumstance," said he, "in hopes of amusing the reader, and not because it really happened. M. Dumas, who has also written his travelling impressions, knows that such license is sometimes taken." Whereupon Alexander, who was present in court, did most heartily and admissively laugh.

Apropos of that trial—and although it leads us away from Mr Gutzkow, who makes but a brief reference to the orgies, revived from the days of the Regency, which the evidence given upon it disclosed—M. Dumas certainly burst upon us on that occasion in an entirely new character. We had already inferred from some of his books, from the knowing *gusto* with which he describes a duel, and from his intimacy with Grisier, the Parisian Angelo, to whom he often alludes, that he was cunning of fence and perilous with the pistol. But we were not aware that he was looked up to as a duelling dictionary, or prepared to find him treated by a whole court of justice—judge, counsellors, jury, and the rest—as an oracle in all that pertains to custom

of cartel. We had reason to be ashamed of our ignorance; of having remained till the spring of the year 1846 unacquainted with the fact that in France proficiency with the pen and skill with the sword march *pari passu*. Upon this principle, and as one of the greatest of penmen, M. Dumas is also the prime authority amongst duellists. With our Gallic neighbours, it appears, a man must not dream of writing himself down literary, unless he can fight as well as scribble. To us peaceable votaries of letters, whose pistol practice would scarcely enable us to hit a haystack across a poultry-yard, and whose entire knowledge of swordsmanship is derived from witnessing an occasional set-to at the minors between one sailor and five villains, (sailor invariably victorious,) there was something quite startling in the new lights that dawned upon us as to the state of hot water and pugnacity in which our brethren beyond the Channel habitually live. When Hannibal Caracci was challenged by a brother of the brush, whose works he had criticised, he replied that he fought only with his pencil. The answer was a sensible one; and we should have thought authors' squabbles might best be settled with the goosequill. Such, it would seem, from recent revelations, is not the opinion on the other side of Dover Straits; in France, the aspirant to literary fame divides his time between the study and the shooting gallery, the folio and the foil. There, duels are plenty as blackberries; and the editor of a daily paper wings his friend in the morning, and writes a *premier Paris* in the afternoon, with equal satisfaction and placidity. Not one of the men of letters who gave their evidence upon the notable trial now referred to, but had had his two, three, or half-dozen duels, or, at any rate, had *fait ses preuves*, as the slang phrase goes, in one poor little encounter. All had their cases of Devismes' pistols ready for an emergency; all were skilled in the rapier, and talked in Bobadil vein of the "affairs" they had had and witnessed. And greatest amongst them all, most versed in the customs of combat, stood M. Dumas, quoting the code, (in France there is a published code of duelling,) laying down the law, figuring as an umpire,

fixing points of honour and of the duello, as, at a tourney of old, a veteran knight.

Mr Gutzkow is not far wrong in qualifying the champagne orgies of the Parisian actresses and newspaper scribes, as a resuscitation of the *mœurs de Régence*. It appears that these gentlemen journalists live in a state of polished immorality and easy profligacy, not unworthy the days of Philip of Orleans, whom M. Dumas, be it said *en passant*, has represented in one of his books as the most amiable, excellent, and kind-hearted of men, instead of as the base, cold-blooded, and reckless debauchee which he notoriously was. In France, to a greater extent than in England, the success of an actress or dancer depends upon the manner in which the press notices her performances. Theatrical criticisms are a more important feature in French than in English newspapers, are more carefully done, and better paid.

"As an artist," said Mademoiselle Lola Montes, the Spanish *bailarina*, who formerly attracted crowds to the Porte St Martin theatre—less, however, by the grace of her dancing, than by the brevity of her attire—"I sought the society of journalists."

Miss Lola is not the only lady of her cloth making her chief society of the men on whose suffrage her reputation, as an actress, depends. In Paris, people are apt to pin their faith on their newspaper, and, finding that the plan saves a deal of thought, trouble, and investigation, they see with the eyes and hear with the ears of the editor, go to the theatres which he tells them are amusing, and read the books that he puffs. Actresses, especially second-rate ones, thus find themselves in the dependence of a few *coteries* of journalists, whom they spare no pains to conciliate. We shall not enter into the details of the subject, but the result of the system seems to be a sort of socialist republic of critics and actresses, having for its object a reckless dissipation, and for its ultimate argument the duelling pistol. "In Paris," says Mr Gutzkow, "the critics are often dilettanti, who seek by their pen to procure admission into the boudoirs of the pretty actresses. The theatrical critic is a *petit maître*, the analysis of a perfor-

mance a declaration of love." And favours are bartered for feuilletons. It does not appear, however, that these Helens of the foot-lamps often lead to serious rivalries between the Greeks and Trojans of the press. A pungent leading article, or a keen opposition of interests, is far more likely to produce duels than the smiles or caprices even of a Liévenne or an Alice Ozy. In these days of extinct chivalry, to fight for a woman is voted *perruque* and old style; but to fight for one's pocket is correct, and in strict conformity with the commercial spirit of the age. A's newspaper, being ably directed, rises in circulation and enriches its proprietors. Journalist B, whose subscribers fall off, orders a sub-editor to pick a quarrel with A and shoot him. The thing is done; the paper of defunct A is injured by the loss of its manager, and that of surviving B improves. The object is attained. "The history of the *Pro-cès Beauvallon*," we quote from Mr Gutzkow, "so interesting as a development of the modern *Mysteries of Paris*, arose apparently from a rivalry about women, but in reality was to be attributed to one between newspapers. It is tragical to reflect, that for the *Presse* Emile de Girardin shot Carrel, and that now the manager of the same paper is in his turn shot by a new rival, on account of the *Globe* or the *Epoque*. We are reminded of the poet's words: *Das ist der Fluch der bösen That!*"

It will be remembered that De Girardin, the founder of the *Presse*, killed Armand Carrel, the clever editor of the *National*, in a duel. The *Presse* was started at forty francs a year, at a time when the general price of newspapers was eighty francs. The experiment was bold, but it fully succeeded. The thing was done well and thoroughly; the paper was in all respects equal to its contemporaries; in talent it was superior to most of them, surpassed by none. De Girardin and his associates made a fortune, the majority of the other papers were compelled to drop their prices, some of the inferior ones were ruined. The innovation and its results made the bold projector a host of enemies, and he would have found no difficulty in the world in getting shot, had he chosen to meet a tithe of those who

were anxious to fire at him. But after his duel with Carrel he declined all encounters of the kind, and fought his battles in the columns of the *Presse* instead of in the Bois de Boulogne. Had he not adopted this course he would long ago have fallen, probably by the hand of a member of the democratic party, who all vowed vengeance against him for the death of their idol. As it is, he has had innumerable insults and mortifications to endure, but he has retaliated and borne up against them with immense energy and spirit. On one occasion he was assaulted at the opera, and received a blow, when seated beside his wife, a lady of great beauty and talent. The aggressor was condemned to three years' imprisonment. The *Presse* being a conservative paper, and a strenuous supporter of the Orleans dynasty, the opposition and radical organs of course loudly denounced the injustice and severity of the sentence. De Girardin was once challenged by the editors of the *National en masse*. His reply was an article in his next day's paper, proving that the previous character and conduct of his challengers was such as to render it impossible for a man of honour to meet any one of them. Mr Gutzkow made the acquaintance of Girardin. "At the sight of the slender delicate hand which slew the steadfast and talented editor of the *National*, I was seized with an emotion, the expression of which might have sounded somewhat too *German*. Girardin himself affected me; his daily struggles, his daily contests before the tribunals, his daily letters to the *National*, his uneasy unsatisfied ambition, his unpopularity. One may have shot a man in a duel, but in order to remember the act with tranquillity, the deceased should have been the challenger. One may have received a blow in the opera house, and yet not deem it necessary, having already had one fatal encounter, to engage in a second, but it is hard that the giver of the blow must pass three years in prison. Such events would drive a *German* to emigration and the backwoods; they impel the Frenchman further forward into the busy crowd. Bitterness, melancholy, nervous excitement, and morbid agitation, are

unmistakeably written upon Girardin's countenance."

Himself a clever critic, Mr Gutzkow was anxious to make the acquaintance of a king of the craft, the well-known Jules Janin, the feuilletonist of the *Debats*. "Janin has lived for many years close to the Luxembourg palace, on a fourth floor. His habitation is by no means brilliant, but it is comfortably arranged; and when he married, shortly before I saw him, he would not leave it. *Le Critique marié*, as they here call him, lives in the Rue Vaugirard, rather near to the sky, but enjoying an extensive view over the gardens, basins, statues, swans, nurses and children, of the Luxembourg. 'I have bought a chateau for my wife,' said he, coming down a staircase which leads from his sitting-room to his study. 'I am married, have been married six months, am happy, too happy—Pst, Adèle, Adèle!'

"Adèle, a pretty young Parisian, came tripping down stairs and joined us at breakfast. Janin is better-looking than his caricature at Aubert's. Active, notwithstanding his *embonpoint*, he is seldom many minutes quiet. Now stroking his *jeune France* beard, then caressing Adèle, or running to look out of the window, he only remains at table to write and to eat. He showed me his apartment, his arrangements, his books, even his bed-chamber. 'I still live in my old nest,' said he, 'but I will buy my angel—we have been married six months, and are very happy—I will buy my angel a little chateau. I earn a great deal of money with very bad things. If I were to write good things, I should get no money for them.'

"It is impossible to write down mere prattle. Janin, like many authors, finds intercourse with men a relief from intercourse with books. The cleverest people willingly talk nonsense; but Janin talked, on the contrary, a great deal of sense, only in a broken unconnected way, running after Adèle, threatening to throw her out of the window, or rambling about the room with the stem of a little tree in his hand. "Do you see," said he, "I like you Germans because they like me—(this by way of parenthesis)—do you see, I have brought up my

wife for myself; she has read nothing but my writings, and has grown tall whilst I have grown fat. She is a good wife, without pretensions, sometimes coquettish, a darling wife. It is not my first love, but my first marriage. You have been to see George Sand? We do not smoke, neither I nor my wife, so that we have no genius. *Pas vrai, Adèle?*

“Adèle played her part admirably in this matrimonial idyl. ‘She does not love me for my reputation,’ said her husband, ‘but for my heart. I am a bad author, but a good fellow. Let’s talk about the theatre.’

“We did so. We spoke of Rachel, and of Janin’s depreciation of that actress, whom he had previously supported. ‘It’s all over with her,’ said he; ‘she has left off study, she revels the night through, she drinks grog, smokes tobacco, and intrigues by wholesale. She gives soirées, where people appear in their shirt-sleeves. Since she has come of age, it’s all up with her. She has become dissipated. Shocking—is it not, Adèle?’

“‘One has seen instances of genius developing itself with dissipation.’

“‘They might stand her on her head, but would get nothing more out of her,’ replied Janin. ‘Luckily the French theatre rests on a better foundation than the tottering feet of Mamsell Rachel.—Do you know Lewald? Has he translated me well?’

“‘You have fewer translators than imitators.’

“‘Can my style be imitated in German?’

“‘Why not? I will give you an instance.’

“Janin was called away to receive a visitor, and was absent a considerable time. He had some contract or bargain to settle. I took out my tablets, drank my cup of tea, and wrote in Janin’s style the following criticism upon a performance at the Circus which then had a great run.”

Having previously, it may be presumed, noted down the suggestive and curious dialogue of which we have given an abbreviation. We have our doubts as to the propriety, or rather we have no doubts as to the impropriety and indelicacy, of thus repeating in print the familiar conversations, and detailing the most private do-

mestic habits of individuals, merely on the ground of their talents or position having rendered them objects of curiosity to the mob. Literary notoriety does not make a man public property, or justify his visitors in dragging him before the multitude as he is in his hours of relaxation, and of mental and corporeal dishabille. Mr Gutzkow is unscrupulous in this respect. Possessing either an excellent memory, or considerable skill in clandestine stenography, he carefully sets down the sayings of all who are imprudent enough to gossip with him, and important enough for their gossip to be interesting. Surely he ought to have informed Messrs Thiers, Janin, and various others, who kindly and hospitably entertained him, that he was come amongst them to take notes, and eke to print them. Forewarned, they would perhaps have been less confiding and communicative. The last four years have produced many instances of this species of indiscretion. Two prominent ones at this moment recur to us—a prying, conceited American, and a clever but impertinent German *prinzein*. The latter, we have been informed, was on one occasion called to a severe account for his tattling propensities. With respect to Jules Janin, we are sure that Mr Gutzkow’s revelations concerning his household economy, his pretty wife, his morning pastimes and breakfast-table *causeries*, will not in the slightest degree disturb his peace of mind, spoil his appetite, or diminish his *embonpoint*. The good-humoured and clever critic is proof against such trifles. Nay, as regards initiating the public into his private affairs and most minute actions, he himself has long since set the example. The readers of the witty and playful feuilletons signed J. J., will not have forgotten one that appeared on the occasion of M. Janin’s marriage, having for its subject the courtship and wedding of that gentleman. The commencement made us smile; the continuation rendered us uneasy; and as we drew near the close, we became positively alarmed—not knowing how far the writer was going to take us, and feeling somewhat pained for Madame Janin, who might be less willing than her *insouciant* husband that such very copious details of her

commencement of matrimony should be supplied as pasture to the populace in the columns of a widely-circulated newspaper. Janin got a smart lashing from some of his rival feuilletonists for his indecent and egotistical puerility. Doubtless he cared little for the infliction. Habituated to such flagellations, his epidermis has grown tough, and he well knows how to retaliate them. He has few friends. Those who have felt his lash hate him; those whom he has spared envy him. As a professed critic, he finds it easier and more piquant to censure than to praise; and scarcely a French author, from the highest to the lowest, but has at one time or other experienced his pitiless dissection and cutting *persiflage*. His feuilletons were once, and still occasionally are, distinguished and prized for their graceful *naïveté* and playful elegance of style. His correctness of appreciation, his adherence to the sound rules of criticism, his thorough competency to judge on all the infinite variety of subjects that he takes up, have not always been so obvious. And of late years, his principal charm, his style, has suffered from inattention, perhaps also from weariness; chiefly, no doubt, from his having fallen into that commercial money-getting vein which is the bane of the literature of the day. Still, now and then, one meets with a feuilleton in his old and better style, delightfully graceful, and pungent and witty, concealing want of depth by brilliancy of surface. He is a journalist, and a journalist only; he aspires to no more; books he has not written, none at least worth the naming—two or three indifferent novels, early defunct. His feuilletons are especially popular in Germany—more so, perhaps, than in France. His arch and sparkling paragraphs contrast agreeably with the heavy solidity of German critics of the *belles lettres*. By the bye, we must not forget Gutzkow's attempt at an imitation of M. Janin's style. He was interrupted before he had completed it, but favours us with the fragment. It is a notice of the exploits of a Pyrenean dog then acting at Paris. Its author had not time to read it to Janin, who went out to walk with his wife. "I kept my paper to myself, exchanged another

joke or two with my whimsical host, and departed. I have written a theatrical article, than which Janin could not write one more childish. What German newspaper will give me twenty thousand francs a-year for articles of this kind?" One, only, whose proprietor and editor have taken leave of their senses. The article *à la Janin* is childish and frivolous enough; but childishness and frivolity would have availed the Frenchman little had he not united with them wit and grace. His German copyist has not been equally successful in operating that union. But to attempt in German an imitation of Janin's style, so entirely French as it is, and only to be achieved in that language, appears to us nearly as rational as to try to manufacture a dancing-pump out of elephant hide.

We grieve to hear the bad accounts of Mademoiselle Rachel's private propensities and public prospects given by Janin, or, at least, by Mr Gutzkow, who in another place enters into further details of the fair tragedian's irregularities. It is difficult to imagine Chénène smoking a cigar, Phèdre sitting over a punch-bowl, the Maid of Orleans intriguing with a journalist, even though it be admitted that the lords of the feuilleton are also tyrants of the stage, and toss about their *foubirds* with a tolerable certainty of their being gratefully and submissively picked up. We will hope, however, either that Janin was pleased to mystify Gutzkow, thinking it perhaps very allowable to pass a joke on the curious German who had ferreted him out in his *quatrième*, or that Gutzkow has fathered upon Janin the floating reports and calumnious innuendos of the theatrical coffee-houses.

Mr Gutzkow went to see George Sand. This was his great ambition, his burning desire. He is an enthusiastic admirer of her works and of her genius. It is to be inferred from what he tells us, that he did not find it easy to obtain an introduction. Madame Dudevant lives retired, and likes not to be trotted out for the entertainment of the curious. She is particularly distrustful of tourists. They have sketched her in grotesque outline, respecting neither her mysteries nor her confidence. But Mr

Gutzkow was resolved to see the outside of her house, pending the time that he might obtain access to its interior. So away he went to the Rue Pigale, No. 16, chattered with the portress, peeped into the garden, gazed at the windows which George Sand, "when exhausted with mental labour, is wont to open to cool her bosom in the fresh air." Considering that this was in the month of March, some time had probably elapsed since the lady had done any thing so imprudent. From a chapter of *Lelia* or *Mauprat* to an equinoctial breeze! There is a catarrah in the mere notion of the transition. However, Mr Gutzkow viewed the matter with a poet's eye—the window, we mean to say—and after gazing his fill, departed, musing as he went. A fortnight later he was admitted to see the jewel whose casket he had contemplated with so much veneration. "I have been to see George Sand. She wrote to me: 'You will find me at home any evening. If, however, I am engaged with a lawyer or compelled to go out, you must not impute it to want of courtesy. I am entangled in a lawsuit in which you will see a trait of our French usages, for which my patriotism must needs blush. I plead against my publisher, who wants to constrain me to write a romance according to his pleasure—that is to say, advocating his principles. Life passes away in the saddest necessities, and is only preserved by anxieties and sacrifices. You will find a woman of forty years old, who has employed her whole life not in pleasing by her amiability, but in offending by her candour. If I displease your eyes, I shall, at any rate, preserve in your heart the place that you have conceded me. I owe it to the love of truth, a passion whose existence you have distinguished and felt in my literary attempts.'

"I went to see her in the evening. In a small room, scarce ten feet square, she sat sewing by the fire, her daughter opposite to her. The little apartment was sparingly lighted by a lamp with a dark shade. There was no more light than sufficed to illumine the work with which mother and daughter were busied. On a divan in one corner, and in dark shadow, sat two men, who, according to French cus-

tom, were not introduced to me. They kept silence, which increased the solemn, anxious tension of the moment. A gentle breathing, an oppressive heat, a great tightness about the heart. The flame of the lamp flickered dimly, in the chimney the charcoal glowed away into white shimmering ashes, a ghostlike ticking was the only sound heard. The ticking was in my waistcoat pocket. It was my watch, not my heart." How intensely German is all this overwrought emotion about nothing! Fortunately a chair was at hand, into which the impressionable dramatist dropped himself. His first speech was a blunder, for it sounded like a preparation.

"Pardon my imperfect French. I have read your works too often, and Scribe's comedies too seldom. From you one learns the mute language of poetry, from Scribe the language of conversation."

To which compliment Aurora Du-devant merely replied: "How do you like Paris?"

"I find it as I had expected.—A lawsuit like yours is a novelty. How does it proceed?"

"A bitter smile for sole reply.

"What is understood in France by *contrainte par corps*?"

"Imprisonment."

"Surely they will not throw a woman into prison to compel her to write a romance. What does your publisher mean by his principles?"

"Those which differ from mine. He finds me too democratic."

"And mechanics do not buy romances, thought I. 'Does the *Revue Indépendante* make good progress?"

"Very considerable, for a young periodical."

And so on for a couple of pages. But George Sand was on her guard, and stuck to generalities. She would not allow her visitor to draw her out, as he would gladly have done. She had been already too much gossiped about and calumniated in print. She had an intuitive perception of the approaching danger. She nosed the intended book. Nevertheless, and although reserved, she was very amiable; talked about the drama—when Mr Gutzkow, remembering her unsuccessful play of *Cosima*, tried to change the subject—inquired after

Bettina, spoke respectfully of Germany—of which, however, she does not profess to know any thing—and even smoked a cigar.

“George Sand laid aside her work, arranged the fire, and lighted one of those innocent cigars which contain more paper than tobacco, more coquetry than emancipation. I was now able, for the first time, to obtain a good view of her features. She is like her portraits, but less stout and round than they make her. She has a look of *Bettina*. Since that time she has grown larger.

“Who translates me in Germany?”

“Fanny Tarnow, who styles her translations *bearbeitungen*.”

“Probably she omits the so-called immoral passages.”

“She spoke this with great irony. I did not answer, but glanced at her daughter, who cast down her eyes. The pause that ensued was of a second, but it expressed the feelings of an age.”

Although Mr Gutzkow's visits to Paris were each but of a few weeks' duration, and notwithstanding that he had much to do, many persons to call upon and things to see, he now and then felt himself upon the brink of *ennui*. This especially in the evenings, which, he says, would be insupportable without the theatres. To foreigners they certainly would be so, and to many Parisians. The theatre, the coffee-house, the reading-room, the unvarying and at last wearisome lounge on the boulevards, compose the resources of the stranger in Paris. Access to domestic circles he finds extremely difficult, rarely obtainable. Many imagine, on this account, that in Paris there is no such thing as domestic life, that the quiet evenings with books, music, and conversation, the fireside coteries so delightful in England and Germany, are unknown in the French metropolis. If not unknown, they are, at any rate, much rarer. “The stranger complains especially,” says Mr Gutzkow, “that his letters of introduction carry him little further than the antechamber. He misses nothing so much as the opportunity of passing his evenings in familiar intercourse with some family who should admit him to their intimacy.” This want is most percep-

tible at the season when Mr Gutzkow was at Paris, March and April, treacherous and rainy months, comprising Lent, during which Paris is comparatively dull, and when many persons, either from religious scruples or from weariness of winter and carnival gaieties, refuse parties, and cease to give their weekly or fortnightly soirées, often more agreeable as an habitual resort than balls and entertainments of greater pretensions. Mr Gutzkow complains bitterly of the bad weather. The climate of Paris is certainly the reverse of good. The heat oppressively great in summer, rain intolerably abundant for seven or eight months of the twelve. If London has its fogs, Paris has its deluge, and its consequences, oceans of mud, which, in the narrow streets of the French capital, are especially obnoxious. The Boulevards and the Rues de Rivoli and De la Paix are really the only places where one is tolerably secure from the splashing of coach and scavenger.

“A rainy day,” writes Mr Gutzkow, on the 22nd March; “the sky grey, the Seine muddy, the streets filthy and slippery. You take refuge in the passages, and in the Palais Royal. Appointments are made in the passages and reading-rooms. Dinner at the *Boeuf à la Mode*, at the Grand Vatel or Restaurant Anglais, reserving Véry, Vefour, the Rocher de Cancale, for a brighter day and more cheerful mood.”

“Paris is too large in bad weather, and too small in fine. Really, when the sun shines, Paris is very small. The fashionable part of the Boulevards, the Rue Vivienne, the Rue Richelieu, the Palais Royal, in all that region you are soon so much at home that your face is known to every shop-keeper. Always the same impressions. In the daytime often insipid; more cheerful at night, when the gas-lights gleam. The art of false appearances is here brought to the greatest perfection. The commonest shops are so arranged as to deceive the eye. Mirrors reflect the wares, and give the establishment an artificial extension, by lamplight a fantastical grandeur. You try the different *restaurants*, dining sometimes here, sometimes there, and gradually becoming initiated in the mysteries of the *carte*; for

the most part avoiding all complicated preparations, and confining yourself to the dishes *au naturel*, as the surest means of not eating cat for calf. In the Palais Royal the shops are very dear, only the dinners on the first floor are cheap, and ennui is to be had gratis. Since so many handsome passages have been opened through the streets, the Palais Royal has lost its vogue. Some say that its decline began with its morality. The *Cabinets particuliers*, formerly of such evil repute, are now the smoking rooms of the coffeehouses. The Galerie d'Orleans is still the most frequented part of the Palais Royal. Here the loungers pull out their watches every five minutes; they all wait either for a friend or for dinner-time. Meanwhile they saunter to and fro, and admire the skill of their tailors in the range of mirrors on either side of the gallery.

"I followed the boulevards, the other day, from the Madeleine to the Column of July—a distance which it took me almost two hours to accomplish. From the Portes St Denis and St Martin, the boulevards lose their metropolitan aspect. They become more countrified and homely. The magnificence of the shops and coffeehouses diminishes and at last disappears. The luxurious gives way to the useful, the comfortable to the needy. At the Château d'Eau, where the boulevard turns off at a right angle, four or five theatres stand together. Here is the road to the Père la Chaise. Here fell the victims of Fieschi's infernal machine. From one of these little houses the murderous discharge was made. From which, I will not ask. Perhaps no one could tell me. Paris has forgotten her revolutions.

"Further on, the Goddess of Liberty flashes upon us from the summit of the July Column. Why in that dancer-like attitude? It may show the artist's skill, but it is undignified, and seems to challenge the storm-wind which once already blew down Freedom's Goddess from the Pantheon. Upon the column are engraved the names of the heroes of July.

"What stood formerly upon this spot? Upon yonder little house I read, 'Tavern of the Bastille.' This, then, was the birthplace of French freedom, of the freedom of the world.

Upon this site, now bare, stood the fortress-prison, whose gloomy interior beheld for centuries the crimes of tyrants, the violence of despotism, whereof nought but dark rumours transpired to the world without. On the 14th July 1789, came the dawn. The Bastille was destroyed, and not one stone of it remained upon another. It is awfully impressive to contemplate this place, now so naked and empty, once so gloomily shadowed.

"We enter the suburb of the workmen, the faubourg St Antoine, the formerly and reliance of the Jacobins. Here things have a ruder and more strongly marked aspect. It is a sort of Frankfurt Sachsenhausen. By the Rue St Antoine we again reach the interior of the city, its most industrious and busy quarter. I love these working-day wanderings in the regions of labour. I prefer them to all the Sunday promenades upon the broad pavements of luxury. True that each of these intricate and dirty streets has its own particular and often nauseous odour. Here are the soapboilers, yonder a slaughter-house, here again, in the Rue des Lombards, the atmosphere is laden with the scent of spices and drugs. In the cellars, men, with shirt-sleeves rolled up, crush brimstone and pepper and a hundred other things in huge iron mortars; a noise and smell which reminds me of the treacle-grinders on the Rialto at Venice. And here, also, in these narrow alleys and dingy lanes, historical associations linger. Yonder is the battered chapel of St Méry, where, eight years ago, four hundred republicans, entrenched in the cloisters, strove against the whole armed might of Paris, and were overcome only by artillery. To-day the French Opposition takes things more easily. Its demonstrations are dinners, as in Germany. The popping of champagne corks causes no bloodshed. Written speeches, an article in a newspaper, a toast to the maintenance of order, another against *tentatives insensées*;—it will be long before such an opposition attains its end."

Mr Gutzkow, who does not conceal his ultra-liberal opinions, seems almost to regret the revolutionary days, and to pity Paris for the tranquillity which a firm and judicious government has at length succeeded in establishing

within its walls. Had a republican outbreak taken place during his abode in the French capital, one might have expected to find him raising impromptu battalions from the eighty thousand Germans and Alsatians, who form an important item of the Parisian population. His doctrines will hardly gain him much favour with the powers that be in his own country. But for that he evidently cares little. He is one of the progress; Young Germany reckons in him a staunch and devoted partisan. With his democratic tendencies, and in Paris, where monuments of revolutions abound, and where a thousand names and places recall the struggles between the people and their rulers, it is not wonderful that his enthusiasm occasionally boils over, and that he vents or hints opinions which maturer reflection would perhaps induce him to repudiate.

A visit to Michel Chevalier suggests a comparison between the different modes of attaining to public honours and ministerial office in France and in Germany. "Most delightful to me was the acquaintance of Chevalier. Delightful and afflicting. Afflicting when I contrasted the treatment of talent in Germany with that which it meets in France. Michel Chevalier, the accomplished writer who knows how to handle so well and agreeably the dry topics of national economy, of railways and public works, ten years ago was a St Simonian. When the association of Menilmontant was prosecuted by the French government, he was condemned to a year's imprisonment. But those who persecuted him for his principles, prized him for his talents. Instead of letting him undergo his punishment, as would have been the case in Germany, they gave him money and sent him to North America, commissioned to make observations upon that country. Chevalier published, in the *Journal des Debats*, his able letters from the United States, returned to France, became professor at the University, and, a year ago, was made counsellor of state." In opposition to this example, Mr Gutzkow traces the progress of the German candidate for his office; pipes, beer, and dogs at the university, plucked in his examination, a place

in an administration, counsellor, knight of several orders, vice-president of a province, president of a province, minister.

Although there are in Paris more Germans than foreigners of any other nation, little is seen and heard of them. They do not hang together, and form a society of their own, as do the English, and even the Spaniards and Italians. They may be classed under the heads of political refugees, artisans, men of science and letters, merchants and bankers. Few of them are of sufficient rank and importance to represent their nation with dignity, or sufficiently wealthy to make themselves talked of for their lavish expenditure and magnificent establishments. They have not, like the English, colonized and appropriated to themselves one of the best quarters of Paris. Mr Gutzkow complains of the scanty kindness and attention shown to his countrymen by the richer class of German residents. "I was in a drawing-room," he says, "whose owner was indebted for his fortune to a marriage with a German lady. Yet the Germans there present were neglected both by host and hostess. The German artist or scholar must not reckon on a Schickler or a Rothschild to introduce him into the higher circles of Parisian life. These rich bankers are of the same breed as the German waiters in Switzerland and Alsace, who, even when waiting upon Germans, pretend to understand only French. Music is the German's best passport to French society. You may be a great scientific genius, and find no admission at the renowned soirées of the Countess Merlin. Do but offer to take a part in one of the musical choruses, to strengthen the bass or the tenor, and you are welcome without name or fame, and even without varnished boots."

We have been diffuse upon the lighter texts afforded us by Mr Gutzkow's work, and must abstain from touching upon its graver portions. They will repay perusal. A vein of satire, sometimes verging on bitterness, is here and there perceptible in his pages. It forms no unpleasant seasoning to a very palatable book.

VISIT TO THE VLADIKA OF MONTENEGRO.

THE people of the old Illyricum have shown a marvellous consistency of character through all the changes that have affected the other nations of the Roman empire. They exist now as they did of old, a hardy race of borderers, not quite civilised, and not quite barbarous—Christian in fact, and Turkish to a great extent in appearance. Living on the borders of the two empires, they exhibit the national characteristics of each *in transitu* towards the other. Of all civilised Europe, it is perhaps here only that the practice of carrying arms universally and commonly prevails—a custom which we have very old historical authority for considering as the characteristic mark of unsettled, predatory, and barbarous manners—an opinion which will be abundantly confirmed by a glance at the neighbouring Albanians. Any thing original is possessed of one element of interest, especially when it has been so sturdily preserved; and sturdy, indeed, have the Illyrians been. In spite of the polished condition of the empire of which they form a constituent part, and of the constant steamers up and down the Adriatic promoting intercourse with the world, they remain much as they used to be, and so do they seem likely to remain indefinitely.

Perhaps the secret of their stability may be, that visitors pass all around them, but seldom come among them. People visit the coast to look at Spalatro for Diocletian's sake, at Pola for its magnificent amphitheatre, and for the memory of Constantine's unhappy son, and perhaps at Ragusa. But this is pretty well all they could do conveniently, which is the same thing as to say, it is all that nineteen travellers out of twenty would do. In those places where visits are paid by prescription, the traveller would find, as is likely, nothing of distinct nationality. Such places are like well-frequented inns, where any body and every body is at home, and where

every body influences the manners for the time being—there will be found cafés, carriages, and ciceroni.

But the case is far different in the more abstruse parts of this region—in those districts of which some have subsided into the domain of the Turks, some remain independent, and a narrow strip only is reserved—the wreck of the old Empire. All are defaulters in the march of civilisation. But the independent Montenegrini retain in full force the odour of barbaric romance. They occupy a small territory, not noticed in many maps, shut in by the Turks on all sides, except where, for a narrow space, they border on Austria. But they pay no sort of subjection to either of these mighty powers. With Austria they maintain friendly intelligence on the footing of the proudest sovereignty, and an unqualified assertion of the right of nations. With the Turks their relations are of a ruder and more interesting kind.

The Montenegrini alone of Europe follow the political model of modern Rome. Their political head is their ecclesiastical superior. The regal and episcopal offices, conjointly held, are hereditary in collateral succession, since the reigning prince is bound to celibacy. In the consecration of their bishops, they pay no regard to canonical age, and the authorities of the Greek church seem to bend to the peculiar exigencies of the case. The reigning Vladika was consecrated at the age of eighteen. His power is, in fact, supreme, though formally qualified by the assessorship of a senate, who, though entitled to advise, would outstep their bounds did they attempt to direct. Indeed, legal authority among such a clan of barbarians can only subsist by despotism. Where every hand is armed, and violent death a familiar object, the power that rules must be enabled to act immediately and without appeal. To graduate authority among them, except in the case of military command,

exercised by immediate delegation from the chief, would be to render it contemptible.

And such a bishop as now occupies this throne has not been seen since the martial days of the fighting Pope Julius. The old stories of prelates clad in armour, and fighting at the head of their troops, astonish us, but are regarded as altogether antiquated. Yet among those hills is exhibited a scene that may realise the wildest descriptions of romance or history. That the people are a people of warriors, is not so surprising when we consider their locality, their ancestry, and the circumstances of their life. If they were merely marauders, we should be no more struck with the singularity of their state than we are with the vagabondism of the Albanians. A wild country, a wandering population, and distance from executive restraints, may, in any case, bring natural ferocity to a harvest of violence and rapine. But the Montenegrini disclaim the name of robbers and the practice of evil. They consider themselves to be engaged in a warfare, not only justifiable, but meritorious, and over bloodshed they cast the veil of religious zeal.

It seems to be a fact that their violence is for the Turks only. So far as we could gain intelligence, they do not molest Christians; and experience enables us to speak with pleasure of our own hospitable reception. But against the Turks their hatred is intense, their valour and rage unquenchable. It is not to be supposed that any Turk would be so foolish as to attempt the passage of their territory, except under express assurance of safe conduct; but should one do so, he would find ineffectual the strongest escort with which the Sultan could furnish him. The savage nature of the district must prevent the combined action of regular troops, or of any troops unacquainted with the localities; and from behind the crags an unseen enemy would wither the ranks of the invader. Indeed, it would appear that the passage is not safe for a Turk even under the assurance of a truce. A tragical *accident* was the subject of conversation at the time of our visit. A body of the enemy had

been surprised and cut off, notwithstanding the subsistence of a truce. Ignorance on the part of the assaulters was the ready plea; and a message had been dispatched to make such reparation as could be found in apologies and restitution of effects. But the thing looked ill. A truce must soon become notorious throughout so confined a region, and among a people of whom, if not every one engaged personally in the field, every one had his heart and soul there. It is to be feared that the obligations of good faith are qualified in the case of a Mahomedan; and however we may lament, we can hardly view with astonishment so natural a consequence of their bloody education. "Hates any man the thing he would not kill?"—and hatred to the Turks is the dawning idea of the Montenegrino child, and the master-passion of the dying warrior.

With certain saving clauses, we may compare the position of the Montenegrini to that of the old knights of Malta. Rhodes and Malta are hardly more isolated, and are more accessible than this mountain region. If there be a wide difference between the gentle blood and European dignities of the knights, and the rude estate of the mountaineers, there is between them a brotherhood of courage, inflexibility, and devoted opposition to Mahomet. Each company may stand forth as having discharged a like office, distinguished by the characteristic differences of the two branches of the church. The knights, noble, polished, and temporally influential, defended the weak point of Western Christendom—the sea; the Montenegrini, unpolished, ignorant, of little worldly account, but great zeal, have done their part for Eastern Christendom, in opposing the continental power of the Turks. The unpolished nature of their life and actions has been in the spirit of the church to which they belong. They have been rude but steady, and stand alone in their strength. They have resisted not only the power of Mahomedanism on the one side, but have also refrained from amalgamation with the western Christians, remaining firm in that allegiance to the see of Constan-

tinople, which the Slavonians derived from their first missionaries.*

There is one point of superiority in the case of these barbarians as compared with that of the military knights. They have never been conquered, never driven from their fastnesses. The knights defended Rhodes with valour such as never has been surpassed; and to this day the recollection moves the apathetic spirit of the Turks; and the monstrous burying-grounds in the suburbs are witnesses of the slaughter of the assailants. Yet Rhodes was evacuated, and the Order obliged to seek another settlement. But the Montenegrini have never been conquered. They have withstood the whole power of the mightiest sultans, in whose territories they have been as an ever-present nest of hornets, always ready to sally forth, losing no opportunity of destruction. These Osmanlis, who so lately were the proudest of nations, have been themselves baffled and defied by a handful of Christians. Their enthusiasm, their numbers, their artillery, their commanding possession of the lake of Scutari, all have failed to bring under their power a handful of some hundred and fifty thousand men. The cross, once planted in this rugged soil, has taken effectual root, and continues still to flash confusion on the followers of Islam. It is the symbol of our faith that is carried before the mountaineers when they go forth to battle; and it still inspirits them, as it did those legions of the faithful who first learned to reverence its virtue.

We must not carry things too far. It would be absurd to claim for these people the general merit of devotion; to suppose that as a general rule they are actuated by the love of religion. Alas! they are undoubtedly very ignorant of the religion for which they fight. Yet, so far as knowledge serves them, they are religious; where error is the consequence of ignorance, we may grieve, but should be slow to condemn. Some are probably led to heroism by liberal devotion to the person of the Bishop; some because they have been nursed in the idea that

Turks are their natural enemies, whom to destroy is a work of merit. But, nevertheless, they exhibit the spectacle of a people who, proceeding on a principle of religion, however that principle be obscured, have instituted, and long have maintained, a crusade against the religious fanatics who once made Europe tremble. Their spirit at least contains the commendable elements of constancy, simplicity, and heroism.

It was my fortune to pay a visit to this extraordinary people under favourable circumstances. Visits to them are very rare. Sometimes a stray soldier's yacht, from Corfu, finds its way to Cattaro; but generally only in its course up the Adriatic. These military visitants are commonly more intent on woodcocks than the picturesque, and game does not particularly enrich these regions. For very many years there has been an account of only one English visiting-party besides ourselves. We were led thither by the happy favour of circumstance. Our party was numerous, and certainly must have been the most distinguished that the Vladika has had the opportunity of entertaining. It consisted of the captain and several officers of an English man-of-war, reinforced by the accession of a couple of volunteers from the officers of the Austrian garrison of Cattaro.

We were all glad to have the opportunity of satisfying our eyes on the subject of the marvellous tales whose confused rumour had reached us. We were not young travellers, and it was not a little that would astonish us—but we felt that if the reality in this case were at all like the report, we might all afford to be astonished. It was a singular thing that so little should be known about these people almost in their neighbourhood—for Corfu is not two hundred miles distant. But perhaps the reason may be, that they are not to be seen beyond their own confined region, and are easily confounded with the irregular tribes of Albanians.

The wonders of our visit opened

* Methodius and Cyril, who were sent missionaries to the Slavonians in the ninth century.

upon us before reaching the land of romance—a wonder of beauty in the nature of the entrance to Cattaro. The Bocca di Cattaro is of the same kind as, and not much inferior to, the Bosphorus. The man who has seen neither the one nor the other of these fairy streams must be content to rest without the idea. The nearest things to them, probably, would be found in the passages of the Eastern Archipelago. The entrance from the sea is by a narrow mouth, which seems to be nothing but a small indentation of the coast, till you are pretty well arrived at the inner extremity. You then pass into another canal, whose tortuous course shuts out the sight of the sea, and puts you in the most land-locked position in which it is possible to see a ship of war. High hills rise on either side, beautifully planted, and verdant to the water's edge. Villages are not wanting to complete the effect; and here and there single houses peep out beautiful in isolation. Another turn brings into view a point of divergence in the stream, where, on a little island, stands a simple devout-looking chapel. It looks as though intended to call forth the pious gratitude of the returning sailor, and help him to the expression of his thanks. The whole length of the channel is something more than twenty miles—and all of the same beautiful description—not seen at once, but opening gradually as the successive bends of the stream are passed. The wind failed us, and for a considerable distance we had to track ship, which we were easily able to do, as there is plenty of water close to the very edge. At the bottom of all lies Cattaro—occupying a narrow level, with the sea before, and the frowning mountains behind.

Our arrival set the little place quite in a commotion. Indeed, this was but the second time that a ship of war had carried our flag up these waters—the other visitant was, I believe, from the squadron of Sir W. Hoste. The whole place turned out to see us, and the harbour was covered with boat-loads of the nobility and gentry. They were like all Austrians that I have met, exceedingly kind, and well-disposed to the English name. We soon made acquaintances, and

exchanged invitations. Their musical souls were charmed with the performances of our really fine band, and we were equally charmed with their pleasing hospitality. The couple of days occupied in the interchange of agreeable civilities were useful in the promotion of our scheme. From our friends we learned the prescriptions of Montenegrino etiquette. An unannounced visit, in general cases, is by them regarded as neither friendly nor courteous: an evidence of habitual caution that we should expect among a people against whom open violence is ineffectual, and only treachery dangerous. Our friends provided a messenger, and we awaited his return amidst the amenities of Cattaro. These combined so much good taste with good will, that it was difficult to credit the stories of barbarism subsisting within a short day's journey: stories that here, in the immediate neighbourhood of the scene of action, became more vivid in character.

The appearance of the country was in keeping with tales of romance. Almost immediately behind the town rises the mountain district, very abruptly, and affording at first view an appearance of inaccessibility. It is not till the eye has become somewhat habituated to the search that one perceives a means of ascent. A narrow road of marvellous construction has been cut up the almost perpendicular mountain. But the word *road* would give a wrong idea of its nature. It is rather a giant staircase, and like a staircase it appears from the anchorage. The lines are so many, and contain such small angles, that when considered with the height of the work, they may aptly be compared to the steps of a ladder. It is of recent construction, and how the people used to manage before this means of communication existed, it is difficult to say. Probably this difficulty of intercourse has mainly tended to the preservation of barbarism. Now, the route is open to horses, sure-footed and carefully ridden. The highlanders occasionally resort to the town for traffic in the coarse commodities of their manufacture. On these occasions they have to leave their arms in a guard-house without the gates, as indeed have all people entering the

town; and a pretty collection is to be seen in these depots, of the murderous long guns of which the Albanians make such good use.

It was on the evening of the second day that we first saw an accredited representative of the tribe. A party of us had strolled out towards the foot of the mountain, and in the repose of its shadows were speculating on the probable adventures of the morrow. A convenient bridge over a mountain stream afforded a seat, whence we looked wistfully up to the heights. The contrast between the neatness of the suburb, the hum of the town, the noisy activity of the peasantry, and the black desolation of the mountain, engaged our admiration. This desolation was presently relieved by the emerging into view of a descending group. One figure was on horseback, with several footmen attending his steps. The dress of the cavalier would have served to distinguish him as of consequence, without the distinction of position. His dress affected a style of barbaric magnificence that disdained the notion of regularity. The original idea perhaps was Hungarian, to which was added, according to the fancy of the wearer, whatever went to make up the magnificent. His appearance was very much, but not exactly, that of a Turk—not the modernised Turk in frock-coat and trousers, but him of the old school, who despises, or only partially adopts, sumptuary reform. This splendid individual was attended by several "gillies," who were genuine specimens of the tribe. They are almost, without exception, (an observation of after experience,) of enormous stature, swarthy, and thin. Their dark locks give an air of wildness to their face. Their long limbs afford token of the personal activity induced and rendered necessary by the circumstances of their life. Their garments are scanty, and such as very slightly impede motion. The whole party were abundantly armed, and a brave man might confess them to be formidable. We naturally stared at these gentry, who, at length on level ground, approached rapidly. It is not every thing uncommon that deserves a stare, and we were accustomed to strangeness. But we had not met any thing so striking as the wild figures

of these barbarians, thrown into relief by the appropriate background of the mountain. The horseman reciprocated our stare, as was fit, on the unusual meeting with the British uniform. Presently he pulled up his animal, and, dismounting, invited our approach. The recognition was soon complete. He introduced himself as the aide-de-camp of his highness the *Vladika* of the Montenegrini, who received with pleasure our communication, and invited our visit. The party had been sent down as guides and honourable escort into his territory; and a led horse that they brought for the special convenience of the captain, completed the assurance of the gracious hospitality of the prince. Now this was a very propitious beginning of the enterprise. We had hit upon a time when a short truce allowed him to do the honours of his establishment. One might go, perhaps, fifty times that way without a similar advantage. You would hear, probably, that he was out fighting on one of the frontiers, or laying an ambuscade, or perhaps that he had been shot the day before. The least likely thing of all for you to hear would be, as we did, that he was at home, would be happy to see you, and begged the pleasure of your company to dinner. We became at once great friends with our new acquaintance, and carried him off to dine on board. He proved not to be one of the indigenous, a fact we might have inferred from his comparatively diminutive stature and fair complexion. He was a Hungarian who had taken service under the *Vladika*. As it is not probable that this paper will ever find its way into those remote fastnesses, it may be permitted to say, that he exhibited in his person one of the evils inseparable from the independent sovereign existence of uncivilised borderers on civilisation. In such a position they afford an ever-present refuge to civilised malefactors. Any person of Cattaro who offends against the laws of Austria, has before him a secure refuge, if he can manage to obtain half-an-hour's start of the police. The *pes claudus* of human retribution must halt at the foot of the mountain, whence the fugitive may insult justice.

Of this evil we saw further in-

stances besides that presented in the person of our visitor. By his own account, he was a sort of Captain Dalgetty, who had seen service as a mercenary under many masters, and had finally come to dedicate his sword to the interests of the *Vladika*. The account of some of the Austrian officers deprived him of even the little respectability attached to such a character as this. The gallantry of martial excellence was in him tarnished by the imputation of tampering with the military chest; so that it was either indignant virtue, (for which they did not give him credit,) or conscious guilt, that had driven him to devote his laurels to the cause of an obscure tribe. Such moral blemishes are not likely to cloud the reception of a fugitive to this court: first, because rumour would hardly travel so far; and next, because the arts of civilisation, and especially military excellence, are such valuable accessions to the weal of Montenegro, that their presence almost precludes the consideration of qualifying defects. Our Hungarian acquaintance was, however, notwithstanding his supposed delinquencies, and barbarous residence, a polite and courteous person. We learned from him much concerning the people we were about to visit. It was a sad picture of violence that he drew. Blood and rapine were the prominent features. War was not an accidental evil—a sharp remedy for violent disorder—but a habitual state. The end and object of their institutions was the destruction of the Turks; scarcely coloured in his narrative with the palliation of religious zeal. Indeed, it required every allowance for circumstances to avoid the idea of downright brigandage. But great, certainly, are the allowances to be made. We must consider the many years during which the little band has been exposed to the wrath of the Turks, when that wrath was more efficient than it is at present. Their present bitterness of feeling must be ascribed to long years of struggle, to many seasons of cruelty, and to the constant stream of desperate enthusiasm. Their war has become necessarily one of extinction; and probably there are few or none of the people to whom a slaughtered father or brother has not

bequeathed a debt of revenge. These personal feelings are aggravated by the sense that they exist in the midst of a people who want but the opportunity to extinguish their name and their religion; and this feeling is maintained by bloody feats on every available occasion.

The conversation of our informant was all in illustration of this state of things. Such a horse he rode when going to battle—such a sabre he wore, and such pistols. The *Vladika* took such a post, and executed such or such manœuvres. At last we ventured to enquire—“But is this sort of thing always going on? have you never peace by any accident?” “Oh yes!” replied he, “we have peace sometimes—for two or three days.” He varied his narrative with occasional accounts of service he had seen in Spain; showing us that he, at any rate, was not scrupulous in what cause he shed blood, provided it was for a “consideration.”

But we were now approaching the moment when our own eyes were to be our informants. The evening was given to an entertainment by the Austrian officers, of whom two, as already mentioned, volunteered to join our expedition, and the next morning assigned to the start. The sun beamed cheerfully after several days' rain. In this spot, shut in on all sides, except seawards, by highlands, the rains are very frequent. It cleared up during our visit, but, with the exception of two days, rained pretty constantly during the week of our stay at Cattaro. On the morning of our start, however, all was bright, and any defence against the rain was voted superfluous. Our trysting-place was on board, and true to their time our friends appeared. They amused us much by their astonishment at the preparation we were making for the expedition, of which a prominent particular was the laying in of a good store of provant, as a contingent security against deficiencies by the road. Our breakfast was proceeding in the usual heavy style of nautical housekeeping, when the scene was revealed to our allies. These gentlemen, who are in the habit of considering a pipe and a cup of coffee as a very satisfactory morning meal, could not restrain their

exclamations at the sight of the beef and mutton with which we were engaged. The A. D. C. was anxious to explain that it was no region of famine into which we were going. We were to dine with the Vladika, and, moreover, care had been taken to provide a repast at a station midway on the journey. "En route, en route," cried the impatient warrior, "we shall breakfast at twelve o'clock; what's the use of all this set-out now?" But whatever form of argument it might require to cry back his warlike self and myrmidons from the Albanian cohorts, it proved no less difficult a task to check us in this our onslaught. We assured him with our mouths full, that we considered a meal at mid-day to be lunch; and that this our breakfast was without prejudice to the honour we should do to his hospitable provision by the way. The Austrians relented under the force of our arguments and example, and, turning to, ate like men; while the inexorable A. D. C. gazed impatiently, almost pityingly, on the scene, as though in scorn, that men wearing arms should so delight to use knives and forks. But at last we were mounted, and started with the rabble of the town at our heels, and a wilder rabble performing the part of military escort. There is no such thing as riding in Cattaro, because the town is paved with stones smooth as glass, on which it requires care even to walk. This is so very singular a feature of this town that it deserves remark. The horses have to be taken without the town, and must, in their course thither, either avoid the streets altogether, or be carefully led. On leaving the town the ascent begins almost immediately, and most abruptly. The very singular road, which has been cut with immense labour, is the work of the present Emperor. There was no other spot which we could perceive to afford the possibility of ascent, without the use of hands as well as legs, and by the road it was no easy matter. At the commencement almost of the ascent, and just outside the town, we passed the last stronghold of Austria in this direction. It is a fort in a commanding position, but dismantled, and allowed to fall into decay. This

is the last building of any pretension, or of brick, that you see till well into the Montenegrini territory. We could not ascertain the exact line of demarcation between the dominions of the Emperor of Austria and him of the mountains; but probably the stoppage of the road may serve to mark the point. The barbarians would neither be able to execute, nor likely to desire, such a highway into their region, whose safety consists in its inaccessibility. It is no other than a difficult ascent, even so far as the road extends, which, though of considerable length on account of its winding course, reaches no further than up the face of the first hill.

It was when abreast of this ruined fort that our guides took a formal farewell of the city. A general discharge of musketry expressed their salutation; which, in this favourite haunt of echo, made a formidable din. They do this not only in compliment to those they leave, but as a customary and necessary precaution to those they approach. We soon turned a point which shut out the valley, and were in the wilderness with our wild scouts. Encumbered with their long and heavy guns, they easily kept pace with the horses, as well on occasional levels as during the ascent. We were much struck with their vigorous activity, which seemed to surpass that of the animals; and subsequently had occasion to observe that even children are capable of supporting the toil of this difficult and rapid march. The two foreigners in nation, but brothers in adventure, whom we had adopted into our fellowship, proved to be agreeable companions. One was an Italian, volatile and frivolous; the other a grave German, clever and solidly informed; he had been a professor in one of their military colleges. The Italian was up to all sorts of fun, and ready to joke at the expense of us all. His companion afforded some mirth by his disastrous experience on horseback. The continual ascent which we had to pursue during the early stages of our journey, had aided the motion of his horse's shoulder in rejecting to the stern-quarters his saddle, till at length the poor man was almost holding on by the tail.

The figure that he cut in this position, dressed in full military costume, (your Austrian travels in panoply,) was finely ridiculous, and was enjoyed by the assistants, civilised and barbarous.

The country over which we were passing was of an extraordinary character, when considered as the nurse of some hundred and fifty thousand souls. It well deserves the name of bleak; for any thing more *stepmother-like*, in the list of inhabited countries, it would be difficult to find. In the earlier stages, we were content to think that we were but at the beginning, and should come down to the cultivated region. That cultivation there must be here, we knew; because the people have to depend on themselves for supplies, and have very little money for extra provision. But we passed on, and still saw nothing but rugged and barren rocks—a country from which the very goats might turn in disgust. We presently observed certain appearances, which, but for the general utter want of verdure, we should scarcely have noticed. Here and there, the disposition of the rocks leaves at corners of the road, or perhaps on shelves above its level, irregular patches of more generous soil, but scantily disposed, and of difficult access. These are improved by indefatigable industry into corn-plots. When we consider with how much trouble the soil must be conveyed to these places, the seed bestowed, and the crop gathered, we feel that land must be indeed scanty with these barbarians, who can take so much trouble for the improvement of so little. It may be supposed that their resources are not entirely in lands of this description. But, excepting one plain, we did not pass, in our day's journey, what might fairly be called arable land, till we arrived at Zettinić, the capital. Like many uncivilised tribes, they behave with much ungentleness to their women. They are not worse in this respect than the Albanians, or perhaps than the Greeks in the remote parts of Peloponnesus; but still they appear to lay an undue burden on the fair sex. Much of the out-door and agricultural work seems to be done by the women; perhaps

all may be—since the constant occupations of war, which demand the attention of their husbands, induce a contempt for domestic labour. I would hope, for the honour of the Montenegrini, that the labours of their weaker assistants are confined to the plain; the detached and rocky plots must demand patience from even robust men. The women—I speak by a short anticipation—are a patient, strong, and laborious race. As a consequence, they are hard-featured, and harsh in bony developments. Like the men, they are tall and active, though perhaps ungainly in gesture. Unlike the men, they have sacrificed the useful to the ornamental in their dress. Of this a grand feature is a belt, composed of many folds of leather, and, of course, quite inflexible. This awkward trapping is perhaps a foot broad. This ornament must, in spite of custom, be very inconvenient to the wearer, as well by its weight as by its inflexibility. It is, however, thickly embellished with bright-coloured stones, rudely set in brass; thus we find the Montenegrini women obeying the same instinct that leads the dames of civilisation to suffer that they may shine. This belt is the obvious distinction in dress between the two sexes; and when it is hidden by the long rug, or scarf, which is common to both men and women, there remains between them no striking difference of costume. This rug is to the Montenegrino what the capote is to the Greek and Albanian, his companion in all weathers—his shelter against the storm, and his bed at night. The manufactures here are of course rude; and, in this instance, their ingenuity has not ascended to the device of sleeves. The article is *bona fide* a rug, much like one of our horse-rugs, but very long and very comfortable, enveloping, on occasion, nearly the whole person. It is ornamented by a long and knotted fringe, and depends from the shoulders of the natives not without graceful effect. This light habitment constitutes the mountaineers' house and home, rendering him careless of weather by day, and independent of shelter by night. Be it observed as a note of personal experience, that as a defence against

weather, this scarf is really excellent, and will resist rain to an indefinite extent.

As we proceeded on our road, we learned fully to comprehend the secret of their long independence. The country is of such a nature that it may be pronounced positively impregnable. Our thoughts fell back to the recollection of Afghanistan, and we felt that we had an illustration of the difficulties of that warfare. The passage is throughout a continual defile. The road, after the first hour or so, relents somewhat of its abruptness. But it pursues a course shut in on both sides by rocks, that assert the power of annihilating passengers. The rocks are inaccessible except to those familiar with the passages, perhaps except to the aborigines, who combine the knowledge with the necessary activity. Behind these barriers, the natives in security might sweep the defile, from the numerous gulleys that branch from it in all directions. It is difficult to imagine what conduct and valour could do against a deadly and unseen enemy. It is not only here and there that the road assumes this dangerous character; it is such throughout, with scarcely the occasional exception of some hundred yards, till it opens into the valley of Zettinié. One of our Austrian friends was of opinion that their regiment of Tyrolean chasseurs would be able to overrun and subdue the territory. If such an achievement be possible, those, of course, would be the men for the work. But it would be an unequal struggle that mere activity would have to maintain against activity and local knowledge. During our course, we kept close order; two of us did attempt an episode, but were soon warned of the expediency of keeping with the rest. A couple of minutes put us out of sight of our friends, which we did not regain till after some little suspense. Fogs here seem ever ready to descend; and one which at precisely the most awkward moment enveloped us, obscured all around beyond the range of a few feet. For our comfort, we knew that the people would be expecting visitors to their prince, and thus be less suspicious of strangers, if haply they should fall in with us.

Some three hours after our start, we perceived symptoms of excitement amongst the foremost of our band, and hastened to the eminence from which they were gesticulating. At our feet was disclosed a plain, not level nor extensive, but a plain by comparison. It bore rude signs of habitation, the first we had met. There was a single log-hut, much of the same kind as the inland Turkish guard-houses, only without the luxury of a divan. Around this were several people eagerly looking out for our approach. They had good notice of our coming; for as we rose into sight, our party gave a salute of small arms. This was returned by their brethren below, and the whole community (not an alarming number) hastened to tender us the offices of hospitality. Our horses were quickly cared for, seats of one kind or other were provided, and we sat down beneath the shade of the open forest, to partake of their bounty.

The valley was a shade less wild than the country we had passed, but still a melancholy place for human abode. It must be regarded as merely a sort of outpost—not professing the extent of civilisation attained by the capital; but, with every allowance, it was a sorry place. It did certainly afford some verdure; but probably they do not consider the situation sufficiently central for secure pasturage. That their sheep are excellent we can bear witness, for the repast provided consisted in that grand Albanian dish—the sheep roasted whole. Surely there can be nothing superior to this dish in civilised cookery. Common fragmentary presentations of the same animal are scarcely to be considered of the same kin—so different are the juices, the flavour, and generally, thanks to their skill, the degree of tenderness. It happens conveniently, that the proper mode of treating this dish is without knives, forks, or plates. It was therefore of little moment that our retreat afforded not these luxuries; we were strictly observant of propriety, when with our fingers we rent asunder the morsels, and devoured. The wine that assisted on this occasion was quite comparable to the ordinary country wines to be met, though it

must be far from abundant. We saw here some of the children. Poor things, their's is a strange childhood! Edged tools are familiar to their cradles. Sharp anguish, sudden changes, violent alarms, compose the discipline of their infancy. I saw one of them hurt by one of the horses having trodden on his foot, and, as he was without shoes, he must have suffered cruelly. A woman was comforting, and doubtless tenderly sympathised with him; but the expression of feeling was suppressed—she spoke as by stealth, without looking at him, and he listened in the same mood, withholding even looks of gratitude, as he did cries of pain. He was young enough, had he been a Frank, to have cried without disgrace, but his lesson was learnt. Suffering, he knew, was a thing too common to warrant particular complaint, or to require particular compassion. Expressed lamentation is the privilege of those who are accustomed to condolence. The husband, the son, the friend, bewail themselves—the lonely slave suffers in silence. Tears, even the bitterest of them, have their source in the spring of joy; when this spring is dried up, when all is joyless, man ceases to weep.

While we partook of this entertainment, the natives were preparing a grand demonstration in honour of our arrival. They had made noise enough, in all conscience, with their muskets, but small arms would not satisfy them, now that we were on their territory. They were preparing a salute from great guns—and such guns! They were made of wood, closely hooped together. Of these they had four, well crammed with combustibles. We had not the least idea that they would go off without being burst into fragments, and would have given something to dissuade our zealous friends from the experiment. But it was in vain that we hinted our fears—gently, of course, in deference to their self-esteem. A bold individual kept coaxing the touch-hole with a bit of burning charcoal—so long without effect that we began to hope the thing would prove a failure. Most people will acknowledge it to be a nervous thing to stand by, expecting an explosion that threatens, but will not come

off. If it be so with a sound gun, what must it have been with such artillery as was here? Nothing less than serious injury to the life or limbs of the operator seemed to impend. To mend matters, our Italian friend, smitten with sudden zeal, usurped the office of bombardier; and it is perhaps well that he did, for he had the common sense to keep as much out of the way as he could, under the circumstances. He kept well on one side, and made a very long arm, then dropped the fiery particle right into the touch-hole, and off went the concern, kicking right over, but neither bursting nor wounding our friend. It required minute inspection to satisfy ourselves that the guns had survived the effort, and their construction partly explained the wonder—the vents are nearly as wide-mouthed as the muzzles.

The interest of our day increased rapidly during the latter part of our journey. We were fairly enclosed in the country, drawing near the capital, and felt that every step was bringing us nearer the redoubted presence of the *Vladika*. The A. D. C. was curiously questioned touching the ceremonies of our reception, and uttered many speculations as to the mode in which the great man would present himself to us—whether *with his tail on*, or more unceremoniously. All that we heard, raised increased curiosity about the person of this martial bishop—one so very boldly distinguished from his fraternity. The Greek bishops are so singularly reverend in appearance, with flowing black robes, and venerable beards, supporting their grave progress with a staff, and seldom unattended by two or three deacons, that it became difficult to imagine one of their body charging at the head of warriors, or adorned with the profane trappings of a soldier. We kept a bright lookout as we rode on, our cavalcade being now attended by a fresh levy from our last halting-place. The country through which we passed was of somewhat mitigated severity, but still bare, and occasionally dangerous. There was a hamlet, in our course, of pretension superior to the first, as behoved—seeing that it was much nearer the metropolis, and security. Here was a picturesque church, a well, and

a wide-spreading tree—the last a notable object in this district, where even brushwood becomes respectable.

The road at length became decided and sustainedly better. The rocks began to assume positions in the distance, and trotting became possible. We learned that we were drawing near the end of our journey, and our anxious glances ahead followed the direction of the A. D. C. At last the cry arose—"Vladika is coming," and in high excitement we pressed forward to the meeting. A body of horsemen were approaching at a rapid pace, and in a cloud of dust; and no sooner were we distinctly in sight than they set spurs to their horses, and quickly galloped near enough to be individually scanned. We could do no less than manifest an equal impatience for the meeting. This, to some of us, poor riders at the best, which sailors are privileged to be, and just at that time rather the worse for wear, was no light undertaking. In some of our cases it is to be feared that the mists of personal apprehension dimmed this our first view of the Vladika. The confusion incidental to the meeting of two such bodies of horse, was aggravated by the zeal of the wretched barbarians, who poured forth volley after volley of musketry. They spurred and kicked their horses, which, seeing that they had probably all at one time or another been stolen from tip-top Turks, like noble brutes as they were, showed pluck, and kicked in return. Happily our animals were peaceful—more frightened by the noise than excited by the race, and much tired with their morning's work. Had they behaved as did those of our new friends, the narrator of this account would hardly have been in a condition to say much of the country, for he would probably have been run away with right through Montenegro, and have pulled up somewhere about Herzegovinia.

The confusion had not prevented our being struck with the one figure in the group, that we knew must be the Vladika. He was distinguished by position and by dress, but more decidedly by nature. His gigantic proportions would have humbled the largest horse-guard in our three regiments; and when he dismounted we

agreed that he must be upwards of seven feet in stockings. This was our judgment, subsequently and deliberately. Captain ——— was of stature exceeding six feet, and standing close alongside of Monseigneur reached about up to his shoulders. His frame seems enormously strong and well proportioned, except that his hand is perhaps too small for the laws of a just symmetry. This, by the by, we afterwards perceived to be a cherished vanity with the Vladika, who constantly wears gloves, even in the house. His appearance bore not the least trace of the clerical; his very moustache had a military, instead of an ecclesiastical air; and though he wore something of a beard, it was entirely cheated of episcopal honours. It was merely an exaggeration of the imperial. His garments were splendid, and of the world, partly Turkish, and partly *ad libitum*. The ordinary fez adorned his head, and his trousers were Turkish. The other particulars were very splendid, but I suppose hardly to be classed among the recognised fashions of any country. One might imagine that a huge person, and enormous strength, when fortified with supreme power among a wild tribe, would produce savageness of manner. But the Vladika is decidedly one of nature's gentlemen. His manners are such as men generally acquire only by long custom of the best society. His voice had the blandest tones, and the reception that he gave us might have beseeemed the most graceful of princes. He was attended more immediately by a youth some eighteen years of age, his destined successor, and by another whom we learned to be his cousin. The rest of the group were well dressed and armed, and, indeed, a respectable troop. The Vladika himself bore no arms.

We did not waste much time in ceremony, though during the short interval of colloquy we must have afforded a fine subject had an artist been leisurely observant. All dismounted and formed about the two chiefs of our respective parties, and made mutual recognisances. The confusion was considerable, and the continual noise of guns gave our poor beasts, who were not proof to fire, no quiet. The men,

who were now about us in numbers sufficient to afford a fair sample of the stock, were most of them, at a guess, upwards of six feet high—some considerably so; and a wild set they seemed, though they looked kindly upon us. We were formally presented by our captain to the prince, and received the welcome of his smiles. His polite attention had provided a fresh and fiery charger for our chief, and the two headed the cavalcade, which in order dashed forward to the royal city. It was a grand progress that we made through a line of the people, who turned out to watch and honour our entry. The discharge of muskets was sustained almost uninterruptedly throughout the line. It was not long before the city of Zettinje opened to our view, situated in an extensive valley, quite amphitheatrical in character. As we turned the corner of the defile leading into the valley, a salute was opened from a tower near the palace, which mounts some respectable guns. We rode at a great pace into the town, and dashed into the inclosure that surrounds the palace, amidst a grand flourish of three or four trumpets reserved for the climax.

To a bad rider like myself it was the occupation of the first few minutes to assure myself that I had passed unscathed through such a scene of kicking and plunging; one's first sensation was that of security in treading once more the solid earth. When I looked up I saw the Vladika in separate conference with the A.D.C., and then he passed into the building. His hospitable will was signified to us by this functionary. The captain was invited to sojourn in the palace; we, whose rank did not qualify for such a distinction, were to be bestowed in two locandas; and all were bidden to dinner in the evening. Meanwhile the localities were open to our investigation.

One of the first curiosities was the locanda itself; curious as existing in such a place, and expected by us to be something quite out of the general way of such establishments. We proceeded to inspect our quarters, and to our astonishment found two houses of a most satisfactory kind. The rooms were neat, and perfectly clean,

far superior in this respect to many inns of much higher pretensions. An honourable particular (almost exception) in their favour, is, that the beds contain no vermin. This virtue will be appreciated by any one who has travelled in Greece. The hostesses were not of the aborigines, they were importations from Cattaro. One was a widow, tearful under the recent stroke; the other was a talkative woman, delighted with the visit of civilised strangers. The fare to be obtained at these places is exceedingly good, and the solids are relieved by champagne, no less—and excellent champagne too. We were much surprised at the discovery of these places, so distinct from the popular rudeness, and puzzled to conceive who were the guests to support the establishments. Besides these two we did not observe any cafés or wine-shops, so probably they flourish the rather that their custom, such as it is, is subject but to one division. The good-will of the landladies was not the least admirable part of their economy. Though our numbers might have alarmed them, they with the best grace made up beds for us on the floor, and supplied us with such helps to the toilette as occurred.

We soon were scattered over the place, each to collect some contribution to the general fund of observation. But one object, conspicuous, and portentous of horrid barbarism, attracted us all at first. It was the round white tower from which the salute had been fired at our entrance. A solitary hillock rises in the plain, on the top of which, clearly defined, stands this tower. We had heard something of a custom among the Montenegrini of cutting off, and exposing the heads of vanquished enemies; but the story was one of so many coloured with blood, that it made no distinct impression. As we had ridden into the plain, this tower had attracted our observation, and we had perceived its walls to be garnished with some things that, in the distance, looked like large drum-sticks—that is to say, we saw poles each with some thing round at its end. These things we were told were human heads, and our eyes were now to behold the fact. And we did.

indeed, look upon this spectacle, such as Europe, except in these wilds, would abhor. There were heads of all ages, and of all dates, and of many expressions; but from all streamed the single lock that marks the follower of Mahomet. Some were entire in feature, and looked even placid—others were advanced in decomposition. Of some only fragments remained, the exterior bones having fallen away, and left only a few teeth grinning through impaled jaws. The ground beneath was strewn with fragments of humanity, and the air was tainted with the breath of decomposition. It was truly a savage sight, unworthy of Christians; and, doubtless, such an exhibition tends to maintain the thirst of blood in which it originated. This hillock is a good point of view for the survey of the place. It looks immediately upon the palace, and over it upon the town. Near it stand the church and monastery; and that monastery affords the only specimen of a priest in priest's garments that I saw here. The palace is really a commodious, well-built house, of considerable extent. Its site occupies three sides of a parallelogram, and it is completely enclosed by a wall, furnished at the four angles of its square with towers. The part of this inclosure that is towards the front of the palace is kept clear, as a sort of parade. In its centre are some dismantled guns of small calibre. On the opposite side of the building are the royal kitchen gardens; neither large nor well-looking. The interior of the building is superior to its outside pretence. The rooms into which we were more immediately introduced, may be supposed to be kept as show-rooms. At any rate they were worthy of such appliances—lofty, well built, and highly picturesque in their appointments. But I went also into some of the more remote parts of the building, the room, for instance, of the A.D.C., and that was equally unexceptionable. It is to be presumed that they gave our captain one of their best bedrooms—and it might have been a best bedroom in London or Paris. Indeed, in so civilized fashion was the place furnished, that it heightened, by contrast, the horrors of the scene outside. Bar-

ren rocks, savage caverns, naked barbarian, should have been associated with the spectacle on the white tower. It was caricaturing refinement to practise it in such a neighbourhood; the transition was too abrupt from the urbanities within to the bloody spectacle that met you if you put your head out of the window.

The City of Zettinić—it has a double title to the name, from its bishop and its prince—consists of little more than two rows of houses, not disposed in a street, but angularly. Besides these there are a few scattered buildings. The palace, the monastery, and church, are at the upper end of the plain. The valley is level to a considerable extent, and not without cultivation. It has no artificial fortification, being abundantly protected by nature. The hills that shut in the valley terminate somewhat abruptly, and impart an air of seclusion. The houses are far more comfortable than might be expected. The occupations of the people, so nearly entirely warlike, are not among the higher branches of domestic economy. What industry they exhibit at home is only by favour of occasional leisure, and at intervals. Yet they are not without their manufactures, rude though they be. Specimens were exhibited to us of their doings in the way of coarse cloth. They manufacture the cloth of which their large scarfs or rugs are made, and fashion the same stuff into large bags for provisions; a useful article to those who are so constantly on the march. We also procured one of the large girdles worn by their women, to astonish therewith the eyes of ladies, as, indeed, they might well astonish anybody. They brought to us, also, some of the elaborately wrought pipe-bowls peculiar to them. They are ornamented with fine studs of brass, in a manner really ingenious; and so highly esteemed that a single bowl costs more than a couple of beautiful Turkish sticks elsewhere. These articles are the sum of our experience in their manufactures.

The monastery and church are of considerable antiquity, and contrast pleasingly with the general fierceness. It cannot be said that the priests generally exhibit much of the reverential in their appearance.

They follow the example of their warlike chief, being mostly clad in gay colours, and armed to the teeth. But in the monastery we found one reverend in aspect. He kindly exhibited to us the treasures of the sanctuary. They may claim at least one mark of primitive institution, which is poverty. Their shrine displays no show of silver and gold, yet it is not without valued treasure. A precious relic exists in the defunct body of the late Vladika, to which they seem to attach the full measure of credence prescribed in such cases. He is exhibited in his robes, and preserves a marvellously lifelike appearance. According to their account, he has conferred signal benefit on them since his departure, and well merited his canonisation. His claims ought to be unusual, since, in his instance, the salutary rule which requires the lapse of a considerable interval between death and canonisation, that the frailties of the man may be forgotten in the memory of the saint, has been superseded. The part of the monastery which we inspected, little more than the gallery however, was kept quite clean—an obvious departure from the mode of Oriental monasteries generally, than which few things can be more piggish.

The Vladika pays great attention to education, both for his people and himself. It is much to his praise that he has acquired the ready use of the French language, which he speaks fluently and well. He entertains masters in different subjects, with whom he daily studies. His tutor in Italian is a runaway Austrian, whose previous bad character does not prevent his honourable entertainment. For his people he has a school well attended, and taught by an intelligent master. It was not easy to proceed to actual examination when we had no common language; but it was pleasing to find here a school, and apparent studiousness. They not only read books, but print them; and a specimen of their typography was among the memorials of our visit that we carried away with us; unhappily we could not guess at its subject. The Vladika is a great reader, though his books must be procured with difficulty. He reads, too, the ubiquitous *Galignani*, and thus keeps himself *au fait* to the doings of

the world. We were astonished at the extent and particularity of his information, when dinner afforded opportunity for small talk. This was the grand occasion to which we looked forward as opportune to personal conclusions; his conversation and his *cuisine* would both afford *indicia* of his social grade.

But when this time arrived, it found us under considerable self-reproach. We had found our host to be a much more polished person than we had expected. In this calculation we had, perhaps, only vindicated our John Bullism, which assigns to semi-barbarism all the world beyond the sound of Bow Bells, and of which feeling, be it observed, the exhibition so often renders John Bull ridiculous. The Austrian officers had come in proper uniform; the English had brought with them only undress coats, without epaulettes or swords, thinking such measure of ceremony would be quite satisfactory. We now found that the intelligence of the Vladika, and the usage of his reception, demanded a more observant respect. But this same intelligence accepted, and even suggested, our excuses, and, in spite of deficiencies, we were welcomed with gracious smiles. The strange mixture of the respectable with the disrespectable, was, however, maintained in our eyes to the last. The messenger sent to summon us to the banquet could hardly be esteemed worthy of so honourable an office. "See that man," said the grave Austrian to me, "he is a scamp of the first water—a deserter from my regiment, a man of education, and an officer reduced for misconduct to the ranks—one who, for numerous acts of misbehaviour and dishonesty, was repeatedly punished. He at last deserted, fled over the border, and now beards me to my face." He nevertheless proved a good herald, and led us to an excellent and most welcome dinner.

The table was perfectly well spread, somewhat in the modern style, which eschews the exhibition of dishes, and presents fruits and flowers. Some lighter provision was there, in the shape of plates of sliced sausages and so forth, but the dishes of resistance were in reserve. There was an unexceptionable array of plate, and crockery, and neatness. The dining-

room was worthy of the occasion. It is a large and lofty apartment, containing little more furniture than a few convenient couches and chairs. The walls are profusely ornamented with arms of various kinds, hung round tastefully, so that it has the air of a tent or guard-room. There is a small apartment leading into it, which contains a really valuable and curious collection of arms, trophies of victory, and associated with strange legends. It contains many guns, with beautifully inlaid stocks, and several rare and valuable swords of the most costly kind, such as you might seek in vain in the Bezenstein of Constantinople. Among others was one assumed to be the sword of Scanderbeg: strange if the sword, once so fatal to the Turks in political rebellion, should be pursuing its work no less truculently now in religious strife! Our host was seated, waiting our arrival, having adapted his dress to the civilities of life, by rejecting his hussar pelisse, and assuming another vest: he still retained his kid gloves. The waiters were a most formidable group, and such as could hardly have been expected to condescend to a servile office. They were chosen from among his body guard, and were conspicuous for their stature. They wore, even in this hour of security and presumed relaxation, their weighty cuirasses, formed of steel plates that shone brilliantly. Their presence must secure the Vladika against the treachery to which the banquets of the great have been sometimes exposed.

One little trait of the ecclesiastic peeped out in the disposition of the table, which showed that our host had not quite lost the *esprit du corps*: a clergyman who was of our party, and who had been introduced as a churchman, was placed in the second place of honour after our captain. The party generally arranged themselves at will, and throughout the affair, though there was all due observance, we were not oppressed with ceremony. The dinner went off like most dinners, and our host did the honours with unexceptionable grace. The cookery was in the Turkish style, both as to composition and quantity—and we all voted his wines very good. Champagne flowed abundantly,

and unexpectedly. The Vladika talked in a gentle manner of the most ungentle subject. War was the subject on which he descanted with pleasure and judgment, and on which those who sat near him endeavoured to draw him out. But he also proved himself conversant with several subjects, and inquisitive on European affairs. His hostility to the Turks was obviously a matter of deep reality—his hatred was evident in the description which he gave of them as bad, wicked men, who observed no faith, and with whom terms were impossible. The Albanians especially were marked by his animadversions. Our clergyman nearly produced an explosion by an ill-timed remark. As he listened open-mouthed to the right reverend lecturer on war, he was betrayed into an expression of his sense of the incongruity. The brow of the Bishop was for a moment darkened, and his lip curled in contempt, of which, perhaps, the social blunder was not undeserving. "And would not you fight," said he, "if you were attacked by pirates?" The wrath of such a man was to be deprecated. It would have been awkward to see the head of our companion decorating the fatal white tower, and a nod to one of the martial waiters would have done the business. We changed the subject, and asked what was the Montenegro flag? "The cross," said he, "as befits; what else should Christians carry against infidels?" We ventured to inquire whether he, on occasion, wore the robes, and executed the office of bishop, as we had seen a portrait of him in the episcopal robes. "Very seldom," he told us: "and that only of necessity." He excused the practice of exposing the heads on the tower by the plea of necessity. It was necessary for the people, who were accustomed to the spectacle, and whose zeal demanded and was enlivened by the visible incentive. He gave us the account of a visit paid to him by the only lady who has penetrated thus far. He was at the time in the field, engaged in active operations against the enemy, and the lady, for the sake of an interview, ventured even within range of the Turkish battery. He expressed his astonishment that a lady should venture into such a scene, and asked

her what could have induced her so to peril her life. "Curiosity," said the lady: "I am an Englishwoman;" and this fact of her nationality seems quite to have satisfied him. She farther won his admiration by partaking of lunch coolly, under only partial shelter from the surrounding danger.

The most picturesque part of our day's experience was the evening assembly. Between the lights we sallied forth, headed by the chief, to look about us. For our amusement he made the people exhibit their prowess in jumping, which was something marvellous. The wonder was enhanced by the comparison of Frank activity which our Italian friend insisted on affording. But Bacchus, who inspired to the attempt, could not invigorate to the execution; and the good-natured barbarians were amused at the puny effort which set off their own achievements. After showing us the neighbouring lands, the Vladika conducted us back to the palace, where we were promised the spectacle of a Montenegro soiree. It seems that custom has established a public reception of evenings, and that any person may at this time attend without invitation. The whole thing put one in mind of Donald Bean Lean's cavern, or rather, perhaps, of Ali Baba. The picturesque ornaments of the walls waxed romantic in the lamp-light; and costumes of many sorts were moving about, or grouped in the chamber. We were invited to play at different games that were going on, but preferred to remain quiet in corners, where we enjoyed pipes and coffee, and observed the group. Among the servants was a Greek, for whom it might have been supposed that his own country would have been sufficiently lawless. The body-guard who, during dinner, had acted as servants, were now gentlemen; and very splendid gentlemen they made. The universal passion of gaming is not

without a place here; it occupied the greater part of the company. The Vladika sat smoking, overlooking the noisy group, and talking with our captain. There were some who did not lay aside their arms even in this hour and place—one big fellow was pointed out to me who would not stir from one room to another unarmed; so ever present to his fancy was the idea of the Turks.

Our host throughout the evening maintained the character of a hospitable and dignified entertainer; comporting himself with that due admixture of conscious dignity and affability, which seems necessary to the courtesy of princes. He occasionally addressed himself to one or other of us, and always seemed to answer with pleasure the questions that we ventured to put to him. It was with reluctance that we took our leave. The night passed comfortably at our several locandas, and not one of us had to speak in the morning of those wretched vermin that plague the Mediterranean. A capital breakfast put us in condition for an early start, and the hospitable spirit of the Vladika was manifested in the refusal of the landladies to produce any bill. With difficulty we managed to press on them a present. The Vladika, attended by his former suite, accompanied our departure, which was honoured with the ceremonies that had marked our entrance. He did not leave us till arrived at the spot where the day before we had met him.

As we halted here, and dismounted for a moment, the Vladika took from an attendant a specimen of their guns, with inlaid stocks, and with graceful action presented it to the captain as a memorial of his visit.

The whole party remounted. The Vladika waved to us his parting salute. "Farewell, gentlemen; remember Montenegro!"

ELINOR TRAVIS.

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

I RESOLVED to seek Rupert Sinclair no more, and I kept my word with cruel fidelity. But what could I do? Had I not seen him with my own eyes—had I not passed within a few feet of him, and beheld him, to my indignation and bitter regret, avoiding his house, sneaking basely from it, and retreating into the next street, because that house contained his wife and her paramour? Yes—*paramour!* I disbelieved the world no longer. There could be no doubt of the fact. True, it was incomprehensible—as incomprehensible as terrible! Rupert Sinclair, pure, sensitive, high-minded, and incorrupt, was incapable of any act branded by dishonour, and yet no amount of dishonour could be greater than that attached to the conduct which I had heard of and then witnessed. So it was—a frightful anomaly! a hideous discrepancy! Such as we hear of from time to time, and are found within the experience of every man, unhinging his belief, giving the lie to virtue, staggering the fixed notions of the confiding young, and confirming the dark conclusions of cold and incredulous age.

I hated London. The very air seemed impure with the weight of the wickedness which I knew it to contain; and I resolved to quit the scene without delay. As for the mansion in Grosvenor Square, and its aristocratic inhabitants, I had never visited them with my own free will, or for my own profit and advantage: I forsook them without a sigh. For Rupert's sake I had submitted to insult from the overbearing lackeys of Raillon House, and suffered the arrogance of the proud and imbecile lord himself. Much more I could have borne gladly and cheerfully to have secured his happiness, and to have felt that he was still as pure as I had known him in his youth.

To say that my suspicions were confirmed by public rumour, is to say nothing. The visits of Lord Minden

were soon spoken of with a sneer and a grin by every one who could derive the smallest satisfaction from the follies and misfortunes of one who had borne himself too loftily in his prosperity to be spared in the hour of his trial. The fact, promulgated, spread like wildfire. The once fashionable and envied abode became deserted. There was a blot upon the door, which, like the plague-cross, scared even the most reckless and the boldest. The ambitious father lost sight of his ambition in the degradation that threatened his high name; and the half-conscientious, half-worldly mother forgot the instincts of her nature in the tingling consciousness of what the world would say. Rupert was left alone with the wife of his choice, the woman for whom he had sacrificed all—fortune, station, reputation—and for whom he was yet ready to lay down his life. Cruel fascination! fearful sorcery!

London was no place for such a man. Urged as much by the battling emotions of his own mind as by the intreaties of his wife, he determined to leave it for ever. And in truth the time had arrived. Inextricably involved, he could no longer remain with safety within reach of the strong arm of the law. His debts stared him in the face at every turn; creditors were clamorous and threatening; the horrible fact had been conveyed from the lips of serving-men to the ears of hungry tradesmen, who saw in the announcement nothing but peril to the accounts which they had been so anxious to run up, and now were equally sedulous in keeping down. It had always been known that Rupert Sinclair was not a rich man; it soon was understood that he was also a forsaken one. One morning three disreputable ill-looking characters were seen walking before the house of Mr Sinclair. When they first approached it, there was a sort of distant respect in their air very foreign to their looks

and dress, which might indeed have been the result of their mysterious occupation, and no real respect at all. As they proceeded in their promenade, became familiar with the place, and attracted observation, their confidence increased, their respect retreated, and their natural hideous vulgarity shone forth. They whistled, laughed, made merry with the gentleman out of livery next door, and established a confidential communication with the housemaid over the way. Shortly one separated from the rest—turned into the mews at the corner of the street, and immediately returned with a bench that he had borrowed at a public-house. His companions hailed him with a cheer—the bench was placed before the door of Sinclair's house; the worthies sat and smoked, sang ribald songs, and uttered filthy jokes. A crowd collected, and the tale was told. Rupert had fled the country; the followers of a sheriff's officer had barricaded his once splendid home, and, Cerberus-like, were guarding the entrance into wretchedness and gloom.

Heaven knows! there was little feeling in Lord Railton. Some, as I have already intimated, still existed in the bosom of his wife, whom providence had made a mother to save her from an all-engrossing selfishness; but to do the old lord justice, he was shaken to the heart by the accumulated misfortunes of his child—not that he regarded those misfortunes in any other light than as bringing discredit on himself, and blasting the good name which it had been the boast of his life to uphold and keep clear of all attain. But this bastard sympathy was sufficient to unman and crush him. He avoided the society of men, and disconnected himself from all public business. Twenty years seemed added to his life when he walked abroad with his head turned towards the earth, as though it were ashamed to confront the public gaze; the furrows of eighty winters were suddenly ploughed into a cheek that no harsh instrument had ever before impaired or visited. In his maturity he was called upon to pay the penalty of a life spent in royal and luxurious ease. He had borne no burden in his youth. It came upon him like an avalanche

in the hour of his decline. It is not the strong mind that gives way in the fiery contest of life; the weakest vessel has the least resistance. About six months after Rupert had quitted England, slight eccentricities in the conduct of Lord Railton attracted the notice of his lordship's medical attendant, who communicated his suspicions to Lady Railton, and frightened her beyond all expression with hints at lunacy. Change of air and scene were recommended—a visit to Paris—to the German baths—any where away from England and the scene of trouble. The unhappy Lady Railton made her preparations in a day. Before any body had time to suspect the cause of the removal, the family was off, and the house in Grosvenor Square shut up.

They travelled to Wiesbaden, two servants only accompanied them, and a physician who had charge of his lordship, and towards whom her ladyship was far less patronising and condescending than she had been to the tutor of her son. If misfortune had not elevated her character, it had somewhat chastened her spirit, and taught her the dependency of man upon his fellow man, in spite of the flimsy barriers set up by vanity and pride. Lord Railton was already an altered man when he reached the capital of Nassau. The separation from every object that could give him pain had at once dispelled the clouds that pressed upon his mind; and the cheerful excitement of the journey given vigour and elasticity to his spirit. He enjoyed life again; and his faculties, mental and physical, were restored to him uninjured. Lady Railton would have wept with joy had she been another woman. As it was, she rejoiced amazingly.

The first day in Wiesbaden was an eventful one. Dinner was ordered, and his lordship was dressing, whilst Lady Railton amused herself in the charming gardens of the hotel at which they stopped. Another visitor was there—a lady younger than herself, but far more beautiful, and apparently of equal rank. One look proclaimed the stranger for a country-woman, a second was sufficient for an introduction.

"This is a lovely spot," said Lady

Railton, whose generally silent tongue was easily betrayed into activity on this auspicious morning.

"Do you think so?" answered the stranger, laughing as she spoke; "you are a new comer, and the loveliness of the spot is not yet darkened by the ugliness of the creatures who thrive upon it. Wait awhile."

"You have been here some time?" continued Lady Railton, inquiringly.

"*Ja wohl!*" replied the other, mimicking the accent of the German.

"And the loveliness has disappeared?"

"*Ja wohl!*" repeated the other with a shrug.

"You speak their language, I perceive?" said Lady Railton.

"I can say '*Ja wohl,*' '*Brod,*' and '*Guten morgen*'—not another syllable. I was entrapped into those; but not another step will I advance. I take my stand at '*Guten morgen.*'"

Lady Railton smiled.

"'Tis not a sweet language, I believe," she continued.

"As sweet as the people, believe me, who are the uncleanest race in Christendom. You will say so when you have passed three months at Wiesbaden."

"I have no hope of so prolonged a stay—rather, you would have me say 'no fear.'"

"Oh! pray remain and judge for yourself. Begin with his Highness the Duke, who dines every day with his subjects at the *table-d'hôte* of this hotel, and end with that extraordinary domestic animal, half little boy half old man, who fidgets like a gnome about him at the table. Enter into what they call the gaieties of this horrid place—eat their food—drink their wine—look at the gambling—talk to their greasy aristocracy—listen to their growl—contemplate the universal dirt, and form your own conclusions."

"I presume you are about to quit this happy valley!"

The lovely stranger shook her head.

"Ah no! Fate and—worse than fate!—a self-willed husband!"

"I perceive. He likes Germany, and you"——

"Submit!" said the other, finishing the sentence with the gentlest sigh of resignation.

"You have amusements here?"

"Oh, a mine of them! We are the fiercest gamblers in the world; we eat like giants; we smoke like furnaces, and dance like bears."

The ladies had reached the open window of the *saal* that led into the garden. They stopped. The dinner of one was about to be served up; the husband of the other was waiting to accompany her to the public gardens. They bowed and parted. A concert was held at the hotel that evening. The chief singers of the opera at Berlin, passing through the town, had signified their benign intention to enlighten the worthy denizens of Nassau, on the subject of "high art" in music. The applications for admission were immense. The chief seats were reserved by mine host, "as in private duty bound," for the visitors at his hotel; and the chiefest, as politeness and interest dictated, for the rich and titled foreigners: every Englishman being rich and noble in a continental inn.

The young physician recommended his lordship by all means to visit the concert. He had recommended nothing but enjoyment since they quitted London. His lordship's case was one, he said, requiring amusement; he might have added that his own case was another—requiring, further, a noble lord to pay for it. Lord Railton obeyed his medical adviser always when he suggested nothing disagreeable. Lady Railton was not sorry to have a view of German life, and to meet again her gay and fascinating beauty of the morning.

The hall was crowded; and at an early hour of the evening the lovely stranger was established in the seat reserved for her amidst "the favoured guests." Her husband was with her, a tall pale man, troubled with grief or sickness, very young, very handsome, but the converse of his wife, who looked as blooming as a summer's morn, as brilliant and as happy. Not the faintest shadow of a smile swept across his pallid face. Laughter beamed eternally from her eyes, and was enthroned in dimples on her cheek. He was silent and reserved, always communing with himself, and utterly regardless of the doings of the world about him. *She* had eyes,

ears, tongue, thought, feeling, sympathy only for the busy multitude, and seemed to care to commune with herself as little—as with her husband. A movement in the neighbourhood announced the arrival of fresh comers. Lord Railton appeared somewhat flustered and agitated by suddenly finding himself in a great company, and all the more nervous from a suspicion that he was regarded as insane by every one he passed: then came the young physician, as if from a hand-box, with a white cravat, white gloves, white waistcoat, white face, and a black suit of clothes, supporting his lordship, smiling upon him obsequiously, and giving him professional encouragement and approval: and lastly stalked her ladyship herself with the airs and graces of a fashionable duchess, fresh as imported, and looking down upon mankind with touching superciliousness and most amiable contempt. She caught sight of her friend of the morning on her passage, and they exchanged bland looks of recognition.

The youthful husband had taken no notice of the fresh arrival. Absorbed by his peculiar cares, whatever they might be, he sat perfectly still, unmoved by the preparations of the actors and the busy hum of the spectators. His head was bent towards the earth, to which he seemed fast travelling, and which, to all appearances, would prove a happier home for him than that he found upon its surface. Two or three songs had been given with wonderful effect. Every one had been enraptured, and *bouquets* had already been thrown to the *prima donna* of the Berlin opera. Never had Wiesbaden known such delight. Mine host, who stood at the entrance of the *saal*, perspiring with mingled pride and agitation, contemplated the scene with a joy that knew no bounds. He was very happy. Like Sir Giles Overreach, he was "joy all over." The young physician had just put an eye-glass to an eye that had some difficulty in screwing it on, with the intention of killing a young and pretty vocalist with one irresistible glance, when he felt his arm clenched by his patient with a passionate vigour that not only seriously damaged his inten-

tions with respect to the young singer, but fairly threw him from his equilibrium. He turned round, and saw the unhappy nobleman, as he believed, in an epileptic fit. His eyes were fixed—his lip trembling—his whole frame quivering. His hand still grasped the arm of the physician, and grasped it the firmer the more the practitioner struggled for release. There was a shudder, a cry—the old man fell—and would have dropped to the floor had he not been caught by the expert and much alarmed physician. A scene ensued. The singer stopped, the audience rose—the fainting man was raised and carried out. The noise had attracted the notice of one who needed an extraordinary provocation to rouse him from his accustomed lethargy. As the invalid passed him, the husband of the merry beauty cast one glance towards his deathlike countenance. It was enough. No, not enough. Another directed to the unhappy lady who followed the stricken lord, was far more terrible, more poignant and acute. It sent a thousand daggers to his heart, every one wounding, hacking, killing. He sunk upon his seat, and covered his streaming eyes with wan and bloodless hands.

"Rupert!" said Elinor, whispering in his ear, "you are ill—let us go."

"Elinor, it's he, it's he!"—he stammered in the same voice.

"Who?"

"My father!"

"And that lady?"

"My mother!"

"Good heaven! Lady Railton!"

"I have killed him," continued Rupert. "I have killed him!"

Before the confusion consequent upon the removal of Lord Railton had subsided, Elinor, with presence of mind, rose from her seat, and implored her husband to do the like. He obeyed, hardly knowing what he did, and followed her instinctively. Like a woman possessed, she ran from the scene, and did not stop until she reached her own apartments. Rupert kept at her side, not daring to look up. When he arrived at his room, he was not aware that he had passed his parents in his progress—that the eyes of his wife and his mother had again en-

countered, and that the sternest scowl of the latter had been met by the most indignant scorn of the former. To this pass had arrived the pleasant acquaintance established three hours before in the hotel garden.

Whilst Elinor Sinclair slept that melancholy night, Rupert watched at his father's door. He believed him to be mortally ill, and he accused himself in his sorrow of the fearful crime of parricide. He had made frequent inquiries, and to all one answer had been returned. The noble lord was still unconscious: her ladyship could not be seen. It was not until the dawn of morning that a more favourable bulletin was issued, and his lordship pronounced once more sensible and out of danger. Rupert withdrew—not to rest, but to write a few hurried lines to his mother—begging one interview, and conjuring her to concede it, even if she afterwards resolved to see him no more. The interview was granted.

It led to no good result. Another opportunity for reconciliation and peace came only to be rejected. It availed little that Providence provided the elements of happiness, whilst obstinacy and wilful pride refused to combine them for any useful end. Lady Railton loved her son with the fondness of a mother. Life, too, had charms for so worldly a soul as hers; yet the son could be sacrificed, and life itself parted with, ere the lofty spirit bend, and vindictive hatred give place to meek and gentle mercy. The meeting was very painful. Lady Railton wept bitter tears as she beheld the wreck that stood before her—the care-worn remains of a form that was once so fair to look at—so grateful to admire; but she stood inflexible. She might have asked every thing of her son which he might honourably part with, and still her desires have fallen short of the sacrifices he was prepared to offer for the misery he had caused. She had but ONE request to make—it was the condition of her pardon—but it was also the test of his integrity and manhood.

He must part with the woman he had made his wife!

The evening of the day found Rupert Sinclair and his wife on the road

from Wiesbaden, and his parents still sojourners at the hotel.

Rupert had not told Elinor of the sum that had been asked for the forgiveness of a mother he loved—the friendship of a father at whose bedside nature and duty summoned him with appeals so difficult to resist. He would not grieve her joyous spirit by the sad announcement. He had paid the price of affection, not cheerfully—not triumphantly—but with a breaking and a tortured heart. He knew the treasure to be costly: he would have secured it had it been twice as dear. They arrived at Frankfurt.

“And whither now?” asked Elinor, almost as soon as they alighted.

“Here for the present, dearest,” answered Rupert. “To-morrow whither you will.”

“Thank heaven for a safe deliverance from the Duke of Nassau!” exclaimed the wife. “Well, Rupert, say no more that I am mistress of your actions. I have begged for months to be released from that dungeon, but ineffectually. This morning a syllable from the lips of another has moved you to do what was refused to my long prayers.”

Rupert answered not.

“To-morrow, then, to Paris?” coaxingly inquired the wife.

A shadow passed across the countenance of the husband.

“Wherefore to Paris?” he answered. “The world is wide enough. Choose an abiding-place and a home any where but in Paris.”

“And why not there?” said Elinor, with vexation. “Any where but where I wish. It is always so—it has always been so.”

“No, Elinor,” said Rupert calmly—“not always. You do us both injustice.”

“I have no pleasure,” she continued, “amongst these dull and addle-headed people—who smoke and eat themselves into a heaviness that's insupportable. But Paris is too gay for your grave spirit, Rupert; and to sacrifice your comfort to my happiness would be more than I have any right to hope for or to ask.”

Sinclair answered not again. Reproach had never yet escaped his lips:

it was not suffered to pass now. How little knew the wife of the sacrifices which had already been wrung from that fond and faithful bosom: and which it was still disposed to make, could it but have secured the happiness of one or both!

Is it necessary to add, that within a week the restless and wandering pair found themselves in the giddy capital of France! Sinclair, as in every thing, gave way before the well-directed and irresistible attacks of one whose wishes, on ordinary occasions, he was too eager to forestall. His strong objections to a residence in Paris were as nothing against the opposition of the wife resolved to gain her point and vanquish. Paris was odious to him on many grounds. It was paradise to a woman created for pleasure—alive and herself only when absorbed in the mad pursuit of pleasure. Sinclair regarded a sojourn in Paris as fatal to the repose which he yearned to secure: his wife looked upon it as a guarantee for the joyous excitement which her temperament rendered essential to existence. General Travis was in Paris; so was the Earl of Minden; so were many other stanch allies and friends of the lady, who had so suddenly found herself deprived of friends and supporters in the very height of her dominion and triumph. Sinclair had no desire to meet with any of these firm adherents; but, on the contrary, much reason to avoid them. He made one ineffectual struggle, and as usual—submitted to direction.

If the lady had passed intoxicating days in London, she led madder ones in France. Again she became the heroine and queen of a brilliant circle, the admired of all admirers, the mistress of a hundred willing and too obedient slaves. Nothing could surpass the witchery of her power: nothing exceed the art by which she raised herself to a proud eminence, and secured her footing. The arch smile, the clever volubility, the melting eye, the lovely cheek, the incomparable form, all united to claim and to compel the admiration which few were slow to render. Elinor had been slighted in England: she revenged herself in France. She had been deserted—forsaken by her own: she

was the more intent upon the glowing praise and worship of the stranger. Crowds flocked around her, confessing her supremacy: and whilst women envied and men admired, Rupert Sinclair shrunk from publicity with a heart that was near to breaking—and a soul oppressed beyond the power of relief.

A gleam of sunshine stole upon Rupert Sinclair in the midst of his gloom and disappointment. Elinor gave promise of becoming a mother. He had prayed for this event; for he looked to it as the only means of restoring to him affections estranged and openly transferred to an unfeeling world. The volatile and inconsiderate spirit, which no expostulation or entreaties of his might tame, would surely be subdued by the new and tender ties so powerful always in riveting woman's heart to duty. His own character altered as the hour approached which must confer upon him a new delight as well as an additional anxiety. He became a more cheerful and a happier man: his brow relaxed; his face no longer bore upon it the expression of a settled sorrow and an abiding disappointment. He walked more erect, less shy, grew more active, less contemplative and reserved. Months passed away, quickly, if not altogether happily, and Elinor Sinclair gave birth to a daughter.

Rupert had not judged correctly. However pleasing may be the sacred influence of a child upon the disposition and conduct of a mother in the majority of instances, it was entirely wanting here. Love of distinction, of conquest, of admiration, had left no room in the bosom of Elinor Sinclair for the love of offspring, which Rupert fondly hoped would save his partner from utter worldliness, and himself from final wretchedness. To receive the child from heaven, and to make it over for its earliest nourishment and care to strange cold hands, were almost one and the same act. The pains of nature were not assuaged by the mother's rejoicings: the pride of the father found no response in the heart of his partner. The bitter trial of the season past—returning strength vouchsafed—and the presence of the stranger was almost forgotten in the

brilliance of the scene to which the mother returned with a whetted appetite and a keener relish.

Far different the father! The fountain of love which welled in his devoted breast met with no check as it poured forth freely and generously towards the innocent and lovely stranger, that had come like a promise and a hope to his heart. Here he might feast his eyes without a pang: here bestow the full warmth of his affection, without the fear of repulse or the torture of doubt. His home became a temple—one small but darling room an altar—his daughter, a divinity. He eschewed the glittering assemblies in which his wife still dazzled most, and grew into a hermit at the cradle of his child. It was a fond and passionate love that he indulged there—one that absorbed and sustained his being—that gave him energy when his soul was spent, and administered consolation in the bitterest hour of his sad loneliness—the bitterest he had known as yet.

I have said that Lord Minden was in Paris when Sinclair and his wife arrived there. The visits of this nobleman to the house of Rupert in London, and the strange conduct of Rupert himself in connexion with those visits, had helped largely to drive the unfortunate pair from their native country. Still those visits were renewed in the French capital, and the conduct of Sinclair lost none of its singularity. The Parisians were not so scandalized as their neighbours across the water by the marked attentions of his lordship to this unrivalled beauty. Nobody could be blind to the conduct of Lord Minden, yet nobody seemed distressed or felt morally injured by the constant contemplation of it. If the husband thought proper to approve, it was surely no man's business to be vexed or angry. Mr Sinclair was a good easy gentleman, evidently vain of his wife's attractions, and of his lordship's great appreciation of them. His wife was worshipped, and the fool was flattered. But was this all? Did he simply look on, or was he basely conniving at his own dishonour? In England public opinion had decided in favour of the latter supposition; and public feeling, outraged by such flagrant wickedness, had thrust the culprits,

as they deserved, from the soil which had given them birth, and which they shamefully polluted.

Nearly two years had elapsed, and the exiles were still in the fascinating city to which the ill-fated Elinor had carried her too easily-led husband. The time had passed swiftly enough. Elinor had but one occupation—the pursuits of pleasure. Sinclair had only one—the care of his daughter. He had bestowed a mother's tenderness upon the neglected offspring, and watched its young existence with a jealous anxiety that knew no rest—and not in vain. The budding creature had learned to know its patient nurse, and to love him better than all its little world. She could walk, and prattle in her way, and her throne was upon her father's lap. She could pronounce his name; she loved to speak it;—she could distinguish his eager footstep; she loved to hear it. Rupert was born for this. To love and to be loved with the truth, simplicity, and power of childhood, was the exigency of his being and the condition of his happiness. Both were satisfied—yet he was not happy.

It was a winter's evening. For a wonder, Elinor was at home: She had not been well during the day, and had declared her intention of spending the evening with her child and husband—rare indulgence! The sacrifice had cost her something, for she was out of spirits and ill at ease in her new character. Her husband sat lovingly at her side—his arm about her waist—his gleeful eye resting upon the lovely child that played and clung about his feet.

[And this man was a party to his own dishonour! a common pandar! the seller of yonder wife's virtue, the destroyer of yonder child's whole life of peace! Reader, believe it not!—against conviction, against the world, believe it not!]

"To-morrow, Elinor," said Sinclair musingly, "is your birthday. Had you forgotten it?"

Elinor turned pale. Why, I know not.

"Yes," she answered hurriedly, "I had. It *is* my birthday."

"We must pass the day together: we will go into the country. Little Alice shall be of the party, and shall

be taught to drink her mamma's health. Won't you, Alice?"

The child heard its name spoken by familiar lips, and laughed.

"Will Lord Minden, dear, be back? He shall accompany us."

"He will not," said Elinor, trembling with illness.

"More's the pity," replied Rupert. "Alice will hardly be happy for a day without Lord Minden. She has cried for him once or twice already. But you are ill, dearest. Go to rest."

"Not yet," said Elinor, "I shall be better soon. Come, Alice, to mamma."

It was an unwonted summons, and the child stared. She had seldom been invited to her mother's arms; and the visits, when made, were generally of short duration. There seemed some heart in Elinor to-night. Rupert observed it. He caught the child up quickly, placed her in her mother's lap, and kissed them both.

In the act, a tear—a mingled drop of bitterness and joy—started to his eye and lingered there.

Strange contrast! His face suddenly beamed with new-born delight: hers was as pale as death.

"Is she not lovely, Elinor?" asked Rupert, looking on them both with pride.

"Very!" was the laconic and scarce audible answer; and the child was put aside again.

"Elinor," said Sinclair, with unusual animation, "rest assured this precious gift of Heaven is sent to us for good; our days of trouble are numbered. Peace and true enjoyment are promised in that brow."

A slight involuntary shudder thrilled the frame of the wife, as she disengaged herself from her husband's embrace. She rose to retire.

"I will go to my pillow," she said. "You are right. I need rest. Good-night!"

Her words were hurried. There was a wildness about her eye that denoted malady of the mind rather than of body. Rupert detained her.

"You shall have advice, dearest," said he. "I will go myself" —

"No, no, no," she exclaimed, interrupting him; "I beseech you. Suffer me to retire. In the morning you will be glad that you have spared

yourself the trouble. I am not worthy of it; good-night!"

"Not worthy, Elinor!"

"Not ill enough, I mean. Rupert, good-night."

Sinclair folded his wife in his arms, and spoke a few words of comfort and encouragement. Had he been a quick observer, he would have marked how, almost involuntarily, she recoiled from his embrace, and avoided his endearments.

She lingered for a moment at the door.

"Shall Alice go with you?" inquired the husband.

"No. I will send for her; let her wait with you. Good-night, Alice!"

"Nay; why good-night? You will see her again."

"Yes," answered Elinor, still lingering. The child looked towards her mother with surprise. Elinor caught her eye, and suddenly advanced to her. She took the bewildered child in her arms, and kissed it passionately. The next moment she had quitted the apartment.

New feelings, of joy as much as of sorrow, possessed the soul of Rupert Sinclair as he sat with his little darling, reflecting upon the singular conduct of the dear one who had quitted them. It found an easy solution in his ardent and forgiving breast. That which he had a thousand times prophesied, had eventually come to pass. The *mother* had been checked in her giddy career, when the *wife* had proved herself unequal to the sacrifice. In the mental suffering of his partner, Rupert saw only sorrow for the past, bitter repentance, and a blest promise of amendment. He would not interfere with her sacred grief; but, from his heart, he thanked God for the mercy that had been vouchsafed him, and acknowledged the justice of the trials through which he had hitherto passed. And there he sat and dreamed. Visions ascended and descended. He saw himself away from the vice and dissipation of the city into which he had been dragged. A quiet cottage in the heart of England was his chosen dwelling-place; a happy smiling mother, happy only in her domestic paradise, beamed upon him; and

a lovely child, lovelier as she grew to girlhood, sat at his side, even as the infant stood whilst he dreamed on; an aged pair were present, the most contented of the group, looking upon the picture with a calm and grateful satisfaction.

For a full hour he sat lost in his reverie; his glowing heart relieved only by his swelling tears.

The child grew impatient to depart. Why had Elinor not sent for her?

He summoned a servant, and bade her take the little Alice to her mother's room. Thither she was carried—to the room, not to the mother.

The mother had quitted the room, the house, the husband—for ever!

A broken-hearted man quitted Paris at midnight. The damning intelligence had been conveyed to him by one who was cognisant of the whole affair, who had helped to his disgrace, but whose bribe had not been sufficient to secure fidelity. *Elinor Sinclair had eloped with the Earl of Minden.* Flattered by his lordship's attention, dazzled by his amazing wealth, impatient of the limits which her own poverty placed to her extravagance, dissatisfied with the mild tenor of her husband's life, she had finally broken the link which at any time had so loosely united her to the man, not of her heart or her choice, but of her ambition.

She had fled without remorse, without a pang, worthy of the name. Who shall describe the astonishment of the aggrieved Rupert?—his disappointment, his torture! He was thunderstruck, stunned; but his resolution was quickly formed. The pair had started southwards. Sinclair resolved to follow them. For the first time in his life he was visited with a desire for vengeance, and he burned till it was gratified. Blood only could wash away the stain his honour had received, the injury his soul had suffered—and it should be shed. He grew mad with the idea. He who had never injured mortal man, who was all tenderness and meekness, long-suffering, and patient as woman, suddenly became, in the depth and by the power of his affliction, vindictive and thirsty for his brother's life. Within two hours from the period of the accursed discovery, all his pre-

parations were made, and he was on the track. He had called upon a friend; explained to him his wrong; and secured him for a companion and adviser in the pursuit. He took into his temporary service the creature who had been in the pay of his lordship, and promised him as large a sum as he could ask for one week's faithful duty. He paid one hasty, miserable visit to the bed-side of his innocent and sleeping child—kissed her and kissed her in his agony—and departed like a tiger to his work.

The fugitives had mistaken the character of Sinclair. They believed that he would adopt no steps either to recover his wife or to punish her seducer, and their measures were taken accordingly. They proceeded leisurely for a few hours, and stopped at the small hotel of a humble market town. Rupert arrived here at an early hour of the morning. His guide, who had quitted his seat on the carriage to look for a relay, learned from the hostler that a carriage had arrived shortly before, containing an English nobleman and his lady, who, he believed, were then in the hotel. Further inquiries, and a sight of the nobleman's carriage, convinced him that the object of the chase was gained. He came with sparkling eyes to acquaint his master with his good success, and rubbed his hands as he announced the fact that sickened Rupert to the heart. Rupert heard, and started from the spot, as though a cannon-ball had hurled him thence.

"Fortescue," he said, addressing his friend, "we must not quit this spot until he has rendered satisfaction. Hoary villain as he is, he shall not have an hour's grace."

"What would you do?"

"Abide here till morning; watch every door; intercept his passage, and take my vengeance."

"You shall have it, but it must be on principles approved and understood. We are no assassins, let him be what he may. Go you to rest. Before he is awake, I will be stirring. He shall give me an interview ere he dispatches his breakfast; and rely upon me for seeing ample justice done to every party."

Fortescue, who was an Englishman done into French, coolly motioned to

Sinclair to enter the hotel. The latter retreated from it with loathing.

"No, Fortescue," continued Sinclair, "I sleep not to-night. Here I take my dismal watch—here will I await the fiend. He must not escape me. I can trust you, if any man; but I will trust no man to-night but one."

"As you please, Sinclair," answered the other. "Your honour is in my keeping, and, trust me, it shall not suffer. I will be up betimes, and looking to your interest. Where shall we meet?"

"Here. I shall not budge an inch."

"Good night, then, or rather morning. The day is already breaking. But I shall turn in, if it be but for an hour. I must keep my head clear for the early work."

And saying these words, the worthy Fortescue sought shelter and repose in the hotel.

Rupert counted the heavy moments with a crushed and bleeding spirit, as he paced the few yards of earth to which he had confined his wretched watch. He was alone. It was a bitter morning—cold and sad as his own being. He could not take his eyes from the polluted dwelling; he could not gaze upon it and not weep tears of agony. "Heaven!" he cried, as he walked on, "what have I done, what committed, that I should suffer the torment thou hast inflicted upon me for so many years! Why hast thou chosen me for a victim and a sacrifice! Have I deserved it? Am I so guilty that I should be so punished?" He would have given all that he possessed in the world to be released from the horrid task he had imposed upon himself; yet, for all that the world could give, he would not trust another with that important guard. Oh! it was the excruciating pang of perdition that he was conscious of, as he stood and gazed, until his swelling heart had wellnigh burst, upon the house of shame. He had brought pistols with him—he had taken care of that; at least, he had given them to Fortescue, and enjoined him not to lose sight of them. Were they in safety? He would go and see. He ran from his post, and entered the stable-yard of the hotel. There were

two carriages—his own and the Earl of Minden's. His pistol-case was safe—so were the pistols within. A devilish instinct prompted him to look into the carriage of the lord, that stood beside his own; why he should do it he could not tell. He had no business there. It was but feeding the fire that already inflamed him to madness. Yet he opened it. His wife's cloak was there, and a handkerchief, which had evidently been dropped in the owner's anxiety to alight. Her initials were marked upon the handkerchief with the hair of the unhappy man, who forgot her guilt, his tremendous loss, his indignation and revenge, in the recollection of one bright distant scene which that pale token suddenly recalled. The battling emotions of his mind overpowered and exhausted him. He sobbed aloud, dropped on his knees, and pressed the handkerchief to his aching brain.

It could not last. Madness—frenzy—the hottest frenzy of the lost lunatic possessed him, and he grasped a pistol. The muzzle was towards his cheek—his trembling finger was upon the trigger—when a shrill cry, imaginary or real, caused the victim to withhold his purpose—to look about him and to listen. It was nothing—yet very much! The voice had sounded to the father's ear like that of an infant; and the picture which it summoned to his bewildered eye recalled him to reason—started him to a sense of duty, and saved him from self-murder.

There was an impulse to force an entrance to the hotel, and to drag the sinful woman from the embrace of her paramour; but it was checked as soon as formed. He asked not to look upon her face again; in his hot anger he had vowed never to confront her whilst life was still permitted him, but to avoid her like a plague-curse or a fiend. He asked only for revenge upon the monster that had wronged him—the false friend—the matchless liar—the tremendous hypocrite. Nothing should come between him and that complete revenge. There was connected with Lord Minden's crime, all the deformity that attaches to every such offence; but, over and above, there was a rankling injury never to be forgotten or forgiven.

What that was *he* knew, *he* felt as his pale lip grew white with shame and indignation, and a sense of past folly, suddenly, but fearfully awakened. A thousand recollections burst upon his brain as he persevered in his long and feverish watch. Now mysterious looks and nods were easily interpreted. Now the neglect of the world, the unkind word, the inexplicable and solemn hints were unraveled as by magic. "Fool, dolt, madman!" he exclaimed, striking his forehead, and running like one possessed along the silent road. "A child would have been wiser, an infant would have known better,—ass—idiot—simple, natural, fool!"

The fault of a life was corrected in a moment, but at an incalculable cost, and with the acquisition of a far greater fault. Rupert Sinclair could be no longer the credulous and unsuspecting victim of a subtle and self-interested world. His affliction had armed him with a shield against the assaults of the cunning; but it had also, unfortunately, given him a sword against the approaches of the generous and good. Heretofore he had suspected none. Now he trusted as few. Satan himself might have played upon him in the days of his youth. An angel of light would be repelled if he ventured to give comfort to the bruised soul broken down in its prime.

The guard as well as the sleeping friend were doomed to disappointment. Lord Minden and Elinor were not in the hotel. Shortly after their arrival, his lordship had determined to proceed on his journey, and with a lighter carriage than that which had brought the pair from Paris. He privately hired a vehicle of the landlord, and left his own under the care of a servant whose slumbers were so carefully guarded by the devoted Sinclair. Great was the disappointment of Fortescue, unbounded the rage of Rupert, when they discovered their mistake, and reflected upon the precious hours that had been so wofully mis-spent. But their courage did not slacken, nor the eagerness—of one at least—abate. The direction of the fugitives obtained, as far as it was possible to obtain it, and they were again on the pursuit.

At the close of the second day,

fortune turned against the guilty. When upon the high-road, but at a considerable distance from any town, the rickety chariot gave way. Rupert caught sight of it, and beckoned his postilion to stop. He did so. A boor was in charge of the vehicle, the luckless owners of which had, according to his intelligence, been compelled to walk to a small roadside public-house at the distance of a league. The party was described. A grey-headed foreigner and a beautiful young woman—a foreigner also. Rupert leaped into his carriage, and bade the postilion drive on with all his might. The inn was quickly reached. The runaways were there.

Fortescue's task was very easy. He saw lord Minden, and explained his errand. Lord Minden, honourable man, was ready to afford Mr Sinclair all the satisfaction a gentleman could demand, at any time or place.

"No time like the present, my lord," said Fortescue; "no place more opportune. Mr Sinclair is ready at this moment, and we have yet an hour's daylight."

"I have no weapons—no friend."

"We will furnish your lordship with both, if you will favour us with your confidence. Pistols are in Mr Sinclair's carriage. I am at your lordship's service and command: at such a time as this, forms may easily be dispensed with."

"Be it so. I will attend you."

"In half an hour; and in the fallow ground, the skirts of which your lordship can just discover from this window. We shall not keep you waiting."

"I place myself in your hands, Mr Fortescue. I will meet Mr Sinclair. I owe it to my order, and myself, to give him the fullest satisfaction."

The fullest! mockery of mockeries!

The husband and the seducer met. Not a syllable was exchanged. Lord Minden slightly raised his hat as he entered the ground; but Rupert did not return the salute. His cheek was blanched, his lips bloodless and pressed close together; there was wildness in his eye, but, in other respects, he stood calm and self-possessed, as a statue might stand.

Fortescue loaded the pistols. Ru-

pert fired, not steadily, but determinedly—and missed.

Lord Minden fired, and Rupert fell. Fortescue ran to him.

The ball had struck him in the arm, and shattered it.

The nobleman maintained his position, whilst Fortescue, as well as he was able, stanchd the flowing wound, and tied up the arm. Fortunately the mutual second had been a surgeon in the army, and knowing the duty he was summoned to, had provided necessary implements. He left his patient for one instant on the earth, and hastened to his lordship.

“Mr Sinclair,” he said, hurriedly, “must be conveyed to yonder house. Your lordship, I need not say, must quit it. That roof cannot shelter you, him, and—no matter. Your carriage has broken down. Ours is at your service. Take it, and leave it at the next post-town. Yours shall be sent on. There is no time to say more. Yonder men shall help me to carry Mr Sinclair to the inn. When we have reached it, let your lordship be a league away from it.”

Fortescue ran once more to his friend. Two or three peasants, who were entering the field at the moment, were called to aid. The wounded man was raised, and, on the arms of all, carried fainting from the spot.

Elinor and her companion fled from the inn, whereto one of them knew not. The luggage of Sinclair had been hastily removed from the carriage, and deposited in the house, but not with necessary speed. As the ill-fated woman was whirled from the door, her eye caught the small and melancholy procession leisurely advancing. One inquiring gaze, which even the assiduity of Lord Minden could not intercept, made known to her the PRESENCE, and convinced her of the FACT. She screamed,—but proceeded with her paramour, whilst her husband was cared for by his friend.

A surgeon was sent for from the nearest town, who, arriving late at night, deemed it expedient to amputate the patient's arm without delay. The operation was performed without immediately removing the fears which, after a first examination, the surgeon had entertained for the life of the

wounded man. The injury inflicted upon an excited system threw the sufferer into a fever, in which he lay for days without relief or hope. The cloud, however, passed away, after much suffering during the flitting hours of consciousness and reason. The afflicted man was finally hurled upon life's shore again, prostrate, exhausted, spent. His first scarce-audible accents had reference to his daughter.

“My child!” he whispered imploringly, to a sister of charity ministering at his side.

“Will be with you shortly,” replied the devoted daughter of heaven, who had been with the sufferer for many days.

Rupert shook his head.

“Be calm,” continued the religious nurse; “recover strength; enable yourself to undergo the sorrow of an interview, and you shall see her. She is well provided for: she is happy—she is here!”

“Here!” faintly ejaculated Rupert, and looking languidly about him.

“Yes, and very near you. In a day or two she shall come and comfort you.”

The benevolent woman spoke the truth. When she had first been summoned to the bedside of the wounded man, she diligently inquired into the circumstances of the case, and learned as much as was necessary of his sad history from the faithful Fortescue. It was her suggestion that the child should forthwith be removed from Paris, and brought under the same roof with her father. She knew, with a woman's instinct,—little as she had mixed with the world,—how powerful a restorative would be the prattle of that innocent voice, when the moment should arrive to employ it without risk.

Rupert acknowledged the merciful consideration. He put forth his thin emaciated hand, and moved his lips as though he would express his thanks. He could not, but he wept.

The nurse held up her finger for mild remonstrance and reproof. It was not wanting. The heart was elevated by the grateful flow. He slumbered more peacefully for that outpouring of his grateful soul.

The child was promised, as soon as

leave could be obtained from the medical authorities to bring her to her father's presence. If he should continue to improve for two days, he knew his reward. If he suffered anxiety of mind and the thought of his calamity to retard his progress, he was told his punishment. He became a child himself, in his eagerness to render himself worthy of the precious recompense. He did not once refer to what had happened. Fortescue sat hour after hour at his side, and he heard no syllable of reproach against the woman who had wronged him—no further threat of vengeance against the villain who had destroyed her.

The looked-for morning came. Rupert was sitting up, and the sister of charity entered his humble apartment with the child in her hand. Why should that holy woman weep at human love and natural attachments? What sympathy had she with the vain expressions of delight and woe—with paternal griefs and filial joys? The lip that had been fortified by recent prayer, trembled with human emotion;—the soul that had expatiated in the passionless realms to which its allegiance was due, acknowledged a power from which it is perilous for the holiest to revolt. *Nature* had a moment of triumph in the sick-chamber of a broken-hearted man. It was brief as it was sacred. Let me not attempt to describe or disturb it!

The religious and benevolent sister was an admirable nurse, but she was not to be named in the same day with Alice. She learned her father's little ways with the quickness of childhood, and ministered to them with the alacrity and skill of a woman. She knew when he should take his drinks—she was not happy unless permitted to convey them from the hands of the good sister to those of the patient. She was the sweetest messenger and ambassadress in the world: so exact in her messages—so brisk on her errands! She had the vivacity of ten companions, and the humour of a whole book of wit. She asked a hundred questions on as many topics, and said the oddest things in life. When Sinclair would weep, one passing observation from her made him laugh aloud. When his oppressed spirit

inclined him to dulness, her lighter heart would lead him, against his will, to the paths of pleasantness and peace!

Was it Providence or chance that sealed upon her lips the name of one who must no longer be remembered in her father's house? Singularly enough, during the sojourn of Rupert Sinclair and his daughter in the roadside inn, neither had spoken to the other of the wickedness that had departed from them; and less singular was it, perhaps, that the acutest pang that visited the breast of Elinor was that which accompanied the abiding thought, that Rupert was ever busy referring to the mother's crime, and teaching the infant lip to mutter curses on her name.

In the vicinity of the inn was a forest of some extent. Hither, as Sinclair gathered strength, did he daily proceed with his little companion, enjoying her lively conversation, and participating in her gambols. He was never without her. He could not be happy if she were away: he watched her with painful, though loving jealousy. She was as unhappy if deprived of his society. The religious sister provided a governess to attend upon her, but the governess had not the skill to attach her to her person. At the earliest hour of the morning, she awoke her father with a kiss: at the last hour of the night, a kiss from his easily recognised lips sealed her half-conscious half-dreaming slumbers. Alice was very happy. She could not guess why her father should not be very happy too, and always so.

For one moment let us follow the wretched Elinor, and trace her in her flight. Whilst her own accusing conscience takes from her pillow the softness of its down, and the vision of her husband, as she last saw him, haunts her at every turn like a ghost—striking terror even to her thoughtless heart, and bestowing a curse upon her life which she had neither foreseen nor thought of, let us do her justice. Vice itself is not all hideousness. The immortal soul cannot be all pollution. Defaced and smirched it may be—cruelly misused and blotted over by the sin and passion of mortality; but it will, and must, proclaim its origin in

the depths of degradation. There have been glimpses of the heavenly gift when it has been buried deep, deep in the earth—beams of its light in the murkiest and blackest day! Elinor was guilty—lost here beyond the power of redemption—she was selfish and unworthy; yet not wholly selfish—not utterly unworthy. I am not her apologist—I appear not here to plead her cause. Heaven knows, my sympathy is far away—yet I will do her justice. I will be her faithful chronicler.

Upon the fourth day of her elopement she had reached Lyons. Here, against the wish of the Earl of Minden, she expressed a determination to remain for at least a day: she desired to see the city—moreover, she had friends—one of whom she was anxious to communicate with, and might never see again. Who he was she did not say, nor did his lordship learn, before they quitted the city on the following day. The reader shall be informed.

It was on the afternoon of the day of their arrival in Lyons that Elinor paid her visit to the friend in question. He resided in a narrow street leading from the river-side into the densest and most populous thoroughfares of that extensive manufacturing town: the house was a humble one, and tolerably quiet. The door was open, and she entered. She ascended a tolerably-wide stone staircase, and stopped before a door that led into an apartment on the fourth floor. She knocked softly: her application was not recognised—but she heard a voice with which she was familiar.

“Cuss him impudence!” it said; “him neber satisfied. I broke my heart, sar, in your service, and d—n him—no gratitude.”

“Don’t you turn against me, too,” answered a feeble voice, like that of a sick man. “I shall be well again soon, and we will push on, and meet them at Marseilles.”

“Push on! I don’t understand ‘push on,’ when fellow ’s not got half-penny in the pocket. Stuck to you like a trump all my life; it’s not the ting to bring respectable character into dis’ere difficulty.”

“Give me something to drink.”

“What you like, old genl’mán?”

was the answer. “Course you call for what you please—you got sich lots of money. You have any kind of water you think proper—from ditch water up to pump.”

“You are sure there were no letters for me at the post?” inquired the feeble voice.

“Come, stop dat, if you please. That joke’s damued stale and aggravating. Whenever I ask you for money, you send me to the post. What de devil postman see in my face to give me money?”

Elinor knocked again and again; still unanswered, she opened the door. In the apartment which she entered, she perceived, grinning out of the window, with his broad arms stretched under his black face, the nigger of our early acquaintance—the old servant of her father’s house—the gentleman who had represented the yahoo upon the evening of my introduction to the general—the fascinating Augustus. Behind him, on a couch that was drawn close to the wall, and surmounted by a dingy drapery, lay—her father—a shadow of his former self—miserably attired, and very ill, as it would seem, mentally and bodily. Both the yahoo and the general started upon her entrance, for which they were evidently wholly unprepared.

“Elinor!” said the general, “you have received my letter?”

“I have,” was the reply—scarcely heard—with such deep emotion was it spoken!

“And you cannot help me?” he asked again, with a distracted air.

“I can,” she answered—“I will—it is here—all you ask—take it—repair to my mother—save her—yourself.”

She presented him with a paper as she spoke. He opened it eagerly, and his eye glittered again as he perused it.

“Did you get it easily, child?” he said.

“No—with difficulty—great difficulty,” she answered wildly. “But there it is. It will relieve you from your present trouble, and pay your passage.”

“Augustus—we will start to-night,” said the general anxiously

“we will not lose a moment.”

“Father,” said Elinor, with agita-

tion, "I must be gone. Give my love to my mother. I have sent all that I could procure for her comfort and happiness. I tell you, father, it was not obtained without some sacrifice. Spend it not rashly—every coin will have its value. I may not be able to send you more. Tell her not to curse me when she hears my name mentioned as it will be mentioned, but to forgive and forget me."

The old man was reading the bank-bill whilst his daughter spoke, and had eyes and ears for nothing else.

"We shall never forget you, dear child," he said, almost mechanically.

He folded the bill carefully, put it into his pocket, buttoned that as carefully, and looked up. The daughter had departed.

Rupert Sinclair recovered from the wound he had received, and from the subsequent operation; but strength came not as quickly as it had been promised, or as he could wish. He removed, after many months, from the inn, and commenced his journey homewards. To be released from the tie which still gave his name to her who had proved himself so utterly unworthy of it, was his first business; his second, to provide instruction and maternal care for the young creature committed to his love. He travelled by short and easy stages, and arrived at length in London. He was subdued and calm. All thoughts of revenge had taken leave of his mind; he desired only to forget the past, and to live for the future. He had witnessed and suffered the evil effects of a false education. He was resolved that his child should be more mercifully dealt with. He had but one task to accomplish in life. He would fulfil it to the letter.

Sinclair waited upon his legal adviser as soon as he reached the metropolis. That functionary heard his client's statement with a lugubrious countenance, and sighed profoundly, as though he were very sorry that the affair had happened.

"These are cases, sir," said he, "that make the prosecution of a noble profession a painful and ungrateful labour. Surgeons, however, must not be afraid to handle the knife. What we must do, it is better to do cheerfully. Don't you think so?"

Sinclair nodded assent.

"And now your witnesses, Mr Sinclair. We must look them up. The chief, I presume, are abroad."

"Many are, necessarily," answered Rupert. "There is one gentleman, however, in England, with whom I am anxious that you should put yourself in immediate communication. When I went abroad, he was at Oxford, residing in the college, of which he is a fellow. He is my oldest friend. He is well acquainted with my early history, and is aware of all the circumstances of my marriage. He may be of great service to us both: you, he may save much trouble—me, infinite pain."

"Just so," said the lawyer. "And his name?"

"Walter Wilson, Esq. of — College, Oxford."

"I will fish him up to-day," said the legal man. "We shall have an easy case. There will be no defence, I presume?"

"Hardly!" answered Sinclair.

"Judgment by default! You will get heavy damages, Mr Sinclair. Lord Minden is as rich as Croesus; and the case is very aggravated. Violation of friendship—a bosom-friend—one whom you had admitted to your confidence and hearth. We must have these points prominently put. I shall retain Mr Thessaly. That man, sir, was born for these aggravated cases."

"You will write to Mr Wilson?" said Sinclair, mournfully.

"This very day. Don't be unhappy, Mr Sinclair—you have a capital case, and will get a handsome verdict."

"When you have heard from Mr Wilson, let me know. I wish to arrange an interview with him, and have not the heart to write myself. Tell him I am in town—that I must see him."

"I will do it. Can I offer you a glass of wine, Mr Sinclair, or any refreshment? You look pale and languid."

"None, I thank you!"

"And the little lady in the parlour?"

"I am obliged to you—nothing. I must go to her—I have kept her waiting. Good-morning, sir."

Sinclair joined his daughter, and proceeded with her to his hotel. She was still his constant companion. He did not move without her. His anxiety to have the child always at his side bordered on insanity. Whether he quitted his home for amusement or business, she must accompany him, and clasp the only hand that he had now to offer her. He dreaded to be alone, and no voice soothed him but that of the little chatterer. How fond he was of it—of her—who shall say! or how necessary to his existence the treasure he had snatched from ruin in the hour of universal wreck!

Before visiting his lawyer, Sinclair had dispatched a private communication to his old serving-man, John Humphreys, who, upon the breaking up of Rupert's establishment, had returned to the service of Lord Railton, his ancient master. That trusty servant was already at the hotel when Sinclair reached it.

"You have spoken to nobody of my being here, Humphreys," said Rupert, when he saw him.

"To nobody, your honour."

"Then follow me!"

When they had come to Sinclair's private room, he continued—

"My father, Humphreys—Tell me quickly how he is."

"Oh, a world better, sir."

"Thank God! And my mother?"

"Breaking, sir. This last affair"—

"They are in town?"

"Yes, your honour—you will call upon them, won't you? It will do her ladyship's heart good to see you again—though, saving your honour's presence, you look more like a spectre than a human being."

"No, Humphreys, I cannot see them. They must not even know that I am now in London. I would have avoided this interview, could I have quitted England again without some information respecting them. I shall be detained here for a few days—it may be for weeks—but I return again to the Continent, never again to leave it."

"Do you think them foreign doctors understand your case, sir?"

"My case!"

"Yes, sir—you are not well, I am sure. You want feeding and building

up—English beef and beer. Them foreigners are killing you."

Rupert smiled.

"You'll excuse me, sir, but laughing isn't a good sign, when a man has reason to cry."

Rupert shuddered.

"I beg your pardon, sir—I didn't mean that," continued the honest fellow. "I did not refer to your feelings. I meant your health, sir. Live well, sir; eat good English fare, and take the bilious pills when you are out of sorts."

John Humphreys was dismissed with many thanks for his sympathy and advice, and with strict injunctions to maintain silence respecting Rupert's movements. Had Sinclair learned that his parents were ill, or needful of his presence, he would have gone to them at once. They were well—why should he molest them, or bring fresh anguish to their declining years?

I received the communication of Sinclair's lawyer, and answered it respectfully, refusing the interview that was asked. As I have already intimated, I had avoided his house and himself from the very moment that I had obtained what seemed ocular demonstration of guilt, which that of his friend and patron, the Earl of Minden himself, could not surpass. Whilst reports of that guilt came to me through the medium of servants, however trustworthy, and strangers, however disinterested, I had resisted them as cruel inventions and palpable slanders. With the attestation of my own eyes, I should have been an idiot had I come to any but one conclusion, how degrading soever that might be to my friend, or contradictory to all my past experience or pre-conceived hopes. Nothing, I solemnly vowed, should induce me to speak again to the man, branded with infamy so glaring, brought by his own folly and vice so low. I had heard, in common with the rest of the world, of the elopement, and possibly with less surprise than the majority of my fellow-men. If I wondered at all at the affair, it was simply as to how much Rupert had been paid for his consent, and as to the value he had fixed upon his reputation and good name. I received the application of

the lawyer, and declined to accede to it.

As I sat reading in my room, upon the second morning after I had dispatched my answer to Mr Cribbs, of Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, I was roused by a knock at the inner door. I requested my visitor to walk in. He did so.—Rupert Sinclair, and his child, stood before me!

I was fearfully shocked. He looked, indeed, more like a ghost than a living man. Fifty years of pain and anxiety seemed written on a brow that had not numbered thirty summers. His eye was sunk, his cheek was very wan and pallid. There was no expression in his countenance; he stood perfectly passionless and calm. The little girl was a lovely creature. A sickening sensation passed through me as I mentally compared her lineaments with those of the joyous creature whom I had met in Bath, and then referred to those of the poor father, so altered, so wofully and so wonderfully changed! She clung to that father with a fondness that seemed to speak of his desertion, and of his reliance upon her for all his little happiness. I was taken by surprise; I knew not what to do; the memory of past years rushed back upon me. I saw him helpless and forsaken. I could not bid him from my door; I could not speak an unkind word.

I placed a chair before the man, whose strength seemed scarce sufficient to support its little burden.

"Sinclair," I exclaimed, "you are ill!"

"I am!" he answered. "Very ill; worse than I had feared. They tell me I must leave the country, and seek milder air. I shall do so shortly; for her sake, not my own."

The little Alice put her delicate and alabaster hand about her parent's face, and patted it to express her gratitude or warm affection. My heart bled in spite of me.

"You refused to meet me, Wilson," said Sinclair quietly.

I blushed to think that I had done so; for I forgot every thing in the recollection of past intimacy, and in the consciousness of what I now beheld. I made no answer.

"You refused to meet me," he repeated. "You did me injustice. I know your thoughts, your cruel and unkind suspicions. I have come to remove them. Walter, you have cursed my name; you shall live to pity my memory."

"Rupert," I stammered, "whatever I may have thought or done, I assert that I have not willingly done you injustice. I have"—

I looked at the child, unwilling to say more in that innocent and holy presence.

Sinclair understood me. He asked permission for her to retire into an adjoining room. I told him that there was no one there to keep her company. He answered, that it did not matter; she was used to be alone, and to wait hours for her parent when business separated them in a stranger's house. "They made it up at home," he added, "and she was happier so than in the society of her governess."

"Is it not so, Alice?" he asked, kissing her as he led her from the apartment.

She answered with a kiss as warm as his, and a smile brighter than any he could give.

"Wilson," began Sinclair, as soon as he returned to me, "you know my history. The whole world knows it, and enjoys it. I have come to England to disannul our marriage. That over, I must save this life if possible: the doctors tell me I am smitten—that I shall droop and die. The mild air of Italy alone can save me. Oh, I wish to live for that young creature's sake! I cannot yet afford to die."

"Things are not so bad, I trust."

He shook his head, and proceeded.

"You, Wilson, must further my views. I have acquainted my solicitor with our former intimacy, and of the part which you took in this unfortunate business. You may accelerate the affair by your co-operation and aid. You must not deny it! Three months to me now are worth ten times as many years. I need peace of mind—repose. I would seek them in the grave, and gladly, but for her. I must find them in a land that will waft health to me, and give me strength for coming duties. You

must stand by me now, if ever; you must not leave me, Wilson, till we have reached the opposite shore, and are safely landed."

"What can I do!"

"Much! The solicitor says, every thing. Your evidence is of the utmost consequence. Your assistance cannot be dispensed with. See him, and he will tell you more. We cannot depart until the marriage is dissolved. Should I die, she must have no claim upon that tender innocent!"

"Rupert," I exclaimed, "shall I speak plainly to you?"

"Ay," he answered, growing erect, and looking me full in the face, "as a man!"

"You demand of me," I continue I, "a simple impossibility! I can do nothing for you. I can give you no help, no counsel. Ask your own once-faithful conscience, that once stern and honest monitor, how I, of all men, can befriend you? I may speak only to destroy you and your cause together. Seek a better ally—a less shackled adviser. Is it not publicly known?—do I not know it? Rupert, you have told me to speak plainly, and I will, I must. I say, do I not know that you yourself pandered to her profligacy? Did I not, with these eyes, which, would to Heaven, had been blind ere they had seen that miserable day—did I not, with these eyes, behold you walking before your door, whilst Lord Minden was closeted with your wife? Did you not turn back when you discovered he was there? Did I not see you turn back? Answer me, Rupert. Did I?—did I?"

"You did," he answered, with perfect equanimity.

"And," I continued, "acknowledging this horror, you ask me to advance your cause, and to speak on your behalf!"

"I do," he said, with a majestic calmness that confounded and abashed me—so prophetic was it of an approaching justification, so thoroughly indicative of truth and innocence.

"I do," he repeated, looking at me steadily, and speaking with more emotion as he proceeded. "Listen to me, Walter. I am a dying man! Say what they will, the seeds of an incurable disease are sown within me. Do

what I may, my hours are numbered, and life is nearly spanned. I speak to you as a dying man. You saw that child! She is friendless, motherless, and will be shortly fatherless. I am about to consign her to Heaven and its mercy. I cannot utter falsehood upon the verge of eternity, leaving that dear pledge behind me. Upon my sacred honour, I speak the truth. Listen to it, and believe, as you would believe a messenger accredited from the skies. I have been a fool, an idiot, weaker than the creature whom the law deprives of self-control, and places in the custody of guards and keepers; but my honour is as spotless as you yourself could wish it. You knew of my difficulties: something you knew also of my introduction to the Earl of Minden—an aged villain—yes *aged* and old enough to disarm suspicion, if no stronger reason existed to destroy it; but there was a stronger. I marvelled at the extraordinary interest evinced for a stranger by this powerful and wealthy nobleman; but wonder ceased with explanation—and explanation from whom? from one whom I trusted as myself—from my wife, whom I loved better than myself. It is nothing that I look back with sickening wonder *now*. I was her devoted husband *then*, and I believed her. I would have believed her had she drawn upon my credulity a thousand times more largely. What devil put the lie into her soul I know not, but early in the friendship of this lord, she confided to me the fact that General Travis was not her father; she had been consigned to him, she said, at an early age, but her actual parent was who?—the brother of this same Lord Minden. It was a plausible tale coming from her lips. I did not stay to doubt it. Other lies were necessary to maintain the great falsehood; but the fabric which they raised was well-proportioned and consistent in its parts. Why did I not enter my home when Lord Minden was closeted with my wife? You will remember that we speak of a time when there was daily discussion concerning my promotion. 'Her uncle,' she said again and again, 'would do nothing for me if I were present. He was a singular and obstinate man, and would make our fortune in his own way.

He was angry with me for running off with his niece—whom, though illegitimate, he had destined for greater honour than even an alliance with Lord Railton's heir; he was further hurt at Lord Railton's treatment of Elinor, and the proud neglect of my mother; the conduct of my parents had inspired him with a dislike for their son, and although for Elinor's sake he would advance our interests, yet he would not consult me, or meet me in the matter. If I were present, her uncle would say nothing—do nothing. This was reiterated day after day. From fountains that are pure, we look not for unclean waters. Trusting her with my whole heart and soul, I should have committed violence to my nature had I doubted her. It was impossible: with the plausibility of Satan, she had the loveliness of angels! Now I see the artifice and fraud—now I feel the degradation—now the horrible position in which I stood is too frightfully apparent! But what avails it all! God forgive me for my blindness! He knows my innocence!"

The injured and unhappy husband stopped from sheer exhaustion. Shame overspread my face; bitter reproaches filled my heart. I had done him cruel wrong. I rose from my seat, and embraced him. I fell upon my knees, and asked his forgiveness.

"Walter," he said, with overflowing eyes; "you do not think me guilty?"

"Punish me not, Rupert," I answered, "by asking me the question. The sorceress was a subtle one. I knew her to be so."

"Name her not, friend," proceeded Sinclair; "I have already forgiven her. I seek to forget her. Life is hateful to me, yet I must live if possible for my darling Alice. You will return to town with me, will you not, and hasten on this business?"

"I will not leave you, Rupert," I replied, "till I have seen you safely through it, and on the seas. We will lose no time. Let us go to London this very day."

No time was lost. We set out in the course of a few hours, and the next day were closeted with Mr Cribbs. Letters produced by Sinclair corroborated all that he had said

touching the cheat that had been played upon him. Astounded as I had been by his explanation, it would have argued more for my wisdom, to say nothing of my friendship, had I suspected at the outset some artifice of the kind, and shown more eagerness to investigate the matter, than to conclude the hitherto unspotted Sinclair so pre-eminently base. The fault of his nature was credulity. Did I not know that he trusted all men with the simplicity of childhood, and believed in the goodness of all things with the faith and fervour of piety itself? Had I no proofs of the wiliness of the woman's heart, and of the witchery of her tongue? A moment's reflection would have enabled me to be just. It was not the smallest triumph of the artful Elinor that her scheme robbed me of that reflection, and threw me, and all the world besides, completely off the scent.

Mr Cribbs was the very man to carry on this interesting case. He lost not a moment. He had been concerned, as he acknowledged, in more actions of the kind than could be satisfactory to himself, or complimentary to the virtue of his country, and he knew the salient points of a case by a kind of moral instinct. His witnesses were marshaled—his plan was drawn out; every thing promised complete success, and the day of trial rapidly approached.

That day of trial, however, Rupert was not to see. The great anxiety which he suffered in the preparation of his unhappy cause—the affliction he had already undergone, preying upon a shattered frame, proved too great an obstacle to the slow appliances of healing nature. He sank gradually beneath the weight of his great sorrows. About a month previously to the coming off of the suit which he had brought against the Earl of Minden, conscious of growing still weaker and weaker, he resolved to have a consultation of his physicians, and to obtain from them their honest opinion of his condition. That consultation was held. The opinion was most unfavourable. Rupert heard it without a sigh, and prepared for his great change.

He spent the day upon which his doom was pronounced—alone. The

following day found him at an early hour at the family mansion in Grosvenor Square,—not alone,—for his little Alice was with him. He knocked at the door,—the well-known porter opened it, and started at the melancholy man he saw. Sorrow and sickness claim respect, and they found it here. The porter knew not whether he should please his master by admitting the visitors, but he did not think of turning them away. They passed on. His name was announced to his mother. She came to him at once.

• “Rupert!” cried Lady Railton, looking at him with astonishment.

“Mother,” he answered placidly, “I have brought you my child—the innocent and unoffending. She will be an orphan soon—as you may guess. You will protect and be a mother to her?”

The proudest of women was sufficiently humbled. The prodigal was received with a tenderness that came too late—a welcome that had nothing of rejoicing. He was forgiven, but his pardon availed him nothing. He was watched and attended with affectionate care, when watching and attention could not add an hour to his life, or one consolation to his bruised spirit. The trial came on, a verdict was pronounced in favour of the plaintiff. The knot that had been violently tied was violently broken

asunder. Upon the evening preceding that day, Rupert Sinclair had finished with the earth. He died, with his little darling kneeling at his side. He died, breathing her name.

Years have passed since that hour. I have seen much since I followed my poor friend to his last resting-place. It has been my lot to behold a proud and haughty woman instructed by misfortune, and elevated by human grief. Lady Railton repaid the folly of a life by her conduct towards the child committed to her charge. She did her duty to the lovely Alice; she fulfilled her obligations to her father.—I have seen vice terribly punished. A few months ago, I stood at a pauper's grave. It was the grave of ELINOR TRAVIS. Deserted by Lord Minden, she descended in the scale of vice,—for years she lived in obscurity,—she was buried at the public charge. The family of General Travis has long since been extinct. The money with which his daughter supplied him in Lyons enabled him to compound with a merchant, whose name he had forged, and to leave Europe for ever.

The little Alice is a matron now, but lovely in the meridian of her virtuous life, as in her earlier morn. She is the mother of a happy family—herself its brightest ornament.

HOCHELAGA.

LET not the unsophisticated reader be alarmed at the somewhat barbarous and unintelligible word that heads this article. Let him not be deterred by a name from the investigation of facts, nor hindered by the repulsive magic of harshly-sounding syllables from rambling with us through the pages of an amusing and clever book. HOCHELAGA is neither a heathen god nor a Mohawk chief, an Indian cacique nor a Scandinavian idol, but simply the ancient and little known name of a well-known and interesting country. Under it is designated a vast and flourishing territory, a bright jewel in England's crown, a land whose daily increasing population, if only partially of British origin, yet is ruled by British laws, and enjoys the blessings of British institutions. On the continent of North America, over whose southern and central portions the banner of republicanism exultingly floats, a district yet remains where monarchical government and conservative principles are upheld and respected. By nature it is far from being the most favoured region of that New World which Columbus first discovered and Spaniards and English first colonized. It has neither the mineral wealth of Mexico nor the luxuriant fertility of the Southern States. Within its limits no cotton fields wave or sugar-canes rustle; the tobacco plant displays not its broad and valuable leaf; the crimson cochineal and the purple indigo are alike unknown; no mines of silver and gold freight galleons for the Eastern world. Its produce is industriously wrung from stubborn fields and a rigid climate—not generously, almost spontaneously, yielded by a glowing temperature and teeming soil. The corn and timber which it exchanges for European manufactures and luxuries, are results of the white man's hard and honest labour, not of the blood and sweat and ill-requited toil of flagellated negroes and oppressed Indians. From the

Lakes and the St Lawrence to Labrador and the Bay of Hudson this country extends. Its name is CANADA.

Mr Eliot Warburton, a gentleman favourably known to the English public, as author of a pleasant book of travel in the East, has given the sanction and benefit of his editorship to a narrative of rambles and observations in the Western hemisphere. We put little faith in editorships; favour and affection have induced many able men to endorse indifferent books; and we took up *Hochelaga* with all due disposition to be difficult, and to resist an imposition, had such been practised. Even the tender and touching compliments exchanged between author and editor in their respective prefaces, did not mollify us, or dispose us to look leniently upon a poor production. We are happy to say that we were speedily disarmed by the contents of the volumes; that we threw aside the critical cat-o'-ninetails, whose deserved and well-applied lashes have made many a literary sinner to writhe, and prepared for the more grateful task of commending the agreeable pages of an intelligent and unprejudiced traveller. Since the latter chooses to be anonymous, we have no right to dispel his incognito, or to seek so to do. Concerning him, therefore, we will merely state what may be gathered from his book; that he is plump, elderly, good-tempered, and kind-hearted, and, we suspect, an *ex-militaire*.

Before opening the campaign in Canada, let us, for a moment, step ashore in what our author styles the fishiest of modern capitals, St John's, Newfoundland. Here codfish are the one thing universal; acres of sheds roofed with cod, laid out to dry, boats fishing for cod, ships loading with it, fields manured with it, and, best of all, fortunes made by it. The accomplishments of the daughter, the education of the son, the finery of the mother, the comforts of the father,

all are paid for with this profitable fish. The population subsist upon it; figuratively, not literally. For, although the sea is alive with cod, the earth covered with it, and the air impregnated with its odour, it is carefully banished from the dinner-table, and "an observation made on its absence from that apparently appropriate position, excited as much astonishment as if I had made a remark to a Northumberland squire that he had not a head-dish of Newcastle coals." But the abundance which renders it unpalatable to the Newfoundlanders, procures them more acceptable viands, and all the luxuries of life. The climate ungenial, the soil barren, crops are difficult to obtain, and rarely ripen; even potatoes and vegetables are but scantily compelled from the niggard earth; fish, the sole produce, is the grand article of barter. In exchange for his lenten ration of *bucallao*, the Spaniard sends his fruits and Xeres, the Portuguese his racy port, the Italian his Florence oil and Naples maccheroni. Every where, but especially in those "countries of the Catholic persuasion" where the fasts of the Romish church are most strictly observed, Newfoundland finds customers for its cod and suppliers of its wares.

Excepting in the case of a boundary question to settle, or a patriot revolt to quell, Canada obtains in England a smaller share than it deserves of the public thoughts. It does not appeal to the imagination by those attractive elements of interest which so frequently rivet attention on others of our colonies. India is brought into dazzling relief by its Oriental magnificence and glitter, and by its feats of arms; the West Indies have wealth and an important central position; our possessions towards the South pole excite curiosity by their distance and comparative novelty. But Canada, pacific and respectable, plain and unpretending, to many suggests no other idea than that of a bleak and thinly-peopled region, with little to recommend it, even in the way of picturesque scenery or natural beauty. Those who have hitherto entertained such an opinion may feel surprised at the following description of Quebec.

"Take mountain and plain, sinuous river and broad tranquil waters, stately ship and tiny boat, gentle hill and shady valley, bold headland and rich fruitful fields, frowning battlement and cheerful villa, glittering dome and rural spire, flowery garden and sombre forest—group them all into the choicest picture of ideal beauty your fancy can create—arch it over with a cloudless sky—light it up with a radiant sun, and, lest the sheen should be too dazzling, hang a veil of lighted haze over all, to soften the lines and perfect the repose; you will then have seen Quebec on this September morning."

The internal arrangements of the chief port and second town of Canada do not correspond with its external appearance and charming environs. The public buildings are ugly; the unsymmetrical streets twist and turn in every possible direction—are narrow and of quaint aspect, composed of houses irregularly placed and built. The suburbs, chiefly peopled by French Canadians, are of wood, with exception of the churches, hospitals, and convents. The population of the city, which now amounts to forty thousand souls, has increased fifteen thousand during the last fifteen years. The people are as motley as their dwellings; in all things there is a curious mixture of French and English. "You see over a corner house, 'Cul de Sac Street;' on a sign-board, 'Ignace Bougainville, chemist and druggist.' In the shops, with English money you pay a Frenchman for English goods; the piano at the evening party of Mrs What's-her-name makes Dutch concert with the music of Madame Chose's *soirée* in the next house. Sad to say, the two races do not blend; they are like oil and water—the English the oil, being the richer and at the top." The difference of descent tells its tale: the restless, grumbling Anglo-Saxon pushes his way upwards, energetic and indefatigable; the easy-going, contented French-Canadian, remains where he is, or rather sinks than rises. The latter has many good qualities; he is honest, sober, hardy, kind, and courteous. Brave and loyal, he willingly takes the field in defence of the established government and of British rights. The most brilliant exploit of

the last American war is recorded of three hundred French Canadians under M. de Salaberry, who, by their resolute maintenance of a well-selected position, compelled General Hampton, with a park of artillery and a body of troops twenty times as numerous as themselves, to evacuate Lower Canada. Simple, credulous, and easily worked upon, it was at the incitation of a few knaves and adventurers that a portion of the French population were brought to share in the rebellion of 1837. There is little danger of another such outbreak, even though colonial demagogues should again agitate, French republicans again rave about British tyranny towards their oppressed brethren, and though the refuse and rabble of the States should once more assemble upon the frontier to aid and abet an insurrection. The abortive result of the last revolt, the little sympathy it found amongst the masses of the population, the judicious and conciliatory measures of recent governors, have combined to win over the disaffected, and to convince them that it is for their true interest to continue under the mild rule of Great Britain. An excellent feeling has been shown by all parties during our late difficult relations with the United States. "The Americans are altogether mistaken," said the leader of the Upper Canada reformers, "if they suppose that political differences in Canada arise from any sympathy with them or their institutions; we have our differences, but we are perfectly able to settle them ourselves, and will not suffer their interference."

"My countrymen," said one of the most influential French Canadians, during a discussion on the militia bill, "would be the first to rush to the frontier, and joyfully oppose their breasts to the foe; the last shot fired on this continent in defence of the British crown will be by the hand of a French Canadian. By habits, feeling, and religion, we are monarchists and conservatives."

When such sentiments are expressed by the heads of the opposition, there is little fear for Canada, and ambitious democrats must be content to push southwards. In a northerly direction it would be absurd for them to expect either to propagate their

principles or extend their territory. They believe that in the event of a war with England, twenty or thirty thousand militia would speedily overrun and conquer Canada. In a clear and comprehensive statement of Canada's means of defence, the author of *Hochelaga* shows the folly of this belief, which assuredly can only be seriously entertained by men overweeningly presumptuous or utterly oblivious of the events of thirty years ago. When, in 1812, we came to loggerheads with our Yankee cousins, and they walked into Canada, expecting, as they now would, to walk over it, they soon found that they were to take very little by their motion. The whole number of British troops then in the colony was under two thousand four hundred men. Upper Canada was comparatively a wilderness, occupied by a few scattered labourers, difficult to organise into militia, and including no class out of which officers could be made. Yet, even with this slender opposition, how did the invaders fare? Where were the glorious results so confidently anticipated? Let the defeat at Chrystler's farm, the rout and heavy loss at Queenstown, the surrender of General Hall with his whole army and the territory of Michigan, reply to the question. And to-day how do matters stand? "Within the last twenty years, several entire Scottish clans, under their chiefs—M'Nabs, Glengarys, and others, worthy of their warlike ancestors—have migrated hither. Hardy and faithful men from the stern hills of Ulster, and fiery but kind-hearted peasants from the south of Ireland, with sturdy honest yeomen from Yorkshire and Cumberland, have fixed their homes in the Canadian forests. These immigrants, without losing their love and reverence for the crown and laws of their native country, have become attached to their adopted land, where their stake is now fixed, and are ready to defend their properties and their government against foreign invasion or domestic treason." The militia, composed in great part of the excellent materials just enumerated, is of the nominal strength of 140,000 men. Of these a fourth might take the field, without their absence seriously impeding the commerce and

industry of the country. The Canadian arsenals are well supplied, and nearly eight thousand regular troops occupy the various garrisons. Quebec, with its strong fortifications and imposing citadel, may bid defiance to any force that could be brought against it from the States; important works have been erected upon the island of Montreal; Kingston and its adjacent forts would require a large army and corresponding naval force to subdue it; Toronto would give the invaders some trouble. Defensive works exist along the frontier of Lower Canada. In no way has the security of the colonies been neglected, or the possibility of a war overlooked. But there is yet one measure whose adoption the author of *Hochelaga* strongly urges, whose utility is obvious, and which we trust in due time to see carried out. This is the construction of a railroad, connecting the whole of British America; commencing at Halifax and extending, by Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto, to Amherstburg and the far west. The essential portion of the line is that from Halifax to Quebec, by which, when the St Lawrence is closed by ice, troops might be forwarded in a couple of days to the latter city. In the spring of 1847, we are told, the canals will be completed which are to open the great lakes to our fleets. For summer time that may suffice. But the five months' winter must not be overlooked. And apart from the military view of the case, the benefit of such a railway would be enormous. "It will strengthen the intimacy between this splendid colony and the seat of government: the emigrant from home, and the produce from the west, will then pass through British waters and over British territories only, without enriching the coffers of a foreign state. The Americans, with their great mercantile astuteness, are making every effort to divert the trade of Canada into their channels, and to make us in every way dependent on them for our communications. The drawback bill, by which the custom-duties on foreign goods are refunded on their passing into our provinces, has already been attended with great success in obtaining for them a portion of our carrying trade, especially during the winter,

when our great highway of the St Lawrence is closed."

The estimated cost of the railway, as far as Quebec, is three millions sterling—a sum far too large to be raised by private means in the colony. The advantages would be manifold, and a vast impulse would be given to the prosperity of Canada. The Canadians are anxious to see the scheme carried out, but they look to this country for aid. As one means of repaying the expenses of construction, it has been proposed that tracts of land along the line of road should be granted to the company: the railway once completed, these would speedily become of great value. The engineering difficulties are stated to be very slight.

This proposed railway brings us back to Quebec, whence we have been decoyed sooner than we intended, by the discussion of Canada's military defences. We sincerely wish that these may never be needed; that no clouds may again overshadow our relations with the States, and that, should such arise, they may promptly and amicably be dissipated. In disputes and discussions with the great American republic, this country has ever shown itself yielding; far too much so, if such pliancy encourages to further encroachment. But if we are at last met in a good spirit, if our forbearance and facility are read aright, it will be some compensation to Great Britain for having more than once ceded what she might justly have maintained. We shall not at present enter into the subject, or investigate how far certain English governments have been justified in relinquishing to American clamour, and for the sake of peace, tracts of territory which it would have been more dignified to retain, even by the strong hand. Insignificant though these concessions may individually have appeared, their sum is important. Were evidence of that fact wanting, we should find it in the book before us.

"Extensive though may be this splendid province of Canada, it is yet very different indeed from what it originally was. In the fourteenth year of the reign of George the Third, the boundaries of the province of Quebec, as it was then called, were defined by an act of the Imperial Par-

liament. By that act it included a great extent of what is now New England, and the whole of the country between the state of Pennsylvania, the river Ohio and the Mississippi, north to the Hudson's Bay territory, where now a great portion of the rich and flourishing Western States add their strength to the neighbouring republic. By gradual encroachments on the one hand, and concessions on the other, by the misconstruction of treaties and division of boundaries, have these vast and valuable tracts of country been separated from the British empire."

England has the reputation of holding her own with a firm and tenacious grasp; and by foreign rivals it is imputed to her as a crime that she is greedy and aggressive, more apt to take with both hands, than to give up with either. If such be really the general character of her policy, in North America she has strangely relaxed it. None, it is true, not even our kinsmen beyond the Atlantic, highly as they estimate their own weight and prowess, will suspect this country of giving way from other motives than a wish to remain on amicable terms with a relative and a customer. But such considerations must not be allowed undue influence. It would be unworthy the British character to fly to arms for a pique or a bauble; it would be still more degrading to submit patiently to a systematic series of encroachments. Unquestionably, had France stood towards America in the same position that we do, with respect to Canada, and if America had pursued with France the same course that she has done with us, there would long since have been broken heads between Frenchmen and Yankees; probably at this very moment the tricolor and the stars and stripes would have been buffeting each other by sea and land. We do not set up France as an example to this country in that particular. We are less sensitive than our Gallic neighbours, and do not care to injure or peril substantial interests by excessive punctiliousness. But there is a point at which forbearance must cease. Governments have patched up disputes, and made concessions, through fear of compli-

cating their difficulties, and of incurring blame for plunging the country into a war. The country has looked on, if not approvingly, at least passively; and, the critical moment past, has borne no malice, and let bygones be bygones. But if war became necessary, the people of England would, whilst deploring that necessity, enter upon it cheerfully, and feel confident of its result. There must be no more boundary questions trumped up, no more attempts to chip pieces off our frontier; or, strong as the desire is to keep friends with Brother Jonathan, something serious will ensue. Meanwhile, and in case of accidents, it is proper and prudent to keep our bayonets bright, and to put bolts and bars upon the gates of Canada.

In Quebec, our Hochelagian friend seems greatly to have enjoyed himself. Judging from his account, it must be a pleasant place and eligible residence. Such quadrilling and polkaing, and riding and sleighing—picnics in the summer to the Chaudière falls and other beautiful places, fishing-parties to Lake Beaufort in the fine Canadian autumn, snow-shoing in the winter, fun and merriment at all seasons. In the Terpsichorean diversions above cited, our author—being, as already observed, obese and elderly—took no share, but looked on good-humouredly, and silyly noted the love-passages between the handsome English captains and pretty Canadian girls. The latter are most attractive. Brought out young, and mixing largely in society, they are not very deeply read, but are exceedingly loveable, and possess an indescribable charm of manner. Owing probably to the extremes of heat and cold in Canada, beauty is there less durable than in the mother country. Early matured, it speedily fades. The fair Canadians make good use of the interval, and find it abundantly long to play havoc with the hearts of the other sex. The English officers are particularly susceptible to their fascinations, and many marry in Canada; as do also a large proportion of the English merchants who go over there. The style of dress of these seductive damsels is simple, but tasteful. In winter, of course,

they are furred to the eyes, as a protection from the piercing cold, which rivals that of Siberia. Muffled and gauntleted, well packed in bear and buffalo skins, they are driven about in sledges by their male friends, who wear huge fur caps, flapped over the ears, enormous blanket or buffalo coats, jack-boots, moose-skin moccasins, and other contrivances equally inelegant and comfortable. The extreme dryness of the air renders the cold much more endurable than might be supposed. The sun shines brightly, the atmosphere is crisp and exhilarating; there is rarely much wind. Under these circumstances, the thermometer may go down, as it frequently does, to thirty or forty degrees below zero, without any serious inconvenience or suffering being felt. When a gale comes during the cold season, the effect is very different. Our author tells us of a certain Sunday, "when the thermometer was at thirty degrees below zero, and a high wind blew at the same time. The effect, in many respects, was not unlike that of intense heat; the sky was very red about the setting sun, and deep blue elsewhere; the earth and river were covered with a thin haze, and the tin cross and spires, and the new snow, shone with almost unnatural brightness; dogs went mad from the cold and want of water; metal exposed to the air blistered the hand, as if it had come out of a fire; no one went out of doors but from necessity, and those who did, hurried along with their fur-gloved hands over their faces, as if to guard against an atmosphere infected with the plague; for as the icy wind touched the skin, it scorched it like a blaze. But such a day as this occurs only once in many years."

There is tolerable fishing and shooting around Quebec; trout in abundance, salmon within five-and-twenty miles, snipe and woodcock, hare and partridge. Angling, however, is rendered almost as unpleasant an operation for the fisher as for the fish, by the mosquitoes, which abound in the summer months, and are extremely troublesome in country places, though they do not venture into towns. To get good shooting it is necessary to go a considerable distance. But the

grand object of the Canadian chase is the enormous moose-deer, which grows to the height of seven feet and upwards, and is sometimes fierce and dangerous. In the month of February, our author and a military friend started on a moose-hunting expedition, which lasted six days, and ended in the slaughter of two fine specimens. They were guided by four Indians, belonging to a remnant of the Huron tribe, settled at the village of Sorette, near Quebec; a degenerate race, mostly with a cross of the French Canadian in their blood, idle, dirty, covetous, and especially drunken. There are other domesticated Indians in Canada who bear a higher character. During the insurrection, a party of rebels having approached the Indian village of Caughrawaga, the warriors of the tribe hastily armed themselves, and sallied forth to attack them. Taken by surprise, the insurgents were made prisoners, bound with their own sashes, and conveyed to Montreal jail. The victors were of the once powerful and ferocious tribe of the Six Nations. Their chief told the English general commanding, that, if necessary, he would bring him, within four-and-twenty hours, the scalps of every inhabitant of the neighbourhood. None of the Red men's prisoners had been injured.

The moose-hunting guides were of a very different stamp to the brave, loyal, and humane Indians of Caughrawaga. They were most disgusting and sensual ruffians, eating themselves torpid, and constantly manoeuvring to get at the brandy bottle. As guides, they proved tolerably efficient. The account of the snow houses they constructed for the night, and of their proceedings in the "bush," is highly interesting. Large fires were lighted in the sleeping cabins, but they neither melted the snow nor kept out the intense cold. "About midnight I awoke, fancying that some strong hand was grasping my shoulders: it was the cold. The fire blazed away brightly, so close to our feet that it singed our robes and blankets; but at our heads diluted spirits froze into a solid mass." Another curious example is given of the violence of Canadian cold. A couple of houses were burned, and "the flames raged

with fury in the still air, but did not melt the hard thick snow on the roof till it fell into the burning ruins. The water froze in the engines; hot water was then obtained, and as the stream hissed off the fiery rafters, the particles fell frozen into the flames below." A sharp climate this! but in spite of it and of various inconveniences and hardships, the hunters reached the *ravagé* or moose-yard, bagged their brace of deer, and returned to Quebec, satisfied with their expedition, still better pleased at having it over, and fully convinced that once of that sort of thing is enough for a lifetime.

From Quebec to Montreal, up the St Lawrence, in glorious midsummer weather, our traveller takes us, in a great American river-steamer, like a house upon the water, with a sort of upper story built upon deck, and a promenade upon its roof, gliding past green slopes and smiling woodlands, neat country-houses and white cottages, and fertile fields, in which the *habitans*, as the French Canadian peasants are called, are seen at work, enlivening their toil by their national song of *La Claire Fontaine*, and by other pleasant old ditties, first sung, centuries ago, on the flowery banks of the sunny Loire. Truly there is something delightful and affecting in the simple, harmless, contented life of these French Canadians, in their clinging to old customs—their very costume is that of the first settlers—and to old superstitions, in their unaffected piety and gentle courtesy. They do not "progress," they are not "go-a-head;" of education they have little; they are neither "smart" nor "spry;" but they are virtuous and happy. Knowing nothing of the world beyond *La belle Canada*, they have no desires beyond a tranquil life of labour in their modest farms and peaceful homesteads.

Montreal is a handsome bustling town, with a prosperous trade and metropolitan aspect, and combines the energy and enterprise of an American city with the solidity of an English one. In size, beauty, and population, it has made astonishing strides within the last few years. It owes much to the removal thither of the seat of government, more still to a

first-rate commercial position and to the energy of its inhabitants. Its broad and convenient stone wharf is nearly a mile in length; its public buildings are large and numerous, more so than is necessary for its present population of fifty thousand persons, and evidently built in anticipation of a great and speedy increase. The most important in size, and the largest in the New World, is the French cathedral, within which, we are told, ten thousand persons can at one time kneel. The people of Montreal are less sociable than those of Quebec; the entertainments are more showy but less agreeable. Party feeling runs high; the elections are frequently attended with much excitement and bitterness; occasional collisions take place between the English, Irish, and French races. Employment is abundant, luxury considerable, plenty every where.

It was during his journey from Montreal to Kingston, performed principally in steam-boats, that the author of *Hochelaga* first had the felicity of setting foot on the soil of the States. Happening to mention that he had never before enjoyed that honour, a taciturn, sallow-looking gentleman on board the steamer, who wore a broad-brimmed white hat, smoked perpetually, but never spoke, waited till he saw him fairly on shore, and then removed the cigar from his mouth and broke silence. "I reckon, stranger," was his observation, 'you have it to say now that you have been in a free country.' It was afterwards discovered that this enthusiast for 'free' countries was a planter from Alabama, and that, to the pleasures of his tour, he united the business of inquiring for runaway slaves." On this occasion, however, the singular advantage of treading republican ground was luxuriated in by our traveller but for a very brief time. He had disembarked only to stretch his legs, and returning on board, proceeded to Lake Ontario and to Kingston—an uncomfortable-looking place, with wide dreary streets, at the sides of which the grass grows. Nevertheless, it has some trade and an increasing population—the latter rather Yankeeified, from the proximity to, and constant intercourse

with, the States. They "guess" a few, and occasionally speak through the nose more than is altogether becoming in British subjects and loyal Canadians, both of which, however, they unquestionably are. Kingston is a favourite residence with retired officers of the English army and navy. The necessaries of life are very cheap; shooting and fishing good; and for those who love boating, the inland ocean of Ontario spreads its broad blue waters, enlivened by a host of steam and sailing vessels, fed by numerous streams, and supplying the dwellers on its banks with fish of varied species and peculiar excellence. The majority of emigrants from the mother country settle in the lake districts, where labour is well remunerated and farmers' profits are good. But the five-and-twenty thousand who annually arrive, are as a drop of water in the ocean; they are imperceptible in that vast extent of country. Here and there, it is true, one finds a tolerably well-peopled district. This is the case in the vicinity of the Bay of Quinté, a narrow arm of Lake Ontario, eighty miles in length, and in many places not more than one broad. "On its shores the forests are rapidly giving way to thriving settlements, some of them in situations of very great beauty."

To be in Canada without visiting Niagara, would be equivalent to going to Rome without entering St Peter's. As in duty bound, our traveller betook himself to the Falls; and he distinguishes himself from many of those who have preceded him thither by describing naturally and unaffectedly their aspect, and the impression they made upon him. The "everlasting fine water privilege," as the Americans call this prodigious cataract, did not at first strike him with awe; but the longer he gazed and listened, the greater did his admiration and astonishment become. Seated upon the turf, near Table Rock, whence the best view is obtained, he stared long and eagerly at the great wonder, until he was dragged away to inspect the various accessories and smaller marvels which hungry cicerones insist upon showing, and confiding tourists think it incumbent upon them to visit. Cockneyism

and bad taste have found their way even to Niagara. On both the English and the American side, museum and camera-obscure, garden, wooden monument, and watch-tower abound; and boys wander about, distributing Mosaic puffs of pagodas and belvideres, whence the finest possible views are to be obtained. Niagara, according to these disinterested gentry and their poetical announcements, must be seen from all sides; from above and from below, sideways and even from behind. The traveller is rowed to the foot of the Falls, or as near to it as possible, getting not a little wet in the operation; he is then seduced to the top of the pagoda, twenty-five cents being charged for the accommodation; then hurried off to Iris island, where the Indians, in days long gone by, had their burying-ground; and, finally, having been inducted into an oil-cloth surtout, and a pair of hard, dirty shoes, he is compelled to shuffle along a shingly path cut out of the cliff, within the curve described by the falling water—thus obtaining a posterior view of the cataract. Chilled with cold, soaked and blinded by the spray, deafened with the noise, sliding over numerous eels, which wind themselves, like wreathing snakes, round his ankles and into his shoes, he undergoes this last infliction; and is then let loose to wander where he listeth, free from the monotonous vulgarity of guides and the wearisome babble of visitors, and having acquired the conviction that he might as well have saved himself all this plague and trouble, for that, "as there is but one perfect view for a painting, so there is but one for Niagara. See it from Table Rock: gaze thence upon it for hours, days if you like, and then go home. As for the Rapids, Cave of the Winds, Burning Springs, &c., &c., you might as well enter into an examination of the gilt figures on the picture frame, as waste your time on them."

With the first volume of *Hochelaga*, the author concludes his Canadian experiences, and rambles into the States—beyond a doubt the most ticklish territory a literary tourist can venture upon. Of the very many books that have been written concerning America, not one did we ever

hear of that was fortunate enough to find approval in the eyes of Americans. And we are entirely at a loss to conjecture what sort of notice of them and their country *would* prove satisfactory to these very difficult gentry. None, we apprehend, that fell short of unqualified praise; none that did not depreciate all other nations to their greater glorification, and set America and her institutions on that pinnacle of perfection which her self-satisfied sons persuade themselves they have attained. To please their pampered palates, praise must be unlimited; no hints of positive deficiency, or even of possible improvement, must chill the glowing eulogium. Censure, even conditional commendation, they cannot stomach. Admit that they are brave and hospitable, energetic and industrious, intelligent and patriotic; it will advance you little in their good graces, unless you also aver that they are neither braggarts nor jealous; that, as a nation, they are honest and honourable; as individuals, models of polished demeanour and gentlemanly urbanity. Nay, when you have done all that, the chances are that some red-hot planter from the southern States calls upon you to drink Success to slavery, and the Abolitionists to the tar-barrel! The author of *Hochelaga* is aware of this weak point of the American character: he likes the Americans; considers them a wonderful people; praises them more than we ever heard them praised, save by themselves; and yet, because he cannot shut his eyes to their obvious failings, he feels that he is ruined in their good opinion. On his way to Saratoga, he fell in with a Georgian gentleman and lady, pleasant people, who begged him frankly to remark upon any thing in the country and its customs which appeared to him unusual or strange. He did so, and his criticisms were taken in good part till he chanced upon slavery. This was the sore point. Luckily there was a heavy swell upon the lake, and the Georgian became sea-sick, which closed the discussion as it began to get stormy. With other Americans on board the steamer, our traveller sought opportunities of discoursing. He found them courteous and intelli-

gent; with a good deal of superficial information, derived chiefly from newspaper reading; partial to the English, as individuals—but not as a nation; prone to judge of English institutions and manners from isolated and exceptional examples; to reason “on the state of the poor from the Andover workhouse; on the aristocracy, from the late Lord Hertford; on morality, from Dr Lardner.” Every where he met with kindness and hospitality; but, on the other hand, he was not unfrequently disgusted by coarseness of manners, and compelled to smile at the utter want of tact which is an American characteristic, and which inherent defect education, travel, good-humour, and kind-heartedness, are insufficient to eradicate or neutralise in the natives of the Union. “A friend, in giving me hints of what was best worth seeing in the Capitol at Washington, said, ‘there are some very fine pictures. Oh, I beg pardon; I mean that there is a splendid view from the top of the building.’ I knew perfectly well that those paintings, which his good-nature rebuked him for having incautiously mentioned, represented the surrender of Burgoyne, and other similar scenes—in reality about as heart-rending to me as a sketch of the battle of Hexham would be. To this day, I admire my friend’s kind intentions more than his tact in carrying them out.”

The expectoration, chewing, and other nastinesses indulged in by many classes of Americans, and which have proved such fruitful themes for the facetiousness of book-writers, are very slightly referred to by the author of *Hochelaga*, who probably thinks that enough has already been said on such sickening subjects. He attributes some of these peculiarities to a sort of general determination to alter and improve on English customs. In driving, the Americans keep the right side of the road instead of the left; in eating, they reverse the uses of the knife and fork; perhaps it is the same spirit of opposition that prompts them to bolt their food dog-fashion and with railroad rapidity, instead of imitating the cleanly decorum with which Englishmen discuss their meals. Talking of knives—in most of the country inns

they are broad, round, and blunt at the point, in order that they may be used as spoons, and even thrust half-way down the throats of tobacco-chewing republicans, who do not hesitate to cut the butter, and help themselves to salt, with the same weapon that has just been withdrawn from the innermost recesses of their mouth, almost of their gullet. In America, people seem to be for ever in a hurry; every thing is done "on the rush," and as if it were merely the preliminary to something else much more important, to which it is essential to get as speedily as possible. At Boston our traveller was put into a six-bedded room, the only empty one in the hotel. Three of the beds were engaged by Americans. "I was fortunate to awaken just as the American gentlemen came in; for it gave me an opportunity of seeing a dispatch in going to rest rivalling that in the dinner department. From the time the door opened, there appeared to be nothing but a hop-step-and-jump into bed, and then a snore of the profoundest repose. Early in the morning, when these gentlemen awoke from their balmy slumbers, there was another hop-step-and-jump out of bed, and we saw no more of them." We are happy to learn, however, that a great change has of late years been wrought in the coarser and more offensive points of American manners and habits—chiefly, we are assured, by the satirical works of English writers. Much yet remains to be done, as is admitted in the book before us, where it is certain that as good a case as possible, consistent with truth, has been made out for the Americans. "Even now I defy any one to exaggerate the horrors of chewing, and its odious consequences; the shameless selfishness which seizes on a dish, and appropriates the best part of its contents, if the plate cannot contain the whole; and the sullen silence at meal times." The class to which this passage refers is a very numerous one, and far from the lowest in the country—as regards position and circumstances, that is to say. Its members are met with in every steam-boat and railway carriage, at boarding-houses and public dinner tables. They have dollars in plenty, wear expensive

clothes, and live on the fat of the land; but their manners are infinitely worse than those of any class with which a traveller in England can possibly be brought in contact. Most of them, doubtless, have risen from very inferior walks of life. Their circumstances have improved, themselves have remained stationary, chiefly from the want of an established standard of refinement to strain up to. It would be as absurd as illiberal to assert that there are no well-bred, gentlemanly men in the States; but it is quite certain that they are the few, the exceptions, insufficient in number to constitute a class. Elegance and republicanism are sworn foes; the latter condemns what the first depends upon. An aristocracy, an army, an established church, mould, by their influence and example, the manners of the masses. The Americans decline purchasing polish at such a price. The day will come when they shall discover their error, and cease to believe that the rule of the many constitutes the perfection of liberty and happiness. At present, although they eagerly snatch at the few titles current in their country, and generals and honourables are every where in exceeding abundance, the only real eminence amongst them is money. Its eager and unremitting pursuit leaves little time for the cultivation of those tastes which refine and improve both mind and manners. Nevertheless, as above mentioned, there is an improvement in the latter item; and certain gross inelegancies, which passed unnoticed half a score years ago, now draw down public censure upon their perpetrators. "A Trollope! a Trollope!" was the cry upon a certain evening at the Baltimore theatre, when one of the sovereign people fixed his feet upon the rail of the seat before him, and stared at the performance through his upraised legs. However they may sneer at "benighted Britishers," and affect to pity and look down upon their oppressed and unhappy condition, the Americans secretly entertain a mighty deference for this country and the opinion of its people. The English press is looked upon with profound respect; a leading article in the *Times* is read as an oracle, and carries weight even when it exaspe-

rates. And with all his assumed superiority, the American is never displeas'd, but the contrary, at being mistaken for an Englishman. The stinging missiies fired from this side the Atlantic at Pennsylvanian repudiators had no small share in bringing about the recent tardy payment of interest. The satire of Sydney Smith spoke more loudly to American ears than did the voices of conscience and common honesty.

The old Hibernian boast, revived and embalmed by Moore in a melody, that a fair and virtuous maiden, decked with gems both rich and rare, might travel through Ireland unprotected and unmolested, may now be made by America. So, at least, the author of *Hochelaga* instructs us, avouching his belief that a lady of any age and unlimited attractions may travel through the whole Union without a single annoyance, but aided, on the contrary, by the most attentive and unobtrusive civility. And many American ladies do so travel; their own propriety of behaviour, and the chivalry of their countrymen, for sole protectors. The best seat in coach and at table, the best of every thing, indeed, is invariably given up to them. This practical courtesy to the sex is certainly an excellent point in the American character. A humorous exemplification is given of it in *Hochelaga*. An Englishman at the New York theatre, having engaged, paid for, and established himself in a snug front corner of a box, thought himself justified in retaining it, even when summoned by an American to yield it to a lady. A discussion ensued. The pit inquired its cause; the lady's companion stepped forward and said, "There is an Englishman here who will not give up his place to a lady." Whereupon the indignant pit swarmed up into the box, gently seized the offender, and carried him out of the theatre, neither regarding nor retaliating his kicks, blows, and curses, set him carefully down upon the steps, handed him his hat, his opera-glass, and the price of his ticket, and shut the door in his face. "The shade of the departed Judge Lynch," concludes the narrator of the anecdote, "must have rejoiced at such an angelic administration of his law!"

On his route from New York to Boston, the Yankee capital, our author made sundry observations on his fellow travellers by railway and steamboat. They were very numerous, and the fares were incredibly low. There was also a prodigious quantity of luggage, notwithstanding that many American gentlemen travel light, with their linen and brushes in their great-coat pocket. Others, on the contrary, have an addiction to very large portmanteaus of thin strong wood, bound with iron, nailed with brass, initialed, double-locked and complicated, and possessing altogether a peculiarly cautious and knowing look, which would stamp them as American though they were encountered in Cabul or Algeria. Round the walls of the reading-room at the Boston hotel were hung maps of the States, the blue of the American territory thrusting itself up into the red of the English to the furthest line of the different disputed points. "At the top they were ornamented by some appropriate national design, such as the American eagle carrying the globe in its talons, with one claw stuck well into Texas, and another reaching nearly to Mexico."

A remarkably clean city is Boston, quite Dutch in its propriety, spotless in its purity; smoking in the streets is there prohibited, and chewing has fewer proselytes than in most parts of the States. It is one of the most ancient of American towns, having been founded within ten years after the landing of the first New England settlers. The anniversary of the day when

"A band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore,"

the 21st December 1620, is still celebrated at Plymouth, the earliest settlement of the pilgrim fathers. Thousands flock from Boston to assist at the ceremony. On the last anniversary, the author of *Hochelaga* was present. The proceedings of the day commenced with divine service, performed by Unitarian and Baptist ministers. This over, a marshal of the ceremonies proclaimed that the congregation were to form in procession and march to the place where the "Plymouth Rock" had been, there "to leave a sigh." The "heaving" having been accomplished with all due decorum and

melancholy—barring that a few unprincipled individuals in the tail of the procession, fearing to be late for dinner, shirked the sighing and took a short cut to the hotel—the banquet, not the least important part of the day's business, commenced. The president sat in a chair which came over with the pilgrims in their ship, the *Mayflower*. Beside each plate were placed a few grains of dried maize—a memento of the first gift of the friendly natives to the exiles. The dinner went off with much order. A large proportion of the persons present were members of temperance societies, and drank no wine. The grand treat of the evening, at least to an Englishman, was the speechifying. The following *resumé* is given to us as containing the pith and substance of the majority of the speeches, which were all prepared for the occasion, and, of course, contained much the same thing. The orators usually commenced with “English persecution, continued with,—landing in the howling wilderness—icebound waters—pestilence—starvation—so on to foreign tyranny—successful resistance—chainless eagles—stars and stripes—glorious independence;—then; unheard of progress—wonderful industry—stronghold of Christianity—chosen people—refuge of liberty;—again; insults of haughty Albion—blazes of triumph—queen of the seas deposed for ever—Columbia's banner of victory floating over every thing—fire and smoke—thunder and lightning—mighty republic—boundless empire. When they came to the ‘innumerable millions’ they were to be a few years hence, they generally sat down greatly exhausted.” Mr Everett, the late American minister in London, was present at this dinner, and replied with ability, eloquence, and good feeling, to a speech in which the president had made a neatly turned and friendly reference to Great Britain.

We prefer the American volume of *Hochulaga* to the Canadian one, although both are highly interesting. But, as he proceeds, the author gains in vivacity and boldness. There is a deal of anecdote and lively sketching in his account of the States; there are also some novel opinions and sound reasoning. The chapter on the pros-

pects of America affords themes for much curious speculation concerning the probable partition of the great republic. The discussion of the subject is, perhaps, a little premature; although our author affirms his belief that many now living will not die till they have seen monarchy introduced into the stronghold of republicanism, and a king governing the slave states of North America. He recognises, in the United States, the germs of three distinct nations, the North, the West, and the South. Slavery and foreign warfare, especially the former, are to be the apples of discord, the wedges to split the now compact mass. The men of the North, enlightened and industrious, commercial and manufacturing, are strenuous advocates of peace. They have shown that they do not fear war; they it was who chiefly fought the great fight of American independence; but peace is essential to their prosperity, and they will not lightly forego its advantages. This will sooner or later form the basis of differences between them and the Western States, whose turbulent sons, rapid in their increase, adventurous and restless, ever pushing forward, like some rolling tide, deeper and deeper into the wilderness, and ever seeking to infringe on neighbours' boundaries, covet the rich woods of Canada, the temperate shores of Oregon, the fertile plains of California. They have dispossessed, almost exterminated, the aborigines; the wild beasts of the forest have yielded and fled before them, the forest itself has made way for their towns and plantations. Growing in numbers and power with a rapidity unparalleled in the world's history, expansion and invasion are to them a second nature, a devouring instinct. This unrestrained impulse will sooner or later urge them to aggressions and produce a war. This they do not fear or object to; little injury can be done to them; but the Northern States, to whose trade war is ruin, will not be passively dragged into a conflict on account of the encroaching propensities of their western brethren. These differences of interests will lead to disputes, ill blood, and finally to separation.

Between South and North, the pro-

babilities of a serious, and no very distant rupture, are strong and manifest. "Slavery" and "Abolition" will be the battle-cries of the respective parties. It may almost be said that the fight has already begun, at least on one side. An avowed abolitionist dare not venture into the South. There are laws for his chastisement, and should those be deemed too lenient, there are plenty of lawless hands outstretched to string him to a tree. A deputy from South Carolina openly declared in the House of Representatives at Washington, that if they caught an abolitionist in their State, they would hang him without judge or jury. A respectable Philadelphian and ardent abolitionist confessed to us, a short time ago, not without some appearance of shame at the state of things implied by the admission, that it would be as much as his life was worth to venture into certain slave-holding states. Hitherto the pro-slavery men have had the best of it; the majority of presidents of the Union have been chosen from their candidates, they have succeeded in annexing Texas, and latterly they have struck up an alliance with the West, which holds the balance between the South and the North, although, at the rate it advances, it is likely soon to outweigh them both. But this alliance is rotten, and cannot endure; the Western men are no partisans of slavery. Meantime, the abolitionists are active; they daily become more weary of having the finger of scorn pointed at them, on account of a practice which they neither benefit by nor approve. Their

influence and numbers daily increase; in a few years they will be powerfully in the ascendant, they will possess a majority in the legislative chambers, and vote the extinction of slavery. To this, it is greatly to be feared, the fiery Southerners will not submit without an armed struggle. "Then," says the author of *Hochelaga*, "who can tell the horrors that will ensue? The blacks, urged by external promptings to rise for liberty, the furious courage and energy of the whites trampling them down, the assistance of the free states to the oppressed, will drive the oppressors to desperation: their quick perception will tell them that their loose republican organization cannot conduct a defence against such odds; and the first popular military leader who has the glory of a success, will become dictator. This, I firmly believe, will be the end of the pure democracy."

May such sinister predictions never be realised! Of the instability of American institutions, we entertain no doubt; and equally persuaded are we, that so vast a country, the interests of whose inhabitants are in many respects so conflicting, cannot remain permanently united under one government. But we would fain believe, that a severance may be accomplished peaceably, and without bloodshed; that the soil which has been converted from a wilderness to a garden by Anglo-Saxon industry and enterprise, may never be ensanguined by civil strife, or desolated by the dissensions and animosities of her sons.

LETTERS ON ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

LETTER III.

DEAR MR EDITOR,—I hope you will be of opinion that I have, in my two preceding letters, proved the hexameter to be a good, genuine English verse, fitted to please the unlearned as well as the learned ear; and hitherto prevented from having fair play among our readers of poetry, mainly by the classical affectations of our hexameter writers—by their trying to make a distinction of long and short syllables, according to Latin rules of quantity; and by their hankering after spondees, which the common ear rejects as inconsistent with our native versification. If the attempt had been made to familiarise English ears with hexameters free from these disadvantages, it might have succeeded as completely as it has done in German. And the chance of popular success would have been much better if the measure had been used in a long poem of a religious character; for religious poetry, as you know very well, finds a much larger body of admirers than any other kind, and fastens upon the minds of common readers with a much deeper hold. Religious feeling supplies the deficiency of poetical susceptibility, and imparts to the poem a splendour and solemnity which elevates it out of the world of prose. I do not think it can be doubted that Klopstock's *Messiah* did a great deal to give the hexameters a firm hold on the German popular ear; and I am persuaded that if Pollok's *Course of Time* had been written in hexameters, its popularity would have been little less than it is, and the hexameter would have been by this time in a great degree familiarised in our language. Perhaps it may be worth while to give a passage of the *Messiah*, that your readers may judge whether a hexameter version of the whole would not have been likely to succeed in this country, at the time when the prose translator was so generally read and admired. The version is by William Taylor of Norwich.

The scene is the covenant made between the two first persons of the Trinity on Mount Moriah. The effect is thus described:—

“ While spake the eternal,
Thrill'd through nature an awful earthquake. Souls that had never
Known the dawning of thought, now started, and felt for the first time.
Shudders and trembling of heart assail'd each seraph; his bright orb
Hush'd as the earth when tempests are nigh, before him was pausing.
But in the souls of future Christians vibrated transports,
Sweet pretastes of immortal existence. Foolish against God,
Aught to have plann'd or done, and alone yet alive to despondence,
Fell from thrones in the fiery abyss the spirits of evil,
Rocks broke loose from the smouldering caverns, and fell on the falling :
Howlings of woe, far-thundering crashes, resounded through hell's vaults.”

It seems to me that such verses as these might very well have satisfied the English admirers of Klopstock.

You will observe, however, that we have, in the passage which I have quoted, several examples of those *forced trochees* which I mentioned in my first letter, as one of the great blemishes of English hexameters; namely, these—*first time*; *bright orb*; *against God*; *hell's vaults*. And these produce their usual effect of making the verse in some degree unnatural and un-English.

It is, however, true, that in this respect the German hexametrist has a considerable advantage over the English. Many of the words which are naturally thrown to the end of a verse by the sense, are monosyllables in English, while the corresponding German word is a trochaic dissyllable, which takes its place in the verse smoothly and familiarly. In consequence of this

difference in the two languages, the Englishman is often compelled to lengthen his monosyllables by various artifices. Thus, in *Herman and Dorothea*—

“ Und er wandte sich schnell ; de sah sie ihm Thränen im *auge*.”

“ And he turned him quick ; then saw she tears in his *eyelids*.”

In order that I may not be misunderstood, however, I must say that I by no means intend to proscribe such final trochees as I have spoken of, composed of two monosyllables, but only to recommend a sparing and considerate use of them. They occur in Goethe, though not abundantly. Thus in *Herman and Dorothea*, we have three together :—

“ Und es brannten die strassen bis zum markt, und das *Haus war*,
Meines Vaters hierneben verzehrt und diesar *zugleich mit*,
Wenig flüchtehen wir. Ich safs, die traurige *Nacht durch*.”

None of these trochees, however, are so spondaic as the English ones which I formerly quoted, consisting of a monosyllable-adjective with a monosyllable-substantive —“ the weight of his *right hand* ;” or two substantives, as “ the heat of a *love's fire*.”

Yet even these endings are admissible occasionally. Every one assents to Harris's recognition of a natural and perfect hexameter in that verse of the Psalms—

“ Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a *vain thing* ?”

The fact is, that though the English hexameter, well constructed, is acknowledged by an English ear, as completely as any other dactylic or anapaestic measure, it always recalls, in the mind of a classical scholar, the recollection of Greek and Latin hexameters; and this association makes him willing to accept some rhythmical peculiarities which the classical forms and rules seem to justify. The peculiarities are felt as an *allusion* to Homer and Virgil, and give to the verse a kind of learned grace, which may or may not be pedantic, according to the judgment with which it is introduced. Undoubtedly, if the hexameter ever come to be as familiar in English as it is in German poetry, our best hexametrist will, like theirs, learn to convey, along with the pleasure which belongs to a flowing and familiar native measure, that which arises from agreeable recollections of the rhythms of the great epics of antiquity.

And, I add further, that the recollection of classical hexameters which will thus, in the minds of scholars, always accompany the flow of English hexameters, makes any addition to, or subtraction from, the six standard feet of the verse altogether intolerable. And hence I earnestly protest—and I hope you, Mr Editor, agree with me—against the license claimed by Southey, of using *any foot* of two or three syllables at the beginning of a line, to avoid the exotic and forced character, which, he says, the verse would assume if every line were to begin with a long syllable. No, no, my dear sir; this will never do. If we are to have hexameters at all, every line *must* begin with a long syllable. It is true, that this is sometimes difficult to attain. It is a condition which forbids us to begin a line with *The*, or *It*, or many other familiar beginnings of sentences. But it is a condition which must be adhered to; and if any one finds it too difficult, he must write something else, and leave hexameters alone. Southey, though he has claimed the license of violating this rule, has not written many of such licentious lines. I suppose the following are intended to be of this description :—

“ That not for lawless devices, nor goaded by desperate fortunes.”

“ Upōn all seas and shores, wheresoever her rights were offended.”

“ His rēverend form repose ; heavenward his face was directed.”

The two former lines might easily be corrected by leaving out the first syllable. The other is a very bad line, even if the license be allowed.

For the same reason it must be considered a very bad fault to have super-numerary syllables, or syllables which would be supernumerary if not cut down by a harsh elision. A final dactyl, requiring an elision to make it fit its place, appears to me very odious. Southey has such:—

“wins in the chamber
What he lost in the field, in fancy conquers the conqueror.”
“Still it deceiveth the weak, inflameth the rash and the desperate.”
“Rich in Italy’s works and the masterly labours of Belgium.”

And no less does the ear repudiate all other violent elisions. I find several in the other translation of the Iliad referred to in your notice of N.N.T.’s. And I am sure Mr Shadwell will excuse my pointing out one or two of them, and will accept in a friendly spirit criticisms which arise from a fellow feeling with him in the love of English hexameters. These occur in his First Iliad.

“W^heth’r it’s for vow not duly perform’d or for altar neglected.”
“Hand on his sword half drawn from its sheath, on a *subl’n* from Olympus.”
“Fail to regard in his envy the *daught’r* of the sea-dwelling ancient.”

Such crushing of words is intolerable. Our hexameters, to be generally acceptable, must flow on smoothly, with the natural pronunciation of the words; at least this is necessary till the national ear is more familiar with the movement than it is at present.

I believe I have still some remarks upon hexameters in store, if your patience and your pages suffice for them: but for the present I wish to say a word or two on another subject closely connected with this; I mean pentameters. The alternate hexameter and pentameter are, for most purposes, a more agreeable measure than the hexameter by itself. The constant double ending is tiresome, as constant double rhymes would be. Southey says, in his angry way, speaking of his hexameters—“the double ending may be censured as double rhymes used to be; but that objection belongs to the duncery.” This is a very absurd mode of disposing of one objection, mentioned by him among many others equally formal and minute, which others he pretends to discuss calmly and patiently. The objection is of real weight. Though you might tolerate a double ending here and there in an epic, I am sure, Mr Editor, you would stop your critical ears at the incessant jingle of an epic in which every couplet had a double rhyme. On the other hand, an alternation of double and single endings is felt as an agreeable form of rhythm and rhyme. We have some good examples of it in English; the Germans have more: and the French manifest the same feeling in their peremptory rule for the alternation of masculine and feminine rhymes. And there is another feature which recommends the pentameter combined with the hexameter. This combination carries into effect, on a large scale, a principle which prevails, I believe, in all the finer forms of verse. The principle which I mean is this;—that the metrical structure of the verse must be distinct and pure *at the end* of each verse, though liberties and substitutions may be allowed at the beginning. Thus, as you know, Mr Editor, the iambs of the Greek tragedians admit certain feet in the early part of the line which they do not allow in the later portions. And in the same manner the hexameter, a dactylic measure, must have the last two feet regular, while the four preceding feet may each be either trissyllabic or dissyllabic. Now, this principle of pure rhythm at the end of each strain, is peculiarly impressed upon the hexameter-pentameter distich. The end of the pentameter, rigorously consisting of two dactyls and a syllable, closes the couplet in such a manner that the metrical structure is never ambiguous; while the remainder of the couplet has liberty and variety, still kept in order by the end of the hexameter; and the double ending of the strain is avoided. I do not know whether you, Mr Editor, will agree with me in this speculation as to the source of the beauty which belongs to the hexameter-pentameter measure: but there can be no doubt that it has always had a great charm wherever dactylic measures have been cultivated. Schiller and Goëthe have delighted in it no less than Tyrtaeus and Ovid:

and I should conceive that this measure might find favour in English ears, even more fully than the mere hexameter.

But, in order that there may be any hope of this, it is very requisite that the course of the verse should be natural and unforced. This is more requisite even than in the hexameter; for, in the pentameter, the verse, if it be at variance with the natural accent, subverts it more completely, and makes the utterance more absurd. But it does not appear to be very difficult to attain to this point. In the model distich quoted by Coleridge—

“In the hexameter rises the fountain’s silvery column,
In the pentameter still falling in melody back;”

the pentameter is a better verse than the hexameter. Surry’s pentameters often flow well, in spite of his false scheme of accentuation.

“With strong foes on land, on sea, with contrary tempests,
Still do I cross this wretch, whatso he taketh in hand.”

I will here terminate my criticisms for the present, but I will offer you, along with them, a specimen of hexameter and pentameter. It is a translation from Schiller, and could not fail to win some favour to the measure, if I could catch any considerable share of the charm of the original, both in versification, language, and thought. Such as the verses are, however, I shall utter them in your critical ear—and am, dear Mr Editor, your obedient,

M. L.

THE DANCE. FROM SCHILLER.

See with floating tread the bright pair whirl in a wave-like
Swing, and the wingèd foot scarce gives a touch to the floor.
Say, is it shadows that flit unlogg’d by the load of the body?
Say, is it elves that weave fairy-wings under the moon?
So rolls the curling smoke through air on the breath of the zephyr;
So sways the light canoe borne on the silvery lake.
—Bounds the well-taught foot on the sweet-flowing wave of the measure;
Whispering musical strains buoy up the æry forms.
Now, as if in its rush it would break the chain of the dancers,
Dives an adventurous pair into the thick of the throng.
Quick before them a pathway is formed, and closes behind them;
As by a magical hand, open’d and shut is the way.
Now it is lost to the eye; into wild confusion resolvèd—
Lo! that revolving world loses its orderly frame.
No! from the mass there it gaily emerges and glides from the tangle;
Order resumes her sway, only with alterèd charm.
Vanishing still, it still reappears, the revolving creation,
And, deep-working, a law governs the aspects of change.
Say, how is it that forms ever passing are ever restored?
How still fixity stays, even where motion most reigns?
How each, master and free, by his own heart shaping his pathway,
Finds in the hurrying maze simply the path that he seeks?
This thou would’st know? ’Tis the might divine of harmony’s empire;
She in the social dance governs the motions of each.
She, like the Goddess* Severe, with the golden bridle of order,
Tames and guides at her will wild and tumultuous strength.
And around thee in vain the word its harmonies utters
If thy heart be not swept on in the stream of the strain,
—Not by the measure of life which beats through all beings around thee,
—Not by the whirl of the dance, which through the vacant abyss
Launches the blazing suns in the spacious sweeps of their orbits.
Order rules in thy sports: so let it rule in thy acts.

M. L.

* Nemesis.

A NEW SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

AT MOULINS.

"I DON'T think so," said the lady; and, pulling up the window of the calèche, she sank back on her seat: the postilion gave another crack with his whip, another *sacre* to his beasts, and they rolled on towards Moulins.

It's an insolent unfeeling world this: when any one is rich enough to ride in a calèche, the poorer man, who can only go in a cabriolet, is despised. Not but that a cabriolet is a good vehicle of its sort: I know of few more comfortable. And then, again, for mine, why I have a kind of affection for it. 'Tis an honest unpretending vehicle: it has served me all the way from Calais, and I will not discard it. What though Maurice wanted to persuade me at Paris that I had better take a britska, as more fashionable? I resisted the temptation; there was virtue in that very deed—'tis so rare that one resists; and I am still here in my cabriolet: and when I leave thee, honest cab, may I—

"A l'Hôtel de l'Europe?" asked the driver; "'tis an excellent house, and if Monsieur intends remaining there, he will find *une table merveilleuse*."

Why to the Hotel de l'Europe? said I to myself. I hate these cosmopolitic terms. Am I not in France—gay, delightful France—partaking of the kindness and civility of the country? "A l'Hôtel de France!" was my reply.

The driver hereupon pulled up his horses short;—it was no difficult task: the poor beasts had come far: there had been no horses at Villeneuve, and we had come on all the way from St Imbert, six weary leagues. "*Connaiss pas*," said the man: "Monsieur is mistaken; besides, madame is so obliging. If there were an Hotel de France, it would be another affair: add to this, that the voiture which has just passed us is going to the hotel."

"Enough—I will go there too;" and, so saying, we got through the Barrière of Moulins.

Now, I know not how it is, but, despite of the fellow's honest air, I had a misgiving that he intended to cheat me. He was leading me to some exorbitant monster of the road, where the unsuspecting traveller would be flayed alive: he was his accomplice—his jackall; I was to be the victim. Had he argued for an hour about the excellence of mine host's table, I had been proof: my Francomania and my wish to be independent had certainly taken me to some other hotel. But he said something about the voiture: it was going there. What was that to me? I hate people in great carriages when I am not in them myself. But then, the lady! I had seen nothing but her face, and for an instant. She said "she did not think so." Think what? *Mais ses yeux!*

Reader, bear with me a while. There is a fascination in serpents, and there is one far more deadly—who has not felt it?—in woman's eyes. Such a face! such features, and such expression! She might have been five-and-twenty—nay, more: girlhood was past with her: that quiet look of self-possession which makes woman bear man's gaze, showed that she knew the pains, perhaps the joys, of wedded life. And yet the fire of youthful imagination was not yet extinct: the spirit of poetry had not yet left her: there was hope, and gaiety, and love in that bright black eye: and there was beauty, witching beauty, in every lineament of her face. Her voice was of the softest—there was music in its tone: and her hand told of other symmetry that could not but be in exquisite harmony. "She did not think so:" why should she have taken the trouble to look out of the carriage window at me as she said these words? Was I known to her—or fancied to be so? As she did not think so, I was determined to know why. "We will go to the Hotel de l'Europe, if you press it;" and away the cabriolet joggled over the roughly paved street.

Moulins is any thing but one of the

most remarkable towns in France: it is large, and yet it is not important: as a centre of communication, nothing: little trade: few manufactures: the houses are low, rather than high; the streets wide, rather than narrow: you can breathe in Moulins, though you may be stifled in Rouen. It is the quiet *chef lieu* of the Allier, and was once the capital of the Bourbonnais. An air of departing elegance, and even of stateliness, still lingers over it: the streets have the houses of the *ancienne noblesse* still lining their sides: high walls; that is to say, with a handsome gateway in the middle, and the *corps-de-logis* just peering above. Retired in their own dignity, and shunning the vulgar world, the old masters of the province here congregated in former days for the winter months; Moulins was then a gay and stirring town; *piquet* and *Boston* kept many an old lady and complaisant marquis alive through the long nights of winter; there was a sociable circle formed in many a saloon; the harpsichord was sounded, the minuet was danced, and the *petit souper* discussed. The president of the court, or the knight of Malta, or M. PAbbé, came in; or perhaps a gallant gentleman of the regiment of Bourbon or Auvergne joined the circle; and conversation assumed that style of piquant brilliancy tempered with exquisite politeness which existed nowhere but in ancient France, and shall never be met with again. Sad was the day when the Revolution broke over Moulins! all the ancient properties of the country destroyed; blood flowing on many a scaffold; the deserving and the good thrust aside or trampled under foot; the unprincipled and the base pushed into places of power abused, and wealth ill-gotten but worse spent. That bad time has passed away, and Moulins has settled down, like an aged invalid of shattered constitution, the ghost of what it was, into a dull country-town. Yet it is not without its redeeming qualities of literary and even scientific excellence; somewhat of the ancient spirit of disinterested gaiety still remains behind; and it is a place where the traveller may well sojourn for many days.

In the court-yard of the hotel was

standing the voiture, which had come in some twenty minutes before us. The *femme-de-chambre* was carrying up the last package: the postilion had got out of his boots, and had placed them to lean against the wall. The good lady of the house came out to welcome me, and the *garçon* was ready at the step. It's very true; the freshness, if not the sincerity, of an inn welcome, makes one of the amenities of life: it compensates for the wearisomeness of the road: it is something to look forward to at the end of a fatiguing day; and, what is best, you can have just as much or as little of it as you like. There is no keeping on of your buckram when once you are seated in your inn,—no stiffening up for dinner when you had infinitely rather be quite at your ease. What you want you ask for, without saying, "by your leave," or, "if you please;" and what you ask for, if you are a reasonable man, you get. Let no traveller go to a friend's house if he wants to be comfortable. Let him keep to an inn: he is there, *pro tempore*, at home.

"I shall stop here to-night, Madame."

"As Monsieur pleases: and to-morrow—?"

"I will resume my route to Clermont."

"Monsieur is going to the baths of Mont Dor, no doubt?"

"Just so."

"Then, sir, you will have excellent company, and you have done well to come here; Monsieur le Marquis is going on thither to-morrow: and if Monsieur would be so obliging,—but I will run up and ask him and Madame, the sweetest lady in the world,—they will be glad to have you at dinner with them: you are all going to Mont Dor. You will be enchanted: excuse me, I will be back in an instant."

How curious, thought I, that without any doings of my own, I should just be thrown into the way of the person whom my curiosity—my impertinent, or silly curiosity, which you will—prompted me with the desire to meet. The superciliousness of the voiture vanished from my recollection, and my national frigidity was doomed to be thawed into civility, if not into amiableness.

“The Marquis de Mirepoix would be glad of the honour of Monsieur’s company at dinner, if he would be so obliging as to excuse ceremony, and the refinements of the toilette.” What a charming message! Surely there is an innate grace in this people, notwithstanding their twenty years of blood and revolution, that can never be worn out! Why, they did not even know my name; and on the simple suggestion of the hostess, they consent to sit with me at table! Truly this is the land of politeness, and of kind accommodation: the land of ready access to the stranger, where the ties of his home, withered, or violently snapped asunder, are replaced by the engaging attractions of unostentations and well-judged civility; and where he is induced to leave his warmest inclinations, if not his heart. Never give up this distinguishing attribute, France, thou land of the brave and the gay! it shall compensate for much of thy waywardness: it shall take off the rough edge of thy egotism: it shall disarm thy ambition: it shall make thee the friend of all the world.

“Il m’a payé trois francs la poste, te dis-je: c’est un gros milord: que sais-je!”

“Diantre! for a cabriolet! Why, they only gave me the tariff and a miserable piece of ten sous as my pour-boire, for a heavy calèche! When I fetched them from the château this morning, I knew how it would be—Monsieur le Marquis is so miserly, so exigeant!”

“I would not be his wife for any thing,” said the fille-de-chambre, as she came tripping down stairs, and passed between the two postilions; “an old curmudgeon, to go on in that way with such a wife. Voyez-vous, Pierre, elle est si belle, si douce! c’est une ange! She wants to know who the young Englishman is; qu’en sais-tu, Jean-Marie?”

“He gave us three francs a post; that’s all I know.”

“Then we have two angels in the house instead of one.”

I hate to be long at my toilette at any time; but to delay much in such a matter while travelling is folly. Yet, how shall one get over the interminable plains of France, and pass

through those ever succeeding simooms of dust which beset the high-roads of the “fair country,” without contracting a certain dinginess of look that makes one intolerable? Fellow-traveller, never take much luggage with thee, if thou hast thy senses rightly awakened; leave those real “impediments” of locomotion behind; take with thee two suits at the most; adapt them to the climate and the land thou intendest to traverse; and, remember, never cease to dress like a gentleman. Take with thee plenty of white cravattes and white waistcoats; they will always make thee look clean when thy ablutions are performed, despite of whatever else may be thy habiliments; carry with thee some varnished boots; encourage the laundresses to the utmost of thy power, and thou wilt always be a suitably dressed man. By the time I had done my toilette there was a tap at the door, and in another minute I was in the *salle-a-manger*.

The Marquis made me a profound salutation, which I endeavoured to return as well as a stiff Englishman, with a poker up his back, extending right through the spinal column into his head, could be supposed to do. To the Lady I was conscious of stooping infinitely lower; and I even flattered myself that the *empressment* which I wished to put into my reverence was not unperceived by her. The little fluttering oscillation of the head and form, with which a French lady acknowledges a civility, came forth on her part with exquisite grace. Her husband might be fifty: he was a tall, harsh-looking man; a gentleman certainly, but still not one of the right kind; there was a sort of *roné* expression about his eyes that inspired distrust, if not repulsion; his features seemed little accustomed to a smile; the tone of his voice was dissonant, and he spoke sharply and quickly. But his wife—his gentle, angelic wife—was the type of what a woman should be. She surpassed not in height that best standard of female proportion, which we give, gentle reader, at some five feet and two inches. She was most delicately formed: her face, of the broad rather than the long oval shape, tapered down to a most exquisitely formed chin; while the arch expres-

sion of her mouth and eyes, tempered as it was with an undefinable expression of true feminine softness, gave animation and vivid intelligence to the whole. Who can define the tones of a woman's voice? and that woman one of the most refined and high-bred of her sex? There was a richness and smoothness, and yet such an exquisite softness in it, as entranced the hearer, and could keep him listening to its flow of music for hours together. I am persuaded of it, and the more I think of it the more vividly does it recur to my mind. 'Twas only a single glance—that first glance as I moved upwards from bowing towards a hand which I could willingly have kissed. There was the tale of a whole life conveyed in it; there was the narration of much inward suffering—of thwarted hopes, of disappointed desires—of a longing for deliverance from a weight of oppression—of a praying for a friend and an avenger. And yet there was the timidity of the woman, the observance of conventional forms, the respect of herself, the dread of her master, all tending to keep down the indication of those feelings. And again there came the still-enduring hope of amendment or of remedy. All was in that glance. I felt it in a moment; and the fascination—that mysterious communication of sentiment which runs through the soul as the electric current of its vitality—was completed.

How is it that one instant of time should work those effects in the human mind which are so lasting in their results! Ye unseen powers, spirits or angels, that preside over our actions, and guide us to or from harm, is it that ye communicate some portion of your own ethereal essence to our duller substance at such moments, and give us perceptive facul-

ties which otherwise we never had enjoyed? Or is it that the soul has some secret way of imparting its feelings to another without the intervention of material things, otherwise than to let the immortal spark flash from one being to the other? And oh, ye sceptics, ye dull leaden-hearted mortals! doubt not of the language of the eyes—that common theme of mawkish lovers—but though common, not the less true and certain. Interrogate the looks of a young child—remember even the all-expressive yet mute eyes of a faithful dog; and give me the bright eloquent glance of woman in the pride and bloom of life—'tis sweeter than all sounds, more universal than all languages.

"I am afraid, Monsieur le Marquis, that I shall be interfering with your arrangements?"

"Ah, mon Dieu! you give us great pleasure. Madame and myself had just been regretting that we should have to pass the evening in this miserable hole of a town. 'Pas de spectacle; c'est embêtant à ne pas en finir.'"

"And Monsieur is likely to be with us to-morrow, mon ami; for my femme-de-chambre tells me that he is going to Mont Dor. Do you know, Monsieur, that just as we were coming into Moulins, we remarked your odd-looking cabriolet de poste. My husband detests them; on the contrary, I like those carriages, for they tell me of happy—I mean to say, of former times. He wanted to wager with me that it was some old-fashioned sulky fellow that had got into it; but, as we passed, I looked out at the window, satisfied myself of the contrary, and told him so. Will you be pleased to take that chair by my side, and as we go on with our dinner we can talk about Mont Dor."

CLERMONT.

As it had been arranged that I should take an hour's start with my cabriolet, and bespeak horses for my companions as I went on, I set off for Clermont early.

As you advance through the Bourbonnais, towards the south, the

country warms upon you: warms in its sunny climate, and in the glowing colours of its landscape. Not but that France is smiling enough, even in the north: Witness Normandy, that chosen land of green meadow, rich glebe, stately forests, and wind-

ing streams: nor that even in Champagne, where the eye stretches over endless plains, towards the Germanic frontier, there are not rich valleys, and deep woodlands, and sunny glades. Do not quarrel with the chalky ground of the Champenois—remember its wine—think of the imprisoned spirit of the land, that quintessence of all that is French—give it due vent; 'twill reward you for your pains. Oh! certes, France is a gay and a pleasing land. My fastidious and gloomy countrymen may say what they please, and may talk of the beauties of England till they are hoarse again; but there is not less natural beauty in Gaul than in Britain. Take all the broad tracts from London to York, or from Paris to Lyons, France has nothing to dread from the comparison. But, in the Bourbonnais, flat and open as it is, the scene begins to change. The sun shines more genially, more constantly; he shines in good earnest; and your rheumatic pains, if you have any still creeping about your bones, ooze out at every pore, and bid you a long adieu. That grey, cold haze of the north, which dims the horizon in the distant prospect, here becomes warmed into a purpler, pinker tint, borrowed from the Italian side of the Alps: the perpetual brown of the northern soil here puts on an orange tinge: above, the sky is more blue; and around, the passing breeze woos you more lovingly. Come hither, poor, trembling invalid! throw off those blankets and those swathing bandages; trust yourself to the sun, to the land, to the *waters* of the Bourbonnais; and renovated health, lighter spirits, pleasant days and happy nights, shall be your reward.

How can it be, that in a country where nature is so genially disposed towards the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms of her wide empire, she should have played the niggard so churlishly when she peopled it with human beings? The men of the Bourbonnais are short and ordinary of appearance, remarkable more for the absence than for the presence of physical advantages, and the women are the ugliest in France!—mean and uninviting in person, and repulsive in dress! They are only to be surpassed

in this unenviable distinction by those of Auvergne. Taking the two populations together, or rather considering them as one, which no doubt they originally were, they are at the bottom of the physiological scale of this country. Some think them to be the descendants of an ancient tribe that never lost their footing in this centre of the land, when the Gauls drove out their Iberian predecessors. They certainly are not Gauls, nor are they Celts; still less are they Romans or Germans. Are they then autochthonous, like the Athenians? or are they merely the offscourings, the rejected of other populations? Decide about it, ye that are learned in the ethnographic distinctions of our race—but heaven defend us from the Bourbonnais!

See how those distant peaks rise serenely over the southern horizon!—is it that we have turned towards Helvetia?—for there is snow on the tops of some, and many are there towering in solitary majesty. No, they are the goal of our pilgrimage; they are the ridges of the Monts Dor—the Puy and the extinct volcanoes of ancient France. Look at the Puy de Dôme, that grand and towering peak: what is our friend Ben Nevis to this his Gallic brother, who out-tops him by a thousand feet! And again, look at Mont Dor behind, that hoary giant, as much loftier than the Puy de Dôme as this is than the monarch of the Scottish Highlands! We are coming to the land of *real* mountains now. Why, that long and comparatively low table-land of granite, from whence they all protrude, and on which they sit as a conclave of gods, is itself higher than the most of the hills of our father-land. These hills, if we have to mount them, shall sorely try the thews of horse and man.

There is something soothing, and yet cheering, in the southern sky, which tells upon the spirits, and consoles the weary heart. Just where the yellow streaks of this low white horizon tell of the intensity of the god of day, come the blue serrated ridges of those mountains across the sight. If I could fly, I would away to those realms of light and warmth—far, far away in the southern clime, where the wants of the body should

be few, and where the vigour of life should be great. The glorious south is, like the joyous time of youth, full of hope and promise: all is sunny and bright: there, flowers bloom and birds sing merrily. Turn we our backs to the cold gloomy north, to the wet windy west, to the dry parching east—on to the south!

But what a magnificent plain is this we are entering upon: it is of immense extent. Those distant hills are at least fifty miles from us; and across it, from Auvergne to Le Forez, cannot be less than twenty; and, in the midst, what a gorgeous show of harvests, and gardens, and walnut groves, and all the luxuriance of the continental Flora. This is the Limagne, the garden of France—the choicest spot of the whole country for varied fertility and inexhaustible productiveness. Ages back—let musty geologists tell us how long ago—'twas a lake, larger than the Lake of Geneva. The volcanic eruptions of the mountains on the west broke down its barriers, and let its waters flow. Now the Allier divides it; and the astonished cultivator digs into virgin strata of fertile loams, the lowest depths of which have never yet been revealed. Corn fields here are not the wide and open inclosures such as we know them in the north and west, where every thing is removed that can hinder a stray sunbeam from shining on the grain: here they are thickly studded with trees—majestic, wide-spread, fruit-laden, walnut-trees; where the corn waves luxuriantly beneath its thickest shade, and closes thickly round its stem. Bread from the grain below, and oil from the kernel above; wine from the hills all around, and honied fruits from many a well-stocked garden; such are the abundant and easily reared produce of this land of promise. A Caledonian farmer, put down suddenly in the Limagne, would think himself in fairy regions; so kindly do all things come in it, so pure and excellent of their sort—in such variety, in such never-failing succession. Purple mountains, red plains, dark green woods, and a sky of pure azure—such is the combination of colours that meets the eye on first coming into Auvergne.

And yet man thrives not much in it; he remains a stunted half-civilized animal—with his black shaggy locks, his brown jacket, red sash, and enormous round beaver; ox-goad in hand, and knife ready to his grip, his appearance accords but ill with the luxuriant beauty of the scene in which he dwells. His diminutive but hardy companion—she who shares his toils in the fields, and serves as his equal if not his better half—is well suited to his purpose, and resembles him in her looks. Here, she can climb the mountain-side as nimbly as her master; here, she can drive the cattle to their far-distant pastures with courage and skill; here, she mounts the hot little mountain-steed, not in female fashion, but with a true masculine stride; laborious and long-enduring, simple, honest, and easily contented; but withal easily provoked, and hard to be appeased without blood; such is the Auvergnat, and his wife.

Riom seemed a picturesque town when we drove through it; but our eyes could not bear to be diverted from the magnificent scenery that kept rising upon us from the south. We had now approached closely to the foot of the mountain-ranges, and their lofty summits were high above us in mid-air. On the right, the Puy de Dôme, cut in half by a line of motionless clouds, reared itself into the blue sky like some gigantic balloon, so round was its summit—so isolated. The granite plateau which constituted its base, was broken into deep and well-wooded ravines; while at intervals there ran out into the Limagne, for many a league, some extended promontory of land, capped all along by a flood of crystallized basalt, which once had flowed in liquid fire from the crater in the ridge. Here and there rose from the plain a small conical hill, crowned with a black mass of basaltic columns, and there again topped with an antique-looking little town or fortress, stationed there, perhaps, from the days of Cæsar. In front stood Gergovia, where Roman and Gallic blood once flowed at the bidding of that great master of war, freely as a mountain torrent; now only a black plain, where the plough is stopped in each furrow by bricks and broken pots, and rusted arms,

—tokens of the site of the ancient city.

On turning short round a steeply sloping hill, crowned with a goodly chateau, and clad on its sides with vines and all kinds of fruit-trees, we saw a deep vale running up into the mountains towards the west, and Clermont covering an eminence in the very midst. What a picturesque outline! How closely the houses stand together—how agreeably do they mix with the trees of the promenades; and how boldly the cathedral comes out from amongst them all! It is a lofty and richly-decorated pile of the fourteenth century; and tells of the labours and the wealth of a foreign land. Anglo-Norman skill and gold are said to have formed it; but however this may be, we know that it witnessed the presence of our gallant Black Prince, and that it once depended on Aquitaine, not on France. Yet what fancy can have possessed its builder to have constructed it of black stone? Why not have sought out the pure white lime-rocks of the flat country, or the grey granite of the hills? This is the deep lava of the neighbouring volcanic quarry; here basalt, and pumice, and cinder, and scoria, are pressed into the service of the architect; and there stands a proof of the goodness of the material—hard, sharp, and sonorous, as when the hammer first clinked against its edge five centuries ago.

“Entrons, Monsieur,” said the fair Marquise, as I stood with her on the esplanade before the Cathedral—the Marquis had gone to see the commandant. “Entrez donc, ’tis the work of one of your compatriots; and here, though a heretic, you may consider yourself on English ground.”

Now, positively, I had never thought a bit about Catholic or Protestant ever since I had quitted my own shores. All I knew was, that I was in a country that gave the same evidences of being Christian as the one that I had left; and that, however frivolous and profligate might be the appearance of its capital, in the rural districts, at least, the people were honest and devout. I was not come to quarrel, nor to find fault with millions of men for thinking differ-

ently from—but perhaps acting better than—myself. So we entered.

The old keeper of the *benitier* bowed his head, and extended his brush; the Marquise touched its extremity, crossed herself, and fell on her knees.

Thou fell spirit of pride, prejudice, ignorance, and *mauvaise honte!* why didst thou beset me at that moment, and keep me, like a stiff-backed puritan, erect in the house of God? Why, on entering within its sacred limits, did I not acknowledge my own unworthiness to come in, and reverence the sanctity of the place? No; there I stood, half-astonished, half-abashed, while the Marquise continued on her knees and made her silent orisons. ’Tis an admirable and a touching custom: there is poetry and religion in the very idea. Cross not that threshold with unholy feet; or if thou dost, confess that unholiness, and beg forgiveness for the transgression ere thou advancest within the walls. I acknowledge that I felt ashamed of myself; yet I knew not what to do. One of the priests passed by: he looked first at the lady and next at me; then humbly bowing towards the altar, went out of the church. My embarrassment increased; but the Marquise arose. “It is good to pray here,” she said, in a tone the mildness and sincerity of which made the reproach more cutting. “Let us go forward now.”

“I will amend my manners,” thought I; “’tis not well to be unconcerned in such things, and when so little makes all the difference.”

“Is Monsieur fond of pictures? Look at that painting of the Baptist, how vigorously the figure is drawn! And see what an exquisite Virgin! Or turn your eyes to that southern window, and remark the flood of gorgeous light falling from it on the pillar by its side!”

I was thinking of any thing but the Virgin, or the window, or the light; I was thinking of my companion—so fair, and so devout. Had she not called me a heretic? Had she not already put me to the blush for my lack of veneration? Strange linking of ideas! “Thou art worthy to be an angel hereafter,” said I to myself, “as

truly thou resemblest what we call angels here."

We were once more at the western door; Madame crossed herself again; we went out.

"Pour l'amour de Dieu, mon bon monsieur!" "Que le ciel vous soit ouvert!" whined out half-a-dozen old crones with extended hands; their shrivelled fingers seeking to pluck at any thing they could get.

Now I had paid away my last sous to the garçon d'écurie at the Poste: so I told them pettishly that I had

not a liard to give. A coin tinkled on the ground; it had fallen from the hand of the Marquise; and as I stooped to reach it for her, I saw that it was gold.

"Let them have it, poor things. I thought it was silver; but it has touched holy ground, and 'tis now their own."

I turned round, thrust my purse into the lap of the nearest, and with a light heart led the lady back to the hotel.

POEMS BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT.

A WOMAN'S SHORTCOMINGS.

1.

SHE has laughed as softly as if she sighed;
 She has counted six and over,
 Of a purse well filled, and a heart well tried—
 Oh, each a worthy lover!
 They "give her time;" for her soul must slip
 Where the world has set the grooving:
 She will lie to none with her fair red lip—
 But love seeks truer loving.

2.

She trembles her fan in a sweetness dumb,
 As her thoughts were beyond her recalling;
 With a glance for *one*, and a glance for *some*,
 From her eyelids rising and falling!
 —Speaks common words with a blushful air;
 —Hears bold words, unreprieving:
 But her silence says—what she never will swear—
 And love seeks better loving.

3.

Go, lady! lean to the night-guitar,
 And drop a smile to the bringer;
 Then smile as sweetly, when he is far,
 At the voice of an in-door singer!
 Bask tenderly beneath tender eyes;
 Glance lightly, on their removing;
 And join new vows to old perjuries—
 But dare not call it loving!

4.

Unless you can think, when the song is done,
 No other is soft in the rhythm;
 Unless you can feel, when left by One,
 That all men beside go with him;

Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,
 That your beauty itself wants proving ;
 Unless you can swear—" For life, for death !"—
 Oh, fear to call it loving !

5.

Unless you can muse, in a crowd all day,
 On the absent face that fixed you ;
 Unless you can love, as the angels may,
 With the breadth of heaven betwixt you ;
 Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
 Through behoving and unbehoving ;
 Unless you can *die* when the dream is past—
 Oh, never call it loving !

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.

1.

Love me, sweet, with all thou art,
 Feeling, thinking, seeing,—
 Love me in the lightest part,
 Love me in full being.

2.

Love me with thine open youth
 In its frank surrender ;
 With the vowing of thy mouth,
 With its silence tender.

3.

Love me with thine azure eyes,
 Made for earnest granting !
 Taking colour from the skies,
 Can heaven's truth be wanting ?

4.

Love me with their lids, that fall
 Snow-like at first meeting !
 Love me with thine heart, that all
 The neighbours then see beating.

5.

Love me with thine hand stretched out
 Freely—open-minded !
 Love me with thy loitering foot,—
 Hearing one behind it.

6.

Love me with thy voice, that turns
 Sudden faint above me !
 Love me with thy blush that burns
 When I murmur '*Love me!*'

7.

Love me with thy thinking soul—
 Break it to love-sighing ;

Love me with thy thoughts that roll
On through living—dying.

8.

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,
When the world has crowned thee!
Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,
With the angels round thee.

9.

Love me pure, as musers do,
Up the woodlands shady!
Love me gaily, fast, and true,
As a winsome lady.

10.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,
Further off or nigher,
Love me for the house and grave,—
And for something higher.

11.

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,
Woman's love no fable,
I will love *thee*—half-a-year—
As a man is able.

MAUDE'S SPINNING.

1.

He listened at the porch that day
To hear the wheel go on, and on,
And then it stopped—ran back away—
While through the door he brought the sun.
But now my spinning is all done.

2

He sate beside me, with an oath
That love ne'er ended, once begun;
I smiled—believing for us both,
What was the truth for only one.
And now my spinning is all done.

3.

My mother cursed me that I heard
A young man's wooing as I spun.
Thanks, cruel mother, for that word,
For I have, since, a harder known!
And now my spinning is all done.

4.

I thought—O God!—my first-born's cry
Both voices to my ear would drown!
I listened in mine agony—
It was the *silence* made me groan!
And now my spinning is all done.

5.

Bury me 'twixt my mother's grave,
 Who cursed me on her death-bed lone,
 And my dead baby's—(God it save!)
 Who, not to bless me, would not moan.
 And now my spinning is all done.

6.

A stone upon my heart and head,
 But no name written on the stone!
 Sweet neighbours! whisper low instead,
 "This sinner was a loving one—
 And now her spinning is all done."

7.

And let the door ajar remain,
 In case that he should pass anon;
 And leave the wheel out very plain,
 That he, when passing in the sun,
 May see the spinning is all done.

A DEAD ROSE.

1.

O rose! who dares to name thee?
 No longer roscate now, nor soft, nor sweet;
 But barren, and hard, and dry, as stubble-wheat,
 Kept seven years in a drawer—thy titles shame thee.

2.

The breeze that used to blow thee
 Between the hedge-thorns, and take away
 An odour up the lane to last all day,—
 If breathing now,—unsweetened would forego thee.

3.

The sun that used to light thee,
 And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,
 Till beam appeared to bloom, and flower to burn,—
 If shining now,—with not a hue would dight thee.

4.

The dew that used to wet thee,
 And, white first, grow incarnadined, because
 It lay upon thee where the crimson was,—
 If dropping now,—would darken where it met thee.

5.

The fly that lit upon thee,
 To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet,
 Along the leaf's pure edges after heat,—
 If lighting now,—would coldly overrun thee.

6.

The bee that once did suck thee,
 And build thy perfumed ambers up his hive,
 And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive,—
 If passing now,—would blindly overlook thee.

7.

The heart doth recognise thee,
 Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee sweet,
 Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete—
 Though seeing now those changes that disguise thee.

8.

Yes and the heart doth owe thee
 More love, dead rose! than to such roses bold
 As Julia wears at dances, smiling cold!—
 Lie still upon this heart—which breaks below thee!

CHANGE ON CHANGE.

1.

Three months ago, the stream did flow,
 The lilies bloomed along the edge;
 And we were lingering to and fro,—
 Where none will track thee in this snow,
 Along the stream, beside the hedge.
 Ah! sweet, be free to come and go;
 For if I do not hear thy foot,
 The frozen river is as mute,—
 The flowers have dried down to the root;
 And why, since these be changed since May,
 Shouldst *thou* change less than *they*?

2.

And slow, slow as the winter snow,
 The tears have drifted to mine eyes;
 And my two cheeks, three months ago,
 Set blushing at thy praises so,
 Put paleness on for a disguise.
 Ah! sweet, be free to praise and go;
 For if my face is turned to pale,
 It was thine oath that first did fail,—
 It was thy love proved false and frail!
 And why, since these be changed, I trow,
 Should *I* change less than *thou*?

A REED.

I am no trumpet, but a reed!
 No flattering breath shall from me lead
 A silver sound, a hollow sound!
 I will not ring, for priest or king,
 One blast that, in re-echoing,
 Would leave a bondsman faster bound.

I am no trumpet, but a reed,—
 A broken reed, the wind indeed
 Left flat upon a dismal shore!
 Yet if a little maid, or child,
 Should sigh within it, earnest-mild,
 This reed will answer evermore.

I am no trumpet, but a reed !
 Go, tell the fishers, as they spread
 Their nets along the river's edge,—
 I will not tear their nets at all,
 Nor pierce their hands—if they should fall :
 Then let them leave me in the sedge.

HECTOR IN THE GARDEN.

1.

Nine years old ! First years of any
 Seem the best of all that come !—
 Yet when *I* was nine, I said
 Unlike things !—I thought, instead,
 That the Greeks used just as many
 In besieging Ilium.

2.

Nine green years had scarcely brought me
 To my childhood's haunted spring,—
 I had life, like flowers and bees,
 In betwixt the country trees,
 And the sun, the pleasure, taught me
 Which he teacheth every thing.

3.

If the rain fell, there was sorrow ;—
 Little head leant on the pane,—
 Little finger tracing down it
 The long trailing drops upon it,—
 And the " Rain, rain, come to-morrow,"
 Said for charm against the rain.

4.

And the charm was right Canidian,
 Though you meet it with a jeer !
 If I said it long enough,
 Then the rain hummed dimly off ;
 And the thrush, with his pure Lydian,
 Was the loudest sound to hear.

5.

And the sun and I together
 Went a-rushing out of doors !
 We, our tender spirits, drew
 Over hill and dale in view,
 Glimmering hither, glimmering thither,
 In the footsteps of the showers.

6.

Underneath the chestnuts dripping,
 Through the grasses wet and fair,
 Straight I sought my garden-ground,
 With the laurel on the mound ;
 And the pear-tree oversweeping
 A side-shadow of green air.

7.

While hard by, there lay supinely
 A huge giant, wrought of spade !
 Arms and legs were stretched at length,
 In a passive giant strength,—
 And the meadow turf, cut finely,
 Round them laid and interlaid.

8.

Call him Hector, son of Priam !
 Such his title and degree.
 With my rake I smoothed his brow,
 And his cheeks I weeded through :
 But a rhymers such as I am
 Scarce can sing his dignity.

9.

Eyes of gentianella's azure,
 Staring, winking at the skies ;
 Nose of gillyflowers and box ;
 Scented grasses, put for locks—
 Which a little breeze, at pleasure,
 Set a-waving round his eyes.

10.

Brazen helm of daffodillies,
 With a glitter for the light ;
 Purple violets, for the mouth,
 Breathing perfumes west and south ;
 And a sword of flashing lilies,
 Holden ready for the fight.

11.

And a breastplate, made of daisies,
 Closely fitting, leaf by leaf ;
 Periwinkles interlaced
 Drawn for belt about the waist ;
 While the brown bees, humming praises,
 Shot their arrows round the chief.

12.

And who knows, (I sometimes wondered,)
 If the disembodied soul
 Of old Hector, once of Troy,
 Might not take a dreary joy
 Here to enter—if it thundered,
 Rolling up the thunder-roll ?

13.

Rolling this way, from Troy-ruin,
 To this body rude and rife,
 He might enter and take rest
 'Neath the daisies of the breast—
 They, with tender roots, renewing
 His heroic heart to life.

14.

Who could know ? I sometimes started
 At a motion or a sound ;

Did his mouth speak—naming Troy,
 With an *οστοστοστοι*?
 Did the pulse of the Strong-hearted
 Make the daisies tremble round?

15.

It was hard to answer, often!
 But the birds sang in the tree—
 But the little birds sang bold,
 In the pear-tree green and old;
 And my terror seemed to soften,
 Through the courage of their glee.

16.

Oh, the birds, the trees, the ruddy
 And white blossoms, sleek with rain!
 Oh, my garden, rich with pansies!
 Oh, my childhood's bright romances!
 All revive, like Hector's body,
 And I see them stir again!

17.

And despite life's changes—chances,
 And despite the deathbell's toll,
 They press on me in full seeming!—
 Help, some angel! stay this dreaming!
 As the birds sang in the branches,
 Sing God's patience through my soul!

18.

That no dreamer, no neglecter,
 Of the present's work unsped,
 I may wake up and be doing,
 Life's heroic ends pursuing,
 Though my past is dead as Hector,
 And though Hector is twice dead.

THE CONDE'S DAUGHTER.

"I SHOULD think we cannot be very far from our destination by this time."

"Why, were one to put faith in my appetite, we must have been at least a good four or five hours *en route* already; and if our Rosinantes are not able to get over a *misère* of thirty or forty miles without making as many grimaces about it as they do now, they are not the animals I took them for."

"Come, come—abuse your own as much as you please, but this much I will say for my Nero, though he has occasionally deposited me on the roadside, he is not apt to sleep upon the way at least. Nay, so sure am I of him, that I would wager you ten Napoleons that we are not more than four or five miles from the *chateau* at this moment."

"*Pas si bête, mon cher.* I am not fool enough to put my precious Naps in jeopardy, just when I am so deucedly in want of them, too. But a truce to this nonsense. Do you know, Ernest, seriously speaking, I am beginning to think we are great fools for our pains, running our heads into a perilous adventure, with the almost certainty of a severe reprimand from the general, which, I think, even your filial protestations will scarcely save you from, if ever we return alive; and merely to see, what, I dare say, after all, will turn out to be only a pretty face."

"What!—already faint-hearted!—A miracle of beauty such as Darville described is well worth periling one's neck to gaze upon. Besides, is not that our vocation?—and as for reprimands, if you got one as often as I do, you would soon find out that those things are nothing when one is used to them."

"A miracle!—ah, bah! It was the romance of the scene, and the artful grace of the costume, which fascinated his eyes."

"No, no! be just. Recollect that it was not Darville alone, but Delavigne; and even that *connoisseur* in female beauty, Monbreton himself, difficult as he is, declared that she was perfect. She must be a wonder,

indeed, when he could find no fault with her."

"Be it so. I warn you beforehand that I am fully prepared to be disappointed. However, as we are so far embarked in the affair, I suppose we must accomplish it."

"Most assuredly, unless you wish to be the laughing-stock of the whole regiment for the next month; for, notwithstanding Darville's boasted powers of discretion, half the subalterns, no doubt, are in possession of the secret of our *escapade* by this time."

"Well, then, Ernest, as we are launched on this wise expedition, let me sermonise a small portion of prudence into that most giddy brain of yours. Remember that, after all, if those ruthless Spaniards were to discover the trick we are playing them, they would probably make us pay rather too dearly for the frolic. In short, Ernest, I am very much afraid that your *étourderie* will let the light rather too soon into the thick skulls of those magnificent hidalgos."

"Preach away—I listen in all humility."

"Ernest, Ernest, I give you up; you are incorrigible!" rejoined the other, turning away to hide the laugh which the irresistibly comic expression his friend threw into his countenance had excited.

And who were the speakers of this short dialogue? Two dashing, spirited-looking young men, who, at the close of it, reined in their steeds, in the dilemma of not knowing where to direct them. Theirs was, indeed, a wild-goose chase. Their *Chateau en Espagne* seemed invisible, as such *chateaux* usually are; and where it might be found, who was there to tell?—Not one. The scene was a desert—not even a bird animated it; and just before them branched out three roads from the one they had hitherto confidently pursued.

After a moment's silence, the cavaliers both burst into a gay laugh.

"Here's a puzzle, Alphonse!" said the one. "Which of the three roads do you opine?"

"The left, by all means," replied the other; "I generally find it leads me right."

"But if it shouldn't now?"

"Why, then, it only leads us wrong."

"But I don't choose to go wrong."

"And what have you been doing ever since you set out?"

"True; but as we are far enough now from that point, we must e'en make the best of the bad."

"Well, why don't you?"

"Why, if one only knew which was the best."

At this moment the tinkling of a mule's bells, mingled with the song of the muleteer, came on the air.

"Hist! here comes counsel," exclaimed the young man whom the other named Ernest. "Holla, señor hidalgo! do you know the castle of the Conde di Miranda?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"Where it was."

"Near?"

"That's as one finds it."

"And how shall we find it?"

"By reaching it."

"Come, come, hidalgo mio."

"I'm no hidalgo," said the man roughly.

"But you ought to be. I've seen many less deserving of it," resumed the traveller.

"I dare say," retorted the muleteer.

"If you'll conduct us within view of the castle you shall be rewarded."

"As I should well deserve."

"Ah, your deserts may be greater than our purse."

But the man moved on.

"Halte-là, friend! I like your company so well that I must have it a little longer." And the officer pulled out a pistol. "Will you, or will you not, guide us to the castle of the Conde?"

"I will," gruffly replied the man, with a look which showed that he was sorry to be forced to choose the second alternative.

"Can we trust this fellow?" said the younger officer to the elder.

"No—but we can ourselves; and keep a sharp look-out."

"Besides, I shall give him a hint. Hidalgo mio——" he began.

"Señor *Franzese*," interrupted the muleteer.

"What puts that into your head, hidalgo? *Franzese*,—why, Don Felix y Cortos, y Sargas, y Nos, y Tierras, y, y,—don't you know an Englishman when you see him?"

"Yes," muttered the Spaniard—

"Yes, and a Frenchman, too."
"No, you don't, for here's the proof. Why, what are we, but English officers, carrying despatches to your Conde from our General?"

The muleteer looked doubtfully.
"Why, do you suppose Frenchmen would trust themselves amongst such a set of"—

"Patriots." Exclaimed the other stranger, hastily.

"All I say," observed the man drily. "is, that if you are friends of the Conde, he will treat you as you deserve. If enemies, the same. So, backward."

"Onward, you mean."

"Ay, for me; but not for you, señores, you have left the castle a mile to the left."

"I guessed right, you see," said Alphonse, "when I guessed left."

The muleteer passed on, and the horsemen followed.

"I say, hidalgo mio," called out Ernest. "what sort of a don is this same Conde?"

"As how?" inquired the muleteer.

"Is he rich?"

"Yes."

"Proud?"

"Yes."

"Old?"

"No."

"Has he a wife?"

"No."

"Has he children?"

"No."

"No!" exclaimed the cavalier with surprise. "No child!"

"You said children, señor."

"He has a child, then?"

"Yes."

"A son?"

"No."

"A daughter?"

"Yes."

"Why, yes and no seems all you have got to say."

"It seems to answer all you have got to ask, señor."

"Is the Doña very handsome?" interrupted Alphonse, impatiently.

"Yes and no, according to taste," replied the muleteer.

"He laughs at us," whispered Ernest in French. The conversation with the muleteer had been, thus far, carried on in Spanish—which Ernest spoke fairly enough. But the observation he thoughtlessly uttered in French seemed to excite the peasant's attention.

"Do you speak English?" asked Ernest.

"Yes," was the reply, in English.

"Do you?"

"Me English? ab course. Speak well English," replied Ernest, in the true Gallic-idiom. Then relapsing into the more familiar tongue, he added, "But in Spain I speak Spanish."

By this time the trio had arrived within view of a large castellated building, whose ancient towers, glowing in the last rays of the setting sun, rose majestically from the midst of groves of dark cypress and myrtle which surrounded it.

The muleteer stopped. "There, señores," he said, "stands the castle of the Conde. Half-a-mile further on lies the town of R—, to which, señores," he added, with a sarcastic smile, "you can proceed, should you not find it convenient to remain at the *Castello*. And now, I presume, as I have guided you so far right, you will suffer me to resume my own direction."

"Yes, as there seems no possibility of making any more mistakes on our way, you are free," replied the gravest of the two. "But stop one moment yet, *amigo*," and he pointed to a cross-road which, a little further on, diverged from the *camino real*, "where does that lead to?"

"Amigo!" muttered the man between his teeth, "say *enemigo* rather!"

"An answer to my question, *vilano*," said the young Frenchman, haughtily—while his hand instinctively groped for the hilt of his sword.

"To R—," replied the man, as he turned silently and sullenly to retrace his steps.

"Holla, there!" Ernest called out; "you have forgotten your money;"

and he held out a purse, but the man was gone. "*Va donc, et que le diable t'emporte, brutal!*" added Ernest de Lucenay; taking good care, however, this time, that the ebullition of his feelings was not loud enough to reach the ears of the retreating peasant. "Confound it! I would rather follow the track of a tiger through the pathless depth of an Indian jungle alone, than be led by such a savage *cicerone*."

"Never mind the fellow; we have more than enough to think of in our own affairs," exclaimed his friend, impatiently. Let us stop here a moment and consult, before we proceed any further. One thing is evident, at all events, that we must contrive to disguise ourselves better if we wish to pass for any thing but Frenchmen. With my knowledge of the English language, and acquaintance with their manners and habits, trifling as it is, I am perfectly certain of imposing on the Spaniards, without any difficulty; but you will as certainly cause a blow up, unless you manage to alter your whole style and appearance. I daresay you have forgotten all my instructions already."

"Bah! Alphonse. Let me alone for puzzling the dons; I'll be as complete a *Goddam* in five minutes as any stick you ever saw, I warrant you."

"Nothing can appear more perfectly un-English than you do at present. That *éveillé* look of yours is the very devil;" and Alphonse shook his head, despondingly.

"Incredulous animal! just hold Nero for five minutes, and you shall have ocular demonstration of my powers of acting. *Parbleu!* you shall see that I can be solemn and awkward enough to frighten half the *petites maîtresses* of Paris into the vapours." And, so saying, De Lucenay sprang from his saddle, and consigning the bridle into his friend's hands, ran towards a little brook, which trickled through the grass at a short distance from the roadside; but not before he had made his friend promise to abstain from casting any profane glances on his toilet till it was accomplished.

Wisely resolving to avoid temptation, Alphonse turned away, when, to his surprise, he perceived the muleteer halting on a rising ground at a

little distance. "By Jove! that insolent dog has been watching us. Scoundrel, will you move on?" he exclaimed in French, raising his voice angrily, when, suddenly recollecting himself, he terminated the unfinished phrase by "*Sigue tu camin! Picaro! Brabou!*" while he shook his pistol menacingly at the man's head—a threat which did not seem to intimidate him much, for, though he resumed his journey, his rich sonorous voice burst triumphantly forth into one of the patriotic songs; and long after he had disappeared from their eyes, the usual *ritournelle*, "*Viva Fernando! Muera Napoleon!*" rang upon the air.

This short interval had more than sufficed for De Lucenay's mysterious operations. And before his friend was tired of fuming and sacreing against Spain and Spaniards, Ernest tapped him on the shoulder, and for once both the young officer's anger and habitual gravity vanished in an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "By Jupiter! it is incredible," he gasped forth, as soon as returning breath would allow him to speak: while Ernest stood silently enjoying his surprise.

"Well, what think you? It will do, will it not? Are you still in fear of a *fiasco!*?"

"Nay! My only fear now is, that the pupil will eclipse the master, and that the more shining light of your talents will cast mine utterly into the shade. By heavens! the transformation is inimitable. Your own father would not know you."

"He would not be the only one in such an unhappy case, then."

Nothing certainly could have been more absurd than the complete metamorphosis which, in those few moments, De Lucenay had contrived to make in his appearance. With the aid of a little fresh water from the rivulet, he had managed to reduce the rich curly locks of his chestnut hair to an almost Quaker flatness; the shirt collar, which had been turned down, was now drawn up to his cheek-bones, and with his hat placed perpendicularly on the crown of his head, one arm crossed under the tails of his coat, and the other balancing his whip, its handle resting on his lips, the corners of which were drawn puritanically

down, and his half-closed eyes staring vacantly on the points of his boots, he stood the living picture of an automaton.

"Well, would you not swear that I was a regular *boule-dog Anglais!*?" exclaimed Earnest, stalking up and down for his friend's inspection, while he rounded his shoulders, and carried his chin in the air, in order to increase the resemblance.

"Excellent!—only not so much *laissez aller*; a little more stiff—more drawn up! That will do—oh, it's perfect!" And again Alphonse burst into a peal of laughter, in which De Lucenay, notwithstanding his newly-assumed gravity, could not refrain from joining.

"Let me see,—That coat fits a great deal too well, too close. We must rip out some of the wadding, just to let it make a few wrinkles; it ought to hang quite loosely, in order to be in character."

"Gently, *mon cher!*" interposed De Lucenay, as his friend drew out a pen-knife. "To satisfy you, I have injured the sit of my cravat, I have hidden the classic contour of my neck, I have destroyed the Antinous-like effect of my *coiffure*—those curls which were the despair of all my rivals in conquest—I have consented to look like a wretch impaled, and thus renounce all the *bonnes fortunes* that awaited me during the next four-and-twenty hours; and now you venture to propose, with the coolest audacity, that I should crown all these sacrifices by utterly destroying the symmetry of my figure. No, no, *mon cher!* that is too much; cut yourself up as you please, but spare your friend.

"*Vive Dieu!*" laughed Alphonse. "It is lucky that you have absorbed such an unreasonable proportion of vanity that you have left none for me. To spare the acuteness of your feelings, I will be the victim. Here goes!" And, so saying, he ripped up the lining of his coat, and scattered a few handfuls of wadding to the winds. "Will that do?"

"Oh, capitally! I would rather you wore it than me; it has as many wrinkles as St Marceau's forehead.

"Forward, then, *et roque la galère!*" exclaimed Alphonse, as De

Lucenay vaulted into his saddle, and the cavaliers spurred on their horses to a rapid canter.

"*Apropos!*" exclaimed De Lucenay, as they approached the castle; "we ought to lay our plans, and make a proper arrangement beforehand, like honest, sociable brothers-in-arms; it would never do to stand in each other's light, and mar our mutual hopes of success by cutting each others' throats for the sake of the *bella*."

"Oh, as for me, you are welcome to all my interest in the Doña's heart beforehand; for I never felt less disposed to fall in love than I do at present."

"You are delightful in theory, *caro mio*; but as your practice might be somewhat different, suppose we make a little compact, upon fair terms, viz., that the choice is to depend on the señora herself; that whoever she distinguishes, the other is to relinquish his claims at once, and thenceforth devote all his energies to the assistance of his friend. We cannot both carry her off, you know; so it is just as well to settle all these little particulars in good time."

"Oh! as you please. I am quite willing to sign and seal any compact that will set your mind at rest; though, for my part, I declare off beforehand."

"Well, then, it is a done thing; give me your hand on it. *Parole d'honneur!*" said De Lucenay, stretching out his.

"*Parole d'honneur,*" returned his friend, with a smile.

"But to return to the elopement"—

"Gad! How you fly on! There will be two words to that part of the story, I suspect. Doña Inez will probably not be quite so easily charmed as our dear little *grisettes*; and she must be consulted, I suppose; unless, indeed, you intend to carry the fort by storm; the current of your love may not flow as smoothly as you expect."

"Oh, as for that, leave it to me. Spanish women have too good a taste, and we Frenchmen are too irresistible to leave me any fears on that score; besides, she must be devilishly difficult if neither of us suit her. You are dark, and I fair—you are

pensive, and I gay—you poetic, and I witty. The deuce is in it, if she does not fall in love with either one or other!

"Add to which, the private reservation, no doubt, that if she has one atom of discernment, it is a certain *volage*, giddy, young aide-de-camp that she will select."

"Why, if I had but fair play; but as my tongue will not be allowed to shine, I must leave the captivation part to my *yeux doux*. Who knows, though?"—

"Oh, *vanitas vanitatum!*" exclaimed Alphonse, with a laugh.

"I might say the same of a certain rebellious aristocrat, who lays claim to the euphonious patronymic of La Tour d'Auvergne, with a pedigree that dates from the Flood, and a string of musty ancestors who might put the patriarchs to the blush; but I am more generous;" and De Lucenay began carelessly to hum a few bars of La Carmagnole.

"Softly!" said his more prudent friend. "We are drawing near the chateau, and you might as well wear a cockade *tricolor* as let them hear that."

It was an antique, half-Gothic, half-Saracenic looking edifice, which they now approached. A range of light arcades, whose delicate columns, wreathed round with the most graceful foliage, seemed almost too slight to sustain the massive structure which rose above them, surrounded the *pian terreno*. Long tiers of pointed windows, mingled with exquisite fretwork, and one colossal balcony, with a rich crimson awning, completed the façade. Beneath the *portico*, numbers of servants and retainers were lounging about, enjoying the *fresco*. Some, stretched out at full length on the marble benches that lined the open arcades, were fast asleep; others, seated *à la Turque* upon the ground, were busily engaged in a noisy game of cards. But the largest group of all had collected round a handsome Moorish-looking Andalusian, who, leaning against the wall, was lazily rasping the chords of a guitar that was slung over his shoulder, while he sang one of those charming little *Tiranas*, to which he *improvised* the usual nonsense words as he proceeded; anon

the deep mellow voices of his auditory would mingle with the "*Ay de mi chaira miá! Luz de mi alma!*" &c. of the *ritournelle*, and then again the soft deep tones of the Andalusian rang alone upon the air.

As no one seemed to heed their approach, the two young men stood for a few moments in silence, listening delightedly to the music, which now melted into the softer strain of a Seguidilla, now brightened into the more brilliant measure of a Bolero. Suddenly, in the midst of it, the singer broke off, and springing on his feet as if inspired, he dashed his hands across the strings. Like an electric shock, the well-known chords of the *Tragala* aroused his hearers—every one crowded round the singer. The players threw down their cards, the loungers stood immovable, even the sleepers started into life; and all chorusing in enthusiastically, a burst of melody arose of which no one unacquainted with the rich and thrilling harmony peculiar to Spanish voices, can form an idea.

"Ernest," said La Tour d'Auvergne in a whisper, "we shall never conquer such a people: Napoleon himself cannot do it."

"Perhaps," replied his friend in the same tone. "They are desperately national; it will be tough work, at all events. But, come on; as the song is finished, we have some chance of making ourselves heard now." And De Lucenay spurred his horse up to the entrance. At their repeated calls for attendance, two or three servants hastened out of the vestibule and held their horses as they dismounted. They became infinitely more attentive, however, on hearing that the strangers were English officers, the bearers of dispatches to their master; and a dark Figaro-looking laquay, in whose lively roguish countenance the Frenchmen would have had no difficulty in recognising a Biscayan, even without the aid of his national and picturesque costume, offered to usher them into the presence of the Conde.

Their guide led the way through the long and lofty vestibule, which opened on a superb marble colonnade that encircled the patio or court, in the centre of which two antique and richly-sculptured fountains were cast-

ing up their glittering *jets-d'eau* in the proscribed form of *fleurs-de-lis*, to be received again in two wide porphyry basins. Traversing the *patio*, they ascended a fine marble staircase, from the first flight of which branched off several suites of apartments. Taking the one to the right, the young men had full leisure to observe the splendour that surrounded them, as they slowly followed their conductor from one long line of magnificent rooms into another. Notwithstanding many modern alterations, the character of the whole building was too evidently Eastern to admit a doubt as to its Moorish origin. Every where the most precious marbles, agates, and lapis-lazuli, oriental jasper, porphyry of every variety, dazzled the eye. In the centre of many of the rooms there played a small fountain; in others there were four, one in each angle. Large divans of the richest crimson and violet brocades lined the walls, while ample curtains of the same served in lieu of doors. But what particularly struck the friends was the brilliant beauty of the arabesques that covered the ceilings, and the exquisite chiselling of the cornices, and the framework of the windows.

"The palace is beautiful, is it not?" said the Biscayan, as he perceived the admiring glances they cast around them. "It ought to be, for it was one of the summer dwellings of *il rey Moro*; and those *creticos malditos* cared but little what treasures they lavished on their pleasures. It came into my master's possession as a descendant of the *Cid*, to whom it was given as a *guerdon* for his services."

"What a numerous progeny that famous hero must have had! He was a wonderful man!" exclaimed De Lucenay, with extreme gravity.

"*Si, señor—un hombre maravilloso en verdad,*" replied the Spaniard, whom, notwithstanding his natural acuteness, the seriousness of De Lucenay's manner and countenance had prevented from discovering the irony of his words. "But now, señores," he continued, as they reached a golden tissue-draped door, "we are arrived. The next room is the *comedor*, where the family are at supper."

"Then, perhaps, we had better

wait a while. We would not wish to disturb them."

"Oh, by no means! The Conde would be furious if you were kept waiting an instant. The English are great favourites of his. Besides, they must have finished by this time." And raising the curtain, they entered an immense frescoed hall, which was divided in the centre by a sort of transparent partition of white marble, some fourteen or fifteen feet in height, so delicately pierced and chiseled, that it resembled lace-work much more than stone. A pointed doorway, supported by twisted columns, as elaborately carved and ornamented as the rest, opened into the upper part of the hall, which was elevated a step higher. In the centre of this, a table was superbly laid out with a service of massive gold; while the fumes of the viands was entirely overpowered by the heavy perfume of the colossal *bouquets* of flowers which stood in sculptured silver and gold vases on the plateau. Around the table were seated about twenty persons, amongst whom the usual sprinkling of *sacerdotes* was not wanting. A stern, but noble-looking man sat at the upper end of the table, and seemed to do the honours to the rest of the company.

The Conde—for it was he—rose immediately on receiving the message which the young officers had sent in; while they waited its answer in the oriel window, being unwilling to break in so unceremoniously upon a party which seemed so much larger, and more formal, than any they had been prepared to meet. Their host received them most courteously as they presented their credentials—namely, a letter from the English general, Wilson, who commanded the forces stationed at the city of S—, about sixty miles distant from the chateau. As the Conde ran his glance over its contents,—in which the general informed him that within three or four days he would reach R—, when he intended to avail himself of the Conde's often proffered hospitality, till when he recommended his two aides-de-camp to his kindness,—the politeness of their welcome changed to the most friendly cordiality.

"Senores," he said, "I am most grateful to his excellency for the favour he has conferred on me, in choosing my house during his stay here. I feel proud and happy to shelter beneath my roof any of our valued and brave allies.—But you must have had a hard day's ride of it, I should think."

"Why, yes, it was a tolerable morning's work," replied De Lucenay, who felt none of Alphonse's embarrassment.

"Pablo, place seats for their excellencies," said the Conde to one of the domestics who stood around; while he motioned to the *soi-disant* Englishmen to enter the supper-room, in which the clatter of tongues and plates had sensibly diminished, ever since the commencement of the mysterious conference which had been taking place beyond its precincts. "You must be greatly in want of some refreshment, for the wretched *posadas* on the road cannot have offered you any thing eatable."

"They were not very tempting, certainly; however, we are pretty well used to them by this time," replied De Lucenay. "But, Señor Conde, really we are scarcely presentable in such a company," he added, as he looked down on his dust-covered boots and dress.

"What matter? You must not be so ceremonious with us; you cannot be expected to come off a journey as if you had just emerged from a lady's boudoir," answered the Conde with a smile. "Besides, these are only a few intimate friends who have assembled to celebrate my daughter's fête-day." And, so saying, he led them up to the table, and presented them to the circle as Lord Beauclerc and Sir Edward Trevor, aides-de-camp to General Wilson. "And now," he added, "I must introduce you to the lady of the castle; my daughter, Doña Inez;" and turning to a slight elegant-looking girl, who might have been about sixteen or seventeen, he said—" *Mi querida*, these gentlemen have brought me the welcome news that our friend the English general will be here in three or four days at the latest; the corps will be quartered in the neighbourhood, but the general and his aides-de-camp will reside with us.

Therefore, as they are likely to remain some time, we must all do our utmost to render their stay amongst us as agreeable to them as possible."

"I shall be most happy to contribute to it as far as it is in my slight power," replied Doña Inez in a low sweet voice, while she raised her large lustrous eyes to those of Alphonse, which for the last five minutes had been gazing as if transfixed upon her beautiful countenance.

Starting as if from a dream, he stammered out, "Senorita, I—I—" when fortunately De Lucenay came to his assistance, with one of those little well-turned flattering speeches for which French tact is so unrivalled; and as the company politely made room for them, they seated themselves beside her.

"Don Fernando," said the Conde to a haughty, grave-looking man, who sat next to De Lucenay, while he resumed his place at the head of the table, "you and Inez, I trust, will take care of our new friends. *Pobrecitos*, they must be half famished by their day's expedition, and this late hour."

But the recommendation was superfluous; every one vied with his neighbour in attending to the two strangers, who, on their part, were much more intent on contemplating the fair mistress of the mansion, than on doing honour to the profusion of *friandises* that were piled before them.

Doña Inez was indeed beautiful, beyond the usual measure of female loveliness: imagination could not enhance, nor description give an idea of the charm that fascinated all those who gazed upon her: features cast in the most classic mould—a complexion that looked as if no southern sun had ever smiled on it. But the eyes!—the large, dark, liquid orbs, whose glance would now seem almost dazzling in its excessive brightness, and now melted into all the softness of Oriental languor, as the long, gloomy Circassian lashes drooped over them! As Alphonse looked upon her, he could have almost fancied himself transported to Mohammed's paradise, and taken the Spanish maiden for a houri; but that there was a soul in those magnificent eyes—a noble-

ness in the white and lofty brow—a dignity in the calm and pensive calmness, which spoke of higher and better things.

But if her appearance enchanted him, her manners were not less winning; unembarrassed and unaffected, her graceful and natural ease in a few moments contrived to make them feel as much at home as another would have done in as many hours. Much to the young Frenchmen's regret, however, they were not long allowed to enjoy their *aparté* in quiet; for a thin sallow-looking priest, whom Doña Inez had already designated to them as the *Padre Confessor*, interrupted them in a few minutes, and the conversation became general.

"It is a great satisfaction to us all to see you here, señores," he said. "First, as it procures us the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with our good friends and allies the English; and, secondly, as a guarantee that we are not likely to have our sight polluted by any of those sacrilegious demons the French, while you are amongst us."

"*Gracias a Dios!*" energetically rejoined the *cappellan*—a fat, rosy, good-humoured looking old man, the very antipodes of his grim *confrère*. "The saints preserve me from ever setting eyes on them again! You must know, señores, that some six weeks ago I had gone to collect some small sums due to the convent, and was returning quietly home with a lay brother, when I had the misfortune to fall in with a troop of those sons of Belial, whom I thought at least a hundred miles off. Would you believe it, señores! without any respect for my religious habit, the impious dogs laid violent hands on me; laughed in my face when I told them I was almoner to the holy community of Sancta Maria de los Dolores; and vowing that they were sure that my frock was well lined, actually forced me to strip to the skin, in order to despoil me of the treasure of the Church! Luckily, however, the Holy Virgin had inspired me to hide it in the mule's saddle-girths, and so, the zechins escaped their greedy fangs. But I had enough of the fright; it laid me up for a week. Misericordia! what a set of cut-throat, hideous-looking ruffians! I thought I

should never come alive out of their hands!"

"Jesus!" exclaimed a handsome bronzed-looking Castilian, whom De Lucenay had heard addressed as Doña Encarnacion de Almoceres; "are they really so wicked and so frightful?"

"Without doubt; true demons incarnate," replied the voracious priest.

"Come, come, *reverendissimo padre*; you are too hard upon the poor devils: I have seen a good-looking fellow amongst them, now and then."

"*Bondad sua, señor*, I'll be sworn there is not one fit to tie the latchet of your shoe in the whole army."

"Yet how strange, then," recommenced Doña Encarnacion, "the infatuation they excite! I am told that it is inconceivable the numbers of young girls, from sixteen and upwards, who have abandoned their homes and families to follow these brigands. Their want of mature years and understanding," she continued, with a significant glance at Doña Inez—her indignation having been gradually aroused as she perceived the admiration lavished on her by the strangers, and the indifference with which they viewed her riper charms,—“may be one reason; but if the French are so unattractive, such madness is inexplicable.”

"Arts, unholy arts all!" cried the Confessor. "Their damnable practices are the cause of it. They rob the damsels of their senses, with their infernal potions and elixirs. The wretches are in league with the devil."

"Assuredly," replied Don Fernando, gravely, "you must be right. No woman in her senses would condescend to look at those insignificant triflers, while a single *caballero* of the true old type is to be found on Spanish soil;" and he drew himself still more stiffly up.

"The Holy Virgin defend me from their snares!" fervently ejaculated a thin wrinkled old woman, who until then might easily have been mistaken for a mummy, casting her eye up to heaven, and crossing herself with the utmost devotion.

A suppressed laugh spread its contagious influence all round the table.

"Doña Estefania, have no fear;

you possess an infallible preservative," exclaimed the cappellano.

"And what may that be?" responded the antiquated fair, somewhat sharply.

"Your piety and virtue, *señora*," rejoined the merry *cappellano*, with a roguish smile, which was not lost on the rest of the company, though it evidently escaped the obtuser perceptions of Doña Estefania; for drawing her mantilla gracefully around her, and composing her parched visage into a look of modesty, she answered in a softened tone, while she waved her *abanico* timidly before her face, "Ah, *Padre Anselmo!* you are too partial; you flatter me!"

This was too much for the risible faculties of the audience; even the grim Don Fernando's imperturbable mustache relaxed into a smile; while to avert the burst of laughter which seemed on the point of exploding on all sides, Doña Inez interrupted—

"But, *señora*, I should hope there is much falsehood and exaggeration in the reports you allude to. I trust there are few, if any, Spanish maidens capable of so forgetting what is due to themselves and to their country."

"Nevertheless, the contrary is the case," replied Doña Encarnacion, with asperity.

"Oh! no no—it cannot be! I will not believe it; it is calumnious—it is impossible! What being, with one drop of Spanish blood within their veins, would be so debased as to follow the invaders of their country, the destroyers, the despoilers of their own land?" Doña Inez, led away by her own enthusiasm, coloured deeply, while Doña Encarnacion seemed on the point of making an angry retort, when the count gave the signal to rise. The rest followed his example, and the Conde led the young Frenchmen to a window, where he conversed a little with them, asked many questions about the forces, about the general who was to be their inmate, &c.—to all which De Lucenay's ready wit and inimitable *sang froid* furnished him with suitable and unhesitating replies. The Conde then concluded with the information, that as there was to be rather a larger tertulia than usual that evening, perhaps they would wish to make some alteration

in their dress before the company arrived.

The officers gladly availed themselves of the permission, and followed the *majordomo* up a massive flight of stairs, into a handsome suite of three or four rooms, assigned entirely to their use. After having promenaded them through the whole extent of their new domicile, the *majordomo* retired, leaving them to the attendance of their former guide, Pedro, who was deputed to serve them in the capacity of *valet-de-chambre*.

The young men were astonished at the magnificence of all that met their eyes: walls covered with the finest tapestry; ewers and goblets of chased and solid silver; even to the quilts and canopies of the bed, stiff with gold embroidery. But they were too much absorbed by the charms of the Conde's daughter, and too anxious to return to the centre of attraction, to waste much time in admiring the splendour of their quarters.

"How beautiful Doña Inez is!" said De Lucenay, as, in spite of all prudential considerations, he tried to force his glossy locks to resume a less sober fashion. "She must have many admirers, I should think?"

"By the dozen," answered the Spaniard. "She is the pearl of Andalusia; there is not a noble *caballero* in the whole province that would not sell his soul to obtain a smile from her."

"And who are the favoured ones at present?"

"Oh, she favours none; she is too proud to cast a look on any of them: yet there are four *hidalgos* on the ranks at present, not one of whom the haughtiest lady in Spain need disdain. Don Alvar de Mendocce, especially, is a cavalier whose birth and wealth would entitle him to any thing short of royalty; not to speak of the handsomest face, the finest figure, and the sweetest voice for a serenade, of any within his most Catholic Majesty's dominions."

"And is it possible that the Doña can be obdurate to such irresistible attractions?"

Pedro shrugged his shoulders. "Why, she has not absolutely refused him, for the Conde favours his suit; but she vows she will not grant him a

thought till he has won his spurs, and proved his patriotism, by sending at least a dozen of those French dogs to their father Satanasso."

"A capital way to rid one's-self of a bore!" exclaimed De Lucenay, while he cast a last glance at the glass. "So you are ready, milor," he added, turning to his friend, who, notwithstanding his indifference, had spent quite as much time in adorning himself. And, Pedro preceding them, the young men gaily descended the stairs.

On entering the *salon*, they found several groups already assembled. Doña Inez was standing speaking to two or three ladies; while several cavaliers hovered round them, apparently delighted at every word that fell from her lips. She disengaged herself from her circle, however, on perceiving them, and gradually approached the window to which they had retreated.

"What a lovely evening!" she exclaimed, stepping out upon the balcony, on which the moon shone full, casting a flood of soft mellow light on the sculptured façade of the old castle, tipping its forest of tapering pinnacles and the towering summits of the dark cypresses with silver. "You do not see such starlit skies in England, I believe?"

"I have enjoyed many a delightful night in my own country, señora, and in others, but such a night as this, never—not even in Spain!" answered Alphonse, fixing his expressive eyes on her with a meaning not to be mistaken.

"What a pity it is that we cannot import a few of these soft moonlights to our own chilly clime, for the benefit of all lovers, past, present, and future!" said De Lucenay gaily. "It is so much pleasanter to make love in a serenade, with the shadow of some kind projecting buttress to hide one's blushes, a pathetic sonnet to express one's feelings infinitely more eloquently than one can in prose, moonlight and a guitar to cast a shade of romance over the whole, and a moat or river in view to terrify the lady into reason, if necessary—instead of making a formal declaration in the broad daylight, looking rather more *bête* than one has ever looked before, with the uncharitable sun giving a deeper glow to one's

already crimson countenance. Or, worse still, if one is compelled to torture one's-self for an hour or two over unlucky *billet-doux*, destined to divert the lady and all her confidants for the next six months. Oh! *evviva*, the Spanish mode—nothing like it, to my taste, in the world!”

“*Misericordia!*” exclaimed Doña Inez with a laugh, “you are quite eloquent on the subject, señor. But I should hope, for their sakes, that your delineation of lovers in England is not a very faithful one.”

“To the life, on my honour.”

“Probably they do not devote quite as much time to it as our *caballeros*, who are quite adepts in the science.”

“Don Alvar de Mendoce, for example,” muttered Alphonse, between his teeth.

“What! where?” cried the young girl, in an agitated tone; “who mentioned Don Alvar? Did you? But no—impossible!” she added hurriedly.

“I?” exclaimed Alphonse, with an air of surprise—“I did not speak. But, *pardon*, señora! is not the cavalier you have just named, your brother?”

“No, señor—I have no brother: that *caballero*, he is only a—a friend of my father's,” she answered confusedly.

“Oh! excuse me,” said Alphonse, with the most innocent air imaginable; “I thought you had.”

There was a moment's pause, and Doña Inez returned into the saloon, which was now beginning rapidly to fill.

“I am afraid I must leave you, señores; the dancing is about to commence,” she said, “and I must go and speak to some young friends of mine who have just come in. But first let me induce you to select some partners.”

“I did not know it was customary to dance at tertulias,” observed Ernest.

“Not in general, but to-night it is augmented into a little ball, in honour of its being my *día de cumpleaños*. But come, look round the room, and choose for yourselves. Whom shall I take you up to?”

“May I not have the pleasure of

dancing with Doña Inez herself?” said De Lucenay.

“Ah no! I would not inflict so *triste* a partner on you: I must find you a more lively companion.” And as if to prevent the compliment that was hovering on Ernest's lips, she hurried on, while she pointed out a group that was seated near the door. “There! what do you think of Doña Juana de Zayas? the liveliest, prettiest, and most remorseless coquette of all Andalusia; for whose bright eyes more hearts and heads have been broken than I could enumerate, or you would have patience to listen to.”

“What! that sparkling-looking brunette, who flutters her *abanico* with such inimitable grace?”

“The same.”

“Oh! present me by all means.”

“And you, señor,” said Doña Inez, returning with more interest to Alphonse, who had stood silently leaning against a column, while she walked his friend across the room, and seated him beside Doña Juana, “will you be satisfied with Doña Mercedes, who is almost as much admired as her sister; or shall we look further?”

“But you, so formed to shine—to eclipse all others—do you never dance, señorita?”

“Seldom or ever,” she replied sadly. “I have no spirit for enjoyment now!”

“But wherefore? Can there be a cloud to dim the happiness of one so bright—so beautiful?” he answered, lowering his voice almost to a whisper.

“Alas!” she said, touched by the tone of interest with which he had spoken,—“is there not cause enough for sadness in the misfortunes of my beloved country; each day, each hour producing some fresh calamity? Who can be gay when we see our native land ravaged, our friends driven from their homes; when we know not how soon we may be banished from our own?”

“Deeply—sincerely do I sympathise with, and honour your feelings; but yet, for once, banish care, and let us enjoy the present hour like the rest.”

“Indeed, I should prove a bad

danseuse: it is so long since I have danced, that I am afraid I have almost forgotten how."

"But as I fear nothing except ill success, let me entreat."

"No, no—I will provide you with a better partner."

"Nay, if Doña Inez will not favour me, I renounce dancing, not only for to-night, but for ever."

"Oh! well then, to save you from such a melancholy sacrifice, I suppose I must consent," replied Doña Inez with a laugh: and as the music now gave the signal to commence, she accepted his proffered arm; and in a few moments she was whirling round the circle as swiftly as the gayest of the throng. The first turn of the waltz sufficed to convince Alphonse that his fears on one score, at least, were groundless; for he had never met with a lighter or more admirable *valseuse*—a pleasure that none but a good waltzer can appreciate, and which, notwithstanding all her other attractions, was not lost upon the young Frenchman; and before the termination of the waltz, he had decided that Doña Inez was assuredly the most fascinating, as she was undoubtedly the most beautiful, being he had ever beheld.

"*Santa Virgen!*" exclaimed De Lucenay's lively partner, after a moment's silence, which both had very profitably employed; he, in admiring her pretty countenance, and she in watching the somewhat earnest conversation that was kept up between the French officer and Doña Inez, as they reposed themselves on a divan after the fatigues of the waltz. "It seems to me that our proud Inesilla and your friend are very well satisfied with each other. I wonder if Don Alvar would be as well pleased, if he saw them. *Grandios!* there he is, I declare!"

Instinctively De Lucenay's eyes followed the direction of hers, and lighted on a tall striking-looking cavalier, whose handsome features were contracted into a dark frown, while he stood silently observing the couple, the pre-occupation of whom had evidently hitherto prevented their perceiving him. "Do, *per caridad!* go and tell your friend to be a little

more on his guard, or we shall certainly have a duel: Don Alvar is the first swordsman in Spain, jealous as a tiger, and he makes it a rule to cripple, or kill, every rival who attempts to approach Doña Inez. Your friend is such a good waltzer, that I should really be sorry to see him disabled, at least till I am tired of dancing with him."

"Your frankness is adorable."

"Why, to be sure,—of what use are you men except as partners? unless, indeed, you are making love to us; and then, I admit, you are of a little more value for the time being."

"The portrait is flattering."

"Assuredly; you are only too fortunate in being permitted to worship us."

"In the present instance, believe me, I fully appreciate the happiness."

"*Bravo, bravissimo!* I see you were made for me; I hate people who take as much time to fall in love as if they were blind."

"I always reflect with my eyes."

"Ah! that is the true way; but come," rattled on the merry Juanita, "go and give your friend a hint, and I will employ the interim in smoothing the ruffled plumes of an admirer of mine, who has been scowling at me this last half hour, and whose flame is rather too fresh to put an extinguisher on just yet."

"A rival!" exclaimed Ernest in a tragic tone; "he or I must cease to exist."

"Oh! don't be so valiant," cried Doña Juana, leaning back in a violent fit of laughter. "You would have to extinguish twenty of them at that rate."

"Twenty is a large number," said Ernest reflectingly.

"Yes, yes—be wise in time," said the pretty coquette, still laughing.

"If you are patient and submissive, you have always the chance of rising to the first rank, you know. I am not very exacting, and provided a caballero devotes himself wholly to my service, enlivens me when I am dull, sympathises with me when I am sad, obeys my commands as religiously as he would his confessor's, anticipates my every wish, and bears with every caprice, is never gloomy or jealous,

and is, moreover, unconscious of the existence of any other woman in the world beside, I am satisfied."

"Is that all? Upon my word your demands are moderate."

"Yes, but as our pious friend Doña Estefania says, perfection is not of this world, and so I content myself with a little," replied the animated girl, imitating the look of mock humility, shrouding herself in her mantilla, and wielding her *abanico* with the identical air and grace which had so completely upset the gravity of the supper-table an hour before. "And then, consider," she continued, as suddenly resuming her own vivacity, "how much more glorious it will be to outstrip a host of competitors, than quietly to take possession of a heart which no one takes the trouble of disputing with you."

"Your logic is positively unanswerable," laughed De Lucenay.

"Ah, *per piedad!* Spare my ignorance the infliction of such hard words, and be off."

"But——" murmured the reluctant Ernest.

"Obedience, you know!" and Juanita held up her finger authoritatively.

Never had Ernest executed a lady's behests with a worse grace, nor was his alacrity increased by perceiving that, ere he had even had time to cross the room, his place was already occupied, as much apparently to the satisfaction of his substitute, as to that of the faithless fair one herself. But Alphonse and his partner had disappeared, and De Lucenay went towards the balcony, to which he suspected they had retreated; but there was no one there, and De Lucenay stood for a few moments in the embrasure of the window, irresolute whether he should seek out his friend or not, while he amused himself contemplating the animated *coup-d'œil* of the saloon. The dark-eyed Spanish belles, with their basquinas and lace mantillas, their flexible figures, and their miniature feet so exquisitely *chaussées*; the handsome caballeros, with their dark profiles and black mustaches, their sombre costume, brilliantly relieved by the gold tissue divans, and varied arabesques of the glittering saloon, they looked like the noble pictures of

Velasquez or Murillo just stepped out of their frames. As Ernest was re-entering the saloon, the voices of a group of ladies, from whom he was concealed by the crimson drapery of the curtains, caught his attention.

"Ah! *Mariguita mía,*" said one, "how glad I am to meet you here! *Que gusto!* It is a century since I saw you last."

"*Queridita mía,*" responded a masculine tone, very little in harmony with the soft words it uttered; "in these terrible times one dare not venture a mile beyond the town: As for me, the mere barking of a dog puts me all in a flutter, and sends me flying to the window. You know the news, I suppose; Doña Isabel de Peñafior has quarrelled with her *cortejo*, and he has flown off in a rage to her cousin Blanca."

"*Misericordia que lastima,* they were such a handsome couple! But it cannot last; they will make it up again, certainly."

"Oh no!" interposed another; "her husband Don Antonio has done all he could to reconcile them, but in vain—he told me so himself."

"Well, I am sure I don't wonder at it; she is such a shrew there is no bearing her."

"No matter," resumed the first speaker, "the example is scandalous, and should not be suffered. Ah! it is all the fault of that artificial Blanca: I knew she would contrive to get him at last."

"*Aproposito,* what do you think of the two new stars?"

"Oh, charming! delightful!" exclaimed a voice, whose light silvery tone doubly enhanced the value of its praise to the attentive listener in the back-ground. "Only I fear they will not profit us much; for if my eyes deceive me not, both are already captured."

"No doubt, child," said a voice which had not yet spoken; "good looks and good dancing are quite enough to constitute your standard of perfection."

"At all events," interrupted another, "they are very unlike Englishmen. Do you know," she continued, lowering her voice to a whisper, "that Don Alvar swears they are nothing else than a pair of French spies; and

as he speaks English very well, he means to try them by and by."

The intelligence was pleasant! and Ernest seized the first instant when he could slip out unobserved, to go in search of his friend. After looking for him in vain amidst the dancing and chattering crowd, he wandered into an adjoining gallery, whose dark length was left to the light of the moon, in whose rays the gloomy portraits that covered the walls looked almost spectrally solemn. The gallery terminated in a terrace, which was decorated with colossal marble vases and stunted orange-trees, whose blossoms embalmed the air with their fragrance. As Ernest approached, the sound of whispered words caught his ear. He stood still an instant, hidden by the porphyry columns of the portico.

"Indeed, indeed, I must return; do not detain me; it is not right; I shall be missed; I cannot listen to you," murmured the low voice of Doña Inez.

"One moment more. Inez, I love, I adore you! Oh, do not turn from me thus—the present instant alone is ours; to-morrow, to-night, this hour perhaps, I may be forced to leave you; give me but hope, one smile, one word, and I will live upon that hope—live for the future—live for you alone, beloved one! till we compel fate to reunite us, or die. But you will not say that word; you care not for me—you love another!" said Alphonse bitterly. "Would that I had never seen you! you are cold, heartless! or you could not reject thus a love so ardent, so devoted, as that I fling at your feet."

"But why this impetuosity—this unreasonable haste? If you love me, there is time to-morrow, hereafter; but this is madness. I love no one—I hate Don Alvar; but your love is folly, insanity. Three hours ago you had never seen me, and now you swear my indifference will kill you. Oh! señor, señor! I am but a simple girl—I am but just seventeen; yet I know that were it even true that you love me, a love so sudden in its birth must perish as rapidly."

"It is not true! you know—you feel that it is not true—you do not think what you say! There is a love

which, like the lightning, scorches the tree which it strikes, and blasts it for ever; but you reason—you do not love—fool that I am!"

"Oh! let me go—do not clasp my hand so—you are cruel!" and Inez burst into tears.

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me, best beloved! *luz de mi alma!*"

A sound of approaching footsteps on the marble below startled them, and Inez darted away like a frightened fawn, and flew down the gallery.

"Well, stoical philosopher!" exclaimed Ernest, as his friend emerged from behind the orange-trees; "for so indifferent and frozen a personage, I think you get on pretty fast. *Ca ira!* I begin to have hopes of you. So you have lost that frozen heart of yours at last, and after such boasting, too! But that is always the way with you braggadocios. I thought it would end so, you were so wondrously valiant."

"But who ever dreamed of seeing any thing so superhumanly beautiful as that young girl? Nothing terrestrial could have conquered me; but my stoicism was defenceless against an angel."

"Bravo! your pride has extricated itself from the dilemma admirably. I must admit that there is some excuse for you; the pearl of Andalusia is undoubtedly *ravissante*. But your pieces of still life never suit me. I have the bad taste to prefer the laughing black-eyed Juanita de Zayas to all the Oriental languor, drooping lashes, and sentimental monosyllables of your divinity."

"Oh, sacrilege! the very comparison is profanation!" exclaimed Alphonse, raising his hands and eyes to heaven.

"Hold hard, *mon cher*. I cannot stand that!" responded Ernest energetically.

"Then, in heaven's name, do not put such a noble creature as Doña Inez on a level with a mere little trifling coquette."

"Oh! she is every inch as bad. I watched her narrowly, and would stake my life on it she is only the more dangerous for being the less open. Smooth water, you know—however, you have made a tolerable day's work of it."

"Either the best or the worst of

my life, Ernest!" said his friend passionately.

"What! is it come to that?—so hot upon it! But while we are standing trifling here, we ought to be discussing something much more important." And here De Lucenay repeated the conversation he had overheard. "In short, I fear we are fairly done for," he added, in conclusion. "I hope you are able to bear the brunt of the battle, for my vocabulary will scarcely carry me through ten words."

"Oh, as for me, I shall do very well; it must be the devil's own luck if he speaks English better than I do," said Alphonse; "and as for you, you must shelter yourself under English *morque* and reserve."

"Confound him!" muttered De Lucenay: "jealousy is the very deuce for sharpening the wits. But no matter, courage!"—And so saying, the friends sauntered back into the circle.

They had not been long there when the Conde came up and introduced his friend Don Alvar, who, as they had expected, addressed them in very good English; to which Alphonse replied with a flency which would have delighted his friend less, had he been able to appreciate the mistakes which embellished almost every sentence. To him Don Alvar often turned; but as every attempt to engage him in the conversation was met by a resolute monosyllable, he at last confined himself to Alphonse, much to De Lucenay's relief. His manners, however, were cautious and agreeable; and as, after a quarter of an hour, he concluded by hoping that ere long they should be better acquainted, and left them apparently quite unsuspecting, the young men persuaded themselves that they had outwitted their malicious inquisitor. Their gay spirits thus relieved from the cloud that had momentarily overshadowed them, the remainder of the evening was to them one of unmingled enjoyment. In the society of the beautiful Doña Inez, and her sparkling friend, hours flew by like minutes; and when the last lingering groups dispersed, and the reluctant Juanita rose to depart, the friends could not be convinced of the lateness of the hour.

"Well, Alphonse! so you are fairly caught at last!" said De Lucenay, as, after dismissing Pedro half-an-hour later, he stretched himself full length on the luxurious divan of the immense bedroom, which, for the sake of companionship, they had determined on sharing between them. "After all, it is too absurd that you, who have withstood all the artillery of Paris, and escaped all the cross-fire of the two Castiles, should come and be hooked at last in this remote corner of the earth, by the inexperienced black eyes of an innocent of sixteen."

"Good heavens! do cease that stupid style of *persiflage*. I am in no humour for jesting."

"Well, defend me from the love that makes people cross! My *bonnes fortunes* always put me in a good humour."

"Will you never learn to be serious? That absurd manner of talking is very ill-timed."

Ernest was on the point of retorting very angrily, when the sound of a guitar struck upon their ears; and, with one accord, the friends stole silently and noiselessly to the balcony—but not before Ernest, with the tact of experience, had hidden the light behind the marble pillars of the alcove. By this manœuvre, themselves in shade, they could, unperceived, observe all that passed in the apartment opposite to them, from which the sound proceeded; for the windows were thrown wide open, and an antique bronze lamp, suspended from the ceiling, diffused sufficient light over the whole extent of the room to enable them to distinguish almost every thing within its precincts. The profusion of flowers, trifles, and musical instruments, that were dispersed around in graceful confusion, would alone have betrayed a woman's sanctum sanctorum, even had not the presiding genius of the shrine been the first and most prominent object that met their eyes. Doña Inez—for it was she—had drawn her seat to the verge of the balcony; and, her guitar resting on her knee, she hurried over a brilliant prelude with a masterly hand; and in a pure, rich voice, but evidently tremulous with emotion, sang a little plaintive *seguidilla*

with exquisite taste and feeling. The two young men listened in hushed and breathless attention; but the song was short as it was sweet—in a moment it had ceased; and the young girl, stepping out upon the balcony, leaned over the balustrade, and looked anxiously around, as if her brilliant eyes sought to penetrate the very depths of night.

"Well, Alphonse," said De Lucenay, "let me congratulate you. This serenade is for you; but I presume you will no longer deny the coquetry of your *innamorata*!"

"Hush, hush!" exclaimed his friend hastily, as Doña Inez resumed her seat: "be sure there is some better motive for it."

The music now recommenced, but it was the same air again.

"This is strange!" muttered Ernest: "her *repertoire* seems limited. Does she know nothing else, I wonder?"

"Silence!" replied the other. "Did you mark the words?" exclaimed Alphonse hurriedly, as the music concluded. "*Descuidado caballero, este lecho es vuestra tumba, &c.*"

"No, indeed; I was much better employed in watching the fair syren herself. *Foi de dragon!* she is charming. I have half a mind to dispute her with you."

"She has something to communicate!" exclaimed Alphonse, in an agitated voice; "we are in danger." And, running rapidly into the room, he replaced the light on the table, so that they were full in view.

His conjecture was right; for no sooner did the light discover to her those whom she was looking for, than, uttering a fervent "*gracias a Dios!*" she clasped her hands together, and rushed into the apartment, from which she almost instantaneously returned with a small envelope, which she flung with such precision that it fell almost in the centre of the room, with a sharp metallic sound. It was the work of an instant to tear open the packet, take out the key which it contained, and decypher the following words:—

"Señores,—Strange, and I trust unjust suspicions have arisen concerning you. It is whispered that you are not what you appear: that

secret and traitorous designs have led you amongst us. To-morrow's dawn will bring the proof to light. But, should you have any thing to fear, fly instantly—not a moment must be lost. Descend by the small staircase; the inclosed is a *passe-partout* to open the gate, outside which Pedro will wait you with your horses, and guide you on your way, till you no longer require him. Alas! I betray my beloved parent's confidence, to save you from a certain and ignominious death. Be generous, then, and bury all that you have seen and heard within these walls in oblivion, or eternal remorse and misery must be mine.—INEZ."

"Generous, noble-minded girl!" enthusiastically exclaimed Alphonse, as he paced the room with agitated steps. "Scarcely do I regret this hour of peril, since it has taught me to know thee!"

"For heaven's sake, Alphonse, no heroics now!" cried De Lucenay, who, not being in love, estimated the value of time much more rationally than his friend. "Scribble off an answer—explain that we are not spies—while I prepare for our departure. Be quick!—five minutes are enough for me."

Alphonse followed his friend's advice, and, in an incredibly short space of time, penned off a tolerably long epistle, explaining the boyish frolic into which they had been led by getting possession of the dispatches of an imprisoned English aide-de-camp, and the reports of her beauty; filled up with protestations of eternal gratitude and remembrance, and renewing all the vows and declarations of the evening—the precipitancy of which he excused by the unfortunate circumstances under which he was placed, and the impossibility of bidding her adieu, without convincing her of the sentiments which filled his heart then and for ever. The letter concluded by intreating her carefully to preserve the signet-ring which it contained; and that should she at any future time be in any danger or distress, she had only to present or send it, and there was nothing, within her power, himself or his friends would not do for her. Having signed their real names and titles, and dispatched

the *billet-doux* in the same manner as its predecessor, the young men waited till they had the satisfaction of seeing Doña Inez open it; and then, waving their handkerchiefs in sign of adieu, Alphonse, with a swelling heart, followed his friend down stairs. All happened as the young girl had promised, and in a few moments they were in the open air and in freedom.

"Señores," said Pedro, as they mounted their horses, "the Senorita thinks you had better not return to your quarters, for Don Alvar is such a devil when his jealous blood is up, that he might pursue you with a troop of assassins, and murder you on the road. She desired me to conduct you to S——, whence you may easily take the cross-roads in any direction you please."

"The Senorita is a pearl of prudence and discretion: do whatever she desired you," said Alphonse.

Pedro made no answer; but seemingly as much impressed with the necessity of speed as the young men themselves, put the spurs to his horse; and in a moment they were crossing the country at a speed which bid fair to distance any pursuers who were not gifted with wings as well as feet; nor did they slacken rein till the dawn of day showed them, to their great joy, that they were beyond the reach of pursuit, and in a part of the country with which they were sufficiently well acquainted to enable them to dispense with the services of Pedro—a discovery which they lost no time in taking advantage of, by dismissing the thenceforth inconvenient guide, with such substantial marks of their gratitude as more than compensated him for the loss of his night's rest. A few more hours saw them safely returned to the French camp, without having suffered any greater penalty for the indulgence of their curiosity, than a night's hard riding, to the no small discomfiture of the friendly circle of *frères d'armes*, whose prophecies of evil on the subject had been, if not loud, deep and numerous.

* * * *

It was on a somewhat chilly evening, towards the beginning of winter, that Alphonse was writing a letter in his tent; while De Lucenay, who, when there were no ladies in ques-

tion, could never be very long absent from his Pylades, was pacing up and down, savouring the ineffable delights of a long *chibouque*, when the orderly suddenly entered, and laid a letter on the table, saying that the bearer waited the answer. Desiring him to attend his orders outside, Alphonse broke open the envelope.

"What the devil have you got there, Alphonse?" exclaimed De Lucenay, stopping in the midst of his perambulations, as he perceived the agitated countenance and tremulous eagerness with which his friend perused the contents of the letter. "It must be a powerful stimulant indeed, which can make you look so much more like yourself than you have done for these last five months. You have not been so much excited since that mysterious blank letter you received, with its twin sprigs of forget-me-not and myrtle. I began to fear I should have that unlucky expedition of ours on my conscience for the rest of my days. You have never been the same being since."

"There—judge for yourself!" exclaimed Alphonse, flinging him the note after he had hurriedly pressed it to his lips, and rushed out of the tent.

It was with scarcely less surprise and emotion that De Lucenay glanced over the following lines:—

"If honour and gratitude have any claims upon your hearts, now is the moment to redeem the pledge they gave. Danger and misfortune have fallen upon us, and I claim the promise that, unasked, you made; the holy Virgin grant that it may be as fresh in your memory as it is in mine. I await your answer.—INEZ." The signet was inclosed. Scarcely had De Lucenay read its contents when his friend re-entered, leading in a trembling sister of charity, beneath whose projecting hood Ernest had no difficulty in recognising the beautiful features of Doña Inez di Miranda.

"This is indeed an unlooked-for happiness!" passionately exclaimed Alphonse, while he placed the agitated and almost fainting girl on a seat. "Since that memorable night of mingled joy and despair, I thought not that such rapture awaited me again on earth."

"Oh, talk not of joy, of happiness!"

Imploringly exclaimed the young girl. "I have come to you on a mission of life or death. My father—my dear, my beloved father—is a prisoner, and condemned to be shot. Oh, save him! save him!" she cried wildly, falling on her knees.—"If you have hearts, if you are human—save him! and God will reward you for it; and I shall live but to bless your names every hour of my existence." Exhausted by her emotion, she would have fallen on the ground, had not Alphonse caught her and raised her in his arms.

"Calm yourself, calm yourself, sweet child!" he whispered soothingly: "our lives, our blood is at your service; there is nothing on earth which my friend and I would not do for you."

A declaration which De Lucenay confirmed with an energetic oath.

Somewhat tranquillized by this assurance, she at last recovered sufficiently to explain that her father was at the head of a guerilla band which had been captured, having fallen into an ambuscade, where they left more than half their number dead on the field. Some peasants had brought the news to the chateau, with the additional information that they were all to be shot within two days.

"In my despair," continued the young girl, "I thought of you; and ordering the fleetest horses in the stables to be saddled, set off with two servants, determined to throw myself on your pity; and if that should fail me, to fling myself on the mercy of heaven, and lastly to die with him, if I could not rescue him. But you will save him! will you not?" she sobbed with clasped hands—and a look so beseeching, so sorrowful, that the tears rushed involuntarily into their eyes.

"Save him! oh yes, at all costs, at all hazards! were it at the risk of our heads! But where is he? where was he taken? where conveyed to?"

"They were taken to the quarters of the general-in-chief in command, and it was he himself who signed their condemnation."

"My father!" said De Lucenay, in a tone of surprise.

"Ernest!" exclaimed his friend,

"they must be those prisoners who were brought in this morning while we were out foraging."

"No doubt, no doubt, you are right," replied De Lucenay, his countenance lighting up with pleasure. "Oh, then, all is well! I will go instantly to my father; tell him we owe our lives to you—and that will be quite sufficient. Have no fear—he is saved!"

"He is saved! He is saved!" shrieked Doña Inez. "Oh, may heaven bless you for those words!" and with a sigh—a gasp—she fell senseless on the ground.

"Poor girl!" said De Lucenay, pityingly, "she has suffered indeed. Alphonse, I leave you to resuscitate her, while I hurry off to the General. There is not a moment to be lost. As soon as the grand affair is settled, I will make my father send for her. She will be better taken care of there; and besides, you know, it would not be *convenable* for her to remain here; and we must be generous as well as honourable."

"Oh, certainly—certainly! It is well you think for me; for I am so confused that I remember nothing," exclaimed Alphonse, as De Lucenay hurried away.

It was not quite so easy a task, however, as he had imagined, to bring the young girl to life again. The terror and distress she had undergone had done their worst; and the necessity for exertion past, the overstrung nerves gave way beneath the unwonted tension. One fainting-fit succeeded to another; till at last Alphonse began to be seriously alarmed. Fortunately, however, joy does not kill; and after a short while, Doña Inez was sufficiently recovered to listen with a little more attention to the protestations, vows, and oaths, which, for the last half hour, the young Frenchman had been very uselessly wasting on her insensible ears.

"And so, then, you did remember me, it seems!" said Dona Inez, after a moment's silence—while she rested her head on one hand, and abandoned the other to the passionate kisses of her lover.

"Remember you! What a word!

When I can cease to remember that the sun shines, that I exist—then, perhaps, I may forget you; but not till then. Not an hour of my life, but I thought of you; at night I dreamed of you, in the day I dreamed of you; amidst the confusion of the bivouac, in the excitement of battle, in the thunder of the artillery, amidst the dead and the dying, your image rose before me. I had but one thought;—should I fall—how to convey to you the knowledge that I had died loving you,—that that sprig of forget-me-not, that lock of dark hair, so often bedewed by my kisses, had rested on my heart to the last moment that it beat!" And Alphonse drew out a medallion.

Doña Inez snatched it out of his hand, and covered it with kisses. "Blessed be the holy Virgin! I have not prayed to her in vain. I, too, have thought of you, Alphonse; I, too, have dreamed of you by day, and lain awake by night to dream of you again. How have I supplicated all the saints in heaven to preserve you, to watch over you! For I, too, love you, Alphonse; deeply—passionately—devotedly—as a Spaniard loves—once, and for ever!"

"*Mesamis*, I regret to part you," said De Lucenay, who re-entered the tent a few moments after; "but the Conde is pardoned—all is right, and you will meet to-morrow; so let that console you!"

"Oh, you were destined to be my good angels!" cried Dona Inez enthusiastically, as she drew the white hood over her head, and left the tent with the two friends.

* * * *

Less enviable were the Conde's feelings, when at noon, on the following morning, an order from the General summoned him to his tent, to receive, as he supposed, sentence of death. Great, therefore, was his surprise, when he was ushered into the presence of three officers, in two of whom he instantly recognised his former suspicious guests; while the third, a tall dignified-looking man, advanced towards him, and in the most courteous manner announced to him his free pardon.

As the Conde poured forth his thanks, the General interrupted him by saying, that however happy he was at having in his power to remit his sentence, it was not to him that the merit was due.

"To whom, then?" exclaimed the Conde in a tone of surprise,

"To one most near and dear to you," replied the General.

"Who? who?"

"You shall see." And the General made a sign to Ernest, who slipped out of the room, and in a few moments returned leading in Doña Inez.

"And it is to thee, then, my own Inesilla, my darling, my beloved child," passionately cried the Conde, as she rushed into his arms, and hid her face upon his breast, "that I owe my life!" To describe the joy, the intense and tumultuous delight of that moment, were beyond the power of words. Even the stern, inflexible commander turned to hide an emotion he would have blushed to betray.

After waiting till the first ebullition of their joy had subsided, General de Lucenay walked up to the Conde, and shaking him cordially by the hand, congratulated him on possessing a daughter whose courage and filial devotion were even more worthy of admiration, more rare, than her far-famed beauty; "and which," he added, "even I, who have been in all countries, have never seen surpassed."

"Though not my own child, she has indeed been a blessing and a treasure to me," said the Conde; "every year of her life has she repaid to me, a thousand-fold, the love and affection which I have lavished on her; and now"—

"Not your child!" exclaimed De Lucenay and Alphonse in a breath.

"No, not my child," replied the Conde. "The story is a long one, but with my generous preservers I can have no secrets. Just seventeen years ago, I was returning from a visit, by the banks of the Guadiana, with only two attendants, when I heard a faint cry from amongst the rushes on the water's edge; dismounting from our horses, we forced our way through the briars to the spot whence the sound proceeded. To our

great surprise, we discovered there a little infant, which had evidently been carried down the stream, and its dress having got entangled amongst the thorns had prevented its being swept further on. Our providential arrival saved its life; for it was drawing towards the close of evening, and the little creature, already half dead with cold and exposure, must inevitably have perished in the course of the night. In one word, we carried it to my chateau, where it grew up to be the beautiful girl you see—the sole comfort and happiness of my life.”

“But her parents, did you never discover any thing about them—who or what they were—the motive of so strange an abandonment?” exclaimed General de Lucenay in an agitated voice. “Was there no clue by which to trace them?”

“No, I made all inquiries, but in vain. Besides, it was many miles from any habitation that we found her. I sent the following day, and made many inquiries in the neighbourhood; but no one could give us any information on the subject; so, after an interval of months, I gave the point up as hopeless. One thing only is certain, that they were not inferiors; the fineness of her dress, and a little relic encased in gold and precious stones, that she wore round her neck, were sufficient proofs of that.”

“This is, indeed, most singular!” cried the General. “And do you recollect the precise date of this occurrence?”

“Recollect a day which for many years I have been in the habit of celebrating as the brightest of my life! Assuredly—it was the fourteenth of May—and well do I remember it.”

“The fourteenth of May! it must be, it is, my long-lost, my long-mourned daughter!” cried the General.

“Your daughter!” exclaimed all around in the greatest astonishment.

“Yes, my daughter,” repeated the General. “You shall hear all: but first—the relic, the relic! where is it? let me see it. That would be the convincing proof indeed.”

“It is easy to satisfy you,” replied Iñez, “for it never leaves me;” and, taking a small chain, she handed him

a little filigree gold case that she wore in her bosom.

“The same! the same! these are my wife’s initials on it. This is indeed a wonderful dispensation of Providence, to find a daughter after having so long mourned her as lost; and to find her all my heart could have wished, more than my most ambitious prayers could have asked! Oh, this is too much happiness! Alas!” he continued in a tone of deep feeling, while he drew the astonished and stupefied girl towards him, and, parting the dark locks on her brow, imprinted a paternal kiss upon her forehead, “Would that my poor Dolores had lived to see this hour! how would it have repaid the years of sorrow and mourning your loss occasioned her?”

“But how! what is this; it is most extraordinary?” exclaimed the Conde, who had waited in speechless surprise the *dénoûment* of this unexpected scene.

The General explained. His wife had been a Spanish lady of high birth. Returning to France from a visit to her relations, they had stopped to change horses at a little *posada* on the banks of the Guadiana: their little daughter, a child of eight months old, had sprung out of its nurse’s arms into the river. Every effort to recover the child was fruitless; it sank and disappeared. They returned to France, and, after a few years, his wife died. “You may judge, then, of my feelings on hearing your story, Señor Conde,” concluded the General; “the name of the river and the date first roused my suspicions, which the result has so fully confirmed.”

“My child, my child! and must I then lose thee!” cried the Count, clasping the young girl in his arms in an agony of grief.

“Never!” passionately exclaimed Iñez. “*Tuya à la vida a la muerta!*”

“Not so, Señor Conde; the man who has treated her so nobly has the best right to her,” said the General. “I will never take her from you; an occasional visit is all I shall ask.”

“But if you will not take her, I know who would, most willingly,” said Ernest, stepping forward. “But first, my little sister, let me congratu-

late you upon dropping from the clouds upon such a good-natured, good-for-nothing, excellent fellow of a brother, as myself. And now, gentlemen, I have a boon to ask—where there is so much joy, why not make all happy at once? There is an unfortunate friend of mine who, to my certain knowledge, has been all but expiring for that fair damsel these last five months; and if for once our sweet Inez would dismiss all feminine disguise, and confess the truth, I suspect she would plead guilty to the same sin. Come, come, I will spare you," he added, as the rich blood mantled over Doña Inez's cheek—"that tell-tale blush is a sufficient answer. Then, why not make them happy?" he added, more seriously; "the Marquis de La Tour d'Anvergne, the heir of an ancient line, and a noble fortune, is in every respect a suitable alliance for either the Conde de Miranda, or General De Lucenay. Besides which, he is a very presentable young fellow, as you see, not to speak of the trifle of their being

overhead and ears in love with each other already."

"What say you, my child?—Bah! is it indeed so?" exclaimed the Conde, as Inez stood motionless, her dark eyes fixed on the ground, and the flush growing deeper and deeper on her cheek every minute—while Alphonse, springing forward, declared that he would not think such happiness too dearly purchased with his life.

"No, no—no dying, if you please. A ghostly mate would be no very pleasant bridegroom for a young lady. What say you, General? shall we consent?"

"With all my heart."

"Hurrah! *Vive la joie!*" cried Ernest, tossing his cap into the air.

"Oh, this is too much bliss!" murmured Inez almost inaudibly.

"No, dearest! may you be as happy through life as you have rendered me," said the Count, folding her in his arms.

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MARLBOROUGH'S DISPATCHES.

1710-1711.

LOUIS XIV. was one of the most remarkable sovereigns who ever sat upon the throne of France. Yet there is none of whose character, even at this comparatively remote period, it is more difficult to form a just estimate. Beyond measure eulogised by the poets, orators, and annalists of his own age, who lived on his bounty, or were flattered by his address, he has been proportionally vilified by the historians, both foreign and national, of subsequent times. The Roman Catholic writers, with some truth, represent him as the champion of their faith, the sovereign who extirpated the demon of heresy in his dominions, and restored to the church in undivided unity the realm of France. The Protestant authors, with not less reason, regard him as the deadliest enemy of their religion, and the cruellest foe of those who had embraced it; as a faithless tyrant, who scrupled not, at the bidding of bigoted priests, to violate the national faith plighted by the Edict of Nantes, and persecute, with unrelenting severity, the unhappy people who, from conscientious motives, had broken off from the Church of Rome. One set of writers paint him as a magnanimous monarch, whose mind, set on great things, and swayed by lofty desires, foreshadowed those vast designs which Napoleon, armed with the forces of the Revolution, afterwards for a brief space realised. Another set dwell on the foibles or the vices of his private character—

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depict him as alternately swayed by priests, or influenced by women; selfish in his desires, relentless in his hatred; and sacrificing the peace of Europe, and endangering the independence of France, for the gratification of personal vanity, or from the thirst of unbounded ambition.

It is the fate of all men who have made a great and durable impression on human affairs, and powerfully affected the interests, or thwarted the opinion of large bodies of men, to be represented in these opposite colours to future times. The party, whether in church or state, which they have elevated, the nation whose power or glory they have augmented, praise, as much as those whom they have oppressed and injured, whether at home or abroad, strive to vilify their memory. But in the case of Louis XIV., this general propensity has been greatly increased by the opposite, and, at first sight, inconsistent features of his character. There is almost equal truth in the magniloquent eulogies of his admirers, as in the impassioned invectives of his enemies. He was not less great and magnanimous than he is represented by the elegant flattery of Racine or Corneille, nor less cruel and hard-hearted than he is painted by the austere justice of Sismondi or D'Aubigné. Like many other men, but more than most, he was made up of lofty and elevated, and selfish and frivolous qualities. He could alternately boast, with truth, that there

were no longer any Pyrenees, and rival his youngest courtiers in frivolous and often heartless gallantry. In his younger years he was equally assiduous in his application to business, and engrossed with personal vanity. When he ascended the throne, his first words were: "I intend that every paper, from a diplomatic dispatch to a private petition, shall be submitted to me;" and his vast powers of application enabled him to compass the task. Yet, at the same time, he deserted his queen for Madame la Vallière, and soon after broke La Vallière's heart by his desertion of her for Madame de Montespan. In mature life, his ambition to extend the bounds and enhance the glory of France, was equalled by his desire to win the admiration or gain the favour of the fair sex. In his later days, he alternately engaged in devout austerities with Madame de Maintenon, and, with mournful resolution, asserted the independence of France against Europe in arms. Never was evinced a more striking exemplification of the saying, so well known among men of the world, that no one is a hero to his valet-de-chambre; nor a more remarkable confirmation of the truth, so often proclaimed by divines, that characters of imperfect goodness constitute the great majority of mankind.

That he was a great man, as well as a successful sovereign, is decisively demonstrated by the mighty changes which he effected in his own realm, as well as in the neighbouring states of Europe. When he ascended the throne, France, though it contained the elements of greatness, had never yet become great. It had been alternately wasted by the ravages of the English, and torn by the fury of the religious wars. The insurrection of the Fronde had shortly before involved the capital in all the horrors of civil conflict;—barricades had been erected in its streets; alternate victory and defeat had by turns elevated and depressed the rival faction. Turenne and Condé had displayed their consummate talents in miniature warfare within sight of Notre-Dame. Never had the monarchy been depressed to a greater pitch of weakness than during the reign of Louis XIII and the

minority of Louis XIV. But from the time the latter sovereign ascended the throne, order seemed to arise out of chaos. The ascendancy of a great mind made itself felt in every department. Civil war ceased; the rival faction disappeared; even the bitterness of religious hatred seemed for a time to be stilled by the influence of patriotic feeling. The energies of France, drawn forth during the agonies of civil conflict, were turned to public objects and the career of national aggrandisement—as those of England had been after the conclusion of the Great Rebellion, by the firm hand and magnanimous mind of Cromwell. From a pitiable state of anarchy, France at once appeared on the theatre of Europe, great, powerful, and united. It is no common capacity which can thus seize the helm and right the ship when it is reeling most violently, and the fury of contending elements has all but torn it in pieces. It is the highest proof of political capacity to discern the bent of the public mind, when most violently exerted, and, by falling in with the prevailing desire of the majority, convert the desolating vehemence of social conflict into the steady passion for national advancement. Napoleon did this with the political aspirations of the eighteenth, Louis XIV. with the religious fervour of the seventeenth century.

It was because his character and turn of mind coincided with the national desires at the moment of his ascending the throne, that this great monarch was enabled to achieve this marvellous transformation. If Napoleon was the incarnation of the Revolution, with not less truth it may be said that Louis XIV. was the incarnation of the monarchy. The feudal spirit, modified but not destroyed by the changes of time, appeared to be concentrated, with its highest lustre, in his person. He was still the head of the Franks—the lustre of the historic families yet surrounded his throne; but he was the head of the Franks only—that is, of a hundred thousand conquering warriors. Twenty million of conquered Gauls were neither regarded nor considered in his administration, except in so far as they augmented the national strength, or added to the national resources. But this distinction was

then neither perceived nor regarded. Worn out with civil dissension, torn to pieces by religious passions, the fervent minds and restless ambition of the French longed for a *national* field for exertion—an arena in which social dissensions might be forgotten. Louis XIV. gave them this field: he opened this arena. He ascended the throne at the time when this desire had become so strong and general, as in a manner to concentrate the national will. His character, equally in all its parts, was adapted to the general want. He took the lead alike in the greatness and the foibles of his subjects. Were they ambitious? so was he:—were they desirous of renown? so was he:—were they set on national aggrandisement? so was he:—were they desirous of protection to industry? so was he:—were they prone to gallantry? so was he. His figure and countenance tall and majestic: his manner stately and commanding; his conversation dignified, but enlightened; his spirit ardent, but patriotic—qualified him to take the lead and preserve his ascendancy among a proud body of ancient nobles, whom the disasters of preceding reigns, and the astute policy of Cardinal Richelieu, had driven into the antechambers of Paris, but who preserved in their ideas and habits the pride and recollections of the conquerors who followed the banners of Clovis. And the great body of the people, proud of their sovereign, proud of his victories, proud of his magnificence, proud of his fame, proud of his national spirit, proud of the literary glory which environed his throne, in secret proud of his gallantries, joyfully followed their nobles in the brilliant career which his ambition opened, and submitted with as much docility to his government as they ranged themselves round the banners of their respective chiefs on the day of battle.

It was the peculiarity of the government of Louis XIV., arising from this fortuitous, but to him fortunate combination of circumstances, that it united the distinctions of rank, family attachments, and ancient ideas of feudal times, with the vigour and efficiency of monarchical government, and the lustre and brilliancy of lite-

rary glory. Such a combination could not, in the nature of things, last long; it must soon work out its own destruction. In truth, it was sensibly weakened during the course of the latter part of the half century that he sat upon the throne. But while it endured, it produced a most formidable union; it engendered an extraordinary and hitherto unprecedented phalanx of talent. The feudal ideas still lingering in the hearts of the nation, produced subordination; the national spirit, excited by the genius of the sovereign, induced unanimity; the development of talent, elicited by his discernment, conferred power; the literary celebrity, encouraged by his munificence, diffused fame. The peculiar character of Louis, in which great talent was united with great pride, and unbounded ambition with heroic magnanimity, qualified him to turn to the best account this singular combination of circumstances, and to unite in France, for a brief period, the lofty aspirations and dignified manners of chivalry, with the energy of rising talent and the lustre of literary renown.

Louis XIV. was essentially monarchical. That was the secret of his success; it was because he first gave the powers of *unity* to the monarchy, that he rendered France so brilliant and powerful. All his changes, and they were many, from the dress of soldiers to the instructions to ambassadors, breathed the same spirit. He first introduced a *uniform* in the army. Before his time, the soldiers merely wore a *banderole* over their steel breast-plates and ordinary dresses. That was a great and symptomatic improvement; it at once induced an *esprit de corps* and a sense of responsibility. He first made the troops march with a measured step, and caused large bodies of men to move with the precision of a single company. The artillery and engineer service, under his auspices, made astonishing progress. His discerning eye selected the genius of Vauban, which invented, as it were, the modern system of fortification, and well-nigh brought it to its greatest elevation—and raised to the highest command that of Turenne, which carried the military art to the most consum-

mate perfection. Skilfully turning the martial and enterprising genius of the Franks into the career of conquest, he multiplied tenfold their power, by conferring on them the inestimable advantages of skilled discipline and unity of action. He gathered the feudal array around his banner; he roused the ancient barons from their chateaux, the old retainers from their villages; but he arranged them in disciplined battalions of regular troops, who received the pay and obeyed the orders of government, and never left their banners. When he summoned the array of France to undertake the conquest of the Low Countries, he appeared at the head of a hundred and twenty thousand men, all regular and disciplined troops, with a hundred pieces of cannon. Modern Europe had never seen such an array. It was irresistible, and speedily brought the monarch to the gates of Amsterdam.

The same unity which the genius of Louis and his ministers communicated to the military power of France, he gave also to its naval forces and internal strength. To such a pitch of greatness did he raise the marine of the monarchy, that it all but outnumbered that of England; and the battle of La Hogue in 1792 alone determined, as Trafalgar did a century after, to which of these rival powers the dominion of the seas was to belong. He reduced the government of the interior to that regular and methodical system of governors of provinces, mayors of cities, and other subordinate authorities, all receiving their instructions from the Tuileries, which, under no subsequent change of government, imperial or royal, has been abandoned, and which has, in every succeeding age, formed the main source of its strength. He concentrated around the monarchy the rays of genius from all parts of the country, and threw around its head a lustre of literary renown, which, more even than the exploits of his armies, dazzled and fascinated the minds of men. He arrayed the scholars, philosophers, and poets of his dominions like his soldiers and sailors; the whole academies of France, which have since become so famous, were of his institution; he sought to give discipline to thought,

as he had done to his fleets and armies, and rewarded distinction in literary efforts, not less than warlike achievement. No monarch ever knew better the magical influence of intellectual strength on general thought, or felt more strongly the expedience of enlisting it on the side of authority. Not less than Hildebrand or Napoleon, he aimed at drawing, not over his own country alone, but the whole of Europe, the meshes of regulated and centralised opinion; and more durably than either he attained his object. The religious persecution, which constitutes the great blot on his reign, and caused its brilliant career to close in mourning, arose from the same cause. He was fain to give the same unity to the church which he had done to the army, navy, and civil strength of the monarchy. He saw no reason why the Huguenots should not, at the royal command, face about like one of Turenne's battalions. Schism in the church was viewed by him in exactly the same light as rebellion in the state. No efforts were spared by inducements, good deeds, and fair promises, to make proselytes; and when twelve hundred thousand Protestants resisted his seductions, the sword, the fagot, and the wheel were resorted to without mercy for their destruction.

Napoleon, it is well known, had the highest admiration of Louis XIV. Nor is this surprising: their principles of government and leading objects of ambition were the same. "*L'état c'est moi*," was the principle of this grandson of Henry IV.: "Your first duty is *to me*, your second to France," said the Emperor to his nephew Prince Louis Napoleon. In different words, the idea was the same. To concentrate Europe in France, France in Paris, Paris in the government, and the government in himself, was the ruling idea of each. But it was no concentration for selfish or unworthy purposes which was then desired; it was for great and lofty objects that this undivided power was desired. It was neither to gratify the desire of an Eastern seraglio, nor exercise the tyranny of a Roman emperor, that either coveted unbounded authority. It was to exalt the nation of which they formed the head, to augment

its power, extend its dominion, enhance its fame, magnify its resources, that they both deemed themselves sent into the world. It was the general sense that this was the object of their administration which constituted the strength of both. Equally with the popular party in the present day, they regarded society as a pyramid, of which the multitude formed the base, and the monarch the head. Equally with the most ardent democrat, they desired the augmentation of the national resources, the increase of public felicity. But they both thought that these blessings must descend from the sovereign to his subject, not ascend from the subjects to their sovereign. "Every thing *for* the people, nothing *by* them," which Napoleon described as the secret of good government, was not less the maxim of the imperious despot of the Bourbon race.

The identity of their ideas, the similarity of their objects of ambition, appears in the monuments which both have left at Paris. Great as was the desire of the Emperor to add to its embellishment, magnificent as were his ideas in the attempt, he has yet been unable to equal the noble structures of the Bourbon dynasty. The splendid pile of Versailles, the glittering dome of the Invalides, still, after the lapse of a century and a half, overshadow all the other monuments in the metropolis; though the confiscations of the Revolution, and the victories of the Emperor, gave succeeding governments the resources of the half of Europe for their construction. The inscription on the arch of Louis, "*Ludovico Magno*," still seems to embody the gratitude of the citizens to the greatest benefactor of the capital; and it is not generally known that the two edifices which have added most since his time to the embellishment of the metropolis, and of which the revolution and the empire are fain to take the credit—the Pantheon and the Madeleine—were begun in 1764 by Louis XV., and owe their origin to the magnificent ideas which Louis

XIV. transmitted to his, in other respects, unworthily descendant.*

Had one dark and atrocious transaction not taken place, the annalist might have stopped here, and painted the French monarch, with a few foibles and weaknesses, the common bequest of mortality, still as, upon the whole, a noble and magnanimous ruler. His ambition, great as it was, and desolating as it proved, both to the adjoining states, and in the end his own subjects, was the "last infirmity of noble minds." He shared it with Cæsar and Alexander, with Charlemagne and Napoleon. Even his cruel and unnecessary ravaging of the Palatinate, though attended with dreadful private suffering, has too many parallels in the annals of military cruelty. His personal vanities and weaknesses, his love of show, his passion for women, his extravagant expenses, were common to him with his grandfather Henry IV.; they seemed inherent in the Bourbon race, and are the frailties to which heroic minds in every age have been most subject. But, for the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the heart-rending cruelties with which it was carried into execution, no such apology can be found. It admits *rei her* of palliation nor excuse. But for the massacre of St Bartholomew, and the expulsion of the Morescoes from Spain, it would stand foremost in the annals of the world for kingly perfidy and priestly cruelty. The expulsion of five hundred thousand innocent human beings from their country, for no other cause but difference of religious opinion—the destruction, it is said, of nearly an hundred thousand by the frightful tortures of the wheel and the stake—the wholesale desolation of provinces and destruction of cities for conscience sake, never will and never should be forgotten. It is the eternal disgrace of the Roman Catholic religion—a disgrace to which the "execrations of ages have not yet affixed an adequate censure"—that all these infamous state crimes took their origin in the bigoted zeal, or

* "*La Madeleine comme le Pantheon avait été commencée la même année en 1764, par les ordres de Louis XV. le roi des grands monumens, et dont le regne a été travesti par la petite histoire.*"—CARRÉFÈVE, *Histoire de Louis Philippe*, viii. 281.

sanguinary ambition of the Church of Rome. Nor have any of them passed without their just reward. The expulsion of the Moors, the most industrious and valuable inhabitants of the Peninsula, has entailed a weakness upon the Spanish monarchy, which the subsequent lapse of two centuries has been unable to repair. The reaction against the Romish atrocities produced the great league of which William III. was the head; it sharpened the swords of Eugene and Marlborough; it closed in mourning the reign of Louis XV. Nor did the national punishment stop here. The massacre of St Bartholomew, and revocation of the Edict of Nantes, were the remote, but certain cause of the French Revolution, and all the unutterable miseries which it brought both upon the Bourbon race and the professors of the Romish faith. Nations have no immortality; their punishment is inflicted in this world; it is visited with unerring certainty on the third and fourth generations. Providence has a certain way of dealing with the political sins of men—which is, to leave them to the consequences of their own actions.

If ever the characters of two important actors on the theatre of human affairs stood forth in striking and emphatic contrast to each other, they were those of Louis XIV. and William III. They were, in truth, the representatives of the principles for which they respectively so long contended; their characters embodied the doctrines, and were distinguished by the features, of the causes for which they fought through life. As much as the character—stately, magnanimous, and ambitious, but bigoted and unscrupulous—of Louis XIV. personified the Romish, did the firm and simple, but persevering and unconquerable mind of William, embody the principles of the Protestant faith. The positions they respectively held through life, the stations they occupied, the resources, moral and political, which they wielded, were not less characteristic of the causes of which they were severally the heads. Louis led on the feudal resources of the French monarchy. Inured to rigid discipline, directed by consummate talent, supported by immense resources, his armies, uniting

the courage of feudal to the organisation of civilised times, like those of Cæsar, had at first only to appear to conquer. From his gorgeous palaces at Paris, he seemed able, like the Church of Rome from the halls of the Quirinal, to give law to the whole Christian world. William began the contest under very different circumstances. Sunk in obscure marshes, cooped up in a narrow territory, driven into a corner of Europe, the forces at his command appeared as nothing before the stupendous array of his adversary. He was the emblem of the Protestant faith, arising from small beginnings, springing from the energy of the middle classes, but destined to grow with ceaseless vigour, until it reached the gigantic strength of its awful antagonist.

The result soon proved the prodigious difference in the early resources of the parties. Down went tower and town before the apparition of Louis in his strength. The iron barriers of Flanders yielded almost without a struggle to his arms. The genius of Turenne and Vauban, the presence of Louis, proved for the time irresistible. The Rhine was crossed; a hundred thousand men appeared before the gates of Amsterdam. Dissension had paralysed its strength, terror all but mastered its resolution. England, influenced by French mistresses, or bought by French gold, held back, and ere long openly joined the oppressor, alike of its liberties and its religion. All seemed lost alike for the liberties of Europe and the Protestant faith. But William was not dismayed. He had a certain resource against subjugation left. In his own words, "he could die in the last ditch." He communicated his unconquerable spirit to his fainting fellow-citizens; he inspired them with the noble resolution to abandon their country rather than submit to the invaders, and "seek in a new hemisphere that liberty of which Europe had become unworthy." The generous effort was not made in vain. The Dutch rallied round a leader who was not wanting to himself in such a crisis. The dikes were cut; the labour of centuries was lost; the ocean resumed its sway over the fields reft from its domain. But the cause of freedom of religion was

gained. The French armies recoiled from the watery waste, as those of Napoleon afterwards did from the flames of Moscow. Amsterdam was the limit of the conquests of Louis XIV. He there found the power which said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be staid." Long, and often doubtful, was the contest; it was bequeathed to a succeeding generation and another reign. But from the invasion of Holland, the French arms and Romish domination permanently receded; and but for the desertion of the alliance by England, at the peace of Utrecht, they would have given law in the palace of the Grand Monarque, bridled the tyranny of Bossuet and Tellier, and permanently established the Protestant faith in nearly the half of Europe.

Like many other men who are called on to play an important part in the affairs of the world, William seemed formed by nature for the duties he was destined to perform. Had his mind been stamped by a different die, his character cast in a different mould, he would have failed in his mission. He was not a monarch of the most brilliant, nor a general of the most daring kind. Had he been either the one or the other, he would have been shattered against the colossal strength of Louis XIV., and crushed in the very outset of his career. But he possessed in the highest perfection that great quality without which, in the hour of trial, all others prove of no avail—moral courage, and invincible determination. His enterprises, often designed with ability and executed with daring, were yet all based, like those of Wellington afterwards in Portugal, on a just sense of the necessity of husbanding his resources from the constant inferiority of his forces and means to those of the enemy. He was perseverance itself. Nothing could shake his resolution, nothing divert his purpose. With equal energy he laboured in the cabinet to construct and keep together the vast alliance necessary to restrain the ambition of the French monarch, and toiled in the field to battle the enterprises of his able generals. With a force generally inferior in number, always less powerful than that of his

adversaries in discipline, composition, and resources, he nevertheless contrived to sustain the contest, and gradually wrested from his powerful enemy the more important fortresses, which, in the first tumult of invasion, had submitted to his arms. If the treaties of Nimeguen and Ryswick were less detrimental to the French power than that of Utrecht afterwards proved, they were more glorious to the arms of the Dutch commonwealth and the guidance of William; for they were the result of efforts in which the weight of the conflict generally fell on Holland alone; and its honours were not to be shared with those won by the wisdom of a Marlborough, or the daring of a Eugene.

In private life, William was distinguished by the same qualities which marked his public career. He had not the chivalrous ardour which bespoke the nobles of France, nor the stately magnificence of their haughty sovereign. His manners and habits were such as arose from, and suited, the austere and laborious people among whom his life was passed. Without being insensible to the softer passions, he never permitted them to influence his conduct, or inroach upon his time. He was patient, laborious, and indefatigable. To courtiers accustomed to the polished elegance of Paris, or the profligate gallantry of St James's, his manners appeared cold and unbending. It was easy to see he had not been bred in the saloons of Versailles or the *soirées* of Charles II. But he was steady and unwavering in his resolutions; his desires were set on great objects; and his external demeanour was correct, and often dignified. He was reproached by the English, not without reason, with being unduly partial, after his accession to the British throne, to his Dutch subjects; and he was influenced through life by a love of money, which, though at first arising from a bitter sense of its necessity in his long and arduous conflicts, degenerated in his older years into an avaricious turn. The national debt of England has been improperly ascribed to his policy. It arose unavoidably from the Revolution, and is the price which every nation pays for a lasting change, how necessary soever, in its ruling dynasty.

When the sovereign can no longer depend on the unbought loyalty of his subjects, he has no resource but in their interested attachment. Louis Philippe's government has done the same, under the influence of the same necessity. Yet William was not a perfect character; more than one dark transaction has left a lasting stain on his memory; and the massacre of Glencoe, in particular, if it did not equal the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in the wide-spread misery with which it was attended, rivalled it in the perfidy in which it was conceived, and the cruelty with which it was executed.

On his arrival in Holland on the 18th March 1710, Marlborough again found himself practically involved in the still pending negotiations for peace, over which, from the decline of his influence at court, he had ceased to have any real control. Still exposed to the blasting imputation of seeking to prolong the war for his own private purposes, he was in reality doing his utmost to terminate hostilities. As the negotiation with the ostensible plenipotentiaries of the different courts was at an end, but Louis still continued to make private overtures to the Dutch, in the hope of detaching them from the confederacy, Marlborough took advantage of this circumstance to endeavour to effect an accommodation. At his request, the Dutch agent, Petcum, had again repaired to Paris in the end of 1709, to resume the negotiation; and the *Marlborough Papers* contain numerous letters from him to the Duke, detailing the progress of the overtures.* On the very day after Marlborough's arrival at the Hague, the plenipotentiaries made their report of the issue of the negotiation; but the views of the parties were still so much at variance, that it was evident no hopes of peace could be entertained. Louis

was not yet sufficiently humbled to submit to the arrogant demands of the Allies, which went to strip him of nearly all his conquests; and the different powers of the confederacy were each set upon turning the general success of the alliance to their own private advantage.

Zenzindorf, on the part of Austria, insisted that not the smallest portion of the Spanish territories in Italy should be ceded to a prince of the house of Bourbon, and declared the resolution of his imperial master to perish with arms in his hands, rather than submit to a partition which would lead to his inevitable ruin. King Charles expressed the same determination, and insisted further for the cession of Ronsillon, which had been wrested from Spain since the treaty of the Pyrenees. The Duke of Savoy, who aimed at the acquisition of Sicily from the spoils of the fallen monarch, was equally obstinate for the prosecution of the war. Godolphin, Somers, and the Dutch Pensionary, inclined to peace, and were willing to purchase it by the cession of Sicily to Louis; and Marlborough gave this his entire support, provided the evacuation of Spain, the great object of the war, could be secured.† But all their efforts were in vain. The ambitious designs of Austria and Savoy prevailed over their pacific counsels; and we have the valuable authority of Torcy, who, in the former congress, had accused the Duke of breaking off the negotiation, that in this year the rupture was entirely owing to the efforts of Count Zenzindorf.‡ Marlborough, however, never ceased to long for a termination of hostilities, and took the field with a heavy heart, relieved only by the hope that one more successful campaign would give him what he so ardently desired, the rest consequent upon a general peace.§

War being resolved on, Marl-

* Marlborough to the Earl of Sunderland, 8th Nov. 1709. *Disp.* iv. 647. Coxe, iv. 167.

† Coxe, iv. 169. Lamberti, vi. 37, 49.

‡ Note to Petcum, August 10, 1710. *Marlborough Papers*; and Coxe, iv. 173.

§ "I am very sorry to tell you that the behaviour of the French looks as if they had no other desire than that of carrying on the war. I hope God will bless this campaign, for I see nothing else that can *give us peace either at home or abroad*. I am so discouraged by every thing I see, that I have never, during this war, gone

borough and Eugene met at Tournay on the 28th April, and commenced the campaign by the capture of the fort of Mortagne, which capitulated on the same day. Their force already amounted to sixty thousand men, and, as the troops were daily coming up from their cantonments, it was expected soon to amount to double the number. The plan of operations was soon settled between these two great men; no difference of opinion ever occurred between them, no jealousy ever marred their co-operations. They determined to commence serious operations by attacking Douay—a strong fortress, and one of the last of the first order which, in that quarter, guarded the French territory. To succeed in this, however, it was necessary to pass the French lines, which were of great strength, and were guarded by Marshal Montesquieu at the head of forty battalions and twenty squadrons. Douay itself also was strongly protected both by art and nature. On the one side lay the Haïne and the Scarpe; in the centre was the canal of Douay; on the other hand were the lines of La Bassie, which had been strengthened with additional works since the close of the campaign. Marlborough was very sanguine of success, as the French force was not yet collected, and he was considerably superior in number; and he wrote to Godolphin on the same night—"The orders are given for marching this night, so that I hope my next will give you an account of our being in Artois."*

The Duke operated at once by both wings. On the one wing he detached the Prince of Wirtemberg, with fifteen thousand men, by Pont-a-Tessin to

Pont-a-Vendin, where the French lines met the Dyle and the canal of Douay; while Prince Eugene moved forward Conat Fels, with a considerable corps, towards Pont Auby on the same canal. The whole army followed in two columns, the right commanded by Eugene, and the left by Marlborough. The English general secured the passage at Pont-a-Vendin without resistance; and Eugene, though baffled at Pont Auby, succeeded in passing the canal at Sant and Courieres without serious loss. The first defences were thus forced; and that night the two wings, having formed a junction, lay on their arms in the plain of Lens, while Montesquieu precipitately retired behind the Scarpe, in the neighbourhood of Vitry. Next morning the troops, overjoyed at their success, continued their advance. Marlborough sent forward General Cadogan, at the head of the English troops, to Pont-a-Rache, to circumscribe the garrison of Douay, on the canal of Marehennes on the north; while Eugene, encamping on the other side of the Scarpe, completed the investment on the west. The perfect success of this enterprise without any loss was matter of equal surprise and joy to the Duke, who wrote to the Duchess in the highest strain of satisfaction at his bloodless triumph. It was entirely owing to the suddenness and secrecy of his movements, which took the enemy completely unawares; for, had the enterprise been delayed four days longer, its issue would have been extremely doubtful, and thousands of men must, at all events, have been sacrificed. †

Douay, which was immediately in-

into the field with so heavy a heart as at this time. I own to you, that the present humour in England gives me a good deal of trouble; for I cannot see how it is possible they should mend till every thing is yet worse." *Marlborough to Duchess Marlborough*, Hague, 14th April 1710. Coxe, iv. 179.

* *Marlborough to Godolphin*, 20th April, iv. 182.

† "In my last, I had but just time to tell you we had passed the lines. I hope this happy beginning will produce such success this campaign as must put an end to the war. I bless God for putting it into their heads not to defend their lines; for at Pont-a-Vendin, when I passed, the Marshal D'Artagnan was with twenty thousand men, which, if he had staid, must have rendered the event very doubtful. But, God be praised, we are come without the loss of any men. The excuse the French make is, that we came four days before they expected us."—*Marlborough to the Duchess*, 21st April 1710. Coxe, ix. 184.

vested after this success, is a fortress of considerable strength, in the second line which covers the French province of Artois. Less populous than Lille, it embraces a wider circuit within its ample walls. Its principal defence consists in the marshes, which, on the side of Tournay, where attack might be expected, render it extremely difficult of access, especially in the rainy season. Access to it is defended by Fort Scarpe, a powerful outwork, capable of standing a separate siege. The garrison consisted of eight thousand men, under the command of the Marquis Albergotti, an officer of the highest talent and bravery; and under him were the renowned Valory, to direct the engineers, and the not less celebrated Chevalier de Jaucourt, to command the artillery. From a fortress of such strength so defended, the most resolute resistance might be expected, and no efforts were spared on the part of the Allied generals to overcome it.

The investment was completed on the 24th, and the trenches opened on the 5th May. On the 7th, the head of the sap was advanced to within two hundred and fifty yards of the exterior palisades; but the besiegers that night experienced a severe check from a vigorous sally of the besieged with twelve hundred men, by which two English regiments were nearly cut to pieces. But, on the 9th, a great train of artillery, consisting of two hundred pieces, with a large supply of artillery, arrived from Tournay; on the 11th, the advanced works were strongly armed, and the batteries were pushed up to the covered way, and thundered across the ditch against the rampart. The imminent danger of this important stronghold now seriously alarmed the French court; and Marshal Villars, who commanded their great army on the

Flemish frontier, received the most positive orders to advance to its relief. By great exertions, he had now collected one hundred and fifty-three battalions and two hundred and sixty-two squadrons, which were pompously announced as mustering one hundred and fifty thousand combatants, and certainly amounted to more than eighty thousand. The Allied force was almost exactly equal; it consisted of one hundred and fifty-five battalions and two hundred and sixty-one squadrons. Villars broke up from the vicinity of Cambray on the 21st May, and advanced in great strength towards Donay. Marlborough and Eugene immediately made the most vigorous preparations to receive him. Thirty battalions only were left to prosecute the siege; twelve squadrons were placed in observation at Pont-a-Rache; and the whole remainder of the army, about seventy thousand strong, concentrated in a strong position, covering the siege, on which all the resources of art, so far as the short time would admit, had been lavished. Every thing was prepared for a mighty struggle. The whole guns were mounted on batteries four hundred paces from each other; the infantry was drawn up in a single line along the intrenchment, and filled up the whole interval between the artillery; the cavalry were arranged in two lines, seven hundred paces in rear of the foot-soldiers. It seemed another Malplaquet, in which the relative position of the two armies was reversed, and the French were to storm the intrenched position of the Allies. Every man in both armies fully expected a decisive battle; and Marlborough, who was heartily tired of the war, wrote to the Duchess, that he hoped for a victory, which should at once end the war, and restore him to private life.*

Yet there was no battle. The

* "I hope God will so bless our efforts, that if the Queen should not be so happy as to have a prospect of peace before the opening of the next session of parliament, she and all her subjects may be convinced we do our best here in the army to put a speedy and good period to this bloody war." *Marlborough to the Duchess*, May 12, 1710.

"I hear of so many disagreeable things, that make it very reasonable, both for myself and you, to take no steps but what may lead to a quiet life. This being the case, am I not to be pitied that am every day in danger of exposing my life for the good of those who are seeking my ruin? God's will be done. If I can be

lustre of Blenheim and Ramilies played round Marlborough's bayonets; the recollection of Turin tripled the force of Eugene's squadrons. Villars advanced on the 1st June, with all the pomp and circumstance of war, to within musket-shot of the Allied position; and he had not only the authority but the recommendation of Louis to hazard a battle. He boasted that his force amounted to a hundred and sixty thousand men.* But he did not venture to make the attack. To Marlborough's great regret, he retired without fighting; and the English general, at the age of threescore, was left to pursue the fatigues and the labours of a protracted campaign, in which, for the first time in his life, he was doubtful of success, from knowing the malignant eyes with which he was regarded by the ruling factions in his own country. "I long," said he, "for an end of the war, so God's will be done; whatever the event may be, I shall have nothing to reproach myself with, having, with all my heart, done my duty, and being hitherto blessed with more success than was ever known before. My wishes and duty are the same; but I can't say I have the same prophetic spirit I used to have; for in all the former actions I never did doubt of success, we having had constantly the great blessing of being of one mind. I cannot say it is so now; for I fear some are run so far into villainous faction, that it would more content them to see us beaten; but if I live I will be watchful that it shall not be in their power to do much hurt. The discourse of the Duke of Argyle is, that when I please there will then be peace. I suppose his friends speak the same language in England; so that I must every summer venture my life in a battle, and be found fault with in winter for not bringing home peace. No, I wish for it with all my heart and soul."†

Villars having retired without fighting, the operations of the siege were

resumed with redoubled vigour. On the 16th June, signals of distress were sent up from the town, which the French marshal perceived, and he made in consequence a show of returning to interrupt the siege, but his movements came to nothing. Marlborough, to counteract his movement, repassed the Scarpe at Vitry, and took up a position directly barring the line of advance of the French marshal, while Eugene prosecuted the siege. Villars again retired without fighting. On the 22d, the Fort of Scarpe was breached, and the sap was advanced to the counterscarp of the fortress, the walls of which were violently shaken; and on the 26th, Albergotti, who had no longer any hope of being relieved, and who saw preparations made for a general assault, capitulated with the garrison, now reduced to four thousand five hundred men.‡

On the surrender of Douay, the Allied generals intended to besiege Arras, the last of the triple line of fortresses which on that side covered France, and between which and Paris no fortified place remained to arrest the march of an invader. On the 10th July, Marlborough crossed the Scarpe at Vitry, and, joining Eugene, their united forces, nearly ninety thousand strong, advanced towards Arras. But Villars, who felt the extreme importance of this last stronghold, had exerted himself to the utmost for its defence. He had long employed his troops on the construction of new lines of great strength on the Crinçon, stretching from Arras and the Somme, and he had here collected nearly a hundred thousand men, and a hundred and thirty pieces of cannon. After reconnoitring this position, the Allied generals concurred in thinking that it was equally impossible to force them, and undertake the siege of Arras, while the enemy, in such strength, and so strongly posted, lay on its flank. Their first intention, on finding themselves baffled

so blessed as to end this campaign with success, things must very much alter to persuade me to come again at the head of the army." *Marlborough to the Duchess*, 19th May 1710. *Coxe*, iv. 191, 192.

* Marlborough to Godolphin, 26th May and 2d June 1710.

† Marlborough to the Duchess, 12th June 1710. *Coxe*, iv. 197.

‡ Marlborough to Godolphin, 26th June 1710. *Disp.* iv. 696.

in this project, was to seize Hesdin on the Cancher, which would have left the enemy no strong place between them and the coast. But the skilful dispositions of Villars, who on this occasion displayed uncommon abilities and foresight, rendered this design abortive, and it was therefore determined to attack Bethune. This place, which was surrounded with very strong works, was garrisoned by nine thousand men, under the command of M. Puy Vauban, nephew of the celebrated marshal of the same name. But as an attack on it had not been expected, the necessary supplies for a protracted resistance had not been fully introduced when the investment was completed on the 15th July.*

Villars, upon seeing the point of attack now fully declared, moved in right column upon Hoarques, near Montenencourt. Eugene and Marlborough upon this assembled their covering army, and changed their front, taking up a new line stretching from Mont St Eloi to Le Comte. Upon advancing to reconnoitre the enemy, Marlborough discovered that the French, advancing to raise the siege, were busy strengthening a new set of lines, which stretched across the plain from the rivulet Ugie to the Lorraine, and the centre of which at Avesnes Le Comte was already strongly fortified. It now appeared how much Villars had gained by the skilful measures which had diverted the Allies from their projected attack upon Arras. It lay upon the direct road to Paris. Bethune, though of importance to the ultimate issue of the war, was not of the same present moment. It lay on the flank on the second line, Arras in front, and was the only remaining fortress in the last. By means of the new lines which he had constructed, the able French marshal had erected a fresh protection for his country, when

its last defences were wellnigh broken through. By simply holding them, the interior of France was covered from incursion, and time gained for raising fresh armaments in the interior for its defence, and, what was of more importance to Louis, awaiting the issue of the intrigues in England, which were expected soon to overthrow the Whig cabinet. Villars, on this occasion, proved the salvation of his country, and justly raised himself to the very highest rank among its military commanders. His measures were the more to be commended that they exposed him to the obloquy of leaving Bethune to its fate, which surrendered by capitulation, with its numerous garrison and accomplished commander, on the 28th August.†

Notwithstanding the loss of so many fortresses on the endangered frontier of his territory, Louis XIV. was so much encouraged by what he knew of the great change which was going on in the councils of Queen Anne, that, expecting daily an entire revolution in the ministry, and overthrow of the war party in the Cabinet, he resolved on the most vigorous prosecution of the contest. He made clandestine overtures to the secret advisers of the Queen, in the hope of establishing that separate negotiation which at no distant period proved so successful. Torcy, the Duke's enemy, triumphantly declared, "what we lose in Flanders, we shall gain in England."‡ To frustrate these machinations, and if possible rouse the national feeling more strongly in favour of a vigorous prosecution of the war, Marlborough determined to lay siege to Aire and St Venant, which, though off the line of direct attack on France, laid open the way to Calais, which, if supported at home, he hoped to reduce before the conclusion of the campaign.§ He entertained the most sanguine hopes of success from

* *Considerat. sur la Camp. de 1710, par M. le Marshal Villars*; and Coxe, iv. 192.

† Marlborough to Godolphin, 29th August 1710. *Disp.* iv. 581. Coxe, iv. 294.

‡ Coxe, iv. 343, 344.

§ "I am of opinion that, after the siege of Aire, I shall have it in my power to attack Calais. This is a conquest which would very much prejudice France, and ought to have a good effect for the Queen's service in England; but I see so much malice levelled at me, that I am afraid it is not safe for me to make any proposition, lest, if it should not succeed, my enemies should turn it to my disadvantage." *Marlborough to Godolphin*, 11th August 1710. Coxe, iv. 343.

this design, which was warmly supported by Godolphin; but he obtained at this time such discouraging accounts of the precarious condition of his influence at court, that he justly concluded he would not be adequately supported in them from England, from which the main supplies for the enterprise must be drawn. He wisely, therefore, resolved, in concert with Eugene, to forego this dazzling but perilous project for the present, and to content himself with the solid advantages, unattended with risk, of reducing Aire and St Venant.

Having taken their resolution, the confederate generals began their march in the beginning of September, and on the 6th of that month, both places were invested. Aire, which is comparatively of small extent, was garrisoned by only five thousand seven hundred men; but Venant was a place of great size and strength, and had a garrison of fourteen battalions of foot and three regiments of dragoons, mustering eight thousand combatants. They were under the command of the Count de Guebriant, a brave and skillful commander. Both were protected by inundations, which retarded extremely the operations of the besiegers, the more especially as the autumnal rains had early set in this year with more than usual severity. While anxiously awaiting the cessation of this obstacle, and the arrival of a great convoy of heavy cannon and ammunition which was coming up from Ghent, the Allied generals received the disheartening intelligence of the total defeat of this important convoy, which, though guarded by sixteen hundred men, was attacked and destroyed by a French corps on the 19th September. This loss affected Marlborough the more sensibly, that it was the first disaster of moment which had befallen him during nine

years of incessant warfare.* But, notwithstanding this disaster, St Venant was so severely pressed by the fire of the besiegers, under the Prince of Anhalt, who conducted the operations with uncommon vigour and ability, that it was compelled to capitulate on the 29th, on condition of its garrison being conducted to St Omer, not to serve again till regularly exchanged.

Aire still held out, as the loss of the convoy from Ghent, and the dreadful rains which fell almost without intermission during the whole of October, rendered the progress of the siege almost impossible. The garrison, too, under the command of the brave governor, made a most resolute defence. Sickness prevailed to a great extent in the Allied army; the troops were for the most part up to the knees in mud and water; and the rains, which fell night and day without intermission, precluded the possibility of finding a dry place for their lodging. It was absolutely necessary, however, to continue the siege; for, independent of the credit of the army being staked on its success, it had become impossible, as Marlborough himself said, to draw the cannon from the trenches.† The perseverance of the Allied commanders was at length rewarded by success. On the 12th November the fortress capitulated, and the garrison, still three thousand six hundred and twenty-eight strong, marched out prisoners, leaving sixteen hundred sick and wounded in the town. This conquest, which concluded the campaign, was, however, dearly purchased by the loss of nearly seven thousand men killed and wounded in the Allied ranks, exclusive of the sick, who, amidst those pestilential marshes, had now swelled to double the number.‡

Although the capture of four such

* "Till within these few days, during these *nine years* I have never had occasion to send ill news. Our powder and other stores, for the carrying on these two sieges, left Ghent last Thursday, under the convoy of twelve hundred foot and four hundred and fifty horse. They were attacked by the enemy and beaten, so that they blew up the powder, and sunk the store-beats." *Marlborough to the Duchess*, 22d September 1710. *Coxe*, iv. 365.

† "Take it we must, for we cannot draw the guns from the batteries. But God knows when we shall have it: night and day our poor men are up to the knees in mud and water." *Marlborough to Godolphin*, 27th October 1710.

‡ *Marlborough to Godolphin*, 13th November 1710. *Disp.* iv. 685, 689. *Coxe*, iv. 366, 367.

important fortresses as Douay, Bethune, St Venant, and Aire, with their garrisons, amounting to thirty thousand men, who had been taken in them during the campaign, was a most substantial advantage, and could not fail to have a most important effect on the final issue of the war; yet it did not furnish the same subject for national exultation which preceding ones had done. There had been no brilliant victory like Blenheim, Ramillies, or Oudenarde, to silence envy and defy malignity; the successes, though little less real, had been not so dazzling. The intriguers about the court, the malcontents in the country, eagerly seized on this circumstance to calumniate the Duke, and accused him of unworthy motives in the conduct of the war. He was protracting it for his own private purposes, reducing it to a strife of lines and sieges, when he might at once terminate it by a decisive battle, and gratifying his ruling passion of avarice by the lucrative appointments which he enjoyed himself, or divided among his friends. Nor was it only among the populace and his political opponents that these surmises prevailed; his greatness and fame had become an object of envy to his own party. Orford, Wharton, and Halifax had on many occasions evinced their distrust of him; and even Somers, who had long stood his friend, was inclined to think the power of the Duke of Marlborough too great, and the emoluments and offices of his family and connexions immoderate.* The Duchess inflamed the discord between him and the Queen, by positively refusing to come to any reconciliation with her rival, Mrs Masham. The discord increased daily, and great were the efforts made to aggravate it. To the Queen, the never-failing device was adopted of representing the victorious general as lording it over the throne; as likely to eclipse even the crown by the lustre of his fame; as too dangerous and powerful a subject for a sovereign to tolerate. Matters came to such a pass, in the course of the sum-

mer of 1710, that Marlborough found himself thwarted in every request he made, every project he proposed; and he expressed his entire nullity to the Duchess, by the emphatic expression, that he was a "mere sheet of white paper, upon which his friends might write what they pleased."†

The spite at the Duke appeared in the difficulties which were now started by the Lords of the Treasury in regard to the prosecution of the works at Blenheim. This noble monument of a nation's gratitude had hitherto proceeded rapidly; the stately design of Vanburgh was rapidly approaching its completion, and so anxious had the Queen been to see it finished, that she got a model of it placed in the royal palace of Kensington. Now, however, petty and unworthy objections were started on the score of expense, and attempts were made, by delaying payment of the sums from the Treasury, to throw the cost of completing the building on the great general. He had penetration enough, however, to avoid falling into the snare, and actually suspended the progress of the work when the Treasury warrants were withheld. He constantly directed that the management of the building should be left to the Queen's officers; and, by steadily adhering to this system, he shamed them into continuing the work.‡

Marlborough's name and influence, however, were too great to be entirely neglected, and the party which was now rising into supremacy at court were anxious, if possible, to secure them to their own side. They made, accordingly, overtures in secret to him; and it was even insinuated that, if he would abandon the Whigs, and coalesce with them, he would entirely regain the royal favour, and might aspire to the highest situation which a subject could hold. Lord Bolingbroke has told us what the conditions of this alliance were to be:—"He was to abandon the Whigs, his new friends, and take up with the Tories, his old friends; to engage heartily in the true interests, and no longer leave

* Cunningham, ii. 305.

† Marlborough to the Duchess, 26th July 1710. Coxe, iv. 299.

‡ Marlborough to the Duchess, 25th October and 24th November 1710. Coxe, iv. 351, 352.

his country a prey to rapine and faction. He was, besides, required to restrain the rage and fury of his wife. Their offers were coupled with threats of an impeachment, and boasts that sufficient evidence could be adduced to carry a prosecution through both Houses.* To terms so degrading, the Duke answered in terms worthy of his high reputation. He declared his resolution to be of no party, to vote according to his conscience, and to be as hearty as his new colleagues in support of the Queen's government and the welfare of the country. This manly reply increased the repulsive feelings with which he was regarded by the ministry, who seem now to have finally resolved on his ruin; while the intelligence that such overtures had been made having got wind, sowed distrust between him and the Whig leaders, which was never afterwards entirely removed. But he honourably declared that he would be governed by the Whigs, from whom he would never depart; and that they could not suspect the purity of his motives in so doing, as they had now lost the majority in the House of Commons. †

Parliament met on the 25th November; and Marlborough, in the end of the year, returned to London. But he soon received decisive proof of the altered temper both of government and the country towards him. In the Queen's speech, no notice was taken of the late successes in Flanders, no vote of thanks for his services in the campaign moved by ministers; and they even contrived, by a side-wind, to get quit of one proposed, to their no small embarrassment, by Lord Scarborough. The Duchess, too, was threatened with removal from her situation at court; and Marlborough avowed that he knew the Queen was "as desirous for her

removal as Mr Harley and Mr Masham can be." The violent temper and proud unbending spirit of the Duchess were ill calculated to heal such a breach, which, in the course of the winter, became so wide, that her removal from the situation she held, as mistress of the robes, was only prevented by the fear that, in the vehemence of her resentment, she might publish the Queen's correspondence, and that the Duke, whose military services could not yet be spared, might resign his command. Libels against both the Duke and the Duchess daily appeared, and passed entirely unpunished, though the freedom of the press was far from being established. Three officers were dismissed from the army for drinking his health. When he waited on the Queen, on his arrival in England, in the end of December, she said—"I must request you will not suffer any vote of thanks to you to be moved in Parliament this year, as my ministers will certainly oppose it." Such was the return made by government to the hero who had raised the power and glory of England to an unprecedented pitch, and in that very campaign had cut deeper into the iron frontier of France than had ever been done in any former one. ‡

The female coterie who aided at St James's the male opponents of Marlborough, were naturally extremely solicitous to get the Duchess removed from her situations as head of the Queen's household and keeper of the privy purse; and ministers were only prevented from carrying their wishes into effect by their apprehension, if executed, of the Duke's resigning his command of the army. In an audience, on 17th January 1711, Marlborough presented a letter to her Majesty from the Duchess, couched in terms of extreme humility, in

* Bolingbroke's *Corresp.*, i. 41; Mr Secretary St John to Mr Drummond, 26th Dec. 1710.

† "I beg you to lose no time in sending me, to the Hague, the opinion of our friend mentioned in my letter; for I would be governed by the Whigs, from whose principle and interest I will never depart. Whilst they had a majority in the House of Commons, they might suspect it might be my interest; but now they must do me the justice to see that it is my inclination and principle which makes me act." *Marlborough to the Duchess*, Nov. 9, 1710. *Coxe*, iv. 369.

‡ *Coxe*, iv. 405.

which she declared that his anxiety was such, at the requital his services had received, that she apprehended he would not live six months.* The Queen at first refused to read it; and when at length, at the Duke's earnest request, she agreed to do so, she coldly observed—"I cannot change my resolution." Marlborough, in the most moving terms, and with touching eloquence, intreated the Queen not to dismiss the Duchess till she had no more need of her services, by the war being finished, which, he hoped, would be in less than a year; but he received no other answer, but a peremptory demand for the surrender of the gold key, the symbol of her office, within three days. Unable to obtain any relaxation in his sovereign's resolution, Marlborough withdrew with the deepest emotions of indignation and sorrow. The Duchess, in a worthy spirit, immediately took his resolution; she sent in her resignation, with the gold key, that very night. So deeply was Marlborough hurt at this extraordinary ingratitude for all his services, that he at first resolved to resign his whole command, and retire altogether into private life. From this intention he was only diverted, and that with great difficulty, by the efforts of Godolphin and the Whigs at home, and Prince Eugene and the Pensionary Heinsius abroad, who earnestly besought him not to abandon the command, as that would at once dissolve the grand alliance, and ruin the common cause. We can sympathise with the feelings of a victorious warrior who felt reluctant to forego, by one hasty step, the fruit of nine years of victories: we cannot but respect the self-sacrifice of the patriot who preferred enduring mortifications himself, to endangering the great cause of religious freedom and European independence. Influenced by these considerations, Marlborough with-

held his intended resignation. The Duchess of Somerset was made mistress of the robes, and Mrs Masham obtained the confidential situation of keeper of the privy purse. Malignity, now sure of impunity, heaped up invectives on the falling hero. His integrity was calumniated, his courage even questioned, and the most consummate general of that, or perhaps any other age, represented as the lowest of mankind.† It soon appeared how unfounded had been the aspersions cast upon the Duchess, as well as the Duke, for their conduct in office. Her accounts, after being rigidly scrutinised, were returned to her without any objection being stated against them; and Marlborough, anxious to quit that scene of ingratitude and intrigue for the real theatre of his glory, soon after set out for the army in Flanders.‡

Marlborough arrived at the Hague on the 4th March; and, although no longer possessing the confidence of government, or intrusted with any control over diplomatic measures, he immediately set himself with the utmost vigour to prepare for military operations. Great efforts had been made by both parties, during the winter, for the resumption of hostilities, on even a more extended scale than in any preceding campaign. Marlborough found the army in the Low Countries extremely efficient and powerful; diversions were promised on the side both of Spain and Piedmont; and a treaty had been concluded with the Spanish malcontents, in consequence of which a large part of the Imperial forces were rendered disposable, which Prince Eugene was preparing to lead into the Low Countries. But, in the midst of these flattering prospects, an event occurred which suddenly deranged them all, postponed for above a month the opening of the campaign, and, in its final result, changed the

* "Though I never thought of troubling your Majesty again in this manner, yet the circumstances I see my Lord Marlborough in, and the apprehension I have that he cannot live six months, if there is not some end put to his sufferings on my account, make it impossible for me to resist doing every thing in my power to ease him." *Duchess of Marlborough to Queen Anne*, 17th Jan. 1711. Coxe, iv. 410.

† Smollett, c. x. § 20.

‡ Marlborough to the Duchess, 24th May 1711. Coxe, v. 417-431.

fate of Europe. This was the death of the Emperor Joseph, of the small-pox, which happened at Vienna on the 16th April—an event which was immediately followed by Charles, King of Spain, declaring himself a candidate for the Imperial throne. As his pretensions required to be supported by a powerful demonstration of troops, the march of a large part of Eugene's men to the Netherlands was immediately stopped, and that prince himself was hastily recalled from Mentz, to take the command of the empire at Ratisbon, as marshal. Charles was soon after elected Emperor. Thus Marlborough was left to commence the campaign alone, which was the more to be regretted, as the preparations of Louis, during the winter, for the defence of his dominions had been made on the most extensive scale, and Marshal Villars' lines had come to be regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of field fortification. Yet were Marlborough's forces most formidable; for, when reviewed at Orchies on the 30th April, between Lille and Douay, they were found, including Eugene's troops which had come up, to amount to one hundred and eighty-four battalions, and three hundred and sixty-four squadrons, mustering above one hundred thousand combatants.* But forty-one battalions and forty squadrons were in garrison, which reduced the effective force in the field to eighty thousand men.

The great object of Louis and his generals had been to construct such a line of defences as might prevent the irruption of the enemy into the French territory, now that the interior and last line of fortresses was so nearly broken through. In pursuance of this design, Villars had, with the aid of all the most experienced engineers in France, and at a vast expense of labour and money, constructed during the winter a series of lines and field-works, exceeding any thing yet seen in modern Europe in magnitude and strength, and to which the still more famous lines of Torres Vedras have alone, in subsequent times, afforded a

parallel. The works extended from Namur on the Meuse, by a sort of irregular line, to the coast of Picardy. Running first along the marshy line of the Canche, they rested on the forts of Montrenil, Hesdin, and Trevant; while the great fortresses of Ypres, Calais, Gravelines, and St Omer, lying in their front, and still in the hands of the French, rendered any attempt to approach them both difficult and hazardous. Along the whole of this immense line, extending over so great a variety of ground, for above forty miles, every effort had been made, by joining the resources of art to the defences of nature, to render the position impregnable. The lines were not continuous, as in many places the ground was so rugged, or the obstacles of rocks, precipices, and ravines were so formidable, that it was evidently impossible to overcome them. But wherever a passage was practicable, the approaches to it were protected in the most formidable manner. If a streamlet ran along the line, it was carefully dammed up, so as to be rendered impassible. Every morass was deepened, by stopping up its drains, or letting in the water of the larger rivers by artificial canals into it; redoubts were placed on the heights, so as to enfilade the plains between them; while in the open country, where no advantage of ground was to be met with, field-works were erected, armed with abundance of heavy cannon. To man these formidable lines, Villars had under his command one hundred and fifty-six battalions, and two hundred and twenty-seven squadrons in the field, containing seventy thousand infantry, and twenty thousand horse. He had ninety field guns and twelve howitzers. There was, besides, thirty-five battalions and eighty squadrons detached or in the forts; and, as Eugene soon took away twelve battalions and fifty squadrons from the Allied army, the forces on the opposite side, when they came to blows, were very nearly equal.†

Marlborough took the field on the

* Eugene to Marlborough, 23d April 1710; Marlborough to St John, 29th April 1710. Coxe, vi. 16. *Disp.* v. 319.

† Lidiard, ii. 426. Coxe, vi. 21. 22.

1st May, with eighty thousand men; and his whole force was soon grouped in and around Douay. The headquarters of Villars were at Cambray; but, seeing the forces of his adversary thus accumulated in one point, he made a corresponding concentration, and arranged his whole disposable forces between Bouchain on the right, and Monchy Le Preux on the left. This position of the French marshal, which extended in a concave semicircle with the fortresses, covering either flank, he considered, and with reason, as beyond the reach of attack. The English general was meditating a great enterprise, which should at once deprive the enemy of all his defences, and reduce him to the necessity of fighting a decisive battle, or losing his last frontier fortresses. But he was overwhelmed with gloomy anticipations; he felt his strength sinking under his incessant and protracted fatigues, and knew well he was serving a party who, envious of his fame, were ready only to decriy his achievements.* He lay, accordingly, for three weeks awaiting the arrival of his illustrious colleague, Prince Eugene, who joined on the 23d May, and took part in a great celebration of the anniversary of the victory at Ramillies, which had taken place on that day. The plans of the Allied generals were soon formed; and, taking advantage of the enthusiasm excited by that commemoration, and the arrival of so illustrious a warrior, preparations were made for the immediate commencement of active operations. On the 28th, the two generals reviewed the whole army. But their designs were soon interrupted by an event which changed the whole fortune of the campaign. Early in June, Eugene received positive orders to march to Germany, with a considerable part of his troops, to oppose a French force,

which was moving towards the Rhine, to influence the approaching election of Emperor. On the 13th June, Eugene and Marlborough separated, for *the last time*, with the deepest expressions of regret on both sides, and gloomy forebodings of the future. The former marched towards the Rhine with twelve battalions and fifty squadrons, while Marlborough's whole remaining force marched to the right in six divisions.†

Though Villars was relieved by the departure of Eugene from a considerable part of the force opposed to him, and he naturally felt desirous of now measuring his strength with his great antagonist in a decisive affair, yet he was restrained from hazarding a general engagement. Louis, trusting to the progress of the Tory intrigues in England, and daily expecting to see Marlborough and the war-party overthrown, sent him positive orders not to fight; and soon after detached twenty-five battalions and forty squadrons, in two divisions, to the Upper Rhine, to watch the movements of Eugene. Villars encouraged this separation, representing that the strength of his position was such, that he could afford to send a third detachment to the Upper Rhine, if it was thought proper. Marlborough, therefore, in vain offered battle, and drew up his army in the plain of Lens for that purpose. Villars cautiously remained on the defensive; and, though he threw eighteen bridges over the Scarpe, and made a show of intending to fight, he cautiously abstained from any steps which might bring on a general battle.‡ It was not without good reason that Louis thus enjoined his lieutenant to avoid compromising his army. The progress of the negotiations with England gave him the fairest ground for believing that he would obtain nearly all he desired from the favour

* "I see my Lord Rochester has gone where we all must follow. I believe my journey will be hastened by the many vexations I meet with. I am sure I wish well to my country, and if I could do good, I should think no pains too great; but I find myself decay so very fast, that from my heart and soul I wish the Queen and my country a peace by which I might have the advantage of enjoying a little quiet, which is my greatest ambition." *Marlborough to the Duchess*, 25th May, 1711. Coxe, vi. 28.

† Marlborough to St John, 14th June 1711. *Disp.* v. 428. Coxe, vi. 29, 30.

‡ *Villars' Mem.* tom. ii. ann. 1711.

with which he was regarded by the British cabinet without running any risk. He had commenced a *separate* negotiation with the court of St James's, which had been favourably received; and Mr Secretary St John had already transmitted to Lord Raby, the new plenipotentiary at the Hague, a sketch of six preliminary articles proposed by the French king, which were to be the basis of a general peace.*

The high tone of these proposals proved how largely Louis counted upon the altered dispositions of the British cabinet. The Spanish succession, the real object of the war, was evaded. Every thing was directed to British objects, and influenced by the desire to tempt the commercial cupidity of England to the abandonment of the great objects of her national policy. Real security was tendered to the British commerce with Spain, the Indis, and the Mediterranean; the barrier the Dutch had so long contended for was agreed to; a reasonable satisfaction was tendered to the allies of England and Holland; and, as to the Spanish succession, it was to be left to "new expedients, to the satisfaction of all parties interested." These proposals were favourably received by the British ministry; they were in secret communicated to the Pensionary Heinsius, but concealed from the Austrian and Piedmontese plenipotentiaries; and they were *not communicated to Marlborough*—a decisive proof both of the altered feeling of the cabinet towards that general, and of the consciousness on their part of the tortuous path on which they were now entering.†

After much deliberation, and a due consideration of what could be effected by the diminished force now at his disposal, which, by the successive drafts to Eugene's army, was now reduced to one hundred and nineteen battalions, and two hundred and fifty-six squadrons, not mustering above seventy-five thousand combatants,

Marlborough determined to break through the enemies' boasted lines; and, after doing so, undertake the siege of Bouchain, the possession of which would give him a solid footing within the French frontier. With this view, he had long and minutely studied the lines of Villars; and he hoped that, even with the force at his disposal, they might be broken through. To accomplish this, however, required an extraordinary combination of stratagem and force; and the manner in which Marlborough contrived to unite them, and bring the ardent mind and lively imagination of his adversary to play into his hands, to the defeat of all the objects he had most at heart, is perhaps the most wonderful part of his whole military achievements.‡

During his encampment at Lewarde, opposite Villars, the English general had observed that a triangular piece of ground in front of the French position, between Cambray, Aubanchocil-au-bae, and the junction of the Sauzet and Scheldt, offered a position so strong, that a small body of men might defend it against a very considerable force. He resolved to make the occupation of this inconsiderable piece of ground the pivot on which the whole passage of the lines should be effected. A redoubt at Aubigny, which commanded the approach to it, was first carried without difficulty. Arleux, which also was fortified, was next attacked by seven hundred men, who issued from Donay in the night. That post also was taken, with one hundred and twenty prisoners. Marlborough instantly used all imaginable expedition in strengthening it; and Villars, jealous of a fortified post so close to his lines remaining in the hands of the Allies, attacked it in the night of the 9th July; and, though he failed in retaking the work, he surprised the Allies at that point, and made two hundred men and four hundred horses prisoners. Though much chagrined at the success of this nocturnal attack, the English general

* *Bolingbroke's Corresp.* i. 172.

† "The Duke of Marlborough has no communication from home on this affair; I suppose he will have none from the Hague." *Mr Secretary St John to Lord Raby*, 27th April 1711. *Bolingbroke's Corresp.* i. 175.

‡ *Cove*, vi. 52-54.

now saw his designs advancing to maturity. He therefore left Arleux to its own resources, and marched towards Bethune. That fort was immediately attacked by Marshal Montesquieu, and, after a stout resistance, carried by the French, who made the garrison, five hundred strong, prisoners. Villars immediately razed Arleux to the ground, and withdrew his troops; while Marlborough, who was in hopes the lure of these successes would induce Villars to hazard a general engagement, shut himself up in his tent, and appeared to be overwhelmed with mortification at the checks he had received.*

Villars was so much elated with these successes, and the accounts he received of Marlborough's mortification, that he wrote to the king of France a vain-glorious letter, in which he boasted that he had at length brought his antagonist to a *ne plus ultra*. Meanwhile, Marlborough sent off his heavy baggage to Douay; sent his artillery under a proper guard to the rear; and, with all imaginable secrecy, baked bread for the whole troops for six days, which was privately brought up. Thus disencumbered and prepared, he broke up at four in the morning on the 1st of August, and marched in eight columns towards the front. During the three following days, the troops continued concentrated, and menacing sometimes one part of the French lines and sometimes another, so as to leave the real point of attack in a state of uncertainty. Seriously alarmed, Villars concentrated his whole force opposite the Allies, and drew in all his detachments, evacuating even Aubigny and Arleux, the object of so much eager contention some days before. On the evening of the 4th, Marlborough, affecting great chagrin at the check he had received, spoke openly to those around him of his intention of avenging them by a general action, and pointed to the direction the attacking columns were to take. He then returned to the camp, and gave orders to prepare for

battle. Gloom hung on every countenance of those around him; it appeared nothing short of an act of madness to attack an enemy superior in number, and strongly posted in a camp surrounded with entrenchments, and bristling with cannon. They ascribed it to desperation, produced by the mortifications received from the government, and feared that, by one rash act, he would lose the fruit of all his victories. Proportionally great was the joy in the French camp, when the men, never doubting they were on the eve of a glorious victory, spent the night in the exultation which, in that excitable people, has so often been the prelude to disaster.†

Having brought the feeling of both armies to this point, and produced a concentration of Villars's army directly in his front, Marlborough, at dusk on the 4th, ordered the drums to beat; and before the roll had ceased, orders were given for the tents to be struck. Meanwhile Cadogan secretly left the camp, and met twenty-three battalions and seventeen squadrons, drawn from the garrisons of Lille and Tournay, which instantly marched; and continuing to advance all night, passed the lines rapidly to the left, without opposition at Arleux, at break of day. A little before nine, the Allied main army began to defile rapidly to the left, through the woods of Villers and Neuville—Marlborough himself leading the van, at the head of fifty squadrons. With such expedition did they march, still holding steadily on to the left, that before five in the morning of the 5th they reached Vitry on the Scarpe, where they found pontoons ready for their passage, and a considerable train of field artillery. At the same time, the English general here received the welcome intelligence of Cadogan's success. He instantly dispatched orders to every man and horse to press forward without delay. Such was the ardour of the troops, who all saw the brilliant manœuvre by which they had outwitted the enemy, and rendered all their labour abortive, that they marched *sixteen hours* with-

* Kane's *Memoirs*, p. 89. Coxe, vi. 53, 55; *Disp.* v. 421, 428.

† Kane's *Memoirs*, p. 92. Marlborough to Mr Secretary St John, 6th August 1711. *Disp.* v. 428.

out once halting; and by ten next morning, the whole had passed the enemies' lines without opposition, and without firing a shot! Villars received intelligence of the night-march having begun at eleven at night; but so utterly was he in the dark as to the plan his opponent was pursuing, that he came up to Verger, when Marlborough had drawn up his army on the inner side of the lines in order of battle, attended only by a hundred dragoons, and narrowly escaped being made prisoner. Altogether, the Allied troops marched thirty-six miles in sixteen hours, the most part of them in the dark, and crossed several rivers, without either falling into confusion or sustaining any loss. The annals of war scarcely afford an example of such a success being gained in so bloodless a manner. The famous French lines, which Villars boasted would form the *ne plus ultra* of Marlborough, had been passed without losing a man; the labour of nine months was at once rendered of no avail; and the French army, in deep dejection, had no alternative but to retire under the cannon of Cambray.*

This great success at once restored the lustre of Marlborough's reputation, and, for a short season, put to silence his detractors. Eugene, with the generosity which formed so striking a feature in his character, wrote to congratulate him on his achievement; † and even Bolingbroke admitted that this bloodless triumph rivalled his greatest achievements. ‡ Marlborough immediately commenced the siege of Bouchain; but this was an enterprise of no small difficulty,

as it was to be accomplished on very difficult ground, in presence of an army superior in force. The investment was formed on the very day after the lines had been passed, and an important piece of ground occupied, which might have enabled Villars to communicate with the town, and regain a defensible position. On the morning of the 8th August, a bridge was thrown over the Scheldt at Neville, and sixty squadrons passed over, which barred the road from Douay. Villars upon this threw thirty battalions across the Senzet, and made himself master of a hill above, on which he began to erect works, which would have kept open his communications with the town on its southern front. Marlborough saw at once this design, and at first determined to storm the works ere they were completed; and, with this view, General Pagel, with a strong body of troops, was secretly passed over the river. But Villars, having heard of the design, attacked the Allied posts at Ivry with such vigour, that Marlborough was obliged to counter-march in haste, to be at hand to support them. Battled in this attempt, Marlborough erected a chain of works on the right bank of the Scheldt, from Hondain, through Ivry, to the Sette, near Haspres, while Cadogan strengthened himself with similar works on the left. Villars, however, still retained the fortified position which has been mentioned, and which kept up his communication with the town; and the intercepting this was another, and the last, of Marlborough's brilliant field operations. §

* Marlborough to Mr Secretary St John, 6th August 1711. *Disp.* v. 428. Coxe, vi. 60-65. *Kane's Mil. Mem.* 95-99.

† "No person takes a greater interest in your concerns than myself; your highness has penetrated into the *ne plus ultra*. I hope the siege of Bouchain will not last long." *Eugene to Marlborough*, 17th August 1711. Coxe, vi. 65.

‡ "My Lord Stair opened to us the general steps which your grace intended to take, in order to pass the line, in one part or another. It was, however, hard to imagine, and too much to hope, that a plan, which consisted of so many parts, wherein so many different corps were to co-operate personally together, should entirely succeed, and no one article fail of what your grace had projected. I most heartily congratulate your grace on this great event, of which I think no more needs be said, than that you have obtained, without losing a man, such an advantage, as we should have been glad to have purchased with the loss of several thousand lives." *Mr Secretary St John to Marlborough*, 31st July 1711. *Disp.* v. 429.

§ Marlborough to Mr Secretary St John, 10th August 1711. *Disp.* v. 437.

Notwithstanding all the diligence with which Villars laboured to strengthen his men on this important position, he could not equal the activity with which the English general strove to supplant them. During the night of the 13th, three redoubts were marked out, which would have completed the French marshal's communication with the town. But on the morning of the 14th they were all stormed by a large body of the Allied troops before the works could be armed. That very day the Allies carried their zig-zag down to the very edge of a morass which adjoined Bouchain on the south, so as to command a causeway from that town to Cambray, which the French still held, communicating with the besieged town. But, to complete the investment, it was necessary to win this causeway; and this last object was gained by Marlborough with equal daring and success. A battery, commanding the road, had been placed by Villars in a redoubt garrisoned by six hundred men, supported by three thousand more close in their rear. Marlborough, with incredible labour and diligence, constructed two roads, made of fascines, through part of the marsh, so as to render it passable to foot-soldiers; and, on the night of the 16th, six hundred chosen grenadiers were sent across them to attack the intrenched battery. They rapidly advanced in the dark till the fascine path ended, and then boldly plunging into the marsh, struggled on, with the water often up to their arm-pits, till they reached the foot of the intrenchment, into which they rushed, without firing a shot, with fixed bayonets. So complete was the surprise, that the enemy were driven from their guns with the loss only of six men; the

work carried; and with such diligence were its defences strengthened, that before morning it was in a condition to bid defiance to any attack.*

Villars was now effectually cut off from Bouchain, and the operations of the siege were conducted with the utmost vigour. On the night of the 21st, the trenches were opened; three separate attacks were pushed at the same time against the eastern, western, and southern faces of the town, and a huge train of heavy guns and mortars thundered upon the works without intermission. The progress of the siege, notwithstanding a vigorous defence by the besieged, was unusually rapid. As fast as the outworks were breached they were stormed; and repeated attempts on the part of Villars to raise the siege were baffled by the skilful disposition and strong ground taken by Marlborough with the covering army. At length, on the 12th September, as the counterscarp was blown down, the rampart breached, and an assault of the fortress in preparation, the governor agreed to capitulate; and the garrison, still three thousand strong, marched out upon the glacis, laid down their arms, and were conducted prisoners to Tournay.† The two armies then remained in their respective positions, the French under the cannon of Cambray, the Allied in the middle of their lines, resting on Bouchain; and Marlborough gave proof of the courtesy of his disposition, as well as his respect for exalted learning and piety, by planting a detachment of his troops to protect the estates of Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, and conduct the grain from thence to the dwelling of the illustrious prelate in that town, which began now to be straitened for provisions.‡

* Coxe, vi. 71-80; Marlborough to Mr Secretary St John, 14th, 17th, and 20th August 1711; *Disp.* v. 445, 450, 453.

† Marlborough to Mr Secretary St John, 14th Sept. 1711. *Disp.* v. 490. *Coxe*, vi. 78-88.

‡ *Victoires de Marlborough*, iii. 22. *Coxe*, vi. 87.

MOHAN LAL IN AFGHANISTAN.

We have arrived at an age when striking contrasts and seeming incongruities cease to startle and offend. If we have not yet attained the promised era when the lion shall lie down with the lamb—and even of that day a VAN AMBURGH and a CARTER have given us significant intimations—we have certainly reached an epoch quite as extraordinary, and behold things as opposite conciliated, as hostile reconciled. We need not go far for illustrations: in the columns of newspapers, in the public market-place, at each street-corner, they force themselves upon us. The EAST and the WEST are brought together—the desert and the drawing-room are but a pace apart—European refinements intrude themselves into the haunts of barbarism—and bigoted Oriental potentates learn tolerance from the liberality of the Giaour. An article upon contrasts would fill a magazine. Ibrahim Pasha and religious liberty, the Red Sea and the Peninsular Steam Company, the Great Desert and the Narrow Gauge, are but one or two of a thousand that suggest themselves. On all sides Europe thrusts out the giant arms of innovation, spanning the globe, encompassing the world. England, especially, ever foremost in the race, by enterprise and ingenuity achieves seeming miracles. With steam for her active and potent agent, she drives highways across the wilderness, covers remote seas with smoky shipping, replaces dromedaries by locomotives, runs rails through the Arab village and the lion's lair. From his carpet and coffee, his pipe and *farniente*, the astonished Mussulman is roused by the rish and rattle of the train. On the sudden, by no gradual transition or slow approach, is this semi-savage brought in contact with the latest refinements and most astounding discoveries of civilisation. He is bewildered by sights and sounds of which yesterday he had not the

remotest conception. Couriers traverse the desert with the regularity of a London and Edinburgh mail; caravans of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen ramble leisurely over the sands, and brave the simoon on a trip of pleasure to the far East; omnibuses, after the fashion of Paddington, have their stations on the Isthmus of Suez. Every where the hat is in juxtaposition with the turban, and the boot of the active Christian galls the slippered heel of Mahomet's indolent follower, spurring him to progress and improvement.

As strange as any of the incongruous associations already hinted at, is one that we are about to notice. That an Oriental should write a book, is in no way wonderful; that he should write it in English, more or less correct, may also be conceived, since abundant opportunities are afforded to our Eastern fellow-subjects for the acquirement of that language; but that he should write it, not out of the fulness of his knowledge, or to convey the results of long study and profound meditation, but merely, as the razors were made, to sell, does seem strangely out of character, sadly derogatory to the gravity and dignity of a Wise Man of the East. We have really much difficulty in portraying upon our mental speculum so anomalous an animal as an Oriental bookmaker. We cannot fancy a Knight of the very Persian order of the Lion and Sun transformed into a publisher's hack, driving bargains with printers, delivered over to devils, straining each nerve, resorting to every stale device to swell his volumes to a presentable size, as if bulk would atone for dullness, and wordiness for lack of interest. Such, nevertheless, is the painful picture now forced upon us by a Kashmirian gentleman of Delhi, Mohan Lal by name. Encouraged by the indulgent reception accorded to an earlier, less pretending, and more

worthy literary attempt—allured also, perhaps, by visions of a shining river of rupees pleasantly flowing into his purse, the aforesaid Lal, Esquire—so does his title-page style him—has committed himself by the fabrication of two heavy volumes, whose interesting portions are, for the most part, stale, and whose novelties are of little interest. Neither the fulsome dedication, nor the humility of the preface, nor the indifferent lithographs, purporting to represent notable Asiatics and Europeans, can be admitted in palliation of this Kashmirian scribbler's literary misdemeanour. It is impossible to feel touched or mollified even by the plaintive tone in which he informs us that he has disbursed three hundred pounds for payment of copyists, paper, and portraits. The latter, by the bye, will hardly afford much gratification to their originals, at least if they be all as imperfect and unflattering in their resemblance as some two or three which we have had opportunities of comparing. But that is a minor matter. Illustration is a mania of the day—a crotchet of a public whose reading appetite, it is to be feared, is in no very healthy state. From penny tracts to quarto volumes, every thing must have pictures—the more the better—bad ones rather than none. Turning from the graphic embellishments of the books before us, we revert to the letter-press, and to the endeavour to sift something of interest or value out of the nine hundred pages through which, in conscientious fulfilment of our critical duties, we have wearisomely toiled.

The work in question purports to be a life of Dost Mohammed Khan, the well-known Amir of Kabul. It is what it professes to be, but it is also a great deal more; the whole has been named from a part. A history of the affairs of Sindh occupies nearly half a volume, and consists chiefly of copious extracts from works already published—such as *Pottinger's Bilochistan*, *Dr Burnes' Visit to the Court of Sindh*, *Sir A. Burnes' Travels in Bokhara*, *Thornton's British India*—from which sources the unscrupulous Lal helps himself unsparingly, and with scarce a word of apology either to reader or writer. We have long accounts of Russian

intrigues, and of those alarming plots and combinations which frightened Lords Auckland and Palmerston from their propriety, and led to our interference and reverses in Afghanistan—interference so impotently followed up, reverses which neither have been nor ever can be fully redeemed. The mismanagement or incapacity of our political agents during the short time that we maintained the unfortunate Shah Shuja on the throne of Kabul, is another fertile topic for the verbose Kashmirian; but this, it must be observed, is one of the best portions of his book, although it has no very direct reference to Dost Mohammed, “the lion of my subject and hero of my tale,” as his historian styles him. Numerous copies of despatches, treaties and diplomatic correspondence, sundry testimonies of Mr Lal's abilities and services, and various extraneous matters, complete the volumes. To give the barest outline of so voluminous a work would lead us far beyond our allotted limits. We should even be puzzled to effect the analysis of the first half volume, which sketches the history of Afghanistan from the period when Payandah Khan, chief of the powerful Barakzai tribe and father of Dost Mohammed, was the prime favourite and triumphant general of Taimur Shah, up to the date when the Dost himself, after a long series of bloody wars, sat upon the throne, was in the zenith of his prosperity, and when British diplomatists first began to make and meddle in the affairs of his kingdom. The perpetually recurring changes, the revolts, revolutions, and usurpations of which Afghanistan was the scene with little intermission during the whole of that period, the absence of dates, which Mohan Lal accounts for by the loss of his manuscripts during the Kabul insurrection, and the host of proper names introduced, render this part of the work most perplexingly confused. The reader, however attentive to his task, becomes fairly bewildered amidst the multitude of Khans, Shahs, Vazirs, Sardars, and other personages, who pass in hurried review before his eyes, and utterly puzzled by the strange manœuvres and seemingly unaccountable treasons of the actors in this great Eastern

melodrama. In glancing at the book, we shall confine ourselves more strictly than Mohan Lal has done, to the personal exploits and history of Dost Mohammed.

On the death of Taimur Shah, leaving several sons, there was much difference of opinion amongst the nobles as to who should succeed him. Payandah Khan, who had received from the sovereign he had so faithfully served, the title of Sarfraz, or, the Lofty, and whose position and influence in the country enabled him in some sort to play the part of king-maker, solved the difficulty by placing Prince Zaman upon the throne. For a time Zaman was all gratitude, until evil advisers poisoned his mind, and accused Payandah and other chiefs of plotting to transfer the crown to Shah Shuja, another son of Taimur. Without trial or investigation, the persons accused were put to death; and the sons and nephews of Payandah became fugitives, and suffered great misery. Some were taken prisoners, others begged their bread, or took shelter in the mausoleum of Ahmad Shah, in order to receive a share of the food there doled out for charity's sake. Fatah Khan, the eldest son of Payandah, fled to Persia; Dost Mohammed, the twentieth son of the same father, found protection in a fortress belonging to the husband of his mother, who, in conformity with an Afghan custom, had been claimed by and compelled to marry one of the nearest relatives of her deceased lord. This occurred when Dost was a child of seven or eight years old. After a while, Fatah Khan returned from Persia with an army, and accompanied by Mahmud Shah, another of Taimur's sons who pretended to the crown of Afghanistan. His first encounter with the troops of Shah Zaman was a triumph; and now, says the figurative Lal, the stars of the descendants of the Sarfraz began to shine. Fatah sought out his young brother, Dost Mohammed, gave him in charge to a trusty adherent, fixed an income for his support, and marched away to besiege Qandhar, which he took by escalade. This was the commencement of a war of succession, or rather of a series of wars, in which the two sons of Payandah played

important parts. The elder met his death, the younger gained a crown. At first the contest was amongst the sons and grandsons of Taimur; to several of whom in turn Fatah and Dost gave their powerful support. It was not till after many years of civil strife that the last-named chief, prompted by ambition, and presuming on his popularity and high military reputation, set up on his own account, and bore away the prize from the more legitimate competitors.

When only in his twelfth year, Dost Mohammed Khan was attached to the retinue of his brother as *abdar*, or water-bearer. He soon acquired Fatah's confidence, and was admitted to share his secrets. Before he was fourteen years old, he displayed great energy and intrepidity, which qualities, added to his remarkable personal beauty, rendered him exceedingly popular in the country and a vast favourite with Fatah, but excited the jealousy of his other brothers—men of little more than ordinary capacity, totally unable to compete with him in any respect. Whilst still a mere lad, Dost, by his courage and sagacity, delivered Fatah from more than one imminent peril. At last Shah Zaman, who had been deposed and blinded, and his son Shah Zadah, laid a snare for Fatah in the palace-gardens at Qandhar. Ambushed men suddenly seized him, hurled him to the ground with such violence as to break his teeth, and kept him prisoner. Dost Mohammed made a dashing attempt at a rescue; but he had only five hundred followers, the palace was strongly garrisoned, and a heavy fire of matchlocks repelled him. Meanwhile large bodies of troops marched to occupy the city gates; and, for his own safety's sake, he was compelled to leave his brother in captivity, and cut his way out. Retreating to his stronghold of Giriskh, he awaited the passage of a rich caravan from Persia. This he plundered, thereby becoming possessed of about four lakhs of rupees, which he employed in raising troops. With these he invested Qandhar. After a three months' siege, the garrison had exhausted its provisions and ammunition; and Zadah, to get rid of the terrible Dost, released Fatah Khan. The prisoner's liberation was a'so partly

owing to the intercession of Shah Shuja; notwithstanding which, Fatah and Dost, with an utter contempt of gratitude and loyalty, soon afterwards turned their arms against that prince. A great cavalry fight took place, in which the brave but unprincipled brothers were victorious. Dost Mohammed was made a field-marshal, and marched against an army commanded by Shah Shuja in person; a desperate battle ensued, terminated by negotiation, and once more Dost and the Shah were allies. But no sooner had poor Shuja gained over his enemies, than his friends revolted against him, and set up his nephew Zadah as king of Afghanistan; and very soon his new allies, with unparalleled treachery, and despite of the titles and presents he had showered upon them, once more abandoned him. Friend Lal, we are sorry to perceive, seems struck rather with admiration than horror of these double-dyed traitors, and talks of the brave heart and wise head of Dost Mohammed, and of the noble and independent notions which nature had cultivated in him; thus betraying a certain Oriental laxity of principle which European education and society might have been expected to eradicate. But he is perhaps dazzled and blinded by the brilliant military prowess of Dost, who, at the head of only three thousand men, fell upon the advanced-guard of the Shah's army, ten thousand strong, and, after a terrible slaughter, completely routed it. The news of this reverse greatly incensed and alarmed Shuja, who said confidentially to his minister, that whilst Dost Mohammed was alive and at large, he (Shuja) could never expect victory or the enjoyment of his crown. A wonderful and true prophecy, observes Mohan Lal. Shortly afterwards, the remainder of the Shah's troops were defeated by Dost, and the Shah himself was once more a fugitive.

Shah Mahmud was now placed upon the throne; Vazir Fatah Khan was his prime minister, and Dost received the title of Sardar, or chief. It was about this time that the "Sardar of my tale," as the worthy Lal affectionately styles his hero, committed the first of a series of murders which, were there no other infamous deeds recorded of him, would

stamp him as vile, and destroy any sympathy that his bravery in the field and notable talents might otherwise excite in his favour. A Persian secretary, one Mirza Ali Khan, by his skill and conduct as a politician, and by his kindly disposition, gained a popularity and influence which offended the ambitious brothers, and Fatah desired Dost to make away with him.

"On receiving the orders of the Vazir, Dost Mohammed armed himself cap-a-pie, and taking six men with him, went and remained waiting on the road between the house of Mohammed Azim Khan and the Mirza. It was about midnight when the Mirza passed by Dost Mohammed Khan, whom he saw, and said, 'What has brought your highness here at this late hour? I hope all is good.' He also added, that Dost Mohammed should freely command his services if he could be of any use to him. He replied to the Mirza that he had got a secret communication for him, and would tell him if he moved aside from the servants. He stopped his horse, whereupon Dost Mohammed, holding the mane of the horse with his left hand, and taking his dagger in his right, asked the Mirza to bend his head to hear him. While Dost Mohammed pretended to tell him something of his own invention, and found that the Mirza was hearing him without any suspicion, he stabbed him between the shoulders, and throwing him off his horse, cut him in many places. This was the commencement of the murders which Dost Mohammed Khan afterwards frequently committed."

Notwithstanding his high military rank and great services, Dost was very submissive to Fatah, who was greatly his senior. He acted as his cup-bearer, and was a constant attendant at his nocturnal carouses, carrying a golden goblet, and helping him to wine. The morals of both brothers were as exceptionable in private as in public life. Their biographer gives details of an intrigue between Dost and the favourite wife of Fatah; and even hints a doubt whether the Vazir was not cognizant of the intercourse, which he took no steps to check or punish. Both brothers were fond of wine, and in-

dulged in it to excess. Dost, especially, was at one time a most unmitigated sot, although his bibulous propensities had apparently no permanent effect upon his intellects and energies. His capacity for liquor, if Lal's account be authentic, was extraordinary. "It is said that he has emptied several dozens of bottles in one night, and did not cease from drinking until he was quite intoxicated, and could not drink a drop more. He has often become senseless from drinking, and has, on that account, kept himself confined in bed during many days. He has been often seen in a state of stupidity on horseback, and having no turban, but a skull-cap, on his head." At a later period of his life, Dost Mohammed, being abroad one evening, met two of his sons, Afzal Khan, and the well-known Akhbar Khan, in an intoxicated state. Less tolerant for his children than for himself, he gave them a sound thrashing, and, not satisfied with that, took them up to the roof of a house, and threw them down on stony ground, to the risk of their lives. The mother of Akhbar heard of this, and reproached her husband with punishing others for a vice he himself was prone to. Dost hung his head, and swore to drink wine no more. We are not told whether he kept the vow, but subsequently, when he was made Amir-ul-Momnin, or Commander of the Faithful, he did forsake his drunken habits. On his reinstatement at Kabul, after its final abandonment by the British, he relapsed into his old courses, saying, that whilst he was an enemy to wine, he was always unlucky; but that since he had resumed drinking, his prosperity had returned, and he had gained his liberty after being in "Qaid i Frang," which, being interpreted, means an English prison. When sitting over his bottle, he can sing a good song, and play upon the *rabab*, a sort of Afghan fiddle, with very considerable skill. Altogether, and setting aside his throat-cuttings, and a few other peculiarities, Dost Mohammed must be considered as rather a jovial and good-humoured barbarian.

Although a fervent admirer of the fair sex, the valiant Sardar occasion-

ally, in the hurry and excitement of war and victory, forgot the respect to which it is entitled. A blunder of this description was productive of fatal consequences to his brother the Vazir. A breach of decorum overthrew a dynasty: a lady's girdle changed the destinies of a kingdom. The circumstances were as follows:—By a well-executed stratagem, Dost Mohammed surprised the city of Hirat, seized Shah Zadah Firoz, who ruled there, and plundered the palace. Not content with appropriating the rich store of jewels, gold, and silver, found in the treasury, he despoiled the inmates of the harem, and committed an offence unpardonable in Eastern eyes, by taking off the jewelled band which fastened the trowsers of the daughter-in-law of Shah Zadah. The insulted fair one sent her profaned inexpressibles to her brother, a son of Mahmud Shah, known by the euphonious appellation of Kam Ran. Kam swore to be revenged. Even Fatah Khan was so shocked at the unparalleled impropriety of his brother's conduct, that he threatened to punish him; whereupon Dost, with habitual prudence, avoided the coming storm, and took refuge with another of his brothers, then governor of Kashmir. Kam Ran came to Hirat, found that Dost had given him the slip, and consoled himself by planning, in conjunction with some other chiefs, the destruction of Fatah Khan. They seized him, put out his eyes, and brought him pinioned before Mahmud Shah, whom he himself had set upon the throne. The Shah desired him to write to his rebellious brothers to submit: he steadily refused, and Mahmud then ordered his death. "The Vazir was cruelly and deliberately butchered by the courtiers, who cut him limb from limb, and joint from joint, as was reported, after his nose, ears, fingers, and lips, had been chopped off. His fortitude was so extraordinary, that he neither showed a sign of the pain he suffered, nor asked the perpetrators to diminish their cruelties; and his head was at last sliced from his lacerated body. Such was the shocking result of the misconduct of his brother, the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan, towards the

royal female in Hirat. However, the end of the Vazir, Fatah Khan, was the end of the Sadozai reign, and an omen for the accession of the new dynasty of the Barakzais, or his brothers, in Afghanistan."

It would be tiresome to trace in detail the events that followed the Vazir's death,—the numerous battles—the treaties concluded and violated—the reverses and triumphs of the various chiefs who contended for the supremacy. To revenge their brother, and gratify their own ambition, the Barakzais united together, expelled Mahmud, and divided the country amongst themselves. Mohammed Azim, the eldest brother, took Kabul, Sultan Mohammed had Peshavar, Pardil Khan received Qandhar, and to the Sardar Dost Mohammed Ghazni was allotted. Apparently all were content with this arrangement; but, in secret, Dost was far from satisfied, and plotted to improve his share. With this view, he entered into negotiations with Ranjit Singh and the Lahore chiefs; and at last, by intrigue and treachery, rather than by force of arms, he reduced Mohammed Azim to such extremities and despair, that he retired to Kabul, and there died broken-hearted. His son, Habib-Ullah, who succeeded him, fared no better. He was turned out of Kabul, and exposed to want and misery, which broke his spirit, and rendered him insane. He left the country with his wives and children, whom he murdered on the banks of the Indus, and threw into the river.

Whilst Dost was in full career of success and aggrandisement, achieved by the most treacherous and sanguinary means, Shah Shuja raised an army in Sindh, intending to invade Qandhar and recover his dominions. A report was spread by certain discontented chiefs in Dost Mohammed's and the Qandhar camps that the English favoured Shuja's attempt. To ascertain the truth of this, Dost Mohammed addressed a letter to Sir Claude Wade, then political agent at Loodianab, requesting to know whether the Shah was supported by the English. If so, he said, he would take the state of affairs into his deliberate consideration; but if the contrary was the case, he was ready to fight the

Shah. Sir Claude Wade replied, that the British government took no share in the king's expedition against the Barakzai chief, but that it wished him well. Thereupon Dost and his son Akhbar Khan marched to meet the Shah. A battle was fought in front of Qandhar, and at first victory seemed to incline to Shuja; but by the exertions and valour of the Sardar and his son, the tide was turned, and the threatened defeat converted into a signal victory. "All the tents, guns, and campequippage of the ever-fugitive Shah Shuja fell into the hands of the Lion of Afghanistan, and a large bundle of the papers and correspondence of various chiefs in his country with the Shah. Among these he found many letters under the real or forged seal of Sir Claude Wade, to the address of certain chiefs, stating that any assistance given to Shah Shuja should be appreciated by the British government."

Whilst Mohammed thus successfully assisted his brothers, the Qandhar chiefs, against their common foe, Shah Shuja, his other brothers, the Peshavar chiefs, were dispossessed by the Sikhs, and compelled to take refuge at Jellalabad. There, expecting that Dost would be beaten by the Shah, they planned to seize upon Kabul. Their measures were taken, and in some districts they had actually appointed governors, when they learned Shuja's defeat, and their brother's triumphant return. This was the destruction of their ambitious projects; but with true Afghan craft and hypocrisy, they put a good face upon the matter, fired salutes in honour of the victory, disavowed the proceedings of those officers who, by their express order, had taken possession of the Sardar's villages, and went out to meet him with every appearance of cordiality and joy. Although not the dupe of this seeming friendship, Dost Mohammed received them well, and declared his intention of undertaking a religious war against the Sikhs to revenge their aggressions at Peshavar, and to punish them for having dared, as infidels, to make an inroad into a Mahomedan land. In acting thus, the cunning Sardar had two objects in view. One was to obtain recruits by appealing to the fanaticism

of the people, for his funds were low, and the Afghans were weary of war; the other, which he at once attained, was to get himself made king, on the ground that religious wars, fought under the name and flag of any other than a crowned head, do not entitle those who fall in them to the glory of martyrdom. The priests, chiefs, and counsellors, consulted together, and agreed that Dost Mohammed ought to assume the royal title. "The Sardar, without any preparation or feast, went out of the Bala Hisar with some of his courtiers; and in Idgah, Mir Vaiz, the head-priest of Kabul, put a few blades of grass on his head, and called him "Amir-ul-Momnin," or, "Commander of the Faithful." Thus did the wily and unscrupulous Dost at last possess the crown he so long had coveted. Instead, however, of being inflated by his dignity, the new Amir became still plainer in dress and habits, and more easy of access than before. Finding himself in want of money for his projected war, and unable to obtain it by fair means, he now commenced a system of extortion, which he carried to frightful lengths, pillaging bankers and merchants, confiscating property, and torturing those who refused to acquiesce in his unreasonable demands. One poor wretch, a trader of the name of Sabz Ali, was thrown into prison, branded and tormented in various ways, until he expired in agony. His relatives were compelled to pay the thirty thousand rupees which it had been the object of this barbarous treatment to extort. At last five lakhs of rupees were raised, wherewith to commence the religious war. Its result was disastrous and discreditable to the Amir. Without having fought a single battle, he was outwitted and outmanœuvred, and returned crestfallen to Kabul—his brothers, the Peshavar chiefs, who were jealous of his recent elevation, having aided in his discomfiture.

Although the Amir had many enemies both at home and abroad—the most inveterate amongst the former being some of his own brothers—and although he was often threatened by great dangers, he gradually succeeded in consolidating his power, and fixing himself firmly upon the throne

he had usurped. Himself faithless and treacherous, he distrusted all men; and gradually removing the governors of various districts, he replaced them by his sons, who feared him, scrupulously obeyed his orders, and followed his system of government. In time his power became so well established that the intrigues of his dissatisfied brethren no longer alarmed him. The Sikhs gave him some uneasiness, but in a battle at Jam Road, near the entrance of the Khaibar Pass, his two sons, Afzal and Akhbar, defeated them and killed their general, Hari Singh. The victory was chiefly due to Afzal, but Akhbar got the credit, through the management of his mother, the Amir's favourite wife. This unjust partiality, to which we shall again have occasion to refer when touching upon the future prospects of Afghanistan, greatly disheartened Afzal and his brothers, and indisposed them towards their father.

The brief and imperfect outline which we have been enabled to give of the career of Dost Mohammed, and of his arrival at the supreme power in Kabul, is entirely deficient in dates. The Afghans have no records, but preserve their history solely by tradition and memory. Mohan Lal having, as before mentioned, lost his manuscripts, containing information supplied by the Amir's relations and courtiers, was afterwards unable to place the circumstances of his history in chronological order. The deficiency is not very important, since it naturally ceases to exist from the time that British India became mixed up in the affairs of Afghanistan. The fight of Jam Road, in which the Afghans were the aggressors, and which was occasioned by the Amir's cravings after the province of Peshavar, brings us up to the latter part of the year 1836. Previously and subsequently to that battle, Dost Mohammed wrote several letters to the Governor-general of India, Lord Auckland, expressing his fear of the Sikhs, and asking advice and countenance. Lord Auckland resolved to accord him both, and dispatched Sir Alexander Burnes to Kabul to negotiate the opening of the Indus navigation. The presence of the British mission at the

Amir's court, and the proposals made by the Governor-general to the Maharajah to mediate between him and Dost Mohammed, sufficed to check the advance of a powerful Sikh army which Ranjit Singh had assembled to revenge the reverse of Jam Road. The Amir was not satisfied with this protection; but urged Sir Alexander Burnes to make the Sikhs give up Peshavar to him. The reply was, that Peshavar had never belonged to the Amir, but to his brothers; that Ranjit Singh was a faithful ally of the English government, which could not use its authority directly in the case; but that endeavours should be made to induce the Maharajah amicably to yield Peshavar to its former chief, Sultan Mohammed Khan. This mode of viewing the question by no means met the wishes of the ambitious Amir; for he coveted the territory for himself, and would rather have seen it remain in the hands of the Sikhs than restored to Sultan Mohammed, who was his deadly enemy.* He expressed his dissatisfaction in very plain terms to Sir Alexander Burnes; and perceiving that the English were not disposed to aid him in his unjustifiable projects of aggrandisement, he threw himself into the arms of Russia and Persia, to which countries he had, with characteristic duplicity, communicated his grievances and made offers of alliance, at the same time that he professed, in his letters to Lord Auckland, to rely entirely upon British counsels and friendship.

And now commenced those intrigues and machinations of Russia, of which so great a bugbear was made both in India and England. Mohan Lal maintains that the apprehensions occasioned by these manœuvres were

legitimate and well-founded; that the views of Russia were encroaching and dangerous; and that her name and influence were already seriously injurious to British interests, as far even as the eastern bank of the Indus. Vague rumours of Russian power and valour had spread through British India; had been exaggerated by Eastern hyperbole, and during their passage through many mouths; and had rendered numerous chiefs, Rajput as well as Mahomedan, restless and eager for a fray. Throughout the country there was a growing belief that English power was on the eve of a reverse. We are told of the mission of Captain Vikovich, of Muscovite ducats poured into Afghan pockets, of an extension of influence sought by Russia in Turkistan and Kabul, of arms to be supplied by Persia, and of a Persian army to be marched into Afghanistan to seize upon the disputed province of Peshavar. As the companion and friend of Sir Alexander Burnes during his mission to Kabul, Mohan Lal coincides in the opinions of that officer with respect to the necessity of taking vigorous and immediate steps to counteract the united intrigues of the Shah of Persia and Count Simonich, the Russian ambassador at Tehran. This necessity was pressed upon Lord Auckland in numerous and alarming despatches from Sir A. Burnes and other Anglo-Indian diplomatists.

With such opinions and prognostications daily ringing in his ears, Lord Auckland, who at first, we are told, did not attach much importance to the Vikovich mission and the Russian intrigues, at last took fright, and prepared to adopt the decisive measures so plausibly and perseveringly urged by the alarmists. The well-known

* There were special reasons for the mutual hatred of these two brothers. One of the Amir's wives was a lady of the royal family of Sadozai, who, when the decline of that dynasty commenced, had attracted the attention of Sultan Mohammed Khan, and a correspondence took place between them. She prepared to leave Kabul to be married to him, when the Amir, who was also smitten with her charms, forcibly seized her and compelled her to become his wife. This at once created, and has ever since maintained, a fatal animosity between the brothers; and Sultan Mohammed Khan has often been heard to say, that nothing would afford him greater pleasure, even at breathing his last, than to drink the blood of the Amir. Such is the nature of the brotherly feeling now existing between them. — See *Life of Dost Mohammed Khan*, vol. i. p. 222, 223.

and notable plan to be resorted to, was the expulsion of the Amir Dost Mohammed and of the other Barakzai chiefs inimical to the British, and the establishment of a friendly prince upon the throne of Kabul. Who was to be chosen? Two candidates alone appeared eligible—Sultan Mohammed Khan, chief of Peshavar, brother and bitter foe of the Amir, and Shah Shuja, the deposed but legitimate sovereign of Afghanistan. The Shah, who had long lived inactive and retired at Loodianah, was believed, not without reason, to have lost any ability or talent for reigning which he had ever possessed; nevertheless, his name and hereditary right caused him to be preferred by Lord Auckland, whose advisers also were unanimous in their recommendation of Shuja. "As for Shah Shuja," wrote Sir Alexander Burnes, who had now left Kabul, in his letter to the Governor-general, dated 3d June 1838, "the British government have only to send him to Peshavar with an agent, one or two of its own regiments as an honorary escort, and an avowal to the Afghans that we have taken up his cause, to ensure his being fixed for ever on his throne."

"The British government," said one of those on whose information that government acted. (Mr Masson.) "could employ interference without offending half-a-dozen individuals. Shah Shuja, under their auspices, would not even encounter opposition," &c.—(*Thornton's British India*, vol. vi. p. 150.)

"Amoyed at Dost Mohammed's reception of Vikovich, the Russian emissary, and disquieted by the departure of the British agent, they (the Afghans)" says Lieutenant Wood, "looked to the Amir as the sole cause of their troubles, and thought of Shah Shuja and redress."

Sir C. Wade, Mr Lord, and other authorities supposed to be well versed in the politics of the land where mischief was imagined to be brewing, expressed opinions similar in substance to those just cited. It was decided that Shuja was the man; and Sir William M'Naghten started for the court of Lahore to negotiate a tripartite treaty between the Maharajah, the Shah, and the British

government. Wade and Burnes were to co-operate with the envoy. The treaty was concluded and signed, advices from Lord Palmerston strengthened and confirmed Lord Auckland in his predilection for "vigorous measures," and a declaration of war was proclaimed and circulated throughout India and Afghanistan.

Lord Auckland is, we dare to say, a very well-meaning man—albeit not exactly of the stuff of which viceroys of vast empires ought to be made; and we willingly believe that he acted to the best of his judgment in undertaking the Afghan war. Unfortunately, that is not saying much. His lordship's advisers may have been right in supposing that the people of Kabul were weary of the Amir's extortionate and tyrannical rule, and desired the milder government of Shah Shuja; but if so, it is the more to be regretted that, when we had established Shuja on the throne, the mismanagement and want of unity of British agents—amongst whom were some of those very advisers—should so rapidly have changed the partiality of the Afghans for the Shah into contempt, their friendly dispositions towards the British into aversion and fierce hatred. Mohan Lal strenuously insists upon the blamelessness of Lord Auckland in the whole of the unfortunate affairs of Afghanistan; lauds his judicious measures, and maintains that had they not been adopted, "disasters and outbreaks would soon have appeared in the very heart of India. The object of the governor-general was to annihilate the Russian and Persian influence and intrigues in Afghanistan, both at that time, and for all time to come, unless they adopt open measures; and this object he fortunately and completely attained, in a manner worthy of the British name, and laudable to himself as a statesman." We could say a word or two on this head, but refrain, not wishing to rake up old grievances, or discuss so uninteresting a subject as Lord Auckland's merits and abilities. Mr Lal admits that his lordship made two enormous blunders: one "in appointing two such talented men as Sir William M'Naghten and Sir Alexander Burnes, to act at the same time, in one field of honour; the second was,

that on hearing of the outbreak at Kabul, he delayed in insisting upon the commander-in-chief to order an immediate despatch of the troops towards Peshavar." "He being the superior head of the government," continues this long-winded Kashmirian, "he ought not to allow hesitation to approach and to embarrass his sound judgment, at the crisis when immediate and energetic attention was required." *De mortuis nil*, &c.; and therefore, of the two unfortunate gentlemen above referred to, we will merely say, that many have considered their talents far less remarkable than their blunders. As to the Earl of Auckland—"Save me from my friends!" his lordship might well exclaim. Indecision and lack of discrimination compose a nice character for a governor-general. One great criterion of ability to rule is a judicious choice of subordinate agents. Lord Auckland's reason for not sending the reinforcements so terribly required by our troops in Kabul, is thus curiously rendered by his Eastern advocate:—"His lordship had already made every arrangement to retire from the Indian government, and therefore did not wish to prolong the time for his departure by embarking in other and new operations." Truly a most ingenious defence! So, because the governor-general was in haste to be off, an army must be consigned to destruction. Most sapient Lal! his lordship is obliged to you. "Call you that backing your friends?" May our worst enemy have you for his apologist.

We return to Dost Mohammed and his fortunes. Shah Shuja was publicly installed upon the throne; numerous chiefs tendered him their allegiance; Kalat, Qandhar, and Ghazni fell into the hands of his British allies, before the Amir himself gave sign of life. This he did by sending his brother, Navab Jabbar Khan, who was considered a staunch friend of Europeans, and especially of the English, to treat with Sir William M'Naghten. The Navab stated that the Amir was desirous to surrender, on condition that he should be made Vazir or Prime Minister of the Shah, to which post he had an hereditary claim. The condition was refused; as was also

the Navab's request that his niece, the wife of Haidar Khan, the captured governor of Ghazni, should be given up to him. Altogether, the poor Navab was treated in no very friendly manner; and he returned to Kabul with his affection for the English considerably weakened. As he had long been suspected of intriguing against the Amir, he took this opportunity to wipe off the imputation, by encouraging the people to rise and oppose his brother's enemies. "The Amir called an assembly in the garden which surrounds the tomb of Taimur Shah, and made a speech, petitioning his subjects to support him in maintaining his power, and in driving off the infidels from the Mahomedan country. Many people who were present stated to me that his words were most touching and moving, but they gained no friends." He also invented various stories to frighten the lower orders into resistance, saying that during their march from Sindh to Ghazni, the English had ill-treated the women, and boiled and eaten the young children. Arguments and lies—all were in vain. The Kohistanis, his own subjects, who had been induced to rise against him, descended from their valley, and threatened to attack the Kabulis, if they allowed the Amir to remain amongst them. The army of the Indus drew near, and at last Dost Mohammed abandoned the city, and fled to Bamian, leaving his artillery and heavy baggage at Maidan. There it was taken possession of by the British, and given up to Shah Shuja; and on the 7th of August 1839, that prince, after an exile of thirty years, re-entered the capital of his kingdom.

Hard upon the track of the fugitive Amir, followed Colonel Outram, with several other officers, and some Afghans under Haji Khan Kaker, in all about eight hundred foot and horse. Dost Mohammed had with him a handful of followers, including the Navab Jabbar Khan and Akhbar Khan, the latter of whom was sick and travelled in a litter. On the 21st August, Colonel Outram was informed that he was within a day's march of the object of his pursuit, whose escape, on that occasion, he attributes to the treachery of Haji Khan. One night the Hazarahs stole

twenty of the Amir's horses, which greatly reduced the numbers of his little escort. At last, however, he found himself in safety amongst the Uzbegs, and thence wished to proceed to Persia; but the difficulties of the road, already nearly impassible on account of the snow, decided him to accept the proffered protection of the Amir of Bokhara. By this half-mad monarch he was very queerly treated; at one time his life was in peril—a treacherous attempt being made to drown him, his sons, and relations, whilst crossing the river Oxus in a boat. At last he was forbidden to leave his house, even to make his prayers at the mosque, and was in fact a prisoner. His two sons, Atzal and Akhbar, shared his captivity.

For the easy conquest of Afghanistan, and for the popularity of the English during the early days of its occupation, a long string of reasons is given by Mohan Lal. By various parts of his conduct, especially by his injustice and extortions, the Amir had made himself unpopular with the Afghans, who, on the other hand, remembered the liberality displayed by the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone in the days of his mission to Kabul, and being by nature exceedingly avaricious, hoped to derive immense profit and advantage from British occupation of their country. The recent intercourse and friendship of the Amir with the Shah of Persia had also excited the indignation of his subjects, who, being Sunnies by sect, were deadly enemies of the Persian Shias. The English, in short, were as popular as the Barakzaïs were detested. Nevertheless it behoved the Shah Shuja and his European supporters to be circumspect and conciliatory: for Dost Mohammed was still at large, and lingering on the frontier, and any offence given to the Kabulis might be the signal for his recall. "Notwithstanding," says Mohan Lal, "all these points of grave concern, we sent a large portion of the army back, with Lord Keane, to India; and yet we interfered in the administration of the country, and introduced such reforms amongst the obstinate Afghans just on our arrival, as even in India, the quietest part of

the world, Lords Clive and Wellesley had hesitated to do but slowly." The administration of the principal frontier towns was now confided to the Shah's officers; but these were not suffered to rule undisturbed, for Sir W. MacNaghten's political assistants every where watched their conduct and interfered in their jurisdictions. The occult nature of this interference prevented benefit to the people, whilst it caused a disregard for the local authorities. An undecided course was the bane of our Afghanistan policy. The government was neither entirely taken into the hands of the British, nor wholly left in those of the Shah. Outwardly, we were neutral; in reality, we constantly interfered: thus annoying the king and disappointing the people. Shah Shuja grew jealous of British influence, and began to suspect that he was but the shadow of a sovereign, a puppet whose strings were pulled for foreign advantage. Sir A. Burnes introduced reductions in the duties on all articles of commerce. Trade improved, but the Shah's servants frequently deviated from the new tariff, and extorted more than the legal imposts. When complaints were made to the English, they were referred to the Shah's Vazir, Mulla Shakur, who, instead of giving redress, beat and imprisoned the aggrieved parties for having appealed against the king's authority. Persons known to be favoured by the English were vexed and annoyed by the Shah's government; and it soon became evident that Mulla Shakur was striving to form a party for Shuja, in order to make him independent of British support. The people began to look upon the Shah as the unwilling slave of the Europeans; the priests omitted the "Khutbah," or prayer for the king, saying that it could only be recited for an independent sovereign. Soon the high price of provisions gave rise to grave dissensions. The purchases of grain raised the market, and placed that description of food out of reach of the poorer classes. Forage, meat, and vegetables, all rose in proportion, and a cry of famine was set up. Both in town and country, the landlords and dealers kept back the produce, or

sent the whole of it to the English camp. A proclamation made by Mulla Shakur, forbidding the hoarding of provisions, or their sale above a fixed price, was disregarded. The poor assembled in throngs before the house of Sir A. Burnes, who was compelled to make gratuitous distributions of bread. At last the Shah's government adopted the course usual in Afghanistan in such emergencies; the store-keepers were seized, and compelled to sell their grain at a moderate price. They complained to the English agents, who unwisely interfered. Mohan Lal was ordered to wait upon Mulla Shakur, and to request him to release the traders. The result of this was a universal cry throughout the kingdom, that the English were killing the people by starvation. What wretched work was this? what miserable mismanagement? and how deluded must those men have been who thought it possible, by pursuing such a course, to conciliate an ignorant and barbarous people, and secure the permanence of Shah Shuja's reign? "After the outbreak of Kabul," says Mohan Lal, whose evidence on these matters must have weight, as that of an eye-witness, and of one who, from his position as servant of the East India Company, would not venture to distort the truth, "when I was concealed in the Persian quarters, I heard both the men and the women saying that the English enriched the grain and the grass-sellers, &c., whilst they reduced the chiefs to poverty and killed the poor by starvation."

It is a well-known English foible to think nothing good unless the price be high. This was strikingly exemplified in Afghanistan, where every thing was done virtually to lower the value of money. The labourers employed by our engineer officers were paid at so high a rate that there was a general strike, and agriculture was brought to a stand-still. The king's gardens were to be put in order, but not a workman was to be had except for English pay. The treasury could not afford to satisfy such exorbitant demands, and the people were made to work, receiving the regular wages of the country. Clamour and complaint were the consequence, and the En-

glish authorities informed Mullah Shakur, that if he did not satisfy the grumblers, they would pay them for the Shah, thus constituting him their debtor. Shuja's jealousy increased, and he showed his irritation by various petty attempts at annoyance. Discontent was rife in Afghanistan, even when the general impression amongst the English officers there, was, that the country was quiet and the people satisfied. Colonel Herring was murdered near Ghazni; a chief named Sayad Hassim rebelled, but was subdued, and his fort taken, by Colonel Orchard and the gallant Major Macgregor.

It was at this critical period that news came to Kabul of Dost Mohammed's escape from Bokhara. The Shah of Persia had rebuked the Bokhara ambassador for his master's harsh treatment of the Amir, whereupon the latter was allowed more liberty, of which he took advantage to escape. On the road his horse knocked up, but he luckily fell in with a caravan, and obtained a place in a camel-basket. The caravan was searched by the emissaries of the King of Bokhara, but the Amir had coloured his white beard with ink, and thus avoided detection. He was received with open arms by the Mir of Shahar Sabz and the Vali of Khulam, and held counsel with those two chiefs and some other adherents as to the course he should adopt. It was resolved to make an attempt to recover Kabul, and measures were taken to collect money, men, and horses. The moment appeared favourable for the enterprise; the Afghan chiefs and people were discontented, and there were disturbances in Kohistan. Sir William MacNaghten knew not whom to trust; and a vast number of arrests were made on suspicion, some without the slightest cause, which increased the disaffection and want of confidence. On the 30th of August hostilities commenced with an attack by Afzal Khan on the British post at Bajgah. It was repulsed, and on the 18th of September the Amir and the Vali of Khulam were routed by Colonel Den- nie. Dost Mohammed fled to Kohistan, many of whose chief inhabitants rallied round his standard, until he found himself at the head of five

thousand men. He might have augmented this number, but for the exertions of Sir A. Burnes and Mohan Lal, who sent agents into the revolted country with money to buy up the inhabitants. This became known amongst the Amir's followers, and rendered him distrustful of them; for he feared they would be unable to withstand the temptations held out, and would betray him, in hopes of a large reward. On the 2d of November occurred a skirmish between the Amir's forces and the troops under General Sale and Shah Zadah, in which the 2d cavalry were routed, and several English officers killed, or severely wounded. Notwithstanding this slight advantage, and a retrograde movement effected the same night by the united British and Afghan division, the Amir felt himself so insecure, fearing even assassination at the hand of the Kohistanis, that, on the evening of the 30th November, he gave himself up to Sir William MacNaghten at Kabul. He was delighted with the kind and generous reception he met, and wrote to Afzal Khan and his other sons to join him. After a few days, the necessary arrangements being completed, he was sent to India.

The Amir a prisoner, the chief apparent obstacle to the tranquillity of Afghanistan was removed, and it was not unreasonable to suppose that Shah Shuja would thenceforward sit undisturbed upon the throne of his ancestors. Unfortunately such anticipations were erroneous. Had Dost Mohammed remained at large, any harm he could have done would have been inferior to that occasioned by the injudicious measures of the British agents. These measures, as Mohan Lal asserts, with, we fear, too much truth, were the very worst that could be devised for the attainment of the ends proposed. The Afghan character was misunderstood, Afghan customs and institutions were interfered with, and Afghan prejudices shocked. Certain things there were, which it would have been good policy to wink at, or appear ignorant of. The contrary course was adopted. On the field of Parvan, where the combat of the 2d November took place, a bag of letters was found, compromising a

large number of chiefs and influential Kabulis. The Amir having surrendered, and as it was not intended to punish these persons, the wisest plan would have been to suppress the letters entirely; but this was not done, and the disclosure caused a vast deal of mistrust on the part of the suspected chiefs towards the English. It also gave a stimulus to a practice then very prevalent in Kabul, that of forging letters from persons of note, with a view to compromise the supposed writers, and to procure for the forgers money and English friendship. Much mischief was done by these letters, some of which were fabricated by Afghans enjoying the favour and confidenciy of Sir A. Burnes and Sir W. MacNaghten.

On the repeated solicitations of the English, the Vazir Mulla Shakur was dismissed. His successor, Nizam-ul-Daulah, was almost forced upon the Shah, whose power was thus rendered contemptible in the eyes of the Afghans. The new minister took his orders rather from the British agents than from his nominal master—going every day to the former to report what he had done, caring nothing for the good or bad opinion of the nation, or for the will of the Shah, whose mandates he openly disobeyed. Having committed an oppressive act, by depriving a Sayad of his land, Shuja repeatedly enjoined him to restore the property to its rightful owner. He paid no attention to these injunctions; and at last the Shah told the suppliant, when he again came to him for redress, “that he had no power over the Vazir, and therefore that the Sayad should curse him, and not trouble the Shah any more, because he was no more a king but a slave.” By bribes to the newswriters of the envoy and Sir A. Burnes, Nizam-ul-Daulah endeavoured to keep his misdeeds from the ears of those officers. Nevertheless, they became known to them through Mohan Lal and others; but Sir A. Burnes “felt himself in an awkward position, and considered it impossible to cause the dismissal of one whose nomination he had with great pains so recently recommended.”

A reform in the military department, recommended by Sir A. Burnes,

caused immense bitterness and ill-blood amongst the chiefs, whose retinues were compulsorily diminished, the men who were to be retained, and those who were to be dismissed, being selected by a British officer. This was looked upon as an outrageous insult and grievous humiliation. The reduction was effected, also, in a harsh and arbitrary manner, without consideration for the pride of the chiefs and warriors, by whom all these offences were treasured up, to be one day bloodily revenged. Other innovations speedily followed and increased their discontent; until at last they were reduced to so deplorable a position that they waited in a body upon Shah Shuja to complain of it. The Shah imprudently replied, that he was king by title only, not by power, and that the chiefs were cowards, and could do nothing. These words Mohan Lal believes were not spoken to stimulate the chiefs to open rebellion, but merely to induce them to such acts as might convince the English of the bad policy of their reforms and other measures. But the Shah had miscalculated the effect of his dangerous hint. After the interview with him, at the end of September 1841, the chiefs assembled, and sealed an engagement, written on the leaves of the Koran, binding themselves to rebel against the existing government, as the sole way to annihilate British influence in Kabul. Mohan Lal was informed of this plot, and reported it to Sir A. Burnes, who attached little importance to it, and refused to permit the seizure of the Koran, whence the names of the conspirators might have been learned. It has been frequently stated, that neither Burnes nor MacNaghten had timely information of the discontent and conspiracy of the chiefs. Mohan Lal affirms the contrary, and supports his assertion by extracts from letters written by those gentlemen. Pride of power, he says, and an unfortunate spirit of rivalry, prevented them from taking the necessary measures to meet the outbreak. Sir A. Burnes thought that to be on the alert would show timidity, whilst carelessness of the alarming reports then afloat would prove intrepidity, and produce favourable results. But it was not the mo-

ment for such speculations. A circular letter was secretly sent round to all the Durrani and Persian chiefs in Kabul and the suburbs, falsely stating that a plan was on foot to seize them and send them to India, whither Sir W. MacNaghten was about to proceed as governor of Bombay. The authors of this atrocious forgery were afterwards discovered. They were three Afghans of bad character and considerable cunning, who had been employed by the Vazir, by the envoy, and by Sir A. Burnes. Their object was to produce a revolt, in which they might make themselves conspicuous as friends of the English, and so obtain reward and distinction. They had been wont to derive advantage from revolutions and outbreaks, and were eager for another opportunity of making money. Their selfish and abominable device was the spark to the train. It caused a prompt explosion. The chiefs again assembled, resolved upon instant action, and fixed upon its plan. It was decided to begin by an attack upon the houses of Sir A. Burnes and the other English officers resident in the city. For fear of discovery, not a moment was to be lost. The following day, the 2d of November, was to witness the outbreak.

And now, at the eleventh hour, fresh intimations of the approaching danger were conveyed to those whom it threatened. Two persons informed Sir A. Burnes of it; and one of the conspirators more than hinted it to Mohan Lal, who had boasted to him that the Ghilzais were pacified by Major Macgregor, and that Sir Robert Sale was on his victorious march to Jellalabad. The conspirator laughed. "To-morrow morning," he said, "the very door you now sit at will be in flames of fire; and yet still you pride yourselves in saying that you are safe!"

"I told all this," says Mohan Lal, "to Sir Alexander Burnes, whose reply was, that we must not let the people suppose we were frightened, and that he will see what he can do in the cantonment, whither he started immediately. Whilst I was talking with Sir A. Burnes, an anonymous note reached him in Persian, confirming what he had heard from me and from

other sources, on which he said, 'The time is arrived that we must leave this country.'" The time for that was already past.

The disastrous occurrences in Afghanistan, on and subsequently to the 2d of November 1841, are so recent, so well-known, and have been so much written about, that any thing beyond a passing reference to them is here unnecessary. Mohan Lal's account of the deaths of Sir A. Burnes, Charles Burnes, Sir W. MacNaghten, and Shah Shuja, is interesting, as are also some details of his own escapes and adventures during the insurrection. From the roof of his house he witnessed the attack upon that of Sir A. Burnes, and the death of Lieutenant H. Burnes, who slew six Afghans before he himself was cut to pieces. Sir Alexander was murdered without resistance, having previously tied his cravat over his eyes, in order not to see the blows that put an end to his existence. Mohan Lal himself narrowly escaped death at the hands of the man who subsequently murdered Shah Shuja; but he was rescued by an Afghan friend, and concealed in a harem. Afterwards, whilst prisoner to Akhbar Khan, he did good service in sending information to the English generals and political agents, and finally in negotiating the release of the Kabul captives. For all these matters we refer our readers to the closing chapters of his book, and return to Dost Mohammed.

On his arrival at Calcutta, the Amir was treated by Lord Auckland with great attention and respect, an income of three lakhs of rupees was allotted to him, and he was taken to see the curiosities of the city, the naval and military stores, &c. All these things greatly struck him, and he was heard to say, that had he known the extraordinary power and resources of the English, he would never have opposed them. After a while, his health suffered from the Calcutta climate; he became greatly alarmed about himself, and begged to be allowed to join his family at Loodianah. He was sent to the upper provinces, and afterwards to the hills, where the temperature

was cool and somewhat similar to that of his own country. During the Kabul insurrection he managed to keep up a communication with his son Akhbar, whom he strongly advised to destroy the English by every means in his power.

When the British forces re-entered Afghanistan to punish its inhabitants for the Kabul massacres, Prince Fatah Jang, son of the murdered Shah Shuja, was placed upon the throne. But when he found that his European supporters, after accomplishing the work of chastisement, were about to evacuate the country with a precipitation which, it has been said, "resembled almost as much the retreat of an army defeated as the march of a body of conquerors,"* he hastened to abdicate his short-lived authority. He was too good a judge of the chances, to await the departure of the British and the arrival of Akhbar Khan, and preferred taking off his crown himself to having it taken off by somebody else, with his head in it. His brother, Prince Shahpur, a mere boy, was then seated upon the throne, and left at the mercy of his enemies. His reign was very brief. As the English marched from Kabul, Akhbar Khan approached it, and the son of Shuja had to run away, with loss of property and risk of life. "By such a precipitate withdrawal from Afghanistan," says Mohan Lal, "we did not show an honourable sentiment of courage, but we disgracefully placed many friendly chiefs in a serious dilemma. There were certain chiefs whom we detached from Akhbar Khan, pledging our honour and word to reward and protect them; and I could hardly show my face to them at the time of our departure, when they came full of tears, saying, that 'we deceived and punished our friends, causing them to stand against their own countrymen, and then leaving them in the mouths of lions.' As soon as Mohammed Akhbar occupied Kabul, he tortured, imprisoned, extorted money from, and disgraced, all those who had taken our side. I shall consider it indeed a great miracle and a divine favour, if hereafter any trust ever be placed in the word and pro-

* *Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan.* By the Rev. G. R. GLEIG.

mise of the authorities of the British government throughout Afghanistan and Turkistan."

When it at last became evident that the feeble and talentless Sadozais were unable to hold the reins of power in Afghanistan, or to contend, with any chance of success, against the energy and influence of the Barakzai chiefs, Dost Mohammed was released, and allowed to return to his own country. On his way he concluded a secret treaty of alliance with Sher Singh, the Maharajah of the Punjab, and from Lahore was escorted by the Sikhs to the Khaibar pass, where Akhbar Khan and other Afghan chiefs received him. The Amir's exultation at again ascending his throne knew no bounds. Un-schooled by adversity, he very soon recommenced his old system of extortion, and made himself so unpopular, that he was once fired at, but escaped. He now enjoys his authority and the superiority of his family, fearless of invasion from West or East.

Although Akhbar Khan, of all the Amir's sons, has the greatest influence in Afghanistan, and renown out of it, his elder brother, Afzal Khan, is, we

are informed, greatly his superior in judgment and nobility of character. Mohan Lal predicts a general commotion in Kabul when Dost Mohammed dies. If any one of his brothers, the chiefs of Qandhar, or Sultan Mohammed Khan, the ex-chief of Peshavar, be then alive, he will attempt to seize Kabul, and many of the Afghan nobles, some even of the Amir's sons, will lend him their support against Akhbar Khan. The popular candidate, however, the favourite of the people, of the chiefs, and of his relations, the Barakzais, is Afzal Khan. Akhbar will be supported by his brothers—the sons, that is to say, of his own mother as well as of the Amir. Perhaps the whole territory of Kabul will be divided into small independent principalities, governed by the different sons of Dost Mohammed. At any rate, there can be little doubt that at his death wars and intrigues, plunderings and assassinations, will again distract the country. The crown that was won by the crimes of the father, will, in all probability, be shattered and pulled to pieces by the dissensions and rivalry of the children.

ON THE OPERATION OF THE ENGLISH POOR-LAWS.

THE time has arrived when the modes of administering the poor-law in England and Wales must undergo inquiry and revision. Twelve years have elapsed since the Poor-Law Amendment Act became the law of the land; and during the period many changes have been made. In many cases, the new arrangements of the Poor-Law Commissioners have been adopted without a murmur. In some cases, they have met with continued but fruitless opposition. In others, they have been resisted with success. During the whole period a war has raged, in which no two of the combatants have used the same weapons, or drawn them in the same cause. One has adduced particular cases of hardship, suffering, and death, as the results of the new system. Another has collected statistics, and referred to depauperised counties. And yet the same number of cases of hardship and suffering may have occurred before 1834, although unrecorded and unknown. Nor does it follow, because the official returns from agricultural counties may show a diminished number of paupers, or a diminished expenditure, that the residue have been able to earn their bread as independent labourers. No period appears to have been assigned when the results of the new system should be examined. Successive governments have kept aloof from fear, until an accident led to important disclosures, and an inquiry is now inevitable. The Poor-Law Commissioners have been invested with extraordinary and dangerous powers. They possess the united powers of Queen, Lords, and Commons. Their most imperfectly-considered resolutions have the force of an act of parliament, or rather, ten-fold more force—it being their duty, first, to ascertain *what ought to be the law—then to make the law—then to enforce it—and then, after the lapse of time, to report upon its success or failure.* It would be difficult for the wisest to exercise powers like these beneficially; and it is to be feared that abuses have crept in. And when we find that men, who

have hitherto upheld the system, now demand inquiry in their place in parliament, and the ministers who were concerned in the establishment of the system, promising either to withdraw opposition to the demand, or to amend the laws themselves, we may be assured that the topic at the present time, as regards the administration of Relief to the Poor in England and Wales, is Inquiry and Revision.

The subject matter of this article must be suggestive, rather than affirmative. Even at this time of day, it would be presumptuous to take up a commanding or decided position. The old system was rotten. The good it contained was choked up with weeds; the pruning-knife has been applied unsparingly; and it is to be feared that good wood has been cut away. New arrangements have been devised with practical shrewdness, to displace clearly recognised evils; but, with these practical improvements, certain economic theories have been speculatively tried; and it is likely that evils have sprung up; so that those who proclaim so loudly that every part of the new arrangements is either naught or vicious, and those who affirm that the old methods were all good, are both remote from the truth, which, probably, lies somewhere between the two.

The subject being set apart for inquiry, the question arises—How can a subject which has so many phases be advantageously considered; to whom must we go for information; and to what matters should the attention be chiefly directed? It is to these questions this article will attempt to provide answers. To the first question—To whom must we go for information?—the answer is obvious. To all who are engaged in the administration of the law, and chiefly to those who have to do with those departments where evils may be supposed to exist. And, in order to answer the second, the subject must be divided into classes, and the mode of operation of the law in each must be sketched. The reader will then be able to see for himself, and judge whether the matters referred to are

not those which most imperatively demand inquiry.

The several parishes, townships, chapelries, and hamlets of England and Wales, whether grouped into Unions or not, may be usefully distributed into three classes.

The *First Class* includes "parishes, townships, chapelries, and hamlets," grouped into Unions, in which the *population bears a small proportion to the number of acres they comprise.*

The *Second Class* includes small populous parishes, grouped into Unions, in which the *population bears a large proportion to the number of statute acres they cover.*

The *Third Class* consists of large single parishes, in which the *population bears a large proportion to the number of acres.*

The following diagram will explain this classification :

COUNTY.	UNION.	No. of Parishes	Population of Parishes.		Population of Union.	Area of Union, Statute Acres.	No. of Relieving Officers	
			Highest.	Lowest.				
FIRST CLASS, {	Denbigh, .	Ruthin, . .	21	2066	97	16,019	166,619	2
	Durham, .	Easington, .	19	2976	10	6,984	34,660	1
	Staffordshire,	Uttoxeter, .	16	4864	116	12,837	56,685	1
	Derbyshire,	Shardlow, .	46	3182	23	29,812	66,974	2
	Lincoln, .	Louth, . .	88	6927	24	25,214	152,251	3
SECOND CLASS, }	Middlesex,	City of London,	98	4014	72	57,100	370	3
THIRD CLASS, }	Middlesex,	Parish. Marylebone,	1	138,164	1490	...

These divisions of territory may be regarded from different points of view. They may be seen through the media of statute-books, reports, returns, and statistics; or they may be actually surveyed. Each course has its peculiar dangers. The mind, occupied with matters of detail and routine occurrences, is apt to lose in comprehensiveness as much as it gains in minute exactness. To avoid this danger the mind must soar as the facts accumulate. It must regard them, sometimes from the height of one theory, and sometimes from the height of another. For the mind becomes tinged with the hue of whatever is frequently presented to it. Opinions even are hereditary. And every set of facts leads to a different conclusion, according to the texture of the minds they pass through. Refer to the facts connected with the condition of the poor, which have been proclaimed during the last few years; and then reflect to what contradictory opinions they have led. The man of strong benevolent feelings deduces one inference. The politico-economical theorist deduces another. And the man of practice

and experience is as likely to be deduced as either. He sees destitution so frequently connected with imprudence, laziness, and crime, that he is apt to believe that the union is insoluble. His mind has never embraced a general idea, or traced effects to causes, or distinguished them, the one from the other. And in this matter, where the causes and effects are so complicated, and entangled by their mutual reaction, he is likely to be at fault. Then the man of pure benevolence sees only the pain, and demands only the means of immediate relief. And the political economist tells us, "That the law which would enforce charity can fix no limits, either to the ever-increasing wants of a poverty which itself has created, or to the insatiable desires and demands of a population which itself hath corrupted and led astray."

In the *First Class*, the parishes are large, thinly populated, and situated generally in rural districts. In some cases, the Union includes a country town; the neighbouring parishes and hamlets being connected with it. The total number of parishes may be eighteen or twenty. In other cases,

the Union consists of about twenty-five parishes, townships, hamlets, and chapelries. In some instances, the population of the parishes are collected into so many villages, which are distant from each other. In others, the entire surface of the country is sprinkled thinly with cottages. The communications are by high-roads, and muddy lanes, over high hills, and through bogs and marshes, and by bridle-roads and footpaths—

“O'er muirs and mosses many, O.”

In each of these Unions, the management of the relief fund is confided to a Board, consisting of resident rate-payers, and resident country magistrates. The former are guardians by election, and the latter *ex-officio*. The Board is completed by the addition of the church-wardens and overseers. The chairman is generally the most distinguished, and the vice-chairman the most active man in the Union. The chairman regulates the proceedings of the Board, and ascertains its resolutions. The clerk records them. The relief which applicants are to receive, is determined by the Board; except that which is given by certain officers in cases of “sudden and urgent necessity.” The management of the Union-house is invested in the master—a paid officer. His duties are ascertained and fixed. He is liable to dismissal by the joint resolution of the Poor-Law Commissioners and the Guardians, or by the order of the Commissioners alone. It is also the duty of the master to attend to such cases of destitution as may be presented at the Union-House gate; and, if their necessities be of a sudden and urgent character, to admit them into the house. It may be remarked here, that information is wanted upon this point. The question is not, by what general term may the cases be designated, whether sudden or urgent, but what the circumstances of the cases really are, which are so relieved. The answers to the question would throw light upon the relation subsisting between a strict work-house system and the increase of vagrancy. To continue. The sick poor are confided to the care of the medical officer; and the out-door relief is chiefly administered by the

relieving-officer. His duties in rural Unions are as follows:—To pay or deliver such amounts of money or food as the Board may have ordered the poor to receive, at the villages, hamlets, and cottages where they may reside. He must visit the poor at their homes. He receives applications for relief; and when the necessity is sudden and urgent, he relieves the case promptly with food. He must report upon the circumstances of each case, and keep accounts. For neglect of duty, he is liable to penal consequences, and to dismissal, in the same way as the master. The average number of parishes, townships, and hamlets committed to the care of the relieving-officer may be about twenty. The reader may be able, from his local knowledge, to picture this Union, and give it a name.

The Union then consists of twenty parishes. The Union-house is pretty central, and situated near a small market-town. The meetings of the Board are held in the Union-house, and upon the market-day; because then the guardians, churchwardens, and overseers, after having transacted their private business, may conveniently perform their public duties. At the last meeting of the Board of Guardians, certain poor persons appeared before them, and were ordered to be relieved with money or food, at a specific rate, and for a specified time. The relieving-officer resides in that part of the Union from whence he can reach the most distant and opposite points with nearly equal facility. He divides his district into rounds, and each occupies the greatest portion of a day. At the end of each week he will have visited the whole of the twenty parishes.

The Board met yesterday, and today the relieving-officer's week began. By the conditions of his appointment, he must have a horse and chaise. The contractor for bread is bound to deliver it at the home of the pauper; he must therefore provide man and horse, and they accompany the relieving-officer. They set out on the first day's journey; they arrive at the first hamlet on the route, and stop at a cottage door. Around it and within it the destitute poor of the hamlet are assembled. Each receives

his allowance of money and bread. But a group has collected about the door, whose names are not on the relief-list. One woman tells the relieving-officer that her husband is ill with fever, and her children are without food. He knows the family; he hastens down the lane, and across the field, and enters the labourer's hut. The man is really ill, and there are too evident signs of destitution. A written order is given on the medical officer to attend the case, and necessary relief is given. The man who now approaches the officer with such an air of overbearing insolence, or fawning humility, is also an applicant. He is known at the village beer-shop, and by the farmer as a man who can work, but will not; he is the last man employed in the parish; his hovel is visited—it is a scene of squalid misery. What is to be done? He may be relieved temporarily with bread, or admitted into the Union-house, or he is directed to attend the Board. The relieving officer then proceeds to his next station. There a larger supply of bread awaits him, for he is now in a populous parish. The poor of the place are assembled at the church door, and the relief is given in the vestry-room. The applications are again received and disposed of. He then rides to the cottages of the sick and the aged, and again continues his route. He does not proceed far before he is hailed by the labourer in the field, who tells him of some solitary person who is without medical aid. By-and-by, he is stopped by the boy who has long waited for him on the stile, and begs him to come and see his mother; and the farmer's man, on the farmer's horse, gives him further news of disease, destitution, or death. He completes his day's journey before the evening. To-morrow another route is taken; and thus he proceeds from day to day, and from month to month, through summer's heat and winter's cold.

The number of medical officers in a Union varies. In some cases, where there are two relieving-officers, there are four medical officers. The medical officer resides within the limits of the Union. He is not prevented from attending to his private

practice, and he does not therefore reside in a central position, or at the nearest point to his pauper patients; he is supplied with a list of persons who are in receipt of relief, and he is bound to attend these without an order; he must also attend to cases upon the receipt of a written order from the relieving-officer or the overseer; he regulates the diet of his patients, and he is paid by a salary, and by fees in certain cases.

There are contradictory opinions respecting the efficiency of this system. Some say that the amount of remuneration is inadequate to insure qualified persons, and others that the qualifications are secured by the requisition of recognised diplomas.

If we inquire of those among the peasantry who have never received parochial relief, or even of the yeomanry, we find that in many districts, and especially those of which we are now speaking, it is a difficult matter to obtain immediate medical aid; and if this consideration have any weight, the system would appear satisfactory, providing always the overseers perform their duty when applied to. It would be desirable to ascertain whether there are any restrictions in the issue of medical orders. As regards relieving the poor with food, there are many who say, that, in so doing, the very evil is created which we are endeavouring to destroy. But this is not said with respect to medical relief. The labouring man with his family may earn an average wage of from 7s. to 12s. per week. The most prudent cannot save much, and those savings are invested in the purchase of a stack of wood, a sack of meal, a crop of potatoes, a sty of pigs, or a cow. His savings might enable him to provide food for his family during illness, but they would be totally insufficient to pay for medicine and medical aid. It would be desirable to ascertain where and to what extent medical clubs and dispensaries exist, and what means the agricultural labourer, in thinly populated districts, possesses for obtaining gratuitous medical aid.

It would be well, too, if Boards of Guardians would remember that their duties have not ended when they have disposed of the cases on each

board-day. They have to do with pauperism, not only as it exists to-day, but as it may exist next month or next year; and therefore they have to do with its causes, as well as its existing results. This truth is just now occupying the minds of statesmen, and it is to be hoped that it may receive the attention of Boards of Guardians. Sanatory regulations will decrease pauperism. Many men have been destroyed, and their families pauperised, by uncovered sewers in thickly populated lanes and alleys; and much disease has been engendered by the want of facilities for cleanliness. And so also has much pauperism been engendered by the drain upon the resources of the poor man during a long illness. Could not this be remedied, and that without weakening the feeling of independence? And why might not a Board of Guardians be allowed, or compelled, to contribute a given sum to any dispensary or medical club which may be governed by certain rules duly certified?

We must now refer to the churchwardens and overseers of the several parishes of this rural Union. The question with respect to them is, do they receive the applications of the poor in their respective parishes, and deal with them in the same way as the relieving-officer? It would not be a sufficient answer to quote acts of parliament, or lists of duties. It is doubtless of importance to know that, according to law, the duty of relieving in cases of sudden and urgent necessity is still reserved to the overseer. But it is of equal importance to ascertain whether, in those extensive or thinly populated parishes where the relieving-officer may reside many a weary mile distant from the cottage of the destitute, any check, or hinderance, or heavy discouragement has been offered to the overseer in his attempt to perform his duty. We can easily conceive the farmer overseer, before 1834, riding over the fields of his parish, and meeting one of the poor cottagers, at once relieving him with a piece of money, and taking no further note of the circumstance than was necessary to prevent his forgetting to repay himself. And

we can understand how the same overseer, under the new system, when men to whom he has been accustomed to look up with deference are united with him in the administration of relief, may not trouble himself to inquire into, or care to exercise, the rights reserved to him. Or he may find that he has something more to do than merely to enter the amount in his pocket-book. He may have to report the case to the relieving-officer, or to defend it at the Board—neither of which acts his literary habits, his opportunities, his patience, or his ability to speak before the magnates of his district in Board assembled, may dispose him to perform. In other cases, where these considerations may have no weight, the overseer may be of opinion, since paid officers have been appointed to do the duty, and are paid to do it, that they are the proper persons to perform it.

In thus referring to the duties of overseers, it must not be supposed that a recurrence to the old system is aimed at. It is a common opinion that the Union system is diametrically opposed to the old parochial system. And it seems to be too generally thought that relief should be given through paid agency. But this is not so. The power to relieve, in cases of sudden and urgent necessity, still rests with the overseers. But the law has deprived the overseer of the power to give permanent relief. It will not allow him to give a regular weekly allowance. The question the overseer has to do with is not whether labourer Miles shall receive, for a number of consecutive weeks or months, a certain sum, but whether he should not receive relief at this moment, his necessities being sudden and urgent. The question of permanent relief is no longer a subject of personal controversy and irritation between the labourer and the farmer. It is now a question between the labourer and the Board. What he shall receive no longer depends upon the will of a single person, but upon the collective will of a number so great, that personal partialities and prejudices can scarcely have place. The system, in this respect, assures justice alike to the rate-payer and the indigent poor. It stands between

the poor man and the overseer; and also between the overseer and the sturdy threatening vagrant.

But it is desirable to know whether the dereliction of duty by overseers has been of frequent occurrence, and whether there has been any want of care or disposition on the part of the authorities to facilitate its exercise. That the relief given must be duly recorded and accounted for, is quite clear. Now, do the means for doing this equal those given to the relieving-officer, who requires them less? Then, again, have arrangements been duly made to enable overseers to relieve in food? Is the loaf or the meat at hand? Can it be had from the nearest shop? Or must it be brought from the store of the contractor, who cannot always reside in the next village? In fact, must the destitute person wait for the periodical visit of the relieving-officer, and is the duty of the overseer thus made a superfluity?

It is likely that the dweller in cities may not sufficiently estimate the importance of this topic. In a populous city, however sudden the casualty may be to which a fellow-creature may fall a victim, the means of relief are within a stone's-throw from the spot. But the case is different in that wide expanse of level country which opens to the view of the pedestrian as he gains the summit of the hill. The plain is dotted with solitary cottages, hamlets, and villages. The town is just perceptible in the distance. But its hum and its chimes are unheard. The Union-house loses its barrack-like appearance by its remoteness. He descends, and "goes on his way." He hears the voices of children, the song of birds; and he sees cottages "embosomed" in trees, and those pictures which pastoral poets have so loved to paint, pass in panoramic order before him. He enters the cottage door; he sees the dampness of the walls; he feels the clayey coldness of the floors, and observes the signs of poverty. While pondering upon these things, sensation vacates its office, and imagination rules in the ascendant; material images fade away. Now the fields, the trees, and the entire air become covered and filled with drifting snow.

Or,

"The stillness of these frosty plains,
Their utter stillness, and the silent grace
Of yon ethereal summits, white with
snow,
(Whose tranquil pomp and spotless
purity
Report of storms gone by
To those who tread below.")

Or the winds howl, the biting sharpness of the frosty air nips the joints and shrivels the flesh, and the smouldering fire has no power to control the winds which rush across the room. The scene changes. The lowlands are flooded, and the waters reach to, and stagnate at the cottage door. The rains descend; the air is saturated with water; it chills the frame; the heart beats languidly, and the soul of man stoops to the deadening influence of the elements. Agues, rheumatism, and fevers prevail. The hardships of the season bear down old and young; for the want of sufficient or nutritious food has shorn them of their strength.

Upon awakening from this trance, "which was not all a dream," and reflecting how far aid is distant, even if it can be obtained from the nearest overseer, how forcibly must the thought occur—what numbers suffer and die whose suffering is unrelieved and unknown! If our pedestrian learn nothing from his trip for health and pleasure more than this, he will have learnt enough to satisfy him that the point we have directed his attention to, viz. that the means of relief in rural districts should be made as ample as possible; and that, therefore, the right and duty of the overseers to relieve promptly should be encouraged and zealously guarded.

Reference must now be made to the notorious "Prohibitory Order." And in doing so, it is not to the order itself, either in its original or amended form, that the following remarks are especially made, but to the practices which owe their origin to the enactments of the Poor-Law Amendment Act, to the Utopian expectations of many, that a strict work-house test would destroy pauperism, and to the explanations and reports of the Commissioners themselves. The following

is the prohibitory in its latest and most humanised form:—

" Article I.—Every able-bodied person, male or female, requiring relief from any parish within any of the said Unions, shall be relieved wholly in the work-house of the said Unions, together with such of the family of every such able-bodied person as may be resident with him or her, and may not be in employment, and together with the wife of every such able-bodied male person, if he be a married man, and if she be resident with him; save and except in the following cases:—

- 1st, Where such person shall require relief on account of sudden and urgent necessity.*
- 2d, Where such person shall require relief on account of any sickness, accident, or bodily or mental infirmity, affecting such person, or any of his or her family.
- 3d, Where such person shall require relief, for the purpose of defraying the expenses, either wholly or in part, of the burial of his or her family.
- 4th, Where such person, being a widow, shall be in the first six months of her widowhood.
- 5th, Where such person shall be a widow, and have a legitimate child or legitimate children dependent upon her, and incapable of earning his, her, or their livelihood, and no illegitimate child born after the commencement of her widowhood.
- 6th, Where such person shall be confined in any jail or place of safe custody.
- 7th, Where the relief shall be required by the wife, child, or children of any able-bodied man who shall be in the service of her Majesty, as a soldier, sailor, or marine.
- 8th, Where any able-bodied person, not being a soldier, sailor, or marine, shall not reside within the Union, but the wife, child, or children, of such person shall reside

within the same, the Board of Guardians of the Union, according to their discretion, may afford relief in the work-house to such wife, child, or children, or may allow out-door relief for any such child or children, being within the age of nurture, and resident with the mother within the Union."

The fifth exception, relating to widows, is accompanied with a course of reasoning directed against its application; and as it is to be feared that the practice engendered by a former order, in which this exception had no place, may have become habitual, this exception will be treated as if it did not exist. Especial inquiries ought to be made, in order to ascertain whether widows with children are generally allowed out-door relief.

The immediate effect of this system of relief is a diminution of expenditure. But we must look beyond the immediate effects. It is to be feared that great politico-social evils result from this system. They have been somewhat reduced in number, perhaps, by the new prohibitory order. But it is too probable that the original wound has left a scar. The evils are not on the surface, and strike the mind at intervals. Perhaps we may be struck with the fact, that our prisons are filled with individuals who have been committed for slight offences, and for short periods; and it may casually appear, that the work-house has something to do with it. Then the question may occur, why the ordinary accommodation for wayfarers in the casual wards of work-houses has become insufficient or less ample than formerly? Or, when travelling, we may see whole families creeping along the roads apparently without object or aim; and if, after giving them a coin, you ask them where they are going to, and why they are going? you will be struck

* " By sudden and urgent necessity, the Commissioners understand any case of destitution requiring instant relief, before the person can be received into the workhouse; as, for example, when a person is deprived of the usual means of support, by means of fire, or storm, or inundation, or robbery, or riot, or any other similar cause, which he could not control, where it had occurred, and which it would have been impossible or very difficult for him to foresee and prevent."—*Eighth Report of the Poor-Law Commissioners.* App. A.; No. 2.

with the vagueness of their replies. Wherever you meet them, you find they are going from this place to that; and if you were to meet them every day for a twelvemonth, the answers would always be as indefinite. At another time, we may be deeply concerned in the subject of prison discipline; and while studying reports, returns, and dietaries, the subject of workhouse discipline may become associated with it, and induce comparisons. And it may come to our knowledge, that there is a vast body of persons to whom it is a matter of indifference whether they are inmates of a prison or a workhouse. Or the mind may soar above the dull, cold, field of politics, and extend its researches to the pure regions of morality, leaving the questions of science for those of philosophy; and then it will appear that there are causes in operation, and results constantly flowing, which escape the "economic" eyes of assistant Commissioners.

But we must avoid generalities. We still retain our original ground, viz. the rural Union, with its large area and its thinly scattered population. The reader must accompany us to the rural Union, where the spirit of the prohibitory order exercises its most baneful influence.

We saw the relieving-officer performing his round of duties. The poor were assembled at the cottage door. Two classes of applicants were then given. We must now, however, look deeper into human nature. The destitute consist of the virtuous and the vicious, the vulgar and the refined. There stands an able-bodied man with his able-bodied wife, and his large healthy family. His weekly wages amount to nine shillings per week. If he loses a week's work he is destitute. He is now making an application to the relieving-officer. But it is useless. He must walk to the Union, and become an inmate, where his dinner awaits him. The man who now approaches the officer is like the last, able-bodied and out of work; but, unlike him, he has an idle, unthrifty, drunken wife. He is always trembling on the confines of destitution; and the instant he is without work he is on the brink of starvation. His spirit is

broken. His children are dirty and ragged, and appear emaciated without disease. He, too, must enter the Union. The next is a hard-featured man;—

“A savage wildness round him hung
As of a dweller out of doors;
In his whole figure, and his mien,
A savage character was seen
Of mountains and of dreary moors.”

He does not seem to care whether relief is granted or not; and we may hear him say, “I don't want relief for myself, I can get my living somehow or other—but my wife and child musn't starve. I shan't go to the Union—I shall be off—and catch me who can.”—In the cottage, a woman is seated with her children; whose husband has done that which the other has threatened to do. She may be industrious or idle, but she cannot support herself, thus suddenly thrown upon her own resources. Let us hope that she is allowed the benefit of the amended order.—There is the man whose children are approaching the state of womanhood or manhood. He has work to do, and he does it. He could manage to eke out a subsistence for himself—for his habits are simple and frugal; but his children are now a sore trial to him. His daughter has returned to his cottage with a child of shame. She has erred, but she cannot be turned from his door. She has tried to make the father contribute to the support of the child, but without success. Poor ignorant creature, instead of taking a competent witness with her, when she asked the man to assist her, she was too anxious to hide her shame. Instead of putting questions to him, in order “to get up” the corroborative evidence, she was too apt to spoil all by passionate upbraidings. And then, when she appeared before their worships the justices, she was too much abashed or excited, to enable her to develop those latent powers of examination and cross-examination which the law supposes her to possess. Those who have witnessed those humiliating proceedings in our petty courts of justice, and seen the magistrate at one moment kindly acting as counsel for the girl, then falling back to his posi-

tion as judge, and observed the evident helplessness of the girl, must have left the court with the impression that the whole affair is a disgusting farce. She departs without redress. The "corroborative evidence" is declared insufficient. She goes to her father's cottage. His heart compels him to give her shelter, and a place at his scanty board. But the smallest assistance cannot be rendered with impunity. And there he stands an applicant. He is told, "you must come into the house." "But it is my daughter." "Then she must enter the Union." And, if she does, there she must remain until her child dies, or her hair grows grey.—On the other side, and away from the rest, stands a coarse-featured man, who has often been an inmate of the county jail. He is the smuggler on the coast, the footpad on the common, the poacher in the forest, the housebreaker, the horse-stealer, the sheep-slayer, or the incendiary. He may be any of these. He demands his rights, and threatens vengeance if refused.—We turn from this group, and walk slowly to the Union-house, now visible in the distance; and, in walking, the time may be well employed in reflection. The thought which occurs with the greatest vividness is this—for the reception of such a group, what must the arrangements be? There is the old man, honest but poor, who seeks there an asylum. There is the man old in sin and iniquity, as well as years. There is the able-bodied man and woman with their family. There is the able-bodied man with his drunken, unthrifty wife, and his emaciated children. There is the young girl, whom the season has thrown out of her ordinary field employment. There is the woman with her illegitimate child, either heart-broken, or glorying in her shame. There is the girl, young in years but old in profligacy, suffering for her sins. There is the matron in her green old age, the result of a life of industry and prudence. And there is the ruffian, and the thief, and the profligate vagrant, male and female. Now what arrangements can be made for this assemblage—the bad anxious to obtain temporary quarters, the good anxious to retain their homes?

Surely they are not classed according to rules in which age, and sex, and state of health are the only principles? The widow with the prostitute, the aged cottar with the aged vagrant. If this were all, the moral consequences would not be so fearful. Does the young girl, who is now innocent, associate daily with her who has wandered over half the neighbouring counties, sinking lower and lower each journey? If so, poison will be instilled, which produces certain moral death. Refer to any list, now seven years old, of the inmates of a workhouse, who were then aged from twelve to eighteen years, and then inquire what has become of them. Or inquire of those who have the administration in metropolitan parishes, or in manufacturing and sea-port towns, how many of those unfortunates, scarcely yet arrived at the state of womanhood, and suffering from loathsome diseases, were brought up, or were sometime inmates of one of these Unions. Then there are the children of all these;—the children of the farm-labourer associating with those of the vagrant, who has quartered himself in the Union during the rains.

The evils which this system occasions are not, unfortunately, either to be seen or understood by the casual observer. Even our observer may suppose that all is well, after he has inspected the place. He sees every thing clean and in order. There are no rags, no unshorn beards, no unclean flesh. The ordinary concomitants of virtue are here present—by compulsion. The rags, the filthiness of place and person, are absent—by order. This is forgotten: and, allowing the outward and visible to govern his judgment rather than the inward and spiritual, he leaves the place exclaiming, "Well! this is not so bad after all!" The outside is indeed white, but it is the whiteness of the sepulchre.

If this group is to be received into one building, there must be something peculiar in its arrangements. All these persons are suffering, more or less, from the want of food, or lodging, or clothing, or medical aid. They are now offered the whole of these blessings, and yet they do not feel blessed thereby. He has now that

liveliness freely offered to him which had cost him many a sigh to procure, and he has often sighed in vain. What then can or must be the nature of the arrangements? It must be remembered that this Union is presumed to be a test of poverty, and therefore the condition of its inmates must be inferior to that of the independent labourer.

To effect this, how must the authorities proceed? In the first place, there are arrangements which they cannot make. They cannot altogether dispense with the counsels of the medical man, while the matter is under discussion. And an inspector of prisons should be admitted, certainly, as far as the ante-room. Then the locality of the Union-house must not be unhealthy. The internal parts of the building must not be exposed to the inclemency of the seasons.

The rooms cannot be badly warmed or ventilated. They must not be allowed to become filthy. The inmates must not sleep on a damp floor, with loose straw for a bed, or an old carpet for a coverlid. Their clothes must not be permitted to fall from them in tatters. They must not remain twenty-four hours without food. And they cannot experience that gnawing anxiety—that sickness of heart which those thousands suffer who rise in the morning without knowing where they can obtain a meal, or lay down their head at night. These “ills,” which constitute so large a portion of the poor man’s lot, the inmate of this Union cannot be *made* to suffer. Nor can they be detained like prisoners. He must not be confined for a longer period, after an application to leave has been made, than will allow for forms and casualties. So in three hours he is a free man again. What is to be done? Might not his food be touched? Might he not be allowed food which, although possessing nutritious qualities, should not be palatable? At this point, the prison inspector should be consulted. This experiment upon the dietaries has been tried, and with what success let public opinion trumpet-tongued proclaim. What must then be done? First, the family may, nay, must be divided and distributed over the building. The husband is sent to the

“Man’s Hall,” the wife to the “Woman’s Ward,” and the male and female children each to their’s. This arrangement is inevitable, but is fraught with dangers. The man who has lived for months estranged from his wife and children—for seeing them at certain times cannot be considered the same thing as living with them—may learn to believe that their presence is not necessary to his existence. And then it should not be forgotten, that the pain here introduced is the pain arising from the infliction of a moral wound. An attempt has been made to disturb a set of virtuous emotions in their healthy exercise. By this separation they are deprived of their necessary aliment; and, if they are not strong, will soon sicken and die. Now, those moral feelings which preside over the social hearth are those which exercise the greatest influence over the heart of the poor man, and bind, and strengthen, and afford opportunities for the development of the rest. They are in general the last that leave him. And when they are gone, he is bankrupt indeed. It is a pain, too, which only the virtuous feel. The lawless, the debauched, and the drunken pass unscathed. Is there not danger?

In the second place, the inmates of the Union must work. And here also there are limits which a Board cannot pass. Labour cannot be enforced from a diseased man. The prudent master of a Union will not require a task to be performed which he cannot enforce. The question is, what work can the inmates be set to do? Not to lace-making or stocking-weaving, for that is the staple of the neighbourhood. To give them this work would diminish the demand for labour out of doors. What labour then must it be? Here is the rock upon which the vessel is now driving. It must certainly be real work. Must it, then, be disagreeable work? It must. But there is no work so disagreeable that willing labourers cannot be found to do it, and that at a rate of wages reduced by competition. Then, again, the most disagreeable kind of labour cannot be done in a Union-house. And experience proves, that the number of such employments is extremely limited.

There are, however, certain kinds of labour that require no exertion of skill—no variety of operation—and consisting of the mechanical and monotonous operation of picking, which, if performed in the same room during a certain number of hours of each day, and from day to day, and from week to week, will become so sickening and wearying, that life with all its miseries, doubts, and anxieties, and impending starvation, will be welcomed in exchange.

This labour women may perform. Now, in what way can the men be tasked? There are certain kinds of mere labour, hard and monotonous, such as grinding—or rather turning a handle all day long—without seeing the progress or result of the toil. He might also be employed in breaking bones. This has been tried, and received a check.

But while the conclave are sitting in “consultation deep” upon this knotty question, let us turn to another conclave, and mark their doings. They know nothing of the poor-law, or paupers. The two authorities are separated, the one from the other, by a gulf, the depth of which official persons alone know. *They* have to do with crime. They have to punish the offender. And not only to punish the offender who has committed acts which require long imprisonment, but those also who have committed petty offences. Upon this latter subject they are engaged. The prisoner must be set to work. And then arise the old questions, and with the same result. What do they determine?

What has been done? Surely the two bodies have not each issued the same regulations to paupers and prisoners. If this be so, the matter cannot rest. And that it must be so, is obvious from a mere inspection of the means which the workhouse master and the jailer have at their disposal. It is not an oversight or an abuse. The data being given, the consequences are inevitable. Each conclave has separately arrived at nearly the same conclusion. In one case a prison and a prisoner, and a brief period of incarceration is given, with the condition, that his punishment shall not be so severe as that of the criminal deeply dyed in crime; and yet his cir-

cumstances shall be less desirable than those of the independent labourer. In the other case, a pauper and a Union-house is given; and if the condition of the problem be, that the pauper's situation shall be less disagreeable than that of the independent labourer, the solution becomes impossible; and, if this latter condition be left out or forgotten, the result is, that the prisoner and the pauper are in the same position. This mode of treating the matter has been preferred to that of comparing dietaries and labour-tables, and to quoting from evidence showing the indifference with which the prison and the workhouse are regarded by the lower class of paupers. Our object has been to show that the strict workhouse system leads necessarily to these evils.

It is argued, on the other side, that pauperism has diminished in those Unions where the “prohibitory order” has been issued; and, in proof thereof, we are referred to reports and tables showing diminished expenditure. A family, with a judicious out-door management, would be able to subsist with the occasional assistance of two, three, or four shillings' worth of food weekly. The cost of the family in the house would be about 18s. weekly; and yet the expenditure in the rural Union, where the “prohibitory order” is in force, has been reduced. No especial reference can now be made to the amount of unrelieved suffering which this fact discloses. Those who decline the order cannot now be followed to their homes; nor can another incident of this system be dwelt upon—its tendency to reduce the standard of wages. The employer is likely to get labour cheap, when he has a number of unemployed labourers to choose from, who have just preferred to “live on” in a half-starved condition, rather than submit to a system of prison discipline. To return to the allegation, that pauperism has been diminished in those Unions where the order is in operation. The reply is—that the statistics do not touch the question. They ought to be thrown aside as useless, until the condition of those who have refused to enter the Union walls has been ascertained. Have their numbers become thinned by the ravages of the

fever, which their "houseless heads and unfed sides" have unfitted them to resist? Have they been unable to pay their pittance of rent; and is the cottage, which was once theirs, now falling to decay? Have estates thus been thinned without the formality and notoriety of a warrant? Have the able-bodied left the Union, and become wanderers, seeking for an understocked labour-market; and, finding it not, are they becoming, through common lodging-house associations, half labourers, half vagrants—labouring to-day, begging to-morrow, and stealing the next? Is the inclination to wander growing into a passion? Are habits of strolling being formed? Is he gradually deteriorating to the half-savage state? Is this so? A great national question is involved. The French government know, by experience, the importance of a true knowledge of "Les Classes Dange-reuses."

Now, if any of these applicants have become wanderers, or have migrated to distant towns where charities abound, or have been cut off by sickness, or have remained in a state of semi-starvation, the statistics would remain the same. Besides, these statistics embrace two periods; the present time, when an extremely rigid system of out-door relief is in action; and a past time, when the out-door management was loose, irregular, and rotten; and for the diminution of expenditure, arising from a sound system of out-door relief, no allowance has been made, the whole benefit of the economy being referred to the work-house test.

It is probable much of the evil has been stayed, from the circumstance that the "system" has been carried into effect by human agency. A certificate of illness from the medical officer would exempt the individual from the operation of the rule. Now, the seeds of disease are oftentimes deeply hidden in the bodily frame; and the alleged throbbing or shooting pain, although the symptoms may not be seen, may have an existence, and be certified accordingly.

Then the relieving-officer, after relieving the case as one of sudden and urgent necessity to-day, may see the applicant again upon his next visit;

and knowing that a case is urgent after forty-eight hours' fasting, and may be considered sudden, if two days' work only was obtained when four days was expected, he may be relieved on the same plea again, and again, and again. In point of fact, the relief is an allowance.

If this be the practice, a bad mode of out-door relief has grown into use, the worst peculiarities of the old method being involved in it. It is irregular, partial, and dependent on personal partialities and prejudices; and, if persisted in, would revive old times, when the overseer gave away, in the first place, to the bold, the insidious, and the designing, and modest merit was left to pick up the crumbs.

The result of an inquiry into the two other classes into which England is parochially divided would probably be, that many evils have been removed or lessened, that others have remained untouched, that much good has been secured, and that new abuses have crept in.

Take the Union of small parishes. An improvement has certainly been effected by the Union of these. A city or town, because it happened to be composed of a large number of small parishes, having no perceptible boundaries, but, in virtue of ancient usage or statute-law, was governed by so many independent petty powers. It does not require much study to ascertain what abuses would be likely to arise, or from what quarter they would probably come. It is likely that the round of petty magnates would be a small and cozy party; that a man, the moment he became initiated, would begin to ascend the ladder of fortune. Jobbery would flourish. Such things are not peculiar to England. In Spain and France they have been matter of observation. Read the following extract from Fabricé's account of the masters he served:—"Le Seigneur Manuel Ordonnez, mon maître, est un homme d'une piété profonde. On dit que, dès sa jeunesse, n'ayant en vue que le bien des pauvres, il s'y est attaché avec un zèle infatigable. Aussi ses soins ne sont-ils pas demeurés sans récompense: tout lui a prospéré. Quelle benediction! En faisant les affaires des pauvres, il s'est enrichi."

These abuses belong to the past, but their existence should not be forgotten. Pauperism would flourish. For a system of management, proverbially jealous of having its affairs exposed to the gaze of the ignorant vulgar, could not look with too curious an eye into the circumstances of those who applied for relief. The beadle who flourished in those days did not, as some affirm, derive his authority from his cocked hat or his gilded coat, but from the real power he exercised.

The overseers were elected with their will, or against it. They often served in a perpetual circle. The duty of relieving the poor was too often left to subordinate irresponsible officers, whose duties were neither expressed nor recognised. Their most arduous task was to keep their superior out of hot water. But what kind of cases were relieved, and under what circumstances, and what kind of cases were refused, and under what circumstances, is now mere matter—matter of tradition, and will become a mystery in the course of a few years. Many poor were relieved; but the bold, the idle, and the squalid had the best chance. Honest, humble poverty approached the overseer's door with fear and trembling, and the slightest rebuff or harsh word, which an impertune application might occasion, would be sufficient to make her leave the door unrelieved. While the destitute confirmed pauper would annoy, insult, and extract relief, by the scandal of so much squalid destitution lying and crouching about the overseer's door.

Now what change has taken place? These parishes have been formed into Unions. The churchwardens and overseers of each parish form part of a Board of management. This Board of management is completed by the addition of a class hitherto unknown in parish matters, viz. the guardians who are elected from the parishioners, on grounds in which wealth, station, and public importance are elements. All repairs and alterations, and the supply of provisions, are subject to contract, and open to competition. The parish plumber can no longer make his fortune by the repair of the parish pump. All disbursements

are recorded, and subjected to rigid inspection, and all receipts are duly accounted for.

But the poor, how do they fare? It is necessary to state, with reference to this point, that the peculiar politico-economic theories which have had such frequent expression in the letters, reports, and orders of the Poor-Law Commissioners, have also had their influence upon all persons connected with the administration of relief. The idea was, that a severe "house test" would nearly destroy pauperism. This dream, however, is passing away, and a more humane set of opinions are being engendered.

The circumstances of a city Union are widely different from those of the rural Union; and, therefore, many suggestions and strictures which have been made against the mode of administering relief in the latter are inapplicable to the former. In the rural Union, the chief difficulty is, that a long distance must be travelled before the application to the relieving-officer can be made, and relief obtained. And it becomes a matter of importance to know to what extent the local officers are able to perform their duty. In the Union of small parishes, these difficulties cannot exist, for the whole diameter may be traversed in half-an-hour. Then a relief office is built. It is situated in a poor neighbourhood. It is open a certain number of hours in each day; an officer is in attendance; and the bread and meat, and other kind of food, are in the building. These facts are known to the poor, to the magistrates, and to the police. The individual power of the overseer in these little parishes falls daily into disuetude. The poor man can obtain relief most readily at the office. He need not wait for the leisure moment of an overseer—deeply engaged in his private affairs. The poor know this, and do not apply to him. Occasionally an application is made to an overseer, and if he wish the case to be relieved, his most convenient practical course, is to submit the case to the relieving-officer, by a note, and then to put a question to the chairman at the next board-day.

It will be found that the evil to be apprehended is, that relief in certain

cases may be too easily obtained, and a class of paupers improperly encouraged. This, however, does not necessarily proceed from the Union, but from certain other wise notions respecting mendicancy and vagrancy.

A certain part of every workhouse is separated from the rest of the building, and appropriated to wayfarers. Formerly, at the close of day, a number of persons usually applied to the officers for lodging for the night. They were questioned as to their mode of livelihood, their object in travelling, the distance they had travelled, and the route; and these answers were tested by any means at hand. If the result was satisfactory, they were admitted, and allowed to pursue their way at an early hour in the morning, with an allowance of food. If the result was doubtful, or they were convicted of deceit, their application was either deferred, refused, or they were required to do work for the relief given. Then questions of age, sex, and degrees of health were considered. Now, relief precedes inquiry; and as these persons are relieved but once, no inquiry is made, and is in fact impossible. Now, if a man appears before an officer apparently destitute, he must be relieved forthwith. If the man is not relieved, the relieving-officer's situation and character are in jeopardy. And so the workhouse at night has become open house to all comers. The wards are filled with a strange group of beings. The very scum, not of the poor, but the vicious, are to be found in these wards. The man who attends these dens does his duty in the midst of revilings and cursings, and at the risk of his life. The poor man who is really "tramping" in search of work, and has not been able to get the threepence for his night's lodging, has not the benefit of this change. Fevers and other contagious diseases are likely to be generated and spread. Some inquiry has been made into this subject, but is by no means exhausted. Further inquiry should be made, and the connexion between vagrancy and a strict workhouse system should not be overlooked.

The third class into which the parishes and Unions of England have been divided in this article, viz. that of

populous single parishes, differs from that which comprises Unions of small parishes in but few particulars. These parishes are generally very populous, and cover a small area. The duty of administering relief has always been heavy and onerous. The mode of management has generally been determined by local acts. A board of management has always existed. In some cases the overseers have been elected and paid, because much experience, and the devotion of much time, is necessary for the due performance of the duties. In other instances, unpaid overseers hold the responsibility, and are assisted by subordinate officers. Many of these parishes have defied the power of the Commissioners, and retained their independent authority. The Boards are composed of men of standing and business habits. They are generally well acquainted with the poor, and know much better how the relief fund should be expended, than those who see them only through the imperfect media of reports and statistics. Many novelties in management, enforced on Unions by the Commissioners, have been voluntarily adopted, and many time-honoured fictions have been exploded. In general, the proceedings of the Commissioners have not been to them satisfactory. The new project of district asylums for the reception of wayfarers may be given as an example.

These parishes, however, should not escape the inquiry; and a useful direction might be given to it, if the subject of classifications in workhouses were to be considered in connexion with these populous places. Not that special evils exist, but because the subject of classification on moral grounds might be more conveniently considered, and more severely tested.

We think that an improved classification in workhouses, in which moral consideration might be allowed to form an element, might be attempted. Very decided opinions have been expressed to the contrary. It is generally believed, and has been declared by high authorities, that the poor fund is a statutable fund, raised by compulsion, for the relief of destitution; and, therefore, the statutable purpose of the fund has reference only to the

fact of destitution, and not to moral qualities. That this may be true in cases of *sudden* necessity is not denied; but with respect to those cases where relief is likely to be permanent—as old age—or in those cases in which a period must elapse before the relief is withdrawn, the moral character of the individual must, and does, form a leading circumstance in the treatment. It is not said that the fact of giving or refusing relief should depend on moral considerations, but that the mode or manner should be determined by them. Take a case. A widow with a family, in the first month of her widowhood, applies for relief. During the first three months of her husband's illness, his savings were adequate to his necessities. And during the last three months, the weekly voluntary gathering of his brother workmen, or the allowance from his club, has sufficed; and he died without destitution actually coming to his door. His remains have been conveyed to the grave; and, with the balance of money from the friendly society, or trades' club, she has been supported to the end of the first month of her widowhood.

The other case is also a widow. But, as a wife, she was unthrifty and drunken, and she has not changed, for her sobriety was more than suspected on the day of the funeral. Here, there are no savings, no donations from friends, no allowance from a club. Her husband lived and died a pauper, was buried as a pauper, and his widow has determined to make the most of her destitution, and extract the utmost farthing from the reluctant guardians. Each of these cases must be relieved. As regards the fact of destitution, the latter case is the worst; but the frugal widow suffers the greatest deprivation. To the common observer, the state of the bad is one of pure misery, and the state of the other simply quiet, frugal, lowliness of condition. The fact, however, really is, that the good widow suffers the most keenly; and, excepting certain little matters of decency and cleanliness, is really the most destitute. The cry, "What will become of my children?" implies in itself a large amount of suffering. The thought scarcely occurs

to the mind of the other. The treatment of these cases must be, and is different; and the difference is founded on moral grounds. In one case, if the relief were in money, it would be instantly transmitted into gin. Relief in kind must be resorted to, and be given in small quantities, and frequently; and even then she must be watched, or the bread would never reach the mouths of her children. In the other case, a liberal allowance in money, given in the first month of her widowhood, would be expended carefully, and if given promptly, before her "little home" has been broken up, she may be able in a few months to insure a livelihood, and become independent of the parish. These cases represent extremes. There is every variety of shade between them; and sometimes the case presents so mingled a yarn of laziness, and bodily weakness, ignorance, cunning, and imprudence, that the guardians scarcely know the proper treatment. Boards of guardians have frequently to deal with such cases, and do, without expressing it in words, dispose of them on moral grounds, although those in high places may be too much occupied with statistics and generalities to be aware of the fact.

The question, how far moral considerations can be allowed in the classification of workhouses, is one of difficulty, and all opinions and suggestions require to be cautiously and guardedly stated. This cannot be done now. It may, however, be thought that, in suggesting a moral classification, we are getting rid of some of our objections to the "strict workhouse system." We may therefore say, that while we think a sound system of out-door relief is the preferable mode of dealing with poverty and pauperism, yet we believe the workhouse to be a necessary adjunct. Under the most favourable circumstances, the Union-house or workhouse is a moral pest-house; but, in the large manufacturing town or populous metropolitan parish, it is a necessary evil. In cities, where wretchedness is seen in its most squalid condition, and where crime assumes its most varied and darkest hues, there must always be a mul-

titude of human beings whose necessities the public charities cannot reach. There are diseases which hospitals will not admit, because they can end only in speedy dissolution, or because they are incurable and lingering. There are cases, compounded of deceit and misery, which private charity passes by. There are aged men and women who have either outlived their children or their affection, or who saw them depart many years since to foreign lands as emigrants, soldiers, sailors, or convicts. And there are young children whose parents have been cut off by fever. There are the children of sin and shame. There is the young woman, overtaken in her downward career by horrible diseases, and who is now pitilessly turned from the door of her who taught her to sin for money. There is the vagrant, the debauched, and the criminal, who are approaching the end of their career. There are those who, by unexpected circumstances, have been deprived of a shelter. And there are those who will not work, who have absconded, and whose wives and children are without home or food. For all these, and many more, an asylum must exist, and this asylum is the workhouse. Is it quite clear that this collection of human beings, representing so many varieties of virtue and vice, cannot be divided and distributed over the building on principles of classification, in which other elements than those of age, sex, and healthiness might be admitted? The subject is worthy of full investigation.

The subject of out-door relief might also be considered by the committee, not so much with a view to ascertain the actual mode in which it is dispensed, as to obtain suggestions from subordinate officers of improvement in its administration. The stoker of a steam-engine can point out defects, and suggest simple remedies, which might escape the utmost penetration and official research of the principal engineer. This subject may be most conveniently considered under this head, because, in populous parishes, out-door relief is a prominent feature. In many cases, an apparently trivial change, which might be treated very contemptuously as a mere affair of

detail, would lead to important reforms. In the report upon the Andover case, certain stringent remarks appear upon the neglect of the relieving-officer in not filling up the columns in his report-book headed "wages." Now, to those engaged in the administration of relief, the omission is not considered a great fault, it being in fact an omission of a mere form. Refer to the application and report-book, and the pauper description-book, prepared by the Commissioners, and the use of which *is enforced in all Unions*. They consist in a series of narrow columns. Each column is headed by an interrogatory, and appears to require a very brief answer. Refer to the column headed "weekly earning," &c. In this column, it is the duty of the relieving-officer to enter the amount of wages earned by the pauper. Now, in most populous parishes, the mode of living of those who receive relief is so irregular and precarious, as to preclude the possibility of ascertaining the amount of their earnings. The number of carpenters, bricklayers, smiths, and masons who receive relief is almost incredibly few. There are many who style themselves carpenters, &c. who have no knowledge of the trade. The bulk of the relieved poor consists of such a group as this—jobbing-smiths and carpenters, who are generally old or unskilful; aged men and women, and infirm persons, who do certain kinds of rough needlework, take care of children and sick people. There are cases where the head of the family is sickly, and whose employ is occasional. There are widows who do needlework by the piece—not for tradesmen, but for those who have received the work for those who received it from the tradesmen. There are those who wash and charr by the half or quarter of a day. There are men who make money-boxes, cigar-cases, children's toys, list-shoes, and cloth caps, and send their wives and children to sell them in the streets. If the weather is fine, they go singly; if the night be rainy, they form a miserable group at the corner of great thoroughfares. There are men who frequent quays, docks, markets, and coach-offices. There are those who sell in the streets, fruit, vegetables, and fish. There are those

who sweep crossings, and pick up bones, rags, and excrement; and there are those who say they do nothing; and the most searching inquiry is at fault, and yet they appear to thrive. In this multitude, there are thousands who do not apply for parochial relief once in ten years. Now, try to fix the wages of those who really compose the mass of pauperism in towns. Who can conscientiously do it? The most correct statement must be erroneous. By frequent visitation, the officer acquires an intimate knowledge of their condition. When the Board are disposing of the out-relief cases, it is by this knowledge the Board are guided. The column of brief answers, read by the clerk, are so many algebraic symbols to the majority, and convey no particular meaning; and this explains the conduct of the Andover Guardians, which is otherwise inexplicable. They must have had some data before them in dealing with cases, and the earnings of the paupers could not possibly be omitted. There is no doubt that the report-book was tacitly considered as a form necessary to be filled up, because there were orders to that effect, but as having no practical utility. And yet, how easily might the evil have been avoided! The individual who devised and drew up the form should have thought less of its statistical completeness, and more of its practical use. He should have seated himself in the Board-room, while the business of the week was being transacted, a silent but observant spectator; and then, with his mind imbued with the fact, he might have drawn up a form of report-book which would have been useful, statistically and practically. The principle of the book would have been that of the merchant's ledger, in which, upon reference to a particular folio, an account of business transactions with a person during many years may be seen at a glance. Its construction would be obvious,

and its chief feature might be easily shown. It would be a book of the largest size. Each case would have its own double page. On the left side, columns, as at present, might appear; and on the right would appear a most circumstantial account of the pauper's circumstances. If this page had been commenced in 1836, and Mary Miles had received relief, either continuously or from time to time, until 1846, the page would probably be filled; and its contents being read by the clerk upon each appearance of the pauper before the Board, a minute account of the character and circumstances of the case would be disclosed, together with the several amounts of relief ordered or refused, and the several opinions of the Board, as recorded at different times, which would enable the Board to dispense with the verbal statements of the relieving-officer. At present, a case, however often relieved, is essentially a new one. The Board of Guardians is a changing body; the individuals composing it may not attend regularly; and thus the relieving-officer becomes the only person conversant with the facts and merits of the case, and he is enabled, or compelled, to exercise a degree of authority or influence which is highly inexpedient.

How easily may these and other evils be remedied! But how, and by whom? This brings us back to our starting-point. An inquiry must be instituted into the actual working of the existing machinery. It must be conducted in a sober spirit, and without reference to theories; not in a reckless spirit of destruction, but of improvement. The question is, What remedial measures or improvement can be adopted in the administration of the English Poor-Laws? And if this paper has shown any imperfections, suggested any improvement, or should give the inquiry a useful direction, its object would be gained.

PRUSSIAN MILITARY MEMOIRS.

MILITARY memoirs are a popular class of literature. If few non-military men make them their chief study, still fewer do not upon occasion willingly take them up and dip with pleasure into their animated pages. The meekest and most pacific, those in whose composition no spark of the belligerent and pugnacious is discernible, yet dwell with interest upon the strivings, dangers, and exploits of more martial spirits. Even the softer sex, whilst gracefully shuddering at the bloodshed and horrors of war, will oftentimes seriously incline to read of the disastrous chances, moving accidents, and hair-breadth 'scapes that checker a soldier's career. The poetical and the picturesque of military life appeal to the imagination, and act as counterpoise to the massacres and sufferings that painfully shock the feelings. Amidst the wave and rustle of silken banners, the glitter and clash of steel, the clang of the brazen trumpet, and hurra of the flushed victor, the blood that buys the triumph and soaks the turf vanishes or is overlooked; the moans of those who die upon the field, linger in hospital, or pine in stern captivity, are faintly heard, if not wholly drowned. The pomp and pageantry of war, the high aspirations and heroic deeds of warriors, too often make us forget the countless miseries the strife entails—the peaceful peasant's ravaged homestead, the orphan's tears, the widow's desolation.

Although the public mind dwells upon military matters less in England than in France and Germany, neither of these countries has, during the thirty years' peace, been more prolific than our own in books of a military character. We speak not of strategical works, but of the pleasant and sometimes valuable narratives of

individual adventure that have flowed in abundance from the pens of soldiers of every class and grade. Not a branch of the service, from the amphibious corps of the marines to the aristocratic cohorts of the guards, but has paid tribute, in many cases a most liberal one, to the fund of military literature. The sergeant and the general, the lieutenant and the lieutenant-colonel, the showy hussar and the ponderous dragoon, the active rifleman and the stately grenadier—men of all ranks and arms—have, upon hanging up the sabre, taken up the pen, and laboured more or less successfully to add their mite to the stores of history and stock of entertainment. The change from the excitement and bustle of active service to the monotony and inertion of peacetime, is indeed great, and renders occupation essential to stave off ennui. In ruder days than the present, the dice-box and pottle-pot were almost the sole resources. In the rare intervals of repose afforded by a more stirring and warlike age, the soldier knew no other remedies against the *tedium vite* that assailed him. When "wars were all over, and swords were all idle," "the veteran grew crusty as he yawned in the hall," and he drank. Now it is otherwise. Refinement has driven out debauchery, and the unoccupied *militaire*, superior in breeding and education to his brother in arms of a former century, often fills up his leisure by telling of the battles, sieges, and fortunes he has passed; reciting them, not, like Othello, verbally and to win a lady's favour, but in more permanent black and white, for the instruction and amusement of his fellows.

Whilst paying a well-merited tribute to the talents of our English military authors, we willingly acknowledge the claims of men, who,

Wanderungen eines alten Soldaten, von WILHELM BARON VON RAHDEN, ehemaligem Hauptmann in Königl. Preuss. und Königl. Niederländ. Diensten, designirtem Capitain im Kaiserl. Russ. Generalstabe, zuletzt Brigade-Général im Genie-Corps der Spanisch-Charlistischen Armee von Aragon und Valencia. Erster Theil. Befreiungs Krieg von 1813, 1814, and 1815. Berlin: 1846.

although born in another clime, and speaking a different tongue, are yet allied to us by blood, have fought under the same standard, and bled in the same cause. One of these, a German officer who shared the reverses and triumphs of the three eventful years, 1813 to 1815, beginning at Lutzen and ending with Waterloo, has recently published a volume of memoirs. It contains much of interest, and well deserves a notice in our pages.

William Baron von Rahden is a native of Silesia. His father, an officer in the Prussian service, was separated from his wife, after ten years' wedlock, by one of those divorces so easily procurable in Germany, and returned to Courland, his native country, leaving his children to their mother's care. At the age of six years, William, the second son, was adopted by a Silesian nobleman, a soldier by profession, who had served under Frederick the Great, and who, although he had long left the service, still retained in full force his military feelings and characteristics. The apartments of his country house were hung with portraits of his warlike ancestors; the officers of the neighbouring garrison were his constant guests. Thus it is not surprising that young Rahden's first associations and aspirations were all military, and that he eagerly looked forward to the day when he should don the uniform and signalise himself amongst his country's defenders. His wishes were early gratified. When only ten years old, he was sent to the military school at Kalisch.

The novitiate of a Prussian officer at the commencement of the present century was a severe ordeal, the road to rank any thing but a flowery path, and it was often with extreme unwillingness that the noble families of South Prussia yielded their sons to the tender mercies of the Kalisch college. The boys had frequently to be hunted out in the forests, where, through terror of the drill or in obedience to their parents, they had sought refuge, and when caught they were conducted in troops to their destination. On reaching the Prosna, a little river near Kalisch, they were stripped naked, their hair was cut close, and they were then driven into

the water, whence, after a thorough washing, they emerged upon the opposite bank, there to be metamorphosed into Prussian warriors. The same operation, with the exception of the bath in the Prosna, was undergone by the willing recruits. Baron von Rahden gives a humorous account of the equipment of these infant soldiers, and of his own appearance in particular.

"The little lad of ten years old, broader than he was long, with his closely cropped head, upon the hinder part of which a bunch of hair was left, whereto to fasten a tail eight or ten inches long, and with a stiff stock over which his red cheeks puffed out like cushions, was altogether a most comical figure. The old uniform coats, originally blue, but now all faded and threadbare, with facings of a brick-dust colour and great leaden buttons, never fitted the young bodies to which they were allotted; they were always either too long and broad, or too narrow and short. The same was the case with the other portions of the uniform, which were handed down from one generation of cadets to another, without reference to any thing but the number affixed to them. I got No. 24; I was heir to some lanky long-legged urchin, into whose narrow garments I had to squeeze my unwieldy figure. A yellow waistcoat of immoderate length, short white breeches, fastened a great deal too tight below the knee, grey woollen stockings and half-boots, composed the costume, which was completed by a little three-cornered hat, pressed low down over the eyes, with the view of imparting somewhat of the stern aspect of a veteran corporal to the red and white face of the juvenile wearer."

Such was the clothing of Prussia's future defenders. Their fare was of corresponding quality; abundant, but coarse in the extreme. The harsh and unswerving enactments of the great Frederic had as yet been but little amended. Moreover, by the system of military economy existing in 1804, both food and raiment were lawfully made a source of profit to the captain of this company of cadets. The director of the establishment, Major Von Berg, was an excellent man, zealous for the improvement of his pupils, and striving his utmost to

instil into them a military spirit. Under his superintendence strict discipline was maintained, and instruction advanced apace.

The year 1806 brought the French into Prussia. Marshal Ney visited Kalisch, and placed a score of cadets in the newly-formed Polish regiments. In due time the others, as they were given to understand, were to be similarly disposed of. Young Rahden wrote to his adopted father, begging to be removed from the college, lest he should be made to serve with the enemies of his country. But the old officer looked further forward than the impatient boy; he knew that it was no time for the youth of Prussia to abandon the military career; that the day would come when their country would claim their services. His reply was prompt, brief, and decided. "I will not take you home," he wrote; "for then you will learn nothing. Be a Polish or a French cadet, I care not; only become an honourable soldier, and all that is in my power will I do for you. But do not come to me like our young officers from Jena; for if you do, you will get neither bread nor water, but a full measure of disgrace. Your faithful father, T." This letter made a strong impression upon Von Rahden, and he nerved himself to endure what he now viewed as inevitable. For another year he remained at Kalisch, until, in December 1807, news came of the approach of Prince Ferdinand of Pless, who had thrown himself, with a few thousand men, between the French army, then on its march to Poland, and the Bavarians and Wurtembergers under Jerome Buonaparte. This intelligence caused universal alarm in the college of Kalisch, now become French.

"On the broad road in front of our barracks, large bodies of Polish boors, in coarse linen frocks, were drilled for the service of Napoleon by officers in Prussian uniforms; certainly a singular mixture. At the cry—'The Prussians are coming!' they all ran away, the officers the very first, and this might have given me an inkling of the reasons and motives of my father's severe letter. Under cover of the general confusion, a Prussian artilleryman muffled me and six other Silesian cadets in the linen

frocks of the recruits, and hurried us off through field and forest, over bog and sand, to the Prince of Pless, whom we fell in with after thirty-six hours' wanderings. We were all weary to death. Nevertheless, five of my companions were immediately placed amongst the troops, who continued their route without delay; only myself and a certain Von M——, still younger than me, were left behind, as wholly unable to proceed. Of what passed during the next six weeks, I have not the slightest recollection. I afterwards learned that I had been seized with a violent nervous fever, the result of fatigue and excitement, and that I was discovered by a Bavarian officer in a Jew tavern near Medzibor, close to the frontier. The uniform beneath my smock-frock, and a small pocket-book, told my name and profession, and under a flag of truce I was sent into Breslaw, then besieged, to my mother, whom I had not seen for seven years."

After two years passed in idleness, young Von Rahden was attached as bombardier to the artillery at Glatz, and found himself under the command of a certain Lieutenant Holsche, an officer of impetuous bravery, but somewhat rough and hasty, and apt to show slight respect to his superiors. At that time, 1809, the Duke of Brunswick was recruiting at Nachod in Bohemia, within two German miles of Glatz, his famous black corps, the death's-head and *memento mori* men—the Corps of Revenge, as it was popularly called in Germany. Numbers of Prussians, officers of all arms, left their homes in Silesia, where they vegetated on a scanty half-pay, to swell his battalions; and even from the garrison of Glatz officers and soldiers daily deserted to him, eager to exchange inaction for activity. Subsequently, many of these were tried and severely punished for their infringement of discipline, and over-eagerness in the cause of oppressed Germany, but the year 1813 again found them foremost in the ranks of their country's defenders.

On a certain morning, subsequent to Von Rahden's arrival at Glatz, the young artillery cadets were assembled on the parade-ground outside the gates of the fortress, and went through their exercise with four light guns,

drawn, as was then the custom, by recruits instead of horses. Holsche, who was also known as the "Strawbonnet" commandant, from his desperate defence of a detached work of the fort of Silberberg, which bore that name, was present. Although usually free and jocose with his subordinates, on that day he was grave and preoccupied, and twisted his black mustache with a thoughtful air. It was an oppressive and stormy morning, and distant thunder mingled with the sound of cannon, which the wind brought over from Bohemia.

"By a succession of marches and flank movements, Holsche took us through the river Neisse, which flowed at the extremity of the parade-ground, and was then almost dry. We proceeded across the country, and finally halted in a shady meadow. Here the word of command brought us round the lieutenant, who addressed us in a suppressed voice:—'Children,' said he, pointing towards Bohemia, 'yonder will I lead you; there you will be received with open arms. There, horses, not men, draw the guns, and many of you will be made sergeants and even officers. Will you follow me?' A loud and unanimous hurra was the reply. For a quarter of an hour on we went, over hedge and ditch, at a rapid pace. A heavy rain soaked the earth and rendered it slippery, the wheels of the gun-carriages cut deep into the ground, until we panted and nearly fell from our exertions to get them along. Suddenly the word was given to halt. 'Boys,' cried the lieutenant, 'many of you are heartily sick of this work; that I plainly see. Listen, therefore! I will not have it said that I compelled or over-persuaded any one. He who chooses may return, not to the town, but home to his mother. You children, in particular,' he added, stepping up to the first gun, to which five young lads, of whom I was the least, were attached as bombardiers, 'you children *must* remain behind.' Against this decision we all protested. We would not go back, we screamed at the top of our voices. Holsche seemed to reflect. After a short pause, the tallest and stoutest fellow in the whole battery came to the front, and in a voice broken by sobs, begged the lieutenant to let him go home to his

mother. 'Oho!' shouted Holsche, 'have I caught you, you buttermilk hero? Boys!' he continued, addressing himself to all of us, 'how could you believe that my first proposal was a serious one? I only wished to ascertain how many cowards there were amongst you. Thank God, there is but one! Help me to laugh at the fellow!' A triple shout of laughter followed the command; then 'Right about' was the word, and in an hour's time, weary and wet through, we were again in our barracks."

The pluck and hardihood displayed on this occasion by the boy-bombardier won the favour of Holsche, who took him into the society of the officers, gave him private lessons in mathematics, and did all he could to bring him forward in his profession. But, soon afterwards, Rahden's destination was altered, and, instead of continuing in the artillery, he was appointed to the second regiment of Silesian infantry, now the eleventh of the Prussian line. In this regiment he made his first campaigns, and served for nearly twenty years. In the course of the war he frequently fell in with his friend Holsche, and we shall again hear of that eccentric but gallant officer.

The year 1813 found Von Rahden, then nineteen years of age, holding a commission as second lieutenant in the regiment above named, and indulging in brilliant day-dreams, in which a general's epaulets, laurel crowns, and crosses of honour, made a conspicuous figure. But a very small share of these illusions was destined to realisation. For the time, however, and until experience dissipated them, they served to stimulate the young soldier to exertion, and to support him under hardship and suffering. Such stimulus, however, was scarcely needed. The hour was come for Germany to start from her long slumber of depression, and to send forth her sons, even to the very last, to victory or death. The disasters of the French in Russia served as signal for her uprising.

"The great events which the fiery sign in the heavens (the comet of 1811) was supposed to forerun, came to pass in the last months of the following year. The French bulletin of the 5th December 1812, announced

the terrible fate of the Grande Armée, and removed the previously existing doubt, whether it were possible to humble the invincible Emperor and his presumptuous legions. It was a sad fate for veteran soldiers, grown grey in the harness, to be frozen to death, or, numbed and unable to use their weapons, to be defencelessly murdered. Such was the lot of the French, and although they were then our bitterest foes, to-day we may well wish that they had met a death more suitable to brave men. At Malo-Jaroslawetz, at Krasnoi, and by the Beresina, whole battalions of those frozen heroes were shot down, unable to resist. Do the Russians still commemorate such triumphs? Hardly, one would fain believe. No man of honour, in our sense of the word, would now command such massacres; for only when our foes are in full possession of their physical and moral strength, is victory glorious. But at that time I lacked the five-and-thirty years' experience that has enabled me to arrive at these conclusions; I was almost a child, and heartily did I rejoice that the whole of the Grande Armée was captured, slain, or frozen. The joy I felt was universal, if that may serve my excuse.

"Like some wasted and ghastly spectre, hung around with rags, its few rescued eagles shrouded in erape, the remains of the great French army recrossed the German frontier. Sympathy they could scarce expect in Germany; pity they found, and friendly arms and fostering care received the unfortunates. So great a mishap might well obliterate hostile feelings; and truly, it is revolting to read, in the publications of the time, that 'at N— or B— the patriotic inhabitants drove the French from their doors, refusing them bread and all refreshment.' Then, however, I rejoiced at

such barbarity, which appeared to me quite natural and right. One thing particularly astonished me; it was, that amongst the thirty thousand fugitives, there were enough marshals, generals, and staff-officers to supply the whole army before its reverses. Either they had better horses to escape upon, or better cloaks and furs to wrap themselves in; thus not very conscientiously fulfilling the duty of every officer, which is to share, in all respects, the dangers and fatigues of his subordinates."*

The hopes and desires of every Prussian were now concentrated on one single object—the freedom of the Fatherland. Breslaw again became the focus of the whole kingdom. From all sides thousands of volunteers poured in, and the flower of Prussia's youth joyfully exchanged the comforts and superfluities of home for the perils and privations of a campaigner's life. Universities and schools were deserted; the last remaining son buckled on hunting-knife and shouldered rifle and went forth to the strife, whilst the tender mother and anxious father no longer sought to restrain the ardour of the Benjamin of their home and hearts. All were ready to sacrifice their best and dearest for their country's liberation. Women became heroines; men stripped themselves of their earthly wealth for the furtherance of the one great end. In Breslaw the enthusiasm was at the hottest. In an idle hour, Von Rahden had sauntered to the college, the Aula Leopoldina, and stood at an open window listening to a lecture on anthropology, delivered by a young, but already celebrated professor. Little enough of the learned discourse was intelligible to the juvenile lieutenant, but still he listened, when suddenly the stillness in the school was broken by the clang of wind-instruments.

* In the third volume of Von Schöning's *History of the Artillery*, we find the following extract from an official report of Captain Spreuth, an artillery officer, dated Königsberg, 18th December 1812. "The 'Grand Army' is retreating across the Weichsel, if indeed it may be called a retreat; it is more like a total rout or disbandment, for the fugitives came without order or baggage. The post-horses are at work day and night. From the 16th to the 17th, 71 generals, 60 colonels, 1243 staff and other officers, passed through this place; the majority continued their route on foot, being unable to procure horses; the officers' baggage is all lost, some of it has been plundered by their own men, and we have even seen officers fighting in the streets with the common soldiers."

The people shouted joyful hurrahs, casements were thrown open, and thronged with women waving their handkerchiefs. Professor and scholars hurried to the windows and into the street. What had happened? It was soon known. A score of couriers, blowing furious blasts upon their small post-horns, dashed through the town-gates, and the next instant a shout of "War! War!" burst from ten thousand throats. The couriers brought intelligence of the alliance just contracted at Kalisch between the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia.

When the clamour and rejoicing amongst the students had a little subsided, their teacher again addressed them. All were silent. Twisting a small silver pencil-case between his thin fingers, he began as follows: "My young friends! It would be difficult to resume the thread of a lecture thus abruptly broken by the sound of the war-trumpet. At this moment our country demands of us other things than a quiet abode in the halls of study. I propose to you, therefore, that we all, without exception, at once join the ranks of our country's defenders, and henceforward wield the sword instead of the pen." This patriotic proposal was received with joyous applause. Professor Steffens and hundreds of his hearers left the lecture-room, exchanged the university gown for the uniform, and from that day were the pith and marrow of the black band of Lutzow. It is matter of history how Henry Steffens, at the head of his wild Jägers, greatly distinguished himself in the field, won the Iron Cross, and by his animated eloquence and noble example, drew thousands of brave defenders around the standard of German independence. Thirty-two years later, at Berlin, Baron von Rahden followed his mortal remains to their last resting-place.

Other examples of devotion, less known but not less touching, are cited in the volume before us. When the King of Prussia's celebrated proclamation "TO MY PEOPLE," had raised German enthusiasm to its highest pitch, and the noble-hearted women of Silesia sent their jewels to the public treasury, replacing them by iron

ornaments, a young girl at Breslaw, who had nothing of value to contribute, cut off the luxuriant golden tresses that adorned her graceful head, and sold them, that she might add her mite to the patriotic fund. The purchaser gave a high price, but yet made an enormous profit; for no sooner was the story known, than hundreds of those then arming for the fight flew to obtain a golden hair-ring, to wear as a talisman in the battle-field. This heroine, Baron von Rahden believes, was a Fraulein von Scheliha, a name noted in the annals of Prussian patriotism. The three sons of a Herr von Scheliha, officers in various regiments, fell in the campaign of 1813. Their mother and only sister died of broken hearts, and the father, bowed down under his grief, sold his estate and country-house, which now only served to remind him of his losses. The King of Prussia sent him the Iron Cross; and that and the sympathy of all who knew his sad history, were the only remaining consolations of the bereaved old man. A Silesian count, named Reichenbach, wrote to the King in the following terms: "If it please your majesty to allow me, I will send five thousand measures of corn and my draught oxen to the military stores for rations, and my best horses to the — regiment of cavalry; I will equip all the men on my estates capable of bearing arms, and they shall join the — regiment of infantry, and I will pay ten thousand thalers into the military chest. For my three sons I crave admission into the army as volunteers. And, finally, I humbly implore of your majesty that I myself, who, although advanced in years, am strong and willing, may be permitted to march by their side, to teach them to fight, and, if needs be, to die. Meanwhile, my wife and daughters shall remain at home to prepare lint, sew bandages, and nurse the sick and wounded."

A Major Reichenbach commanded Von Rahden's battalion, and under his guidance the young lieutenant first smelled powder. It was at Lutzen, a bloody fight, and no bad initiation for an unfledged soldier. Although modest and reserved when speaking of his own exploits, it is not difficult to discern that on this, as on many subsequent occasions, the baron

bore himself right gallantly. At eleven o'clock the army of the Allies stood in order of battle, Von Rahden's battalion, which formed part of General Kleist's division, in the centre, and well to the front. At a distance of six or eight hundred paces, the hostile masses moved to and fro, alternately enveloped in clouds of dust, and disappearing behind trees and houses. The fight began with artillery. "The first round-shot whizzed close over the heads of the battalion, and buried itself in the ground a few hundred paces in our rear. A second immediately followed, carrying away a few bayonets and the drum-major's cane. Each time the whole battalion, as if by word of command, bobbed their heads, and the men pressed closer together. In front of us sat our commandant, Count Reichenbach, reining in his splendid English roan, which snorted and curveted with impatience. The count had not bowed his head; he had made the Rhine campaigns, and a cannon-ball was nothing new to him. He turned to the battalion, slapping his leg with his right hand, whilst a comical twitching of his nose and at the corner of his mouth betrayed his discontent. 'Men!' said he, 'balls that whistle do not hit, so it is useless to fear them. Henceforward, let no one dare to stoop.' Hardly had the words left his lips when a third shot passed close over his head and dashed into the battalion. This time very few made the respectful salutation which had occasioned the count's reproof, but astonishment and horror were visible on every countenance when we saw our dear comrades struck down by our side.

"After an hour's cannonade the infantry advanced. Skirmishers were thrown out, and the musketry came into play; and truly, often as I have been in action, such firing as at Lutzen I never since heard. From about mid-day till nine at night, one uninterrupted roll; not even for a moment were single shots to be distinguished. My old comrades will bear witness to the truth of this.

"Our light company hastened forward as skirmishers, Lieutenant Merkatz led them on, and, with waving sword and a joyful shout, rushed towards the foe, full a hun-

dred paces in front of his men. Soon the wounded straggled, and were carried past us by dozens—amongst others Anselme, captain of the company. A rifle-ball had shattered his right shoulder. When I saw him, twenty-five years later, as a general, he still carried his arm in a sling, fragments of bone frequently came away, and his sufferings were very great. Such wounds as his no gold, or title, or decorations can repay; in the consciousness of having done one's duty the only compensation is to be found."

Von Rahden was soon called upon to replace a wounded officer, and he hurried to the front. Before he reached the skirmishers, he met the dead body of the young prince of Hesse-Homburg, who served as staff-officer in the first regiment of Silesian infantry. He had entered action as he would have gone to parade, in full dress, with a star upon his breast, and wearing all the insignia of his rank. General Ziethen remonstrated with him on the imprudence of thus rendering himself a conspicuous mark, but he was deaf to the warning, and refused to take off his star. "This," said he, "is the soldier's most glorious parade-ground." The next moment a ball struck him, and he fell mortally wounded from his horse.

We shall not follow Baron Von Rahden through the bloody day of Lutzen, in the course of which he received a wound, not sufficiently severe, however, to compel him to leave the field. Neither of that action, nor of any subsequent one, does he give a general account, but professes merely to relate what he himself saw. As a subaltern officer, his sphere of observation was, of course, very limited. He recites his own adventures and the proceedings of his battalion, or, at most, of the division to which it was attached, and is careful to name those officers who particularly distinguished themselves. He urges the surviving veterans of those eventful campaigns to follow his example, and publish their reminiscences, as a means of rescuing from unmerited oblivion the names of many who especially signalised themselves whilst defending the holy cause of German independence. It was a period prolific in heroes; and if the manœuvres

and discipline of the Prussian army had been more in proportion with the gallant spirit that animated the majority of its members, doubtless the struggle would have been briefer. As it was, the campaign of 1813 opened with a reverse which it was vainly endeavoured to cloak by mendacious bulletins. "The nobly fought and gloriously won action of Gross-Groschen," said the official accounts of the battle of Lutzen. But stubborn facts soon refuted the well-intended but injudicious falsehoods, propounded to maintain the moral courage of the nation. The French entered Dresden, driving out the rear-guard of the retreating Allies, who, on the evening of the 12th of May, established their camp, or rather their bivouac, for tents they had none, near Bautzen, and fortified their position by intrenchments and redoubts. On the 20th the fight began; 28,000 Prussians and 70,000 Russians, so says the baron, against 150,000 French. A large disproportion; and, moreover, the troops of the Allies were not made the most of by their commanders. General Kleist's corps, consisting of but 5000 men, was left from ten in the morning till late in the afternoon to defend itself unassisted against overpowering numbers of the French. And most gallant their defence was. They fought before the eyes of both armies, on the heights of Burk, which served as a stage for the exhibition of their courage, and of the calm skill of their commander. Von Rahden records the fact, that the Emperor Alexander sent several times to Kleist to express his praise and admiration; and that his last message was, that he could kiss Kleist's feet (a thorough Russian testimony of respect) for his splendid behaviour with the advanced guard. At length large bodies of the French having moved up to support the assailants, a reinforcement was sent to Kleist to cover his retreat. It consisted of Von Rahden's battalion, which, on the retrograde movement being commenced, was for some time completely isolated, and bore the whole brunt of the fight. Orders were given to clear a corn-field which afforded shelter to the enemy. Here is a spirited description of the fight that ensued.

"I led the skirmishers of the first

and second company. We entered the field, and instantly found ourselves within fifteen or twenty paces of the French marines, whom Napoleon had attached to the army, and whom we recognised by the red lace on their shakos. We were so near each other, that when our opponents fired I felt the heat of the burnt powder. The battalion was about fifty paces behind us, but on rather higher ground. It deployed into line, and fired a volley over our heads, which some of the bullets missed but by a trifle. A very unpleasant sensation and critical moment; and many of my men showed an eagerness to get out of this double fire, or at least to shelter themselves from it as much as possible. The bugler tried to run; I caught him by the coat skirt, and ordered him to sound the assembly, meaning to retire with my skirmishers to the right flank of the battalion. He obeyed, clapped his bugle to his lips, and began a quavering call. Suddenly the sounds ceased, and the bugler fell backwards, spitting and sputtering with his mouth, stamping and striking out with his feet and hands; then, jumping up, he ran off like a madman. A bullet had entered the sound-hole of his bugle. At the same moment, I felt a hard rap on the right hip, and was knocked down. It was a canister-shot; the blood poured out in streams, and, before I could join the battalion, my boot was full of it. My comrades were hard at work; after a few volleys, they kept up an incessant file-fire. They were drawn up in line, only two deep, the third rank having been taken for skirmishers. Luckily the enemy had no cavalry at hand, or it would have been all up with us, for we should never have been able to form a square. It was all that the officers and serrafiles could do to keep the men in their places. The French infantry surrounded us on three sides, but they kept behind the hedges, and amongst the high corn, and showed no disposition to come to close quarters, when the bayonet and but-end would have told their tale. On the other hand, from the adjacent heights the artillery mowed us down with their canister. The fight lasted about an hour; half a one more, and to a certainty we should all have been annihilated or prisoners, for we were wholly unprep-

ported. Sporschil and other writers have said that Blucher sent General Kleist a reinforcement of three thousand infantry. To that I reply that our battalion was at most six hundred strong, and I did not see another infantry soldier in the field. The other troops had retired far across the plain. Suddenly the earth shook beneath our feet, and two magnificent divisions of Russian cuirassiers charged to the rescue. The French infantry sought the shelter of their adjacent battery, and we retreated wearily and slowly towards our lines. The sun, which had shone brightly the whole day, had already set when we reached a small village, and again extended our skirmishers behind the walls and hedges. Once more the earth trembled; and, with unusual rapidity for an orderly retreat, back came the brilliant cuirassiers, with bloody heads, and in most awful confusion. The French infantry and artillery had given them a rough reception. A few hostile squadrons followed, and, as soon as the Russians were out of the way, I opened fire with my skirmishers; but I was ordered to cease, for the distance was too great, and it was mere waste of ammunition."

Von Rahden's hurt was but a flesh wound, and did not prevent his sharing in the next day's fight, and in the retreat which concluded it. He was then obliged to go into hospital, and only on the last day of June rejoined his regiment in cantonments between Strehlen and Breslaw. At the latter town he visited his mother. She had mourned his death, of which she had received a false account from a soldier of his regiment, who had seen him struck down by a bullet at Lutzen, and had himself been wounded and carried from the field before Von Rahden regained consciousness and rejoined his corps.

The truce which, during the summer of 1813, afforded a brief repose to the contending armies, was over, and the cause of the Allies strengthened by the accession of Austria. Hostilities recommenced; and on the 27th August we find our young lieutenant again distinguishing himself, at the head of his sharpshooters, in the gardens of Dresden. Several wet days, bad quarters, and short commons, had pulled down the strength and lowered the

spirits of the Allied troops. Exhausted and discouraged, they showed little appetite for the bloody banquet to which they were invited. Suddenly a hurra, but no very joyous one, ran through the ranks. The soldiers had been ordered to utter it, in honour of the Emperor Alexander and King of Prussia, who now, with their numerous and brilliant staff, rode along the whole line of battle, doubtless with the intention of raising the sunken spirits of the men. Close in front of the baron's battalion the two monarchs halted; and there it was that General Moreau was mortally wounded, at Alexander's side, by a French cannon-shot. The following details of his death are from the work of a well-known Russian military author, General Michailofski - Danielefski:—"Moreau was close to the Emperor Alexander, who stood beside an Austrian battery, against which the French kept up a heavy fire. He requested the Russian sovereign to accompany him to another eminence, whence a better view of the battle-field was obtainable. 'Let your majesty trust to my experience,' said Moreau, and turning his horse, he rode on, the emperor following. They had proceeded but a few paces, when a cannon-ball smashed General Moreau's right foot, passed completely through his horse, tore away his left calf, and injured the knee. All present hurried to assist the wounded man. His first words, on recovering consciousness, were—'I am dying; but how sweet it is to die for the right cause, and under the eyes of so great a monarch!' A litter was formed of Cossack lances; Moreau was laid upon it, wrapped in his cloak, and carried to Koitz, the nearest village. There he underwent, with the courage and firmness of a veteran soldier, the amputation of both legs. The last bandage was being fastened, when two round-shot struck the house, and knocked down a corner of the very room in which he lay. He was conveyed to Laun, in Bohemia, and there died, on the 2d of September. Such was the end of the hero of Hohenlinden."

General Michailofski, it must be observed, has been accused by Sporschil of stretching the truth a little, when by so doing he could pay a compliment to his deceased master.

The adulatory words which he puts into Moreau's mouth, may therefore never have been uttered by that unfortunate officer. Some little inaccuracies in the account above quoted are corrected by Captain Von Rahden. Moreau's litter was composed of muskets, and not of lances; he was taken to Räcknitz, and not to Koitz; and so forth. Upon the 2d of September, Von Rahden and eighteen other Prussian officers, stood beside the bed whereon Moreau had just expired, and divided amongst them a black silk waistcoat that had been worn by the deceased warrior. "I still treasure up my shred of silk," says the baron, "as a soldierly relic, and as I should a tatter of a banner that had long waved honourably aloft, and at last tragically fallen. In these days few care about such memorials, and a railway share is deemed more valuable. Practically true; but horribly unpoetical!"

In 1813, one battle followed hard upon the heels of the other. It was a war of giants, and small breathing-time was given. The echoes of the fight had scarcely died away at Dresden, when they were reawakened in the fertile vale of Toeplitz. The action of Kulm was a glorious one for the Allies. On the first day, the 29th of August, the Russians, under Ostermann Tolstoy, reaped the largest share of laurels; on the 30th, Kleist and the Prussians nobly distinguished themselves. The latter, after burning their baggage, made a forced march over the mountains, and fell upon the enemy's rear on the afternoon of the second day's engagement. Here Von Rahden was again opposed to his old and gallant acquaintances the French marines, who, refusing to retreat, were completely exterminated. The action over, his battalion took up a position near Arbesau, with their front towards Kulm. On the opposite side of the road a Hungarian regiment was drawn up.

"The sun had set, and distant objects grew indistinct in the twilight, when we suddenly saw large masses of troops approach us. These were the French prisoners, numbering, it was said, eight or ten thousand. First came General Vandamme, on horseback, his head bound round with a white cloth: a Cossack's lance had

grazed his forehead. Close behind him were several generals, (Haxo and Guyot;) and then, at a short interval, came twenty or thirty colonels and staff-officers. On the right of these marched an old iron-grey colonel, with two heavy silver epaulets projecting forwards from under his light-blue great-coat, the cross of the Legion of Honour on his breast, a huge chain with a bunch of gold seals and keys dangling from his fob. He had been captured by very forbearing foes, and he strode proudly and confidently along. He was about ten paces from the head of our battalion, which was drawn up in column of sections, when suddenly three or four of our Hungarian neighbours leaped the ditch, and one of them, with the speed of light, snatched watch and seals from the French colonel's pocket. Captain Von Korth, who commanded our No. 1 company, observed this, sprang forward, knocked the blue-breeched Hungarians right and left, took the watch from them, and restored it to its owner. The latter, with the ease of a thorough Frenchman, offered it, with a few obliging words, to Captain Von Korth, who refused it by a decided gesture, and hastened back to his company. All this occurred whilst the French prisoners marched slowly by, and the captain had not passed the battalion more than ten or fifteen paces, when he turned about, and with the cry of "*Vive le brave capitaine Prussien!*" threw chain and seals into the middle of our company. The watch he had detached and put in his pocket. Von Korth offered ten and even fifteen *louis d'ors* for the trinkets, but could never discover who had got them; whoever it was, he perhaps feared to be compelled to restore them without indemnification."

"The Emperor Alexander received Vandamme, when that general was brought before him as prisoner, with great coolness, but nevertheless promised to render his captivity as light as possible. Notwithstanding that assurance, Vandamme was sent to Siberia. On his way thither, the proud and unfeeling man encountered many a hard word and cruel taunt, the which I do not mean to justify, although he had richly earned them by his numerous acts of injustice and oppres-

sion. In the spring of 1807, he had had his headquarters in the pretty little town of Frankenstein in Silesia, and, amongst various other extortions, had compelled the authorities to supply him with whole sackfuls of the delicious red filberts which grow in that neighbourhood. When, upon his way to the frozen steppes, he chanced to halt for a night in this same town of Frankenstein, the magistrates sent him a huge sack of his favourite nuts, with a most submissive message, to the effect that they well remembered his Excellency's partiality to filberts, and that they begged leave to offer him a supply, in hopes that the cracking of them might beguile the time, and occupy his leisure in Siberia."

At Kulm the captain of Von Rahden's company was slain. He had ridden up to a French column, taking it, as was supposed, for a Russian one, and was killed by three of the enemy's officers before he found out his mistake. Each wound was mortal; one of his assailants shot him in the breast, another drove his sword through his body, and the third nearly severed his head from his shoulders with a sabre-cut. The day after the battle, before sunrise, Von Rahden awakened a non-commissioned officer and three men, and went to seek and bury the corpse. It was already stripped of every thing but the shirt and uniform coat; they dug a shallow grave under a pear-tree, and interred it. The mournful task was just completed when a peasant came by. Von Rahden called him, showed him the captain's grave, and asked if he might rely upon its not being ploughed up. "Herr Preusse," was the answer, "I promise you that it shall not; for the ground is mine, and beneath this tree your captain shall rest undisturbed." The promise was faithfully kept. In August 1845, the baron revisited the spot. The tree still stood, and the soldier's humble grave had been respected.

Whilst wandering over the field of battle, followed by Zänker, his sergeant, Von Rahden heard a suppressed moaning, and found amongst the brushwood, close to the bank of a little rivulet, a sorely wounded French soldier. The unfortunate fellow had been hit in three or four places. One ball had entered behind his eyes, which

projected, bloody and swollen, from their sockets, another had shattered his right hand, and a third had broken the bones of the leg. He could neither see, nor move, nor die; he lay in the broad glare of the sun, parched with thirst, listening to the ripple of the stream, which he was unable to reach. In heart-rending tones he implored a drink of water. Six-and-thirty hours had he lain there, he said, suffering agonies from heat, and thirst, and wounds. "In an instant Zänker threw down his knapsack, filled his canteen, and handed it to the unhappy Frenchman, who drank as if he would never leave off. When at last satisfied, he said very calmly, 'Stop, friend! one more favour; blow my brains out!' I looked at Zänker, and made a sign with my hand, as much as to say, 'Is your gun loaded?' Zänker drew his ramrod, ran it into the barrel quite noiselessly, so that the wounded man might not hear, and nodded his head affirmatively. Without a word, I pointed to a thicket about twenty paces off, giving him to understand that he was not to fire till I had reached it, and, hurrying away, I left him alone with the Frenchman. Ten minutes passed without a report, and then, on turning a corner of the wood, I came face to face with Zänker. 'I can't do it, lieutenant,' said he. 'Thrice I levelled my rifle, but could not pull the trigger.' He had left the poor French sergeant-major—such four gold chevrons on his coat-sleeve denoted him to be—a canteen full of water, had arranged a few boughs above his head to shield him from the sun, and as soon as we reached the camp, he hastened to the field hospital to point out the spot where the wounded man lay, and procure surgical assistance."

The battle of Kulm was lost by the French through the negligence of Vandamme, who omitted to occupy the defiles in his rear—an extraordinary blunder, for which a far younger soldier might well be blamed. The triumph was complete, and, in conjunction with those at the Katzbach and Gross-Beeren, greatly raised the spirits of the Allies. At Kulm, the French fought, as usual, most gallantly, but for once they were out-manœuvred. A brilliant exploit of three or four hundred chasseurs, be-

longing to Corbineau's light cavalry division, is worthy of mention. Sabre in hand, they cut their way completely through Kleist's corps, and did immense injury to the Allies, especially to the artillery. Of themselves, few, if any, escaped alive. "Not only," says Baron Von Rahden, "did they ride down several battalions at the lower end of the defile, and cut to pieces and scatter to the winds the staff and escort of the general, which were halted upon the road, but they totally annihilated our artillery for the time, inasmuch as they threw the guns into the ditches, and killed nearly all the men and horses. By this example one sees what resolute men on horseback, with good swords in their hands, and bold hearts in their bosoms, are able to accomplish." In a letter of Prince Augustus of Prussia, we find that "the artillery suffered so great a loss at Kulm, that there are still (this was written in the middle of September, fifteen days after the action) eighteen officers, eighty non-commissioned officers, one hundred and twenty-six bombardiers, seven hundred and eighteen gunners, besides bandsmen and surgeons, wanting to complete the strength." In both days' fight the present King of the Belgians greatly distinguished himself. He was then in the Russian service, and, on the 29th, fought bravely at the head of his cavalry division. On the 30th, the Emperor Alexander sent him to bring up the Austrian cavalry reserves, and the judgment with which he performed this duty was productive of the happiest results.

The Russian guards fought nobly at Kulm, and held the valley of Toepnitz one whole day against four times their numbers. To reward their valour, the King of Prussia gave them the Kulm Cross, as it was called, which was composed of black shining leather with a framework of silver. The Prussians were greatly annoyed at its close resemblance to the first and best class of the Iron Cross, which order had been instituted a few months previously, and was sparingly bestowed, for instances of extraordinary personal daring, upon those only who fought under Prussian colours. It was of iron with a silver setting, and could scarcely be distinguished from the Kulm cross. "Many thou-

sands of us Prussians," says the Baron, "fought for years, poured out our blood, and threw away our lives, in vain strivings after a distinction which the Muscovite earned in a few hours. For who would notice whether it was leather or iron? The colour and form were the same, and only the initiated knew the difference, which was but nominal. In the severe winter of 1829-30, when travelling in a Russian sledge and through a thorough Russian snow-storm, along the shores of the Peipus lake, I passed a company of soldiers wrapped in their grey coats. On the right of the company were ten or twelve Knights of the Iron Cross, as it appeared to me, and of the first class of that order. This astonished me so much the more, that in Prussia it was an unheard-of thing for more than one or two private soldiers in a regiment to achieve this high distinction. I started up, and rubbed my eyes, and thought I dreamed. At Dorpat I was informed that several hundred men from the Semenofskoi regiment of guards, (the heroes of Kulm,) had been drafted into the provincial militia as a punishment for having shared in a revolt at St Petersburg."

On the 14th of October occurred the battle of cavalry in the plains between Guldengossa, Gröbern, and Liebertwolkwitz, where the Allied horse, fifteen thousand strong, encountered ten to twelve thousand French dragoons, led by the King of Naples, who once, during that day, nearly fell into the hands of his foes. The incident is narrated by Von Schöning in his history of the third Prussian regiment of dragoons, then known as the Nenmark dragoons. "It was about two hours after daybreak; the regiment had made several successful charges, and at last obtained a moment's breathing-time. The dust had somewhat subsided; the French cavalry stood motionless, only their general, followed by his staff, rode, encouraging the men, as it seemed, along the foremost line, just opposite to the Nenmark dragoons. Suddenly a young lieutenant, Guido von Lippe by name, who thought he recognised Murat in the enemy's leader, galloped up to the colonel. 'I must and will take him!' cried he; and, without waiting for a Yes or a No, dashed

forward at the top of his horse's speed, followed by a few dragoons who had been detached from the ranks as skirmishers. At the same time the colonel ordered the charge to be sounded. A most brilliant charge it was, but nothing more was seen of Von Lippe and his companions. Two days afterwards, his corpse was found by his servant, who recognised it amongst a heap of dead by the scars of the yet scarcely healed wounds received at Lutzen. A sabre-cut and a thrust through the body had destroyed life." An interesting confirmation of this story may be read in Von Odeleben's "Campaign of Napoleon in Saxony in the year 1813," p. 328. "He (Murat) accompanied by a very small retinue, so greatly exposed himself, that at last one of the enemy's squadrons, recognising him by his striking dress, and by the staff that surrounded him, regularly gave him chase. One officer in particular made a furious dash at the king, who, by the sudden facing about of his escort, found himself the last man, a little in the rear, and with only one horseman by his side. In the dazzling anticipation of a royal prisoner, the eager pursuer called to him several times, 'Halt, King, halt!' At that moment a crown was at stake. The officer had already received a sabre-cut from Murat's solitary attendant, and as he did not regard it, but still pressed forward, the latter ran him through the body. He fell dead from his saddle, and the next day his horse was mounted by the king's faithful defender, from whose lips I received these details. Their truth has been confirmed to me from other sources. Murat made his rescuer his equerry, and promised him a pension. The Emperor gave him the cross of the legion of honour."

The second Silesian regiment suffered terribly at the great battle of Leipzig. Von Rahden's battalion, in particular, was reduced at the close of the last day's fight to one hundred and twenty effective men, commanded by a lieutenant, the only un wounded officer. Kleist's division, of which it formed part, had sustained severe losses in every action since the truce, and after Leipzig it was found to have melted down to one-third of its original strength. Disease also broke

out in its ranks. To check this, to recruit the numbers, and repose the men, the division was sent into quarters. Von Rahden's regiment went to the duchy of Meiningen, and his battalion was quartered in the town of that name. The friendly and hospitable reception here given to the victors of Kulm and Leipzig was well calculated to make them forget past hardships and sufferings. The widowed Duchess of Meiningen gave frequent balls and entertainments, to which officers of all grades found ready admittance. The reigning duke was then a boy; his two sisters, charming young women, were most gracious and condescending. In those warlike days, the laurel-wreath was as good a crown as any other, and raised even the humble subaltern to the society of princes.

"It chanced one evening," says the Baron, "that our major, Count Reichenbach, stood up to dance a quadrille with the Princess Adelaide of Meiningen. His toilet was not well suited to the ball-room; his boots were heavy, the floor was slippery, and he several times tripped. At last he fairly fell, dragging his partner with him. His right arm was in a sling, and useless from wounds received at Lutzen, and some short time elapsed before the princess was raised from her recumbent position by the ladies and gentlemen of the court, and conducted into an adjoining apartment. With rueful countenance, and twisting his red mustache from vexation, Count Reichenbach tried to lose himself in the crowd, and to escape the annoyance of being stared at and pointed out as the man who had thrown down the beautiful young princess. It was easy to see that he would rather have stormed a dozen hostile batteries than have made so unlucky a *débüt* in the royal ball-room. In a short quarter of an hour, however, when the fuss caused by the accident had nearly subsided, the princess reappeared, looking more charming than ever, and sought about until she discovered poor Count Reichenbach, who had got into a corner near the stove. With the most captivating grace, she invited him to return to the dance, saying, loud enough for all around to hear, 'that she honour-

ed a brave Prussian soldier whose breast was adorned with the Iron Cross, and whose badly-wounded arm had not prevented his fighting the fight of liberation at Leipzig, and that with all her heart she would begin the dance again with him.' The Count's triumph was complete; the court prudes and parasites, who a moment before had looked down upon him from the height of their compassion, now rivalled each other in amiability. With a well-pleased smile the Count stroked his great beard, led the princess to the quadrille, and danced it in first-rate style." The reader will have recognised our excellent Queen Dowager in the heroine of the charming trait which an old soldier thus bluntly narrates. The kind heart and patriotic spirit of the German Princess were good presage of the benevolence and many virtues of the English Queen. "When, in May 1836," continues Captain Von Rahden, "I was presented, as captain in the Dutch service, to the Princess Adelaide, then Queen of England, at St James's Palace, her majesty perfectly remembered the incident I have here narrated to my readers. To her inquiries after Count Reichenbach, I unfortunately had to reply that he was long since dead."

In January 1814, the Baron's regiment left Meiningen, crossed the Rhine, joined the great Silesian army under old Blücher, and began the campaign in France. The actions of Montmirail, Méry sur Seine, La Ferté sous Jouarre, and various other encounters, followed in rapid succession. Hard knocks for the Allies, many of them. But all Napoleon's brilliant generalship was in vain; equally in vain did his young troops emulate the deeds of those iron veterans whose bones lay bleaching on the Beresina's banks, and in the passes of the Sierra Morena. The month of February was passed in constant fighting, and was perhaps the most interesting period of the campaigns of 1813-14. On the 13th, the Prussian advanced guard, Ziethen's division, was attacked by superior numbers and completely beaten at Montmirail. Von Rahden's battalion was one of those which had to cover the retreat of the routed troops, and

check the advance of the exulting enemy. Retiring slowly and in good order, the rearmost of the whole army, it reached the village of Etoges, when it was assailed by a prodigious mass of French cavalry. But the horsemen could make no impression on the steady ranks of Count Reichenbach's infantry.

"Here the hostile dragoons, formed in columns of squadrons and regiments, charged us at least twelve or fifteen times, always without success. Each time Count Reichenbach let them approach to within fifty or sixty paces, then ordered a halt, formed square, and opened a heavy and well-sustained fire, which quickly drove back the enemy. As soon as they retired, I and my skirmishers sprang forward, and peppered them till they again came to the charge, when we hurried back to the battalion. Count Reichenbach himself never entered the square, but during the charges took his station on the left flank, which could not fire, because it faced the road along which our artillery marched. Our gallant commander gave his orders with the same calm coolness and precision as on the parade ground. His voice and our volleys were the only sounds heard, and truly that was one of the most glorious afternoons of Count Reichenbach's life. Our western neighbours love to celebrate the deeds of their warriors by paint-brush and graver; our heroes are forgotten, but for the occasional written reminiscences of some old soldier, witness of their valiant deeds. And truly, if Horace Vernet has handed Colonel Changarnier down to posterity for standing *inside* his square whilst it received the furious but disorderly charge of semi-barbarous horse, he might, methinks, and every soldier and true Prussian will share my opinion, find a far worthier subject for his pencil in Count Reichenbach, awaiting *outside* his square the formidable attacks of six thousand French cavalymen.

"It became quite dark, and the enemy ceased to charge. Pity it was! for such was the steadiness and discipline of our men, that the defence went on like some well-regulated machine, and might have been continued for hours longer, or till our last cartridge was burnt. The count seemed unusually well pleased. Twirling his

mustache with a satisfied chuckle, he offered several officers and soldiers a dram from a little flask which he habitually carried in his holster, and turned to me with the words, 'Well done, my dear Rahden, bravo!' On hearing this praise, short and simple as it was, I could have embraced my noble commander for joy, and with feelings in my heart which only such men as Reichenbach know how to awaken, I resumed my place on the right of the battalion, which now marched away."

Gradually the Allies approached Paris. On the 28th March, at the village of Claye, only five leagues from the capital, Kleist's division came to blows with the French troops under General Compan, who had marched out to meet them. As usual, Von Rahden was with the skirmishers, as was also another lieutenant of his battalion, a Pole of gigantic frame and extraordinary strength, who here met his death. He was rushing forward at the head of his men, when a four-pound shot struck him in the breast. It went through his body, passing very near the heart, but, strange to say, without causing instant death. For most men, half an ounce of lead in the breast is an instant quietus; but so prodigious was the strength and vitality of this Pole, that he lingered, the baron assures us, full six-and-thirty hours.

"We now followed up the French infantry, which hastily retreated to a farm-yard surrounded by lofty linden and chestnut trees, and situated on a small vine-covered hill. When half-way up the eminence, we saw, upon the open space beneath the trees, several companies of the enemy in full parade uniform, with bearskin caps, large red epanlets upon their shoulders, and white breeches, form themselves into a sort of phalax, which only replied to our fire by single shots. Presently even these ceased. Scheliha and myself immediately ordered our men to leave off firing; and Scheliha, who spoke French very intelligibly, advanced to within thirty paces of the enemy and summoned them to lay down their arms, supposing that they intended to yield themselves prisoners. They made no reply, but stood firm as a wall. Scheliha

repeated his summons: a shot was fired at him. This served as a signal to our impatient followers, who opened a murderous fire upon the dense mass before them. We tried a third time to get the brave Frenchmen to yield; others of our battalions had come up, and they were completely cut off; but the sole reply we received was a sort of negative murmur, and some of them even threatened us with their muskets. Within ten minutes they all lay dead or wounded upon the ground; for our men were deaf alike to commands and entreaties, and to the voice of mercy. Most painful was it to us officers to look on at such a butchery, impotent to prevent it." It afterwards appeared that these French grenadiers, who belonged to the *Jeune Garde*, had left Paris that morning. By some mismanagement their stock of ammunition was insufficient, and having expended it, they preferred death, with arms in their hands, to captivity.

At eight o'clock on the thirtieth, Kleist's and York's corps, now united, passed the Ourcq canal, and marched along the Pantin road towards Paris. Upon that morning they saw old Blucher for the first time for more than a month. He seemed on the brink of the grave, and wore a woman's bonnet of green silk to protect his eyes, which were dangerously inflamed. He was on horseback, but was soon obliged to return to his travelling carriage in rear of the army, and to give up the command to Barclay de Tolly. "Luckily," says the baron, "the troops knew nothing of the substitution." Although it would probably hardly have mattered much, for there was little more work to do. For that year this was the last day's fight. After some flank movements which took up several hours, the Allied infantry attacked the village of La Villette, but were repulsed by the artillery from the adjacent barrier. The brigade batteries loitered in the rear, and Prince Augustus, vexed at their absence, sent an aide-de-camp to bring them up. One of them was commanded by Lieutenant Holsche, Von Rahden's former instructor at the artillery school, of whom we have already related an anecdote. Although an undoubtedly brave and circumspect officer, on this occasion he remained too far behind the in-

fantry; and Captain Decker,* who was dispatched to fetch him, was not sorry to be the medium of conveying the Prince's sharp message, the less so as he had observed a certain nonchalance and want of deference in the artillery lieutenant's manner of receiving the orders of his superiors. At a later period, Baron Von Rahden heard from Decker himself the following characteristic account of his reception by the gallant but eccentric Holsche.

"I came up to the battery," said Decker, "at full gallop. The men were dismounted, and their officer stood chatting with his comrades beside a newly-made fire. 'Lieutenant Holsche,' said I, rather sharply, 'his Royal Highness is exceedingly astonished that you remain idle here, and has directed me to command you instantly to advance your battery against the enemy.'

"'Indeed?' was Holsche's quiet reply, 'his Royal Highness is astonished!' and then, turning to his men with the same calmness of tone and manner, 'Stand to your horses! Mount! Battery, march!'

"I thought the pace commanded was not quick enough, and in the same loud and imperious voice as before, I observed to Lieutenant Holsche that he would not be up in time; he had better move faster. 'Indeed! not quick enough?' quietly answered Holsche, and gave the word, 'March, march!' We now soon got over the ground and within the enemy's fire, and, considering my duty at an end, I pointed out to the Lieutenant the direction he should take, and whereabouts he should post his battery. But Holsche begged me in the most friendly manner to go on and show him exactly where he should halt. I naturally enough complied with his request. The nearer we got to the French, the faster became the pace, until at last we were in front of our most advanced battalions. The bullets whizzed about us on all sides; I once more made a move to turn back, and told Holsche he might stop where he was. With the same careless air as before, he repeated his request that

I would remain, in order to be able to tell his Royal Highness where Lieutenant Holsche and his battery had halted! What could I do? It was any thing but pleasant to share so great a danger, without either necessity or profit; and certainly I might very well have turned back, but Holsche, by whose side I galloped, fixed his large dark eyes upon my countenance, as though he would have read my very soul. We were close to our own skirmishers; on we went, right through them, into the middle of the enemy's riflemen, who, quite surprised at being charged by a battery, retired in all haste. It really seemed as if the artillery was going over to the enemy. At two hundred paces from the French column, however, Holsche halted, unlimbered, and gave two discharges from the whole battery, with such beautiful precision and astounding effect, that he sent the hostile squadrons and battalions to the right about, and even silenced some of the heavy guns within the barriers. That done he returned to me, and begged me to inform the Prince where I had left Lieutenant Holsche and his battery. 'Perhaps,' added he, 'his Royal Highness will again find occasion to be astonished; and I shall be very glad of it.' And truly the Prince and all of us were astonished at this gallant exploit; it had been achieved in sight of the whole army, and had produced a glorious and most desirable result."

For this feat Holsche was rewarded with the Iron Cross of the first class. He had already at Leipzig gained that of the second, and on receiving it his ambition immediately aspired to the higher decoration. Many a time had he been heard to vow, that if he obtained it, he would have a cross as large as his hand manufactured by the farrier of his battery, and wear it upon his breast. To this he pledged his word. The manner in which he kept it is thus related by his old friend and pupil.

"We were on our march from Paris to Amiens, when we were informed, one beautiful morning, that

* The noted military writer, Carl Von Decker; since General.

our brigade battery, under Lieutenant Holsche, was in cantonments in the next village. The music at our head, we marched through the place in parade time, and paid Holsche military honours as ex-commandant of the Straw-bonnet, which title he still retained. Intimate acquaintance and sincere respect might well excuse this little deviation from the regulations of the service. Our haut-boys blew a favourite march, to which Holsche himself had once in Glatz written words, beginning:—

‘Natz, Natz, Annemarie,
Da kommt die Glätzer Infanterie.’

In his blue military frock, with forage cap and sword, Holsche stood upon a small raised patch of turf in front of his quarters, gravely saluting in acknowledgment of the honours paid him, which he received with as proud a bearing as if he was legitimately entitled to them. This did not surprise us, knowing him as we did, but not a little were we astonished when we saw an Iron Cross of the first class, as large as a plate, fastened upon his left breast. The orders for the battle of Paris and the other recent fights in France had just been distributed; Holsche was amongst the decorated, and the jovial artilleryman took this opportunity to fulfil his oft-repeated vow. Only a few hours before our arrival he had had the cross manufactured by his farrier.”

This dashing but wrong-headed officer soon afterwards became a captain, and subsequently major, but his extravagances, and especially his addiction to wine, got him into frequent trouble, until at last he was put upon the retired list as lieutenant-colonel, and died at Schweidnitz in Silesia.

At six in the evening of the 30th March, the last fight of the campaign was over, and aides-de-camp galloped hither and thither, announcing the capitulation of Paris. Right pleasant were such sounds to the ears of the war-worn soldiers. Infantry grounded their arms, dragoons dismounted, artillerymen leaned idly against their pieces; Langeron alone, who had begun the storm of Montmartre, would not desist from his undertaking. Officers rode after him, waving their white handkerchiefs as a signal to cease firing, but without effect. The

Russians stormed on; and if Langeron attained his end with comparatively small loss, the enemy being already in retreat, there were nevertheless four or five hundred men sacrificed to his ambition, and that he might have it to say that he and his Russians carried Montmartre by storm. Whilst the rest of the troops waited till he had attained his end, and congratulated each other on the termination of the hardships and privations of the preceding three months, a Russian bomb-carriage took fire, the drivers left it, and its six powerful horses, scorched and terrified by the explosion of the projectiles, ran madly about the field, dragging at their heels this artificial volcano. The battalions which they approached scared them away by shouts, until the unlucky beasts knew not which way to turn. At last, the shells and grenades being all burnt out, the horses stood still, and, strange to say, not one of them had received the slightest injury.

Terrible was the disappointment of Kleist's and York's divisions, when they learned on the morning subsequent to the capitulation that they were not to enter Paris; but, after four-and-twenty hours' repose in the faubourg Montmartre, where they had passed the previous night, were to march from the capital into country quarters. Their motley and weather-beaten aspect was the motive of this order—a heart-breaking one for the brave officers and soldiers who had borne the heat and burden of the day during a severe and bloody campaign, and now found themselves excluded from the earthly paradise of their hopes. They had fought and suffered more than the Prussian and Russian guards; but the latter were smart and richly uniformed, whilst the poor fellows of the line had rubbed off and besmirched in many a hard encounter and rainy bivouac what little gilding they ever possessed. So long as fighting was the order of the day, they were in request; but it was now the turn of parades, and on these they would cut but a sorry figure. So “right about” was the word, and Amiens the route. A second day's respite was allowed them, however; and although they were strictly confined to their quarters, lest they should shock the sensitiveness of the Parisian

bourgeoisie by their ragged breeks, long beards, and diversity of equipment, some of the officers obtained leave to go into Paris. Von Rahden was amongst these, and, after a dinner at Véry's, where his Silesian simplicity and campaigning appetite were rather astonished by the exiguity of the *plats* placed before him, whereof he managed to consume some five-and-twenty, after admiring the wonders of the Palace Royal, and the rich uniforms of almost every nation with which the streets were crowded, he betook himself to the Place Vendôme to gaze at the fallen conqueror's triumphant column. It was surrounded by a mob of fickle Parisians, eager to cast down from its high estate the idol they so recently had worshipped. One daredevil fellow climbed upon the Emperor's shoulders, slung a cord round his neck, dragged up a great ship's cable and twisted it several times about the statue. The rabble seized the other end of the rope, and with cries of "*à bas ce canaille!*" tugged furiously at it. Their efforts were unavailing, Napoleon stood firm, until the Allied sovereigns, who, from the window of an adjacent house, beheld this disgraceful riot, sent a company of Russian grenadiers to disperse the mob. The masses gave way before the bayonet, but not till the same man who had fastened the rope, again climbed up, and with a white cloth shrouded the statue of the once adored Emperor from the eyes of his faithless subjects. It is well known that, a few weeks later, the figure was taken down by order of the Emperor Alexander, who carried it away as his sole trophy, and gave it a place in the winter palace at St Petersburg. When Louis XVIII. returned to Paris, a broad white banner, embroidered with three golden lilies, waved from the summit of the column; but this in its turn was displaced, by the strong south wind that blew from Elba in March 1815, when Napoleon re-entered his capital. A municipal deputation waited upon him to know what he would please to have placed on the top of the triumphant column. "A weathercock" was the little corporal's sarcastic reply. Since that day, the lilies and the tricolor have again alternated on the magnificent column, until the only thing that ought to surmount

it, the statue of the most extraordinary man of modern, perhaps of any, times, has resumed its proud position, and once more overlooks the capital which he did so much to improve and embellish.

"I now wandered to the opera-house," says the baron, "to hear Sponrini's *Vestale*. The enormous theatre was full to suffocation; in every box the Allied uniforms glittered, arms flashed in the bright light, police spies loitered and listened, beautiful women waved their kerchiefs and joined in the storm of applause, as if that day had been a most glorious and triumphant one for France. The consul Licinius, represented, if I remember aright, by the celebrated St Priest, was continually interrupted in his songs, and called upon for the old national melody '*Vive Henri Quatre*,' which he gave with couplets composed for the occasion, some of which, it was said, were improvisations. In the midst of this rejoicing, a rough voice made itself heard from the upper gallery. '*À bas l'aigle imperial!*' were the words it uttered, and in an instant every eye was turned to the Emperor's box, whose purple velvet curtains were closely drawn, and to whose front a large and richly gilt eagle was affixed. The audience took up the cry and repeated again and again—'*À bas l'aigle imperial!*' Presently the curtains were torn asunder, a fellow seated himself upon the cushioned parapet, twined his legs round the eagle, and knocked, and hammered, till it fell with a crash to the ground. Again the royalist ditty was called for, with *ad libitum* couplets, in which the words '*ce diable à quatre*' were only too plainly perceptible; the unfortunate consul had to repeat them till he was hoarse, and so ended the great comedy performed that day by the '*Grande Nation*.' Most revolting it was, and every right-thinking man shuddered at such thorough Gallic indecency."

Baron Von Rahden tells the story of his life well and pleasantly, without pretensions to brilliancy and elegance of style, but with soldierly frankness and spirit. We have read this first portion of his memoirs with pleasure and interest, and may take occasion again to refer to its lively and varied contents.

ADVICE TO AN INTENDING SERIALIST.

A LETTER TO T. SMITH, ESQ., SCENE-PAINTER AND TRAGEDIAN AT THE AMPHITHEATRE.

MY DEAR SMITH,—Your complaint of my unwarrantable detention of the manuscript which, some months ago, you were kind enough to forward for my perusal, is founded upon a total misconception of the nature of my interim employments. I have not, as you somewhat broadly insinuate, been priggish bits of your matchless rhetoric in order to give currency and flavour to my own more maudlin articles. The lemon-peel of Smith has not entered into the composition of any of my literary puddings; neither have I bartered a single fragment of your delectable facetiæ for gold. I return you the precious bundle as safe and undivulged as when it was committed to my custody, and none the worse for the rather extensive journey which it has materially contributed to cheer.

The fact is, that I have been, sojourning this summer utterly beyond the reach of posts. To you, whose peculiar vocation it is to cater for the taste of the public, I need hardly remark that novelty is, now-a-days, in literature as in every thing else, an indispensable requisite for success. People will not endure the iteration of a story, however well it may be told. The same locality palls upon their ears, and that style of wit which, last year, was sufficient to convulse an audience, may, if continued for another session, be branded with the infamy of slang. Even our mutual friend Barry, whose jests are the life of the arena, is quite aware of this unerring physiological rule. He does not depend upon captivating the galleries for ever by his ingenious conundrum of getting into an empty quart bottle. His inimitable “be quiet, will ye?” as the exasperated Master of the Ring flicks off an imaginary fly from his motley inexpressibles, is now reserved as a great point for rare and special occasions; and he now lays in a new stock of witticisms at the commencement of each campaign, as regularly as you contract for lamp-

black and ochre when there is an immediate prospect of a grand new military spectacle. The want of attention to this rule has, I fear, operated prejudicially upon the fortunes of our agile acquaintance, Hervio Nano, whom I last saw devouring raw beef in the character of a human Nondescript. Harvey depended too much upon his original popularity as the Gnome Fly, and failed through incessant repetition. The public at length would not stand the appearance of that eternal blue-bottle. The sameness of his entomology was wearisome. He should have varied his representations by occasionally assuming the characters of the Spectre Spider, or the Black Tarantula of the Tombs.

Now you must know, that for the last three years I have been making my living exclusively out of the Swedish novels and the Countess Ida von Hahn-Hahn. To Frederike Bremer I owe a prodigious debt of gratitude; for she has saved me the trouble—and it is a prodigious bore—of inventing plots and characters, as I was compelled to do when the Rhine and the Danube were the chosen seats of fiction. For a time the literary plough went merrily through the sward of Sweden; nor can I, with any degree of conscience, complain of the quality of the crop. But, somehow or other, the thing was beginning to grow stale. People lost their relish for the perpetual raspberry jam, tart-making, spinning, and the other processes of domestic kitchen economy which formed our Scandinavian staple; indeed, I had a shrewd suspicion from the first that the market would soon be glutted by the introduction of so much linen and flannel. It is very difficult to keep up a permanent interest in favour of a heroic in homespun, and the store-room is but a queer locality for the interchange of lovers' sighs. I therefore was not surprised, last spring, to find my publishers somewhat shy of entering into terms for a new translation of “*Snorra Gorrundstrul*; or,

The Barmaid of Strundschevov," and, in the true spirit of British enterprise, I resolved to carry my flag elsewhere.

On looking over the map of the world, with the view of selecting a novel field, I was astonished to find that almost every compartment was already occupied by one of our literary brethren. There is in all Europe scarce a diocese left unsung, and, like romance, civilisation is making rapid strides towards both the east and the west. In this dilemma I bethought me of Iceland as a virgin soil. Victor Hugo, it is true, had made some advances towards it in one of his earlier productions; but, if I recollect right, even that daring pioneer of letters did not penetrate beyond Norway, and laid the scene of his stirring narrative somewhere about the wilds of Drontheim. The bold dexterity with which he has transferred the Morgue from Paris to the most arctic city of the world, has always commanded my most entire admiration. It is a stroke of machinery equal to any which you, my dear Smith, have ever introduced into a pantomime; and I question whether it was much surpassed by the transit of the Holy Chapel to Loretto. In like manner I had intended to transport a good deal of ready-made London ware to Iceland; or rather—if that will make my meaning clearer—to take my idea both of the scenery and characters from the Surrey Zoological Gardens, wherein last year I had the privilege of witnessing a superb eruption of Mount Hecla. On more mature reflection, however, I thought it might be as well to take an actual survey of the regions which I intend henceforward to occupy as my own especial domain; and—having, moreover, certain reasons which shall be nameless, for a temporary evacuation of the metropolis—I engaged a passage in a northern whaler, and have only just returned after an absence of half a year. Yes, Smith! Incredible as it may appear to you, I have actually been in Iceland, seen Hecla in a state of conflagration; and it was by that lurid light, while my mutton was boiling in the Geyser, that I first unfolded your manuscript, and read the introductory chapters of "SILAS SPAVINUTEN; or,

Rides around the Circus with Widdicomb and Co."

I trust, therefore, that after this explanation, you will discontinue the epithet of "beast," and the corresponding expletives which you have used rather liberally in your last two epistles. When you consider the matter calmly, I think you will admit that you have suffered no very material loss in consequence of the unavoidable delay; and, as to the public, I am quite sure that they will devour Silas more greedily about Christmas, than if he had made his appearance, all booted and spurred, in the very height of the dog-days. You will also have the opportunity, as your serial is not yet completed, of reflecting upon the justice of the hints which I now venture to offer for your future guidance—hints, derived not only from my observation of the works of others, but from some little personal experience in that kind of popular composition; and, should you agree with me in any of the views herein-after expressed, you may perhaps be tempted to act upon them in the revision and completion of your extremely interesting work. First, then, let me say a few words regarding the purpose and the nature of that sort of *feuilleton* which we now denominate the serial.

Do not be alarmed, Smith. I am not going to conglomerate your faculties by any Aristotelian exposition. You are a man of by far too much practical sense to be humbugged by such outworn pedantry, and your own particular purpose in penning Silas is of course most distinctly apparent. You want to sack as many of the public shillings as possible. That is the great motive which lies at the foundation of all literary or general exertion, and the man who does not confess it broadly and openly is an ass. If your study of Fitzball has not been too exclusive, you may perhaps recollect the lines of Byron:—

"No! when the sons of song descend
to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former
laurels fade,
Let such forego the poet's sacred
name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not
for fame;

Low may they sink to merited contempt,
 And scorn remunerate the mean attempt!
 Such be their meed, such still the just reward
 Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!"

Now these, although they have passed current in the world for some thirty years, are in reality poor lines, and the sentiment they intend to inculcate is contemptible. Byron lived long enough to know the value of money, as his correspondence with the late Mr Murray most abundantly testifies—indeed, I question whether any author ever beat him at the art of chaffering. If it be a legitimate matter of reproach against an author that he writes for money, then heaven help the integrity of every profession and trade in this great and enlightened kingdom! What else, in the name of common sense, should he write for? Fame? Thank you! Fame may be all very well in its way, but it butters no parsnips; and, if I am to be famous, I would much rather case my renown in fine linen than in filthy dowlas. Let people say what they please, the best criterion of every article is its marketable value, and no man on the face of this earth will work without a reasonable wage.

Your first and great purpose, therefore, is to make money, and to make as much as you can. But then there is another kind of purpose, which, if I was sure you could comprehend me, I should call the intrinsic one, and which must be considered very seriously before you obtrude yourself upon the public. In other words, what is to be the general tendency of your work? "Fun," I think I hear you reply, "and all manner of sky-larking." Very good. But then, my dear friend, you must consider that there is a sort of method even in grimacing. There is a gentleman connected with your establishment, who is popularly reported to possess the inestimable talent of turning his head inside out. I never saw him perform that cephalic operation, but I have heard it highly spoken of by others who have enjoyed the privilege. But this it is obvious, though a very admirable and effective incident, could

hardly be taken as the groundwork of a five-act play, or even a three-act melodrama; and, in like manner, your fun and sky-larking must have something of a positive tendency. I don't mean to insinuate that there is no story in Silas Spavinitch. He is, if I recollect aright, the younger son of a nobleman, who falls in love—at Astley's, of course—with Signora Estrella di Canterini, the peerless Amazon of the ring. He forsakes his ancestral halls, abjures Parliament, and enlists in the cavalry of the Hippodrome. In that gallant and distinguished corps he rises to an unusual rank, utterly eclipses Herr Pferdenschuf, more commonly known by the title of the Suanbian acrobat—wins the heart of the Signora by taming Centaur, the fierce Arabian stallion; and gains the notice and favour of royalty itself, by leaping the Mammoth horse over nineteen consecutive bars. Your manuscript ends at the point where Spavinitch, having accidentally discovered that the beautiful Canterini is the daughter of Abd-el-Kader by a Sicilian princess, resolves to embark for Africa with the whole chivalry of the Surrey side, and, by driving the French from Algiers, to substantiate his claim upon the Emir for his daughter's hand. There is plenty incident here; but, to say the truth, I don't quite see my way out of it. Are you going to take history into your own hands, and write in the spirit of prophecy? The experiment is, to say the least of it, dangerous; and, had I been you, I should have preferred an earlier period for my tale, as there obviously could have been no difficulty in making Spavinitch and his cavaliers take a leading part in the decisive charge at Waterloo.

Your serial, therefore, so far as I can discover, belongs to the military-romantic school, and is intended to command admiration by what we may call a series of scenic effects. I am not much surprised at this. Your experience has lain so much in the line of gorgeous spectacle, and, indeed, you have borne a part in so many of those magnificent tableaux in which blue fire, real cannon, charging squadrons, and the transparency of Britannia are predominant, that it was hardly to be expected that the

current of your ideas would have flowed in a humbler channel. At the same time, you must forgive me for saying, that I think the line is a dangerous one. Putting tendency altogether aside, you cannot but recollect that a great many writers have already distinguished themselves by narratives of military adventure. Of these, by far the best and most spirited is Charles Lever. I don't know whether he ever was in the army, or bore the banner of the Emmiskillens; but I say deliberately, that he has taken the shine out of all military writers from the days of Julius Caesar downwards. There is a rollocking buoyancy about his battles which to me is perfectly irresistible. In one chapter you have the lads of the fighting Fifty-fifth bivouacking under the cork-trees of Spain, with no end of spatchcocks and sherry—telling numerous anecdotes of their early loves, none the worse because the gentleman is invariably disappointed in his pursuit of the well-jointed widow—or arranging for a speedy duel with that ogre of the army, the saturnine and heavy dragon. In the next, you have them raging like lions in the very thick of the fight, pouring withering volleys into the shattered columns of the Frenchmen—engaged in single-handed combats with the most famous marshals of the empire, and not unfrequently leaving marks of their prowess upon the persons of Massena or Murat. Lever, in fact, sticks at nothing. His heroes indiscriminately hob-a-nob with Wellington, or perform somersets at leap-frog over the shoulders of the astounded Bonaparte; and, though somewhat given to miscellaneous flirtation, they all, in the twentieth number, are married to remarkably nice girls, with lots of money and accommodating papas, who die as soon as they are desired. It may be objected to this delightful writer—and a better never mixed a tumbler—that he is, if any thing, too helter-skelter in his narratives; that the officers of the British army do not, as an invariable rule, go into action in a state of *delirium tremens*; and that O'Shaughnessy, in particular, is rather too fond of furbishing up, for the entertainment of the mess, certain stories

which have been current for the last fifty years in Tipperary. These, however, are very minor points of criticism, and such as need not interfere with our admiration of this light lancer of literature, who always writes like a true and a high-minded gentleman.

Now, my dear Smith, I must own that I have some fear of your success when opposed to such a competitor. You have not been in the army—that is, the regulars—and I should say that you were more conversant in theory and in practice with firing from platforms than firing in platoons. I have indeed seen you, in the character of Soult, lead several desperate charges across the stage, with consummate dramatic effect. Your single combat with Gomersal as Picton, was no doubt a masterpiece of its kind; for in the course of it you brought out as many sparks from the blades of your basket-hilts, as might have served in the aggregate for a very tolerable illumination. Still I question whether the style of dialogue you indulged in on that occasion, is quite the same as that which is current on a modern battle-field. "Ha! English slave! Yield, or thou diest!" is an apostrophe more appropriate to the middle ages than the present century; and although the patriotism of the following answer by your excellent opponent is undeniable, its propriety may be liable to censure. Crossing the stage at four tremendous strides, the glorious Gomersal replied, "Yield, saidst thou? Never! I tell thee, Frenchman, that whilst the broad banner of Britain floats over the regions on which the day-star never sets—while peace and plenty brood like guardian angels over the shores of my own dear native isle—whilst her sons are brave, and her daughters virtuous—whilst the British lion reposes on his shadow in perfect stillness—whilst with thunders from our native oak we quell the floods below—I tell thee, base satellite of a tyrant, that an Englishman never will surrender!" In the applause which followed this declaration, your remark, that several centuries beheld you from the top of a canvass pyramid, was partially lost upon the audience; but to it you went tooth and nail for at least a

quarter of an hour; and I must confess that the manuer in which you traversed the stage on your left knee, parrying all the while the strokes of your infuriated adversary, was highly creditable to your proficiency in the broadsword and gymnastic exercises.

But all this, Smith, will not enable you to write a military serial. I therefore hope, that on consideration you will abandon the Algiers expedition, and keep Silas in his native island, where, if you will follow my advice, you will find quite enough for him to do in the way of incident and occupation.

Now let us return to the question of tendency. Once upon a time, it was a trite rule by which all romance writers were guided, that in the *dénouement* of their plots, virtue was invariably rewarded, and vice as invariably punished. This gave a kind of moral tone to their writings, which was not without its effect upon our grandfathers and grandmothers, many of whom were inclined to consider all works of fiction as direct emanations from Beelzebub. The next generation became gradually less nice and scrupulous, demanded more spice in their pottage, and attached less importance to the prominence of an ethical precept. At last we became, strictly speaking, a good deal black-guardised in our taste. Ruffianism in the middle ages bears about it a stamp of feudality which goes far to disguise its lawlessness, and even to excuse its immorality. When a German knight of the empire sacks and burns some peaceful and unoffending village—when a Bohemian marauder of noble birth bears off some shrieking damsel from her paternal castle, having previously slit the weasand of her brother, and then weds her in a subterranean chapel—or when a roaring red-bearded Highlander drives his dirk into a gauger, or chucks a score of Sassenachs, tied back to back, with a few hundredweight of greywacke at their heels, into the loch—we think less of the enormity of the deeds than of the disagreeable habits of the times. It does not follow that either German, Bohemian, or Celt, were otherwise bad company or disagreeable companions over a flagon of Rhenish, a roasted boar, or

a gallon or so of usquebæ. But when you come to the Newgate Callendar for subjects, I must say that we are getting rather low. I do not know what your feelings upon the subject may be, but I, for one, would certainly hesitate before accepting an invitation to the town residence of Mr Fagin; neither should I feel at all comfortable if required to plant my legs beneath the mahogany in company with Messrs Dodger, Bates, and the rest of their vivacious associates. However fond I may be of female society, Miss Nancy is not quite the sort of person I should fancy to look in upon of an evening about tea-time; and as for Bill Sykes, that infernal dog of his would be quite enough to prevent any advances of intimacy between us. In fact, Smith, although you may think the confession a squeamish one, I am not in the habit of selecting my acquaintance from the inhabitants of St Giles, and on every possible occasion I should eschew accepting their hospitalities.

I have, therefore, little opportunity of judging whether the characters depicted by some of our later serialists, are exact copies from nature or the reverse. I have, however, heard several young ladies declare them to be extremely natural, though I confess to have been somewhat puzzled as to their means of accurate information. But I may be allowed *en passant* to remark, that it seems difficult to imagine what kind of pleasure can be derived from the description of a scene, which, if actually contemplated by the reader, would inspire him with loathing and disgust, or from conversations in which the brutal alternates with the positive obscene. The fetid den of the Jew, the stinking cellar of the thief, the squalid attic of the prostitute, are not haunts for honest men, and the less that we know of them the better. Such places no doubt exist—the more is the pity; but so do dunghills, and a hundred other filthy things, which the imagination shudders at whenever they are forced upon it,—for the man who willingly and deliberately dwells upon such subjects, is, notwithstanding all pretext, in heart and soul a night-man! Don't tell me about close

painting after nature. Nature is not always to be painted as she really is. Would you hang up such paintings in your drawing-room? If not, why suffer them in print to lie upon your drawing-room tables? What are Eugene Sue and his English competitors, but coarser and more prurient Ostades?

Oh, but there is a moral in these things! No doubt of it. There is a moral in all sin and misery, as there is in all virtue and happiness. There is a moral every where, and the veriest bungler cannot fail to seize it. But is that a reason why the minds of our sons and daughters should be polluted by what is notoriously the nearest thing to contact with absolute vice—namely, vivid and graphic descriptions of it by writers of undenied ability? Did *Life in London*, or the exploits of Tom, Jerry, and Logic, make the youth of the metropolis more staid, or inspire them with a wholesome horror of dissipation? Did the memoirs of Casanova ever reclaim a rake—the autobiography of David Haggart convert an aspiring pickpocket—or the daring feats of Jack Sheppard arrest one candidate for the gallows? These are the major cases; but look at the minor ones. What are the favourite haunts of the heroes in even the most blameless of our serials? Pot-houses—cigariums—green-rooms of theatres—hells—spunging-houses—garrets—and the scullery! Nice and improving all this—isn't it, Smith?—for the young and rising generation! No need now for surreptitious works, entitled, “*A Guide to the Larks of London*,” or so forth, which used formerly to issue from the virgin press of Holywell Street. Almost any serial will give hints enough to an acute boy, if he wishes to gain an initiative knowledge of subjects more especially beneath the cognisance of the police. They will at least guide him to the door with the red lamp burning over it, and only one plank betwixt its iniquity and the open street. And all this is for a moral! Heaven knows, Smith, I am no Puritan; but when I think upon the men who now call themselves the lights of the age, and look back upon the past, I am absolutely sick at heart,

and could almost wish for a return of the days of Mrs Radcliffe and the Castle of Otranto.

Now, my dear fellow, as I know you to be a thoroughly good-hearted man—not overgiven to liquor, although your estimate of beer is a just one—a constant husband, and, moreover, the father of five or six promising olive-branches, I do not for a moment suppose that you are likely to inweave any such tendencies in your tale. You would consider it low to make a prominent character of a scavenger; and although some dozen idiots who call themselves philanthropists would brand you as an aristocrat for entertaining any such opinion, I think you are decidedly in the right. But there is another tendency towards which I suspect you are more likely to incline. You are a bit of a Radical, and, like all men of genius, you pique yourself on elbowing upwards. So far well. The great ladder, or rather staircase of ambition, is open to all of us, and it is fortunately broader than it is high. It is not the least too narrow to prevent any one from approaching it, and after you have taken the first step, there is nothing more than stamina and perseverance required. But then I do not see that it is necessary to be perpetually plucking at the coat-tails, or seizing hold of the ankles of those who are before. Such conduct is quite as indecorous, and indeed ungenerous, as it would be to kick back, and systematically to smite with your heel the unprotected foreheads of your followers. Nor would I be perpetually pitching brickbats upwards, in order to show my own independence; or raising a howl of injustice, because another fellow was considerably elevated above me. In the social system, Smith, as it stands at present, has always stood, and will continue to stand long after Astley's is forgotten, it is not necessary that every one should commence at the lowest round of the staircase. Their respective fathers and progenitors have secured an advantageous start for many. They have achieved, as the case may be, either rank or fame, or honour, or wealth, or credit—and these possessions they are surely entitled to leave as an inheritance of their offspring. If we want

to rise higher in the social scale than they did, we must make exertions for ourselves; if we are indolent, we must be contented to remain where we are, though at imminent risk of descending. But you, I take it for granted, and indeed the most of us who owe little to ancestral enterprise and are in fact men of the masses, are struggling forward towards one or other of the good things specified above, and no doubt we shall in time attain them. In the meanwhile, however, is it just—nay, is it wise—that we should mar our own expectancies, and depreciate the value of the prizes which we covet, by abusing not only the persons but the position of those above us? How are they to blame? Are they any the worse that they stand, whether adventitiously or not, at a point which we are endeavouring to reach? Am I necessarily a miscreant because I am born rich, and you a martyr because you are poor? I do not quite follow the argument. If there is any one to blame, you will find their names written on the leaves of your own family-tree; but I don't see that on that account you have any right to execrate me or my ancestors.

I am the more anxious to caution you against putting any such rubbish into your pages, because I fear you have contracted some sort of intimacy with a knot of utilitarian ninnyhammers. The last time I had the pleasure of meeting you at the Ducrow's Head, there was a seedy-looking, ill-conditioned fellow seated on your right, who, between his frequent draughts of porter, (which you paid for,) did nothing but abuse the upper classes as tyrants, fools, and systematical grinders of the poor. I took the liberty, as you may remember, of slightly differing from some of his wholesale positions; whereupon your friend, regarding me with a cadaverous sneer, was pleased to mutter something about a sycophant, the tenor of which I did not precisely comprehend. Now, unless I am shrewdly mistaken, this was one of the earnest men—fellows who are continually bawling on people to go forward—who set themselves up for popular teachers, and maunder about “a oneness of purpose,” “intellectual elevation,”

“aspirations after reality,” and such-like drivel, as though they were absolute Solons, not blockheads of the muddiest water. And I was sorry to observe that you rather seemed to agree with the rusty patriot in some of his most sweeping strictures, and evinced an inclination to adopt his theory of the coming Utopia, which, judging from the odour that pervaded his apostolic person and raiment, must bear a strong resemblance to a modern gin-shop. Now, Smith, this will not do. There may be inequalities in this world, and there may also be injustice; but it is a very great mistake to hold that one-half of the population of these islands is living in profligate ease upon the compulsory labour of the other. I am not going to write you a treatise upon political economy; but I ask you to reflect for a moment, and you will see how ludicrous is the charge. This style of thinking, or, what is worse, this style of writing, is positively the most mischievous production of the present day. Disguised under the specious aspect of philanthropy, it fosters self-conceit and discontent, robs honest industry of that satisfaction which is its best reward, and, instead of removing, absolutely creates invidious class-distinctions. And I will tell you from what this spirit arises—it is the working of the meanest envy.

There never was a time when talent, and genius, and ability, had so fair a field as now. The power of the press is developed to an extent which almost renders exaggeration impossible, and yet it is still upon the increase. A thousand minds are now at work, where a few were formerly employed. We have become a nation of readers and of writers. The rudiments of education, whatever may be said of its higher branches, are generally distributed throughout the masses—so much so, indeed, that without them no man can hope to ascend one step in the social scale. This is a great, though an imperfect gain, and, like all such, it has its evils.

Of these not the least is the astounding growth of quackery. It assails us every where, and on every side; and, with consummate impudence, it asserts its mission to teach. Look at the shoals of itinerant lecturers which

at this moment are swarming through the land. No department of science is too deep, no political question too abstruse, for their capacity. They have their own theories on the subjects of philosophy and religion—of which theories I shall merely remark, that they differ in many essentials from the standards both of church and college—and these they communicate to their audience with the least possible regard to reservation. Had you ever the pleasure, Smith, of meeting one of these gentlemen amongst the amenities of private life? I have upon various occasions enjoyed that luxury; and, so far as I am capable of judging, the Pericles of the platform appeared to me a coarse-minded, illiterate, and ignorant Cockney, with the manners and effrontery of a bag-man. Such are the class of men who affect to regenerate the people with the tongue, and who are listened to even with avidity, because impudence, like charity, can cover a multitude of defects; and thus they stand, like so many sons of Telamon, each secure behind the shelter of his brazen shield. As to the pen-regenerators, they are at least equally numerous. I do not speak of the established press, the respectability and talent of which is undeniable; but of the minor crew, who earn their bread partly by fostering discontent, and partly by pandering to the worst of human passions. The merest whelp, who can write a decent paragraph, considers himself, now-a-days, entitled to assume the airs of an Aristarchus, and will pronounce opinions, *ex cathedra*, upon every question, no matter of what importance, for he too is a teacher of the people!

This is the lowest sort of quackery; but there are also higher degrees. Our literature, of what ought to be the better sort, has by no means escaped the infection. In former times, men who devoted themselves to the active pursuit of letters, brought to the task not only high talent, but deep and measured thought, and an accumulated fund of acquirement. They studied long before they wrote, and attempted no subject until they had thoroughly and comprehensively mastered its details. But we live under a new system. There is no

want of talent, though it be of a rambling and disjointed kind; but we look in vain for marks of the previous study. Our authors deny the necessity or advantage of an apprenticeship, and set up for masters before they have learned the rudiments of their art, and they dispense altogether with reflection. Few men now think before they write. The consequence is, that a great proportion of our modern literature is of the very flimsiest description—vivid, sometimes, and not without sparkles of genuine humour; but so ill constructed as to preclude the possibility of its long existence. No one is entitled to reject models, unless he has studied them, and detected their faults; but this is considered by far too tedious a process for modern ingenuity. We are thus inundated with a host of clever writers, each relying upon his peculiar and native ability, jesting—for that is the humour of the time—against each other, and all of them forsaking nature, and running deplorably into caricature.

These are the men who make the loudest outcry against the social system, and who appear to be imbued with an intense hatred of the aristocracy, and indeed with every one of our time-honoured institutions. This I know has been denied; but, in proof of my assertion, I appeal to their published works. Read any one of them through, and I ask you if you do not rise from it with a sort of conviction, that you must search for the cardinal virtues solely in the habitations of the poor—that the rich are hard, selfish, griping, and tyrannical—and that the nobility are either fools, spendthrifts, or debauchees? Is it so, as a general rule, in actual life? Far from it. I do not need to be told of the virtue and industry which grace the poor man's lot; for we all feel and know it, and God forbid that it should be otherwise. But we know also that there is as great, if not greater temptation in the hovel than in the palace, with fewer counteracting effects from education and principle to withstand it; and it is an insult to our understanding to be told, that fortune and station are in effect but other words for tyranny, callousness, and crime.

The fact is, that most of these authors know nothing whatever of the society which they affect to describe, but which in truth they grossly libel. Their starting-point is usually not a high one; but by dint of some talent—in certain cases naturally great—and a vivacity of style, joined with a good deal of drollery and power of bizarre description, they at last gain a portion of the public favour, and become in a manner notables. This is as it should be; and such progress is always honourable. Having arrived at this point, not without a certain degree of intoxication consequent upon success, our author begins to look about him and to consider his own position—and he finds that position to be both new and anomalous. On the one hand he has become a lion. The newspapers are full of his praises; his works are dramatized at the minor theatres; he is pointed at in the streets, and his publisher is clamorous for copy. At small literary reunions he is the cynosure of all eyes. And so his organ of self-esteem continues to expand day by day, until he fancies himself entitled to a statue near the altar in the Temple of Fame—not very far, perhaps, from those of Shakspeare, of Spencer, or of Scott. One little drop of gall, however, is mingled in the nectar of his cup. He does not receive that consideration which he thinks himself entitled to from the higher classes. Peers do not wait upon him with pressing invitations to their country-seats; nor does he receive any direct intimation of the propriety of presenting himself at Court. This appears to him not only strange but grossly unfair. He is one of nature's aristocracy—at least so he thinks; and yet he is regarded with indifference by the body of the class aristocrats! Why is this? He knows they have heard of his name; he is convinced that they have read his works, and been mightily tickled thereby; yet how is it that they show no manner of thirst whatever for his society? In vain he lays in scores of apple-green satin waist-coats, florid cravats, and a wilderness of mosaic jewellery—in vain he makes himself conspicuous wherever he can—he is looked at, to be sure; but the right hand of fellowship is withheld. Gradually he becomes savage

and indignant. No man is better aware than he is, that not one scion of the existing aristocracy could write a serial or a novel at all to be compared to his; and yet Lord John and Lord Frederick—both of them literary men too—do not insist upon walking with him in the streets, and never once offer to introduce him to the bosom of their respective families! Our friend becomes rapidly bilious; is seized with a moral jaundice; and vows that, in his next work, he will do his uttermost to show up that confounded aristocracy. And he keeps his vow.

Now, Smith, to say the least of it, this is remarkably silly conduct, and it argues but little for the intellect and the temper of the man. It is quite true that the English aristocracy, generally speaking, do not consider themselves bound to associate with every successful candidate for the public favour; but they neither despise him nor rob him of one tittle of his due. The higher classes of society are no more exclusive than the lower. Each circle is formed upon principles peculiar to itself, amongst which are undoubtedly similarity of interest, of position, and of taste; and it is quite right that it should be so. You will understand this more clearly if I bring the case home to yourself. I shall suppose that the success of Silas Spavinitch is something absolutely triumphant—that it sells by tens and hundreds of thousands, and that the treasury of your publisher is bursting with the accumulated silver. You find yourself, in short, the great literary lion of the day—the intellectual workman who has produced the consummate masterpiece of the age. What, under such circumstances, would be your wisest line of conduct? I should decidedly say, to establish an account at your banker's, enjoy yourself reasonably with your friends, make Mrs Smith and your children as happy as possible, and tackle to another serial without deviating from the tenor of your way. I would not, if I were you, drop old acquaintances, or insist clamorously upon having new ones. I should look upon myself, not as a very great man, but as a very fortunate one; and I would not step an inch from my path to exchange compliments with King or

with Kaiser. Don't you think such conduct would be more rational than quarrelling with society because you are not worshipped as a sort of demigod? Is the Duke of Devonshire obliged to ask you to dinner, because you are the author of *Silas Spavinlitch*? Take my word for it, Smith, you would feel excessively uncomfortable if any such invitation came. I think I see you at a ducal table, with an immense fellow in livery behind you, utterly bewildered as to how you should behave yourself, and quite as much astounded as Abou Hassan when hailed by Mesrou, chief of the eunuchs, as the true Commander of the Faithful! How gladly would you not exchange these *soufflés* and *salinis* for a rump-steak and onions in the back-parlour of the Ducrow's Head! Far rather would you be imbibing porter with Widdicomb than drinking hermitage with his Grace—and O!—horror of horrors! you have capsized something with a French name into the lap of the dowager next you, and your head swims round with a touch of temporary apoplexy, as you observe the snigger on the countenance of the opposite lackey, who, menial as he is, considers himself at bottom quite as much of a gentleman, and as conspicuous a public character as yourself.

And—mercy on me!—what would you make of yourself at a ball? You are a good-looking fellow, Smith, and nature has been bountiful to you in calf; but I would not advise you to sport that plum-coloured coat and azure waistcoat of an evening. Believe me, that though you may pass muster in such a garb most creditably on the Surrey side, there are people in Grosvenor Square who will unhesitatingly pronounce you a tiger. And pray, whom are you going to dance with? You confess to yourself, whilst working on those relentless and impracticable kids, that you do not know a single soul in the saloon except the man who brought you there, and he has speedily abandoned you. That staid, haughty-looking lady with the diamonds, is a Countess in her own right, and those two fair girls with the auburn ringlets are her daughters, the flower of the English nobility, and the name they bear is conspicuous in history to

the Conquest. Had you not better walk up to the noble matron, announce yourself as the author of *Silas Spavinlitch*, and request an introduction to Lady Edith or Lady Maude? You would just as soon consent to swing yourself like Fra Diavolo on the slack-rope! And suppose that you were actually introduced to Lady Maude, how would you contrive to amuse her? With anecdotes of the back slums, or the green-room, or the witticisms of medical students? Would you tell her funny stories about the loves of the bagmen, or recreations with a migratory giantess in the interior of a provincial caravan? Do you think that, with dulcet prattle of this sort, you could manage to efface the impression made long ago upon her virgin heart by that handsome young guardsman, who is now regarding you with a glance prophetic of a coming flagellation? Surely, you misguided creature, you are not going to expose yourself by dancing? Yes, you are! You once danced a polka with little Laura Wilkins on the boards at Astley's, and ever since that time you have been labouring under the delusion that you are a consummate Vestris. So you claw your shrinking partner round the waist, and set off, prancing like the pony that performs a *pas-seul* upon its hinder legs; and after bouncing against several couples in your rash and erratic career, you are arrested by the spur of a dragoon, which rips up your inexpressibles, lacerates your ankle, and stretches you on the broad of your back upon the floor, to the intense and unextinguishable delight of the assembled British aristocracy.

Or, by way of a change, what would you say to go down with your acquaintance, Lord Walter, to Melton? You ride well—that is, upon several horses, with one foot upon the crupper of the first, and the other upon the shoulder of the fourth. But a hunting-field is another matter. I think I see you attempting to assume a light and jaunty air in the saddle; your long towsey hair flowing gracefully over the collar of your spotless pink; and the nattiest of conical castors secured by a ribband upon the head which imagined

the tale of Spavinhitch. You have not any very distinct idea of what is going to take place; but you resolve to demean yourself like a man, and cover your confusion with a cigar. The hounds are thrown into cover. There is a yelping and the scouring of many brushes among the furze; a red hairy creature bolts out close beside you, and, with a bray of insane triumph, you commence to canter after him, utterly regardless of the cries of your fellow-sportsmen, entreating you to hold hard. In a couple of minutes more, you are in the middle of the hounds, knocking out the brains of one, crushing the spine of another, and fracturing the legs of a third. A shout of anger rises behind; no matter—on you go. Accidents will happen in the best regulated hunting-fields—and what business had these stupid brutes to get under your horse's legs? Otherwise, you are undeniably a-head of the field; and won't you show those tip-top fellows how a serialist can go the pace? But your delusion is drawing to an end. There is a clattering of hoofs, and a resonant oath behind you—and smack over your devoted shoulders comes the avenging whip of the huntsman, frantic at the loss of his most favourite hounds, and execrating you for a clumsy tailor. "Serve him right, Jem! Give it him again!" cries the Master of the hounds—a very different person from your old friend the Master of the Ring—as the scarlet crowd rushes by; and again and again, with intensest anguish, you writhe beneath the thong wielded by the brawny groom—and, after sufficient chastisement, sneak home to anoint your aching back, and depart, ere the sportsmen return, for your own Paddingtonian domicile.

Now, Smith, are you not convinced that it would be the height of folly to expose yourself to any such unpleasant occurrences? To be sure you are; and yet there are some dozen of men, no better situated than yourself, who would barter their ears for the chance of being made such laughing-stocks for life. The innate good sense and fine feeling of the upper classes, prevents these persons from assuming so extremely false and ridiculous a position, and yet this consi-

deration is rewarded by the most foul and malignant abuse. It is high time that these gentlemen should be brought to their senses, and be taught the real value of themselves and of their writings. Personally they are objectionable and offensive—relatively they are bores—and, in a literary point of view, they have done much more to lower than to elevate the artistic standard of the age. Their affectation of philanthropy and maudlin sentiment is too shallow to deceive any one who is possessed of the ordinary intellect of a man; and in point of wit and humour, which is their stronghold, the best of them is far inferior to Paul de Kock, whose works are nearly monopolized for perusal by the *flâneurs* and the *grisettes* of Paris.

Take my advice then, and have nothing to say to the earnest and oneness-of-purpose men. They are not only weak but wicked; and they will lead you most lamentably astray. Let us now look a little into your style, which, after all, is a matter of some importance in a serial.

On the whole, I like it. It is nervous, terse, and epigrammatic—a little too high-flown at times; but I was fully prepared for that. What I admire most, however, is your fine feeling of humanity—the instinct, as it were, and dumb life which you manage to extract from inanimate objects as well as from articulately-speaking men. Your very furniture has a kind of automatic life; you can make an old chest of drawers wink waggishly from the corner, and a boot-jack in your hands becomes a fellow of infinite fancy. This is all very pleasant and delightful; though I think, upon the whole, you give us a little too much of it, for I cannot fancy myself quite comfortable in a room with every article of the furniture maintaining a sort of espionage upon my doings. Then as to your antiquarianism you are perfect. Your description of "the old deserted stable, with the old rusty harness hanging upon the old decayed nails, so honey-combed, as it were, by the tooth of time, that you wondered how they possibly could support the weight; while across the span of an old discoloured stirrup, a great spider had

thrown his web, and now lay waiting in the middle of it, a great hairy bag of venom, for the approach of some unlucky fly, like a usurer on the watch for a spendthrift,"—that description, I say, almost brought tears to my eyes. The catalogue, also, which you give us of the decayed curry-combs all clogged with grease, the shankless besoms, the worm-eaten corn-chest, and all the other paraphernalia of the desolate stable, is as finely graphic as any thing which I ever remember to have read.

But your best scene is the opening one, in which you introduce us to the aerial dwelling of Estrella di Canterini, in Lambeth. I do not wish to flatter you, my dear fellow; but I hold it to be a perfect piece of composition, and I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing a very few sentences:—

"It was the kitten that began it, and not the cat. It isn't no use saying it was the cat, because I was there, and I saw it and know it; and if I don't know it, how should any body else be able to tell about it, if you please? So I say again it was the kitten that began it, and the way it all happened was this.

"There was a little bit, a small tiny string of blue worsted—no! I am wrong, for when I think again the string was pink—which was hanging down from a little ball that lay on the lap of a tall dark girl with large lustrous eyes, who was looking into the fire as intently as if she expected to see a salamander in the middle of it. Huggs, the old cat, was lying at her feet, coiled up with her tail under her, enjoying, to all appearance, a comfortable snooze: but she wasn't asleep, for all the time that she was pretending to shut her eyes, she was watching the movements of a smart little kitten, just six weeks old, who was pouncing upon, and then letting go, like an imaginary mouse, a little roll of paper, which, between ourselves, bore a strong resemblance to two or three others which occupied a more elevated position, being, in fact, placed in a festoon or sort of fancy-garland round the head of the dark girl who was so steadfastly gazing into the fire. But this sort of thing didn't last long; for the kitten, after making a violent

pounce, shook its head and sneezed, as if it had been pricked by a pin, which was the case, and then cried mew, as much as to say, 'You nasty thing! if I had known that you were going to hurt me, I wouldn't have played with you so long; so go away, you greasy little rag!' And then the kitten put on a look of importance, as if its feelings had been injured in the nicest points, and then walked up demurely to Huggs, and began to pat her whiskers, as if it wanted, which it probably did, to tell her all about it. But Huggs didn't get up, or open her great green eyes, but lay still upon the rug, purring gently, as though she were dreaming that she had got into a dairy, and that there was nobody to interfere at all between her and the bowls of cream. So the smart little kitten gave another pat, and a harder one than the last, which might have roused Huggs, had it not observed at that moment the little pink string of worsted. Now the end of the little pink string reached down to within a foot of the floor, so that the smart little kitten could easily reach it; so the smart little kitten wagged its tail and stood up upon its hind paws, and caught hold of the little pink string by the end, and gave it such a pull, that the worsted ball rolled off the girl's knee and fell upon the head of Huggs, who made believe to think that it was a rat, and got up and jumped after it, and the kitten ran too, and gave another mew, as much as to say, that the worsted was its own finding out, and that Huggs shouldn't have it at all. All this wasn't done without noise; so the tall girl looked round, and seeing her worsted ball roll away, and Huggs and the kitten after it, she said in a slightly foreign accent,

"'Worrit that Huggs!'

"All this while there was sitting at the other side of the fire, a young girl, a great deal younger than the other; in fact, a little, very little child, who was sucking a dried damson in her mouth, and looked as if she would have liked to have swallowed it, but didn't do it, for fear of the stone. Now Huggs was the particular pet of the little girl, who wouldn't have her abused on any account, and she said,

"'Twor'n't Huggs, aunt Strelly, 'twore the kitten!'

“ ‘Eliza Puddifoot!’ replied the other, in a somewhat raucous and melo-dramatic tone—‘Eliza Puddifoot! I am perticularly surprised, I am, that you comes for to offer to contradick me. I knows better what’s what than you, and all I says is, that there ’ere Huggs goes packing out of the windor!’

“The child—she was a very little one—burst into a flood of tears.”

Now, that is what I call fine writing, and no mistake. There is a breadth—a depth—a sort of *chiaroscuro*, about the picture which betrays the hand of a master, and shows how deeply you have studied in a school which has no equal in modern, and never had a parallel in former times.

Almost equal to this is your sketch of the soir e at Mr Grindlejerkin’s, which is written with a close observance of character, and, at the same time, an ease and playfulness which cannot fail of attracting a large share of the popular regard. Your hero, Mr Spavinhitch, has distinguished himself so much by throwing a somerset through a blazing hoop, that at last he receives the honour of an invitation to the hospitalities of the Master of the Ring.

“I can tell you, that an uncommonly fine man Mr Grindlejerkin was, with a stout Roman nose, only a little warty, and black whiskers curling under his chin, and a smart little imperial that gave quite a cock to his countenance, and made him altogether look a good deal like a hero. He was dressed in bright bottle-green, was Mr Grindlejerkin—that is, in so far as regarded his coat, which was garnished with large silver buttons and a horse’s head upon them: but his trousers were of a light-blue colour, a little faded or so, and creased, as if they had been sent out a good deal to the washing, and had come home without having been pressed carefully through the mangle. He had evidently been drinking, had Mr Grindlejerkin, for he leaned against the fireplace in a sort of vibratory manner, as if he were not very sure of his own equilibrium, and couldn’t trust it. However, he did his best to welcome Silas, which he did with an air of patronising affability, as if he wished him to understand that he was not to

be considered as letting himself down by inviting a voltigeur to his table.

“ ‘Now, Mr Spavinhitch,’ said Mr Grindlejerkin, ‘glad to see you, sir, or any other rising member of the profession. May I perish of the stringhalt, sir, if I do not consider you an eminent addition to the Ring! Your last vault through the hoops, sir, was extraordinary; upon my credentials, quite! It reminded me much of my late esteemed friend Goggletrumkins. Ah, what a man that was! Did you know Goggletrumkins, Mr Spavinhitch?’

“Silas modestly repudiated that honour.

“ ‘Ah, sir, you should have known him!’ replied the stately Master of the Ring. ‘That was indeed a man, sir; the gem of the British arena. His Life-guardsmen Shaw, sir, was one of the finest things in nature: quite statuesque, sir; it was enough to inspire a nation. You are, perhaps, not aware, sir, that he used to sit as a model for the Wellington statues?’

“ ‘Indeed!’ said Silas.

“ ‘He did, sir,’ continued Mr Grindlejerkin solemnly, ‘and the boast of Astley’s now lives in imperishable marble. But I forgot: you do not know my lady. Mrs Grindlejerkin, my cherub—Mr Spavinhitch, one of our most distinguished recruits.’

“Mrs Grindlejerkin was a tall lady, with black treacly hair, a good deal younger than her lord, to whom she had been only recently united. She was married off the stage, which she had ornamented since she was three years old, when she used to appear as a little fairy crawling out of pasteboard tulips, and frighten, by the magic of her rod, some older imps in green, who used to shoulder their legs like muskets, and go through all sorts of strange diabolical manœuvres. Miss Clara Tiggs, such was her virgin name, then rose to the rank of the angels, and might be seen any evening flying across the stage with little gauze winglets fastened to her back, by aid of which it is not likely that she could have flown very far, if it had not been for the cross-wires and the cord attached to her waist. But she looked very pretty, did Clara Tiggs, as she fluttered from the side-wings like an

exaggerated butterfly, and rained down white paper flowers upon the heads of imploring lovers. But she soon got too heavy for that business, and having no natural genius for tragedy, and being rather too splay-footed for the ballet, and too stiff-jointed for the hippodrome, she became one of those young ladies in white, who always walk before the queens in melodramatic spectacles, and who keep in pairs, and look like the most loving and affectionate creatures in the world, because they always are holding one another's hands. And it possibly might be this appearance of sisterly devotion which induced Mr Grindlejerkin to pay his addresses to Miss Clara Tiggs; for Miss Clara Tiggs never appeared in public except linked to Miss Emily Whax, another nice young lady, who was always dressed in white, and who carried around her neck a locket, which was supposed to contain the hair of a certain officer who always took a considerable number of tickets for her benefit. Such was Mrs Grindlejerkin, who now saluted Mr Spavinitch with a pleasant smile.

"'Clara, my own dear love,' said Mr Grindlejerkin after a pause, 'can you tell me what we are to have for supper?'

"'La! Mr Grindlejerkin,' replied the lady, 'how should I know? Sassaengers and pettitoes, I suppose. It's very odd,' continued she, addressing Silas—'it's very odd, but Mr Grindlejerkin always *does* ask me what he is to have for supper!'

"Silas didn't think it was odd at all, for the same idea had just been floating through his mind; but as he did not think it would be right to say so, he merely smiled, whereupon Mrs Grindlejerkin, who was a good-natured body in the main, smiled too, and Mr Grindlejerkin began to smile, but checked himself, and didn't, because it might have been thought that he was letting down his dignity. So he contented himself with ringing the bell, and directed the servant-girl who answered it, rather ferociously, to bring him a tumbler of rum-and-water.

"'Ha! Bingo, my buck, how are you?' cried the Master of the Ring to the principal clown, who now entered

the apartment, and who, being a personage of much consideration and importance in the theatrical circles, might be addressed with any kind of familiarity without a compromise of official reserve. 'How are ye, Bingo? Well and herty, eh? Won't you take a drop of summat?'

"'I will,' replied the clown in a melancholy voice, well corresponding to his features, which, when the paint was washed off, were haggard and malignugrious in the extreme. 'I will; but I am not well. Spasms in the heart, kidneys, merry-thought, and liver. A silent sorrow here. Age brings cure. I thank you. Stop. I like it stiff.'

"'That's my rum 'un!' said Mr Grindlejerkin. 'Drown dull care in Jamaica! But here is the Signora Estrella. Madame, you are most welcome!'

"Silas felt the blood rise to his temples. And so at last he could meet her, the lady of his heart, the bright star of his boyish existence, not in the feverish whirl of the arena, beneath the glare of gas, surrounded by clouds of sawdust and the gazing eyes of thousands, but in the calm sanctuary of private life, where, at least if he could find the courage, he might pour forth the incense of his soul, and tell her how madly, how desolatingly he had begun to love her—no, not begun, for it seemed to him as if he had loved her long before he ever saw her: as if the love of her were something implanted in his bosom before yet he knew what it was to undergo the agonies of teething: long before, like a roasting oyster, he lay in his silken cradle, and squared with tiny and ineffectual fists at the approaching phantoms of time, existence, and futurity. It seemed to him as though the doll, with which, when a very little child, he had played, had just the same dark lustrous eyes, with something bead-like and mysterious in their expression, which lent such an inexpressible fascination to the countenance of the beautiful Canterini. That doll! he had fondled it a thousand times in his baby arms: had called it his duck, his dolly, his wifkin, and numerous other terms of childish prattle and endearment: had grown jealous of it, because, when his

little brother kissed it, it did not cry out or show any symptoms of anger, and so, in a mad moment of rage and remorse, he had struck the waxen features against a mantelpiece, and shivered them into innumerable fragments. What would he not have given at that moment to have recalled the doll! But it could not be. The fragments had been long, long ago swept into the dust-hole of oblivion, and though they might afterwards have been carried out and scattered over the fresh green fields, where there are trees, and cows, and little singing-birds, and flowers, they could not be—oh no, never—reunited! But the lady, the Signora! no rude hand had marred the wax of that countenance; for though very, very pale, there still lingered beneath her eyes a touch of the enchanting carmine.

“‘The Signora,’ said Mr Bingo. ‘Fine woman. Grass though. Decidedly grass. All flesh is, you know.’ And with this remark the mimic resumed his tumbler.

“The Signora turned her dark lustrous eyes upon Silas, and instantly encountered his ardent and devoted gaze. She did not shrink from it; true love never does, for it is always bold if not happy; but she grew a shade paler as she accepted that involuntary homage, and, with a graceful wave of her hand, she sunk upon a calico sofa.

“‘The sassengers is dished!’ said the pudding-faced servant-maid; and the whole party, now increased by the addition of Mr Jonas Fitzjunk, who did the nautical heroes, and Whang Gobretsjee Jeehohnpsejee, the Brahmin conjurer, who talked English with a strong Aberdeen accent, besides one or two other notables, adjourned to the supper-room.

“‘Signora, sassenger?’ said Mr Grindlejerkin.

“‘If you pleases; underdone and graveyless,’ replied the beautiful foreigner.

“‘Oh, that I were that sausage, that so I might touch those ripe and tempting lips!’ thought Silas, as he reached across the Brahmin for the pickles.

“‘Can the buddy no tak’ a care!’ cried Jeehohnpsejee; ‘fat’s he gauen to dee wi’ the wee juog?’

“‘Hush, conjurer!’ cried Bingo. ‘Eat. Swallow. That’s your sort. Life is short. Victuals become cold.’

“‘Mr Grindlejerkin!’ screamed the helpmate of that gentleman suddenly from the lower end of the table. ‘Mr Grindlejerkin! I wish you would come here and stop Mr Fitzjunk from winking at me!’

“‘Mr Fitzjunk!’ thundered the Master of the Ring, ‘do you know, sir, that that lady has the honour to be my wife? What do you mean by this conduct, sir? How dare you wink?’

“‘Avast there, messmate!’ said Fitzjunk, who always spoke as if he were in command of a Battersea steamer. ‘Avast there! None of your fresh-water and loblolly-boy terms, if you please. Shiver my binnacle, if things haven’t come to a pretty pass, when an old British sailor can’t throw out a signal of distress to one of the prettiest craft that ever showed her sky-scrappers where Neptune’s billows roll!’

“‘Oh, Mr Fitzjunk! but you *did* wink at me!’ said Mrs Grindlejerkin, considerably mollified by the compliment.

“‘I knows I did,’ replied the representative of the British navy. ‘The more by token, as how I ha’n’t got nothing here to stow away into my locker; so I shut up one deadlight twice, and burned a blue fire for a cargo of pettitoes to heave to.’

“‘Was that all, sir?’ said Mr Grindlejerkin, still rather sternly.

“‘Ay, ay, sir!’ replied the tar.

“‘Then I shall be happy to drown all unkindness in a pot of porter, sir.’

“‘Good!’ said Mr Bingo, ‘Right. Harmony preserved. Glad to join you. Cup of existence. Gall at bottom.’

“‘I beg your pardink, sir,’ said the Signora looking full at Silas, who was seated exactly opposite—‘I beg your pardink, sir, but vos you pleased to vish anythink?’

“‘No, lady!’ replied Silas blushing scarlet. ‘No, lady, not I—That is—’

“‘O, very vell!’ observed the Signora; ‘it don’t much sicknify; only I thought you might vant somethink, ’cos you vos a treadin’ on my toes!’”

I shall not, my dear Smith, pursue this delightful scene any further. It

is enough to substantiate your claim—and I am sure the public will coincide with me in this opinion—to a very high place amongst the domestic and sentimental writers of the age. You have, and I think most wisely, undertaken to frame a new code of grammar and of construction for yourself; and the light and airy effect of this happy innovation is conspicuous not only in every page, but in almost every sentence of your work. There is no slipslop here—only a fine, manly disregard of syntax, which is infinitely attractive; and I cannot doubt that you are destined to become the founder of a far higher and more enduring school of composition, than that which was approved of and employed by the fathers of our English literature.

You work will be translated, Smith, into French and German, and other European languages. I am sincerely glad of it. It is supposed abroad that a popular author must depict both broadly and minutely the manners of his particular nation—that his sketches of character have reference not only to individuals, but to the idiosyncrasy of the country in which he dwells. Your works, therefore, will be received in the saloons of Paris and Vienna—it may be of St Petersburg—as conveying accurate pictures of our everyday English life; and I need hardly remark how much that impression must tend to elevate our national character in the eyes of an intelligent foreigner. Labouring under old and absurd prejudices, he perhaps at present believes that we are a sober, unmercenary people, given to domestic habits, to the accumulation of wealth, and to our own internal improvements. It is reserved for you, Smith, to crouch his visionary eye. You will convince him that a great part of our existence is spent about the doors of theatres, in tap-rooms, pot-houses, and other haunts, which I need not stay to particularize. You will prove to him that the British constitution rests upon no sure foundation, and that it is based upon injustice and tyranny. Above all, he will learn from you the true tone which pervades society, and the altered style of conversation and morals which is universally current among us. In minor things, he will dis-

cover, what few authors have taken pains to show, the excessive fondness of our nation for a pure Saxon nomenclature. He will learn that such names as Seymour, and Howard, and Percy—nay, even our old familiars, Jones and Robinson—are altogether proscribed among us, and that a new race has sprung up in their stead, rejoicing in the euphonious appellations of Tox and Wox, Whibble, Toozle, Whopper, Sniggleshaw, Guzzlerit, Gingerthorpe, Mugswitch, Smungle, Yelkins, Fizzig, Parksnap, Grubsby, Shoutowker, Hogswash, and Quiltirogus. He will also learn that our magistrates, unlike the starched official dignitaries of France, are not ashamed to partake, in the public streets, of tripe with a common workman—and a hundred other little particulars, which throw a vast light into the chinks and crevices of our social system.

I therefore, Smith, have the highest satisfaction in greeting you, not only as an accomplished author, but as a great national benefactor. Go on, my dear fellow, steadfastly and cheerfully, as you have begun. The glories of our country were all very well in their way, but the subject is a hackneyed one, and it is scarcely worth while to revive it. Be it yours to chronicle the weaknesses and peculiarities of that society which you frequent—no man can do it better. Draw on for ever with the same felicitous pencil. Do not fear to repeat yourself over and over again; to indulge in the same style of one-sided caricature; and to harp upon the same string of pathos so long as it will vibrate pleasantly to the public ear. What we want, after all, is sale, and I am sure that you will not be disappointed. Use these hints as freely as you please, in the composition of that part of *Silas Spavinitch* which is not yet completed; and be assured that I have offered them not in an arrogant spirit, but, as some of our friends would say, with an earnest tendency and a serious oneness of purpose. Good-by, my dear Smith! It is a positive pain to me to break off this letter, but I must conclude. Adieu! and pray, for all our sakes and your own, take care of yourself.

A NEW SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

ON A STONE.

I HAVE been toiling up this long steep road, under that broiling sun, for more than an hour; my cabriolet is I know not where. The last time I saw it was at the turn of the road, full half-a-mile behind me, and the lean postilion trying to put something comfortable into that lanky carcass of his at the auberge. "Ici on loge à pied et à cheval;" so said the sign: why did not I, who was literally à pied, stop and enjoy myself a little? whereas I stalked proudly by: and now that rogue of the big boots and the powdered queue, and the short jacket and the noisy whip, is getting still more and more slowness out of his sorry horses, and is the man à cheval, treated by the busy little woman of the house as her worthiest customer. The Marquis will be at least two hours in advance of me: I shall not see Madame till night: positively I will run down the hill again and pull that rascal off his horse. Am I not paying for the accommodation of posting? have I not a right to get on? do I not fee him like a prince? I'll try a shout at him.

"Hilloa! hilloa! come along there!"—I might as well shout in the middle of the Atlantic; and as for running back again, why, I shall have to come over the same ground once more: the tariff shall be his fate: not a liard more: and I'll write him down in the post-book; I will crush the reptile: I'll annihilate him!

Here, sit thee down, man: art thou not come hither to enjoy thyself? why this impatience? why this anxiety to go over ground in a hurry which, a few hours ago, thou wouldst have given many a crown to visit at thy leisure? Sit thee down and look around thee: hurry no man's cattle, and fret not thyself out of thy propriety.

And, truly, 'tis a wondrous spot! what a wide extent of grassy slopes and barren rocky wastes! how white and hard and rough the road; how smooth the hill-side; how blue the

distant landscape; how more than blue the cloudless sky! Look onwards towards the distant east; why, you can see almost across France to the Jura: what endless ridges of mountains, one above the other, like the billows of the green sea: what boundless plains between! But turn, for a moment, to the hills on either side of you; look at those wild copses of fir and stunted oak making good their 'vantage ground wherever the scanty vegetation will allow them; and above, look at the little round clumps of box-trees, dotting the mountain-breast with their shadows, and relieving the dull uniformity of its surface. So dark are they that you might take them for black cattle at a distance; but that, ever and anon, the sun brings out from them a bright green tint, and dispels the illusion.

Here, then, on this stone, am I resting, hundreds of miles away from my dull fatherland; where I have left behind me nought but pride and ennui, and heart-corroding cares, and soul-harrowing occupations. I have quitted that dense, black, throng of men, whose minds, pent up in the narrow circle of their insular limits, are intent on one thing only—and that thing, money! Thou land of the rich and the poor; of the lord and the slave; of the noble and the upstart; chosen home of labour and never-ending care; I have bid thee adieu: my face is to the world; my lot is on the waters of boundless life; and I am free to choose my dwelling wherever the clime suits my fancy, and my wishes tally with the clime. In this dry and barren valley, amidst those lofty hills, where once fire and sulphur and burning rocks poured forth as the only elements, and where the melted lava flowed along the face of the earth like an unloosed torrent; in this lonely spot, where few living beings are seen, and yet where the vast reproductive energies of the

world have been so widely developed—even here, let me commune a while with nature and with myself.

Thou mysterious power of expansion, whatever thou art, whether some igneous form existing within the womb of Earth, and demonstrating thyself ere our tiny planet revolved in its present orb—or whether some product of the combination of chemical fluids originating flames, and melting this prison-house with fervent heat—say when didst thou convulse this fair land, and raise up from the circumjacent plains these mountain-masses that now tower over my head? For I see around me the traces not of one, but of four separate convulsions; and I can pursue in fancy the long lapse of ages which have served to modify the crude forms of thy products, and to change the various classes of animated life which have lived and died at the feet of these vast steeps. First come thy granitic ebullitions, slow, humpy, and amorphous—partly incandescent, yet glowing with heat that cooled not for ages;—and then, when these rude ribs of the earth had been worn and channeled by atmospheric action, through time too vast to be reckoned, they split again with a mighty rending up of their innermost frame, and thy power, fell spirit of destruction! thrust forth the great chain of the Monts Dor, and the Cantal. There thou raisedst them stratum above stratum of volcanic rock; and scoriæ and boiling mud, and lava, and porphyry, and basalt, and light pumice, tier above tier, till the seven-thousandth foot above Old Ocean's level had been reached; and then thou restedst from thy labours awhile, rejoicing in thy force, and proud of the chaos thou hadst occasioned. But not to slumber long; for, glad to have made a new mineral combination, thou didst thrust forth at the northern point of thy work the great trachytic mass of the Puy de Dôme: there it stands with its solid hump of felspathic crystals, a vast watch-tower of creation—white and purple within, glassy-green without. And then burst out the full hubbub of this mischief—twenty vast craters vomiting forth molten rocks and cinders and the deep lava-stream, and throwing their products leagues upon leagues, afar into

the fair country:—twenty Etnas thundering away at the same time, and answered by twenty more in the Vivarais, and the infernal chorus kept up by as many in the Cantal:—all the batteries of the Plutonic artillery launching forth destruction at once from the summits of their prinæval bastions. Well was it for man that he existed not when this Titanic warfare was going on, and when these hills, like those of ancient Thessaly, were heaped, each upon each, up to heaven's portal! If Europe then existed, it must have been shaken to its furthest bounds:—Hecla must have answered the distant roar; and even the old Ural must have heaved its unwieldy sides.

And now, what see we? A sea of volcanic waves; dark lava-currents—rough, black, and fresh as though vomited but yesterday:—vast chasms, red and burnt, and cinders, as though the fire which raised them were not yet extinguished. Why, from the Puy de Parion I could swear that smoke must rise at times, and that sulphurous vapours must still keep it in perpetual desolation. Yes, though winter's rains and snows visit this volcanic chain full sharply, and though the gigantic sawing force of frost disintegrates the softer portions of this, the Fire-king's Home, yet there they stand—and so they shall stand, till nature be again convulsed, the imperishable monuments, the stupendous demonstrations, of the Creator's illimitable energy. Yes, let the Almighty but touch these hills again, and they shall smoke!

Thou dull, senseless stone, with thy numberless crystals variegating and glittering on the hard resting-place that I have chosen, whence came those minerals that combined to form thee? Did they exist, pell-mell, beneath, in the vast Tartaric depths, ready to assimilate themselves on the first signal of eruption? or did they arise suddenly, instantaneously, on the first darting of the electric current that summoned their different atoms into new forms of existence? Whence came this green olivine?—whence this plate of specular iron?—whence this quartz and felspar; and all these other minerals I see around me? Thou rude product of the great

infernal Foundery, thy very existence is a problem—much more the formation of thy component parts.

Stone! thou art not more varied in thy aspect—not less intelligible in thy constitution—not harder, not more unfeeling, than the heart of man! I would sooner have thee for my companion and my bosom friend, than any of that melancholy, solemn-faced

crowd of hypocrites I have left behind me. Refuse me not thy rough welcome: thou art, for the time being, my couch: thou art even warmed by my contact: hast thou, then, some sympathy with the wanderer? Thou dull, crystallised block, I will think of thee, and will remember thy solid virtues, when the uncongenial offices of man shall plague me no more!

THE PHILOSOPHER.

“Monsieur!” said the postilion: “Monsieur!” he repeated; and he looked round wistfully to see if any one was at hand. Now, I hate to be interrupted in a reverie; and, indeed, I was so absorbed in the wheelings of a kite over my head, that I was thinking of any thing but of my lazy guide and my rolling wheels. A loud clack—clack—slap—tap—crack—crack of the whip, flourished over his head with all the gusto and the *savoir-craquer* of a true postilion, brought me to myself. “Monsieur, I have been waiting your orders here for half an hour.”

The coolness with which the fellow lied, disarmed me of my wrath in a minute: I had else docketed him of his pigtail, or broken the wooden sides of his boots for him. But he had such an imperturbable air of self-satisfaction, and he thrust his thumb so knowingly into his little black pipe, and this again he plunged with such nonchalance into his pocket, that I saw he was a philosopher of the true school—and I profited by his example.

“Fellow,” said I, “dost know that I have promised myself the pleasure of passing half an hour with M. de Montlosier on my road to the baths: and that at the rate thou takest me at, I shall not see Mont Dor till to-morrow?”

“Don’t be afraid, Monsieur: I know the Count’s house well: we are not more than an hour’s drive from it: I go there with some one or other every week; and as for Mont-Dor-les-bains, why—that depends on Monsieur: if you get there by dark it will do, I suppose—the provisions will not all be eaten, nor the beds filled!”

Lucky fellow to live in a world where no greater stimulus to labour

exists than here! why should we toil and wear ourselves to death as we do in England for the mere means of living—and forget the lapse of life itself? So, pocketing my dignity, and also pocketing sundry specimens of my mute companions the stones, I mounted into the cabriolet—and lost myself once more in my thoughts till I arrived at the Ferme de Randan.

Just where the Puy de Vache circles round with two other red hollow craters, and at the end of a black sea of lava, stood the philosopher’s house: a plain low building: half farm half cottage: with a few trees and enclosures shutting it in, and two or three acres of garden-ground bringing up the rear. There was an air of simplicity about the whole exceedingly striking, and the more so if one thought of the simple-minded man who dwelt within. My name was announced: my letters of introduction presented: and the Comte de Montlosier welcomed me to his mountain home.

“You see me here, sir,” he said, “quite a farmer; I am tired of the busy world: who would not be, after having lived in it so long, and after having seen such events? I can here give myself up to my books: I can speculate on the wonders of this remarkable district, I can attend to my little property—for I have not much remaining—and I can receive my friends. You would not believe it, but Dr D— of Oxford was with me last week: he came to look at our volcanoes, and he stayed with me several days: a charming little man, sir, and very active in climbing over hills. You will excuse me, perhaps, if I do not offer to accompany you to the summit of the Puy de Vache: but my servants are at your orders: had

I as few years over my head as when I first visited Arthur's Seat, I would be at your side in all your mountain rambles; but age and ease are fond of keeping company."

"Ah, Monsieur le Comte, I came to make your acquaintance; your hills I will see at another time."

"Young man, you are wrong: these volcanic mountains are worthy of your deepest study; for myself, I am nothing but a broken-down old man. I have nothing here attractive to my friends. The spot is full of charms for myself, but not for others. I have so many old associations connected with it: 'tis my paternal estate: I had to fly from it during those terrible days, and I never thought to see it again: but now that I find myself once more restored to it, my unwillingness to quit the place increases every day. After all, you can learn more about Auvergne from your learned countryman, Poulett Scrope, than from me; my little work, by the way, is at your service if you will accept it: I am as a lamp going out, you find me flickering, and when next you pass this way, the light may be extinguished."

"True, sir; and it is from these expiring flames that the brightest sparks may be sometimes derived: at any rate I would know from you wherewith to trim my own lamp for future days."

"Alas," replied the Comte, "the present generation are not willing to give credit to the last for all they have witnessed, for all they have undergone. Had you, like me, seen all the phases of the Revolution, from the time when I was sent as a deputy to the States-General from Auvergne, to the Reign of Terror, and then the time of exile, and if you could have felt the joys of returning to your long-lost home again, you might indeed look back on your life with emotion—let me say with gratitude."

"Did you know many members of the literary and scientific world previous to the Revolution?"

"Oh yes, I was acquainted with Condorcet, Lavoisier, and many others of that stamp. Who shall say that, in the deaths of those great men, France did not lose more than she gained by all her boasted freedom? Ah yes, the men of those days were

giants in intellect! there was a force of originality in them, a vividness of thought and expression, which we shall never witness again: and, allow me to say, there was a dignity surrounding them, and accompanying them, which, with all our pretended liberality and respect for science, we are far from attributing to their followers now. Those of us, the actors in some of those tremendous scenes who still survive, are but as the blasted oaks of the forest after the hurricane has swept by. Some few remain erect; but withered, scorched, and leafless: all the rest are prostrate, snapped off at the root—many in the full vigour of vegetation: all now rotting on the ground. It was a national tempest—a tornado—an earthquake; it was like an eruption from the very volcano in whose bosom we are now sitting and talking. The world never has seen, and perhaps never shall see, any thing half so terrible as our Revolution. My young friend, excuse me: perhaps you are a politician—and you are newly arrived in France: things are tending to something ominous even at the present day. M. de Polignac has just been summoned to office: the king is an easy good man—a perfect gentleman—and an honest one, too; but there are people near the throne who would be glad to see it tottering, and who are ready to take advantage of the least false step. Mark my words, sir, another year will produce something decisive in the history of France."

"But surely, M. le Comte, every thing is too much consolidated since the Restoration of Louis XVIII. to allow of any fresh changes—the French nation have all the liberty they can desire."

"Much more, my dear sir, than they either understand or can enjoy properly. I am ashamed to say it, but my fellow countrymen are children in constitutional matters: every thing depends on the personal character of our governors for the time being. And again, we are too ambitious; every body wants to rise—by fair means or by foul; but rise he must: and every body expects to be a gainer by change. We are, and I am afraid we always shall be, fond of playing at revolutions."

“Permit me to think better of the French, sir. I am delighted with their country, and I wish them all the happiness that the possession of so fine a territory can cause.”

“You are right: it is a fine territory: it might be the first agricultural country in Europe: there is hardly a square league of ground in it that is not suitable to some useful vegetable production. We have none of the cold clays nor barren heath-tracts of Great Britain; our mountains all admit of pasturage to their tops, or are productive of wood; and our climate is so genial that even the bare limestone rocks of Provence yield, as you are aware, the finest grapes. Here, in the midst of the Monts Dor, you will come upon those vast primaval forests of the silver-fir which have never been disturbed from the time of their erection, and you will judge for yourself how rich even this district really is. Look at our rivers: at our boundless plains, covered with corn and wine, and oil: and yet allowed to stand fallow one year in three. My good friends in Scotland—for, believe me, I shall ever remember with gratitude my stay in Edinburgh—do not farm their lands in our slovenly fashion. France, depend upon it, might be made, and I believe it will ultimately become, one of the richest and most prosperous countries of Europe. The wealth of England is fleeting: when you come to lose India and others of your colonies—and ’twill be your fate sooner or later, your power will, with your trade, fall to the ground: and, like your predecessors in a similar career, the Portuguese and the Dutch, you must infallibly become a second or third-rate power. France is solid and compact: her wealth lies in her land: you cannot break up that: she exists now, and is great without any colony worthy of mention: and she cannot but increase. Even Spain, from her mere geographical size and position, has a better chance of political longevity than England.”

“And yet Spain is rather decrepid at present, you will admit, M. le Comte.”

“True; but a century, you know, is nothing in the life of a nation:—England, to speak the truth, was only

a second-rate power until the reign of George the Second. She has still her social revolution to go through: and whatever has been effected for the benefit of this country would have come without the Revolution: and it was paying rather dear to destroy the whole framework of society for what we should certainly have attained by easy and more natural means. It is a fearful catastrophe to break up all the old ideas and feelings of a people, merely to substitute in their place something new—you know not what: better or worse—and most probably the latter. Add to this, that the results of the Revolution have fully borne out what I maintain: we are neither better nor happier than we should have been had we gone on as usual: other countries which have not been revolutionised are just as happy and prosperous as we are.”

“But then the more equal distribution of property, M. le Comte; has not this effected some good?”

“Some it may have caused undoubtedly; but much less than is imagined: the effect of it has been only to raise up an aristocracy of money, instead of one of birth: and, aristocracy for aristocracy, the former is infinitely more overbearing and tyrannical than the latter. Before the Revolution, the country was said to be in the hands of the nobles and the clergy: what has happened since? It has merely been transferred to those of the lawyers and the employés. Every third man you meet, holds some place or other under government: and you can hardly transact the commonest affairs of life without the aid of the notary or the advocate. We cannot boast much of our comparative improvement in morality: for in Paris, the prefect of police can inform you, from the registers of births, that one in three children now born there is always illegitimate.”

“Of what good, then, has the Revolution been?”

“My young friend, ask not that question; it was one of those inscrutable arrangements of Providence, the aim and extent of which we do not yet know. You might as well ask what these puyes and volcanoes have done to benefit the country, which, no doubt, they once devastated;—

they may even yet break out into activity again, and France may even yet have to pass through another social trial. Things have not yet found their level amongst us.—But we are getting into a long political and philosophical discussion that makes me forget my duties to my guest. I am at least of opinion that the volcanoes have done me personally some good; for they have formed this wonderful country, and they attract hither many of my friends, whom I might otherwise never have seen again. You will appreciate

them when you arrive at the Baths; and, apropos of this, I am coming over there myself in a few days to consult my friend Dr Bertrand. This will give me the opportunity of introducing you to several of the visitors worth knowing. You will find a gay and gallant crowd there; and let me advise you, take care of your heart and your pockets."

"Monsieur, dinner is served," said a domestic, opening the door; so I followed the worthy Count into the *salle-à-manger*.

A SHANDRYDAN.

The top of the great plateau of Auvergne looked beautiful the evening I reached it—a fine July evening, when the sun had yet three hours to go down, and I was about a dozen miles from the village of the Baths. I had been vainly flattering myself that something or other might have detained M. de Mirepoix's carriage, and that I should have the pleasure of viewing this splendid scene in company with Madame. She had so strong a taste for the picturesque, that I knew her sympathies would be expressed, and I anticipated no small pleasure from eliciting her sentiments. To see what is magnificent in the society of one whose feelings of the sublime and beautiful emulate your own in intensity, multiplies the charm, and elevates the pleasure, by the mutual communication of the effects perceived and produced. So I looked out for their carriage anxiously.

Nothing met my eye but the long undulating plain stretching like a rounded wave or swell of the ocean to the feet of the mountains, and the distant blue horizon—to the west nearly as far off as the Garonne—to the east as far as the Saône. The plateau was covered with fine grass, pastured by large herds of small dark-coloured cattle, goats, and a few sheep; wild-flowers grew here and there of fragrant smell, and the tops of the vast pine forests peeped up from the ends of the deep ravines that run far into the bosom of the still hills. The sky was without a cloud, and the sun seemed to gain double

glory as he fell towards his western bed.

My spirits rose with the scene; I was excited and yet happy; the full genial warmth of nature was before me, and around me, and in me. I could have danced and sung for joy. I could have stopped there for ever, and I wanted somebody to say all this to, and who should re-echo the same to me.

There stood the postilion—dull, senseless, brutal animal—he had got off his horses; for I was once more out of the cabriolet, and was bounding over the turf to look over the edge of a precipice on my right hand: there he stood, he had lighted another pipe, and was thinking only of a good chopine of wine out of his *pour-boire*, when he should arrive at the village.

"A fine view, mon ami!" said I, at last, in pure despair.

He gave a shrug with his shoulders.

"Very high mountains those," I went on.

He turned round and looked at them; and then tapped his pipe against his whip.

"What splendid forests!" I added.

"Monsieur! voyez-vous! it is the most villainous road I know; and if we do not push on, we shall not get to Mont Dor before dark. I would not go over the bridge at the bottom there in the dark, no Monsieur, not if I had the honour to be carrying M. Le Préfet himself. They were never found, Monsieur!"

"Who were never found?"

"Why, sir, when Petit-jean was

driving M. le Commandant, the last year but one—he was going to the Baths for the gout, sir—he did not get down to the bridge till near ten at night; there was no parapet then, the horses did not know the road, and over they went, roll, roll, all the way into the Dor at the bottom; thirty feet, sir, and more, and then the cascade to add to that.”

“Dreadful! and did no trace remain of the unfortunate traveller and your poor friend?”

“Oh, certainly yes! they got well wetted; but they rode the horses into the village the same evening.”

“Who were lost, then?”

“Petit-jean’s new boots, and ’twas the first time he had put them on.”

I jumped into the cabriolet; “drive on,” said I pettishly, “and go to the —”

“Hi! hardi! Sacré coquin!” and crash went the whip over the off horse’s flank, enough to cut a steak of his lean sides had there been any flesh to spare. In a quarter of an hour we found ourselves going down a steep rough road, such as might break the springs of the best carriage, chariot, britscha, &c., that ever came out of Long-Acre; and the thumps that I got against the sides of my own vehicle, light as it was, made me call out for a little less speed, and somewhat more care.

“Don’t be afraid, Monsieur! Hi! hardi! heugh!”

I thought it was all over with me; so, holding in my breath, and firmly clenching the top of my apron, I looked straight a-head, and made up my mind for a pitch over the wall at the bottom, and down through the wood, like the commandant and Petit-jean.

Just as we got to the bottom of the hill, we turned a sharp corner, that I had not before perceived, and charged, full gallop, right into an old shandrydan, that had pulled up, and, with a single horse, was beginning to climb the ascent. Our impetus seemed to carry us over the poor animal that was straining against its load, for he fell under our two beasts, and the shafts of the cabriolet catching the shandrydan under the driver’s seat, turned it completely topsy-turvy into the midst of the road.

Such a shriek, or rather such a chorus of confused cries, came forth from the dark sides of that small and closely-shut vehicle!

“Au secours!” “Jesus-Maria!” “Vite, vite!” “Relevez-nous!” “Pour l’amour de Dieu!”

They were women’s voices:—

“Ah ça, j’étouffe!” said a deep, gruff voice, in the midst of the hubbub.

As neither the postilion nor myself were hurt, we were quickly on our legs: he trying to get the horses disentangled—for they were kicking each other to pieces—and I to aid a thin, meek-looking peasant lad, who had been driving the shandrydan, to right the crazy vehicle.

’Twas a square, black-looking thing, covered at top, with no opening whatever but a small window in the door behind. It might have been built some time in the reign of Louis le Bien-aimé, and its cracked leather sides and harness seemed as if they had been strangers to oil ever since. If people were not very corpulent, four might have squeezed into it—not that they would have been comfortable, but they could have got in, and would have sat on the opposite seats, without much room to spare.

Some honest old Frenchman, thought I to myself, with his wife and daughter, and perhaps their maid. Poor man! he is coming from the Baths, cured of some painful malady, and now has had the misfortune to run the risk of his life—if, indeed, his bones be not broken—and all through that étourdi of a postilion. “If I do not report him to the maître de poste!” said I to myself.

“For the love of God, messieurs,” said a faint voice, “get us out!”

“The door! the door! open the door then!” said at least three other voices, one after the other and all together.

“Je meurs!” wept the bass-voice from the inmost recesses of the vehicle—or it might have been from under ground, so deep and sepulchral was its tone.

“Don’t disturb yourself, monsieur,” grumbled the postilion, who had now got one of his horses on its legs; “’tis nothing! Come along, you varmint!” said he to the poor young peasant,

who stood wringing his hands and looking distractedly at his whip—'twas broken clean in half—" Arrive, te dis-je !—pousse bien là !—là bien ! encore ! hardi ! houp !

The door of the shandrydan burst open, and there emerged, in sadly rumpled state, a pitiable confusion of rustled petticoats and tumbled head-

gear, red as the roses on a summer's morn, and dewy as the grass on an autumn eve—*six saurs-de-charité*, all white and black like sea-fowl thrown from the shooter's bag—and after them, slowly toiling forth and writhing through the door in unwieldy porpoise-guise—M. le Curé !

HONOUR TO THE PLOUGH.

THOUGH clouds o'ercrest our native sky,
 And seem to dim the sun,
 We will not down in languor lie,
 Or deem the day is done :
 The rural arts we loved before
 No less we'll cherish now ;
 And crown the banquet, as of yore,
 With Honour to the Plough.

In these fair fields, whose peaceful spoil
 To faith and hope are given,
 We'll seek the prize with honest toil,
 And leave the rest to Heaven.
 We'll gird us to our work like men
 Who own a holy vow,
 And if in joy we meet again,
 Give Honour to the Plough.

Let Art, array'd in magic power,
 With Labour hand in hand,
 Go forth, and now in peril's hour
 Sustain a sinking land.
 Let never Sloth unnerve the arm,
 Or Fear the spirit cow ;
 These words alone should work a charm—
 All Honour to the Plough.

The heath redress, the meadow drain,
 The latent swamp explore,
 And o'er the long-expecting plain
 Diffuse the quickening store :
 Then fearless urge the furrow deep
 Up to the mountain's brow,
 And when the rich results you reap,
 Give Honour to the plough.

So still shall Health by pastures green
 And nodding harvests roam,
 And still behind her rustic screen
 Shall Virtue find a home :
 And while their bower the muses build
 Beneath the neighbouring bough,
 Shall many a grateful verse be fill'd
 With Honour to the Plough.

LUIGIA DE' MEDICI.

THE study of literary history offers an extraordinary charm, when it tends to raise the veil, frequently thrown by inattention and forgetfulness, over noble and graceful forms, which deserved to excite the interest, or even to receive the active thanks of posterity. At such moments, we find the mysterious sources of inspiration admired, through a long period, for their fulness and sincerity: we go back to the forgotten or falsely interpreted causes of celebrated actions, of classic writings, of resolutions, whose renown rang through many ages; the vagueness of poetic pictures gives place to positive forms; and that which appeared but a brilliant phantom is sometimes transformed into a living reality.

Among the glorious titles which have borne the name of Michel Angelo Buonarroti to so high a pitch of celebrity, the least popular is that derived from the composition of his poetical works. The best judges, however, regard these productions not only with profound esteem, but yet more often with an ardent admiration. Michel Angelo lived during the *golden age* of the *Lingua Toscana*. Among the poets who filled the interval between the publication of the *Orlando* and that of the *Aminta*—first, in order of date, of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of Torquato—not one has raised himself above, nor, perhaps, to the level, of Buonarroti. In the study of his writings, we recognise all the essential characteristics of his genius, as revealed to the world in his marbles, frescos, and the edifices erected by his hand. It is a copious poetry—masculine and vigorous—fed with high thoughts—serious and severe in the expression. Berni wrote truly of it to Fra Sebastiano—“*El dice cose: voi dite parole!*” The poet exists always in entire possession of himself: enthusiasm elevates, carries him away, but seduces him never. We admire in his mind a constitution firm, healthful, and

fertile—a constant equilibrium of passion, will, and conception—often of fervency—nowhere of delirium. The qualities necessary to the artist do no harm to those which make the thinker and good citizen—every where, as in the literary laws of ancient Greece, consonance, *sophrosyne*, moderation. Michel Angelo, amid the passions and illusions of his time, knew how to hold the helm of “that precious bark, which singing sailed.”* Sincere and humble Christian, with a leaning to the austere, he succeeded in keeping himself free from all superstition; declared republican, he avoided all popular fanaticism, and bore, even during the siege of Florence, the *honourable* hostility of the Arrabiati; admirer of Savonarola, he combated the sickly exaggerations of the *esprit piagnone*, and remained faithful to the worship of art; and last, guest of Leo X., favourite sculptor of Julius II., he never suffered himself to be seduced by the Pagan intoxication of the Renaissance; from his early youth, the frame, in which he was destined to form so many sublime conceptions, was irrevocably determined.

But, in the poetical works of Michel Angelo, as in his works of sculpture and design, there is a side of grace and delicacy; the fire of a masculine and profound tenderness circulates, so to speak, in all the members of this marvellous body. Angelo's regularity of morals was never altered by doubts; it acquired, even at an early period, the externals of a rigid austerity. But had he, in his youthful years, experienced the power of a real love? We have nothing to reply to those who, after an attentive perusal of his writings, see in them nothing more than a *jeu-d'esprit* produced by a vain fantasy. But to those who think, with us, that truth and force of expression suppose reality and depth of sentiment—to those who discover the burning traces of a passion which has conquered the heart, and imprinted a new direction on the thoughts of the

* “Dietro al mio legno, che cantando varca.”—*Dante*.

writer, in the precious metal of this classical versification, we propose to follow us for a few moments. We shall seek whatever historical vestiges have been left of the object of this affection, as durable as sincere: we shall afterwards examine the manner in which Michel Angelo has expressed it in his rhyme; what order of philosophical and religious ideas developed themselves in his mind, in intimate connexion with the ardour that penetrated his heart; whatever influences, in short, which a love, whose object quitted this life so early, appears to have exercised upon the whole duration of a career prolonged, with so great *éclat*, for more than sixty years afterwards.*

The smallest acquaintance with the character of Michel Angelo would lead to the belief that, according to the expression of his epoch, he could "have fixed his heart nowhere but in a lofty sphere. The conjectures which have been formed bereference to the house of the first citizen of Florence and of Italy, at the period of Angelo's entrance on his career, to the family of the grandson of Cosmo Pater Patriæ," of the man to whom the disinterested voice of foreigners and of posterity has confirmed all that his contemporaries attributed to him, in the great work of the Italian Renaissance—scientific, literary, artistic even—namely, the chief and most brilliant honour.

Lorenzo the Magnificent, born in 1450, married Clarice Orsini in 1468. There were born from this alliance, besides the children who died in the cradle, three sons and four daughters. In 1492, Pietro succeeded to the offices and dignity of his father, and lost them in 1494; Giovanni mounted the Pontifical throne, and became the illustrious Leo X.; Giuliano died Duke of Nemours and "*prince du gouvernement*" of Florence. Of the four daughters, Maddalena became the wife of Francesco Cybo, Count dell' Anguillara; Lucrezia married Giacomo Salviati; and Contessina,

Piero Ridolfi. Luigia was the youngest, according to certain authorities; Count Pompeo Litta, however, in his *Illustri Famiglie Italiane*, places her in order of birth immediately after Maddalena. Whichever it may be, Clarice Orsini dying in 1488, Lorenzo contracted no other alliance, and, at the end of four years, followed his wife to the tomb. We have no means of determining the age Luigia had reached at the time of this melancholy event; but, as her marriage was then talked of, we cannot give her less than from fifteen to sixteen years. Michel Angelo, born the 6th March 1475, † wanted a month of his seventeenth year when he lost the generous protector of his early youth.

It was in 1490 that Angelo first went to live in the house of the Magnificent Lorenzo. Apprenticed, the 1st April 1488, to the "master of painting," Domenico di Tommasso del Ghirlandajo, he astonished the grave and learned artist by his rapid progress and fire of imagination. Ghirlandajo, finding his disposition more decided for sculpture than for the pencil, hastened to recommend him to Lorenzo, who, in his gardens, situated near the convent of Saint Mark, was exerting himself to create a school capable of restoring to Florence the glorious days of the Ghiberti and the Donatello. It was no easy task for the prince of the Florentine government to buy the child of genius from the timorous avarice of his father, Lodovico Buonarroti ‡. At length, an office in the financial administration of the state, conferred upon the father, and a provision of five ducats monthly settled on the son, but of which it was agreed that Lodovico should derive the profit, conquered the scruples of the old citizen; and Michel Angelo, adopted as it were, among the children of Lorenzo, was enabled, at his own pleasure, to divide his hours between the practice of his favourite art, and the lessons that Pietro, Giovanni, and Giuliano received at "the Platonic

* Michel Angelo lived until the beginning of the year 1564, the seventieth after the death of Luigia de' Medici.

† In the Florentine style, 1474. The Florentine year began at Easter.

‡ Michel Angelo was the fourth and last of the sons of Ludovico.

Academy," of which the illustrious Politiano was director.

This society, of which Lorenzo was the soul as well as the founder,* reckoned among its members certain individuals, whose names are still held in respect by posterity; and many others who, less distinguished or less fortunate, exercised, nevertheless, a useful influence on the regeneration of good studies, and the diffusion of the knowledge that may be derived from the works of antiquity. Among the former, the first rank was unanimously given to Politiano, Pico della Mirandola, Leon-Battista Alberti, and Marsilio Ficino. Lorenzo required that his sons should be present at the learned discourses of the academy. Michel Angelo listened to them in company with Pietro, and Cardinal Giovanni, and received most flattering consideration from Politiano. The subtleties of Grecian metaphysics, and the technical language of logic, discouraged Buonarotti's clear and free understanding; but the sublimity of conception, and majesty of expression of the Attic Bee, met with marvellous affinities in the disposition of the young Florentine. These studies developed in Michel Angelo, the poetical genius of which he has left admirable proofs in his marbles, his cartoons, and his writings.

It was not only the affectionate interest of Lorenzo, the intimacy with his sons, and the generous cares of Politiano, in the house of the Medici, which aided the progress, and inflamed the energy of Michel Angelo. At this same time, more profound lessons were repeated in an austere pulpit, not far from the delicious gardens of Valfondo. Girolamo Savonarola, the celebrated dominican of Saint Mark, was at the zenith of his reputation; and his influence over the people of Florence, without directly thwarting that of Lorenzo, began, nevertheless, to counterbalance it. Michel Angelo, says the most exact of his biographers, (Vasari, *Vite dei Pittori*,) read "with great veneration" the works written by the enthusiastic and eloquent monk. From him he learned to seek in the Holy Scriptures for the pure and direct

source of the highest inspiration; and, during his whole life, Buonarotti had constantly in his hand the sacred volume, and the *Divina Comedia* of Dante, which he regarded as a commentary at once philosophical, theological, and, above all, poetical upon the former. An ardent love of art confined within due bounds the effect which Savonarola's exhortations produced upon the true and serious soul of the young sculptor; he neither followed the Dominican in his fanatical hostility to the artistic and literary Renaissance, then displaying all the riches of its spring, nor in the political aberrations which Savonarola, after the death of Lorenzo, had the misfortune to display in the public squares of Florence, and even in the heart of her councils.

In the midst of a life so full and already fruitful, which the approach of a glory almost unequalled illuminated by a few precursive rays, Michel Angelo appears to have opened his heart to the sentiment of a love as true and elevated as the other emotions which swayed his soul, and directed his faculties: Luigia de' Medici seems to have been its object. It is, as already remarked, in the poetical compositions, forming the first part of Angelo's collection, that we must endeavour to find the imperishable memorials of this tenderness, to which the illusions even of early youth appear to have never lent, for a single moment, any hope of the union with which it might have been crowned. Michel Angelo's timid pride combined with his respect and gratitude to interdict to him all designation, even indirect, of the woman to whom his affections were bound by a chain whose embrace death alone could have relaxed. We shall see in the poetry of Buonarotti none of the artifice made use of by Petrarch to render the name of *Laura* intelligible, which Camoëns afterwards employed to celebrate Donna *Caterina*, and from which, still later, the unhappy Torquato regretted, with much bitterness, to have wandered, when, in the intoxication of his illusions, he traced the fatal name of *Eleonora*.

* The Platonic Academy was established at Florence in 1474. Politiano's death, twenty years later, was the cause of its entire dispersion.

“Quando sara che d' *Eleonora mia*
Potro goder in libertade amore.”
(Verse stolen from *Tasso* and given to
the Duke of Ferrara.)

It is but rarely, and with a light touch,
that Angelo makes allusion to the ex-
treme youth of her whom he loves,—

———“il corpo umano

Mal segue poi . . . d' un *angelletta*
il volo.”—(Sonnetto 15)

Once only he speaks of light hair:—

“Sovra quel *biondo crin*”
(Sonnetto ultimo.)

Never does he write a word that can be referred to the difference of rank existing between them, to the splendour which had surrounded the cradle even of the daughter of the great citizen whom all Italy seems to have made the arbiter of her political combinations. Michel Angelo speaks only of the touching beauty of her who has subjugated him by “that serene grace, certain mark of the nobility and purity of a soul in perfect harmony with its Creator;” (Sonnetto 3, *et passim* in the first part.) Never does he give us to understand that his love received the least encouragement. It has been thought, however, that Luigia had detected the attachment of the youth whose genius had as yet been attested by no great work, and that she rewarded it by the tenderest friendship. It is certain that, in a transport of gratitude, Angelo wrote the beautiful verse—

“Unico spirto, e da me solo inteso!”
(Sonnetto 16.)

and that, in another *morceau*, he thanks “those beautiful eyes which lend him their sweet light, the genius that raises his own to heaven, the support that steadies his tottering steps,”

“Veggio co'bei vostri occhi un dolce
lume.” . . . —(Sonnetto 12.)

But, checking himself immediately in these half-revelations, the poet, on the contrary, multiplies the complaints torn from him by the coldness and apparent indifference of her whose beauty he celebrates, whom he can render immortal. See more particularly Sonnet 21—

“Perchè d'ogni mia speme il verde è
spento.”

He exclaims even that he has rarely

enjoyed the presence on which his happiness depends:—“You know neither custom nor opportunity have served my affection: it is very rarely that my eyes kindle themselves at the fire which burns in yours, guarded by a reserve to which desire scarcely dares to approach—

———‘gli occhi vostri

Circonscritti ov' appena il desir vola.’

A single look has made my destiny, and I have seen you, to say truly, but once.”—(Madrigale 5.)

It has been said that the “divine hand” of Michel Angelo painted the portrait of Luigia de' Medici. This is the name given, in reality, during the last century, to the head of a young female, “handsome rather than really beautiful,” writes father Della Valle—a work in which Buonarotti's drawing was said to be recognised, with a softer and more lively colouring than obtains in the other pictures from his easel. Angelo's repugnance to paint portraits is one of the best established traits of his character. But he sculptured several—among those positively known are that of Julius II., lost in the chateau of Ferrara, and another of Gabriel Faërne, preserved in the Museum Capitolinum. We know, besides, that he consented to paint the portrait of the noble and witty Messer Tomasso de' Cavalieri, (see *Vasari*,) of the natural size; but that was a rare favour. “For,” said he, “I abhor the obligation to copy that which, in nature, is not of infinite beauty.” In another place, sonnet nineteen, addressing the object of his tenderness, Michel Angelo reminds her, that works of art are endowed, so to say, with eternal life and youth. “Perhaps,” he adds, (Sonnetto 19,) “I shall be able to prolong thy life and mine beyond the tomb, by employing, if thou wilt, colour, or marble, if thou preferest, to fix the lines of our features and the resemblance of our affection!”

Again he writes—“While I paint her features, why cannot I convey to her face the pallor which disfigures mine, and which comes from her cruelty to me?”—(Madrigale 24.) But in some others of Angelo's poems, mention is made of a statue, or more probably of a bust, on which the young artist worked with

an impassioned mixture of zeal and faint-heartedness.

"I fear," he says, "to draw from the marble, instead of her image, that of my features worn, and void of grace."—(*Madrigale* 22.) And when he drew near the term of his labour—"Behold," he exclaims, "an animated stone, which, a thousand years hence, will seem to breathe! What, then, ought heaven to do for her, its own work, while the portrait only is mine; for her whom the whole world, and not myself alone, regard as a goddess rather than a mortal? Nevertheless the stone remains, while she is about to depart."—(*Madrigale* 39.)

It was probably on this occasion that Michel Angelo wrote those charming and mysterious verses, whose sense it is otherwise difficult to determine:—

"Qui risi e piansi, e con doglia infinita,
Da questo sasso vidi far partita
Colei ch' a me mi tolse, e non mi volse."
(*Sonnetto* 29.)

The bust of Luigia de' Medici, if it really came from the hands of Angelo, has shared the fate of many other *chefs-d'œuvres*, of which his contemporaries appear to have spoken with such great enthusiasm, only to increase our regret; while the most diligent researches have led to no recovery since their disappearance, caused by the disasters that visited Florence, and by the culpable negligence which, throughout the whole of Italy, followed the period of which Buonarotti was the principal ornament.

If it be to the affection of Luigia de' Medici that Angelo's nineteenth sonnet * really refers, we are led to the belief that this lofty soul, temperate in its own hopes, yet imbued with a generous ambition, had suffered itself, for a moment, to be carried away by the illusion of a permanent happiness; but a blow, as terrible as unforeseen, scattered these thoughts. The "Magnificent" Lorenzo, scarcely in his

forty-second year, sunk at his seat of Careggi, under a short illness, but of which he foresaw the inevitable term with great resignation from the earliest moment. With Lorenzo de' Medici descended to the tomb all that was yet bright in the glory of his family—all that was real in the prosperity of Florence—all that was assured in the fortune, or attractive in the labours of the young Buonarotti, then only seventeen years of age.

Of the three sons left by Lorenzo, not one was capable of replacing him. The Cardinal Giovanni had a cultivated mind, engaging manners, and vast ambition; but, overwhelmed already, in spite of his youth, † with the weight of his benefices and ecclesiastical dignities, he pursued, at the Papal Court, the high fortune of which he then foresaw the accomplishment. Giuliano, born in 1478, was as yet little more than a child, in whom appeared the germ of amiable and even generous qualities, spoiled by pride, the hereditary vice of his house. With regard to Pietro, the new prince of the government—for he succeeded without opposition to the ill-defined and conventional, rather than regularly constituted authority which his ancestors and his father had left in his possession—he evinced only incapacity, presumption, improvidence, and foolish vanity. Aged twenty-one, he had already espoused Alfonsina Orsini, and drew a false security from an alliance in which he hoped for the support of one of the most warlike and powerful families of southern Italy. Michel Angelo felt the necessity of quitting the abode of the Medici, where Pietro, of too vulgar a mind to appreciate the artist's character, displayed a soul mean enough to make him feel the bitterness of protection. He returned to the paternal home; and although he continued to show a marked attachment for the legitimate interests of

* "But, perhaps, thy compassion regards with more justice than I thought in the beginning, my pure and loyal ardour, and the passion which thy looks have kindled in me for noble actions.

"Oh, most happy day! if it ever arrive for me, let my days and hours concentrate themselves in that moment! and, to prolong it, let the sun forget his accustomed course!"

† He was born in 1475.

the Medici, and was even again sometimes employed—but not in important matters—by the younger members of the family, the separation was final, and the republican convictions of the young artist developed themselves, after that time, at full liberty. Angelo's poetical collection proves to us how cruelly his removal, from the house where Lorenzo had entertained him with the most agreeable hospitality, affected his heart. In future it must become a stranger, at least in looks and conversation, to her whom he loved with an inquiet fervour.

“How, separated from you, shall I ever have the power to guide my life, if I can not, at parting, implore your assistance?”

* * * * *

Lest absence condemn my loyal devotion to forgetfulness, in remembrance of my long affliction, take, Signora, take in pledge a heart which hereafter belongs no more to me.”—(*Madrigale 11.*)

And in another place :

“He who departs from you has no more hope of light: where you are not, there is no more heaven.”—(*Madrigale 9.*)

The hour approached, however, when, according to the usage of the country, and the relations of her family, Luigia's lot should be decided. Various projects of alliance were discussed. The choice hesitated between two brothers, descended from Giovanni de' Medici, a branch from the dominant house, and of that which took the name of its individual ancestor, Lorenzo. The latter, brother of Cosmo, Pater Patriæ, had, by Ginevra Cavalcanti Piero Francesco, to whom his wife, Landomia Acciajuoli, brought two sons, Lorenzo and Giovanni. Both had arrived at the age of maturity, and were reckoned among the most considerable citizens of Florence. The marriage, however, did not take place. It is said that Luigia herself prevented its conclusion, until a misunderstanding, caused by some opposition of interests, had definitely separated Pietro from the two brothers, more especially from Giovanni, upon whom the reigning prince appears principally to have reckoned. Others, however, have supposed that the obstacles to the proposed union arose only on the part of Giovanni and his brother, who, in fact, followed

the principal citizens in the opposition, then planned, against Pietro's unskilful administration. And last, it has been asserted, that Luigia was betrothed to Giovanni, but died before the time fixed for the marriage. Among these opinions, Litta appears to incline to the second; Roscoe adopts the last. However it may be, it is only certain that, alone of all Lorenzo's daughters, Luigia left the paternal house but to exchange it for the repose of the tomb.

According to the historians, she died a few days before the catastrophe which overturned Pietro's government, and condemned all the descendants of Cosmo l'Antico to an exile of sixteen years. It was consequently late in the autumn of 1494 that Luigia departed this life. Amid the passionate prejudices which prepared, and the convulsions which followed, the Florentine revolution, the extinction of this beautiful light excited no sensation.

Michel Angelo was not at that moment in Florence. Politiano's death seems to have broken the last ties that attached him to the obligations contracted in his early youth. His penetrating intelligence warned him of the coming fall of the Medici. He neither wished to renounce his ancient attachments, nor to give them the predominance over the duties of a citizen, to a free state, which it was of the highest importance to wean from a blind and dangerous course. In this painful alternative, Michel Angelo determined to withdraw for a time. He went first to Venice, and afterwards to Bologna, where the warm reception of the Aldrovandi kept him during an entire year, and even longer.

According to all appearance, on quitting Florence, Buonarotti was aware of Luigia's declining health; and his poetry shows us the courageous artist sinking under the burden of his melancholy presentiments:—

“Be sure, O eyes, that the time is past, that the hour approaches which will close the passage to your regards, even to your tears. Remain in pity to me, remain open while this divine maiden deigns yet to dwell on this earth. But when the heaven shall open to receive these unique and pure beauties . . . when she shall ascend to the abode of glorified and happy souls, then close; I bid you farewell.”—(*Madrigale 40.*)

It was while at Venice, at least so it is believed, that Michel Angelo learned the death of Luigia de' Medici. An expression of profound sadness and manly resignation pervades the poems which escaped from his oppressed soul, already familiarized with grief: he knew "that death and love are the two wings which bear man from earth to heaven."

. . . . "chi ama, qual chi muore,
Non ha da gire al ciel dal mondo altr'ale."
(Sonnetto: *Dall' aspra piaga*.)

There are, in Angelo's collection, four compositions which may be regarded as dedicated to the memory of Luigia de Medici; first, the sonnet.—"Spirto ben nato," in which the poet deplores "the cruel law which has not spared tenderness, compassion, mercy—treasures so rare, united to so much of beauty and fidelity; then the Sonnets 27, 28, and 30, where Michel Angelo, as though emboldened by the irreparable calamity which had befallen him, raises the veil under which the circumstances and the illusions of his love had hitherto been shrouded, for every one, and almost for himself. Now he exclaims:—"Oh, fallacious hopes! where shall I now seek thee—liberated soul? Earth has received thy beauteous form, and Heaven thy holy thoughts!—(Sonnetto 27.) . . . This *first love*, which fixed my wandering affections, now overwhelms my exhausted soul with an insupportable weight.—(Sonnetto 28.) . . . Yes, the brightness of the flame, which nourished while consuming my heart, is taken from me by heaven; but one teeming spark remains to me, and I would wish to be reduced to ashes only after shining in my turn." The sense of the latter triplet is very enigmatical; it is here interpreted in accordance with the known character of the poet, and the direction which he delayed not to give to his faculties. From this moment Angelo, devoted to the threefold worship of God, art, and his country, constantly refused to think of other ties. He had, he remarked, "espoused the affectionate fantasy which makes of Art a monarch, an idol; "my children," he added, "will be the works that I shall leave behind me." More than thirty years were to elapse, ere

in this heart, yet youthful at the approach of age, another woman, and she the first of her era, (Vittoria Colonna,) occupied in part the place left vacant by Luigia de' Medici.

It is to these few imperfect indications, conjectures, and fugitive glimpses, to which the most perspicacious care has not always succeeded in giving a positive consistency, that all our knowledge is reduced of one of the purest and most amiable forms presented by the historical and poetical gallery of Florence, during what is named her *golden age*. But what destiny was more worthy than that of Luigia de' Medici to excite a generous envy? Orphan from her birth, her life experienced that alone which elevates and purifies: hope, grief, and love. No vulgar cares abased her thoughts; no bitter experience withered her heart; death, in compassion, spared her the spectacle of the reverses of her family, and participation in the guilty successes which followed those disasters. Delicate and stainless flower, she closed on the eve of the storm that would have bathed her in tears and blood! The only evidence remaining to us of her is poetry of a fame almost divine—of a purity almost religious; and this young maiden, of whom no mention has come down to us, in addressing herself to our imagination, borrows the accents of the most extraordinary genius possessed by a generation hitherto unequalled in achievements of the mind. The place of sepulture of Luigia de' Medici is unknown; her remains were most probably deposited, without monumental inscription, in the vaults of San Lorenzo, the *gentilizia* church of her house. Among the epitaphs composed by Angelo, without attempting to indicate for whom, there is one whose application to Luigia de' Medici would be apt and touching. It may be thus translated:—"To earth the dust, to heaven the soul, have been returned by death. To him who yet loves me, dead, I have bequeathed the thought of my beauty and my glory, that he may perpetuate in marble the beautiful mask which I have left."

The editors of Michel Angelo have assumed that this admirable composition, as well as those which accom-

pany it under the same title, were written for a certain Francesco Bracci. The expression "chi morta ancor m'ama" is sufficient to refute this singular supposition.

We shall now attempt to give some idea of the poetical compositions from which we have not yet quoted, and which we conjecture to have been similarly inspired in Michel Angelo by his love for Luigia de' Medici. We incline to consider as belonging to the earliest poetic age of the great artist, to the epoch of the first and only real love experienced by him, all the pieces forming the first part of his work, commencing with the celebrated sonnet—

"Non ha l'ottimo artista," * * *
and ending with the thirtieth—
"Qual meraviglia è se vicino al fuoco."

in addition, the sonnet, three *madrigali*, (pieces without division of stanzas or couplets,) and one *canzone*, which the editors have placed at the head of the collection, entitled by them—"Componimenti men gravi e giocosi." The commencement of a new era in Angelo's thoughts and poetic style appears to us marked by the composition of the two admirable pieces which he dedicated to the memory of Dante Alighieri:—

"Dal mondo scese ai ciechi abissi;"
* * *
and

"Quanto dime si dee non si può dire."

Michel Angelo *petitioned* but once: this was that Leo X. would grant the ashes of Dante to Florence, where the artist "offered to give a becoming burial to the divine poet, in an honourable place in the city."—(Condivi, *Vita di Michel Angelo*.)

Previously a stranger to the sentiments of love, the young artist at first wonders and fears at their violence:

"Who, then, has lifted me by main force above myself? How can it be that I am no longer my own? And what is the unknown power which, nearer than myself, influences me; which

has more control over me; passes into my soul by the eyes; increases there without limit, and overflows my whole being?"—*Madrigali*, 3, 4.

Soon, however, he no longer doubts upon the character of this intoxication; he feels that he loves; he traces in sport the most graceful and animated picture of her who has captivated his heart! But this pure and ardent soul speedily becomes alarmed at the profound agitation in which it sees itself plunged; desires to go back to the cause, to recognise its origin, and measure its danger. Michel Angelo recognises, in conjunction with the danger, a sublime reward reserved for him who shall know how to merit it.

"The evil which I ought to shun, and the good to which I aspire, are united and hidden in thee, noble and divine beauty! * * * Love, beauty, fortune, or rigour of destiny, it is not you that I can reproach for my sufferings: for in her heart she bears at once compassion and death! Woe to me if my feeble genius succeed only, while consuming itself, in obtaining death from it!" *

Yes, dangerous and often fatal is that passion which seems to choose its favourite victims among hearts the most generous—intelligence the most ample:

"Very few are the men who raise themselves to the heaven; to him who lives in the fire of love, and drinks of its poison, (for to love is one of life's fatal conditions,) if grace transport him not towards supreme and incorruptible beauties—if all his desires learn not to direct themselves thither—Ah! what miseries overwhelm the condition of lover!"—(*Sonnet* 10.)

But this declaration has not been applied to all passionate and deep affections:

"No, it is not always a mortal and impious fault to burn with an immense love for a perfect beauty, if this love afterwards leave the heart so softened that the arrows of divine beauty may penetrate it."

"Love wakens the soul, and lends it

* The first sonnet of the collection; that commencing with the celebrated proposition—

"Non ha l'ottimo artista alcun capo suo."

wings for its sublime flight: often its ardour is the first step by which, discontented with earth, the soul remounts towards her Creator."—(*Sonnet 8.*)

Transported with this thought, in which he feels the passion to which he has yielded at once transforming and tranquillising itself, Michel Angelo gives to it in his verses the most eloquent and most ingenious developments.

"No, it is not a mortal thing which my eyes perceived, when in them was reflected, for the first time, the light of thine; but in thy look, my soul, inquiet, because it mounts towards its object without repose, has conceived the hope of finding her peace."

"She ascends, stretching her wings towards the abode from whence she descended! The beauty which charms the eyes calls to her on her flight; but, finding her weak and fugitive, she passes onwards to the universal form, the divine archetype."

This expression, and many others dispersed throughout the collection, show that he had profited more than he cared to acknowledge by the discourses of the Platonic Academy.

"Yes, I perceive it; that which must die can offer no repose to the wise man. * * * That which kills the soul is not love; it is the unbridled disorder of the senses. Love can render our souls perfect here below, and yet more in heaven!"—(*Sonnet 2.*)

And further on:

"From the stars most near to the empyrean, descends sometimes a brightness which attracts our desires towards them: it is that which is called love!"—(*Mad. 8.*)

But this celestial route demands extraordinary efforts on the part of him who aspires to travel it:

"How rash and how unworthy are

the understandings, which bring down to the level of the senses this beauty whose approaches aid the true intelligence to remount to the skies. But feeble eyes cannot go from the mortal to the divine; * never will they raise themselves to that throne, where, without the grace from on high, it is a vain thought to think of rising."

Michel Angelo believed that he recognised these characteristics, as rare as sublime, in the love which pervaded his own heart.

"The life of my love is not the all in my heart. * * This affection turns to that point where no earthly weakness, no guilty thought, could exist."

"Love, when my soul left the presence of her Creator, made of her a pure eye, of thee a splendour, and my ardent desire finds it every hour in that which must, alas! one day die of thee."

"Like as heat and fire, so is the Beautiful inseparable from the Eternal. * * * I see Paradise in thy eyes, and so return there where I loved thee before this life, † I recur every hour to consume myself under thy looks."—(*Sonnet 6.*)

He writes elsewhere, with a singular mixture of affectionate ardour and metaphysical boldness,—

"I know not if this is, in thee, the prolific light from its Supreme Author which my soul feels, or if from the mysterious treasures of her memory some other beauty, earlier perceived, shines with thy aspect in my heart." ‡

"Or if the brilliant ray of thy former existence is reflected in my soul, leaving behind this kind of painful joy, which perhaps, at this moment, is the cause of the tears I shed;"

"But after all, that which I feel, and see, which guides me, is not with me, is not in me, * * sometimes I imagine that thou aidest me to distinguish it."

* * * * * (*Sonnet 7.*)

* "Dal mortale al divin non vanno gli occhi
Che sono infermi." * * * *

† "Veggendo ne tuo' occhi il Paradiso,
Per ritornar là dove io t'amai pria,
Ricorro ardendo sotto le tue ciglia."

‡ "Non so se e' l'immaginata luce
Del suo primo Fattor che l'alma sente,
O se dalla memoria. * * *
Alcuna altra bella nel cor traluce,
* * * * *

Del tuo primiero stato il raggio ardente
Di sè lasciando un non so che cocente." * * *

It is easy to conjecture the danger of this inclination to metaphysical speculation for an ardent and subtile genius, which, even in its works of art, has left the proof of a constant disposition towards an obscure mysticism or a sombre austerity. Michel Angelo was enabled to avoid these two dangers, on one or the other of which he would have seen his genius wrecked, by the noble confidence which he ever maintained in "the two beacons of his navigation," tenderness of heart, and pure worship of beauty.

Thus, we shall see with what outpouring he proclaims the necessity, for the human soul, to attach itself strongly to some generous love:

"The memory of the eyes, and this hope which suffices to my life, and more to my happiness, * * * reason and passion, love and nature, constrain me to fix my regard upon thee during the whole time given me. * * * Eyes serene and sparkling; he who lives not in you is not yet born!"

And again:

"It is to thee that it belongs to bring out from the coarse and rude bark within which my soul is imprisoned, that which has brought and linked together in my intelligence, reason, strength, and love of the good." (*Mad.* 10.)

Then was renewed that sweet and pregnant security in which the soul, "under the armour of a conscience which feels its purity," may gain new energy and journey towards her repose:*

"Yes, sometimes, with my ardent desire, my hope may also ascend; it will not deceive me; for if all our affections are displeasing to heaven, to what end would this world have been created by God?"

"And what cause more just of the love with which I burn for thee, than the duty of rendering glory to that eternal peace, whence springs the divine charm which emanates from thee, which makes every heart, worthy to comprehend thee, chaste and pious?"

* * * * *

"Firm is the hope founded on a noble heart; the changes of the mortal bark strip no leaves from its crown; never does it languish, and even here it receives an assurance of heaven."—(*Sonnet* 9.)

Now it is with accents of triumph, and anon with the serener emotion of an immortal gratitude, that the poet exhibits the luminous ladder which his love assists him to mount, the support he finds in it when he descends again to the earth:

"The power of a beautiful countenance, the only joy I know on earth, urges me to the heaven; I rise, yet living, to the abode of elect souls—favour granted rarely to our mortal state!"

"So perfect is the agreement of this divine work with its Creator, that I ascend to Him on the wings of this celestial fervour; and there I form all my thoughts, and purify all my words."

"In her beautiful eyes, from which mine cannot divert themselves, I behold the light, guide upon the way which leads to God;

* * * * *

"Thus, in my noble fire, calmly shines the felicity which smiles, eternal, in the heavens!—(*Sonnet* 3.)

"With your beautiful eyes I see the mild light which my darkened eyes could not discern. Your support enables me to bear a burden which my weary steps could not endure to the end."

* * * * *

"My thoughts are shaped in your heart; my words are born in your mind."

"With regard to you, I am like the orb of night in its career; our eyes can only perceive the portion on which the sun sheds his rays."—(*Sonnet* 12.)

The admirable picture of indissoluble union in a settled tenderness, one of the most perfect pieces which has come from Angelo's pen, was sketched, doubtless, in one of those moments of severe and entire felicity:

"A refined love, a supreme affection, an equal fortune between two hearts, to whom joys and sorrows are in common,

* "La buona coscienza che l'uom franchigia, Sotto l'usbergo di sentirsi pura."—*Dante*.

because one single mind actuates them both;

"One soul in two bodies, raising both to heaven, and upon equal wings;

* * * * *

"To love the other always, and one's self never; to desire of Love no other prize than himself; to anticipate every hour the wishes with which the reciprocal empire regulates two existences:

"Such are the certain signs of an inviolable faith; shall disdain or anger dissolve such a tie?"—(*Sonnet 20.*)

The last verse makes allusion to some incident of which we have been unable to find any historical explanation:

"Or potra sdegno tanto nodo sciorre?"

But these ill-founded fears soon gave way to the presentiment of the cruel, the imminent trial, for which the poet's affection was reserved.

"Spirit born under happy auspices, to show us, in the chaste beauty of thy terrestrial envelope, all the gifts which nature and heaven can bestow on their favourite creation!"

* * * * *

"What inexorable law denies to this faithless world, to this mournful and fallacious life, the long possession of such a treasure? Why cannot death pardon so beautiful a work?"—(*Sonnet 25.*)

The poet, however, already knew that such is the law, severe in appearance, but merciful in reality, which

governs all things on this earth, "where nothing endures but tears."* It was then that Michel Angelo discovered in his heart that treasure of energy destined to sustain him in the multiplied trials of a life, of which he measured the probable length with a melancholy resignation. †

"Why," he exclaims, "grant to my wounded soul the vain solace of tears and groaning words, since heaven, which clothed a heart with bitterness, takes it away but late, and perhaps only in the tomb?"

"Another must die. Why this haste to follow her? Will not the remembrance of her look soothe my last hours? And what other blessing would be worth so much as one of my sorrows?" ‡

In fine, armed with "the faith that raises souls § to God, and sweetens their death," Michel Angelo, when the fatal blow fell, was enabled to impart to his regrets an expression of thankfulness to the Supreme Dispenser of our destinies; and giving a voice from the tomb to her whom he had so deeply loved, he puts these sublime words into her mouth:

"I was a mortal, now I am an angel. The world knew me for a little space, and I possess heaven for ever. I rejoice at the glorious exchange, and exult over the death which struck, to lead me to eternal life!"—*Epitaffio*, v.

* "To what am I reserved?" writes Angelo in another piece. "To live long? that terrifies me. The shortest life is yet too long for the recompense obtained in serving with devotion."

† "Ahi, che null altro che pianto al mondo dura!"—*Petrarca*.

‡ "Ogni altro ben val men ch'una mia doglia!"

§ * * * * * "Chi t'ama con fede
Si leva a Dio, e fa dolce la morte."

THINGS IN GENERAL.

A GOSSIPING LETTER FROM THE SEASIDE TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.
BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.Near ———, England,
October 1846.

MY DEAR CHRISTOPHER,—Where am I? What am I doing? Why have I forgotten you and Maga? Bless us! what a pother!—Give a man time, my revered friend, to answer: I have *not* forgotten either you or Maga; I am at the seaside; and I am doing, as well as I can, *nothing*. There are your testy questions answered: and as to divers objurgatory observations of your's, I shall not attempt to reply to them—regarding them as the results of some gout-twinges which have, I fear, a little quickened and heated the temper of that “old man eloquent,” who, when in good health, plays but one part—that of a caressing father towards his children; for as such Christopher North has ever (as far as I know) regarded his contributors. “Why don't you *review* something or other? There's —, an impudent knave!—has just sent me his —: you will find it pleasant to flagellate him, or —, a Cockney coxcomb! And if you be not in that humour, there are several excellent, and one or two admirable works, which have appeared within the last eighteen months, and which really have as strong a claim on Maga as she has on her truant sons,—and you, among the rest, have repeatedly promised to take one, at least, in hand. If you be not in the critical vein—do, for heaven's sake, turn your hand to something else—you have lain fallow long enough!—With one of the many articles which you have so often told me that you were ‘seriously thinking of’ on —, or —, or —, &c., &c., &c.: and if *that* won't do—why, rather than do *nothing*, set to work for an hour or two on a couple of mornings, and write me a gossiping sort of letter—such as I can print—such as you have once before done, and I printed,—on

Things in General. Surely the last few months have witnessed events which must have set you, and all observant men, thinking, and thinking very earnestly. Set to work, be it only in a simple, natural, easy way—care not you, as I care not, how discursively—a little touch of modest egotism, even, I will forgive on this occasion, if you find that—” Here, dear Christopher, I recalcitrate, and decline printing the rest of the sentence; but as to “*Things in General*”—I am somewhat smitten with the suggestion. 'Tis a taking title—a roomy subject, in which one can flit about from gay to grave, from lively to severe, according to the humour of the moment; and since you really do not dislike the idea of an old contributor's gossip on men and things, given you in his own way, I shall forthwith begin to pour out my little thoughts as unreservedly as if you and I were sitting together alone here. *Here*; but where? As I said before, at the seaside; at my favourite resort—where (eschewing “Watering-places” with lively disgust) I have spent many a happy autumn. When I first found it out, I thought that the *lines* had indeed *fallen* to me in *pleasant places*, and I still think so; but were I to tell the public, through your pages, of this green spot, I suspect that by this time next year the sweet solitude and primitive simplicity of the scene around me would have vanished: greedy speculating builders, tempting the proprietors of the soil, would run up in all directions vile, pert, vulgar, brick-built, slate-roofed, Quakerish-looking abominations, exactly as a once lovely nook in the Isle of Wight—Ventnor to wit—has become a mere assemblage of eyesores, a mass of *unfavourable* eruptions, so to speak—Bah! I once used

to look forward to the Isle of Wight with springy satisfaction. Why, the infatuated inhabitants were lately talking of having a railroad in the island!!

I quitted Babylon, now nearly eleven weeks ago, for this said sweet mysterious solitude. London I dearly, dearly love—except during the months of August, September, and October, when it goes to sleep, and lies utterly torpid. When I quitted it very early in August, London life was, as it were, at dead-low water-mark. I was myself somewhat jaded with a year's severe exertion in my lawful calling, (what that may be, it concerns none of your readers to know,) and my family also were in want of change of air and scene; so that, when the day of departure had arrived, we were in the highest possible spirits. Our house would—we reflected—within a few hours put on the dismal, dismantled appearance which almost every other house in the street had presented for several weeks, and we, whirling away to —; but first of all it occurred to me to lay in a stock of our good friend Lee's port and sherry, (for where were we to get drinkable wine at —?)—ditto, in respect of six pounds of real tea—not *quasi* tea, *i. e.*, raisin-stalks and sloe-leaves—three bottles of whisky; four of Anchovy sauce; and four of Reading or Harvey's sauce; two pounds of mustard, and some cayenne and curry-powder: having an eye, in respect of this last, to—hot crab! a delicious affair! Arrangements these which we are resolved always to make hereafter, having repeatedly experienced the inconvenience of not doing so. Having packed up every thing, and given special orders for the *Times* to be provided daily, and the *Spectator* weekly, away we go—myself, wife, three hostages to fortune, and three other persons, and—bless him!—Tickler; Timothy Tickler—that sagacious, quaint, affectionate, ugly-beautiful Skye terrier, which found its way to me from you, my revered friend—and is now lying gracefully near me, pretending—the little rogue—to be asleep; but really watching the wasps buzzing round him, and every now and then snap-

ping at them furiously, unconscious of the probable consequences of his success,—that,

“ If 'twere *done*, when 'tis done,
Then—'twere well it were done quick-ly!”

By what railway we went, I care not to say—beyond this, that it belongs to one of that exceedingly select class, the well-conducted railways; and we were brought to the end of that portion of our journey—whether one hundred, two hundred, or two hundred and fifty, or three hundred miles, signifies nothing—safely and punctually arriving two minutes earlier than our appointed time. Then, by means of steam-boats, cars, and otherwise, *taliter processum est*, that about eight o'clock in the evening we reached this place, which, in the brilliant moonlight, looked even more beautiful than I had ever seen it. Near us on our left—that is, within a few hundred feet—was the placid silvery sea, “its moist lips kissing the shore,” as Thomas Campbell expressed it; and while supper was preparing, we went to the shore to enjoy its loveliness. Not a breath of wind was stirring—scarcely a cloud interfered with the moon's serene effulgence. Lofty cliffs stretched on either side of us as we faced the sea, casting a kindly gloom over part of the shore; and on turning towards the land, we beheld nothing but solemn groves of trees, and one sweet cottage peeping modestly from among them, as it were a pearl glistening half-hid between the folds of green velvet, about half-way up the fissure in the cliffs by which we had descended. Two or three fishing-boats were moored under the cliff, and against one of them was leaning the fisherman, not far from his snugly-sheltered hut, pleasantly puffing at his pipe. Near him lay extended on the shingle, grisly even in death, a monster—*viz.* a shark, the victim of the patience, pluck, and tact, which had been exhibited that afternoon by the fisherman and his son, who had captured the marine fiend in the bay, at less than two miles' distance from the shore. 'Twas nine feet in length, wanting one inch; and *its* teeth made your teeth chatter

to look at them. Tickler inspected him narrowly, having first cautiously ascertained by his nose that all was right, and then exclaimed, "Bow, wow, wow!"—thus showing that even as a live ass is better than a dead lion, so a live terrier was better than a dead shark. [As I find that several of these hideous creatures have been lately captured here, *quære* the propriety of bathing, as I had intended, from a boat, a little way off from the land? Hem!] The only visible occupants of those solitary sands at that moment, were myself,

"Hail, sacred Solitude! from this calm bay
 I view the world's tempestuous sea;
 And with wise pride despise
 All those senseless vanities:
 With pity moved for others, cast away,
 On rocks of hopes and fears I see them toss'd,
 On rocks of folly and of vice I see them lost:
 Since the prevailing malice of the great
 Unhappy men, or adverse fate
 Sunk deep into the gulfs of an afflicted state:
 But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,
 Whilst virtue counts them, but, alas, in vain,
 Fly from her kind embracing arms,
 Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest charms,
 And sunk in pleasures and in brutish ease,
 They in their shipwreck'd state themselves obdurate please.
 * * * * *
 Here may I always, on this downy grass,
 Unknown, unseen, my easy moments pass,
 Till, with a gentle force, victorious Death
 My solitude invade,
 And stopping for a while my breath,
 With ease convey me to a better shade!"

But a sharpened appetite for supper called me away, and I quickly followed my companions, casting a last glance around, and suppressing a faint sigh, fraught with the reflection, "All this—*Deo volente*—will be ours for nearly three months." Why *does* one so often sigh on such an occasion?

You may conceive how we enjoyed our supper to the utmost, and then all of us retired to our respective apartments, which were so brilliantly lit by the moon, as to make our candles pale their ineffectual fires. I stood for a long time gazing at the beautiful scenery visible from my little dressing-room window, and then retired to rest, grateful to the Almighty for our being allowed the prospect of another of these periodical intervals of relaxation and enjoyment. To me they get more pre-

my wife and children, the fisherman, Tickler, and the dead shark. I remained standing alone for a few moments after my companions had turned their steps towards our cottage, eager for supper, and gazed upon the sequestered loveliness around me with a sense of luxury. What a contrast this to the scene of exciting London life in which I had happened to bear a part on the preceding evening! The following verses of Lord Roscommon happened to occur to me, and chimed in completely with the tone of my feelings:—

cious every year; *they do*, decidedly. But why? Let me, however, return to this question by-and-by: 'tis one which, with kindred subjects, has much occupied my thoughts this autumn, in many a long, solitary stroll over the hills, and along the sea-shore.

I wish I could do justice to my cottage and its lovely locality. Yet why should I try to set your's and your readers' teeth on edge? You have some lovely nooks on your Scottish coast; but you cannot beat this. We are about three hundred yards from the sea, of which our windows, on one side, command a full view; while from all the others are visible dark, high, steep downs, at so short a distance, that methinks, at this moment, I can hear the faint—the very faint—tinkle of a sheep-bell,

proceeding from some of the little white tufts moving upon them. I am now writing to you towards the middle of this stormy October. Its winds have so much thinned the leaves of the huge elms which stand towards the south-eastern parts of our house, that I can now, from my study-window, distinctly see the church—very small, and very ancient—which, when first we came, the thick foliage rendered totally invisible from this point. My window looks directly upon the aforesaid downs, which at present appear somewhat gloomy and desolate. Yet have they a certain air of the wild picturesque, the effect of which is heightened by the howling winds, which are sweeping down over them to us, moaning and groaning through the trees, and round the gables of our house, (the aspect of the sky being, at the same time, bleak and threatening.) How it enhances my sense of snugness in the small antique, thoroughly wind-and-weather tight room in which I am writing! A little to my left is a vast natural hollow in the downs, from which springs a sort of little hanging wood or copse, the mottled variegated hues of which have a beautiful effect. Between me and the downs are small clumps of trees—abrupt little declivities, thickly lined with shrubs, all touched with the bronze tinting of the far-advanced autumn—two or three intensely-green fields, in the nearest of which are browsing the two cows belonging to the parsonage—which is, by the way, quite invisible from any part of my house, though at only a hundred yards' or two distance. Oh! 'tis a model—alove of a parsonage!—buried among lofty trees, richly adorned with myrtles, laurel, and clematis—the well-trimmed greensward immediately surrounding the long, low, thatched house, which combines rural elegance, simplicity, and comfort in its disposition—is bordered by spreading hydrangeas, dahlias, fuschias, mignonette, and roses—ay, roses, even yet in full bloom! Its occupant is my friend, a dignitary of the church, a scholar, a gentleman, and “given to hospitality;” but I will say nothing more on this head, lest, peradventure, I should offend his modesty, and disclose my locality.

My own house is more than sufficient for my family; 'tis a small gentleman's cottage, delightfully situate, and containing every convenience, (especially for a *symposium*.) and surrounded by a luxuriant garden. Along one side of the house, and commanding an extensive and varied sea and land view, runs a little terrace of “soft, smooth-shaven green,” made for a meditative man to pace up and down, as I have done some thousand times—by noonday sunlight, by midnight moonshine—buried in reverie, or charmed by contemplating the scenery around, disturbed by no sound save the caw! caw! caw! from the parsonage rookery, the *sough* of the wind among the trees, and, latterly, the sullen echoes of the sea thundering on the shore. Ah! what an inexpressibly beautiful aspect is just given to the scene by that transient gleam of saddening sunlight!

I can really give no account of my time for the last eleven weeks, which have slipped away almost unperceivedly—one day so like another, that scarce any thing can be recorded of one which would not be applicable to every other. Breakfast over, (crabs, lobster, or prawns, and honey indigenous, the constant racy accessories,) all the intermediate time between that hour and dinner, (for I am no lunch-eater,) six p.m., is spent in sauntering along the shore, poking among the rocks, strolling over the clefts, and clambering up and wandering about the downs; and occasionally in pilgrimages to distant and pretty little farm-houses, (in quest of their products for our table,) generally accompanied by Tickler, always by a book, sometimes with my wife and children; but most frequently *alone*, chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, and always avoiding, of set purpose, any other company (even were it here to be had) in my rambles, than as is aforesaid. 'Tis ecstasy to me to sit alone on a rock in a sequestered part of the shore, especially when the tide is high, and equally whether it be rough or smooth, or calm or stormy weather: for as to this last, I have discovered a friendly nook in the rocks, big enough to hold me only, and deep enough to give me shelter from the wind and rain, ex-

cept when they beat right in upon me. You may laugh, perhaps, but in this retreat I have spent many an entire day—*i.e.* from ten A.M. to six P.M., sometimes pacing to and fro on the sands, near my hole, generally bathing about mid-day, taking with me always the *Times* newspaper, (which I generally got from the old postman, whom I met on my way down to the sands,) the current number of *Mirror*, or some favourite volume, being also frequent companions. I must acknowledge, however, that the first was my special luxury, to which I daily addressed myself with all the eager relish of a dog with a fresh bone in an unfrequented place—and whom I conceive to be, so circumstanced, in a state paradisaical:—for, indeed, to such a pass are matters come, that no man whom I know of can miss his newspaper without a restless, uncomfortable feeling of having slipped a day behind the world. Surely I may here, in passing, say a word or two about NEWSPAPERS?

And coming from one who, as you know, never had any thing to do with newspapers, except as having been an eager and regular reader of them for more than twenty years, I hope my testimony is worth having, when I express my opinion that our newspaper press is a very great honour to Great Britain, as well negatively in its abstinence from myriads of tempting but objectionable topics, as well as positively in the varied ability, the energy, accuracy, and amazing promptitude displayed in dealing with the ever-changing and often-perplexing affairs of the world. Inestimably precious is the unshackled freedom of these wondrous organs of public opinion: infringe, though never so slightly, and but for a moment, upon that independence, and you wound our nursery in the very apple of the eye.

Let any government unjustifiably or oppressively attack one of our newspapers—whatever may be its politics—how indifferent even soever its character—with an evident intention to impair its independence—and there is not a man in the country who would not suddenly feel a stifling sensation, as if some attempt had been made upon his immediate personal rights. The nation may be (though fearfully) compared to a huge nau-

ster, with myriads of *tentacles*—o whatever else you may call them—as its organ of existence and action, every single one of which is so sensitive, that, if touched, the whole *creature* is instantly roused and in motion, as if you had touched them *all*, and stimulated *all* into simultaneous and frightful action. The public is this vast creature—the press are these tentacles. Fancy our Prime Minister pouncing oppressively and illegally upon the very obscurest provincial paper going—say the “Land’s End Farthing Illuminator!” Why, the whole artillery of the press of the United Kingdom would instantly open upon him; in doing so, being the true exponent of the universal fury of the country—and in a twinkling where would be my Lord John, or would have been Sir Robert, with the strongest government that ever was organised? Extinguished, annihilated. Let some young and unreflecting Englishman compare this state of things with that which is at this moment in existence in Spain!—in which every newspaper daring to express itself independently, though moderately, on a stirring political event of the day, is instantly pounced upon by an infamous—a truly execrable government, and silenced and suppressed; and its conductors fined and imprisoned. We in this country cannot write or read the few words conveying the existence of such a state of facts, without our blood boiling. And is there no *other* country where the press is overawed—submits, however sullenly, to be dictated to by government, to become the despicable organ of falsehood and deceit—and is accessible to bribery and corruption? And what are we to say of the press of the United States of America, pandering (with some bright exceptions) to the vilest passions, the most depraved tastes of the most abandoned among the people, and mercenary and merciless libellers? With scarcely more than a single foul exception—and that, one regrets to say, in our Metropolis, in which are published nearly forty newspapers—can any person point out a newspaper, in town or country, indulging in, ribald or obscene language or allusions, or—with two or three exceptions—professed impiety, or slanderous attacks upon public or private character.

Some year or two ago there was manifested, in a certain portion of the metropolitan press, a tendency downwards of this sort; and how long was it before popular indignation rose, and—to use a legal phrase—abated the nuisance? Can the chief perpetrator of the enormities referred to, even now, after having undergone repeated legal punishment, show himself any where in public without encountering groans and hisses, and the risk even of personal violence? And did not the occasion in question rouse the legislature itself into action, the result of which was a law effectually protecting the public against wicked newspapers, and, on the other hand, justly affording increased protection to the freedom and independence of the virtuous part of the press? I repeat the question—Who can point out more than one or two of our newspapers which are morally discredit-able to the country? No censor of the press want we: the British public is its own censor. What a vast amount of humbug, of fraud, of meanness, of corruption, of oppression, of cruelty, and wickedness, as well in private as in public life—as well in low as in high places—is not kept in check, and averted from us, by the sleepless vigilance, the fearless interference, the ceaseless denunciations of our public press! 'Tis a potent preventive to check evil—or rather may be regarded as a tremendous tribunal, to which the haughtiest and fiercest among us is amenable, before which, though he may outwardly bluster, he inwardly quails, whose decrees have toppled down headlong the most exalted, into obscurity and insignificance, and left them exposed to blighting ridicule and universal derision. It is true that this power may be, and has been, abused: that good institutions and their officials have been unjustly denounced. But this is rare: the vast power above spoken of exists not, except where the press is unanimous, or pretty nearly so: and as the British people are a just and truth-loving people, (with all their weaknesses and faults,) the various organs of their various sections and parties rarely come to approach unanimity, except in behalf of a good and just cause. Let the most potent journal in the empire run counter to

the feeling and opinion of the country, if we could imagine a journal so obstinate and shortsighted, and its voice is utterly ineffectual—the objects of its deadliest animosity remain unscathed, though, it may be, for a brief space exposed to the irritating and annoying consequences of publicity. Let this country embark, for instance, in a just war—within a day or two our press would have roused the enthusiasm of this country, even as that of one man. Let it be an unjust war—and the government proposing it, or appearing likely to precipitate it, bombarded by the artillery of the press, will quickly be shattered to pieces. All our institutions profit prodigiously by the wholesome scrutiny of the press. The Church, the Army, the Navy, the Law, every department of the executive—down to our police-offices, our prisons, our workhouses—in any and every of them, tyranny, peculation, misconduct of every sort, is quickly detected, and as quickly stopped and redressed. While conferring these immense social benefits, how few are the evils, how rare—as I have already observed—the misconduct to be set off! How very, very rare are prosecutions for libel or sedition, or actions for libel, against the press; and even when they do occur, how rare is the success of such proceedings! I happen, by the way, to be able to give two instances of the generous and gentlemanlike conduct of the conductors of two leading metropolitan newspapers of opposite politics; one was of very recent occurrence:—A hot-headed political friend of mine, contrary to my advice, forwarded to *The* —— a *fact*, duly authenticated, concerning a person in high station, which, if it had been published, would have exquisitely annoyed the party in question, whose politics were diametrically opposed to those of the newspaper referred to, and would also have afforded matter for party sarcasm and piquant gossip in society. The only notice taken of my crestfallen friend's communication was the following, in the next morning's "Notices to Correspondents:—" "To S.—The occurrence referred to is hardly a fair topic for [or 'within the province of'] newspaper discussion." The other case was one which occurred two or three years ago;

and the editor of the paper in question did not deign to take the least notice whatever of the communication—not even acknowledging the receipt of it. There is one feature of our leading London newspapers which always appears to me interesting and remarkable: it is their leading article on a debate, or on newly-arrived foreign intelligence. Let an important ministerial speech be delivered in either House of Parliament on a very difficult subject, and at a very late hour, or say at an early hour in the morning; and on our breakfast-tables, the same morning, is lying the speech and the editor's interesting and masterly commentary on it—evincing, first, a thorough familiarity with the speech itself, and with the difficult and often obscure and complicated topics which it deals with; and, secondly, a skillful confutation or corroboration, wherein it is difficult which most to admire, the logical acuteness, dexterity, and strength of the writer, the vigour and vivacity of his style, or the accuracy and extent of his political knowledge; and this, too, after making large allowance for occasional crudity, perversion, inconsistency, or flippancy. The same observation applies to their articles, often equally interesting and masterly, on newly-arrived foreign intelligence. Conceive the extent to which such a writer, such a journal must influence public opinion, and gradually and unconsciously bias the minds of even able and thinking readers. Engaged actively in their own concerns all day long, they have too often neither the inclination nor opportunity for sifting the sophistries, skillfully intermingled with just and brilliant reasoning, and disguised under splendid sarcasm and powerful invective. How, again, can they test the accuracy of historical and political references and assertions, if happening to lie beyond their own particular acquisitions and recollections? The other side of the question, such a one is aware, will probably be found in the *Chronicle* or *Standard*, the *Times* or *Globe*, *Sun* or *Herald* respectively, whose business it is to be continually on the watch for each other's lapses, to detect and expose them. To what does all this lead but the formation of an indolent habit of acquiescence in other

men's opinions—a hasty, superficial acquaintance with *pros* and *cons*, upon even the gravest question propounded by other men—a heedless, universal *taking upon trust*, instead of that salutary jealousy, vigilance, and independence, which insists in every thing, upon weighing matters in the balances of one's own understanding? Many a man is reading these sentences who knows that they are telling the truth; and doubtless he will be for the future upon his guard, resolved not to surrender his independence of judgment, or suffer his faculties to decay through inaction.—But, bless me! this glorious morning is slipping away. I hear Tickler scratching at the door. I shut up my writing-case, don my coat, hat, and walking-stick, and away to the shore. Scarcely have I got upon the sands, when behold, floating majestically past me, at little more than a mile's distance, the magnificent *St Vincent* (one hundred and twenty guns.) There's a line-of-battle ship for you! I take off my hat involuntarily in the presence of our Naval Majesty. I gaze after her with those feelings and thoughts of foud pride and exultation which gush over the heart of an Englishman looking at one of HIS MEN-OF-WAR! Well—superb *St Vincent*, you have now rounded the corner, and are out of sight; but I remain riveted to the spot with folded arms, and ask of our naval rulers, with a certain stern anxiety, a question, which I shall throw into the striking language of Mr Canning—“Are *you*, my Lords and Gentlemen, *silently concentrating the force to be put forth on an adequate occasion?*” Who can tell how soon that adequate occasion will present itself? Is the peace of Europe at this moment so profound, is our own position so satisfactory and impregnable, that we may wisely and safely dismiss all anxiety from our minds? Why, has not, within these few days past, an event occurred which is calculated to give rise to very serious anxiety in the minds of those feeling an interest in public affairs? I allude to the Duc de Montpensier's marriage with the Infanta Donna Luisa, which I have just learned, was actually carried into effect at Madrid on the 10th instant, in the teeth of the stern and

repeated protest of Great Britain. I do not take every thing for gospel which appears on this subject in the newspapers, from which alone we have hitherto derived all our knowledge of this affair; and, with a liberal allowance in respect of their excusable anxiety to make the most of what they regard as a godsend at this rapid period of the year, I would suspend my judgment till the country shall have had full and authentic information concerning the real state of the case. I hope it will prove that I for one have altogether mistaken the aspect and bearings of the affair. Disarding what may possibly turn out to be greatly exaggerated or wholly unfounded, I take it nevertheless for granted, that, (1st,) the youngest son of the reigning King of the French was, on the 10th instant, married to Donna Luisa, the sister of the reigning Queen of Spain, and heiress-presumptive to her crown; (2dly,) that this was done after and in spite of the distinct emphatic protest of the British government, conveyed to those of both Spain and France; (3dly,) that the British government and the British ambassadors at Madrid and Paris had been kept in profound ignorance of the whole affair up to the moment of the annunciation to the world at large of the fact, that the marriage had been finally—irrevocably determined upon. I think it, moreover, highly probable, that (1st,) this marriage is regarded by the people of Spain with sullen dislike and distrust; (2dly,) that there has been cruel coercion upon the two royal girls—for such they are—the result of an intrigue between their mother, the notorious Christina, and Louis Philippe; (3dly,) that an express or implied promise was personally given, during the last year, at the Chateau d'Eu, by the French king and his minister, to our queen and her minister, that this event should *not* take place;—and all this done while England was reposing in confident and gratified security, upon the supposed “*cordial understanding*” between herself and France; in contemptuous disregard of England’s title to be consulted in such an affair, founded upon her stupendous sacrifices and exertions on behalf of the peace and

liberty of Spain, and in deliberate defiance—as it appears to me—of the treaty of Utrecht! What is Louis Philippe about? On what principles are we to account for his conduct? Has he counted the cost of obtaining his immediate object? Has he calculated the consequences with respect to France and to Europe generally? Is he prepared, at the proper time, to demonstrate, that the step which he has taken is consistent with his character for sincerity and straightforwardness—with his personal honour and welfare—with the honour and welfare of his family and of France? That he has not violated any pledge, or infringed any treaty? That England is not warranted in considering herself aggrieved, slighted, insulted? That he could have had no sinister object in view, and that his conduct has been consistent with his loud professions of friendship and respect for this country and its sovereign? Let him ask himself the startling question, whether he can afford to lose our friendship and support towards himself or his family and dynasty, in his rapidly declining years—or further, provoke our settled anger and hostility? England is frank and generous, but somewhat stern and sensitive in matters of honour and fidelity; and none is abler than Louis Philippe to appreciate the consequences of her resentment. Is he aware of the altered feeling towards him which his recent conduct has generated in this country? That his name, when coupled with that conduct, is mentioned only with the contempt and disgust due to gross insincerity, selfishness, and treachery; and that, too, in a country which, up to within a few months ago, gave him such unequivocal and gratefully-recognised tokens of respect and affection? Whenever he escaped from the hand of the assassin, where was the event hailed with such profound sympathy as here? *Now*, his name suggests to us only that of his execrable father, and reminds us that the blood running in his veins is that of Philip Egalité. Surely the equipoise of European interests has been seriously disturbed, either through the insane recklessness of an avaricious monarch, bent on enriching every

member of his family, at all hazards, or in furtherance of a deep and long-considered scheme, having for its exclusive and sinister object the aggrandisement of his family and nation. Had he come to a secret understanding beforehand with America, or any European power, to support him throughout the consequences which might ensue? Was it his object to crush English influence in the Peninsula, and render it at no distant period a mere French province, and give him a right or pretext for interference? What will the Spanish nation say to what he has done? Has he rightly estimated the Spanish character, and foreseen the consequences of what he has done, in perpetrating an *abduction* of their Infanta? What prospects has he opened for Spain? Has he considered what a line of policy is now open to Great Britain, with reference to Spain? Whether the northern powers of Europe will announce dissatisfaction at this proceeding remains to be seen. They cannot *feel* satisfaction, unless their relations and policy towards this country and France are assuming a new character. I should like to know what M. Guizot really thinks on all these subjects, and am curious to hear what he will say—or rather suffer his royal master to coerce him into saying—when the time shall have arrived for public explanation. I trust that it will speedily appear that our representatives in Spain and France have acted, as became them, with promptitude, prudence, and spirit, and that neither our late nor present foreign Secretary has been guilty of negligent or bungling diplomacy, so as to place us now in a position of serious embarrassment, or ridiculous inability for action. If the contrary be the case—that is, if no such compromise of our national interests have occurred, and we are now free to say and do what we may consider consistent with our rights and character, it is to be hoped that our government, by whomsoever carried on, will act on the one hand with dignified and uncompromising determination, and on the other with the utmost possible circumspection. They have to deal with a very subtle and dan-

gerous intriguer in Louis Philippe, who seems to have chosen a moment for the development of his plans most convenient for himself—viz., when our Parliament was newly prorogued, not to meet again till he should have had the benefit of the chapter of accidents. All will, however, assuredly come out; and if the main features of the case prove to have been already shadowed forth truly, I do not think that there will be found two opinions in this country upon the subject of Louis Philippe and his Montpensier marriage. It is represented by *one* of our journals as an event, the hubbub about which “will soon blow over;” but I do not think so—it appears, on the contrary, pregnant with very serious and far-reaching consequences—the first of which is the undoubted conversion of the “cordial understanding” between England and France, into a very “cordial *mis*-understanding,”—with all its embarrassing and threatening incidents. Our diplomatic relations are now chilled and disordered; and the worst of it is, not by a temporary, but a *permanent* cause—one which, the more we contemplate it, the more distinctly we perceive the consequences which it was *meant* should follow from it. The bearing of England towards France has become one of stern and guarded caution. In all human probability, Louis Philippe will never look again upon the face of our Queen Victoria, or partake of her hospitalities, or be permitted to pour his dulcet deceit into her ears. He may affect to regard with satisfaction and exultation the fact of his having become the father-in-law of the heiress-presumptive to the throne of Spain; but I do not think that he can really regard what he has just accomplished otherwise than with rapidly-increasing misgiving. “A few months,” to adopt the language of one of our most powerful journalists, “will now probably show us how far Louis Philippe has succeeded in a feat which foiled the undying ambition of Louis le Grand, and the unexampled might of Napoleon; and what is the real value of the spoil for which he has not hesitated to imperil a thirty years’ peace, and convulse the relations of

Europe?" Let me return, however, to the topic which led me into this subject, and express again my deep anxiety for the efficient management of our navy: adding a significant fact disclosed by the last number of *La Presse*—which announces that the Minister of Marine has just concluded contracts for ship-timber to be supplied to the ports of Toulon, Cherbourg, Brest, L'Orient, and Rochefort, to the extent of upwards of 25,000,000 francs, (*i.e.* upwards of a million sterling.) Does Louis Philippe meditate leaving to France the destructive legacy of a war with England, as a hoped-for preventive of the civil war which he may expect to ensue upon his death?

If I were to write a diary here, it would be after the following sort:—

Monday.—Another shark! Mercy on us! What a brute! But not so big as the other.

Tuesday.—We had capital honey this morning to breakfast; eightpence per lb.—freshly expressed from the wax, and got from Granny Jolter's farm.

Wednesday.—My *Times* did not come by to-day's post, and I feel I don't know how.

Thursday.—The "hot crab" which we had at the parsonage, where we dined to-day, was exquisite. The way it is done is—the whole of the inside, and the claws, having been mixed together with a little rich gravy, (sometimes cream is used;) *curry-paste*, not *curry-powder*, and very fine fried crumbs of bread, is put into the shell of the crab and then *salamandered*. If my cook can do it on my return to town, I will give her half-a-crown.

Friday.—Nothing whatever happened; but it looked a little like rain, over the downs, about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Saturday.—A day of incidents. Ten o'clock A.M.—The coast-guard man told me, that about five o'clock this morning, as he was coming along—cliff, a young fox popped out of a thicket close at his feet, looked "quite steady-like at him for about five seconds," and then ran back into the furze.

Eleven o'clock.—Saw a Cockney

"gent" on a walking tour, the first of the sort that I have seen in these parts, and he looked frightened at the solitariness of the scene. Every thing that he had on seemed new: a dandified shining hat; a kind of white pea-jacket; white trowsers; fawn-coloured gloves; little cloth boots tipped with shining French polished leather; a very slight umbrella covered with oil-skin; and a little telescope in a leathern case, slung round his waist. He fancied, as he passed me, that he had occasion to use a gossamer white pocket-handkerchief, with a fine border to it; for he took it out of an outside breast-pocket, and unfolded it deliberately and jauntily. Whence came he, I wonder? He cannot walk four miles further, poor fellow! for evidently walking does not agree with him: yet he must, or sit down and cry in this out-of-the-way place.

Two o'clock.—Tickler caught a little crab among the rocks. It got hold of his nose, and bothered him.

Four o'clock.—As I was sitting on a tumble-down sort of gate, talking earnestly with my little boy, I heard some vehicle approaching—looked up as it turned the corner of the road, and behold—Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and one or two other persons, without outriders or any sort of state whatever! She was dressed exceedingly plain, and was laughing heartily at something said to her by a well-known nobleman who walked beside the carriage. I never saw her Majesty looking to so much advantage: in high spirits, with a fine fresh colour, and her hair a little deranged by the wind. She and her little party seemed surprised at seeing any one in such an out-of-the-way place, and her Majesty and the Prince returned our obeisances with particular courtesy.

Half-past Five.—Nick Irons met me with a large viper which he had just killed, after it had flown at his dog. Is there any difference between vipers and adders?

A quarter past Six.—On arriving at home, found a hot crab, which had been sent in to us, as an addition to our dinner, from the parsonage. I lick my lips while thinking of it. I prefer the cream to the gravy.

Half-past six.—Find I have got only three bottles of port and two of sherry left!

Nine o'clock.—My four gallon cask of elderberry wine, made for me—and capitally made, too—by one of the villagers, came home. We are to put a quart of brandy in it, and “take care it don't ferment.” I fancy I see ourselves and the children regaling ourselves with it on the winter's evenings, in town. Altogether it has cost me twelve shillings and sixpence!

Quarter past Nine.—Children go to bed; I had the candles brought in, resolved to read the new number of the ———; but fell asleep directly, and never woke till half-past twelve o'clock, when I knew not where I was; being in darkness—and alone. Really a journal of this sort is, upon consideration, so instructive and entertaining, that I wish to know whether you would like me to keep one during my next sojourn at the seaside and publish it in *Maga*? I would undertake not to exceed three numbers of *Maga*, each Part to contain only twenty pages.

MISS STRICKLAND P. LORD CAMPBELL.

Will his lordship favour the world with some reply to this clever and laborious lady's accusation contained in her letter to the *Times*? That letter is exceedingly specific and pointed in the charge of literary larceny, and committed under circumstances which every consideration of candour, gallantry, and literary character, concurs in rendering Lord Campbell's complete exculpation a matter of serious consequence to his reputation. Has he, or has he not, designedly appropriated to his own use, as the fruits of his own original research, the results of a literary fellow-labourer's meritorious and pains-taking original investigation—that fellow-labourer, too, being a lady? I sincerely hope that Lord Campbell's first literary attempt will prove not to be thus discreditably signalized. His book is *yet* unnoticed in *Maga*.

According to that good old intelligible English saying, it is this morning *raining cats and dogs*. There's an

end, Tickler, to our intended eighteen-mile walk (thither and back) to the lighthouse, the machinery of which I was very anxious to explain to you. *Bow, wow, wow, wow!* indeed! I know what you mean, you little sinner! You want to be after the rabbits in yonder thickets, and you mean to intimate that you can go perfectly well by yourself, don't mind the rain, and will come safely home when you have finished your sport. Don't look so earnestly at me, and whine so piteously. By the way, do you call yourself a vermin dog? and yet every hair of your shaggy coat stood on end the other day, when I turned out for you the two pennyworth of mice—*mice!*—which I had bought for you from Nick Irons? What would you have done if a RAT were to meet you? Bah, you little wretch! Where's your spirit? Refined, and refined away by breeding, eh? What would you have done if you were to be allowed to go off now, and were to rout out accidentally a hedgehog, as *Hermit* did yesterday? You may well whine! He's five times your size, eh? But I've seen a terrier that would tackle a hedgehog, and bring him home, too—your own second cousin, *Tory*, poor dear dog—peace to his little ashes. Besides, to return to the rabbits—in spite of all your snuffing and smelling, and scampering, and rounting about, you never turned up a rabbit yet! And even our kitten has only to rise and curve her little back, and you slink away, like an arrant coward as you are—Well!—come along, doggy! you're a good little creature, with all your faults—these black eyes of yours, with your little erect ears, look as if you had really understood all that I have been saying to you—so I really think—and yet—pour! pour! pour!—[Enter Emily.]

Emily.—Papa, Miss ——— says that we have said *all* our lessons, and *will* you let us have Tickler to play with?

Tickler.—Bow—wow—wow!—Bow, wow!—Bow! bow! bow!—[Running up and scampering towards her, and they go away together.]

Servant.—Brown has called with some lobsters, sir—(shows them)—two very nice ones, and a small crab—only fifty-pence the lot.

Self.—Very well—buy 'em.

Wife.—(Entering)—Lobsters and crabs again! Really one would think that you had had a surfeit of them long ago.

Servant.—Brown says, sir, he mayn't be able to get any more for some time, the wind's so high.

Wife.—Oh, buy them, of course! Every thing is bought that comes here! That's eleven crabs this week!

Self.—What have you got there, my Xantippe?

Wife.—I wish you would drop that odious name.

Self.—What have you there, my Angel?

Wife.—No, *that* won't do either.

Self.—Well, Fanny, then—what have you got there?

Wife.—Why, 'tis the new work of Mr Dickens—*Domby & Son*. What an odd name for a tale!

Self.—Why, how did you get it?

Wife.—Mrs —— (at the parsonage) has just got a packet of books from town, and has lent us this, as it is a wet day, till the evening, and they have got lots to read at present.

Self.—I am very much obliged to them.

Wife.—So am I, for I want to read it first; manners, if you please.

Self.—Come, come, Fanny, I really want it; I've a good deal of curiosity.

Wife.—So have I, too!

Self.—Well, at any rate, let me look at the plates.

Wife.—Certainly; and suppose, by the way, as I've no letter to write—suppose I sit down with you, and read it to you! 'Twill save your eyes, and I'm all alone in the other room.

Self.—Very well. [Madame shuts the door; seats herself on the miniature sofa; I poke the fire; and she begins.] Being called away soon afterwards on some domestic exigency, she leaves me—and I read for myself. You said that you should like to know my opinion of Mr Dickens' new story, and I read it with interest, and some care. 'Tis exactly what I had expected; containing clear evidence of original genius, disfigured by many most serious, and now plainly incurable, blemishes. The first thing striking me, on perusing this new performance, is, that its author writes, as it were, from

amidst a thick theatrical mist. Cursed be the hour—should say a sincere admirer of Mr Dickens' genius—that he ever set foot within a theatre, or became intimate with theatrical people. You fancy that every scene, incident, and character, is conceived with a view to its *telling*—from the stage. This suggestion seems to me to afford a key to most of the prominent faults and deficiencies of Mr Dickens as an imaginative writer; the lamentable absence of that simplicity and sobriety which invest the writings, for instance, of Goldsmith with immortal freshness and beauty. With what truthful tenderness does *such* a writer depict nature!—how different is his treatment from the spasmodic, straining, extravagant, vulgarizing efforts of the play-wright! The one is delicate and exquisite limning; the other, gross daubing:—the one faithfully represents; the other monstrously caricatures. This is the case with Mr Dickens; and it is intolerably provoking that it should be so; for he has the penetrating eye and accurate pencil, which—properly disciplined and trained—might have produced pictures worthy to stand beside those of the greatest masters. As it is, you might imagine his sketches to be the result of the combined simultaneous efforts of two artists—one the delicate limner, the other the vulgar dauber and scene-painter above spoken of. He has invention and skill enough to produce an interesting character; and place him in a situation favourable for developing his eccentricities, his failings, his excellences—in a word, his peculiarities. Well; he prepares his reader's mind—sets before you an interesting, a moving, a mirth-stirring occasion, when—bah!—all is ruined; the spasmodic straining after effect becomes instantly and painfully visible; and the personage before you is made to talk to the level of a theatrical audience, especially pit and gallery—and in unison with “ginger-beer, apples, oranges, and soda-water” associations and recollections. Let me give two striking instances, occurring at the very opening of “*Domby and Son*.” The first is the colloquy at pp. 3, 4; the other at p. 9. The former presents you Dr Parker Peps, a fashionable accou-

cheer, and the humble admiring family medical man—the occasion being a momentary absence of both from the chamber of a lady dying in child-bed, Mrs Dombey; and can any one of correct taste or feeling bear in mind that occasion, and fail of being revolted by the drivel put into the mouth of the consulting accoucheur?—who, when telling Mr Dombey of the mortal peril in which his wife overhead is lying—apologises to him for speaking of her as “*Her Grace the Duchess!*” “*Lady Cankaby!*” “*The Countess of Dombey!*” his obsequious companion accounting for such lapses on the score of his “*West End practice.*” Is this nature? Is it actual life? Any thing approaching to either? If not, what is it meant for? Why, to tickle a Christmas audience at one of the minor playhouses! The other (these are only two out of many) is the character of Mr Chick, an old fool, who has a habit of whistling and humming droll tunes on the most solemn occasions, interrupting and interlarding conversation with “*Right tol loor-rul!*” “*A cobbler there was!*” “*Rump-tiddy bow, wow, wow!*” is it not certain that Mr Dickens here had his eye on Tilbury or Bedford enacting the part? And for no other purpose whatever is this precious character introduced than to hit off this very original peculiarity! From the same theatrical habit of mind, it happens that Mr Dickens cannot carry on his stories in an even, straightforward course, but presents us with a series of “*scenes!*”—utterly marring the effect and annihilating the truthfulness and reality of the whole; *e. g.* the jarring interruption of this story at a touching and interesting moment—at the moment of the two doctors and Mr Dombey’s return to poor Mrs Dombey’s death-bed, when the reader *feels* that they are almost instantly to witness her death, by the introduction of two tiresome twaddlers, reproductions of old stock characters of the author, Mrs Chick and Miss Tox, whose descriptions and utterly irrelevant conversation detain us for nearly three pages. At length these motley “*stagers!*”—if I may be allowed the word—are grouped round the poor lady’s death-bed; and let me here say, that in my opinion the character

and situation of poor Mrs Dombey are both exquisitely conceived, and appeal to the deepest sympathies of the heart; but, alas! the perverse, provoking, incorrigible writer will not let us enjoy “*the luxury of grief!*” but while we are bending over her death-bed, our attention is called off to a remarkably interesting and appropriate circumstance—two watches of two of the doctors “*seem in the silence to be running a race!*” “*they seem to be racing faster!*” “*The race, in the ensuing pause, was fierce and furious. The watches seemed to jostle, and to trip each other up!!!*” and a moment or two afterwards the lady expires, under very moving circumstances, touched with perfect delicacy and truthfulness. Would the intrusion of a sow into a lovely flower-garden be more shocking or disgusting to the beholder? Again, in the first page, we are presented to Mr Dombey, gazing with unutterable feelings at his newly-born son, “*forty-eight minutes of age!*” and Mr Dickens tastefully suggests the comparison of the little creature, which is “*some what crushed and spotty in his general effect!*” whose mother is, at that moment in dying agonies in that very room, to “*a muffin, which it was essential to toast brown while it was very new!*” And a few lines forward, the posture of the innocent unconscious little being suggests the brutal idea of a *prize-fighter*—his “*little fists, curled up and clenched, seemed, in his feeble way, to be squaring at existence for having come upon him so unexpectedly!!!*” Was ever any thing more monstrous? To find a gentleman of Mr Dickens’ great genius, and experience in literary composition, sinning in this way, is provoking beyond all measure. The above abominations to be perpetrated by him, who at page seventeen can present us with so exquisite a touch as the following:—He is describing the blank appearance of the dismantled house, immediately after the funeral of the poor, neglected, and heart-broken lady. “*The dead and buried lady was awful, in a picture frame of ghastly bandages. Every gust of wind that rose, brought eddying round the corner, from the neighbouring mews, some fragments of the*

straw that had been strewn before the house when she was ill; mildewed remains of which were still cleaving to the neighbourhood, and these being always drawn by some invisible attraction to the threshold of the dirty house to let opposite, addressed a dismal eloquence to Mr Dombey's window." The thirty-two pages of this first number contain very many provocatives to unfavourable criticism. They bristle all over with mannerisms—abound with grotesque, unseemly, extravagant comparisons and personation, (one of Mr Dickens' chiefly besetting sins)—many of the scenes contain truth and humour, smothered and lost by prolixity, incident and character diluted by a tedious and excessive minuteness of description; and it is to be feared that several of the characters will bear a painfully strong resemblance to some of their predecessors in Mr Dickens' other stories. Mr Dickens may feel angry at my plainness; and, in return, I must express my fears that he is not aware of the extent of injury which has been inflicted upon him by *clique-homage*—the flattery of fluent, incompetent admirers—the misconstrued silence of critics of experienced taste and refinement. Does Mr Dickens really consider the light in which his writings, containing such faults as those above adverted to, must be viewed by the upper and thinking classes of society—persons of cultivated taste, of refinement, of piercing critical capacity, who disdain to enter the little, babbling, vulgar, narrow-minded circles miscalled "literary?"

But I have done. Mr Dickens has been magnificently patronised by the public, who—I being one of them—have a right to speak plainly to, and of a gentleman whose writings have so large a circulation at home and abroad; who has no excuse, that I am aware of, for negligence or inattention; who is bound to consider the effect of example on the minds of tens of thousands of young and inexperienced readers who may take all for gospel that he chooses to tell them—and to be very very guarded as to moral object or effect—if moral object or effect his writings have, and be not intended solely to provoke, by their amusing

and farcical absurdity and extravagance, an idle and forgotten laugh. I have no personal acquaintance with Mr Dickens, and have written in an impartial spirit, paying homage to his undoubted genius, denouncing his literary faults—for his own good, and the advantage of his readers, and of the literary character of the country.

Speaking of the literary character of the country, puts me in mind of the intention which I had formed some months ago, of writing an article upon the prevalent style of literary composition. May I take *this* opportunity of making a few observations upon that subject? And yet I must first admit, that my own style in writing this letter is far more loose, and inexact, and slovenly, than ought to be tolerated in even such a letter as this. Herein, however, I only imitate Dr Whately, who, on arriving at that part of his "rhetoric" which deals with public speaking, starts with an admission that he himself does not possess the qualifications, the acquisition of which he proceeds to enforce upon others.

The writing of the present day has many distinguishing excellences and faults. The most conspicuous of the latter is, perhaps, a want of simplicity and steadiness of style. Force—startling energy—are too uniformly aimed at by some; others affect continual sarcasm and irony, whatever may be the nature of the occasion. One class of writers are so priggishly curt and epigrammatic as to throw over their lucubrations an uniform air of small impertinence: it would be easy to point out, I think, an incessant illustration of this "school," if one may use the word. Others uniformly affect the trenchant and tremendous, with very big words, and awful accumulations of them. Some seem to aim at a picturesque ruggedness of style—defying rule, and challenging imitation. Very many writers of all classes are so parenthetical and involved in their sentences, that by the time that they have got to the end of a sentence, both they and their readers have forgotten where they set out from, and how the plague they got where they are: looking back breathless and dismayed at a confused series of hyphens entangled among all sorts of excep-

tions, reservations, and qualifications. This fault, and a grievous one it is, is daily illustrated, and by writers, who, by their carelessness in this matter, do themselves incalculable injustice, rendering apparently turbid the clearest possible stream of reasoning, marring the effect of the most beautiful and apposite illustration, and irritating and confusing the reader. In my opinion, this fault of our public writers is to be traced to the influence of Lord Brougham's style. He has, and always had, a prodigious command of nervous and apposite language, always writing or speaking with a violent *impetus* upon him; and yet, while crashing along, his versatile and suggestive faculties hurried him incessantly from one side to the other, hither and thither—anticipating *this*, qualifying that, guarding against *this*, reserving that—extruding undesirable implications and inferences, with a sort of wild rapidity and energy—adopting ever-varying fanciful equivalent expressions—crowding, in fact, a dozen considerable sentences into one turbid monster. Yet it must be owned, that in all this he seldom misses his way; his original *impetus* carries him headlong on to the point at which he had aimed. Not so with his imitators. They start with an imaginary equality of force, of fulness, and variety; but forthwith rush into a strange higgledy-piggledy, helter-skelter sort of imposing wordiness, equally bewildering and stupifying to their readers and themselves. No man can fall into this sort of fault who is habituated to leisurely distinctness of thought: he will conceive beforehand with deliberate purpose, and that, *cæteris paribus*, will induce a clear, close, and energetic expression of his thoughts, preventing misapprehension, and convincing even a strongly prejudiced opponent. Shorten your sentences, gentlemen; take one thing at a time; put every thing in its proper place; attempt not to *put a quart into a pint pot*; do not write in such a desperate hurry, nor attempt to hit half-a-dozen birds with one stone. Another prevalent vice is a sickening redundancy of classical quotation and allusion. Many of our newspaper writers, and among them some of the very cleverest, cannot

contemplate any topic which they propose to discuss, without its suggesting, as if by a sudden, secret sort of elective affinity, previous events and occurrences of past ages. Out tumble scraps from Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Terence, Plautus, Lucretius, with their prose companions; and this, too, be it observed, almost always *Roman*;—it requires a certain hardihood to adopt the Greek language in modern composition. In short, one really thinks himself entitled to infer, from this extravagant amount of quotation and allusion, as well ancient as modern, that its perpetrators are very young; red-hot from their classical studies, panting to exhibit the extent of their acquisitions, the scholarly ease and precision with which they can apply the most recondite passages and allusions to the fresh occurrences of the moment. One is apt to suspect that one great motive for acquiring, extending, and retaining knowledge, is the simple desire to exhibit the possession of it. But all this is very vain and foolish. It looks stupidly ridiculous to persons of experienced judgment. An occasional and very sparing use of this sort of accessory is always desirable, often marvellously graceful and happy; an excess of it decisively indicates pedantic puerility, ostentation, and a grievous deficiency of strength and originality. It is likely, moreover, to have a very unpleasant and irritating effect, when apparent in popular compositions—in leading or other articles in newspapers, for instance—viz. on occasions where the persons addressed, or at least very many of them, do not comprehend or appreciate the allusion or quotation. A really classical turn of mind is usually accompanied by too fine and correct a taste to admit of these eccentricities and vagaries. The English language is a very fine language, my friends; and a very, *very* fine and rare thing it is to be able to use it with freedom, and purity, and power. Another very censurable kindred habit of many of our public writers is, the interlarding their compositions with abominable scraps of French, and even of Italian. Fugh!—is not this adding insult to injury, in dealing with the noble language of our country?

A week has elapsed since I penned the foregoing sentences, and during that week only two things have occurred to me worthy of noticing. First, a couple (apparently newly married) put up for a few hours at the little inn in the village. They were both of a certain age. He wore a ponderous watch-chain and seals; she also was sufficiently bedizened after the same fashion. Twice I encountered them. First, on the seashore, where they took their seat very coolly on the rock next adjoining my old perch, which I was then occupying. After some considerable swagger, my gentleman produced a newspaper from his pocket, and distinctly said to his fair companion—"What an uncommon good thing the *Illustrated London News* is for the lower classes!" Second, the worthy couple were walking together, at a subsequent period of the day, laden with provender for an open-air lunch—with sandwiches and a black bottle, and with a matter-of-fact air, turned into a beautifully disposed rustic walk, having palpable *indicia* of privacy—it belonging, in fact, to the residence of a nobleman. My lord's gentleman, or gentleman's gentleman, happening to meet them, (I passing at the time,) asked them, with great courtesy of manner, if they were aware "that that was private property?" "Well," replied our male friend angrily, "and what if it is? I thought an Englishman might go any where he pleased in his own country, *provided he didn't do any mischief*. But come along, my dear," giving his arm to his flustered companion, "times are come to a pretty pass, aren't they?" With this, the offended dignities retraced their steps, but prodigiously slowly, and I saw no more of them.—The other occurrence was a dream, as odd, as obstinate in adherence to my memory. Methought I went one day to church to hear a revered elderly relative of mine preach. The church was crammed with an attentive and solemnly-disposed audience, whom the preacher was addressing very calmly but seriously, without gown or bands, but wearing two neckerchiefs, one resting upon the topmost edge of the other, and being of blue silk, with white spots! Though aware of this slight departure from

clerical costume, it occasioned me no surprise, but I listened with serious attention. 'Twas only when I had awoke that the fantastic absurdity of the thing became apparent.

The "British Association" has just been making, at Southampton, as I see by the papers, one of its annual exhibitions of childish inanity. This sort of thing appears to me to be humiliating to the country, in respect of so many men of real scientific eminence, like Sir John Herschel and Dr Faraday, and one or two others, permitting themselves to be trotted out on such occasions for the amusement of the vulgar, and, in doing so, countenancing the herd of twaddling ninnies who figure on these occasions as spongers, or patronising listeners to the fluent confident sciolists of the various "sections." I can fancy one of these personages carefully bottling up against the day of display, some such precious discovery as that of "a peculiar appearance in the flame of a candle!"—which actually formed the subject of a paper at the last meeting; or, "on certain magnetic phenomena attending corns on the human foot,"—which latter, after a stiff debate as to the propriety of publishing it, is not, it seems, at present, to edify the world at large. The whole thing is resolvable into a paltry love of lionising, and being lionised—of enacting the part of prodigies before pretty admiring women, and simpering simpletons of the other sex. 'Tis an efflorescence of that vicious system which of late years continually manifests itself in the shape of flaunting *reunions, soirées, conversazioni*, &c. &c., where is to be heard little else than senile garrulity, the gabble of ignorant eulogy, or virulent envious depreciation and detractation. 'Tis true that distinguished scientific foreigners now and then make their appearance at the meetings of the Association; but there can be little doubt that they come over in utter ignorance of the really trifling character of those meetings, misled by the eager exaggerations of their friends and correspondents in this country. Can you conceive any thing more preposterous in its way, than the chartering of the steam-boat by the Association,

to convey its members from Southampton to the Isle of Wight on a geological expedition? Methinks I see the crowd of "venerable boys"—to adopt the bitterly-humorous language of the *Times*—landing at Black Gang Chine, each with his bag slung round him, and hammer in hand, dispersing about, rap! rap! rap!—chick! chick! chick!—and fondly fancying that they are effectually learning, or teaching, geology, in the hour or two thus idled away! Can any thing be more exquisitely absurd? Bah! all this might be harmless and pleasant enough, in the way of a holiday recreation for school-boys or girls; but for grave, grown-up men—peers, baronets, knights, doctors, F.R.S., F.A.S.'s, &c. &c.,—the thing really does not bear dwelling upon.

"I can have no hesitation, to whatever amount of obloquy, or of forfeited friendship, the avowal may expose me, in stating the conclusion, which anxious and repeated consideration of the state of Ireland has at length forced upon me, (*Cheers.*) It is, that the time has arrived for re-considering the state of our relations with Ireland, with a view to a repeal of the Legislative Union between the two countries, (*Hear, hear.*) I see no other adequate remedy for the ills which desolate that unhappy country, and think that such a step would also happily free England from a burden long felt to be intolerable, (*Hear.*) I am fortified in arriving at this result, by a review of the favourable effects produced on Ireland by the measures which, during the last few years, I have had the honour to bring forward in this house, and see carried into effect by the legislature, (*Cheers.*) I am aware that this avowal may startle some of the more timid (*hear, hear*) of those gentlemen who have usually done me the honour to act with me; but an imperious sense of duty compels me to be prompt and explicit upon this vital question, which I am fixedly resolved to settle in the way I propose; and I will, for that purpose, avail myself of every means which the constitution places at the disposal of her Majesty's responsible advisers, (*Cheers.*) * * * I claim no credit for proposing this great measure of justice and mercy,

nor wish to detract from the merit due to those whose minds the light of truth and reason reached earlier than mine. Whatever credit is due, I have no hesitation in ascribing to—*Daniel O'Connell,*" (*Cheers.*) * * * Is there a man in the empire who would be seriously surprised if he were to hear Sir Robert Peel make the above statement in the next session of Parliament, if he met the house once more as Prime Minister? And so, in the session after, might we expect a similar announcement with reference to the Protestant succession to the throne; and then—but by no means to stop even there—the conversion of our form of government from a limited monarchy into a republic. What, in short, may not be predicted of such a statesman as Sir Robert Peel? Who can conceive of him taking his stand *any where?* Assisting *any body* or *any thing?* It pains me to ask, whether the history of this country ever saw a man who had done so many things, the impropriety and danger of which he had himself uniformly beforehand *demonstrated?* Sir Robert Peel has been converted into a sort of political pillar of salt—a melancholy instructive memento of the evils of unprincipled statesmanship—the former word being used, not in a vulgar offensive sense, but as signifying, simply and solely, *the absence of any fixed principles of political action;* or the habit of action irrespective of principle. I will not, however, pursue this painful and humiliating topic further, than to express the deep concern and perplexity occasioned to me, amongst hundreds of thousands of others, by the recent movements of Sir Robert Peel. I have never thought or spoken of him, up even to the present moment, otherwise than with sincere respect for his spotless personal character, and the highest admiration of his intellectual and administrative qualities. I would scorn the very faintest insinuation against the purity of his motives, at the same time loudly expressing my concern and amazement at witnessing such conduct as his, in *such a man!*

"Who would not weep if such a man there be—

Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

I said just now, that Sir Robert Peel's signal characteristic was the doing things, the impropriety and danger of doing which he had himself beforehand demonstrated; and that was the reflection with which I yesterday concluded the perusal of a memorable little document which I took care to preserve at the time—I mean his national manifesto at the general election of 1841, in the shape of his address to the electors of Tamworth. Apply it now like a plummet to the edifice of Sir Robert Peel's political character; how conclusively it shows the extent to which it has diverged or swelled from the perpendicular line of right—how much he has departed from the standard which he had himself set up! What must be his feelings on recurring to such a declaration as this?

“That party,” [the Conservative,] “gentlemen, has been pleased to intrust your representative with its confidence—(cheers;) and, notwithstanding all the remarks that have been made at various times, respecting differences of opinion and jealousy among them, you may depend upon it that they are altogether without foundation; and that that party which has paid me the compliment of taking my advice, and following my counsel, are a united and compact party, among which there does not exist the slightest difference of opinion in respect to the principles they support, and the course they may desire to pursue. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I hope I have not abused the confidence of that great party.”* (Loud cheers.)!!! I give the eloquent and eminent speaker credit for feeling a sort of twinge, a pang, a spasm, on reading the above. One more extract I will give relative to the recent conduct of Sir R. Peel on the sugar-duties:—“The question now is, gentlemen, whether, after the sacrifices which this country has made for the suppression of the slave-trade, and the abolition of slavery, and the glorious results that have ensued, and are likely to ensue from these sacrifices, we shall run the risk of losing the benefit of these sacrifices, and tarnishing for ever that glory, by admitting to the British markets sugar,

the produce of foreign slavery? Gentlemen, the character of this country, in respect to slavery, is thus spoken of by one of the most eloquent writers and statesmen of another country, Dr Channing, of the United States:—‘Great Britain, loaded with an unprecedented debt, and with a grinding taxation, contracted a new debt of a hundred millions of dollars, to give freedom, not to Englishmen, but to the degraded African. I know not that history records an act so disinterested, so sublime. In the progress of ages, England’s naval triumphs will sink into a more and more narrow space on the records of our race. This moral triumph will fill a broader, brighter page.’ *Gentlemen,*” proceeded Sir Robert Peel, “let us take care that this ‘brighter page’ be not sullied by the admission of slave sugar into the consumption of this country, by our unnecessary encouragement of slavery and the slave-trade.”†

Is it not humiliating and distressing to compare these sentences, and the lofty spirit which pervades them, with the speech, and the *animus* pervading it, delivered by Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, on Lord John Russell’s bringing in his bill for “sully-ing this bright page” of English glory? Did Sir Robert Peel, true to principle, solemnly and peremptorily announce the refusal of his assent to that cruel, and foolish, and wicked measure? I forbear to press this topic, also quitting it, with the expression of my opinion, that that speech alone was calculated to do him fearful and irreparable injury in public estimation. It is impossible for the most zealous and skilful advocacy to frame a plausible vindication of this part of Sir Robert Peel’s conduct. I sincerely acquit him of having any sinister or impure motive; the fact was, simply, that he found that he had placed himself in a dire perplexity and dilemma.

I think it next to impossible that Sir Robert Peel can ever again be in a position, even if he desired it, to sway the destinies of this country, either as a prime minister, or by the force of his personal influence and opinion. Has he or has he not done rightly by the

* Speech of Sir R. Peel at the Tamworth election, pp. 4, 5.—Ollivier, Pall-Mall.

† *Ibid.* pp. 8, 9.

greatest party that ever gave its noble and ennobling support to a minister? Can he himself, in 1846, express the "hope" of 1841, that "he has not abused the confidence of that great party?" If he again take part in the debates of Parliament, he will always be listened to, whoever may be in power, with the interest and attention justly due to his masterly acquaintance with the conduct of the public business, most especially on matters of finance. But with what involuntary shrinking and distrust is his advocacy or defence of any of our great institutions likely to be received hereafter by their consistent and devoted friends? Will they not be prepared to find the splendid vindication of the preceding evening, but the prelude to the next evening's abandonment and denunciation? Is not, in short, the national confidence thoroughly shaken? His support and advocacy of any great interest are too likely to be received with guarded satisfaction—as far as they go, *as long as they continue*—not with the enthusiastic confidence due to surpassing and consistent statesmanship.

It has sometimes occurred to me, in scrutinising his later movements, that one of his set purposes was finally to break up the Conservative party, and scatter among it the seeds of future dissension and difficulty; possibly thinking, conscientiously, that in the state of things which he had brought about, the continued existence of a Conservative party with definite points of cohesion, with visible acknowledged rallying-points, could no longer be beneficial to the country. He may have in his eye the formation of another party, willing to accept of his leadership, after another general election; of which said new party his present few adherents are to form the nucleus. But I do not see how this is to be done. Confounding, for a time, to all party connexions and combinations as have been the occurrences of the last session, of perhaps the last two sessions, of Parliament, a steady watchful eye may already see the two great parties of the state—Liberal and Conservatives—readjusting themselves in conformity with their respective *general* views and principles.

The Conservative party has at this moment a prodigious strength of hold upon the country—not noisy or ostentations, but real, and calculated to have its strength rapidly, though secretly, increased by alarmed seceders from the Liberal ranks, on seeing the spirit of change become more bold and active, and directing its steps towards the regions of revolution and democracy. Sir Robert Peel's speech, on resigning office, presented several features of an alarming character. Several of his sentences, especially with reference to Ireland,

—"made the boldest hold their breath
For a time."

Candid persons did not see in what he was doing, the paltry desire to outbid his perplexed successors, but suspected that he was designedly—advisedly—laying down visible lines of eternal separation between him and his former supporters, rendering it impossible for him to return to them, or for them to go over to him; and so at once putting an extinguisher upon all future doubts and speculation. To me it appeared that the speech in question evidenced an astounding revolution—astounding in its suddenness and violence—of the speaker's political system; announcing *results*, while other men were only just beginning to see the process. Will Sir Robert Peel join Lord John Russell? What, serve under him, and become a fellow-subordinate of Lord Palmerston's? I think not. What post would be offered to him? What post would *he*, the late prime minister, consent to fill under his victorious rival? Will, then, Lord John Russell act under Sir Robert Peel? Most certainly—at least in my opinion—not. What then is to be done, in the event of Sir Robert Peel's being willing to resume official life? *Over* whom, *under* whom, *with* whom, is he to act? The Conservative party have already elected his successor, Lord Stanley, who cannot, who will not be deposed in favour of *any* one; a man of very splendid talents, of long official experience, of lofty personal character, of paramount hereditary claims to the support of the aristocracy, who has never sacrificed consistency, but rather sacrificed every thing for consistency.

Ever since he accepted the leadership of the great Conservative party, he has evinced a profound sense of its responsibilities and requirements, and the possession of these qualifications in respect of prudence and moderation, which some had formerly doubted. Lord Stanley, then, will continue the Conservative leader, and Lord John Russell the Liberal leader; and I doubt whether any decisive move will be made till after the ensuing general election. What will be the result of it? What will be the rallying-cries of party? What will Sir Robert Peel say to the Tamworth electors?

However these questions may be answered, I would, had I the power, speak trumpet-tongued to our Conservative friends in every county and borough in the kingdom, and say, "up, and be doing." Spare no expense or exertion, but do it prudently. Use every instrument of legitimate influence—for the stake played for is tremendous; the national interests evidently marked out for assault, are vital; and they will stand or fall, and we enjoy peace, or be condemned to agitation and alarm, according to the result of the next General Elec-

tion, which will assuredly palsy the hands of either the friends or enemies of the best interests of the country.

— — —
And now, dear Christopher, I draw towards the close of this long letter, without having been able even to touch upon several other "*Things*" which I had noted down for observation and comment. As my letter draws to a close, so also draws rapidly to a close my seaside sojourn. My hours of relaxation are numbered. I must return to the busy scenes of the metropolis, and resume my interrupted duties. And you, too, have returned to the scene of your renown, the sphere of your honourable and responsible duties. May your shadow never grow less! *Floreat Maga!* I have done. The old postman, wet through in coming over the hills, is waiting for my letter, and, having finished his beer, is fidgeting to be off. "What! can't you spare me one five minutes more?" "No, sir—impossible—I ought to have been at ——— an hour ago."

Farewell then, dear Christopher,

Your faithful friend,

AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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KOHL IN DENMARK AND IN THE MARCHES.

MR KOHL, the most prolific of modern German writers, the most indefatigable of travellers, is already well known to the English public by his "Sketches of the English," "Travels in Ireland," and many other publications too numerous to remember. He is a gentleman of marvellous facility in travelling over foreign ground—of extraordinary capabilities in the manufacturing of books. Within five years he has given to the world, hostages for fame, some thirty or forty volumes; and explored, socially, politically, scientifically, and æsthetically, North and South Russia, Poland, Moravia, Hungary, Bavaria, Great Britain, France, Denmark, and we know not how many other countries besides. It is as difficult to stop his pen as his feet. He is always trotting, and writing whilst he trots, and evidently without the smallest fatigue from either occupation. He plays on earth the part assigned to the lark above it by the poet: he,

"Singing, still doth soar; and, soaring,
ever singeth."

He has already announced a scheme that has occurred to him for a commercial map, which shall contain, in various colours, the productions and raw materials of every country in the world, with lines appended, marking the course they take to their several

ports of embarkation. We shrewdly suspect that this gigantic scheme has grown out of another, more personal and profitable, and already put in practice. We could almost swear that Mr Kohl had drawn up a literary map on the very same principle, with dots for the countries and districts to be visited and worked up, and lines to mark the course for the conveyance of that very raw material, which he is eternally digging up on the way, in the shape of disquisitions about nothing, and moral reflections on every thing. Denmark occupies him to-day. We will wager that he is already intent upon working out an article or book from neighbouring Norway or adjacent Sweden.

It was remarked the other day by a writer, that one great literary fault of the present day is a desire to be "so priggishly curt and epigrammatic," that almost every incubation comes from the furnace with a coating of "small impertinence," perfectly intolerable to the sober reader. If any writer is anxious to correct this fault, let him take our advice gratis, and sit down at once to a course of Kohl. So admirable a spinner of long yarns from the smallest threads, never flourished. We have most honestly and perseveringly waded through his eleven or twelve hundred pages of close print, and we unhesitatingly confess that we

have never before perused so much, of which we have retained so little. Does not every man, woman, and child, in these days of cheap fares and everlasting steamers, know by heart all that can be said or sung about "tones from the sea?" Are they not to be summoned, at any given moment, under any given circumstances, by your fire at twilight, on your pillow at midnight? Mr Kohl proses about these eternal "tones," till salt water becomes odious—about storms, till they calm you to sleep—about calms, till they drive you to fury—about winds and waves, till your head aches with their motion. We will not pretend to tell you, reader, all the differences that exist between high marsh-land and low marsh-land, broad dikes and narrow dikes, or to describe the downs and embankments which we have seen, go whithersoever we may, ever since we have risen from the perusal of Mr Kohl's book. We will not, because Mr Kohl has dealt hardly by us, have our revenge upon you. Nay, we could not, if we would. The picture is jumbled in our critical head, as it lies confused in the author's work, which is as disjointed a labour as ever puzzled science seeking in chaos for a system. Backwards and forwards he goes—now up to his head in the marshes, now lighting upon an island, disdaining geography, giving the go-by to history, dragging us recklessly through digressions, repudiating any thing like order, and utterly oblivious of that beautiful scheme so dear to his heart, by which we are to trace the natural course of every thing under the sun but the narrative of Mr Kohl's very tedious adventures.

Mr Kohl knows very well what is the duty of a faithful delineator of foreign countries and manners. He acknowledges in his preface, that his work is rather a make-up of simple remarks than a comprehensive description of the countries named in the titlepage. This confession is not—as is often the case—a modest appreciation of great merits, but a true estimate of small achievements. It is the simple fact. As for the consolatory reflections of the author, that he has at all events proved that he knows more of the lands he describes

than his countrymen who stay at home, it is of so lowly a character that we are by no means disposed to discuss it. When he adds, however, that he has already earned a kind reception from the world, and trusts to be reckoned amongst the men who have been useful, we may be permitted to hint, that neither a kind reception nor the quality of usefulness will long be vouchsafed to the individual who leads confiding but unfortunate readers a Will-o'-the-Wisp chase over bogs and moors that have no end, and compels them to swallow, diluted in bottles three, the draught which might easily have found its way into an ordinary phial.

That there are gems in the volumes cannot be denied: that they are not of the first water, is equally beyond a doubt. Scattered over a prodigious surface, they have not been gained without some difficulty. Those who are not able or disposed to turn to the original, will be glad to learn from us something of the sturdy Frieslanders and Ditmarschers. They who have energy and patience enough to overcome the prolixity of the author, will at least give us credit for some perseverance, and appreciate the difficulties of our task.

Mr Kohl commences his work with a description of the *Islands*. We will follow the order of the titlepage, and begin with the "Marshes" and their brave and hardy inhabitants. The author informs us, with pardonable exultation, that, upon asking a German of ordinary education whether he knew who the Ditmarschers are, he was most satisfactorily answered, "*Ja wohl!* are they not the famous peasants of Denmark who would not surrender to the king?" We question whether many Englishmen, of even an extraordinary education, would have answered at once so glibly or correctly. To enable them to meet the question of any future Kohl with promptness and success, we will introduce them at once to this singular race, and give a rapid sketch of their country and political existence.

The territory inhabited by the Ditmarschers is a small district of flat country, stretching along the Elbe and the Eyder, and is about a hundred miles in length. Its maritime

frontier was originally defended by lofty mounds, which opposed the encroachments of the sea; whilst inland it found protection in an almost impenetrable barrier of thick wood, bogs, lakes, and morass. This barrier constitutes the marshes so minutely described by our author. The Ditmarschers are a people of Friesic origin; the name, according to Mr Kohl, being derived from *Marsch*, *Meeresland*, sea-land, and *Dith*, *Thit*, or *Teut*, *Deutsch*, German. In the time of Charlemagne, or his immediate successors, the district was included in the department of the Mouth of the Elbe, and was known as the Countship of Stade. It was bestowed by the Emperor Henry IV., in 1602, upon the archbishops of Bremen, to be held by them in fief. The Ditmarschers, however, were but slippery subjects; and, maintaining an actual independence within their embankments, cared little who governed them, provided sufficient advantages were offered by the prince or prelate who demanded their allegiance. In 1186, we find them claiming the protection of Bishop Valdemar of Sleswig, the uncle and guardian of Prince Valdemar, afterwards known as Valdemar the conqueror; for, "being grievously worried by the oppressions of the bailiffs of their spiritual Lord," they declared a perfect indifference as to "whether they paid tribute to Saint Peter of Bremen, or Saint Peter of Sleswig." They passed from the rule of Bishop Valdemar, who was subsequently excommunicated, to that respectively of the Duke of Holstein, the Bishop of Bremen, and Valdemar II., King of Denmark. When the last-named monarch gave battle to his revolted subjects at Bornhöved in Holstein, in the year 1227, the Ditmarschers suddenly united their hands with those of the enemy, and decided the fate of the day against the king. They then returned to the rule of the bishops of Bremen, stipulating for many rights and privileges, which they enjoyed unmolested during 300 years; that is to say, up to the year 1559, whilst they yielded little more than a nominal obedience to their spiritual lords, and evinced no great alacrity in assisting them in times of need.

During their long period of practical independence and freedom, the Ditmarschers governed themselves like staunch republicans. Their grand assembly was the *Meende*, to which all citizens were eligible above the age of eighteen. It met in extraordinary cases at Meldorf, the capital: but commonly seventy or eighty *Radgewere*, or councillors, decided upon all questions of national policy propounded to them by the *Schlüter*, or overseers of the various parishes into which the district was divided, who generally managed the affairs of their own little municipality independently of their neighbours. This simple institution underwent some modifications about the middle of the fifteenth century, when, in consequence of internal dissensions, eight-and-forty men were chosen as supreme judges for life. These "*achtundveertig*" had, however, but little real power. They met weekly; but on great emergencies they summoned a general assembly, amounting to about 1500 persons, and consisting of the various councillors and *schlüter*. This assembly held forth in the market-place of the capital. The masses closely watched the proceedings, and when it was deemed necessary, called upon one of their own number to address the meeting on behalf of the rest.

The peace enjoyed by the Ditmarschers from without, contrasted strongly with the tumults that were often experienced within. The annals of these people inform us, that whole families and races were from time to time swept away by the hand of the foe, and by the violence of party spirit. The Ditmarschers celebrate several days as anniversaries of victories. One, the *Hare* day, dates as far back as 1288, when a party of Holsteiners made an incursion into the marshes, but were speedily opposed by the natives. For a time the two hostile bands watched each other, neither willing to attack, when a hare suddenly started up between them. Some of the Ditmarschers, pursuing the frightened animal, exclaimed *Löp, löp!*—"Run, run!" The foremost Holsteiners, seeing the enemy approaching at full speed, were thrown into confusion; whilst those behind them, hearing the cry of "run, run!"

took to their heels, and a general rout ensued. The day of "melting lead" is another joyful anniversary. Gerard VII. of Holstein, endeavouring in 1390* to subjugate the country of the Ditmarschen, drove the people at the crisis of an assault to such extremities, that they were obliged to take refuge in a church, which they obstinately defended against the Duke's troops, until Gerard, infuriated, ordered the leaden roof of the building to be heated. The melted lead trickled down on the heads of the Ditmarschers, who, finding themselves reduced to a choice of deaths, desperately fought their way out, engaged the Holsteiners, whom they overcame, and who, ignorant of the country, were either lost in the intricacies of the marshes or drowned in the dikes. The forces of a count, a duke, and a king, were in turns routed by the brave Ditmarschers, who have not yet forgotten the glory of their ancient peasantry. In 1559, however, they ceased to gain victories for celebration. In that year Denmark and the Duchies united to subdue the small but very valiant nation. They marshalled an army of twenty-five thousand picked men, whilst the Ditmarschers could with difficulty collect seven thousand. John Rantzau commanded the allied army. He captured Meldorf, set fire to the town, pursued the inhabitants in all directions, and destroyed the greater number whilst they were nobly fighting for their liberties. Utterly beaten, the Ditmarschers submitted to their conquerors. Three of the clergy proceeded to the enemy, bearing a letter addressed to the princes as "The Lords of Ditmarschen," and offering to surrender their arms and ammunitions, together with all the trophies they had ever won. A general capitulation followed: not wholly to the disadvantage of the people, since it was stipulated that none but a native of the country should hold immediate authority over it. At first the land was divided amongst the sovereigns of Denmark, Holstein, and

Sleswig; but in 1773 it was finally ceded in full to the Danish monarch, together with part of Holstein, by the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, (afterwards Grand-Duke of Russia,) in exchange for Oldenburg and Delmenhorst. The Ditmarschers, at the present hour, enjoy many of their former privileges: they acknowledge no distinctions of rank; they have their forty-eight Supreme Judges (the ancient *schlüter*) under the name of *Vögte* or overseers, and may, in fact, be regarded as one of the best samples of republicanism now existing in the world.

Thus much for their history. Of their far-famed dikes and sluices, of the marsh-lands and downs which their embankments inclosed, much more may be said, for Mr Kohl devotes half his work to their consideration. We will not fatigue the indulgent reader by engaging him for a survey. The land is distinguished by the inhabitants by the terms *grest* and *marsch*: the former being the hilly district, the latter the deposits from the sea:—the one is woody in parts, having heath and sand, springs and brooks: the other is flat, treeless, heathless, with no sand or spring, but one rich series of meadows, intersected in every direction by canals and dikes. Far as the eye can reach, it rests upon broad and fertile meads covered with grazing cattle; whilst from the teeming plain stand forth farm-houses innumerable, raised upon *wurten*, or little hillocks, some ten or twelve feet above the level of the land, for security against constantly recurring inundation. All external appliances needful for the establishment are elevated upon these heights, whose sides are, for the most part, covered with vegetable gardens, and here and there with flowers and shrubs. The houses have but one story; they are long, and built of brick. For protection against the unsteady soil, they are often supported by large iron posts projecting from the sides, and looking like huge anchors. There are few villages or hamlets in the marshes.

* Mr Kohl fixes the date of the "melted lead" day at 1319, forgetting that Margaret, the Semiramis of the North, in whose reign the event occurred, did not reign in Denmark until about 1375. She died in 1412.

The inhabitants are not gregarious, but prefer the independence of a perfectly insulated abode. The "threshold right" is still so strictly maintained amongst them, that no officer of police dare enter, unpermitted, the house of a Ditmarscher, or arrest him within his own doors.

The roads in the marshes, as may be supposed, are, at times, almost impassable; riding is therefore more frequent than driving or walking, although many of the more active marshers accelerate their passage across the fens by leaping-poles, which they employ with wonderful dexterity. The women ride always behind the men, on a seat fastened to the crupper. As the dikes lie higher than the meadows, they prove the driest road for carriages and passengers; but they are not always open to the traveller, lest too constant a traffic should injure the foundations. The carriages chiefly used are a species of land canoe. They are called *Körwagen*, and are long, narrow, and awkward. On either side of the vehicle, chairs or seats swing loosely. No one chair is large enough for the two who occupy it, and who sit with their knees closely pressed against the seat which is before them.

The process of gradually reclaiming new land from the waves is somewhat curious. As soon as a sufficient amount of deposit has been thrown up from the sea, outwards, or breakwaters, called *hüfer* are immediately erected. Within the breakwater there remains a pool of still water, which by degrees fills up with a rich slime or mud called *slick*. As soon as the *slick* has attained an elevation sufficient to be above the regular level of the high waves, plants styled "*Queller*" appear, and are soon succeeded by others termed *Drüchnieder*, from the tendency of their interlaced roots and tendrils to keep down the soft mud. In the course of years, the soil rises, and a meadow takes the place of the former stagnant pool. As these new lands are extremely productive, often yielding three hundred-fold on the first crop of rape-seed, sixty to eighty fold on barley, and from thirty to forty on wheat, their possession is ever a subject of great dispute. Formerly the diking and embankments

were undertaken by companies; but at present they are in the hands of the Danish government, which makes all necessary outlay in the beginning, and appropriates whatever surplus may remain upon the original cost to future repairs and to the aid of the general poor fund. Some slight idea may be formed of the enormous expense incurred in the construction and maintenance of these dikes, when we state that the *Dagebieller* dike alone cost ten thousand dollars for one recent repair. Ninety thousand dollars were one summer spent in building embankments around reclaimed land, now valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, thus showing a clear gain of sixty thousand dollars by the undertaking. The embankments are generally from fifteen to twenty feet high. When the nature of the soil upon which they are raised is considered, together with the scarcity of wood on these low lands, it will not be difficult to understand that constant labour is needed to prevent the land from being undermined by the sea, and that it is only by unremitting industry, and constant attention to the condition of the breakwaters and dikes, that the enemy can at all be kept at bay.

The dangers that are to be encountered, and the laborious efforts that must be made for subsistence at home, train the Frieslander of the marshes and islands for the perils of the deep, which we find him encountering with a brave and dogged resolution. The islanders, especially, are constantly engaged in the whale and other fisheries. In the islands visited by Mr Kohl, the greater number of the men were far away on the seas, and their wives and daughters conducting the business of their several callings; some tending cattle, some spinning, others manufacturing gloves. Seals abound upon the coast, and are caught by sundry ingenious devices. A fisher disguises himself in a seal-skin, and travels up to a troop of these sea monsters, imitating, as far as he is able, their singular movements and contortions. When fairly amongst them, he lifts the gun which has been concealed beneath his body, and shoots amongst the herd. If discovered asleep a seal is sure to be caught, for

his slumbers are sound. Conscious of his weakness, *Phoca* stations a patrol at some little distance from his couch, and an alarm is given as soon as any man appears. At certain seasons of the year vast flocks of ducks light upon the islands, and are caught chiefly by the aid of tame decoy-birds, who mislead the others into extensive nets spread for the visitors. One duck-decoyer will catch twenty thousand birds in the course of a summer; the soft down obtained from the breast of one species is the *eider down*. The season begins in September and lasts till Christmas. Hamburg beef is due to the localities we speak of. One of the large meadow districts already mentioned, is said to fatten eight thousand head of oxen yearly, who, at their death, bequeath to the world the far-famed dainty.

The islands visited by our author are those lying in that part of the North Sea which the Danes call *Vesterhafet*, or the western harbour, and which extends close to the shores from the mouth of the Elbe to Jutland. Of these the most noted are Syltoe, Føehr, Amrum, Romø, and Pelvorn. Around them lie many excellent oyster-beds—royal property, and yielding an annual income of twenty thousand dollars. The people inhabiting these islands are said to be of Friesic origin: they certainly were colonists from Holland, and they still exhibit many peculiarities of the ancient Friesic stock. They are clean, neat, simple, honest, and moral. Few establishments for the punishment of culprits are to be found either in the islands or on the marshes. As late as the fifteenth and sixteenth century, in cases of homicide the accused was doomed to walk over twelve burning ploughshares. Great crimes seem unknown to-day; and the practice of leaving house-doors unbarred and unlocked upon the wide and desolate marshes, testifies not a little to the general honesty of the people.

Mr Kohl talks a whole boxfull of balaam about the identity of the islanders and the English. In the first place, he insists that *Hengist* and *Horsa* were gentlemen of Friesic extraction; and secondly, he compares them to a spirituous liquor: thirdly, he ar-

gues on the topic like a musty German bookworm, who has travelled no further than round his own room, and seen no more humanity than the grubby specimen his looking-glass once a-week, at shaving-time, presents to him. What authority has Mr Kohl for this Friesic origin of Hengist and Horsa? Is there a port along the Elbe and the Weser, or on the coasts of Jutland and Holstein, which does not claim the honour of having sent the brothers out? Is not the question as difficult to decide, the fact as impossible to arrive at, as Homer's birthplace? But supposing the hypothesis of Mr Kohl to be true, he surely cannot be serious when he asserts, that the handful of men who landed with the brothers in Britain, have transmitted their Friesic characteristics through every succeeding age, and that these are discernible now in all their pristine vigour and integrity. Can he mean what he says? Is he not joking when he puts forward the "rum" argument? A little of that liquor, he says, flavours a bowl of punch. Why shouldn't a little Friesic season the entire English nation with the masculine force of the old Teutonic Frieslanders? Why should it? If Hengist and Horsa supplied the rum, who, we are justified in asking, came down with the sugar and lemon? If the beverage be milk-punch, who was the dairyman? These are questions quite as apt as Mr Kohl's, not a whit more curious than his illustrations. The points of identity between the Frieslander and the Englishman are marvellous, if you can but see them. The inhabitants of the marshes and islands are grave, reserved, and thoughtful; so are the English; so, for that matter, are the Upper Lusatians, if we are to believe Ernst Willkomm; so are a good many other people. The marshers have an eye to their own interests; so have the English. This is a feature quite peculiar to the marshers and the English. It may be called the *right eye*, every other nation possessing only the left. Of course, Mr Kohl is perfectly blind to his interests, in publishing the present work: yet he is Friesic too! From the Frieslanders we have inherited our "English spleen." How many years have we been attributing it to the much maligned climate? We are starched

and stiff; so are the islanders. The marshers dress a May king and queen at a spring festival. We know something about a May queen at the same blessed season. If these were the only instances of kindred resemblance, our readers might fail to be convinced, after all, of the truth of the Friesic theory. These doubts, if any linger, shall be removed at once. One morning a Frieslander carefully opened Mr Kohl's door, and said, "I am afraid there is a house on fire." Kohl rushed forth and found the building in flames; which incident immediately reminded him—he being a German and a philosopher—of the excessive caution of the Englishman, which, under the most alarming circumstances, forbids his saying any thing stronger than "I believe," "I am afraid," "I dare say." Verily we "believe," we are "afraid," we "dare say," that Mr Kohl is a most incorrigible twaddler. One more peculiarity remains to be told. They keep gigs in the marshes. There are "gentlemen" there as well as in England. Are there none elsewhere?

The customs of the Ditmarschers could not fail to be interesting. That of the *Fenster* or *Windowing* is romantic, and perilous to boot. At dead of night, when all good people are asleep, young gallants cross the marshes and downs for miles to visit the girls of their acquaintance, or it may be the girl of fairest form and most attractions. Arrived at the house, they scale the walls, enter a window, and drop into the chamber of the lady, who lies muffled up to the chin on a bed of down, having taken care to leave a burning lamp on the table, and fire in the stove, that her nocturnal callers may have both light and warmth. Upon the entrance of her visitor, she politely asks him to be seated—his chair being placed at the distance of a few feet from the bed. They converse, and the conversation being brought to an end, the gallant takes his departure either by the door or window. Some opposition has been shown of late to this custom by a few over-scrupulous parents; but the fathers who are bold enough to put bolts on their doors or windows, are certain of meeting with reprisals from the gallants of the district. The *Fen-*

stern is subject to certain laws and regulations, by which those who practise it are bound to abide. Another curious custom, and derived like the former from the heathen, was the dance performed at the churching of women up to the close of the last century—the woman herself wearing a green and a red stocking, and hopping upon one leg to church. The Friesic women are small and delicately formed; their skin, beautifully soft and white, is protected most carefully against the rough atmosphere by a mantle, which so completely covers the face, that both in winter and summer little can be seen beyond the eyes of the women encountered in the open streets. The generally sombre hue of the garments renders this muffling the more remarkable; for it is customary for the relatives of those who are at sea to wear mourning until the return of the adventurers. Skirt, boddice, apron, and kerchief, all are dark; and the cloth which so jealously screens the head and face from the sun and storm, is of the same melancholy hue.

The churchyards testify to the fact, that a comparatively small number of those who, year after year, proceed on their perilous expeditions, return to die at home. The monuments almost exclusively record the names of women—a blank being left for that of the absent husband, father, or brother, whose remains are possibly mouldering in another hemisphere. Every device and symbol sculptured in the churchyard has reference to the maritime life, with which they are all so familiar. A ship at anchor, dismasted, with broken tackle, is a favourite image, whilst the inscription quaintly corresponds with the sculptured metaphor. It is usual for the people to erect their monuments during life, and to have the full inscriptions written, leaving room only for the *date* of the decease. In the island of Föhr and elsewhere, the custom still prevails of hiring women to make loud lamentations over the body, as it is carried homewards and deposited in the earth. The churches are plain to rudeness, and disfigured with the most barbarous wood carvings of our Saviour, of saints, and popes. These rough buildings are, for the most part,

of great antiquity, and traditions tell of their having been brought from England. There can be no doubt that British missionaries were here in former days. At the time of the Reformation, the islanders refused to change their faith; but once converted to Lutheranism, they have remained staunch Protestants ever since, and maintain a becoming veneration for their pastors. The clergy are natives of the islands, and therefore well acquainted with the Friesic dialect, in which they preach. Their pay is necessarily small, and is mostly raised by the voluntary contributions of the parishioners. As may be supposed, the clergy have much influence over the people, especially on the smaller islands, where the inhabitants have but little intercourse with strangers. Temperance societies have been established by the pastors. Brandy, tea, and coffee, came into general use throughout the islands about a century ago, and ardent drinking was in vogue until the interference of the clergy. The Ditmarschers especially, who were allowed to distil without paying excise duties, carried the vice of drunkenness to excess; but they are much improved.

The greatest diversity of languages, or rather of dialects, exists in the islands, arising probably from the fact of Friesic not being a written language. The dialect of the furthest west approaches nearer to English than any other. The people of *Amrum* are proud of the similarity. They retain the *th* of the old Icelandic, and have a number of words in which the resemblance of their ancient form of speech to the old Anglo-Saxon English is more apparent than in even the Danish of the present day; as, for instance, *Hu mani mile?* How many miles? *Bradgrum*, bridegroom; *theenk*, think, &c. In many of the words advanced by Mr Kohl, that gentleman evidently betrays an unconsciousness of their being synonymous with the modern Danish; and, therefore, strikingly inimical to his favourite theory of the especial Friesic descent of the English people and language. Little or nothing is known of the actual geographical propagation of the old Friesic. At present it is yielding to the Danish and the Low German in

the duchies of Sleswig and Holstein: Many names are still common amongst the people, which seem to have descended from the heathen epoch, and which are, in fact, more frequently heard than the names in the "Roman Calendar," met with elsewhere. *Des*, *Edo*, *Haje*, *Pave*, *Tete*, are the names of men; *Ehle*, *Tat*, *Mantje*, *Ode*, *Sieg*, are those of women. None of them are known amongst any other people. Much confusion exists with respect to the patronymic, there being no surnames in use in many of the islands. If a man were called *Tete*, his son *Edo* would be *Edo Tetes*; and then, again, *Tat*, the wife of the *Edo*, would be *Tat Edos*, and his son *Des*, *Des Edos*; whilst *Des's* son *Tete* would be *Tete Des's*, and so on in the most troublesome and perplexing combinations.

The Frieslanders, like other northern nations, are superstitious, and they have a multitude of traditions or sagas, some of them very curious and interesting. We must pass over these instructive myths—always the rarest and most striking portion of a people's history—more cursorily than we could wish, and cite a few only of the most peculiar. The island of *Sylt*, which is the richest in remains of *höogen*, the celts of heathen heroes, &c., lays claim to the largest number of Märchen. The most characteristic of all is that of *de Mannigfue*, the "colossal ship," (or world,) which was so large that the commander was obliged to ride about the deck in order to give his orders: the sailors that went aloft as boys came down greyheaded, so long a time having elapsed whilst they were rigging the sails. Once, when the ship was in great peril, and the waters were running high, the sailors, disheartened by their protracted watching and labour, threw out ballast in order to lighten the vessel, when, lo! an island arose, and then another, and another still, till land was formed—the earth being, according to the sailors' notion, the secondary formation. Once—many ages afterwards—when the *Mannigfue* was endeavouring to pass through the Straits of Dover, the captain ingeniously thought to have the side of the vessel, nearest Dover, rubbed with white soap, and hence

the whiteness of the cliffs at Dover. The achievements recounted of *de Manniguel* are endless. The following explanation of the formation of the Straits of Dover is found in a Friesic saga:—Once upon a time, a queen of England, the land to the west of the North Sea, and a king of Denmark, the land to the east of the North Sea, loved each other, and plighted troth; but, as it happened, the king proved faithless, and left the poor queen to wear the willow. England was then joined to the Continent by a chain of hills called *Höveden*; and the queen, desiring to wreak vengeance on her false wooer and his subjects, summoned her people around her, and setting them to work for seven years in digging away these hills, at the end of the seventh year the waves pushed furiously through the channel that had been dug, and swept along the coasts of Friesland and Jutland, drowning and carrying away 100,000 persons. To this very hour the Jutland shores yearly tremble before the fatal vengeance of the slighted queen. The Frieslanders are so wedded to this marvellous geological myth, that they insist upon its historical foundation. In some versions 700, in others 7000, in others again, even 700,000 men are said to have been employed in this gigantic undertaking.

Another allegorical saga is the narrative of the share taken by the man in the moon in the matter of the daily ebbing and flowing of the sea. His chief, or indeed only occupation, seems to be to pour water from a huge bucket. Being somewhat lazy, the old gentleman soon grows weary of the employment, and then he lies down to rest. Of course, whilst he is napping, the water avails itself of the opportunity to return to its ordinary level.

The constellation of the Great Bear, or Charles's Wain, is, according to the Frieslanders, the chariot in which Elias and many other great prophets ascended into heaven. There being now-a-days no individual sufficiently pious for such a mode of transit, it has been put aside, with other heavenly curiosities, its only office being to carry the angels in their nocturnal excursions throughout the year. The

angel who acts as driver for the night, fixes his eye steadily upon the polar point of the heavenly arch, (the centre star,) in order that the two stars of the shaft of the chariot may keep in a straight line with the celestial focus. The rising and setting of the sun is thus explained:—A host of beautiful nymphs receive the sun beneath the earth in the western hemisphere, and cutting it into a thousand parts, they make of it little air balloons, which they sportively throw at the heavenly youths, who keep guard at the eastern horizon of the earth. The gallant band, not to be outdone by their fair antagonists, mount a high ladder, and when night has veiled the earth in darkness, toss back the golden balls, which, careering rapidly through the vault of heaven, fall in glittering showers upon the heads of the celestial virgins of the west. The children of the sky, having thus diverted themselves through the night, they hasten at dawn of day to collect the scattered balls, and joining them into one huge mass, they bear it upon their shoulders, mid singing and dancing, to the eastern gates of heaven. The enchanting rosy light which hovers round the rising orb is the reflection of the virgins' lovely forms, who, beholding their charge safely launched upon its course, retire, and leave it, as we see it, to traverse the sky alone.

The following exquisite tradition connects itself with that brief season when, in the summer of the far north, the sun tarries night and day above the horizon. *All-fader* had two faithful servants, of the race of those who enjoyed eternal youth, and when the sun had done its first day's course, he called to him *Demmarik*, and said, "To thy watchful care, my daughter, I confide the setting sun that I have newly created; extinguish its light carefully, and guard the precious flame that no evil approach it." And the next morning, when the sun was again about to begin its course, he said to his servant *Koite*, "My son, to thy trusty hand I remit the charge of kindling the light of the sun I have created, and of leading it forth on its way." Faithfully did the children discharge the duties assigned to them. In the winter they carefully guarded

the precious light, and laid it early to rest, and awakened it to life again only at a late hour; but, as the spring and summer advanced, they suffered the glorious flame to linger longer in the vault of heaven, and to rejoice the hearts of men by the brightness of its aspect. At length the time arrived when, in our northern world, the sun enjoys but brief rest. It must be up betimes in the morning to awaken the flowers and fruit to life and light, and it must cast its glowing beams across the mantle of night, and lose no time in idle slumber. Then it was that *Demmarik*, for the first time, met *Koite* face to face as she stood upon the western edge of heaven, and received from the hands of her brother-servant the orb of light. As the fading lamp passed from one to the other, their eyes met, and a gentle pressure of their hands sent a thrill of holy love through their hearts. No eye was there save that of the *All-fader*, who called his servants before him, and said, "Ye have done well; and as recompense, I permit ye to fulfil your respective charges conjointly as man and wife. Then, *Demmarik* and *Koite*, looking at each other, replied—"No, *All-fader*! disturb not our joy; let us remain everlastingly in our present bridal state; wedded joy cannot equal what we feel now as betrothed!" And the mighty *All-fader* granted their prayer, and from that time they have met but once in the year, when, during four weeks, they greet each other night after night; and then, as the lamp passes from one to the other, a pressure of the hand and a kiss calls forth a rosy blush on the fair cheek of *Demmarik* which sheds its mantling glow over all the heavens, *Koite's* heart the while thrilling with purest joy. And should they tarry too long, the gentle nightingales of the *All-fader* have but to warble *Laish tudrück, laish tudrück! öpik!* "Giddy ones, giddy ones! take heed!" to chide them forward on their duty.

With a lovelier vision, reader! we could not leave you dwelling upon the rugged but, to the heart's core, thoroughly poetic Frieslander. Let us leave the gentle *Demmarik* and devoted *Koite* to their chaste and heavenly mission, and with a bound

leap into Denmark, whither Mr Kohl, in his forty-fourth volume of travels, summons us, and whither we must follow him, although the prosaic gentleman is somewhat of the earth, earthy, after the blessed imitations we have had, reader—you and we—of the eternal summer's day faintly embodied in the vision of that long bright day of the far north!

Should any adventurous youth sit down to Mr Kohl's volume on Denmark, and, half an hour afterwards, throw the book in sheer disgust and weariness out of the window, swearing never to look into it again, let him be advised to ring the bell, and to request Mary to bring it back again with the least possible delay. Having received it from the maid of all work's horny hand, let the said youth begin the book again, but, as he would a Hebrew Bible, at the other end. He may take our word for it there is good stuff there, in spite of the twaddle that encountered him erewhile at Hamburg. Mr Kohl has been won by aldermanic dinners in the chief city of the Hanseatic League, as Louis Philippe was touched by aldermanic eloquence and wit in the chief city of the world, and he babbles of mercantile operations and commercial enterprise, until the heart grows sick with fatigue, and is only made happy by the regrets which the author expresses—just one hour after the right time—respecting his inability to enlarge further upon the fruitful and noble theme of the monetary speculations of one of the richest and most disagreeable communities of Europe.

Before putting foot on Danish ground, Mr Kohl is careful to make a kind of solemn protest touching Germanic patriotism, lest, we presume, he should be suspected of taking a heretical view of the question at issue at the present moment between the Sleswig-Holstein provinces and the mother-country Denmark. It is not for us to enter into any political discussions here, concerning matters of internal government which are no more business of ours than of his Majesty Mada Hassim, of the island of Borneo; but we must confess our inability to understand why such a terrific storm of patriotic ardour has so

suddenly burst forth in Germany, respecting provinces which, until recently, certainly up to the time when the late king gave his people the unasked-for boon of a constitution, were perfectly happy and contented under the Danish rule, to which they had been accustomed some five or six hundred years.* It is only since the assembly of the states was constituted, that the Sleswig Holsteiners have been seized with the Germanic *furor*—a malady not a little increased by the inflammatory harangues of needy demagogues, and the pedantic outpourings of a handful of professors stark-mad on the subject of German liberty. If there is one thing more absurd than another, upon this globe of absurdity, it is the cant of “nationality,” “freedom,” “fatherland,” “brotherhood,” &c. &c., which is dinned into your ears from one end of Germany to the other; but which, like all other cants, is nothing but so much wind and froth, utterly without reason, stamina, or foundation. We should like to ask any mustached and bearded youth of Heidelberg or Bonn, at any one sober moment of his existence, to point out to us any single spot where this boasted “nationality” is to be seen and scanned. Will the red-capped, long-haired *Bursch* tell us when and where we may behold that “vaterland” of which he is eternally dreaming, singing, and drinking? Why, is it not a fact that, to a Prussian, an Austrian or a Swabian is an alien? Does not a Saxe-Coburger, a Hessian, and any other subject of any small duchy or principality, insist, in his intense hatred of Prussia, that

the Prussians are no Germans at all; that they have interests of their own, opposed to those of the true German people; and that they are as distinct as they are selfish? You cannot travel over the various countries and districts included under the name of Germany, without learning the thorough insulation of the component parts. The fact is forced upon you at every step. Mr Kohl himself belongs to none of the states mentioned. He is a native of Bremen—one of the cities of that proud Hanseatic League which certainly has never shown an enlarged or patriotic spirit with reference to this same universal “vaterland.” Arrogant and lordly republics care little for abstractions. They have a keen instinct for their own material interests, but a small appreciation of the glorious ideal. We ask, again, where is this all pervading German patriotism?

We have said that Mr Kohl is a great traveller. We withdraw the accusation. He has written forty odd volumes, but they have been composed, every one of them, in his snug *stube*, at Bremen, or wheresoever else he puts up, under the influence of German stoves, German pipes, and German beer. A great traveller is a great catholic. His mind grows more capacious, his heart more generous, as he makes his pilgrimages along this troubled earth, and learns the mightiness of Heaven, the mutability and smallness of things temporal. Prejudice cannot stand up against the knowledge that pours in upon him; bigotry cannot exist in the wide temple he explores. The wanderer

* In the year 1660, the different estates of Denmark made a voluntary surrender of their rights into the hands of their sovereign, who became by that act *absolute*: it is a fact unparalleled in the history of any other country. Up to the year 1834, this unlimited power was exercised by the kings, who, it must be said to their honour, never abused it by seeking to oppress or enslave their subjects. In the year 1834, however, Frederic VI., of his own free will and choice, established a representative government. The gift was by no means conferred in consequence of any discontent exhibited under the hitherto restrictive system. The intentions of the monarch were highly praiseworthy; their wisdom is not so clear, as, under the new law, the kingdom is divided into four parts—1. The Islands; 2. Sleswig; 3. Jutland; 4. Holstein; each having its own provincial assembly. The number of representatives for the whole country amounts to 1217. Each representative receives four rix-dollars a-day (a rix-dollar is 2s 2½d.) for his services, besides his travelling expenses. The communication between the sovereign and the assembly is through a royal commissioner, who is allowed to vote, but not to speak.—See *Wheaton's History of Scandinavia*.

“feels himself new-born,” as he learns, with his eyes, the living history of every new people, and compares, in his judgment, the lessons of his ripe manhood with the instruction imparted in his confined and straitened youth. If it may be said that to learn a new language is to acquire a new mind, what is it to become acquainted, intimately and face to face, with a new people, new institutions, new faiths, new habits of thought and feeling? There never existed a great traveller who, at the end of his wanderings, did not find himself, as if by magic, released of all the rust of prejudice, vanity, self-conceit, and pride, which a narrow experience engenders, and a small field of action so fatally heaps up. We will venture to assert that there is not a monkey now caged up in the zoological gardens, who would not—if permitted by the honourable Society—return to his native woods a better and a wiser beast for the one long journey he has made. Should Mr Kohl, we ask, behave worse than an imprisoned monkey? We pardon M. Michelet when he rants about *la belle France*, because we know that the excited gentleman—eloquent and scholarly as he is—is reposing eternally in Paris, under the *drapeau*, which fans nothing but glory into his smiling and complacent visage. When John Bull, sitting in the parlour of the “Queen’s Head,” smoking his clay and swallowing his heavy, with Bob Yokel from the country, manfully exclaims, striking Bob heartily and jollily on the shoulder, “D—n it, Bob, an Englishman will whop three Frenchmen any day!” we smile, but we are not angry. We feel it is the beer, and that, like the valiant Michelet, the good man knows no better. Send the two on their travels, and talk to them when they come back. Well, Mr Kohl has travelled, and has come back; and he tells us, in the year of grace 1846, that the crown-jewel in the diadem of France is Alsace, and that the Alsatians are the pearls amongst her provincialists—the Alsatians, be it understood, being a German people, and, as far as report goes, the heaviest and stupidest that “vaterland” can claim. The only true gems in the Autocrat’s crown are, according to the enlightened

Kohl, the German provinces of Lief-land, Esthonia, and Courland. All the industry and enterprise of the Belgians come simply from their Teutonic blood; the treasures of the Danish king must be looked for in the German provinces of Sleswig and Holstein. This is not all. German literature and the German tongue enjoy advantages possessed by no other literature and language. English universities are “Stockenglich,” downright English; the French are quite Frenchy; the Spanish are solely Spanish; but German schools have taken root in every part of the earth. At Dorpat, says Mr Kohl, German is taught, written, and printed; and therefore the German spirit is diffused throughout all the Russias. At Kiel the same process is going forward on behalf of Scandinavia. The Slavonians, the Italians, and Greeks, are likewise submitting, *nolens volens*, to the same irresistible influence. The very same words may be found in M. Michelet’s book of “The People,”—only for *German* spirit, read *French*.

Mr Kohl proceeds in the same easy style to announce the rapid giving way of the Danish language in Denmark and the eager substitution of his own. He asserts this in the teeth of all those Danish writers who have started up within the last fifty years, and who have boldly and wisely discarded the pernicious practice (originating in the German character of the reigning family) of expressing Danish notions in a foreign tongue. He asserts it in the teeth of Mrs Howitt and of the German translators, whom this lady calls to her aid, but who have very feebly represented that rich diction and flexible style so remarkable in the Danish compositions referred to, and so much surpassing the power of any other northern tongue. We should do Mr Kohl injustice if we did not give his reason for regarding the Danish language as a thing doomed. He was credibly informed that many fathers of families were in the habit of promising rewards to their children if they would converse in German and not in Danish! Hear this, Lord Palmerston! and if, on hearing it, you still allow the rising generation, at our seminaries, to ask for *du pang* and *du bur*, and to re-

ceive them with, it may be, a silver medal for proficiency, the consequences be on your devoted head!

Denmark has been comparatively but little visited by the stranger. She offers, nevertheless, to the antiquary, the poet, and the artist, materials of interest which cannot be exceeded in any other district of the same extent. Every wood, lake, heath, and down, is rich in historical legends or mythical sagas; every copse and hill, every cave and mound, has been peopled by past superstition with the elf and the sprite, the *ellefolk* and *nissen*. Her history, blending with that of her Scandinavian sisters, Norway and Sweden, is romantic in the extreme—whether she is traced to the days of her fabulous sea-kings, or is read of in the records of those who have chronicled the lives of her sovereigns in the middle ages. The country itself, although flat, is picturesque, being thickly interspersed with lakes, skirted by, and embosomed in, luxuriant beech woods; whilst ever and anon the traveller lights upon some ancient ruin of church or tower, palace or hermitage, affecting, if only by reason of the associations it awakens with an age far more prosperous than the present. The existence of the Danish people, as a nation, has been pronounced a miracle. It is hardly less. Small and feeble, and surrounded by the foreigner on every side, Denmark has never been ruled by a conqueror. Amid the rise and fall of other states, she has maintained her independence—now powerful and victorious, now depressed and poor, but never succumbing, never submitting to the stranger's yoke. Her present dynasty is the oldest reigning European family. It dates back to Christian I.—himself descended in a direct female line from the old kings of Scandinavia—who, as Duke of Oldenburg, was chosen king by the states in 1448.

A good account of Denmark and the Danes is yet wanting. It may be collected by any honest writer, moderately conversant with the language and history of the country. We fear that Mr Kohl will not supply the literary void, if we are to judge from the one volume before us. Others are, however, to follow; and as our

author is immethodical, he may haply return to make good imperfections, and to fill up his hasty sketches. We cannot but regret that he should have passed so rapidly through the Duchy of Holstein. Had he followed the highways and byways of the province, instead of flitting like a swallow—to use his own words—over the ground by means of the newly-opened railroad through Kiel, his "Travels" would surely have been the better for his trouble. Instead of pausing where the most volatile would have been detained, our author satisfies himself with simply expressing his unfeigned regret at being obliged to pursue his journey, consoling his readers and himself with the very paradoxical assertion that we are most struck by the places of which we see least; since, being all of us more or less poetically disposed, we permit the imagination to supply the deficiencies of experience;—an argument which, we need scarcely say, if carried to its fullest limits, brings us to the conviction, that he who stays at home is best fitted to describe the countries the furthest distant from his fireside. Surely, Mr Kohl, you do not speak from knowledge of the fact!

In his present volumes, Mr Kohl refers only passingly to the subject of education in Denmark. He remarks that the national schools far surpassed his expectations. He might have said more. For the last thirty or forty years, we believe, it has been rare to meet with the commonest peasant who could not read and write; a fact proving, at least, that Denmark is rather in advance than otherwise of her richer neighbours in carrying out the educational measures which, of late years, have so largely occupied the attention of the various governments of Europe. No one in Denmark can enter the army or navy who has not previously received his education at one or other of the military academies of the country. The course of study is well arranged. It embraces, besides the classics, modern languages, drawing, and exercises both equestrian and gymnastic. The academies themselves are under the immediate direction of the best military and naval officers in the service. For the education of the peo-

ple, two or three schools are provided in every village, the masters receiving a small salary, with a house and certain perquisites. In 1822 the system of Bell was introduced in the elementary public schools, and since that period it has been generally adhered to.

Our author speaks with natural surprise of the small number of Roman Catholics he encountered in the Danish States. The Papists have no church or chapel throughout the kingdom; indeed, with the exception of the private chapel of the Austrian minister, no place of worship. We were aware that such was the fact a few years ago; we were scarcely prepared to find that Rome, who has been so busy in planting new shoots of her faith in every nook of the known world, is still content to have no recognition in Denmark. Heavy penalties are incurred by all who secede to the Romish church. In Sweden a change to Roman Catholicism is followed by banishment. This severity, we presume, must be ascribed to state policy rather than to a spirit of intolerance, for Jews and Christians of every denomination are permitted the freest exercise of their faith. Since the year 1521, the era of the Reformation in Denmark, the religion of the country has been Lutheran. The Danish church is divided into five dioceses, of which the bishop of Zealand is the metropolitan. His income is about a thousand a-year, whilst that of the other prelates varies from four to six hundred. The funds of the clergy are derived principally from tithes; but the parish ministers receive part of their stipend in the form of offerings at the three great annual festivals. Until lately, there existed much lukewarmness on all religious questions. Within the last ten or fifteen years, however, a new impulse has been given to the spiritual mind by the writing and preaching of several Calvinistic ministers, who have migrated from Switzerland and established themselves in Copenhagen. Their object has been to stop the recreations which, until their arrival, enlivened the Sabbath-day. They have met with more success in the higher classes than amongst the people, who now, as formerly, assemble on the

green in front of the village church at the close of service, and pursue their several pastimes.

Mention is made in Mr Kohl's volume, of the churchyards and cemeteries he visited in his hasty progress. Compared with those of his own northern Germany, the Scandinavian places of burial are indeed very beautiful. The government has long since forbidden any new interments to be made within the churches, and many picturesque spots have, in consequence, been converted into cemeteries. In the immediate vicinity of Copenhagen there are several; but the essence of Mr Kohl's plan being want of arrangement, he makes no mention of them for the present. One of these cemeteries, the *Assistenskirkegaard*, outside the city, has an unusual number of fine monuments, with no exhibitions of that glaring want of taste so frequently met with elsewhere. The village churchyards are bright, happy-looking spots, which, by their cheerful aspect, seem to rob the homes of the dead of all their natural gloom and desolation. Every peasant's grave is a bed of flowers, planted, watched, and cherished by a sorrowing friend. At either end of the seven or eight feet of mound rises a wooden cross, on which fresh wreaths of flowers appear throughout the summer, giving place only to the "eternals" which adorn the grave when snow mantles its surface. A narrow walk, marked by a line of box, incloses every mound; or, not unfrequently, a trellis-work, tastefully entwined of twigs and boughs. The resting-places of the middle classes are surmounted by a tablet, not, as in our churchyards, rigidly inclosed within impassable palisades, but standing in a little garden, where the fresh-blown flowers, the neatly trimmed beds, and generally the garden-bench, mark that the spot is visited and tended by the friends of those who sleep below. Hither widowed mothers lead their children, on the anniversary of their father's death, to strew flowers on his grave, to hang up the wreaths which they have wound; but, above all, to collect the choicest flowers that have bloomed around him, which must henceforth deck, until they

perish, the portrait of the departed, or some relic dear for his sake. We have watched the rough work-worn peasant, leading by the hand his little grandchild, laden with flowers and green twigs to freshen the grave of a long-absent helpmate; and as we have remarked, we confess not without emotion, feeble infancy and feeble age uniting their weak efforts to preserve, in cleanliness and beauty, the one sacred patch of earth—we have believed, undoubtedly, that whilst customs such as these prevail, happiness and morality must be the people's lot; and that very fearful must be the responsibility of those who shall sow the first seeds of discord and dissension amongst the simple peasantry of so fair a land!

The cathedrals of Denmark are of great antiquity. Those of Ribe, of Viborg in Jutland, of Lard, Ringsted, and Roeskilde, in Zealand, all date from the end of the eleventh, or the beginning of the twelfth century; since which remote period, in fact, no churches of any magnitude have been erected. Roeskilde is one of the oldest cities in the kingdom. In the tenth century it was the capital. Canute the Great may be considered as the originator and founder of its existing cathedral, which was completed in the year 1054. It has occasionally undergone slight repairs, but never any material alteration. The edifice is full of monuments of the queens and kings of the ancient race of Valdemar, as well as of those of the present dynasty. Some of the earliest sovereigns are inclosed within the shafts of the pillars, or in the walls themselves; a mode of sepulture, it would appear, as honourable as it is singular, since we find amongst the immured the great *Svend Estridsen*, and other renowned and pious benefactors of the church. In front of the altar is the simple sarcophagus of Margaret, the great queen of Scandinavia, erected by her successor, Eric the Pomeranian. The queen is represented lying at full length, with her hands devoutly folded on her breast. At this sarcophagus our author lingers for a moment to express sentiments which would have brought down upon him the anathemas of the good John

Knox, could that pious queen-hater but have heard them. Mr Kohl defies you to produce, from the number of royal ladies who have held supreme power in the world, one instance of inadequacy and feebleness. Every where, he insists, examples of female nobility and strength of character are found linked with the destinies of kings who have earned for themselves no better titles than those of the *juinéant* and the simple. The style of Roeskilde cathedral is pure Gothic; but in consequence of the additions which the *interior* has received from time to time from kings and prelates, that portion of the edifice is more remarkable for historical interest than for purity of style or architectural beauty. One incident in connexion with this building must not be omitted. When Mr Kohl quitted the cathedral, he offered his cicerone a gratuity. The man respectfully declined accepting even the customary fees. The reason being asked of a Danish gentleman, the latter answered, that the man was a patriot, and proud of the historical monuments of his country; it would be degradation to take reward from a stranger who seemed so deeply interested in them. One would almost suspect that this honest fellow was a *verger* of *Westminster Abbey*!

The church of St Kund, at Odense, was erected in honour of King Kund, murdered in the year 1100 in the church of St Alben, at Odense. The bones of the canonised were immured in the wall over the altar. Many sovereigns have been interred here. Indeed, it is a singular fact that the respective burial-places of every Christian king of Denmark, from the earliest times up to the present day, are traced without the slightest difficulty; whilst every heathen sovereign, of whom any historical record remains, lies buried beneath a mound within sight of Seire, the old heathen capital of the country. St Kund's church is of Gothic architecture. Amongst the many paintings that decorate its walls is one of a female, known as *Dandserinden*, or "The Dancer." She is the heroine of a tradition, met with under slightly modified forms in various parts of Denmark. It is to the following effect:—A young

lady, of noble family, went accompanied by her mother to a ball; and being an indefatigable dancer, she declared to her parent, who bade her take rest, that she would not refuse to dance even though a certain gentleman himself should ask her as a partner. The words were scarcely uttered before a finely dressed youth made his appearance, held out his hand, and, with a profound obeisance, said, "Fair maiden, let us not tarry." The enthusiastic dancer accepted the proffered hand, and in an instant was with the moving throng. The music, at that moment, seemed inspired by some invisible power—the dancers whirled round and round, on and on, one after the other, whilst the standing guests looked upon all with dread horror. At length, the young lady grew pale—blood gushed from her mouth—she fell on the floor a corpse. But her partner, (we need not say who *he* was,) first with a ghastly smile, then with a ringing laugh, seized her in his arms, and vanished with her through the floor. From that time she has been doomed to dance through the midnight hours, until she can find a knight bold enough to tread a measure with her. Regarding the sequel, however, there are a number of versions.

Mr Kohl's volume adverts cursorily to the many institutions still existing in Denmark, which owe their origin to the days of Roman Catholicism, and have been formed upon the model of Catholic establishments. Several *Frökenstifts*, or lay nunneries, are still in being. They are either qualifications of some ancient monastic foundation, or they have been endowed from time to time by royal or private munificence. Each house has a lady superior, who is either chosen by the king or queen, or succeeds to the office by right of birth—some noble families having, in return for large endowments, a perpetual advowson for a daughter of the house. At these *Frökenstifts*, none but ladies of noble birth can obtain fellowships. As a large number of such noble ladies are far from wealthy, a comfortable home and a moderate salary are no small advantages. A constant residence within the cloister is not incumbent upon the "fellows;" but a requisition,

generally attached to each presentation, obliges them to live in their *stift* for a certain number of weeks annually. The practice of founding institutions for ladies of noble birth has risen naturally in a country where *family* is every thing, and wealth is comparatively small: where it is esteemed less degrading to live on royal bounty than to enter upon an occupation not derogatory to any but noble blood. The system of *pensioning* in Denmark is a barrier to real national prosperity. Independence, self-respect, every consideration is lost sight of in the monstrous notion, that it is beneath a high-born man to earn his living by an honourable profession. Diplomacy, the army, and navy, are the three limited careers open to the aristocracy of Denmark; and since the country is poor, and the nobility, in their pride, rarely or never enrich themselves by plebeian alliances, it follows, of course, that a whole host of younger brothers, and a countless array of married and unmarried patricians, must fall back upon the bounty of the sovereign, administered in one shape or another. The Church and Law are made over to the middle classes. To such an extent is pride of birth carried, that without a title no one can be received at Court. In order, therefore, to admit such as are excluded by the want of hereditary rank, honorary but the most absurd titles are created. "*Glatstraad*," "*Conferenceraad*," Councillor of State, Councillor of Conference, carry with them no duties or responsibilities, but they obtain for their possessors the right of *entrée*, otherwise unattainable. In Germany, the titles of the people, from the under-turnpike-keeper's-assistant's lady, up to the wife of the lord with a hundred tails, are amusing enough. They have been sufficiently ridiculed by Kotzebue; but the distinctions of Denmark go far beyond them. A lady, whose husband holds the rank of major (and upwards) in the army, or of captain (and upwards) in the navy, or is of noble birth, is styled a *Frue*; her daughter is born a *Fröken*: but the wife of a private individual, with no blood worth the naming in her veins, is simply *Madame*, and her daughter's *Jomfrue*. You might as easily pull down Gib-

raltar as the prejudice which maintains those petty and frivolous distinctions. It is highly diverting to witness the painful distress of Mr Kohl at hearing ladies of noble birth addressed as *Frau Brahe*, *Frau Rosenkrands*, instead of by the sublime title of *Gnädige Frau*, eternally in the mouths of his own title-loving countrymen. It is singular, however, that whilst the Danes are so tenacious of honorary appellations, they are without those constant quantities, the *von* and *de* of Germany and France. The *Sture*, the *Ace*, the *Trolle*, and the other nobles who, for ages, lived like kings in Denmark, were without a prefix to their names. *Greve* and *Baron* are words of comparatively modern introduction.

There are about twenty high fiefs in Denmark—the title to hold one of these lordships, which bring with them many important privileges, being the possession of a certain amount of land, rated at the value of the corn it will produce. The owners are exempt from all payment of taxes, not only on their fiefs, but on their other lands: they have the supervision of officials in the district: are exempted from arrest or summons before an inferior court, to which the lesser nobility are liable; and they enjoy the right of appropriating to their own use all treasures found under the earth in their lordships. Next to these come the baronial fiefs; then the *stamme-læuser*, or houses of noble stock, all rated according to various measures of corn as the supposed amount of the land's produce; all other seats or estates are called *Gaarde*, Courts, or *Godser*, estates. The country residences of the nobility are strikingly elegant and tasteful. They are surrounded by lawns and parks in the English fashion, and often contain large collections of paintings and extensive libraries. Along the upper corridors of the country residences of the nobility are ranged large wooden chests, (termed *Kister*,) containing the household linen, kept in the most scrupulous order. Many of these

Kister are extremely ancient, and richly carved in oak. Every peasant family, too, has its *Kiste*, which holds the chief place in the sitting-room, and is filled with all the treasure, as well as all the linen, of the household. Amongst other lordly structures, Mr Kohl visited *Gysselfelt*,* near Nestved in Zealand. It was built in 1540 by Peter Oxe, and still stands a perfect representation of the fortresses of the time. Its fosses yet surround it—the drawbridges are unaltered: and, round the roof, at equal distances, are the solid stone pipes from which boiling water or pitch has often been poured upon the heads of the assailants below. In the vicinity of this castle is *Bregentved*, the princely residence of the Counts *Moltke*. The *Moltke* are esteemed the richest family in Denmark. Their ancestors having munificently endowed several lay nunneries, the eldest daughter of the house is born abbess-elect of the convent of *Gysselfelt*: the eldest son is addressed always as "His Excellence." The splendid gardens, the fine collection of antiquities, the costly furniture and appointments that distinguish the abode at *Bregentved* send Mr Kohl into ecstasies. He is equally charmed by the sight of a few cottages actually erected by the fair hands of the noble daughters of the House of Moltke. The truth is, Mr Kohl, republican as he is, is unequal to the sight of any thing connected with nobility. The work of a noble hand, the poor daub representing a royal individual, throws him immediately into a fever of excitement, and dooms his reader to whole pages of the most prosaic eloquence.

The condition of the peasantry of Denmark is described as much better—as indeed it is—than that of the labourers of any other country. If there is no superabundance of wealth in Denmark, there is likewise no evidence of abject poverty. The terms upon which the peasants hold their farms from the landed proprietors are by no means heavy; and their houses,

* Whilst in this neighbourhood, Mr Kohl should have explored the *Gunderler* Wood, where stone circles and earth mounds are yet carefully preserved, marking the site of one of the principal places of sacrifice in heathen times. At *Gysselfelt*, a lay nunnery exists, founded as recently as the year 1799.

their manner of dressing, and their merry-makings, of themselves certify that their position is easy, and may well bear a comparison with that of their brethren of other countries. Within the last twenty years, great improvements have been effected in agriculture, and the best English machines are now in common use amongst the labourers.

Upon the moral and political condition of the Danish people at large, we will postpone all reflections, until the appearance of Mr Kohl's remaining volumes. We take leave of volume one, with the hope that the sequel of the work will faithfully fur-

nish such interesting particulars as the readers of Mr Kohl have a right to demand, and he, if he be an intelligent traveller, has it in his power to supply. We do not say that this first instalment is without interest. It contains by far too much desultory digression; it has more than a sprinkling of German prosing and egotism: but many of its pages may be read with advantage and instruction. If the work is ever translated, the translator, if he hope to please the English reader, must take his pen in one hand and his shears in the other.

LORD METCALFE'S GOVERNMENT OF JAMAICA.

THE death of Lord Metcalfe excited one universal feeling—that his country had lost a statesman whom she regarded with the highest admiration, and the warmest gratitude. The *Times*, and the other public journals, in expressing that feeling, could only give a general and abridged memoir of this great and good man. Every part of his public life—and that life commencing at an unusually early period—stamps him with the reputation of a statesman endowed in an eminent degree with all the qualities which would enable him to discharge the most arduous and responsible duties. Every part of it presents an example, and abounds in materials, from which public men may derive lessons of the most practical wisdom, and the soundest rules for their political conduct. His whole life should be portrayed by a faithful biographer, who had an intimate acquaintance with all the peculiar circumstances which constituted the critical, arduous, and responsible character of the trusts committed to him, and which called for the most active exercise of the great qualities which he possessed. That part of it which was passed in administering the government of Jamaica, is alone selected for comment in the following pages. It is a part, short indeed as to its space, but of sufficient duration to have justly entitled him, if he had distinguished himself by no other public service, to

rank amongst the most eminent of those, who have regarded their high intellectual and moral endowments as bestowed for the purpose of enabling them to confer the greatest and most enduring benefits on their country, and who have actively and successfully devoted those qualities to that noble purpose.

No just estimate of the nature, extent, and value of that service, and of those endowments, can be formed, without recalling the peculiar difficulties with which Lord Metcalfe had to contend, and which he so successfully surmounted, in administering the government of Jamaica.

The only part of colonial society known in England, consisted of those West Indian proprietors who were resident here. They were highly educated—their stations were elevated—their wealth was great, attracting attention, and sometimes offending, by its display. It was a very prevalent supposition, that they constituted the whole of what was valuable, or wealthy, or respectable in West Indian colonial society; that those who were resident in the colonies could have no claim to either of these descriptions; and that they were the mere hired managers of the properties of the West Indians resident in England. This notion was entertained by the government. The hospitable invitations from the West Indians in England, which a Governor on the eve of

his departure for his colony accepted, served to impress it strongly on his mind. He proceeded to his government with too low an estimate of the character, attainments, respectability, and property of those who composed the community over whom he was to preside. The nobleman or general officer on whom the government had been bestowed, entered on his administration, familiar, indeed, with the Parliament of Great Britain, and with what Mr Burke calls "her imperial character, and her imperial rights," but little acquainted with, and still less disposed to recognise, the rights and privileges of the Colonial Assemblies, although those assemblies, in the estimation of the same great authority, so exceedingly resembled a parliament in all their forms, functions, and powers, that it was impossible they should not imbibe some idea of a similar authority. "Things could not be otherwise," he adds; "and English colonies must be had on those terms, or not had at all." He could not, as Mr Burke did, "look upon the imperial rights of Great Britain, and the privileges which the colonies ought to enjoy under these rights, to be just the most reconcilable things in the world."

The colonists, whose Legislative Assemblies had from the earliest period of their history, in all which regarded their internal legislation, exercised the most valuable privileges of a representative government, would, on their part, feel that the preservation of those privileges not only constituted their security for the enjoyment of their civil and political rights as Englishmen, but must confer on them importance, and procure them respect in the estimation of the government of the parent state. Thus, on the one hand, a governor, in his zeal to maintain the imperial rights, from the jealousy with which he watched every proceeding of the Assembly, and his ignorance of their constitution and privileges, not unfrequently either invaded these privileges, or deemed an assertion of them to be an infringement of the rights of the Imperial Parliament. On the other hand, the Colonists, with no less jealousy, watched every proceeding of the governor which seemed to menace any invasion of the privileges of their Assemblies, and

with no less zeal were prepared to vindicate and maintain them. The Governor and the Colonial Assembly regarded each other with feelings which not only prevented him from justly appreciating the motives and conduct of the resident colonists, but confirmed, and even increased the unfavourable impressions he had first entertained. His official communications enabled him to impart to and induce the government to adopt the same impressions. The influence of these feelings, in like manner, on Colonial Assemblies and colonists too frequently prevented them from justly appreciating the motives of the Governor, from making some allowance for his errors, and too readily brought them into collision with him.

It cannot be denied that those impressions exercised on both sides of the Atlantic an influence so strong, as to betray itself in the communications and recommendations, and indeed in the whole policy of the government, as well as in the legislation of the colonies.

This imperfect acquaintance with the character of the resident colonists, and the unfavourable impression with which the proceedings and motives of their Legislative Assemblies were regarded, prevailed amongst the public in Great Britain.

The colonial proprietors resident in Great Britain felt little sympathy, either with the colonial legislatures, or with those resident in the colonies. This want of sympathy may be attributed to a peculiarity which distinguished the planters of British from those of other European colonies. The latter considered the colony in which they resided as their home. The former regarded their residence in it as temporary. They looked to the parent state as their only home, and all their acquisitions were made with a view to enjoyment in that home. This feeling accompanied them to England. It was imbibed by their families and their descendants. The colony, which had been the source of their wealth and rank, was not, as she ought to have been, the object of their grateful affection. They regarded with indifference her institutions, her legislature, her resident community. From this want of sympathy, or from the want of requisite information, they made no effort to remove the unfavourable im-

pressions with which the executive Government and the Assemblies regarded each other, or to promote the establishment of their relations in mutual conciliation and confidence.

Another cause operated very powerfully in exciting a strong prejudice against the inhabitants of our West Indian colonies. The feeling which was naturally entertained against the slave trade and slave colonies was transferred to the resident colonists, and almost exclusively to them. By a numerous and powerful party, slavery had been contemplated in itself, and in the relations and interests which it had created, and its abolition had been endeavoured to be effected as if it were the crime of the colonies *exclusively*. It was forgotten "that it was," to use the language of Lord Stowel, "in a peculiar manner the crime of England, where it had been instituted, fostered, and encouraged, even to an excess which some of the colonies in vain endeavoured to restrain." Besides the acts passed by the legislatures of Pennsylvania and South Carolina, when those were British colonies, we find that when the Assembly of Jamaica, in 1765, was passing an act to restrain the importation of slaves into the colony, the governor of Jamaica informed the Assembly of that island, that, consistently with his instructions, he could not give his assent to a bill for that purpose, which had then been read twice. In 1774, the Jamaica Assembly attempted to prevent the further importation, by an increase of duties thereon, and for this purpose passed two acts. The merchants of Bristol and Liverpool petitioned against their allowance. The Board of Trade made a report against them. The agent of Jamaica was heard against that report; but, upon the recommendation of the Privy Council, the acts were disallowed, and the disallowance was accompanied by an instruction to the governor, dated 28th February 1775, by which he was prohibited, "upon pain of being removed from his government," from giving his assent to any act by which the duties on the importation of slaves should be augmented—"on the ground," as the instruction states, "that such duties were to the injury and oppression of the merchants of

this kingdom, and the obstruction of its commerce."

The opposition to the abolition of the slave trade was that of the merchants and planters resident in England, and to their influence on the members of the colonial legislature must be attributed whatever opposition was offered by the latter. In the interval between the abolition of the slave trade and that of slavery, the feelings of prejudice against them grew still stronger. Every specific measure by which this party proposed to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, was accompanied by some degrading and disqualifying remarks on the conduct of the resident inhabitants. An act of individual guilt was treated as a proof of the general depravity of the whole community. In consequence of the enthusiastic ardour with which the abolition of slavery was pursued, all the proposed schemes of amelioration proceeded on the erroneous assumption, that the progress of civilisation and of moral and religious advancement ought to have been as rapid amongst the slave population of the colonies, as it had been in England and other parts of Europe. It was forgotten, that until the slave trade was abolished, the inherent iniquity of which was aggravated by the obstacle it afforded to the progress of civilisation, every attempt to diffuse moral and religious instruction was impeded and counteracted by the superstitions and vices which were constantly imported from Africa. Thus, instead of the conciliation which would have rendered the colonists as active and zealous, as they must always be the *only efficient*, promoters of amelioration, irritation was excited, and they were almost proscribed, and placed without the pale of all the generous and candid, and just and liberal feelings which characterise Englishmen.

This state of public feeling operated most injuriously in retarding and preventing many measures of amelioration which would have been made in the slave codes of the several colonies.

Jamaica experienced, in a greater degree than any other colony, the effects of those unfavourable impressions with which the motives and proceedings of her legislature were regarded, and of those feelings of dis-

trust and suspicion which influenced the relations of the executive government and the Assembly. Her Assembly was more sensitive, more zealous, more tenacious than any other colony in vindicating the privileges of her legislature, whenever an attempt was made to violate them. The people of Jamaica, when that colony first formed part of the British empire, did not become subjects of England by conquest—they were by birth Englishmen, who, by the invitation and encouragement of their sovereign, retained possession of a country which its former inhabitants had abandoned. They carried with them to Jamaica all the rights and privileges of British-born subjects. The proclamation of Charles II. is not a grant, but a declaration, confirmation, and guarantee of those rights and privileges. The constitution of Jamaica is based on those rights and privileges. It is, to use the emphatic language of Mr Burke, in speaking of our North American colonies, “a constitution which, with the exception of the commercial restraints, has every characteristic of a free government. She has the express image of the British constitution. She has the substance. She has the right of taxing herself through her representatives in her Assembly. She has, in effect, the sole internal government of the colony.”

The history of the colony records many attempts of the governor and of the government to deprive her of that constitution, by violating the privileges of her Assembly; but it records also the success with which those attempts were resisted, and the full recognition of those privileges by the ample reparation which was made for their violation. That very success rendered the people of Jamaica still more jealous of those privileges, and more determined in the uncompromising firmness with which they maintained them. But it did not render the governors or the home government less jealous or less distrustful of the motives and proceedings of the Assembly. As the whole expense of her civil, military, and ecclesiastical establishment was defrayed by the colony, with the exception of the salaries of the bishop, archdeacon, and certain stipendiary curates; and as

that expense, amounting to nearly £400,000, was annually raised by the Assembly, it might have been supposed that the power of stopping the supplies would have had its effect in creating more confidence and conciliation, but it may be doubted whether it did not produce a contrary effect.

The feelings entertained by the government towards the colonies, were invoked by the intemperate advocates for the immediate abolition of slavery, as the justification of their unfounded representations of the tyranny and oppression with which the planters treated their slaves. Happily, that great act of atonement to humanity, the abolition of slavery, has been accomplished; but the faithful historian of our colonies, great as his detestation of slavery may and ought to be, will yet give a very different representation of the relation which subsisted between master and slave. He will represent the negroes on an estate to have considered themselves, and to have been considered by the proprietor, as part of his family; that this self-constituted relationship was accompanied by all the kindly feelings which dependence on the one hand, and protection on the other, could create; and that such was the confidence with which both classes regarded each other, that, with fearless security, the white man and his family retired to their beds, leaving the doors and windows of their houses unclosed. These kindly feelings, and that confidence, were at length impaired by the increasing attempts to render the employers the objects of hatred. At the latter end of 1831, a rebellion of the most appalling nature broke out amongst the slave population. A district of country, not less than forty miles in extent, was laid waste. Buildings and other property, to the amount of more than a million in value, exclusive of the crops, were destroyed.

In 1833, the act for the abolition of slavery was passed; and it cannot be denied, that the feelings of distrust and jealousy with which government had so long regarded the Assembly and their constituents, accompanied its introduction, progress, and details. They accompanied also the legislative measures adopted by the Assembly for carrying into effect its provisions, and especially those for establishing

and regulating the apprenticeship. The manner in which the relative rights and duties of master and apprentices were discharged, was watched and examined with the same unfavourable feelings as if there had existed a design to make the apprenticeship a cover for the revival of slavery—an object which, even had there been persons wicked enough to have desired it, could never have been accomplished. There were persons in Jamaica exercising a powerful influence over the minds of the apprentices, who proclaimed to them their belief, that it was the design of their masters to reduce them to slavery, and who appealed to the suspicion and jealousy of the government as justifying and confirming that belief. Such was the influence of those feelings, that two attempts were made in Parliament to abolish the apprenticeship. They were unsuccessful; but enough had been said and done to fill the minds of the apprentices with the greatest distrust and suspicion of their masters. In June 1838, the Assembly was especially convened for the purpose of abolishing it. The governor, as the organ of her Majesty's government, distinctly told the Assembly that it was impossible to continue the apprenticeship. "I pronounce it," he says, "physically impossible to maintain the apprenticeship, with any hope of successful agriculture." The state to which the colony had been reduced, is told in the answer of the Assembly to this address: "Jamaica does, indeed, require repose; and we anxiously hope, that should we determine to remove an unnatural servitude, we shall be left in the exercise of our constitutional privileges, without interference." The colony was thus compelled to abolish the apprenticeship, although it had formed part of the plan of emancipation—not only that it might contribute to the compensation awarded for the abolition of slavery, but that it might become that intermediate state which might prepare the apprentices for absolute and unrestricted freedom, and afford the aid of experience in such legislation as was adapted to their altered condition. It was again and again described by the Secretary of State for the colonies, in moving his resolutions, "to be necessary not only for the security of the

master, but for the welfare of the slave." The apprenticeship was thus abruptly terminated two years before the expiration of the period fixed by the act of the Imperial Parliament for its duration, before any new system of legislation had been adopted, and when the emancipated population had been taught to regard the planters with far less kindly feelings than those which they entertained in their state of slavery.

The difficulties and dangers with which the colony was now threatened were such as would have appalled any prudent man, and would render it no less his interest than his duty to assist the Assembly in surmounting them. It was, however, the misfortune of Jamaica that her governor, from infirmity of body and of temper, far from endeavouring to surmount or lessen, so greatly increased these difficulties and dangers, that it appeared scarcely possible to extricate the colony from them. His conduct in the session of November 1838 was so gross a violation of the rights and privileges of the Assembly, as to leave that body no other alternative but that of passing a resolution, by which they refused to proceed to any other business, except that of providing the supplies to maintain the faith of the island towards the public creditor, until they had obtained reparation for this violation.

This course had obtained the sanction, not only of long usage and practice, but of the government of the parent state. The history of Jamaica abounds in numerous instances where governors, who had by their conduct given occasion for its adoption, had been either recalled, or ordered by the Executive Government to make such communication to the Assembly as had the character of being an atonement for the violation of their privileges, and an express recognition of them. Upon this resolution being passed, the governor prorogued the Assembly. On being re-assembled, they adhered to their former resolution. The governor dissolved the Assembly. A general election took place, when the same members who had composed the large majority concurring on that resolution, were re-elected, and even an addition made to their majority. The

Assembly, as might be expected, on being convened, adhered to their former resolution. It was then prorogued until the 10th of July 1839. The government, upon the urgent recommendation of the governor, and influenced by his misrepresentations, proposed to Parliament a measure for suspending the functions of the Legislative Assembly. Unjustifiable and reprehensible as this measure was, yet it is only an act of justice to the government of that day to remember that it originated, not only in the recommendation of the governor, supported also by that of the two preceding governors of Jamaica, but was sanctioned, and indeed urged on it, by several influential Jamaica proprietors and merchants, resident in London. Indeed, until the bill had been some time in the House of Commons, it was doubtful whether it would be opposed by Sir Robert Peel and his adherents. The determination of several members who usually supported the government, to oppose a measure destructive of the representative part of the constitution of this great colony, enabled him and his party to defeat the bill on the second reading. The government being thus left in a minority, resigned; but the attempt of Sir Robert Peel to form a ministry having failed, the former government was restored, and they introduced another bill, equally objectionable in its principles, and equally destructive of the representative branch of the Jamaica constitution. An amendment was proposed on the part of Sir Robert Peel, by the party then considered Conservative; but as the amendment would leave the bill still inconsistent with the rights of this popular branch of the constitution, they were deprived of the support of those who had before united with them in their opposition to the first bill, and they were therefore left in a minority. The bill passed the House of Commons. The amendment, which had been rejected, was adopted by the House of Lords, and the bill was passed. The powerful speeches of Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham, and those of the other noble lords by whom the amendment was supported, afford abundant evidence that they disapproved of the principles of the bill,

and were unanswered and unanswerable arguments for its rejection.

Lord John Russell, and other members of the government, might well believe, and express their prediction, that such a bill would not satisfy the Assembly, but that they would still refuse to resume their legislation; and that in the next session the House must adopt the original measure.

It was in the power of the ministry, without resorting to any measure of undue interference which could have furnished their opponents with any ground of censure, by passively leaving the administration of the government of the colony to its ordinary course, and adopting the ordinary means of selecting a governor, to have fulfilled their own prediction. They might thus have saved themselves from the taunt with which Sir Robert Peel, in the debate on the 16th January 1840, attributed the satisfactory manner in which the Assembly of Jamaica had resumed their legislative proceedings, to "the opinion of the ministers having been overruled." But the conduct of Lord John Russell, who had then accepted the seals of secretary for the colonies, was influenced by higher motives. He immediately applied himself to secure, by confidence, the cordial co-operation of the Assembly of Jamaica, in that legislation which should promote the best interests of all classes of the community. For the accomplishment of this object, he anxiously sought for a governor who united the discretion, the judgment, the temper and firmness, which would promote that confidence, and obtain that co-operation, and, at the same time, maintain the dignity of the executive, and the supremacy of Parliament.

From no consideration of personal or political connexion, but purely from the conviction that Lord Metcalfe was eminently distinguished by these qualities, Lord John Russell offered to him the Government of Jamaica. He had just returned from the East Indies, where he had displayed the greatest ability, and met with almost unexampled success. He had scarcely tasted the sweets of the repose which he had promised himself. His acceptance of the Government was a sacrifice of that repose to his high sense of duty, and to the noble desire of ren-

dering a great public service to his country.

But to little purpose would such a character have been selected, and to little purpose would he have possessed those eminent qualities, if he had been sent to Jamaica with instructions which would have controlled their exercise. A more wise, just, and liberal policy was adopted by the government. Lord Metcalfe was left with the full, free, unfettered power of accomplishing, in his own manner, and according to his own discretion, the great object of his administration. Of the spirit of his instructions, and of the discretion and powers confided to him, he gives his own description in his answer to an address which, on his return to England, was presented him by the Jamaica proprietors resident in London, "I was charged by her Majesty's government with a mission of peace and reconciliation."

It is scarcely possible to conceive a public trust so full of difficulties, and requiring the possession and exercise of so many high and rare qualities for its successful discharge, as the Government of Jamaica at the time it was undertaken by Lord Metcalfe. Some account has been given of the difficulties which attended the government of every West Indian colony, and of those which were peculiar to that of Jamaica. It should be added, that the office of Governor, independently of the difficulties occasioned by any particular event, is itself of so peculiar a character as to require no inconsiderable share of temper and address as well as judgment. He is the representative of his Sovereign, invested with many of the executive powers of sovereignty. He must constantly by his conduct maintain the dignity of his Sovereign. He cannot, consistently with either the usages of his office or the habits of society, detach himself from the community over which he presides as the representative of his Sovereign. It is necessary for him to guard against a possibility of his frequent and familiar intercourse with individuals, impairing their respect for him and his authority, and, at the same time, not deprive himself of the friendly disposition and confidence on their part which that intercourse may enable him to obtain. Especially

must he prevent any knowledge of the motives and views of individuals with which this intercourse may supply him, from exercising too great, or, indeed, any apparent influence on his public conduct. It will be seen how well qualified Lord Metcalfe was to surmount, and how successfully he did surmount, all these difficulties.

It has been stated, that the bill, even with the amendment it received in the House of Lords, was so inconsistent with the constitutional rights of Jamaica, that it was apprehended there would be great reluctance on the part of the Assembly to resume the exercise of its legislative functions. Considerations, which did honour to the character of that body, induced the members to overcome that reluctance, even before they had practical experience of the judicious and conciliatory conduct of Lord Metcalfe, and of the spirit in which he intended to administer his government. There was a party of noblemen and gentlemen, possessing considerable property in Jamaica, and of great influence in England, at the head of whom was that excellent man, the late Earl of Harewood, who had given their most cordial support, in and out of Parliament, to the agent of the colony in his opposition to the measure for suspending the legislative functions of the Assembly. They had thus acquired strong claims on the grateful attention of the legislature of Jamaica. In an earnest and affectionate appeal to the Assembly, they urged that body to resume its legislation. The Assembly and its constituents, with the generosity which has ever distinguished them, and with a grateful sense of the powerful support they had received from this party, felt the full force of their appeal. Lord Metcalfe, by his judicious conduct in relation to the bill, by the conciliatory spirit which his whole conduct on his arrival in Jamaica, and first meeting the Assembly, evinced, and by his success in impressing the members with the belief that her Majesty's government was influenced by the same spirit, inspired them with such confidence in the principles on which his government would be administered, that they did not insist on their objections to the bill, but resolved on resuming their legislation. They did

resume it. "They gave him," to use his own language, "their hearty support and active co-operation in adopting and carrying into effect the views of her Majesty's government, and in passing laws adapted to the change which had taken place in the social relations of the inhabitants of Jamaica."

Before we state the principles on which he so successfully conducted the government of Jamaica, and endeavour to represent the value of those services which, by its administration, he rendered to his country, we would select some of those qualities essential to constitute a great statesman, with which he was most richly endowed. He was entrusted with public duties of great responsibility at a very early period of life. Impressed with a deep sense of that responsibility, he felt that the faculties of his mind ought to be not only dedicated to the discharge of those duties, but that he ought to bestow on them that cultivation and improvement which could enable his country to derive the greatest benefit from them. He acquired the power of taking an enlarged and comprehensive view of all the bearings of every question which engaged his attention, and he exercised that power with great promptitude. He distinguished and separated with great facility and with great accuracy what was material from what was not in forming his judgment. He kept his mind always so well regulated, and its powers so entirely under his control—he preserved his temper so calm and unruffled—he resisted so successfully the approach of prejudice, that he was enabled to penetrate into the recesses of human conduct and motives, and to acquire the most intimate knowledge and the most practical experience of mankind.

The acquisition of that experience is calculated to impress the statesman with an unfavourable opinion of his species, and to excite too general a feeling of distrust. This impression, unless its progress and effects are controlled, may exercise so great an influence as effectually to disable the judgment, frustrate the best intentions, and oppose so many obstacles as to render the noble character of a great and good statesman wholly unattainable. It is the part of wisdom no less than of benevolence,

so far to control it, that it shall have no other effect than that of inducing caution, prudence, and circumspection. He will regard it as reminding him that those for whom he thinks and acts, are beings with the infirmities of our fallen nature; as teaching him to appeal to, and avail himself of the better feelings and motives of our nature; and, whenever it is practicable, to render those even of an opposite character the means of effecting good, and if that be not practicable, to correct and control them so as to deprive them of their baneful effects.

Lord Metcalfe followed the dictates of his natural benevolence, no less than those of his excellent judgment, in applying to those purposes, and in this manner, his great knowledge and experience of mankind. Burke, who has been most truly called "the greatest philosopher in practice whom the world ever saw," has said, "that in the world we live in, distrust is but too necessary; some of old called it the very sinews of discretion. But what signify common-places, that always run parallel and equal? Distrust is good, or it is bad, according to our position and our purpose." Again, "there is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which men are often more injured by their own suspicions, than they would be by the perfidy of others." No man knew better or made a more wise and judicious and successful application of these maxims of wisdom and benevolence than Lord Metcalfe. The grateful attachment of the community in which he lived abundantly proved that distrust, when it was required by his judgment, never impaired the kindness of his own disposition, or alienated from him the esteem and affection of others.

The rock on which too often a governor has made shipwreck of his administration has been the selection of individuals or families on whom he bestowed his exclusive confidence. The jealousy and envy which this preference excited in others did not constitute the only or even the greatest part of the evil. The selected few were desirous of making themselves of importance, and inducing him to value their support as essential to the success of his government. With

this view they attributed to others unfriendly feelings towards the governor which they never entertained, and endeavoured to persuade him that they themselves were the only persons on whom he could rely. Their professions betrayed him into the great error of too soon and too freely making them acquainted with the views and designs of his government. Lord Metcalfe was too wise and too just to have any favourites; towards all, he acted with a frankness, sincerity, and kindness which made all equally his friends. Lord Metcalfe united with singular equanimity of temper, an extraordinary degree of self-possession. He never was betrayed into an intimation of his opinions or intentions, if prudence required that they should not be known. The time when, and the extent to which such intimation should be given, were always the result of his previous deliberate judgment. But this reserve was accompanied with so much kindness and gentleness of manner, that it silenced any disappointment or mortification in not attaining that insight into his views which was sought. A short intercourse with Lord Metcalfe could not fail to satisfy the mind that any attempt to elicit from him opinions which he did not desire to impart, would be wholly fruitless.

Another evil, no less injurious to the government than to the colony, was the hasty and imperfect estimate which governors formed of the motives and conduct of colonial legislatures. It had then been too frequent to represent those bodies as influenced by a hostile feeling, where no such feeling existed, and to exaggerate their difficulties in administering their government. Lord Metcalfe's administration was characterised by the candour with which he appreciated, the fidelity with which in his communications to her Majesty's government he represented, and the uncompromising honesty and firmness with which he vindicated the motives and acts of the Jamaica legislature, and repelled the prejudices, the misrepresentations, and calumnies by which it had been assailed. He brought to his administration, and never failed to evince, a constitutional respect for the institutions of the colony, and the strictest

impartiality in maintaining the just rights of all classes of the community. Her Majesty's government continued to him that unlimited confidence he so well deserved, and left him to carry out his wise and beneficent principles of government. To cheer him in his noble undertaking, to bestow on the Assembly the most gratifying reward for their conduct, and to give them the highest assurance of the confidence of the government, the royal speech on the prorogation of Parliament contained her Majesty's gracious approbations of the disposition and proceedings of the legislature.

So sound were the principles on which he administered the government—so firm and lasting was the confidence reposed in him by the assembly, that during his administration there was not the slightest interruption of the most perfect harmony between him and the different branches of the legislature. He had the satisfaction of witnessing a most beneficent change in the manner, the care, and spirit in which the acts of the colonial legislature were examined, objections to them treated, and amendments required, by the government. The acts were not, as before, at once disallowed; but the proposed amendments were made the subjects of recommendation by communications to the legislature from the governor. The Assembly felt this change, and met it in a corresponding spirit, which readily disposed them to adopt the recommendations of the government.

Having fully and effectually accomplished the noble and Christian purpose with which he undertook the arduous duties of the government, he resigned it in June 1842. The state in which he left Jamaica, contrasted with that in which he found the colony on the commencement of his administration, was his rich reward. He came to Jamaica at a time when her legislation was suspended, mutual feelings of distrust and jealousy disturbing not only the relation between the governor and the legislature, but all the social relations in the colony; when laws were required for the altered state of society, and when the tranquillity and existence of the colony were placed in the greatest jeopardy. When he resigned the government, there had been effected a perfect reconciliation of the

colony and the mother country; order and harmony, and good feeling amongst all classes had been restored; legislation had been resumed, laws had been passed adapted to the change which had taken place in the social relations of the inhabitants; and the cordial and active co-operation of the legislature had been afforded, notwithstanding the financial difficulties of the colony, in extending at a great cost the means of religious and moral instruction, and in making the most valuable improvements in the judicial system. He quitted the shores of Jamaica beloved, respected, and revered, with a gratitude and real attachment which few public men ever experienced. The inhabitants of Jamaica raised to him a monument which might mark their grateful homage to his memory. But there is engraven on the hearts of the public of Jamaica another memorial, in the affectionate gratitude and esteem with which they will feel the enduring blessings of his government, and recall his Christian charity, ever largely exercised in alleviating individual distress; his kindness and condescension in private life; and his munificent support of all their religious and charitable institutions, and of every undertaking which could promote the prosperity and happiness of the colony.

On Lord Metcalfe's arrival in England, a numerous meeting of the Jamaica proprietors and merchants was held, and an address presented to him, in which they offered him the tribute of their warmest and sincerest gratitude for the benefits which he had conferred on the colony "by the eminent talents, the wise, and just, and liberal principles which made his administration of the government a blessing to the colony, and had secured him the affection of all classes of the inhabitants, as well as the high approbation of his sovereign."

His answer to that address was a beautiful illustration of the unaffected modesty, of the kindness and benevolence of his disposition, and of the principles which influenced his administration. "Charged by her Majesty's government with a mission of peace and reconciliation, I was received in Jamaica with open arms. The duties which I had to perform were obvious; my first proceedings

were naturally watched with anxiety; but as they indicated good-will and a fair spirit, I obtained hearty support and co-operation. My task in acting along with the spirit which animated the colony was easy. Internal differences were adjusted—either by being left to the natural progress of affairs, during which the respective parties were enabled to apprehend their real interests; or by mild endeavours to promote harmony, and discourage dissension. The loyalty, the good sense, and good feeling of the colony did every thing."

The beneficial effects of his administration did not cease on his resignation. The principles on which he had conducted it, were such, that an adherence to them could not fail to secure similar effects in every succeeding government. It was his great object to cultivate such mutual confidence and good feeling between her Majesty's government and the legislature, and all classes of the colony, as would influence and be apparent in the views and measures of the government, and as would secure the cordial co-operation of the legislature in adopting them. In promoting that object, he was ever anxious to supply the government with those means, which his local information and experience could alone furnish, of fully understanding and justly appreciating the views and measures of the Assembly. He was sensibly alive to whatever might impair the confidence of the government in that body. It was his desire to convey the most faithful representations himself, and to correct any misrepresentations conveyed by others. In a word, it was his constant object to keep the government fully and faithfully informed of all which would enable it to render justice to the colony. Until Lord Metcalfe's administration, her Majesty's government never understood, and never rightly appreciated, the motives and conduct of the legislature of Jamaica, and never did they know the confidence which might be bestowed on that legislature, and the all-powerful influence which, by means of that confidence, could be exercised on its legislation. The foundation for the most successful, because the most beneficial, government was thus permanently laid by Lord Metcalfe.

Lord Elgin succeeded Lord Metcalfe as the governor of Jamaica. He had the wisdom to follow the example of his predecessor, and adopt his principles of government, and pursue the path which he had opened. His administration was uninterrupted by any misunderstanding between the executive government and the Assembly. It merited and received the approbation of his sovereign, and the gratitude of the colony.

More than six years have elapsed since Lord Metcalfe entered on the government of Jamaica. During that space of time, in the former history of the colony, there were frequent dissolutions or prorogations caused by some dispute between the government and the Assembly, or between the different branches of the legislature. Since the appointment of Lord Metcalfe, no misunderstanding has arisen, but perfect harmony has prevailed amongst them. The principles of Lord Metcalfe, which established the relations between the government of the parent state and the various branches of the legislature of Jamaica, and between all classes of society there, in perfect confidence and good feeling, and entirely excluded distrust and suspicion, were so strongly recommended by the enduring success of his administration, that it is not possible to anticipate that they will ever be forgotten or abandoned. There can be no difficulties which may not be surmounted, and confidence can never be supplanted by distrust: there can be no governor of Jamaica whose administration will not have merited and received the approbation of his sovereign, and the gratitude of the colony, so long as he religiously follows the example, and adheres to the principles of Lord Metcalfe. By such an adherence to these principles, Jamaica will retain, not the remembrance alone of the wisdom, the justice, the benevolence of his administration, and the blessings it conferred, but she will enjoy, in every succeeding generation, the same administration, for although directed by another hand, it will be characterised by the same wisdom, the same justice and beneficence, and confer on her the same blessings.

But as the beneficent effects of his government are not limited in their duration to the time, so neither are they

confined to the colony, in which it was administered. The same experience of its success, and the same considerations no less of interest than of duty, recommend and secure the adoption of its principles in the administration of the government of every other colony, as well as of Jamaica. Such was the impression with which the other British colonies regarded his administration in Jamaica. They considered that the same principles on which the government of Jamaica had been administered, would be adopted in the administration of their governments. Shortly after Lord Metcalfe's return from Jamaica, a numerous and influential body, interested in the other colonies, presented him with an address, expressing "the sentiments of gratitude and admiration with which they appreciated the ability, the impartiality, and the success of his administration of the government of Jamaica. They gratefully acknowledged his undeviating adherence to those just and liberal principles by which alone the relations between the parent state and the colonies can be maintained with the feelings essential to their mutual honour and welfare; and they expressed their conviction, that, as his administration must be the unerring guide for that of every other colony, so its benefits will extend to the whole colonial empire of Great Britain." Thus, by his administration of the government of one colony, during only the short space of two years, he laid the foundation for that permanent union of this and all the other colonies with the parent state, which would secure the welfare and happiness of the millions by whom they are inhabited, and add to the strength, the power, and splendour of the British empire.

Such is a faint record of only two years of the distinguished public life of this great and good man. How few statesmen have ever furnished materials for such a record? What greater good can be desired for our country, than that the example of Lord Metcalfe, and his administration of Jamaica, may ever be "the guide-post and land-mark" in her councils for the government of all her colonies, and may ever exercise a predominant influence in the relations between them and the parent state?

ANNALS AND ANTIQUITIES OF LONDON.

WHAT is London? Walk into Lombard Street, and ask the Merchant; he will tell you at once—the Docks and the Custom-House, Lloyd's and the Bank, the Exchange, Royal or Stock. Drive your cab to the Carlton, and learn that it is Pall-mall and the Clubs, St James's and the Parks, Almack's and the Opera. Carry your question and your fee together to legal chambers, and be told that it is Westminster and Chancery Lane, Lincoln's Inn and the Temple. All that remains of mankind, that is not to be numbered in these several categories, will tell you it is a huge agglomeration of houses and shops, churches and theatres, markets and monuments, gas-pipes and paving-stones. Believe none—Yes, believe them all! We make our London, as we make our World, out of what attracts and interests ourselves. Few are they who behold in this vast metropolis a many-paged volume, abounding in instruction, offering to historian and philosopher, poet and antiquary, a luxuriant harvest and never-failing theme. We consider London, with reference to what it is and may become, not to what it has been. The present and the future occupy us to the exclusion of the past. We perambulate the great arteries of the Monster City, from Tyburn to Cornhill, from Whitechapel to the Wellington statue, and our minds receive no impression, save what is directly conveyed through our eyes; we pass, unheeding, a thousand places and objects rich in memories of bygone days, of strange and stirring events—great men long since deceased, and customs now long obsolete. We care not to dive into the narrow lanes and filthy alleys, where, in former centuries, sons of Genius and the Muses dwelt and starved; we seek not the dingy old taverns where the wit of our ancestors sparkled; upon the spot where a hero fell or a martyr perished,

we pause not to gaze and to recall the memories of departed virtue and greatness. We are a matter-of-fact generation, too busy in money-getting to speculate upon the past. So crowded has the world become, that there is scarce standing-room; and even the lingering ghosts of olden times are elbowed and jostled aside. It is the triumph of the tangible and positive over the shadowy and poetical.

Things which men will not seek, they often thankfully accept when brought to them in an attractive form and without trouble. Upon this calculation has the book before us been written. It is an attempt to convey, in amusing narrative, the history, ancient, mediæval, and modern, of the streets and houses of London. For such a work, which necessarily partakes largely of the nature of a compilation, it is obvious that industry is more essential than talent—extensive reading than a brilliant pen. Both of industry and reading Mr Smith makes a respectable display, and therefore we shall not cavil at any minor deficiencies. His subject would have been better treated in a lighter and more detached form; and, in this respect, he might have taken a hint from an existing French work of a similar nature, relating to Paris. But his materials are too sterling and interesting to be spoiled by any slight mistake in the handling. He has accumulated a large mass of information, quotation, and extract; and although few persons may read his book continuously from beginning to end, very many, we are sure, will dip with pleasure and interest into its pages.

West and East would have been no inappropriate title for Mr Smith's twin volumes. In the first, he keeps on the Court side of Temple Bar; the second he devotes to the City. As may be supposed, the former is the more sprightly and piquant chronicle; but

the latter does not yield to it in striking records and interesting historical facts. Let us accompany the antiquarian on his first ramble, from Hyde Park Corner to Charing Cross, starting from Apsley House, of which, although scarcely included in the design of his work, as announced on the title-page, he gives, as of various other modern buildings, a concise account.

How few individuals of the human tide that daily flows and ebbs along Piccadilly are aware, that within a century that aristocratic quarter was a most disreputable outlet from London. The ground now covered with ranges of palaces, the snug and select district of May Fair, dear to opulent dowagers and luxurious *célibataires*, was occupied, but a short hundred years since, by a few detached dwellings in extensive gardens, and by a far larger number of low taverns. Some of these, as the White Horse and Half Moon, have given their names to the streets to which their bowling-greens and skittle-alleys tardily gave way. The Sunday excursions of the lower orders were then more circumscribed than at present; and these Piccadilly public-houses were much resorted to on the Sabbath, in the manner of a country excursion; for Piccadilly was then the country. "Among the advertisements of sales by auction in the original edition of the *Spectator*, in folio, published in 1711, the mansion of Streeter, jun., is advertised as *his country house*, being near Bolton Row, in Piccadilly; his town residence was in Gerrard Street, Soho." The taverns nearest to Hyde Park were chiefly patronised by the soldiers, particularly, we are informed, on review days, when they sat in rows upon wooden benches, placed in the street for their accommodation, combing, soaping, and powdering each other's hair. The bad character of the neighbourhood, and perhaps, also, the nuisance of May Fair, which lasted for fifteen days, and was not abolished till 1708, prevented the ground from increasing in value; and accordingly we find that Mr Shepherd, after whom Shepherd's Market was named, offered for sale, as late as the year 1750, his freehold mansion in Curzon Street,

and its adjacent gardens, for five hundred pounds. At that price it was subsequently sold. Houses there were, however, in the then despised neighbourhood of Piccadilly, of high value; but it arose from their intrinsic magnificence, which counterbalanced the disadvantages of situation. Evelyn mentions having visited Lord John Berkeley at his stately new house, which was said to have cost thirty thousand pounds, and had a cedar staircase. He greatly commends the gardens, and says that he advised the planting of certain holly-hedges on the terrace. Stratton Street was built on the Berkeley estate, and so named in compliment to the Stratton line of that family. At what is now the south end of Albemarle Street, stood Clarendon House, built, as Bishop Burnet tells us, on a piece of ground granted to Lord Clarendon by Charles II. The Earl wished to have a plain ordinary house, but those he employed preferred erecting a palace, whose total cost amounted to fifty thousand pounds.

"During the war," says the Bishop, "and in the plague year, he had about three hundred men at work, which he thought would have been an acceptable thing, when so many men were kept at work, and so much money, as was duly paid, circulated about. But it had a contrary effect: it raised a great outcry against him." The sale of Dunkirk to the French for four hundred thousand pounds, had taken place only three years before, and was still fresh in men's minds. The odium of this transaction fell chiefly on Lord Clarendon, who was accused of pocketing a share of its profits; and the people gave the name of Dunkirk House to his new mansion. Others called it Holland House, thereby insinuating that it was built with bribes received from the Dutch, with whom this country then waged a disastrous war. In spite of popular outcry, however, the house was completed in 1667, the year of Clarendon's disgrace and banishment. Fifteen years later, after his death, his heirs sold the place to the Duke of Albemarle for twenty-five thousand pounds, just half what it cost; and the Duke parted with it for ten thousand more. Finally, it was pulled down

to make room for Albemarle and Stafford Streets; of which latter, as appears from old plans of London, the centre of Clarendon House occupied the entire site.

Piccadilly was formerly the headquarters of the makers of leaden figures. The first yard for this worthless description of statues was founded by John Van Nost, one of the numerous train of Dutchmen who followed William III. to England. His establishment soon had imitators and rivals; and, in 1740, there were four of these figure-yards in Piccadilly, all driving a flourishing trade in their leaden lumber. The statues were as large as life, and often painted. "They consisted of Punch, Harlequin, Columbine, and other pantomimical characters; mowers whetting their scythes, haymakers resting on their rakes, gamekeepers in the act of shooting, and *Roman* soldiers with *firelocks*; but, above all, that of a kneeling African with a sundial upon his head, found the most extensive sale." Copies from the antique were also there, and had many admirers; but the unsuitableness of the heavy and pliable material was soon discovered, and, after a brief existence, the figure-yards died a natural death.

On the etymology of the word Piccadilly, Mr Smith expends much erudite research, without, as it appears to us, arriving at a very definite or satisfactory conclusion. A pickadill is defined by Blount, in his *Glossography*, as "the round hem of a garment, or other thing; also a kind of stiff collar, made in fashion of a band." Hence Mr Smith infers, that the famous ordinary near St James's, which first bore the name of Piccadilly, may have received it because at that time it was the outmost or skirt-house of the suburb. The derivation is ingenious, but rather far-fetched. Another notion is, that a certain Higgin, a tailor, who built the house, had acquired his money by the manu-

facture of pickadills, then in great vogue. The orthography of the name has varied considerably. Evelyn mentions in his memoirs, that, as one of the commissioners for reforming the buildings and streets of London, he ordered the paving of the road from St James's North, "which was a quagmire," and likewise of the Haymarket about "Pigudello." In the same year, however, 1662, it is found inscribed in tradesmen's tokens as Pickadilla; and this appears to be the most ancient mode of spelling it. In *Gerard's Herbal*, published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, (1596,) the author, talking of the "small wild buglosse," says that this little flower "growes upon the drie ditch bankes about Pickadilla."

Where Bennet and Arlington Streets now stand, was formerly the celebrated mulberry gardens, referred to by Maloué as a favourite haunt of Dryden, who loved to eat tarts there with his mistress, Anne Reeve. To the polite ears of the nineteenth century, the very name of a public garden is a sound of horror; and to see the cream of *the ton* taking their evening lounge at Cremorne, or the "Royal Property," and batten upon mulberry tarts and sweetened wine, would excite as much astonishment as if we read in the *Moniteur* that the Duchess of Orleans had led a *galop* at Musard's masquerade. In the easy-going days of the second Charles, things were very different, and a fashionable company was wont to collect at the Mulberry Garden, to sit in its pleasant arbours, and feast upon cheesecakes and syllabubs. The ladies frequently went in masks, which was a great mode at that time, and one often adopted by the court dames to escape detection in the intrigues and mad pranks they so liberally permitted themselves. "In *The Humorous Lovers*, a comedy written by the Duke of Newcastle,* and published in 1677, the third scene of Act I. is in the Mulberry

* It was by the Duchess of Newcastle, according to Pepys, that this play was written. In his Diary he says, under date of the 11th April 1667:—"To Whitehall, thinking there to have seen the Duchess of Newcastle coming this night to court to make a visit to the Queen. The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in an antique dress, as they say; and was the other day at her own play, *The*

Garden. Baldman observes to Courtly, 'Tis a delicate plump wench; now, a blessing on the hearts of them that were the contrivers of this garden; this wilderness is the prettiest convenient place to woo a widow, Courtly.'" One can hardly fancy a wilderness in the heart of St James's, except of houses; but the one mentioned in the above passage had ceased to exist at the time the play appeared, at least as a place of public resort. Five years previously, the King had granted to Henry Earl of Arlington, "that whole piece or parcel of ground called the Mulberry Gardens, together with eight houses, with their appurtenances thereon," at a rent of twenty shillings per annum. Goring House, in which Mr Secretary Bennet, afterwards Earl of Arlington, resided, was probably one of these eight houses. Two years subsequently to the grant, it was burnt down, and the earl removed to Arlington House, which stood on the site of Buckingham Palace. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, bought the former, pulled it down in 1703, and erected a new mansion, which was sold to the crown by his son, and allotted, in 1775, as a residence for the Queen, instead of Somerset House.

We are glad to learn from Mr Smith, that there is a plan on foot for the removal of the confined, dirty, and unwholesome district between Buckingham Palace and Westminster Abbey, now one of the vilest parts of the metropolis, the favourite abode of thieves, beggars, pawnbrokers, and gin-sellers. The streets adjacent to the palace have at no time been of the most spacious or respectable description, although Pimlico is vastly improved from what it was in the days of Ben Jonson, who uses the name to express all that was lowest and most disreputable. In his play of *The Alchymist*, he says, "Gal-lants, men and women, and of all sorts, tag-rag and bob-tail, have been seen to flock here in threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hoxton or

Pimlico." And again, "besides other gallants, oysterwomen, sailors' wives, tobacco-men—another Pimlico." *A-propos* of the gin-palaces which have replaced the old-fashioned public-houses that abounded some twenty years ago in Westminster, Mr Smith makes a digression on the subject of drunkenness, and quotes some curious particulars from an old treatise, called *The London and Country Brewer*. "Our drunkenness, as a national vice," says the writer, "takes its date from the restoration of Charles the Second, or a few years later." It may be questioned whether drunkenness was not pretty well established as an English vice long before the period here referred to. We have the authority of various writers, however, for its having greatly increased about the time of the Stuarts' restoration. "A spirit of extravagant joy," says Burnet, in his *History of his own Times*, "spread over the nation. All ended in entertainments and drunkenness, which overrun the three kingdoms to such a degree, that it very much corrupted all their morals. Under the colour of drinking the King's health, there were great disorders, and much riot every where." This was no unnatural reaction after the stern austerity of the Protectorate. "As to the materials, (of drunkenness,)" continues *The Brewer*, "beer and ale were considerable articles; they went a great way in the work at first, but were far from being sufficient; and then strong waters came into play. The occasion was this: In the Dutch wars it had been observed that the captains of the Hollanders' men-of-war, when they were about to engage with our ships, usually set a hog'shead of brandy aboard afore the mast, and bid the men drink *sustick*, that they might fight *lustick*; and our poor seamen felt the force of the brandy to their cost. We were not long behind them; but suddenly after the war we began to abound in strong-water shops." Even the chandlers and the

Humorous Lovers, the most ridiculous thing that ever was wrote, but yet she and her lord mightily pleased with it; and she at the end made her respects to the players from her box, and did give them thanks." This was the eccentric dame who kept a maid of honour sitting up all night, to write down any bright idea or happy inspiration by which she might be visited.

barber-surgeons kept stores of spirituous compounds, for the most part of exceeding bad quality, but sweetened and spiced, and temptingly displayed in rows of glass bottles, under Latin names of imposing sound. Aniseed-water was the favourite dram; until the French, finding out the newly-acquired taste of their old enemies, deluged the English markets with brandy, which was recommended by the physicians, and soon acquired universal popularity. It was sold about the streets in small measures, at a halfpenny and a penny each; and the consumption was prodigious, until a war broke out with France, when the supply of course stopped, and the poor were compelled to return to their *aqua vite* and *aqua mirabilis*, or, better than either, to the ale-glass. When speaking of the royal cockpit at Whitehall, Mr Smith tells us of "Admiral M'Bride, a brave sailor of the old school, who constantly kept gamecocks on board his ship, and on the morning of an action, endeavoured, and that successfully, to animate his men by the spectacle of a cock-fight between decks." This, if not a very humane expedient, according to modern notions, was at any rate an improvement upon Dutch courage, with which British seamen of the present day would scorn to fortify themselves.

St James's Park, originally a swamp, was first inclosed by Harry the Eighth, but little was done towards its improvement and embellishment until after the Restoration. It was within its precincts, that in July 1626 Lord Conway assembled the numerous and troublesome French retinue of Queen Henrietta Maria, and communicated to them the king's pleasure that they should immediately quit the country. The legion of hungry foreigners, including several priests and a boy bishop, scarcely of age, had hoped long to fatten upon English soil, and they received their dismissal with furious outcry and loud remonstrance. Their royal mistress also was greatly incensed, and broke several panes of glass with her fists, in no very queenly style. But Charles for once was resolute; the Frenchmen had, to use his own expressions, so dallied with his patience, and so highly affronted him,

that he could no longer endure it. They found, however, all sorts of pretences to delay their departure, claiming wages and perquisites which were not due, and alleging that they had debts in London, and could not go away till these were discharged. L'Estrange, in his Life of Charles I., and D'Israeli in his *Commentaries*, gives many curious particulars of the proceedings of this troop of blood-suckers. Under pretence of perquisites, they pillaged the queen's wardrobe and jewel-case, not leaving her even a change of linen. The king accorded them a reasonable delay for their preparations, but at last he lost all patience, as will be seen by the following characteristic letter to the Duke of Buckingham, dated from Oaking, the 7th of August 1626:

"STEELE,—I have received your letter by Die Greame, (Sir Richard Graham.) This is my answer: I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the towne, if you can by fair means. (but stike not long in disputing.) otherways force them away, drying them away lyke so manie wilde beastes, until ye have shipped them, and so the devil goe wth them. Let me heare no answer, but of the performance of my command. So I rest your faithful, constant, loving friend, C. R."

Thereupon the debts of the obnoxious French were paid, their claims, both just and unjust, satisfied, presents given to some of them, and they set out for Dover, nearly forty coaches full. "As Madame St George, whose vivacity is always described as extremely French, was stepping into the boat, one of the mob could not resist the satisfaction of flinging a stone at her French cap. An English courtier, who was conducting her, instantly quitted his charge, ran the fellow through the body, and quietly returned to the boat. The man died on the spot, but no further notice appears to have been taken of the inconsiderate gallantry of the English courtier."

The Stuarts were commonly plagued with the foreign attendants of their wives. When Charles the Second's spouse, Catherine of Braganza, arrived in England, she was escorted by a train of Portuguese ladies, who highly disgusted the king and his

court, less, however, by their Papistry and greediness, than by their surpassing ugliness and obstinate adherence to the fashions of their country. "Six frights," says Anthony Hamilton in his memoirs of Count Grammont, "who called themselves maids of honour, and a duenna, another monster, who took the title of governess to these extraordinary beauties. Among the men were Francisco de Melo, and one Tauravedez, who called himself Don Pedro Francisco Correo de Silva, extremely handsome, but a greater fool than all the Portuguese put together; he was more vain of his names than his person; but the Duke of Buckingham, a still greater fool than he, though more addicted to raillery, gave him the name of Peter of the Wood. He was so enraged at this, that, after many fruitless complaints and ineffectual menaces, poor Pedro de Silva was obliged to leave England; while the happy duke kept possession of a Portuguese nymph more hideous than the queen's maids of honour, whom he had taken from him, as well as two of his names. Besides these, there were six chaplains, four bakers, a Jew perfumer, and a certain officer, probably without an office, who called himself her highness's barber." Evelyn also tells us, that "the queen arrived with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingals or guard-infantas, their complexions olivader, and sufficiently unagreeable;" and Lord Clarendon talks of "a numerous family of men and women, that were sent from Portugal"—the women "old and ugly and proud, incapable of any conversation with persons of quality and a liberal education; and they desired, and indeed had conspired so far to possess the queen herself, that she should neither learn the English language, nor use their habit, nor depart from the manners and fashions of her own country in any particulars." Although the Infanta herself was by no means ill-looking, her charms did not come up to those of the flattered portrait which her mother, the old Queen of Portugal, had sent to Charles; and it is possible that the selection of plain women for her retinue had been intentional, that their ugliness might serve as a foil to

her moderate amount of beauty. After a short time, however, the majority of these uncomely Lusitanians were sent back to their native country.

To return to Mr Smith and St James's Park. After his Restoration, Charles the Second, who, as worthy Thomas Blount says in his *Boscobel*, had been hunted to and fro like a "partridge upon the mountains," became very *casanier*, decidedly stay-at-home, in his habits, and cared little to absent himself from London and its vicinity. He had had buffeting and wandering enough in his youth, and, on ascending the throne of his unfortunate father, he thought of little besides making himself comfortable in his capital, careless of expense, which, even in his greatest need, he seems never to have calculated. He planted the avenues of the park, made a canal and an aviary for rare birds, which gave the name to Bird-Cage Walk. Amongst other freaks, and to provide for a witty Frenchman who amused him, he erected Duck Island into a government. Charles de St Denis, seigneur of St Eyremond, who had been banished from France for a satire on Cardinal Mazarine, was the first and, it is believed, the last governor. He drew the salary attached to the appointment, which was certainly a more lucrative than honourable one for a man of his talents and reputation. According to Evelyn, Charles stored the park with "numerous flocks of fowle. There were also deer of several countries—white, spotted like leopards; antelopes, as elk, red deer, roebucks, staggs, Guinea grates, Arabian sheep," &c. In the Mall, also made by him, Charles played at ball and took his daily walk. "Here," says Colley Cibber, "Charles was often seen amid crowds of spectators, feeding his ducks and playing with his dogs, affable even with the meanest of his subjects." Mr Smith regrets the diminished affability and less accessible mood of sovereigns of the nineteenth century, although he admits that the populace of France and England are at the present day too rude for it to be advisable that kings and queens should walk amongst them with the easy familiarity of the second Charles. Of that there can

be very little doubt. Even Charles, whose dislike of ceremony and restraint, and love of gossip and new faces, were cause, at least as much as any desire for popularity, that he thus mingled with the mob, occasionally experienced the disagreeables of his nudigified manner of life. Aubrey the credulous, Mr Smith tells us, relates in his Miscellanies the following anecdote of an incident that occurred in the Park. "Avisé Evans had a fungous nose, and said that it was revealed to him that the king's hand would cure him: and at the first coming of King Charles II. into St James's Park, he kissed the king's hand, and rubbed his nose with it, which disturbed the king, but cured him." It was whilst walking on the Mall that the pretended Popish plot of Oates and Bedloe was announced to Charles. "On the 12th of August 1678," says Hume, "one Kirby, a chemist, accosted the king as he was walking in the Park. 'Sir,' said he, 'keep within the company; your enemies have a design upon your life, and you may be shot in this very walk.' Being asked the reason of these strange speeches, he said that two men, called Grove and Pickering, had engaged to shoot the king, and Sir George Wakeman, the queen's physician, to poison him." Charles, unlike his grandfather, the timid James, was little apprehensive of assassination, and, when sauntering in the Park, preferred the society of two or three intimates to the attendance of a retinue. On one occasion, however, as a biographer has recorded, an impudent barber startled him from his usual happy *insonnance*. Accustomed to chat familiarly with his good-humoured master, the chin-scraper ventured to observe, whilst operating upon that of the king, that he considered no officer of the court had a more important trust than himself. "Why so, friend?" inquired the king. "Why," replied the barber, "I could cut your majesty's throat whenever I chose." Charles started up in consternation, swore that the very thought was treason, and the indiscreet man of razors was deprived of his delicate charge.

In the *Daily Post* for October 31st, 1728, is an order of the Board of

Green Cloth for clearing St James's Park of the shoe-cleaners and other vagrants, and sending them to the House of Correction. This reminds us of what has often excited our surprise, the absence from the streets of London of an humble but very useful class of professionals, who abound in many continental towns, in all French ones of any size. Abundant ingenuity is displayed in London in the discovery and invention of strange and out-of-the-way employments. Men convert themselves into "animated sandwiches" by back and breastplates of board, encase themselves in gigantic bottles to set forth the merits of some famed specific or potent elixir, or walk about with advertisements printed on their coats, peripatetic fly-sheets, extolling the comfort and economy of halfpenny steamers, and of omnibuses at a penny a mile. Some sweep crossings, others hold horses; but none of the vast number of needy *industrials* who strain their wits to devise new means of obtaining their daily ration and nightly shelter, have as yet taken pattern by the French *décrotteur* and German *stiefel-wischer*, and provided themselves for stock in trade with a three-legged stool, a brace of brushes, and a bottle of blacking. No one has been at Paris without finding the great convenience of the *ateliers de décrottage* which abound in the passages and in the more frequented of the streets, where, for three or four *sous*, the loungeur who has had boots and trousers bemired by rapid cab or lumbering *diligence*, is brushed and polished with unparalleled rapidity and dexterity. But a very moderate capital is required for the establishment of these temples of cleanliness, and we recommend the subject to the consideration of decayed railway "stags."

"Duke Street Chapel, with a flight of steps leading to the Park, formed originally a wing of the mansion of the notorious Judge Jeffries. The house was built by him, and James the Second, as a mark of especial favour, allowed him to make an entry to the Park by the steps alluded to. The son of Jeffries inhabited it for a short time." It was this son and successor of the infamous Jeffries, who, with a party of rakes and do-

bauchees, mohocks as they were at that time called, insulted the remains of the poet Dryden, and the grief of his widow. They happened to pass through Gerrard Street, Soho, when Dryden's remains were about to be conveyed from his house, No. 43, in that street, to Westminster Abbey. Although it was in the daytime, Jeffries was drunk; he swore that Dryden should not be buried in so shabby a manner, (eighteen mourning coaches waited to form the procession,) and that he would see due honour done to his remains. After frightening Lady Elizabeth, who was ill in bed, into a fainting fit, these aristocratic ruffians stopped the funeral, and sent the body to an undertaker in Cheapside. The bishop waited several hours in Westminster Abbey, and at last went away. When Jeffries became sober, he had forgotten all about the matter, and refused to have any thing to do with the interment. The corpse lay unburied for three weeks. At last the benevolent Dr Garth had it taken to the College of Physicians, got up a subscription for the expenses of the funeral, and followed the body to Westminster Abbey. The poet's son challenged Jeffries, but Jeffries showed the white feather, and, to avoid personal chastisement, kept carefully out of the way for three years, when Charles Dryden was drowned near Windsor.

Mr Smith is most indulgent to the blunders and blockheadism of our modern architects and monument-makers, far too much so, indeed, when he speaks approvingly of Trafalgar Square and its handsome fountains, and without positive disapprobation of the vile collection of clumsy buildings and ill-executed ornament defacing that site. There has been a deal of ink spilt upon this subject, and we have no intention of adding to the quantity, especially as there is no chance that any flow of fluid, however unlimited, shall blot out the square and its absurdities. But we defy any Englishman, with the smallest pretensions to taste, to pass Charing Cross without feelings of shame and disgust at the mismanagement and ignorance there manifest. Such an accumulation of clumsiness was surely never before witnessed. The wretched Na-

tional Gallery with its absurd dome, crushed beneath the tall and symmetrical proportions of St Martin's portico, overtopped even by the private dwelling-houses in its vicinity; the dirty, ill-devised, and worse-executed fountains, with their would-be-gracefully curved basins, the steps and parapets, which give the whole place the appearance of an exaggerated child's toy. Well may foreigners shrug their shoulders, and smile at the public buildings of the great capital of Britain. A fatality attends all our efforts in that way. In regard to architecture and ornament, we pay more and are worse served than any body else. So habituated are we to failure in this respect, that when a public building is completed, scaffolding removed, and a fair view obtained, we wonder and exult if it is found free from glaring defects, and in no way particularly obnoxious to censure. As to its proving a thing to be proud of, to be gazed at and admired, and to be spoken of out of England, or even in England, after the fuss and ceremony of its inauguration is over, we never dream of such a thing. The negative merit of having avoided the ridiculous and the grotesque, is subject for satisfaction, almost for pride. Assuredly we love not to exalt other countries at the expense of our own, to draw invidious comparisons between things English and things foreign. But the difference between public buildings of modern erection in London and in Paris is so immense, that it can escape no one. Take, for instance, the Paris *Bourse* and the London Exchange. The former, it has been objected, is out of character; a Greek temple is no fitting rendezvous for the sons of commerce; a less classic fane were more appropriate for the discussion of exchanges, for sales of cotton and muscovado. The objection, according to us, is flimsy and absurd, and must have originated with some Vandalic and prejudiced booby, with whom consistency was a monomania. Nevertheless we will, for argument's sake, admit its validity. Is that a reason that the traders and capitalists of London should meet in a building which, for heaviness and exaggerated solidity, rivals a South American Inquisition? Do the Ba-

rings and the Rothschilds anticipate an attack upon their strong boxes, and intend to stand a siege within the massive walls of the Royal Exchange? Assuredly the narrow doorways may easily be defended; for a time, at least, the ponderous walls will mock the cannonade. The curse of heaviness is upon our architects. There is a total want of grace, and lightness, and airiness in all their works. Behold our new Senate House! Do its florid beauties and overdone decorations, unsparingly as they have been lavished, and convenient as they will doubtless be found as receptacles for bird's nests, contrast favourably with the elegant and dignified simplicity of the Chamber of Deputies? The two, it will be said, cannot be assimilated: the vast difference of size precludes a comparison. We reply, that the buildings are for the same purpose; but were they not, proportion at least should be observed. The Parliament House is far too low for its length. Want of elevation is the common fault, both in the ideas and in the productions of our architects.

Are we more successful in statues than in buildings? Mr Smith has some sensible remarks on this score. Speaking of the equestrian statue of George III. in Cockspur Street, he says, that "critics object to the cocked hat and tie-wig in the royal figure; but, some ages hence, these abused parts will be the most valuable in the whole statue. It may very reasonably be asked, why an English gentleman should be represented in the dress of a Roman tribune? Let the man appear, even in a statue, in his habit as he lived; and whatever we may say, posterity will be grateful to us. We should like to know exactly the ordinary walking-dress of Cæsar or Brutus, and how they wore their hair; and we should not complain if they had cocked hats or periwigs, if we knew them to be exact copies of nature." It is certain that modern physiognomy rarely harmonises with ancient costume. What is to be said of the aspect of the "first gentleman of Europe," wrapped in his horsecloth, and astride on his bare-backed steed, in the aforesaid Square of Trafalgar? Assuredly nothing in commendation. There are portraits of Napoleon in

classic drapery, and, even with his classically correct countenance, he looks a very ordinary, under-sized Roman. But, in his grey *capote* and small cocked hat, the characteristic is preserved, and we at once think of, and wonder at, the hero of Austerlitz and Marengo.

Leicester Square, as Mr Smith justly observes, has more the appearance of the *Grande Place* of some continental city than of a London square. The headquarters and chief rendezvous of aliens, especially of Frenchmen, it bears numerous and unmistakable marks of its foreign occupancy. French hotels and restaurants replace taverns and chop-houses. French names are seen above shops; promises of French, German, and Spanish conversation, are read in the windows; and grimy-visaged, hirsute individuals, in plaited pantaloons and garments of eccentric cut, saunter, cigar in mouth, over the shabby pavement. It is curious to remark the different tone and station taken by English in Paris and French in London. In the former capital, nothing is too good for the intruding islanders. In the best and most expensive season, they throng thither, and strut about like lords of the soil, perfectly at home, and careless of the opinions of the people amongst whom they have condescended to come. The best houses are for their use; the most expensive shops are favoured with their custom; and if occasionally tormented by a troublesome consciousness of paying dearly for their importance, they easily console themselves by a malediction on the French *voleurs*, who thus take advantage of their long purses and open hands. How different is it with the Frenchman in London! He comes over, for the most part, at the dullest time of the year, in the autumn, when the town is foggy, and dreary, and empty; when the Parks are deserted, shutters shut, the theatres dull, and exhibitions closed. He has certain vague apprehensions of the tremendous expense entailed by a visit to the English capital. To avoid this, he makes a toil of a pleasure; wearies himself with economical calculations; and creeps into some inferior hotel or dull lodging-house, tempted by low prices

and foreign announcements. We find French deputies abiding in Cranbourn Street, and counts contenting themselves with a garret at Pagliano's. Thence they perambulate westwards; and ignorant, or not choosing to remember, that London is out of town, and that they have selected the very worst possible season to visit it, they greatly marvel at the paucity of equipages, at the abundance of omnibuses and hack-cabs, and the scarcity of sunbeams; and return home to inform their friends that London is a *ville monstre*, with spacious streets, small houses, few amusements; very great, but very gloomy; and where the nearest approach to sunshine resembles the twinkling of a rushlight through a plate of blue earthenware.

"The foreign appearance of Leicester Square is not of recent growth. It seems to have been the favourite resort of strangers and exiles ever since the place was built. Maitland, who wrote more than a hundred years ago, describing the parish of St Anne's, in which it is situate, says—'The fields in these parts being but lately converted into buildings, I have not discovered any thing of great antiquity in this parish. Many parts of it so greatly abound with French, that it is an easy matter for a stranger to imagine himself in France.'"

Sydney Alley is named after the Earls of Leicester, who had their town-house on the north side of the square, where Leicester Place has since been opened. Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., occupied, for some years, this residence of the Sydneys. She also inhabited a house in Drury Place, where Craven Street now stands, which was built for her by Lord Craven. It was called Bohemia House for many years afterwards, and at last became a tavern, at the sign of the Queen of Bohemia. "The Earl of Craven was thought to have been privately married to the queen, a woman of great sweetness of temper and amiability of manners—a universal favourite both in this country and Bohemia, where her gentleness acquired her the title of 'The Queen of Hearts.' By right of their descent from her, the House of Hanover ascended the throne of this kingdom." Lord Craven was the

eldest son of Sir William Craven, lord-mayor of London in 1611. He fought under Gustavus Adolphus with great distinction, and returned to England at the Restoration, when Charles II. made him viscount and earl. He commanded a regiment of the guards until within three or four years of his death, which occurred in 1697, at the advanced age of eighty-five. "He was an excellent soldier," says the advertisement of his decease in No. 301 of the *Postman*, "and served in the wars under Palsgrave of the Rhine, and also under the great Gustavus Adolphus, where he performed sundry warlike exploits to admiration; and, in a word, he was then in great renowne."

However indifferently Leicester Square may at present be inhabited, and notwithstanding its long-standing reputation as a foreign colony, it has been the chosen abode of many distinguished men. Hogarth and Reynolds lived and died there. Hogarth's house is now part of the Sablonière Hotel. Sir Joshua's was on the opposite side of the square; and both of them, especially the latter, were much resorted to by the wits and wise men of the day. Johnson, Boswell, and, at times, Goldsmith, were constant visitors to Reynolds. John Hunter, the anatomist, lived next-door to Hogarth's house; and in 1725, Lords North and Grey, and Arthur Onslow, the Speaker, also inhabited this square. Leicester House, where the Queen of Bohemia lived, is called by Pennant the "pouting-place of princes." George II. retired thither when he quarrelled with his father; and his son Frederick, the father of George III., did the same thing for the same reason. Whilst Prince Frederick and the Princess of Wales lived there, they received the wedding visit of the Hon. John Spencer, ancestor of the present Earl Spencer, and of his bride, Miss Poyntz. Contrary to established etiquette, the bridal party went to visit the Prince before paying their respects to the King. They came in two carriages and a sedan chair; the latter, which was lined with white satin, contained the bride, and was preceded by a black page, and followed by three footmen in splendid liveries. The diamonds presented to Mr Spencer,

on occasion of his marriage, by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, were worth one hundred thousand pounds. The bridegroom's shoe-buckles alone cost thirty thousand pounds. An old gentleman, born more than a century ago, from whom Mr Smith obtained some of these particulars, informed him, that about that time the neighbourhood was so thinly built, that when the heads of two men, executed for participation in the Scotch rebellion, were placed on Temple Bar, a man stood in Leicester Fields with a telescope, to give the boys a sight of them for a penny a-piece.

A house in Leicester Fields was the scene of some of the eccentricities of that semi-civilised hero, Peter the Great of Russia. It belonged to the Earl of Aylesbury, and was inhabited, during the Czar's visit to this country, by the Marquis of Carmarthen, who gave a grand ball there, on the 2d April 1698, in honour of the imperial stranger. The Marquis was Peter's particular chum and boon companion, and the Czar preferred his society to all the gaieties and visitors that beset him during his residence in England. Peter was very shy of strangers, and when William the Third gave him a magnificent entertainment at St James's, he would not mix with the company, but begged to be put into a cupboard, whence he could see without being seen. He drank tremendously, and made Lord Carmarthen do the same. Hot brandy, seasoned with pepper, was his favourite drink. Something strong he certainly required to digest his diet of train-oil and raw meats. On one occasion, when staying in Leicester Fields with the Marquis, he is said to have drunk a pint of brandy and a bottle of sherry before dinner, and eight bottles of sack after it, and then to have gone to the play, seemingly no whit the worse. He lodged in York Buildings, in a house overlooking the river, supposed by some to be that at the left-hand corner of Buckingham Street. A house in Norfolk Street also had the honour of sheltering him. "On Monday night," says No. 411 of the *Postman* "the Czar of Muscovy arrived from Holland, and went directly to the house prepared for him

in Norfolk Street." His principal amusement was being rowed on the Thames between London and Deptford; and at last, in order to live quietly and avoid the hosts of visitors who poured in upon him, he took Admiral Benbow's house at the latter place. It stood on the ground now occupied by the Victualling Office, and was the property of the well-known John Evelyn.

"Horne Tooke," says Mr Smith, "in his *Diversions of Parley*, derives the word Charing from the Saxon *Charan*, to turn: and the situation of the original village, on the bend or turning of the Thames, gives probability to this etymology." Every body knows that Charing, now so central a point, was once a little hamlet on the rural high-road between London and Westminster, and that the "Cross" was added to it by Edward the First, who, when escorting his wife's remains from Lincolnshire to Westminster Abbey, erected one at each place where the beloved corpse rested. The first cross, which was of wood, and probably of rude enough manufacture, gave way to one of stone, designed by Cavalini. About the middle of the seventeenth century, that period of puritanical intolerance, this was removed by order of the Commons' House, an order which the royalists took care to ridicule by song and lampoon. According to Lilly the astrologer and quack, the workmen were three months pulling it down, and some of the stones were used for the pavement before Whitehall. Others were made into knife-handles, and Lilly saw some of them which were polished and looked like marble. Those were days in which kingly memorials found as little favour as popish emblems; and after the death of Charles the First, the statue that now stands at Charing Cross, and which had been cast by Le Sueur in 1633 for the Earl of Arundel, was sold and ordered to be broken up. It was bought by one Rivet, a brazier, who, instead of breaking, buried it. This did not prevent the ingenious mechanic from making a large and immediate profit by the effigy of the martyred monarch; for he melted down old brass into knife and fork-

handles, and sold them as proceeding from the King's statue. Roundheads and cavaliers all flocked to buy; the former desiring a trophy of their triumph, the latter eager to possess a memento of their lamented sovereign. In 1678, £70,000 was voted by Parliament for the obsequies of Charles I., and for a monument to his memory, and with a portion of this sum, how large a one is not known, the statue was repurchased.

The historian of the streets and houses of a great and ancient city, has, in many ways, a most difficult task to perform. Not only must he read much, observe closely, and diligently inquire, display ingenuity in deduction and judgment in selection, but he must be steadfast to resist temptation. For, assuredly, to the lover of antiquarian and historical lore, the temptation is immense, whilst culling materials from quaint old diaries, black-letter pamphlets, and venerable newspapers, to expatiate and extract at a length wholly inconsistent with the necessary limits of his work. Some writers are at pains to dilate their matter—his chief care must be to compress. What would fairly fill a sheet must be packed into a page—the pith and substance of a volume must be squeezed into a chapter. The diligent compiler should not be slightly considered by the creative and aspiring genius. Like the bee, he forms his small, rich store, from the fragrance of a thousand flowers—adopting the sweet, rejecting the nauseous and insipid. Nor must he dwell too long on any pet and particular blossom, lest what would please in due proportion should cloy by too large an admixture. To vary the metaphor, the writer of such a work as this *Antiquarian Ramble*, should be a sort of literary Soyer, mixing his materials so skilfully that the flavour of each is preserved, whilst not one unduly predominates. He must not prance off on a hobby, whether architectural, historical, social, or romantic, but relieve his cattle and his readers by jumping lightly and frequently from one saddle to another.

How many books might be written upon the themes briefly glanced at in Mr Smith's book! Let us take, for instance, the places of public execu-

tions in London. Charing Cross was for centuries one of them, and its pillory was the most illustrious amongst the many that formerly graced the capital—illustrious by reason of the remarkable evil-doers who underwent ignominy in its wooden and unfriendly embrace. The notorious Titus Oates, and Parsons, the chief contriver of the Cock-Lane Ghost, were exposed in it. To the rough treatment which, in former days, sometimes succeeded exposure in the pillory, the following paragraph, from the *Daily Advertiser* of the 11th June 1731, abundantly testifies:—"Yesterday Japhet Crook, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, stood on the pillory for the space of one hour; after which he was seated in an elbow-chair, and the common hangman cut both his ears off with an incision knife, and showed them to the spectators, afterwards delivered them to Mr Watson, a sheriff's officer; then slit both his nostrils with a pair of scissors, and sear'd them with a hot iron, pursuant to his sentence. He had a surgeon to attend him to the pillory, who immediately applied things necessary to prevent the effusion of blood. He underwent it all with undaunted courage; afterwards went to the Ship tavern at Charing Cross, where he stayed some time; then was carried to the King's Bench Prison, to be confined there for life. During the time he was on the pillory he laughed, and denied the fact to the last." Petty punishments these, although barbarous enough, inflicted for paltry crimes upon mean malefactors. Criminals of a far higher grade had, previously to that, paid the penalty of their offences at the Cross of Charing. Hugh Peters, Cromwell's chaplain, was there hung, as were Scrope, Jones, Harrison, and others of the king-killers. Long had been their impunity; but vengeance at last overtook them. To the end they showed the stern fanatical resolution of Oliver's iron followers. "Where is your GOOD OLD CAUSE?" cried a scoffer to Harrison, as he was led to the scaffold. "Here!" he replied, clapping hand on breast; "I go to seal it with my blood." At the foot of the ladder, which he approached with undaunted mien, his limbs were observed to tremble, and some

amongst the mob made a mockery of this weakness. "I judge," said Harrison, "that some do think I am afraid to die, by the shaking I have in my hands and knees. I tell you NO! but it is by reason of much blood that I have lost in the wars, and many wounds I have received in my body, which caused this shaking and weakness in my nerves." And he spoke further, and told the populace how he gloried in that he had done, and how, had he ten thousand lives, he would cheerfully lay them down in the same cause. "After he was hanged, a horrible scene took place. In conformity to the barbarous sentence then, and for many years afterwards, executed upon persons convicted of treason, he was cut down alive and stripped, his belly was cut open, his bowels taken out and burned before his eyes. Harrison, in the madness of his agony, rose up wildly, it is said, and gave the executioner a box on the ear, and then fell down insensible. It was the last effort of matter over mind, and for the time it conquered." The other regicides died with the same firmness and contempt of death. "Their grave and graceful demeanour," says the account in the state trials, "accompanied with courage and cheerfulness, caused great admiration and compassion in the spectators." So much so, and so strong was the sympathy excited, that the government gave orders that no more of them should be executed in the heart of London. Accordingly the remainder suffered at Tyburn.

Upon the old Westminster market-place a most barbarous event occurred in the time of that tyrannical, acetous old virgin, Queen Bess, who assuredly owes her renown and the sort of halo of respect that surrounds her memory, far less to any good qualities of her own, than to the galaxy of great men who flourished during her reign. The glory that encircles her brow is formed of such stars as Cecil, Burleigh and Bacon, Drake and Paleigh, Spence, Shakspeare, and Sydney. Touching this barbarity, however, enacted by order of good Queen Bess. At the mature age of forty-eight, her majesty took it into her very ordinary-looking old head to negotiate a marriage with the Duke of Anjou. Com-

missioners came from France to discuss the interesting subject, and were entertained by pageants and tournaments, in which Elizabeth enacted the Queen of Beauty; and subsequently the duke came over himself, as a private gentleman, to pay his court to the last of the Tudors. The duke being a papist, the proposed alliance was very unpopular in England, and one John Stubbs, a barrister of Lincoln's-Inn, wrote a pamphlet against it, entitled, "The Discoverye of a gaping gulph, wherinto England is like to be swallowed by another French marriage, if the Lord forbid not the banns, by letting her Majesty see the sin and punishment thereof." Certain expressions in this imprudent publication greatly angered the Queen; Stubbs and his servant, Page, were brought to trial, and condemned to lose their right hands. This cruel and unusual sentence was carried into effect on the market-place at Westminster, and witnessed by Camden, who gives an account of it. Both sufferers behaved with great fortitude and courage. Their hands were cut off with a butcher's cleaver and mallet, and as soon as Stubbs had lost his, he pulled off his cap with his left, waved it in the air, and cried—"God save the Queen!" He then fainted away. It took two blows to sever Page's hand, but he flinched not, and pointing to the block where it lay, he exclaimed—"I have left there the hand of a true Englishman!" And so he went from the scaffold, says the account, "stoutlie and with great courage."

Amongst spots of sanguinary notoriety, Smithfield, of course, stands prominent. The majority of the two hundred and seventy-seven persons burned for heresy during Mary's short reign, suffered there; and here also, upon two occasions, the horrible punishment of boiling to death, formerly inflicted on poisoners, was witnessed. In France this was the punishment of coiners, and there is still a street at Paris known as the *Rue de l'Echaudé*. In Stow's *Annals* it is recorded, that on the fifth of April 1531, "one Richard Rose, a cook, was boiled in Smithfield for poisoning of divers persons, to the number of sixteen or more." Two only of the sixteen died, but the

others were never restored to health. If any thing could reconcile us to torture, as a punishment to be inflicted by man on his offending brother, it is such a crime as this.

If the punishments of our ancestors were cruel, if trials were sometimes over hasty, and small offences often too severely chastised, on the other hand, culprits formerly had facilities of escape now refused to them. The right of sanctuary was enjoyed by various districts and buildings in London. Pennant and many other writers have stigmatised this practice as absurd; Mr Smith defends it upon very reasonable grounds. "In times when every man went armed, when feuds were of hourly occurrence in the streets, when the age had not yet learned the true superiority of right over might, and when private revenge too often usurped the functions of justice, it was essential that there should be places whither the homicide might flee, and find refuge and protection until the violence of angry passions had subsided, and there was a chance of a fair trial for him." Not all sanctuaries, however, gave protection to the murderer, at least in later times. Whitefriars, for instance, once a refuge for all criminals except traitors, afforded shelter, after the fifteenth century, to debtors only. In 1697 this sanctuary was abolished entirely, at the same time with a dozen others. It is not well ascertained how it acquired the slang name of *Alsatia*, which is first found in a play of Shadwell's, *The Squire of Alsatia*. Immortalised by the genius of Scott, no sanctuary will longer be remembered than Whitefriars. It was one of the largest; many others of the privileged districts being limited to a court or alley, a few houses or a church. Thus Ram Alley and Mitre Court in Fleet Street, and Baldwin's Gardens in Gray's Inn Lane, were amongst these refuges of roguery and crime. Whitefriars was much resorted to by poets and players, dancing and fencing masters, and persons of the like vagabond and uncertain professions. The poets and players were attracted by the vicinity of the theatre in Dorset Gardens, built after the fire of London, by Sir Christopher Wren, upon the site of Dorset House, the

residence of the Sackvilles. Here Sir William Davenant's company of comedians—the Duke of York's servants, as they were called—performed for a considerable time. It appears, however, that even before the great fire, there was a theatre in that neighbourhood. Malone, in his *Prologomena* to Shakspeare, quotes a memorandum from the manuscript book of Sir Henry Herbert, master of the revels to King Charles I. It runs thus:—"I committed Cromes, a broker in Long Lane, the 16th of February 1634, to the Marshalsey, for lending a church robe with the name of Jesus upon it to the players in *Salisbury Court*, to represent a Flamen, a priest of the heathens. Upon his petition of submission and acknowledgment of his fault, I released him the 17th of February 1634."

The ancient sanctuary at Westminster is of historical and Shaksperian celebrity, as the place where Elizabeth Grey, Queen of Edward the Fourth, took refuge, when Warwick the king-maker marched to London to dethrone her husband, and set Henry the Sixth on the throne. It was a stone church, built in the form of a cross, and so strongly, that its demolition, in 1750, was a matter of great difficulty. The precinct of *St Martin's-le-Grand* was also sanctuary. Many curious particulars respecting it are to be found in Kempe's *Historical Notices of the Collegiate Church, or Royal Free Chapel and Sanctuary of St Martin's-le-Grand, London*, published in 1825. In the reign of Henry the Fifth, this right of sanctuary gave rise to a great dispute between the Dean of *St Martin's* and the city authorities. "A soldier, confined in Newgate, was on his way to Guildhall, in charge of an officer of the city, when on passing the south gate of *St Martin's*, opposite to Newgate Street, five of his comrades rushed out of Panyer Alley, with daggers drawn, rescued him, and fled with him to the holy ground." The sheriff had the sanctuary forced, and sent rescued and rescuers to Newgate. The Dean of *St Martin's*, indignant at this violation of privilege, complained to the king, who ordered the prisoners to be liberated. Thereat the citizens, ever sticklers for their rights, demurred,

and at last it was made a Star-Chamber matter. The dean pleaded his own cause, and that right skilfully and wittily. He denied that the chapel of St Martin's formed any part of the city of London, as claimed by the corporation; quoted a statute of Edward III. constituting St Martin's and Westminster Abbey places of privilege for treason, felony, and debt; and mentioned the curious fact, that "when the King's justices held their sittings in St Martin's Gate, for the trial of prisoners for treason or felony, the accused were placed before them, *on the other side of the street*, and carefully guarded from advancing forward; for if they ever passed the water-channel which divided the middle of the street, they might claim the saving franchise of the sacred precinct, and the proceedings against them would be immediately annulled." The dean also expressed his wonder that the citizens of London should be the men to impugn his church's liberties, since more than three hundred worshipful members of the corporation had within a few years been glad to claim its privilege. The Star-Chamber decided against the city, and the prisoners were restored to sanctuary. The Savoy was another sanctuary; and it was the custom of the inhabitants to tar and feather those who ventured to follow their debtors thither.

In the theatrical district of London, Mr Smith lingers long and fondly; for there each house, almost every brick, is rich in reminiscences, not only of players and playhouses, but of wits, poets, and artists. In the burial-ground of St Paul's, Covent-Garden, repose not a few of those who in their lifetime inhabited or frequented the neighbourhood. There lies the author of Hudibras. "Mr Longueville, of the Temple, Butler's steady friend, and who mainly supported him in his latter days, when the ungrateful Stuart upon the throne, whose cause he had so greatly served, had deserted him, was anxious to have buried the poet in Westminster Abbey. He solicited for that purpose the contributions of those wealthy persons, his friends, whom he had heard speak admiringly of Butler's genius, and respectfully of his character, but none

would contribute, although he offered to head the list with a considerable sum." So poor Butler was buried in Covent-Garden, privately but decently. He is in good company. Sir Peter Lely, the painter of dames, the man who seemed created on purpose to limn the languishing and voluptuous beauties of Charles the Second's court, is also buried in St Paul's; as are also Wycherley and Southerne, the dramatists; Haines and Macklin, the comedians; Arne, the musician; Strange, the engraver; and Walcot, *alias* Peter Pindar. Sir Peter Lely lived in Covent-Garden, in very great style. "The original name of the family was Vandervæes; but Sir Peter's father, a gallant fellow, and an officer in the army, having been born at a perfumer's shop, the sign of the Lily, was commonly known by the name of Captain Lily, a name which his son thought to be more euphonious to English ears than Vandervæes, and which he retained when he settled here, slightly altering the spelling." Wycherley, a dandy and a courtier, as well as an author, had lodgings in Bow Street, where Charles II. once visited him when he was ill, and gave him five hundred pounds to go a journey to the south of France for the benefit of his health. When he afterwards married the Countess of Drogheda, a young, rich, and beautiful widow, she went to live with him in Bow Street. She was very jealous, and when he went over to the "Cock" tavern, opposite to his house, he was obliged to make the drawer open the windows, that his lady might see there was no woman in the company. This "Cock" tavern was the great resort of the rakes and mohocks of that day; of Buckhurst, Sedley, Killigrew, and others of the same kidney. In fact, Bow Street was then the Bond Street of London; and the "Cock," its "Long's" or "Clarendon." Dryden, in an epilogue, talks of the "Bow Street beaux," and several contemporary writers have similar allusions. Like most places where the rich congregate, this fashionable quarter was a fine field for the ingenuity of pick-pockets, and especially of wig and sword-stealers, a class of thieves that disappeared with full-bottomed periwigs and silver-hilted rapiers. In

those days, to keep a man's head decently covered, cost nearly as much as it now does to fill his belly and clothe his back. Wigs were sometimes of the value of forty or fifty pounds. Ten or fifteen pounds was an exceeding "low figure" for these modish incumbrances. Out of respect to such costly head-dress, hats were never put on, but carried under the arm. The wig-stealers could demand no more. Mr Smith quotes a passage from Gay, describing their manœuvres:—

"Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn:

High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,
Lurks the sly boy, whose hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head."

Will's coffeehouse was in Bow Street, and "being the grand resort of wits and critics, it is not surprising," says Mr Smith, "that it should become also the headquarters of envy, slander, and detraction." There was then a lack of printed vehicles for the venting of the evil passions of rival *literati*; lampoons were circulated in manuscript, and read at Will's. As the acknowledgment of the authorship might sometimes have had disagreeable consequences for the author, a fellow of the name of Julian, who styled himself "Secretary to the Muses," became the mouthpiece of libeller and satirist. He read aloud in the coffee-room the pasquinades that were brought to him, and distributed written copies to all who desired them. Concerning this base fellow, Sir Walter Scott gives some curious particulars in his edition of Dryden's works. There is no record of cudgelings bestowed upon Julian, though it is presumed that he did not escape them. "He is described," says Malone, "as a very drunken fellow, and at one time was confined for a libel." Dryden was a great sufferer from these violent and slanderous attacks—a sufferer, indeed, in more senses than one; for, besides being himself made the subject of venomous lampoons, he was suspected unjustly of having written one, and was waylaid and beaten on his way from Will's to his house in Gerrard Street. A reward

of fifty pounds was offered for the apprehension of his assailants, but they remained undiscovered. Lord Rochester was their employer: Lord Mulgrave the real author of the libel.

In James Street, Covent-Garden, where Garrick lodged, there resided, from 1714 to 1720, a mysterious lady, who excited great interest and curiosity. Malcolm, in his *Anecdotes of London during the Eighteenth Century*, gives some account of her. She was middle-sized, dark-haired, beautiful and accomplished, and apparently between thirty and forty years old. She was wealthy, and possessed very valuable jewels. Her death was sudden, and occurred after a masquerade, where she said she had conversed with the King. It was remembered that she had been seen in the private apartments of Queen Anne; but after that Queen's death, she lived in obscurity. "She frequently said that her father was a nobleman, but that, her elder brother dying unmarried, the title was extinct; adding, that she had an uncle then living, whose title was his least recommendation. It seems likely enough that she was connected in some way with the Stuart family, and with their pretensions to the throne."

Dr Arne was born in King Street. His father, an honest upholsterer, at the sign of the "Two Crowns and Cushions," is said to have been the original of Murphy's farce of *The Upholsterer*. He did not countenance his son's musical propensities; and young Arne had to get up in the night, and practise by stealth on a muffled spinet. The first intimation received by the worthy mattress-maker of his son's proficiency in music, was one evening at a concert, where he quite unexpectedly saw him officiating as leader of the orchestra.

Voltaire, when in England, after his release from the Bastille, whither he had been sent for libel, lodged in Maiden Lane, at the White Peruke, a wigmaker's shop. When walking out, he was often annoyed by the mob, who beheld, in his spare person, polite manners, and satirical countenance, the personification of their notion of a Frenchman. "One day he was beset by so great a crowd that he was forced to shelter himself

against a doorway, where, mounting the steps, he made a flaming speech in English in praise of the magnanimity of the English nation, and their love of freedom. With this the people were so delighted, that their jeers were turned into applauses, and he was carried in triumph to Maiden Lane on the shoulders of the mob." From which temporary elevation the arch-scoffer doubtless looked down upon his dupes with glee, suppressed, but immeasurable.

Quitting the abodes of wit and the drama for those of legal learning, we pass from Covent-Garden to Lincoln's Inn Fields, through Great Queen Street, in the Stuarts' day one of the most fashionable in London. Here dwelt Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and here he wrote the greater part of his treatise *De Veritate*, concerning the publication of which he believed himself, according to his own marvellous account, to have had a special revelation from heaven. A strange weakness, or rather madness, on the part of a man who disbelieved, or at least doubted, of general revelation. For himself, he thought an exception possible. Insanity alone could explain and excuse such illogical vanity. Near to this singular enthusiast lived Sir Godfrey Kneller, whose next-door neighbour and friend was Radcliffe the physician. "Kneller," says Horace Walpole, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, "was fond of flowers, and had a fine collection. As there was great intimacy between him and the physician, he permitted the latter to have a door into his gardens: but Radcliffe's servants gathering and destroying the flowers, Kneller sent him word he must shut up the door.

Radcliffe replied peevishly, "Tell him he may do any thing with it but paint it." "And I," answered Godfrey, "can take any thing from him but his physic." Pope and Gay were frequent visitors at the painter's studio. At the wall of Lincoln's Inn Garden, Ben Jonson is by some asserted to have laboured as a bricklayer. "He helped," says Fuller, "in the building of the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, where, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket." Aubrey tells the same story, which is discredited by Mr Gifford, who denies that the poet ever was a bricklayer. Lord William Russell was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields, it being, Pennant tells us, the nearest open space from Newgate, where he was confined.

Passing through Duke Street, where Benjamin Franklin lodged, when working as a journeyman printer in the adjacent Great Wyld Street, into Clare Market, the scene of Orator Henley's holdings-forth, we thence, by Drury-Lane, the residence of Nell Gwynne and Nan Chorges before they became respectively the King's mistress and a Duke's wife, get back to the Strand and move Citywards. But to refer, although merely nominally, to one half the subjects of interest met with on the way, and suggested by Mr Smith, would be to write an index, not a review. Here, therefore, we pause, believing that enough has been said to convince the reader of the vast amount of information and amusement derivable from the bricks and stones of London, and able to recommend to him, should he himself set out on a street pilgrimage, an excellent guide and companion in the *Antiquarian Ramble*.

MARLBOROUGH'S DISPATCHES.

1711-1712.

AFTER the reduction of Bouchain, Marlborough was anxious to commence without delay the siege of Quesnoy, the capture of which would, in that quarter, have entirely broken through the French barrier. He vigorously stimulated his own government accordingly, as well as that at the Hague, to prepare the necessary supplies and magazines, and expressed a sanguine hope that the capture of this last stronghold would be the means of bringing about the grand object of his ambition, and a general peace.* The ministry, to appearance, went with alacrity into his projects, and every thing bore the aspect of another great success closing the campaign with honour, and probably leading to a glorious and lasting peace. Mr Secretary St John, in particular, wrote in the warmest style of cordiality, approving the project in his own name as well as in that of the Queen, and reiterating the assurances that the strongest representations had been made to the Dutch, with a view to their hearty concurrence. But all this was a mere cover to conceal what the Tories had really been doing to overturn Marlborough, and abandon the main objects of the war. Unknown to him, the secret negotiation with the French Cabinet, through Torcy and the British ministers, through the agency of Mesnager, had been making rapid progress. No representations were made to the Dutch, who were fully in the secret of the pending negotiation, about providing supplies; and on the 27th September, preliminaries of peace, on the basis of the seven

articles proposed by Louis, were signed by Mesnager on the part of France, and by the two English secretaries of state, in virtue of a special warrant from the Queen.†

The conditions of these preliminaries, which were afterwards embodied in the Treaty of Utrecht, were the acknowledgement of the Queen's title to the throne, and the Protestant succession, by Louis; an engagement to take all just and reasonable measures that the crowns of France and Spain should never be united on the same head,—the providing a sufficient barrier to the Dutch, the empire, and the house of Austria; and the demolition of Dunkirk, or a proper equivalent. But the crown of Spain was left to the Duke of Anjou, and no provision whatever made to exclude a Bourbon prince from succeeding to it. Thus the main object of the contest—the excluding the Bourbon family from the throne of Spain, was abandoned: and at the close of the most important, successful, and glorious war ever waged by England, terms were agreed to, which left to France advantages which could scarcely have been hoped by the Cabinet of Versailles as the fruit of a long series of victories.

Marlborough felt deeply this clandestine negotiation, which not only deprived him of the main object for which, during his great career, he had been contending, but evinced a duplicity and want of confidence on the part of his own government at its close, which was a melancholy return for such inappreciable public services.‡ But it was of no avail; the secession

* "The siege, so far as it depends on me, shall be pushed with all possible vigour, and I do not altogether despair but that, from the success of this campaign, we may hear of some advances made towards that which we so much desire. And I shall esteem it much the happiest part of my life, if I can be instrumental in putting a good end to the war, which grows so burdensome to our country, as well as to our allies."—*Marlborough to Lord Oxford*, Aug. 20, 1711; *Coxe*, vi. 92.

† *Coxe*, vi. 93.

‡ "As you have given me encouragement to enter into the strictest confidence with you, I beg your friendly advice in what manner I am to conduct myself. You cannot but imagine it would be a terrible mortification for me to pass by the Hague when our plenipotentiaries are there, and myself a stranger to their

of England proved, as he had foreseen from the outset, a deathblow to the confederacy. Finding that nothing more was to be done, either at the head of the army, or in direction of the negotiations, he returned home by the Brille, after putting his army into winter-quarters, and landed at Greenwich on the 17th November. Though well aware of the private envy, as well as political hostility of which he was the object, he did nothing that could lower or compromise his high character and lofty position; but in an interview with the Queen, fully expressed his opinion on the impolicy of the course which ministers were now adopting.* He adopted the same manly course in the noble speech which he made in his place in Parliament, in the debate on the address. Ministers had put into the royal speech the unworthy expression—"I am glad to tell you, that notwithstanding *the arts of those who delight in war*, both place and time are appointed for opening the treaty of a general peace." Lord Anglesea followed this up, by declaring, in the course of the debate, that the country might have enjoyed the blessing of peace soon after the battle of Ramilies, if it had not been deferred by some person whose interest it was to prolong the war.

Rising upon this, with inexpressible dignity, and turning to where the Queen sat, Marlborough said, "I appeal to the Queen, whether I did not constantly, while I was plenipotentiary, give her Majesty and her Council an account of all the propositions which were made; and whether I did not desire instruction for my conduct on this subject. I can declare with a good conscience, in the presence of her Majesty, of this illustrious assembly, and of God himself, who is infinitely superior to all the powers of the earth, and before whom, by the ordinary course of nature, I shall soon appear to render account of my actions, that I was very desirous of a safe, honour-

able, and lasting peace, and was very far from wishing to prolong the war for my own private advantage, as several libels and discourses have most falsely insinuated. My great age, and my numerous fatigues in war, make me ardently wish for the power to enjoy a quiet repose, in order to think of eternity. As to other matters, I have not the least inducement, on any account, to desire the continuance of the war for my own interest, since my services have been so generously rewarded by her Majesty and her parliament; but I think myself obliged to make such an acknowledgment to her Majesty and my country, that I am always ready to serve them, whenever my duty may require, to obtain an honourable and lasting peace. Yet I can by no means acquiesce in the measures that have been taken to enter into a negotiation of peace with France, upon the foot of some pretended preliminaries, which are now circulated; since my opinion is the same as that of most of the Allies, that *to leave Spain and the West Indies to the House of Bourbon, will be the entire ruin of Europe*, which I have with all fidelity and humility declared to her Majesty, when I had the honour to wait upon her after my arrival from Holland.†

This manly declaration, delivered in the most emphatic manner, produced a great impression; and a resolution against ministers was carried in the House of Peers by a majority of twelve. In the Commons, however, they had a large majority, and an address containing expressions similar to those used by Lord Anglesea, reflecting on Marlborough, was introduced and carried there. The Whig majority, however, continued firm in the Upper House; and the leaders of that party began to entertain sanguine hopes of success. The Queen had let fall some peevish expressions in regard to her ministers. She had given her hand, in retiring

transactions; and what hopes can I have of any countenance at home if I am not thought fit to be trusted abroad?"—*Marlborough to the Lord Treasurer*, 21st Oct. 1711.

* I hear, that in his conversation with the Queen, the Duke of Marlborough has spoken against what we are doing; in short, his fate hangs heavy upon him, and he has of late pursued every counsel which was worst for him."—*Bolingbroke's Letters*, i. 489. Nov. 24, 1711.

† *Parl. Hist.*, 10th December 1711.

from the House of Peers on the 15th December, to the Duke of Somerset, instead of her own Lord Treasurer; it was apprehended her old partiality for Marlborough was about to return; Mrs Masham was in the greatest alarm; and St John declared to Swift that the Queen was false.* The ministers of the whole alliance seconded the efforts of the Whigs, and strongly represented the injurious effects which would ensue to the cause of European independence in general, and the interests of England in particular, if the preliminaries which had been agreed to should be made the basis of a general peace. The Dutch made strong and repeated representations on the subject; and the Elector of Hanover delivered a memorial strongly urging the danger which would ensue if Spain and the Indies were allowed to remain in the hands of a Bourbon prince.

Deeming themselves pushed to extremities, and having failed in all attempts to detach Marlborough from the Whigs, Bolingbroke and the ministers resolved on the desperate measure of bringing forward the accusation against him, of fraud and peculation in the management of the public monies entrusted to his management in the Flemish campaign. The charges were founded on the report of certain commissioners to whom the matter had been remitted; and which charged the Duke with having appropriated L.63,319 of the public monies destined for the use of the English troops, and L.282,366, as a per-centage of two per cent on the sum paid to foreign ambassadors during the ten years of the war. In reply to these abominable insinuations, the letter of the Duke to the commissioners was published on the 27th December, in which he entirely refuted the charges, and showed that he had never received any sums or perquisites, not sanctioned by previous and uniform usage, and far less than had been received by the general in the reign of William III. And in regard to the L.282,000 of per-

centage on foreign subsidies, this was proved to have been a voluntary gift from those powers to the English general, authorised by their signatures and sanctioned by warrants from the Queen. This answer made a great impression; but ministers had gone too far to retreat, and they ventured on a step which, for the honour of the country, has never, even in the worst times, been since repeated. Trusting to their majority in the Commons, they dismissed the Duke from all his situations on the 31st December; and in order to stifle the voice of justice in the Upper House, on the following day patents were issued calling *twelve* new peers to the Upper House. On the following day they were introduced amidst the groans of the House: the Whig noblemen, says a contemporary annalist, "cast their eyes on the ground as if they had been invited to the funeral of the peerage."†

Unbounded was the joy diffused among the enemies of England by these unparalleled measures. On hearing of Marlborough's fall, Louis XIV. said with triumph, "The dismissal of Marlborough will do all we can desire." The Court of St Germain was in exultation; and the general joy of the Jacobites, both at home and abroad, was sufficient to demonstrate how formidable an enemy to their cause they regarded the Duke; and how destitute of truth were the attempts to show that he had been engaged in a secret design to restore the exiled family. Marlborough disdained to make any defence of himself in Parliament; but an able answer on his part was prepared and circulated, which entirely refuted the whole charges against the illustrious general. So convinced were ministers of this, that, contenting themselves with resolutions against him in the House of Commons, where their influence was predominant, they declined to prefer any impeachment or accusation, even in the Upper House swamped by their recent creations. In the midst of this disgrace-

* SWIFT'S *Journal to Stella*, Dec. 8, 1711.—Swift said to the Lord Treasurer, in his usual ironical style, "If there is no remedy, your lordship will lose your head; but I shall only be hung, and so carry my body entire to the grave."—Coxe, vi. 148, 157.

† Cunningham, ii. 367.

ful scene of passion, envy, and ingratitude, Prince Eugene arrived in London to endeavour to stem the torrent, and, if possible, prevent the secession of England from the confederacy. He was lodged with the Lord Treasurer; and the generous prince omitted no opportunity of testifying his undiminished respect for his illustrious rival in the day of his tribulation. The Treasurer having said to him at a great dinner, "I consider this day as the happiest of my life, since I have the honour to see in my house the greatest captain of the age." "If it be so," replied Eugene, "I owe it to your lordship;" alluding to his dismissal of Marlborough. On another occasion, some one having pointed out a passage in one of the libels against Marlborough, in which he was said to have been "perhaps *once* fortunate." "It is true," said Eugene; "he was *once* fortunate; and it is the greatest praise which can be bestowed on him; for, as he was *always* successful—that implies that all his other successes were owing to his own conduct."*

Alarmed at the weight which Marlborough might derive from the presence and support of so great a commander, and the natural sympathy of all generous minds with the cordial admiration which these two great men entertained for each other, the ministers had recourse to a pretended conspiracy, which it was alleged had been discovered on the part of Marlborough and Eugene to seize the government and dethrone the Queen, on the 17th November. St John and Oxford had too much sense to publish such a ridiculous statement; but it was made the subject of several secret examinations before the Privy Council, in order to augment the apprehensions and secure the concurrence of the Queen in their measures. Such as it was, the tale was

treated as a mere malicious invention, even by the contemporary foreign annalists,† though it has since been repeated as true by more than one party native historian.‡ This ridiculous calumny, and the atrocious libels as to the embezzlement of the public money, however, produced the desired effect. They inflamed the mind of the Queen, and removed that vacillation in regard to the measures of government, from which so much danger was apprehended by the Tory administration. Having answered the desired end, they were allowed quietly to go to sleep. No proceedings in the House of Peers, or elsewhere, followed the resolutions of the Commons condemnatory of Marlborough's financial administration in the Low Countries. His defence, published in the newspapers, though abundantly vigorous, was neither answered nor prosecuted as a libel on the Commissioners or House of Commons; and the alleged Stuart conspiracy was never more heard of, till it was long after drawn from its slumber by the malice of English party spirit.

Meanwhile the negotiations at Utrecht for a general peace continued, and St John and Oxford soon found themselves embarrassed by the extravagant pretensions which their own conduct had revived in the plenipotentiaries of Louis. So great was the general indignation excited by the publication of the preliminaries at Utrecht, that St John felt the necessity of discontinuing any general negotiation, and converting it into a private correspondence between the plenipotentiaries of the English and French crowns.§ Great difficulty was experienced in coming to an accommodation, in consequence of the rising demands of the French plenipotentiaries, who, deeming themselves secure of support from the English ministry, not only positively refused

* BURNET'S *History of his Own Times*, vi. 116.

† *Mém. de Torcy*, iii. 268, 269.

‡ SWIFT'S *Four Last Years of Queen Anne*, 59; *Continuation of RAVIN*, xviii. 498. Svo edit.

§ "The French will see that there is a possibility of reviving the love of war in our people, by the indignation that has been expressed at the plan given in at Utrecht."—*Mr Secretary St John to British Plenipotentiary*, Dec. 28, 1711.—*BOLINGBROKE'S Correspondence*, ii. 93.

to abandon Spain and the Indies, but now demanded the Netherlands for the Elector of Bavaria, and the cession of Lille and Tournay in return for the seizure of Dunkirk. The sudden death, however, first of the Dauphin of France, and then of the Dauphin, the former of whom was carried off by a malignant fever on the 12th, the latter on the 18th February 1712, followed by the death of their eldest son on the 23d, produced feelings of commiseration for the aged monarch, now in his seventy-third year and broken down by misfortunes, which rendered the progress of the separate negotiation more easy. England agreed to abandon its allies, and the main object of the war, on condition that a guarantee should be obtained against the crowns of France and Spain being united on the same head. On this frail security, the English ministry agreed to withdraw their contingent from the Allied army; and to induce the Dutch to follow their example, Ipres was offered to them on the same terms as Dunkirk had been to Great Britain.*

The disastrous effects of this secret and dishonourable secession, on the part of England, from the confederacy, were soon apparent. Great had been the preparations of the continental Allies for continuing the contest; and while the English contingent remained with them, their force was irresistible. Prince Eugene was at the head of the army in Flanders, and, including the British forces under the Duke of Ormond, it amounted to the immense force of 122,000 effective men, with 120 guns, sixteen howitzers, and an ample pontoon train. To oppose this, by far the largest army he had yet had to confront in the Low Countries, Villars had scarcely at his command 100,000 men, and they were ill equipped, imperfectly supplied with artillery, and grievously depressed in spirit by their long series of disasters. Eugene commanded the army of the confederates; for although the English ministry had been lavish in their promises of unqualified support, the Dutch had begun to entertain serious suspicions of their sincerity, and be-

stowed the command on that tried officer instead of the Duke of Ormond, who had succeeded Marlborough in the command of the English contingent. But Marlborough's soul still directed the movements of the army; and Eugene's plan of the campaign was precisely that which that great commander had chalked out at the close of the preceding one. This was to besiege Quesnoy and Landrecies, *the last* of the iron barrier of France which in this quarter protected the frontier, and immediately after to inundate the open country, and advance as rapidly as possible to Paris. It was calculated they might reach it in *ten* marches from Landrecies; and it was well known that there was neither a defensible position nor fortress of any sort to arrest the invaders' march. The Court of Versailles were in despair: the general opinion was, that the King should leave Paris, and retire to Blois; and although the proud spirit of Louis recoiled at such a proposal, yet, in taking leave of Marshal Villars, he declared—"Should a disaster occur, I will go to Peronne or St Quentin, collect all my troops, and with you risk a last effort, determined to perish, or save the State." †

But the French monarch was spared this last desperate alternative. The defection of the British Cabinet saved his throne, when all his means of defence were exhausted. Eugene, on opening the campaign on the 1st May, anxiously inquired of the Duke of Ormond whether he had authority to act vigorously in the campaign, and received an answer that he had the same authority as the Duke of Marlborough, and was prepared to join in attacking the enemy. Preparations were immediately made for forcing the enemy's lines, which covered Quesnoy, previous to an attack on that fortress. But, at the very time that this was going on, the work of perfidious defection was consummated. On May 10, Mr Secretary St John sent positive orders to Ormond to take no part in any general engagement, as the questions at issue between the contending parties were

* Coxe, vi. 189, 184.

† *Mém. de Villars*, ii. 197.

on the point of adjustment.* Intimation of this secret order was sent to the Court of France, but it was directed to be kept a positive secret from the Allied generals. Ormond, upon the receipt of these orders, opened a private correspondence with Villars, informing him that their troops were no longer enemies, and that the future movements of the troops under his command were only to get forage and provisions. This correspondence was unknown to Eugene; but circumstances soon brought the defection of England to light. In the middle of it, the Allied forces had passed the Scheldt, and taken post between Noyeller and the Boiase, close to Villars's position. To bring the sincerity of the English to a test, Eugene proposed a general attack on the enemy's line, which was open and exposed, on the 28th May. *But Ormond declined*, requesting the operation might be delayed for a few days. The defection was now apparent, and the Dutch deputies loudly condemned such dishonourable conduct; but Eugene, anxious to make the most of the presence of the British troops, though their co-operation could no longer be relied on, proposed to besiege Quesnoy, which was laid open by Villars's retreat. Ormond, who felt acutely the painful and discreditable situation in which, without any fault of his own, he was placed, could not refuse, and the investment took place that very day. The operations were conducted by *the Dutch and Imperial troops alone*; and the town was taken, after a siege of six weeks, on the 10th July †

This disgraceful defection on the

part of the English government excited, as well it might, the utmost indignation among the Allies, and produced mingled feelings of shame and mortification among all real patriots or men of honour in this country. By abandoning the contest in this manner, when it was on the very point of being crowned with success, the English lost the fruit of TEN costly and bloody campaigns, and suffered the war to terminate without attaining the main object for which it had been undertaken. Louis XIV., defeated, and all but ruined, was permitted to retain for his grandson the Spanish succession; and England, victorious, and within sight, as it were, of Paris, was content to halt in the career of victory, and lost the opportunity, never to be regained for a century to come, of permanently restraining the ambition of France. It was the same as if, a few days after the battle of Waterloo, England had concluded a separate peace, guaranteeing the throne of Spain to Joseph Buonaparte, and providing only for its not being held also by the Emperor of France. Lord Halifax gave vent to the general indignation of all generous and patriotic men, when he said, in the debate on the address, on 28th May, after enumerating the proud list of victories which, since the commencement of the war, had attended the arms of England,—“But all this pleasing prospect is totally effaced by the orders given to the Queen's general, not to act offensively against the enemy. I pity that heroic and gallant general, who, on other occasions, took delight to charge the most formidable corps and strongest squadrons, and

* “Her Majesty, my Lord, has reason to believe that we shall come to an agreement upon the great article of the union of the monarchies, as soon as a courier sent from Versailles to Madrid can return. It is, therefore, the Queen's positive command to your Grace that you avoid engaging in any siege, or hazarding a battle, till you have further orders from her Majesty. I am, at the same time, directed to let your Grace know, that you are to disguise the receipt of this order; and her Majesty thinks you cannot want pretences for conducting yourself, without owning that which might at present have an ill effect if it was publicly known. P.S. I had almost forgot to tell your Grace that communication is made of this order to the Court of France, so that if the Marshal de Villars takes, in any private way, notice of it to you, your Grace will answer it accordingly.”—*Mr Secretary St John to the Duke of Ormond*, May 10, 1712. *Bolingbroke's Correspondence*, ii. 320.

† Eugene to Marlborough, June 9, 1712.—Coxe vi. 199.

cannot but be uneasy at his being fettered with shackles, and thereby prevented from reaping the glory which he might well expect from leading on troops so long accustomed to conquer. I pity the Allies, who have relied upon the aid and friendship of the British nation, perceiving that what they had done at so great an expense of blood and treasure is of no effect, as they will be exposed to the revenge of that power against whom they have been so active. I pity the Queen, her royal successors, and the present and future generations of Britain, when they shall find the nation deeply involved in debt, and that the common enemy who occasioned it, though once near being sufficiently humbled, does still triumph, and design their ruin; and are informed that this proceeds from the conduct of the British cabinet, in neglecting to make a right use of those advantages and happy occasions which their own courage and God's blessing had put into their hands.*

Marlborough seconded the motion of Halifax, in a speech of peculiar interest, as the last which he made on the conduct of this eventful war. "Although," said he, "the negotiations for peace may be far advanced, yet I can see no reason which should induce the Allies or ourselves to remain inactive, and not push on the war with the utmost vigour, as we have incurred the expense of recruiting the army for the service of another year. That army is now in the field; and it has often occurred that a victory or a siege produced good effects and manifold advantages, when treaties were still further advanced than in the present negotiation. And as I am of opinion that we should make the most we can for ourselves, the only infallible way to force France to an entire submission, is to besiege and occupy Cambray or Arras, and to carry the war into the heart of the kingdom. But as the troops of the enemy are now encamped, it is impossible to execute that design, unless they are withdrawn from their position; and as they cannot be reduced

to retire for want of provisions, they must be attacked and forced. For the truth of what I say I appeal to a noble duke (Argyle) whom I rejoice to see in this house, because he knows the country, and is as good a judge of these matters as any person now alive." Argyle, though a bitter personal enemy of Marlborough, thus appealed to, said,—“I do indeed know that country, and the situation of the enemy in their present camp, and I agree with the noble duke, that it is impossible to remove them without attacking and driving them away; and, until that is effected, neither of the two sieges alluded to can be undertaken. I likewise agree that the capture of these two towns is the most effectual way to carry on the war with advantage, and would be a fatal blow to France.”†

Notwithstanding the creation of twelve peers to swamp the Upper House, it is doubtful how the division would have gone, had not Lord Strafford, a cabinet minister, observed, in reply to the charge, that the British government was about to conclude a separate peace,—“Nothing of that nature has ever been intended; for such a peace would be so *foolish, villainous, and knavish*, that every servant of the Queen must answer for it with his head to the nation. The Allies are acquainted with our proceedings, and satisfied with our terms.” This statement was made by a British minister, in his place in Parliament, on the 28th May, eighteen days after the private letter from Mr Secretary St John to the Duke of Ormond, already quoted, mentioning the private treaty with Louis, enjoining him to keep it secret from the Allies, and communicate clandestinely with Villars. But such a declaration, coming from an accredited minister of the crown, produced a great impression, and ministers prevailed by a majority of sixty-eight to forty. In the course of the debate, Earl Poulett let fall such cutting expressions against Marlborough for having, as he alleged, led his troops to certain destruction, in order to

* *Parl. Hist.*, May 28, 1712. *Lockhart Papers*, i, 392

† *Cove*, vi. 192, 193.

profit by the sale of the officers' commissions,* that the Duke, without deigning a reply, sent him a challenge on leaving the house. The agitation, however, of the Earl, who was less cool than the iron veteran on the prospect of such a meeting, revealed what was going forward, and by an order of the Queen, the affair was terminated without bloodshed.†

It soon appeared how much foundation there was for the assertion of the Queen's ministers, that England was engaged in no separate negotiation for a peace. On the 6th June were promulgated the outlines of the treaty which afterwards became so famous as the PEACE OF UTRECHT. The Duke of Anjou was to renounce for ever, for himself and his descendants, all claim to the French crown; and the crown of Spain was to descend, by the *male line* only, to the Duke of Anjou, and failing them to certain princes of the Bourbon line by *male* descent, always excluding him who was possessed of the French crown.‡ Gibraltar and Minorca remained to England; Dunkirk was to be demolished; the Spanish Netherlands were to be ceded to Austria, with Naples, Milan, and Sardinia; the barrier towns were to be ceded to the Dutch, as required in 1709, with the exception of two or three places. Spain and her Indian colonies remained with the Duke of Anjou and his male heirs, as King of Spain. And thus, at the conclusion of the most glorious and successful war recorded in English history, did

the English cabinet leave to France the great object of the contest,—the crown of Spain, and its magnificent Indian colonies, placed on the head of a prince of the Bourbon race. With truth did Marlborough observe, in the debate on the preliminaries—"The measures pursued in England for the last year are directly contrary to her Majesty's engagements with the Allies, sully the triumphs and glories of her reign, and will render the English name odious to all other nations."§ It was all in vain. The people loudly clamoured for peace; the Tory ministry was seconded by a vast numerical majority throughout the country. The peace was approved of by large majorities in both houses. Parliament was soon after prorogued; and Marlborough, seeing his public career terminated, solicited and obtained passports to go abroad, which he soon afterwards did.

Great was the mourning, and loud the lamentations, both in the British and Allied troops, when the fatal day arrived that the former were to separate from their old companions in arms. On the 10th July, the very day on which Quesnoy surrendered, the last of their long line of triumphs, Ormond, having exhausted every sort of procrastination to postpone the dreaded hour, was compelled to order the English troops to march. He in vain, however, gave a similar order to the auxiliaries in British pay; the hereditary Prince of Cassel replied—"The Hessians would gladly march, if

* "No one can doubt the Duke of Ormond's bravery; but he is not like a certain general who led troops to the slaughter, to cause a great number of officers to be knocked on the head in a battle, or against stone walls, in order to fill his pockets by the sale of their commissions."—Coxe, vi. 196.

† *Lockhart Papers*, i. 392; Coxe, vi. 196, 199.

‡ The words of the treaty, which subsequent events have rendered of importance, on this point, were these:—Philippe V. King of Spain renounced "à toutes prétentions, droits, et titres que lui et sa postérité avaient ou pourraient avoir à l'avenir à la couronne de France. Il consentit pour lui et sa postérité que ce droit fût tenu et considéré comme passé au Duc de Berry son frère et à ses descendants et postérité *male*; et en défaut de ce prince, et de sa postérité *male*, au Duc de Bourbon son cousin et à ses héritiers, et aussi successivement à tous les princes du sang de France." The Duke of Saxony and his *male* heirs were called to the succession, failing Philippe V. and his *male* heirs. This act of renunciation and entail of the crown of Spain on *male* heirs, was ratified by the Cortes of Castile and Arragon; by the parliament of Paris, by Great Britain and France in the sixth article of the Treaty of Utrecht.—*Vide* SMOLLETT, *Hist. de Trait.*, ii. 99, 105, and DUMONT, *Corp. Dipl.*, tom. viii. p. 1. p. 330.

§ Coxe, vi. 205.

it were to fight the French." Another, "We do not serve for pay, but fame." The native British, however, were compelled to obey the order of their sovereign, and they set out, twelve thousand strong, from the camp at Cambresis. Of all the Germans in British pay, only one battalion of Holstein men, and a regiment of dragoons from Liege, accompanied them. Silent and dejected they took their way; the men kept their eyes on the ground, the officers did not venture to return the parting salute of the comrades who had so long fought and conquered by their side. Not a word was spoken on either side, the hearts of all were too big for utterance; but the averted eye, the mournful air, the tear often trickling down the cheek, told the deep dejection which was every where felt. It seemed as if the Allies were following to the grave, with profound affection, the whole body of their British comrades. But when the troops reached their resting-place for the night, and the suspension of arms was proclaimed at the head of each regiment, the general indignation became so vehement, that even the bonds of military discipline were unable to restrain it. A universal cry, succeeded by a loud murmur, was heard through the camp. The British soldiers were seen tearing their hair, casting their muskets on the ground, and rending their clothes, uttering all the while furious exclamations against the government which had so shamefully betrayed them. The officers were so overwhelmed with vexation, that they sat apart in their tents looking on the ground, through very shame; and for several days shrunk from the sight even of their fellow-soldiers. Many left their colours to serve with the Allies, others withdrew, and whenever they thought of Marlborough and their days of glory, tears filled their eyes.*

It soon appeared that it was not without reason that these gloomy sentiments prevailed on both sides, as to the consequences of the British withdrawing from the contest. So elated were the French by their secession, that they speedily lost all

sense of gratitude and even honesty, and refused to give up Dunkirk to the British, which was only effected with great difficulty on the earnest entreaties of the British government. So great were the difficulties which beset the negotiation, that St John was obliged to repair in person to Paris, where he remained *incognito* for a considerable time, and effected a compromise of the objects still in dispute between the parties. The secession of England from the confederacy was now openly announced; and, as the Allies refused to abide by her preliminaries, the separate negotiation continued between the two countries, and lingered on for nearly a year after the suspension of arms.

Meanwhile Eugene, after the departure of the British, continued his operations, and laid siege to Landrecies, the last of the barrier fortresses on the road to Paris, in the end of July. But it soon appeared that England had been the soul of the confederacy; and that it was the tutelary arm of Marlborough which had so long averted disaster, and chained victory to its standard. Nothing but defeat and misfortune attended the Allies after her secession. Even the great and tried abilities of Eugene were inadequate to procure for them one single success, after the colours of England no longer waved in their ranks. During the investment of Landrecies, Villars drew together the garrisons from the neighbouring towns, no longer threatened by the English troops, and surprised at Denain a body of eight thousand men, stationed there for the purpose of facilitating the passage of convoys to the besieging army. This disaster rendered it necessary to raise the siege of Landrecies, and Villars immediately resumed the offensive. Douay was speedily invested: a fruitless effort of Eugene to retain it only exposed him to the mortification of witnessing its surrender. Not expecting so sudden a reverse of fortune, the fortresses recently taken were not provided with provisions or ammunition, and were in no condition to make any effectual resistance. Quesnoy soon fell from this cause; and Bouchain,

the last trophy of Marlborough's victories, opened its gates on the 10th October. The coalition was paralysed; and Louis, who so lately trembled for his capital, found his armies advancing from conquest to conquest, and tearing from the Allies the fruits of all their victories.*

These disasters, and the evident inability of the Allied armies, without the aid of the English, to keep their ground in Flanders, in a manner compelled the Dutch, how unwilling soever, to follow the example of Great Britain, in treating separately with France. They became parties, accordingly, to the pacification at Utrecht; and Savoy also concluded peace there. But the barrier for which they had so ardently contended was, by the desertion of England, so much reduced, that it ceased to afford any effectual security against the encroachments of France. That power held the most important fortresses in Flanders which had been conquered by Louis XIV.—Cambray, Valenciennes, and Arras. Lille, the conquest on which Marlborough most prided himself, was restored by the Allies, and with it Bethune, Aire, St Venant, and many other places. The Dutch felt, in the strongest manner, the evil consequences of a treaty which thus, in a manner, left the enemy at their gates; and the irritation consequently produced against England was so violent that it continued through the greater part of the eighteenth century. Austria, indignant at being thus deserted by all her Allies, continued the contest alone through another campaign. But she was overmatched in the contest; her resources were exhausted; and, by the advice of Eugene, conferences were opened at Rastadt, from which, as a just reward for her perfidy, England was excluded. A treaty was soon concluded on the basis of the Treaty of Ryswick. It left Charles the Low Countries, and all the Spanish territories in Italy, except Sicily; but, with Sardinia, Bavaria was restored. France retained Landau, but restored New Brisach, Fribourg, and Kehl. Thus was that great power left in

possession of the whole conquests ceded to Louis XIV. by the treaties of Aix-la-Chapelle, Nimeguen, and Ryswick, with the vast addition of the family alliance with a Bourbon prince, possessing Spain and the Indies. A century of repeated wars on the part of England and the European powers, with France, followed by the dreadful struggle of the Revolutionary contest, and the costly campaigns of Wellington, were the legacy bequeathed to the nation by Bolingbroke and Harley, in arresting the course of Marlborough's victories, and restoring France to preponderance, when it was on the eve of being reduced to a level consistent with the independence of other states. Well might Mr Pitt style the Treaty of Utrecht "the indelible reproach of the age!"†

Marlborough's public career was now terminated; and the dissensions which had cast him down from power had so completely extinguished his political influence, that during the remaining years of his life, he rarely appeared at all in public life. On landing on the Continent, at Brille, on the 24th November, he was received with such demonstrations of gratitude and respect, as showed how deeply his public services had sunk into the hearts of men, and how warmly they appreciated his efforts to avert from England and the Coalition, the evils likely to flow from the Treaty of Utrecht. At Maestricht he was welcomed with the honours usually reserved for sovereign princes; and although he did his utmost, on the journey to Aix-la-Chapelle, to avoid attracting the public attention, and to slip unobserved through by-ways, yet the eagerness of the public, or the gratitude of his old soldiers, discovered him wherever he went. Wherever he passed, crowds of all ranks were waiting to see him, could they only get a glimpse of the hero who had saved the empire, and filled the world with his renown. All were struck with his noble air and demeanour, softened, though not weakened, by the approach of age. They declared that his appearance was not less conquering than his

* *Mém. de Villar*, ii. 396, 421.

† Mr Pitt to Sir Benjamin Keene.—*Memoirs of the Spanish Kings*, c. 57.

sword. Many burst into tears when they recollected what he had been, and what he was, and how unaccountably the great nation to which he belonged had fallen from the height of glory to such degradation. Yet was the manner of Marlborough so courteous and yet animated, his conversation so simple and yet cheerful, that it was commonly said at the time, "that the only things he had forgotten were his own deeds, and the only things he remembered were the misfortunes of others." Crowds of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, hastened to attend his levee at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 17th January 1713, and the Duke de Lesdiguères, on leaving it, said, with equal justice and felicity,—“I can now say that I have seen the man who is equal to the Maréchal de Turenne in conduct, to the Prince of Condé in courage, and superior to the Maréchal de Luxembourg in success.”*

But if the veteran hero found some compensation, in the unanimous admiration of foreign nations, for the ingratitude with which he had been treated by the government of his own, he was soon destined to find that gratitude for past services was not to be looked for among foreign nations any more than his own countrymen. Upon the restoration of the Elector, by the treaty of Rastadt, the principality of Mendeheim, which had been bestowed upon Marlborough after the battle of Blenheim by the Emperor Joseph, was resumed by the Elector. No stipulation in his favour was made either by the British government or the Imperial court, and therefore the estate, which yielded a clear revenue of £2000 a-year, was lost to Marlborough. He transmitted, through Prince Eugene, a memorial to the Emperor, claiming an indemnity for his loss; but though it was earnestly supported by that generous prince, yet being unaided by any efforts on

the part of the English ministry, it was allowed to fall asleep. An indemnity was often promised, even by the Emperor in writing,† but performance of the promise was always evaded. The Duke was made a prince of the Holy Roman Empire, but obtained nothing but empty honours for his services; and at this moment, these high-sounding titles are all that remain in the Marlborough family to testify the gratitude of the Cæsars to the hero who saved their Imperial and Royal thrones.‡

The same oblivion of past and inappreciable services, when they were no longer required, pursued the illustrious general in his declining years, on the part of his own countrymen. The got-up stories about embezzlement and dilapidation of the public money, in Flanders, were allowed to go to sleep, when they had answered their destined purpose of bringing about his fall from political power. No grounds were found for a prosecution which could afford a chance of success, even in the swamped and now subservient House of Peers. But every thing that malice could suggest, or party bitterness effect, was done to fill the last days of the immortal hero with anxiety and disquiet. Additional charges were brought against him by the commissioners, founded on the allegation that he had drawn a pistole per troop, and ten shillings a company, for mustering the soldiers, though, in the foreign auxiliaries, it was often not done. Marlborough at once transmitted a refutation of those fresh charges, so clear and decisive, that it entirely silenced those accusations.§ But his enemies, though driven from this ground, still persecuted him with unrelenting malice. The noble pile of Blenheim, standing, as it did, an enduring monument at once of the Duke's services and the nation's gratitude, was a grievous eyesore to the dominant majority in

* *Life of Marlborough*, 175.

† “At the future congress, his Imperial Majesty will do all that is possible to sustain my Lord Duke in the principality of Mendeheim, but if it should so happen that any invincible difficulty should occur in that affair, his Imperial Highness will give his Highness an equivalent out of his own hereditary dominions.”—*Emperor Charles VI. to Duchess of Marlborough*, August 8, 1712.—Coxe, vi. 243.

‡ Coxe, vi. 249, 251.

§ Duke of Marlborough's Answer, June 2, 1713.

England, and they did all in their power to prevent its completion.

Orders were first given to the Treasury, on June 1, 1712, to suspend any further payments from the royal exchequer; and commissioners were appointed to investigate the claims of the creditors and expense of the work. They recommended the payment of a third to each claimant, which was accordingly made; but as many years elapsed, and no further payments to account were made, the principal creditors brought an action in the Court of Exchequer against the Duke, as personally liable for the amount, and the court pronounced decree in favour of the plaintiffs, which was affirmed, after a long litigation, in the House of Lords. Meanwhile the works, for want of any paymaster, were at a stand; and this noble pile, this proud monument of a nation's gratitude, would have remained a modern ruin to this day, had it not been completed from the private funds of the hero whose services it was intended to commemorate. But the Duke of Marlborough, as well as the Duchess, were too much interested in the work to allow it to remain unfinished. He left by his will fifty thousand pounds to complete the building, which was still in a very unfinished state at the time of his death, and the duty was faithfully performed by the Duchess after his decease. From the accounts of the total expense, preserved at Blenheim, it appears, that out of three hundred thousand pounds, which the whole edifice cost, no less than sixty thousand pounds was provided from the private funds of the Duke of Marlborough.*

It may readily be believed that so long-continued and unrelenting a persecution of so great a man and distinguished benefactor of his country, proceeded from something more than mere envy at greatness, powerful as that principle ever is in little minds. In truth, it was part of the deep-laid plan for the restoration of the Stuart line, which the declining state of the Queen's health, and the probable unpopularity of the Hanover family, now revived in great vigour than ever. During this critical period, Marl-

borough, who was still on the Continent, remained perfectly firm to the Act of Settlement, and the Protestant cause. Convinced that England was threatened with a counter-revolution, he used his endeavours to secure the fidelity of the garrison of Dunkirk, and offered to embark at its head in support of the Protestant succession. He sent General Cadogan to make the necessary arrangements with General Stanhope for transporting troops to England, to support the Hanoverian succession, and offered to lend the Elector of Hanover £20,000 to aid him in his endeavour to secure the succession. So sensible was the Electoral house of the magnitude of his services, and his zeal in their behalf, that the Electress Sophia entrusted him with a blank warrant, appointing him commander-in-chief of her troops and garrisons, on her accession to the crown.†

On the death of Queen Anne, on August 1, 1714, Marlborough returned to England, and was soon after appointed captain-general and master-general of the ordnance. Bolingbroke and Oxford were shortly after impeached, and the former then threw off the mask, by flying to France, where he openly entered into the service of the Pretender at St Germain's. Marlborough's great popularity with the army was soon after the means of enabling him to appease a mutiny in the guards, which at first threatened to be alarming. During the rebellion in 1715, he directed, in a great degree, the operations against the rebels, though he did not actually take the field; and to his exertions, its rapid suppression was in a great measure to be ascribed.

But the period had now arrived when the usual fate of mortality awaited this illustrious man. Severe domestic bereavements preceded his dissolution, and in a manner weaned him from a world which he had passed through with so much glory. His daughter, Lady Bridgewater, died in March 1714; and this was soon followed by the death of his favourite daughter, Anne Countess of Sunderland, who united uncommon elegance and beauty to unaffected piety and

* Coxe, vi. 339, 373.

† Coxe, vi. 263.

exemplary virtue. Marlborough himself was not long of following his beloved relatives to the grave. On the 28th May 1716, he was seized with a fit of palsy, so severe that it deprived him, for a time, alike of speech and recollection. He recovered, however, to a certain degree, and went to Bath, for the benefit of the waters; and a gleam of returning light shone upon his mind when he visited Blenheim on the 18th October. He expressed great satisfaction at the survey of the plan, which reminded him of his great achievements; but when he saw, in one of the few rooms which were finished, a picture of himself at the battle of Blenheim, he turned away with a mournful air, with the words—"Something then, but now—" On November 18th he was attacked by another stroke, more severe than the former, and his family hastened to pay the last duties, as they conceived, to their departing parent. The strength of his constitution, however, triumphed for a time even over this violent attack; but though he continued contrary to his own wishes, in conformity with those of his friends, who needed the support of his great reputation, to hold office, and occasionally appeared in parliament, yet his public career was at an end. A considerable addition was made to his fortune by the sagacity of the Duchess, who persuaded him to embark part of his funds in the South Sea scheme; and foreseeing the crash which was approaching, sold out so opportunely, that, instead of losing, she gained £100,000 by the transaction. On the 27th November 1721, he made his last appearance in the House of Lords; but in June 1722, he was again attacked with paralysis so violently, that he lay for some days nearly motionless, though in perfect possession of his faculties. To a question from the Duchess, whether he heard the prayers read as usual at night, on the 15th June, in his apartment; he replied, "Yes; and I joined in them." These were his last words. On the morning of the 16th he sunk rapidly, and, at four

o'clock, calmly breathed his last, in the 72d year of his age.*

Envy is generally extinguished by death, because the object of it has ceased to stand in the way of those who feel it. Marlborough's funeral obsequies were celebrated with uncommon magnificence, and all ranks and parties joined in doing him honour. His body lay in state for several days at Marlborough House, and crowds flocked together from all the three kingdoms to witness the imposing ceremony of his funeral, which was performed with the utmost magnificence, on the 28th June. The procession was opened by a long array of military, among whom were General, now Lord Cadogan, and many other officers who had suffered and bled in his cause. Long files of heralds, officers-at-arms, and pursuivants followed, bearing banners emblazoned with his armorial achievements, among which appeared, in uncommon lustre, the standard of Woodstock, exhibiting the arms of France on the Cross of St George. In the centre of the cavalcade was a lofty car, drawn by eight horses, which bore the mortal remains of the Hero, under a splendid canopy adorned by plumes, military trophies, and heraldic devices of conquest. Shields were affixed to the sides, bearing the names of the towns he had taken, and the fields he had won. Blenheim was there, and Oudenarde, Ramillies and Malplaquet; Lille and Tournay; Bethune, Douay, and Ruremonde; Bouchain and Mons, Maestricht and Ghent. This array of names made the English blush for the manner in which they had treated their hero. On either side were five generals in military mourning, bearing aloft banderoles, on which were emblazoned the arms of the family. Eight dukes supported the pall; besides the relatives of the deceased, the noblest and proudest of England's nobility joined in the procession. Yet the most moving part of the ceremony was the number of old soldiers who had combated with the hero on his fields of fame, and who might now be known, in the dense crowds which

* Lediard, 496. Coxe, vi. 384, 385.

thronged the streets, by their uncovered heads, grey hairs, and the tears which trickled down their cheeks. The body was deposited, with great solemnity, in Westminster Abbey, at the east end of the tomb of Henry VII.; but this was not its final resting-place in this world. It was soon after removed to the chapel at Blenheim, where it was deposited in a magnificent mausoleum; and there it still remains, surmounted by the noble pile which the genius of Vanbrugh had conceived to express a nation's gratitude.*

The extraordinary merit of Marlborough's military talents will not be duly appreciated, unless the peculiar nature of the contest he was called on to direct, and the character which he assumed in his time, is taken into consideration.

The feudal times had ceased—at least so far as the raising of a military force by its machinery was concerned. Louis XIV., indeed, when pressed for men, more than once summoned the ban and arrière-ban of France to his standards, and he always had a gallant array of feudal nobility in his antechambers, or around his headquarters. But war, both on his part and that of his antagonists, was carried on, generally speaking, with standing armies, supported by the belligerent state. The vast, though generally tumultuary array which the Plantagenet or Valois sovereigns summoned to their support, but which, bound only to serve for forty days, generally disappeared before a few months of hostilities were over, could no longer be relied on. The modern system invented by revolutionary France, of making war maintain war, and sending forth starving multitudes with arms in their hands, to subsist by the plunder of the adjoining states, was unknown. The national passions had not been roused, which alone would bring it into operation. The decline of the feudal system forbade the hope that contests could be maintained by the chivalrous attachment of a faithful nobility: the democratic spirit had not been so aroused as to supply its place by popular fervour. Religious passions, indeed, had been

strongly excited; but they had prompted men rather to suffer than to act: the disputations of the pulpit were their natural arena: in the last extremity they were more allied to the resignation of the martyr, than the heroism of the soldier. Between the two, there extended a long period of above a century and a half, during which governments had acquired the force, and mainly relied on the power, of standing armies; but the resources at their disposal for their support were so limited, that the greatest economy in the husbanding both of men and money was indispensable.

Richard Cœur de Lion, Edward III., and Henry V., were the models of feudal leaders, and their wars were a faithful mirror of the feudal contests. Setting forth at the head of a force, which, if not formidable in point of numbers, was generally extremely so from equipment and the use of arms, the nobles around them were generally too proud and high-spirited to decline a combat, even on any possible terms of disadvantage. They took the field as the knights went to a *champ clos*, to engage their adversaries in single conflict; and it was deemed equally dishonourable to retire without fighting from the one as the other. But they had no permanent force at their disposal to secure a lasting fruit even from the greatest victories. The conquest of a petty province, a diminutive fortress, was often their only result. Hence the desperate battles, so memorable in warlike annals, which they fought, and hence the miserable and almost nugatory results which almost invariably followed their greatest triumphs. Cressy, Poitiers, and Azincour, followed by the expulsion of the English from France; Methven and Dunbar, by their ignominious retreat from Scotland; Ascalon and Ptolemais, by their being driven from the Holy Land, must immediately occur to every reader. This state of war necessarily imprinted a corresponding character on the feudal generals. They were high-spirited and daring in action—often skilful in tactics—generally ignorant of strategy—covetous of mili-

* Coxe, vi. 384-387.

tary renown, but careless of national advancement—and often more solicitous to conquer an adversary in single conflict, than reduce a fortress, or win a province.

But when armies were raised at the expense, not of nobles, but of kings—when their cost became a lasting and heavy drain on the royal exchequer—sovereigns grew desirous of a more durable and profitable result from their victories. Standing armies, though commonly powerful, often irresistible when accumulated in large bodies—were yet extremely expensive. They were felt the more from the great difficulty of getting the people in every country, at that period, to submit to any considerable amount of direct taxation. More than one flourishing province had been lost, or powerful monarchy overturned, in the attempt to increase such burdens; witness the loss of Holland to Spain, the execution of Charles I. in England. In this dilemma, arising from the experienced necessity of raising standing armies on the one hand, and the extreme difficulty of permanently providing for them on the other, the only resource was to spare both the blood of the soldiers and the expenses of the government as much as possible. Durable conquests, acquisitions of towns and provinces which could yield revenues and furnish men, became the great object of ambition. The point of feudal honour was forgot in the inanity of its consequences; the benefits of modern conquests were felt in the reality of their results. A methodical cautious system of war was thus impressed upon generals by the necessities of their situation, and the objects expected from them by their respective governments. To risk little and gain much, became the great object: skill and stratagem gradually took the place of reckless daring; and the reputation of a general came to be measured rather by the permanent addition which his successes had made to the revenues of his sovereign, than the note with which the trumpet of Fame had proclaimed his own exploits.

Turenne was the first, and, in his day, the greatest general in this new and scientific system of war. He first

applied to the military art the resources of prudent foresight, deep thought, and profound combination; and the results of his successes completely justified the discernment which had prompted Louis XIV. to place him at the head of his armies. His methodical and far-seeing campaigns in Flanders, Franche Comté, Alsace, and Lorraine, in the early part of the reign of that monarch, added these valuable provinces to France, which have never since been lost. They have proved more durable than the conquests of Napoleon, which all perished in the lifetime of their author. Napoleon's legions passed like a desolating whirlwind over Europe, but they gave only fleeting celebrity, and entailed lasting wounds on France. Turenne's slow, or more methodical and more cautious conquests, have proved lasting acquisitions to the monarchy. Nancy still owns the French allegiance; Besançon and Strasbourg are two of its frontier strongholds; Lille yet is a leading stronghold in its iron barrier. Napoleon, it is well known, had the highest possible opinion of that great commander. He was disposed to place him at the head of modern generals; and his very interesting analysis of his campaigns is not the least important part of his invaluable memoirs.

Condé, though living in the same age, and alternately the enemy and comrade of Turenne, belonged to a totally different class of generals, and, indeed, seemed to belong to another age of the world. He was warmed in his heart by the spirit of chivalry; he bore its terrors on his sword's point. Heart and soul he was heroic. Like Clive or Alexander, he was consumed by that thirst for fame, that ardent passion for glorious achievements, which is the invariable characteristic of elevated, and the most inconceivable quality to ordinary, minds. In the prosecution of this object, no difficulties could deter, no dangers daunt him. Though his spirit was chivalrous—though cavalry was the arm which suited his genius, and in which he chiefly delighted, he brought to the military art the power of genius and the resources of art; and no man could make better use of the power which

the expiring spirit of feudality bequeathed to its scientific successors. He destroyed the Spanish infantry at Rocroy and Lens, not by mere desultory charges of the French cavalry, but by efforts of that gallant body as skilfully directed as those by which Hannibal overthrew the Roman legions at Thrasymene and Cannæ. His genius was animated by the spirit of the fourteenth, but it was guided by the knowledge of the seventeenth, century.

Bred in the school of Turenne, placed, like him, at the head of a force raised with difficulty, maintained with still greater trouble, Marlborough was the greatest general of the methodical or scientific school which modern Europe has produced. No man knew better the importance of deeds which fascinate the minds of men; none could decide quicker, or strike harder, when the proper time for action arrived. None, when the decisive crisis of the struggle approached, could expose his person more fearlessly, or lead his reserves more gallantly into the very hottest of the enemy's fire. To his combined intrepidity and quickness, in thus bringing the reserves, at the decisive moment, into action, all his wonderful victories, in particular Ramilies and Malplaquet, are to be ascribed. But, in the ordinary case, he preferred the bloodless methods of skill and arrangement. Combination was his great *forte*, and there he was not exceeded by Napoleon himself. To deceive the enemy as to the real point of attack—to perplex him by marches and countermarches—to assume and constantly maintain the initiative—to win by skill what could not be achieved by force, was his great delight; and in that, the highest branch of the military art, he was unrivalled in modern times. He did not despise stratagem. Like Hannibal, he resorted to that arm frequently, and with never-failing success. His campaigns, in that respect, bear a closer resemblance to those of the illustrious Carthaginian than those of any general in modern Europe. Like him, too, his administrative and diplomatic qualities were equal to his

military powers. By his address, he retained in unwilling, but still effective union, an alliance, unwieldy from its magnitude, and discordant by its jealousies; and kept, in willing multitudes, around his standards, a *colluvies omnium gentium*, of various languages, habits, and religions—held in subjection by no other bond but the strong one of admiration for their general, and a desire to share in his triumphs.

Consummate address and never-failing prudence were the great characteristics of the English commander. With such judgment did he measure his strength with those of his adversary—so skilfully did he choose the points of attack, whether in strategy or tactics—so well weighed were all his enterprises, so admirably prepared the means of carrying them into execution, that none of them ever miscarried. It was a common saying at the time, which the preceding narrative amply justifies, that he never fought a battle which he did not gain, nor laid siege to a town which he did not take. This extraordinary and unbroken success extended to all his manœuvres, however trivial; and it has been already noticed, that the first disaster of any moment which occurred to his arms during *nine* successive and active campaigns, was the destruction of a convoy destined for the siege of St Venant, in October 1710, by one of Villars' detachments.* It was the admirable powers of arrangement and combination which he brought to bear on all parts of his army, equally from the highest to the lowest parts, which was the cause of this extraordinary and uninterrupted success.

He was often outnumbered by the enemy, always opposed by a homogeneous army, animated by one strong national and military spirit; while he was at the head of a discordant array of many different nations, some of them with little turn for warlike exploit, others lukewarm, or even treacherous in the cause. But notwithstanding this, he never lost the ascendant. From the time when he first began the war on the banks of the Maese in 1702, till his military

* Marlborough's Dispatches. *Blackwood's Magazine*, Nov. 1846, p.

career was closed in 1711, within the iron barrier of France, by the intrigues of his political opponents at home, he never abandoned the initiative. He was constantly on the offensive. When inferior in force, as he often was, he supplied the defect of military strength by skill and combination; when his position was endangered by the faults or treachery of others, as was still more frequently the case, he waited till a false move on the part of his adversaries enabled him to retrieve his affairs by some brilliant and decisive stroke. It was thus that he restored the war in Germany, after the affairs of the Emperor had been well-nigh ruined, by the brilliant cross march into Bavaria, and splendid victory at Blenheim; and regained Flanders for the Archduke by the stroke at Ramilies, after the imperial cause in that quarter had been all but lost by the treacherous surrender of Ghent and Bruges, in the very centre of his water communications.

Lord Chesterfield, who knew him well, said that he was a man of excellent parts, and strong good sense, but of no very shining genius. The uninterrupted success of his campaigns, however, joined to the unexampled address with which he allayed the jealousies and stilled the discords of the confederacy whose armies he led, decisively demonstrates that the polished earl's opinion was not just; and that his partiality for the graces led him to ascribe an undue influence in the great duke's career to the inimitable suavity and courtesy of his manner. His enterprises and stratagems, his devices to deceive the enemy, and counterbalance inferiority of force by superiority of conduct; the eagle eye which, in the decisive moment, he brought to bear on the field of battle, and the rapidity with which in person he struck the final blow from which the enemy never recovered, bespeak the intuitive genius of war. It was the admirable *balance* of his mental qualities which caused his originality to be undervalued;—no one power stood out in such bold relief as to overshadow all the others, and rivet the eye by the magnitude of its proportions. Thus his consummate judgment made the world overlook his invention; his

uniform prudence caused his daring to be forgotten; his incomparable combinations often concealed the capacious mind which had put the whole in motion. He was so uniformly successful, that men forgot how difficult it is always to succeed in war. It was not till he was withdrawn from the conduct of the campaign, and disaster immediately attended the Allied arms, and France resumed the ascendancy over the coalition, that Europe became sensible who had been the soul of the war, and how much had been lost when his mighty understanding was no longer at the head of affairs.

A most inadequate opinion would be formed of Marlborough's mental character, if his military exploits alone were taken into consideration. Like all other intellects of the first order, he was equally capable of great achievements in peace as in war, and shone forth with not less lustre in the deliberations of the cabinet, or the correspondence of diplomacy, than in directing columns on the field of battle, or tracing out the line of approaches in the attack of fortified towns. Nothing could exceed the judgment and address with which he reconciled the jarring interests, and smoothed down the rival pretensions, of the coalesced cabinets. The danger was not so pressing as to unite their rival governments, as it afterwards did those of the Grand Alliance in 1813, for the overthrow of Napoleon; and incessant exertions, joined to the highest possible diplomatic address, judgment of conduct, and suavity of manner, were required to prevent the coalition, on various occasions during the course of the war, from falling to pieces. As it was, the intrigues of Bolingbroke and the Tories in England, and the ascendancy of Mrs Masham in the Queen's bedchamber councils, at last counterbalanced all his achievements, and led to a peace which abandoned the most important objects of the war, and was fraught, as the event has proved, with serious danger to the independence and even existence of England. His winter campaign at the Allied courts, as he himself said, always equalled in duration, and often exceeded in importance and difficulty, that in summer with the enemy; and nothing is more certain, than that

if a man of less capacity had been entrusted with the direction of its diplomatic relations, the coalition would have soon broken up without having accomplished any of the objects for which the war had been undertaken, from the mere selfishness and dissensions of the cabinets by whom it was conducted.

With one blot, for which neither the justice of history, nor the partiality of biography either can or should attempt to make any apology, Marlborough's private character seems to have been unexceptionable, and was evidently distinguished by several noble and amiable qualities. That he was bred a courtier, and owed his first elevation to the favour with which he was regarded by one of the King's mistresses, was not his fault:—It arose, perhaps, necessarily from his situation, and the graces and beauty with which he had been so prodigally endowed by nature. The young officer of the Guards, who in the army of Louis XIV. passed by the name of the "handsome Englishman," could hardly be expected to be free from the consequences of female partiality at the court of Charles II. But in maturer years, his conduct in public, after William had been seated on the throne, was uniformly consistent, straightforward, and honourable. He was a sincere patriot, and ardently attached both to his country and the principles of freedom, at a time when both were wellnigh forgotten in the struggles of party, and the fierce contests for royal or popular favour. Though bred up in a licentious court, and early exposed to the most entrancing of its seductions, he was in mature life strictly correct, both in his conduct and conversation. He resisted every temptation to which his undiminished beauty exposed him after his marriage, and was never known either to utter, or permit to be uttered in his presence, a light or indecent expression. He discouraged to the utmost degree any instances of intemperance or licentiousness in his soldiers, and constantly laboured to impress upon his men a sense of moral duty and Supreme superintendence. Divine service was regularly performed in all his camps, both morning and evening; previous to a battle, prayers

were read at the head of every regiment, and the first act, after a victory, was a solemn thanksgiving. "By those means," says a contemporary biographer, who served in his army, "his camp resembled a quiet, well-governed city. Cursing and swearing were seldom heard among the officers; a drunkard was the object of scorn; and even the soldiers, many of them the refuse and dregs of the nation, became, at the close of one or two campaigns, tractable, civil, sensible, and clean, and had an air and spirit above the vulgar."

In political life, during his career after that event, he was consistent and firm; faithful to his party, but more faithful still to his country. He was a generous friend, an attached, perhaps too fond a husband. During the whole of his active career, he retained a constant sense of the superintendence and direction of the Supreme Being, and was ever the first to ascribe the successes which he had gained, to Divine protection; a disposition which appeared with peculiar grace amidst the din of arms, and the flourish of trumpets for his own mighty achievements. Even the one occasion on which, like David, he fell from his high principles, will be regarded by the equitable observer with charitable, if not forgiving eyes. He will recollect, that perfection never yet belonged to a child of Adam; he will measure the dreadful nature of the struggle which awaits an upright and generous mind when loyalty and gratitude impel one way, and religion and patriotism another. Without attempting to justify an officer who employs the power bestowed by one government to elevate another on its ruins, he will yet reflect, that in such a crisis, even the firmest heads and the best hearts may be led astray. If he is wise, he will ascribe the fault—for fault it was—not so much to the individual, as the time in which he lived; and feel a deeper thankfulness that his own lot has been cast in a happier age, when the great moving passions of the human heart act in the same direction, and a public man need not fear that he is wanting in his duty to his sovereign, because he is performing that to his country.

Marlborough was often accused of avarice: but his conduct through life

sufficiently demonstrated that in him the natural desire to accumulate a fortune, which belongs to every rational mind, was kept in subjection to more elevated principles. His repeated refusal of the government of the Netherlands, with its magnificent appointment of L.60,000 a-year, was a sufficient proof how much he despised money when it interfered with public duty; his splendid edifices, both in London and Blenheim, attest how little he valued it for any other sake but as it might be applied to noble and worthy objects.* He possessed the magnanimity in every thing which is the invariable characteristic of real greatness. Envy was unknown, suspicion loathsome, to him. He often suffered by the generous confidence with which he trusted his enemies. He was patient under contradiction; placid and courteous both in his manners and demeanour; and owed great part of his success, both in the field and in the cabinet, to the invariable suavity and charm of his manner. His humanity was uniformly conspicuous. Not only his own soldiers, but his enemies never failed to experience it. Like Wellington, his attention to the health and comforts of his men was incessant; and, with his daring in the field and uniform success in strategy, endeared him in the highest degree to the men. Troops of all nations equally trusted him; and the common saying, when they were in any difficulty, "Never mind—'Corporal John' will get us out of it," was heard as frequently in the Dutch, Danish, or German, as in the English language. He frequently gave the weary soldiers a place in his carriage, and got out himself to accommodate more; and his first care, after an engagement, invariably was to visit the field of battle, and do his utmost to assuage the sufferings of the wounded, both among his own men and those of the enemy.

The character of this illustrious man

has been thus portrayed by two of the greatest writers in the English language, the latter of whom will not be accused of undue partiality to his political enemy. "It is a characteristic," says Adam Smith, "almost peculiar to the great Duke of Marlborough, that ten years of such uninterrupted and such splendid successes as scarce any other general could boast of, never betrayed him into a single rash action, scarce into a single rash word or expression. The same temperate coolness and self-command cannot, I think, be ascribed to any other great warrior of later times—not to Prince Eugene, nor to the late King of Prussia, nor to the great Prince of Condé, not even to Gustavus Adolphus. Turenne seems to have approached the nearest to it: but several actions of his life demonstrate that it was in him by no means so perfect as in the great Duke of Marlborough."† "By King William's death," says Bolingbroke, "the Duke of Marlborough was raised to the head of the army, and indeed of the confederacy, where he, a private man, a subject, obtained by merit and by management a more decided influence than high birth, confirmed authority, and even the crown of Great Britain, had given to King William. Not only all the parts of that vast machine, the Grand Alliance, were kept more compact and entire, but a more rapid and vigorous motion was given to the whole; and instead of languishing or disastrous campaigns, we saw every scene of the war full of action. All those wherein he appeared, and many of those wherein he was not then an actor, but abettor, however, of their actions, were crowned with the most triumphant success. I take with pleasure this opportunity of doing justice to that great man, whose faults I know, whose virtues I admire, and whose memory, as *the greatest general and greatest minister that our country or any other has produced*, I honour."‡

* Marlborough House in London cost about L.100,000.—Coxe, vi. 399.

† SMITH'S *Moral Sentiments*, ii. 158.

‡ BOLINGBROKE'S *Letters on the Study of History*, ii. 172.

MILDRED;

A TALE.

PART I. CHAP. I.

THE town of Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, boasts the possession of a very ancient cathedral-like church, dignified with the title of Minster, but, with this exception, is as utterly devoid, we believe, of all interest to the traveller, as any of the numerous country-towns which he rapidly passes through, and so gladly quits, wondering for the moment how it is that any one can possibly consent to be left behind in them. He who has journeyed from Southampton to Poole will remember the town, from the circumstance that he quitted by the same narrow streets by which he entered it, his road not passing directly through, but forming an angle at this point. He will call to mind what appeared an unaccountable turning and twisting about of the coach, whilst the horses were being changed, and a momentary alarm at finding that he was retracing his steps; he will remember the two massive square towers of the old church, peering above the roofs of the houses; and this is all that he will know, or have the least desire to know, of the town of Wimborne.

If, however, the traveller should be set down in this quiet place, and be compelled to wait there half a day for the arrival of some other coach to carry him to his destination, he will probably wile away his time by a visit to its antique and venerable church; and after climbing, by the dark and narrow staircase, to the top of one of its towers, he will be somewhat surprised to find himself—in a library! A small square room is fitted up with shelves, whereon a number of books are deposited, and the centre is occupied by a large reading-desk, and a massive oak table, apparently coeval with the tower itself, and which was probably placed there before the roof was put on, since it never could have been introduced by the stairs or through the window. It is no modern library, be it understood—no vestry reading-room con-

nected with the Sunday school of the place; they are old books, black-letter quartos, illuminated missals, now dark and mouldy, and whose parchment has acquired no pleasant odour from age. By no means is it a circulating library, for some of the books are still chained to the reading-desk; and many more have their rusty iron chain twisted about them, by which they, in their turn, were bound to the desk. If the traveller should not be favoured with that antiquarian taste which finds a charm in decyphering, out of mouldy and black-letter volumes, what would not be worth his perusal in the most luxurious type of modern days, he will at least derive some pleasure from opening the little windows of the tower, and inhaling the fresh breeze that will blow in upon him, and in looking over an extensive prospect of green meadows, with their little river meandering about in them. It must have formed a pleasant retreat at one time to the two or three learned clerks, or minor canons, or neighbouring monks or friars—we may be sure there were never many of such students—who used to climb this turret for their morning or their evening lueubrations.

The only student who had, perhaps for some centuries, frequented it—and she brought her own books with her, and was very unlike either learned clerk, or monk, or friar—was Mildred Willoughby. She used to delight—a taste savouring of extreme youth—to bring the book she was perusing from her own comfortable parlour, to climb up with it to this solitary height, and there read it alone. She had no difficulty in obtaining from the parish-clerk permission to be left in this chosen solitude—to draw the one wooden chair it possessed to the window, and there to sit, and read, or muse, or look upon the landscape, just as long as she pleased. It did not very frequently happen that this functionary was called upon to exhibit

the old tower to the curiosity of strangers; but if this occurred whilst she was thus occupied, she would rise from her seat, and for a moment put on the air of a visitor also—walk slowly round the room, looking at the backs of the books, or out of the window at the prospect, as if she saw them for the first time! and when the company had retreated, (and there was little to detain them long,) would quietly return to her chair, her study, or her reverie.

One reason she might have given, beside the romantic and pensive mood it inspired, for her choice of this retreat—the charm of being alone. Nothing could be more quiet—to look at the exterior—than the house she called her home. It stood at the extremity of the town, protected from the road by its own neat inclosure of turf and gravel-walk—surely as remote from every species of disturbance or excitement as the most devoted student could desire. We question even whether a barrel-organ or a hurdy-gurdy was ever known to commit an outrage upon its tranquillity; and for its interior, were not Mr and Miss Bloomfield (they were brother and sister, uncle and aunt of Mildred) the most staid, orderly, methodical persons in the world? Did not the bachelor uncle cover every part of the house, and the kitchen stairs in particular, with thick carpet, in order that the footsteps of John and the maid should not disquiet him? The very appearance of the garden, both before and behind the house, was sufficient to show how orderly a genius presided over it. Could box be cut more neatly? or gravel-walks be kept cleaner? You saw a tall lance-like instrument standing by the steps of the back-door, its constant place. With this Mr Bloomfield frequently made the circuit of his garden, but with no hostile purpose: he merely transfixed with it the dry leaves or the splinters of wood that had strayed upon his gravel, carrying them off in triumph to a neat wooden receptacle, where they were both imprisoned and preserved. And Miss Bloomfield, she also was one of the most amiable of women, and as attached to a quiet and orderly house as her brother. Neither could any two persons be

more kind, or more fond of their niece, than they were. But it was from this very kindness, this very fondness, that Mildred found it so pleasant at times to escape. Her aunt, especially, was willing to grant her any indulgence but that of being alone. This her love for her niece, and her love of talking, would rarely permit. Neither could Mildred very graciously petition for this unusual privilege. In youth, nothing is so delightful as solitude, especially when it is procured by stealth, by some subtle contrivance, some fiction or pretence; and many a time did her aunt find it necessary to pursue Mildred to her own chamber, and many a time did she bring her down into the parlour, repeating, with unfeigned surprise, and a tone of gentle complaint, the always unanswerable question—what she *could* be doing so long in her own room? Therefore it was that she was fain to steal out alone—take her walk through the churchyard, ascend the tower, enter its little library, and plant herself in its old arm-chair for an hour of solitary reading or thinking.

Mildred Willoughby was born in India, and her parents (the greatest misery attendant upon a residence in that climate) were compelled to send her to England to be reared, as well as educated. She had been placed under the care of her uncle and aunt. These had always continued to live together—bachelor and spinster. As their united incomes enabled them to surround themselves with every comfort and personal luxury, and as they were now of a very mature age, it was no longer considered to be in the chapter of probabilities that either of them would change their condition. Miss Bloomfield, in her youth, was accounted a beauty—the *belle* of Wimborne; and we may be sure that personal charms, a very amiable disposition, and a considerable fortune, could not fail to bring her numerous admirers and suitors. But her extreme placidity of temper no passion seems ever to have ruffled; and it did so happen, that though her hand had often been solicited, no opportunity of marriage had been offered to her which would not have put in jeopardy some of those comforts and indulgences to which she

was habituated. She was pleased with the attentions of gentlemen, and was studious to attract them; but there was nothing in that word *love* which could have compensated for the loss of her favourite attendants, or of that pretty little carriage that drew her about the country.

As for Mr Bloomfield, it was generally supposed that he had suffered from more than one tender disappointment, having always had the misfortune to fix his affections just where they could not be returned. But those who knew him well would say, that Josiah Bloomfield was, in fact, too timid and irresolute a man ever to have married—that being himself conscious of this, yet courting, at the same time, the excitement of a tender passion, he invariably made love where he was sure to be rejected. Many a fascinating girl came before him, whom he might have won, from whose society, for this very reason, he quietly withdrew, to carry his sighs to some quarter where a previous engagement, or some other obstacle, was sure to procure him a denial. He thus had all the pleasing pains of wooing, and earned the credit for great sensibility, whilst he hugged himself in the safe felicity of a single life. By this time, a more confirmed or obdurate bachelor did not exist; yet he was pleased to be thought to wear the willow, and would, from time to time, endeavour to extort compassion by remote hints at the sufferings he had endured from unreturned affection.

Two such persons, it will be supposed, were at first somewhat alarmed at the idea of taking into their establishment a little girl about four or five years old. Indeed, they had, in the first instance, only so far agreed to take charge of her as to find her a fit school—to receive her at the holidays—and, in this distant manner, superintend her education. But Mildred proved so quiet, so tractable, and withal so cheerful a child, that they soon resolved to depart from this plan. She had not been long in the house before it would have been a great distress to both of them to have parted with her. It was determined that she should reside perpetually with them, and that the remittances received from India should be em-

ployed in obtaining the very best masters that could be procured from Bath or Exeter. Mr Bloomfield found, in the superintendence of Mildred's education, an employment which made the day half as short as it had ever been before. He was himself a man fond of reading; and if he had not a very large store of thoughts, he had at least an excellent library, into which Mildred, who had now arrived at the age of fifteen, had already begun to penetrate.

And books—her music—&c., a few friends, more distinguished by good-breeding and good-nature than by any vivacity of mind, were all the world of Mildred Willoughby, and it was a world that there seemed little probability of her getting beyond. It had been expected that about this time she would have returned to India to her parents; but her mother had died, and her father had expressed no wish that she should be sent out to him. On the contrary, beyond certain pecuniary remittances, and these came through an agent's hands, there was nothing to testify that he bore any remembrance of his daughter. Of her father, very contradictory reports had reached her; some said that he had married again, and had formed an engagement of which he was not very proud; others that he had quitted the service, and was now travelling, no one knew where, about the world. At all events, he appeared to have forgotten that he had a daughter in England; and Mildred was almost justified in considering herself—as she did in her more melancholy moments—as in fact an orphan, thrown upon the care of an uncle and aunt, and dependent almost entirely upon them.

One fine summer's day, as she was enjoying her lofty solitude in the minister tower, a visitor had been allowed to grope up his way unattended into its antique library. On entering, he was not a little startled to see before him in this depository of mouldering literature a blooming girl in all the freshness and beauty of extreme youth. He hesitated a moment whether to approach and disturb so charming a vision. But, indeed, the vision was very soon disturbed. For Mildred, on her side, was still more startled at this entrance, alone and suddenly, of a

very handsome young man—for such the stranger was—and blushed deeply as she rose from her chair and attempted to play as usual the part of a casual visitor. He bowed—what could he less?—and made some apology for his having startled her by his abrupt entrance.

The stranger's manner was so quiet and unpresuming, that the timidity of Mildred soon disappeared, and before she had time to think what was most *proper* to do, she found herself in a very interesting conversation with one who evidently was as intelligent as he was well-bred and good-looking. She had let fall her book in her hurry to rise. He picked it up, and as he held the elegantly bound volume in his hand, which ludicrously contrasted with the mouldy and black-letter quartos that surrounded them, he asked with a smile, on which shelf he was to deposit it. "This fruit," said he, "came from another orchard." And seeing the title at the back, he added, "Italian I might have expected to find in a young lady's hand, but I should have looked for a Tasso, not an Alfieri."

"Yes," she replied gaily, "a damsel discovered reading in this old turret ought to have a book of chivalry in her hand. I have read Tasso, but I do not prefer him. Alfieri presents me quite as much as Tasso with a new world to live in, and it is a more real world. I seem to be learning from him the real feelings of men."

The stranger was manifestly struck by this kind of observation from one so young, and still more by the simple and unpretending manner in which it was uttered. Mildred had not the remotest idea of talking criticism, she was merely expressing her own unaffected partialities. He would have been happy to prolong the conversation, but the clerk, or verger, who had missed his visitor—as well he might, for his visitor had purposely given him the slip, as all wise men invariably do to all cicerones of whatever description—had at length tracked his fugitive up the tower, and into the library. His entrance interrupted their dialogue, and compelled the stranger very soon afterwards to retreat. He made his bow to the fair lady of the tower and descended.

Mildred read very little more that day, and if she lingered somewhat longer in meditation, her thoughts had less connexion than ever with antiquities of any kind. She descended, and took her way home. The probability that she might meet the stranger in passing through the town—albeit there was nothing disagreeable in the thought—made her walk with unusual rapidity, and bend her eyes pertinaciously upon the ground. The consequence of which was, that in turning the corner of a street which she passed almost every day of her life, she contrived to entangle her dress in some of the interesting hardware of the principal ironmonger of the place, who, for the greater convenience of the inhabitants, was accustomed to advance his array of stoves and shovels far upon the pavement, and almost before their feet. As she turned and stooped to disengage her dress, she found that relief and rescue were already at hand. The stranger knight, who had come an age too late to release her as a captive from the tower, was affording the best assistance he could to extricate her from entanglement with a kitchen-range. Some ludicrous idea of this kind occurred to both at the same time—their eyes met with a smile—and their hands had very nearly encountered as they both bent over the tenacious muslin. The task, however, was achieved, and a very gracious "thank you" from one of the most musical of voices repaid the stranger for his gallantry.

That evening Mildred happened to be sitting near the window—it must have been by mere hazard, for she very rarely occupied that part of the room—as the Bath coach passed their gates. A gentleman seated on the roof appeared to recognise her—at least, he took his hat off as he passed. Was it the same?—and what if it were? Evidently he was a mere passer-by, who had been detained in the town a few hours, waiting for this coach. Would he ever even think again of the town of Wimborne—of its old minster—of its tower—and the girl he surprised sitting there, in its little antique library?

CHAPTER II.

Between two or three years have elapsed, and our scene changes from the country town of Wimborne to the gay and pleasant capital of Belgium.

Mr and Miss Bloomfield had made a bold, and, for them, quite a tremendous resolution, to take a trip upon the Continent, which should extend—as far as their courage held out. The pleasure and profit this would afford their niece, was no mean inducement to the enterprise. Mr Bloomfield judged that his ward, after the course of studies she had pursued, and the proficiency she had attained in most feminine accomplishments, was ripe to take advantage of foreign travel. Mr Bloomfield judged wisely; but Mr Bloomfield neither judged, nor was, perhaps, capable of judging how far, in fact, the mind of his niece *had* advanced, or what singular good use she had made of his own neglected library. She had been grappling with all sorts of books—of philosophy and of science, as well as of history and poetry. But that cheerful quietude which distinguished her manner, concealed these more strenuous efforts of her mind. She never talked for display—she had, indeed, no arena for display—and the wish for it was never excited in her mind. What she read and thought, she revolved in herself, and was perfectly content. How it might have been had she lived amongst those who would have called her forth, and overwhelmed her with praise, it would be difficult to tell. As it was, Mildred Willoughby presented to the imagination the most fascinating combination of qualities it would be possible to put together. A young girl of most exquisite beauty, (she had grown paler than when we last saw her, but this had only given increased lustre to her blue eye)—of manners the most unaffected—of a temper always cheerful, always tranquil—was familiar with trains of deep reflection—possessed a practised intellect and really cultivated mind. In this last respect, there was not a single person in all Wimborne or its neighbourhood who had divined her character. That she was a charming girl, though a little

too pale—very amiable, though a little too reserved—of a temper provokingly calm, for she was not ruffled even where she ought to be—and that she sang well, and played well; such would have been the summary of her good qualities from her best and most intimate friends. She was now enjoying, with her uncle and aunt—but in a manner how different from theirs!—the various novelties, great and small, which a foreign country presents to the eye.

Those who, in their travels, estimate the importance of any spot by its distance or its difficulty of access, will hardly allow such a place as Brussels to belong to *foreign parts*. It is no more than an excursion to Margate: it is but a day's journey. True; but your day's journey has brought you to another people—to another religion. We are persuaded that a man shall travel to Timbuctoo, and he shall not gain for himself a stronger impression of novelty, than a sober Protestant shall procure by entering the nearest country where the Roman Catholic worship is in full practice. He has seen cathedrals—many and beautiful—but they were mere architectural monuments, half deserted, one corner only employed for the modest service of his church—the rest a noble space for the eye to traverse, in which he has walked, hat in hand, meditating on past times and the middle ages. But if he cross the Channel, those past times—they have come back again; those middle ages—he is in the midst of them. The empty cathedral has become full to overflowing; there are the lights burning in mid-day, and he hears the Latin chant, and sees high-priests in gorgeous robes making mystic evolutions about the altar; and there is the incense, and the sprinkling of holy water, and the tinkling bell, and whatever the Jew or the Pagan has in times past bequeathed to the Christian. Or let him only look up the street. Here comes, tottering in the air, upon the shoulders of its pious porters, Our Lady herself, with the Holy Child in one arm, and her sceptre in the other,

and the golden crown upon her head. Here she is in her satin robe, stiff with embroidery, and gay with lace, and decked with tinsel ornaments beyond our power of description. If the character of the festival require it, she is borne by six or eight maidens clad in white, with wreaths of white roses on their heads; and you hear it whispered, as they approach, that such a one is the beautiful Countess of C—; and, countess or not, there is amongst those bearers a face very beautiful, notwithstanding that the heat of the day, and a burden of no light weight, has somewhat deranged the proportions of the red and white which had been so cunningly laid on. And then comes the canopy of cloth of gold, borne over the bare head of the venerable priest, who holds up to the people, inclosed in a silver case, imitative of rays of glory, the sacred host; holds it up with both his hands, and fastens both his eyes devoutly on the back of it; and boys in their scarlet tunics, covered with white lace, are swinging the censor before it; and the shorn priests on each side, with lighted tapers in their hands, tall as staves, march, chanting forth—we regret to say, with more vehemence than melody.

Is not all this strange enough? The state-carriage of the King of the Ashantees was, some years ago, captured in war, and exhibited in London; and a curious vehicle it was, with its peacocks' feathers, and its large glass beads hung round the roof to glitter and jingle at the same time. But the royal carriage of the Ashantees, or all that the court of the Ashantees could possibly display, is not half so curious, half so strange to any meditative spirit, as this image of the Holy Virgin met as it parades the streets, or seen afterwards deposited in the centre of the temple, surrounded by pots of flowers, real and artificial, by vases filled with lilies of glazed muslin, and altogether tricked out with such decorations as a child would lavish on its favourite doll if it had an infinite supply of tinsel.

And they worship *that!*

"No!" exclaims some very candid gentleman. "No sir, they by no means worship it; and you must be a very narrow-minded person if you

think so. Such images are employed by the Catholic as representatives, as symbols only—visible objects to direct his worship to that which is invisible." O most candid of men! and most liberal of Protestants! we do not say that Dr Wiseman or M. Chateaubriand worship images. But just step across the water—we do not ask you to travel into Italy or Spain, where the symptoms are ten times more violent—just walk into some of these churches in Belgium, *and use your own eyes*. It is but a journey of four-and-twenty hours; and if you are one of those who wish to bring into our own church the more frequent use of form and ceremony and visible symbol, it will be the most salutary journey you ever undertook. Meanwhile consider, and explain to us, why it is—if images are understood to have only this subordinate function—that one image differs so much from another in honour and glory. This Virgin, whom we have seen parade the streets, is well received and highly respected; but there are other Virgins—ill-favoured, too, and not at all fit to act as representatives of any thing feminine—who are infinitely more honoured and observed. The sculpture of Michael Angelo never wins so much devotion as you shall see paid here, in one of their innumerable churches, to a dark, rude, and odious misrepresentation of Christ. They put a mantle on it of purple cotton, edged with white, and a reed in its hand, and they come one after the other, and kiss its dark feet; and mothers bring their infants, and put their soft lips to the wound that the nail made, and then depart with full sense of an act of piety performed. And take this into account, that such act of devotion is no casual enthusiasm, no outbreak of passionate piety overleaping the bounds of reason; it is done systematically, methodically; the women come with their green tin cans, slung upon their arm, full of their recent purchases in the market, you see them enter—approach—put down the can—kiss—take up the can, and depart. They have fulfilled a duty.

But we have not arrived in Brussels to loiter in churches or discuss theology.

"Monsieur and the ladies will go to the ball to-night," said their obliging host to our party. "It is an annual ball," he continued, "given by the Philanthropical Society for the benefit of the poor. Their Majesties, the king and the queen, will honour it with their presence, and it is especially patronised by your fair countrywomen.

"Enough," said Mr Bloomfield; "we will certainly go to the ball. To be in the same room with a living king and queen—it is an opportunity by no means to be lost."

"And then," said Miss Bloomfield, "it is an act of charity."

This species of charity is very prevalent at Brussels. You dance there out of pure commiseration. It is an excellent invention, this gay benevolence. You give, and you make no sacrifice; you buy balls and concerts with the money you drop into the beggar's hat; charity is all sweetness. Poverty itself wears quite a festive air; the poor are the farmers-general of our pleasures; it is they who give the ball. Long live the dance! Long live the poor!

They drive to the ball-room in the Rue Ducale. They enter an oblong room, spacious, of good proportions, and brilliantly lit up with that gayest of all artificial lights—the legitimate wax candle, thickly clustered in numerous chandeliers. Two rows of Corinthian columns support the roof, and form a sort of arcade on either side for spectators or the promenade, the open space in the centre being, of course, devoted to the dance. At the upper end is a raised dais with chairs of state for their Majesties. What, in day-time, were windows are filled with large mirrors, most commodiously reflecting the fair forms that stand or pass before them. How smooth is the inlaid polished floor! and how it seems to foretell the dance for which its void space is so well prepared! No incumbrance of furniture here; no useless decorations. Some cushioned forms covered with crimson velvet, some immense vases occupying the corners of the room filled with exotic plants, are all that could be admitted of one or the other.

The orchestra, established in a small gallery over the door, strikes

up the national air, and the royal party, attended by their suite, proceed through the centre of the room, bowing right and left. They take their seats. That instant the national air changes to a rapid waltz, and in the twinkling of an eye, the whole of that spacious floor is covered thick with the whirling multitude. The sober Mr Bloomfield, to whom such a scene is quite a novelty, grows giddy with the mere view of it. He looks with all his might, but he ought to have a hundred pairs of eyes to watch the mazes of this dance. One couple after another appear and vanish as if by enchantment. He sees a bewitching face—he strives to follow it—impossible!—in a minute fifty substitutes are presented to him—it is lost in a living whirlpool of faces.

To one long accustomed to the quiet and monotony of a country life, it would be difficult to present a spectacle more novel or striking than this of a public ball-room; and though for such a novelty it was not necessary to cross the water, yet assuredly, in his own country, Mr Bloomfield would never have been present at such a spectacle. We go abroad as much to throw ourselves for a time into new manners of life, as to find new scenes of existence. He stood bewildered. Some two hundred couples gyrating like mad before him. Sometimes the number would thin, and the fervour of the movement abate—the floor began, in Paris, to be visible—the storm and the whirlwind were dying away. But a fresh impulse again seized on both musicians and dancers—the throng of these gentle dervishes, of these amiable manads, became denser than ever—the movement more furious—the music seemed to madden them and to grow mad itself: he shut his eyes, and drew back quite dizzy from the scene.

It is a singular phenomenon, this waltz, retained as it is in the very heart of our cold and punctilious civilisation. How have we contrived, amidst our quiet refinement and fastidious delicacy, to preserve an amusement which has in it the very spirit of the Cherokee Indian? There is nothing sentimental—nothing at all, in the waltz. In this respect, mammas

need have no alarm. It is the mere excitement of rapid movement—a dextrous and delirious rotation. It is the enthusiasm only of the feet—the ecstasy of mere motion. Yes! just at that moment when, on the extended arm of the cavalier, the soft and rounded arm of his partner is placed so gently and so gracefully—(as for the hand upon the whalebone waist no electricity comes that way)—just then there may be a slight emotion which would be dangerous if prolonged; but the dance begins, and there is no room for any other rapture than that of its own swift and giddy course. There are no beatings of the heart after that; only pulsations of the great artery.

Found where it is, it is certainly a remarkable phenomenon, this waltz. Look now at that young lady—how cold, formal, stately!—how she has been trained to act the little queen amongst her admirers and flatterers! See what a *reticence* in all her demeanour. Even feminine curiosity, if not subdued, has been dissimulated; and though she notes every thing and every body, and can describe, when she returns home, the dress of half the ladies in the room, it is with an eye that seems to notice nothing. Her head has just been released from the hair-dresser, and every hair is elaborately adjusted. To the very holding of an enormous bouquet, “round as my shield,” which of itself seems to forbid all thoughts of motion—every thing has been arranged and re-arranged. She sits like an alabaster figure; she speaks, it is true, and she smiles as she speaks; but evidently the smile and the speech have no natural connexion with one another; they co-exist, but they have both been quite separately studied, prepared, permitted. Well, the waltz strikes up, and at a word from that bowing gentleman, himself a piece of awful formality, this pale, slow, and graceful automaton has risen. Where is she now? She is gone—vanished—transformed. She is nowhere to be seen. But in her stead there is a breathless girl, with flushed cheeks, ringlets given to the wind, dress flying all abroad, spinning round the room, darting diagonally across it, whirling fast as her lit-

tle feet can carry her—faster, faster—for it is her more powerful cavalier, who, holding her firmly by the waist, sustains and augments her speed.

Perhaps some ingenious mind may discover a profound philosophy in all this; perhaps, by retaining this authorised outlet for the mere rage of movement, the rest of civilised life is better protected against any disturbance of that quietude of deportment which it is so essential to maintain.

But if the waltz appeared to Mr Bloomfield like dancing gone mad, the quadrille which divided the evening with it, formed a sort of compensation by carrying matters to the opposite extreme. A fly in a glue-pot moves with about the same alacrity, and apparently the same amount of pleasure, as did the dancers this evening in their crowded quadrille. As no one, of course, could be permitted to stand with his back to royalty, they were arranged, not in squares, but in two long files as in a country-dance. The few couples that stood near their majesties were allowed a reasonable share of elbow-room, and could get through their evolutions with tolerable composure. But as the line receded from this point, the dancers stood closer and closer together, and at the other extremity of the room it became nothing less than a dense crowd; a crowd where people were making the most persevering and ingenious efforts to accomplish the most spiritless of movements—with a world of pains just crawling in and out again. The motions of this *dancing* crowd viewed from a proper elevation, would exactly resemble those slow and mysterious evolutions one sees, on close examination, in the brown dust of a cheese, in that condition which some people call ripe, and others rotten.

As to Miss Bloomfield, she keeps her eyes, for the most part, on the king and queen. Having expected to see them rise and join the dance, she was somewhat disappointed to find them retain their seats, the king chatting to a lady at his right, the queen to a lady on her left. Assuredly, if there were any one in that assembly who had come there out of charity, it was their Majesties. Or rather, they were there in performance of one of

the duties of royalty, perhaps not the least onerous, that of showing itself in public on certain occasions. When they rose, it was to take their leave, which they were doubtless very glad to do. Nor, indeed, were those who had been most attracted by the advertised presence of their Majesties sorry to witness their departure. They would carry many away with them—there would be more room for the dance—and the quadrille could re-assume its legitimate form.

But Mildred—what was she doing or thinking all this time? To her the scene was entirely new; for though Mr and Miss Bloomfield probably attended county balls in their youth, they had not, for some years, so far deviated from the routine of their lives as to frequent any such assemblies. Besides, she had to encounter, what they certainly had not, the gaze of every eye as she passed, and the whispered exclamations of applause. But to have judged from her manner—from that delightful composure which always distinguished it, as free from insipidity as from trepidation or fluster, you would have thought her quite familiar with such scenes and such triumphs. Reflection supplied the place of experience. You saw that those clear blue eyes, from which she looked out with such a calm and keen inquiry, were by no means to be imposed on; that they detected at once the true meaning of the scene before her. She was solicited to dance, but neither the waltz nor the quadrille were at all enticing, and she contented herself with the part of spectator. Her chief amusement was derived from the novel physiognomies which the room presented; and indeed the assortment, comprising, as it did, a sprinkling of many nations—French and Belgian, English and German—was sufficiently varied. There were even two or three *lions* of the first magnitude, who (judging from the supreme *hauteur* with which they surveyed the scene) must have been imported from the patron capital of Paris. Lions, bearded magnificently—no mere luxuriance, or timid overgrowth of hair, but the genuine full black glossy beard—faces that might have walked out of Titian's canvass. Mildred would have preferred them

in the canvass; they were much too sublime for the occasion. Then there were two or three young English *exquisites*, gliding about with that published modesty that proclaimed indifference, which seeks notoriety by the very graceful manner in which it seems struggling to avoid it. You see a smile upon their lips as they disengage themselves from the crowd, as if they rallied themselves for taking any share in the bustle or excitement of the scene; but that smile, be it understood, is by no means intended to escape detection.

There were a greater number of fat and elderly gentlemen than Mildred would have expected, taking part in the dance, or circulating about the room with all or more than the vivacity of youth. How happy!—how supremely blest!—seems that rotund and bald-headed sire, who, standing on the edge of the dais, now forsaken by their Majesties, surveys the whole assembly, and invites the whole assembly to return the compliment. How beautifully the bland sympathy he feels for others mingles with and swells his sense of self-importance! How he dominates the whole scene! How fondly patronises! And then his smile!—why, his heart is dancing with them all; it is beating time to twice two hundred feet. An old friend approaches him—he is happy too—would shake him by the hand. The hand he gives; but he cannot withdraw his eye from the wide scene before him; he cannot possibly call in and limit his sympathies at that moment to one friend, however old and dear. And he who solicits his hand, he also is looking around him at the same time, courting the felicitations of the crowd, who will not fail to observe that he too is there, and there amongst friends.

In the female portion of the assembly there was not so much novelty. Mildred could only remark that there was a large proportion of *brunettes*, and that the glossy black hair was parted on the head and smoothed down on either side with singular neatness and precision. Two only out of this part of the community attracted her particular notice, and they were of the most opposite description. Near to her stood a lady who might have been

either thirty, or forty, or fifty, for all that her sharp and lively features betrayed. She wore one of those small round hats, with the feather drooping round it, which formed, we believe, a part of the costume of Louis XV.; and that which drew the notice of Mildred was the strange resemblance she bore, in appearance and manner, to the portraits which some French memoirs had made familiar to her imagination. As she watched her in conversation with an officer in full regimentals, who stood by her side, her fancy was transported to Versailles or St Cloud. What a caustic pleasantries! What a malicious vivacity! It was impossible to doubt that the repartees which passed between her and her companion were such as to make the ears of the absent tingle. There were some reputations suffering there as the little anecdote was so trippingly narrated. Her physiognomy was redolent of pleasant scandal—

“Tolerably mild,

To make a wash she'd hardly stew a child;”

but to extract a jest, there was no question she would have distilled half the reputations in the room.

The other object of Mildred's curiosity, we pause a moment to describe, because she will cross our path again in the course of this narrative.

Amongst all the costly and splendid dresses of her sex, there was a young girl in some simple striped stuff, the most unsophisticated gown imaginable, falling flat about her, with a scanty cape of the same material about her neck—the walking-dress, in short, of a school-girl. The only preparation for the ball-room consisted of a wreath imitative of daisies, just such a wreath as she might have picked up in passing through a Catholic cemetery. And the dress quite suited the person. There she stood with eyes and mouth wide open, as if she saw equally through both apertures, full of irrepressible wonder, and quite confounded with delight. She had been asked to dance by some very young gentleman, but as she elbowed her way through the quadrille, she was still staring right and left with unabated amazement. Mildred smiled to herself as she thought that with the exception of that string of white tufts round her head, no larger than beads, which was to pass for a wreath, she looked for all the world as if some spirit had suddenly snatched her up from the pavement of the High Street of Wimborne, and deposited her in the ball-room of Brussels. Little did Mildred imagine that, that crude little person, absurd, untutored, ridiculous as she was, would one day have it in her power to subdue, and torture, and triumph over her!

CHAPTER III.

Mildred was at this moment checked in her current of observation, and reduced to play something more than the part of spectator. Her ear caught a voice, heard only once before, but not forgotten; she turned, and saw the stranger who had surprised her when, in her girlish days, she was sitting in the minster tower. He immediately introduced himself by asking her to dance.

“I do not dance,” she said, but in a manner which did not seem to refuse conversation. The stranger appeared very well satisfied with the compromise; and some pleasant allusion to the different nature of the scene in which they last met, put them at once upon an easy footing.

“You say you *do* not dance—that is, of course, you *will* not. I shall not believe,” he continued, “even if you had just stepped from your high tower of wisdom, but that you can do any thing you please to do. Pardon so blunt a speech.”

“Oh, I *can*, I think,” she replied. “My uncle, I believe, would have taught me the broad-sword exercise, if any one had suggested its utility to him.”

And saying this, she turned to her uncle, to give him an opportunity, if he pleased, of joining the conversation. It was an opportunity which Mr Bloomfield, who had heard a foreign language chattered in his ear all the evening, would have gladly taken;

but the patience of that gentleman had been for some time nearly exhausted; he had taken his sister under his arm, and was just going to propose to Mildred to leave the room.

The stranger escorted them through the crowd, and saw the ladies into their carriage.

"Can we set you down any where?" said Mr Bloomfield, who, though impatient to be gone, was disposed to be very cordial towards his fellow-countryman. "We are at the *Hotel de l'Europe*."

"And I opposite at the *Hotel de Flandres*—I will willingly accept your offer;" and he took the vacant seat in their carriage.

"How do you like Brussels?" was on the lips of both gentlemen at the same time.

"Nay," said the younger, "I have been here, I think, the longest; the question is mine by right of priority of residence."

Mr Bloomfield was nothing loath to communicate his impression of all that he had seen, and especially to dilate upon a grievance which, it seemed, had sorely afflicted him.

"As to the town, old and new, and especially the Grande Place, with its Hotel de Ville, I have been highly interested by it; but, my dear sir, the torture of walking over its horrid pavement! Only conceive a quiet old bachelor, slightly addicted to the gout, accustomed to take his walk over his well-rolled paths, or on his own lawn, (if not too damp,) suddenly put down amongst these cruel stones, rough and sharp, and pitched together in mere confusion, to pick his way how he can, with the chance of being smashed by some cart or carriage, for one is turned out on the same road with the horses. I am stoned to death, with this only difference, that I fall upon the stones instead of the stones falling upon me. And when there is a pavement—a *trottoir*, as they call it—it is often so narrow and slanting, and always so slippery, and every now and then broken by some step put there purposely, it would seem, to overthrow you, that it is better to bear the penance at once of the sharp footing in the centre of the street. *Trottoirs*, in-

deed! I should like to see any one trot upon them without breaking his neck! A spider or a black beetle, or any other creature that crawls upon a multitude of legs, and has not far to fall if he stumbles, is the only animal that is safe upon them. I go moaning all the day about these jugged pointed stones, that pitch me from one to the other with all the malice of little devils; and, would you believe it? my niece there only smiles, and tells me to get thick shoes! They cannot hurt her; she walks somehow over the tops of them as if they were so many balls of Indian rubber, and has no compassion for her gouty uncle."

"Oh, my dear uncle"—

"No, none at all; indeed you are not overburdened with that sentiment at any time for your fellow-travellers. You bear all the afflictions of the road—your own and other people's—very calmly."

"Don't mind him, my dear," said Miss Bloomfield, "he has been exclaiming again and again what an excellent traveller you make; nothing puts you out."

"That is just what I say—nothing does put her out. In that she is a perfect Mephistophiles. You know the scene of confusion on board a steamer when it arrives at Antwerp, and is moored in under the quay on a hot day, with its full complement of passengers. There you are baked by the sun and your own furnaces; stunned by the jabber around you, and the abominable roar over your head made by the escape of the steam; the deck strewed with baggage, which is then and there to be publicly examined—turned over by the revenue officers, who leave you to pack up your things in their original compass, if you can. Well, in all this scene of confusion, there sat my niece with her parasol over her little head, looking quite composedly at the great cathedral spires, as if we were not all of us in a sort of infernal region there."

"No, uncle, I looked every now and then at our baggage, too, and watched that interesting process you have described of its examination. And when the worthy officer was going to crush aunt's bonnet by putting your dressing-case on the top of it, I rose, and

arrested him. I had my hand upon his arm. He thought I was going to take him prisoner of war, for he was about to put his hand to his sword; but a second look at his enemy reassured him."

"Oh, you did squeak when the bonnets were touched," cried the uncle, "I am glad of that: it shows that you have some human, at least some feminine, feeling in your composition."

"But *à propos* of the pavement," said the young stranger, who could not join the uncle in this banter on his niece, and was therefore glad to get back to some common ground. "I took up, in a reading-room, the other day, a little pamphlet on phrenology, by *M. Victor Idjiez, Fondateur du Musée Phrenologique* at Brussels. It might as well have been entitled, on animal magnetism, for he is one of those who set the whole man in motion—mind and body both—by electricity. Amongst other things, he has discovered that that singular strength which madmen often display in their fits, is merely a galvanic power which they draw (owing, I suppose, to the peculiar state of their nerves,) from the common reservoir the earth, and which, consequently, forsakes them when they are properly isolated. In confirmation of this theory, he gives a singular *fact* from a Brussels journal, showing that *asphalte pavement* will isolate the individual. A madman had contrived to make his escape from confinement, having first thrown all the furniture of his room out of the window, and knocked down and trampled upon his keeper. Off he ran, and no one would venture to stop him. A corporal and four soldiers were brought up to the attack: he made nothing of them; after having beaten the four musketeers, he took the corporal by the leg and again ran off, dragging him after upon the ground. A crowd of work-people emerging from a factory met him in full career with the corporal behind him, and undertook his capture. All who approached him were immediately thrown down—scattered over the plain. But his triumph was suddenly

checked; he lighted upon a piece of asphalté pavement. The moment he put his foot upon it, his strength deserted him, and he was seized and taken prisoner. The instant, however, he stepped off the pavement, his strength revived, and he threw his assailants from him with the same ease as before. And thus it continued: whenever he got off the pavement, his strength was restored to him; the moment he touched it, he was again captured with facility. The asphalté had completely isolated him."

"Ha! ha!" cried Mr Bloomfield; "the fellow, after all, was not quite so mad as not to know what he was about. A Brussels pavement, asphalté or not, is no place for a wrestling match. Isolated, indeed! Oh, doubtless, it would isolate you most completely—at least the soles of your feet—from all communication with the earth. But does Mr—what do you call him?—proceed to theorise upon such *facts* as these?"

"You shall have another of them. Speaking of animal magnetism or electricity, he says—'There are certain patients the iron nails of whose shoes will fly out if they are laid in a direction due north.'"*

"But you are quoting from Baron Munchausen."

"Not precisely."

Miss Bloomfield, who had been watching her opportunity, here brought in her contribution. "Pray, sir, do you believe the story they tell of the architect of the Hotel de Ville—that he destroyed himself on finding, after he had built it, that the tower was not in the centre?"

"That the architect should not discover that till the building was finished, is indeed *too good a story to be true*."

"But, then, why make the man kill himself? Something must have happened; something must be true."

"Why, madam, there was, no doubt, a committee of taste in those days as in ours. They destroyed the plan of the architect by cutting short one of his wings, or prolonging the other; and he, out of vexation, de-

* "Il existe des malades dont les clous j'ai lissent des chaussures quand ils sont étendus dans la direction du nord."

stroyed himself. This is the only explanation that occurs to me. A committee of taste is always, in one sense at least, the death of the artist."

"Yes, yes," said Mildred; "the artist can be no longer said to exist, if he is not allowed, in his own sphere, to be supreme."

This brought them to the door of the hotel. They separated.

The next morning, on returning from their walk, the ladies found a card upon their table, which simply bore the name of "Alfred Winston." The gentleman who called with it, the waiter said, had left word that he regretted he was about to quit Brussels, that evening, for Paris.

Mildred read the name several

times—Alfred Winston. And this was all she knew of him—the name upon this little card!

There were amongst the trio several discussions as to who or what Mr Alfred Winston might be. Miss Bloomfield pronounced him to be an artist, from his caustic observations on committees of taste, and their meddling propensities. Mr Bloomfield, on the contrary, surmised he was a literary man; for who but such a one would think of occupying himself in a reading-room with a pamphlet on phrenology, instead of the newspapers? And all ended in "wondering if they should fall upon him again?"

THE LAW AND ITS PUNISHMENTS.

It is no uncommon boast in the mouth of Englishmen, that the system of jurisprudence under which they have the happiness to live, is the most perfect the world has ever seen. Having its foundation in those cabalistic words, "Nullus liber homo," &c., engraved with an iron pen upon the tablets of the constitution by the barons of King John, the criminal law, in their estimation, has been steadily improved by the wisdom of successive ages, until, in the present day, it has reached a degree of excellence which it were rashness to suppose can by any human sagacity be surpassed. Under its protecting influence, society reposes in security; under its just, but merciful administration, the accused finds every facility for establishing his innocence, and is allowed the benefit of every doubt that ingenuity can suggest to rebut the probability of guilt; before its sacred tribunals, the weak and the powerful, the poor and the rich, stand in complete equality; under its impartial sentence, all who merit punishment are alike condemned, without respect of any antecedents of rank, wealth, or station. In such a system, no change can take place without injury, for it is (not to speak irreverently) a system of perfection.

This is the dream of many—for we must characterise it rather as a dream

than a deliberate conviction. Reason, we fear, has but little to do with the opinions of those who hold that English jurisprudence has no need of reform.

The praises which are so lavishly bestowed upon our criminal law may be, to a great extent, just; but it is to be doubted whether they are altogether judicious. It is true, that in no other system of jurisprudence throughout the civilised world, or among the nations of antiquity, has there existed, or is there so tender a regard for the rights of the accused. In Germany, the wretch who falls under suspicion of the law is subjected to a tedious and inquisitorial examination, with a view to elicit from his own lips the proof, and even the confession of guilt. This mental torture, not to speak of the imprisonment of the body, may be protracted for years, and even for life. In France, the facts connected with an offence are published by authority, and circulated throughout the country, to be greedily devoured by innumerable lovers of unwholesome excitement; and not the simple facts alone, but a thousand incidental circumstances connected with the transaction, together with the birth, parentage, and education, and all the previous life of the supposed offender, making in the whole a romance of considerable interest, and

possessing an attraction beyond the ordinary tales which fill the *feuilleton* of a newspaper. In England, the position of the accused is widely different. We avoid the errors and the tyranny of our neighbours; but have we not fallen into the opposite extreme? Our magistrates scrupulously caution prisoners not to say any thing that may criminate themselves. Every thing that authority can effect by means of advice, which, under the circumstances, is equivalent to command, is carefully brought forward to prevent a confession. And if, in spite of checks, warnings, and commands, the accused, overcome by the pangs of conscience, and urged by an irresistible impulse to disburden his soul of guilt, should perchance confess, the testimony is sometimes rejected upon some technical point of law, which would seem to have been established for the express purpose of defeating the ends of justice. Indeed, the technicalities which surround our legal tribunals have been, until very lately, and are still, in too many instances, most strangely favourable to the escape of criminals. The idlest quibbles, most offensive to common sense, and utterly disgraceful in a court of criminal investigation, have at various times been allowed as valid pleas in defence of the most palpable crimes. Many a thief has escaped, on the ground of some slight and immaterial misdescription of the stolen article, such as a horse instead of a mare, a cow instead of an ox, a sheep for a ewe, and so on. True, these absurdities exist no longer; but others still remain, less ridiculous perhaps, but not less obstructive of the course of justice, and quite as pernicious in their example. Great and beneficial changes have been effected in the criminal code, and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Sir Robert Peel for his exertions in this behalf. To her Majesty's commissioners, also, some thanks are due for the labour they have expended with a view to the consolidation and subsequent codification of the various statutes. Their labours, however, have not hitherto been very largely productive. The excellent object of simplifying our criminal laws still remains to be accomplished, and so long as it does so, so long will it

be obnoxious to the censures which are not unsparingly heaped upon it.

But if our jurisprudence be in one respect too favourable to the criminal, in another, as it appears to us, the balance is more than restored to its equilibrium. If, in the process of investigation, justice leans too much to the side of mercy, the inquiry once over, she quickly repents of her excessive leniency, and is careful to justify her ways by a rigorous severity. The accused, if he is not lucky enough to avail himself of the thousand avenues of escape that are open during the progress of his trial, must abandon all hope of further consideration, and look to undergo a punishment, of which the full extent cannot be estimated by any human sagacity. Once condemned, he ceases to be an object of care or solicitude, except so far as these are necessary to preserve his life and restrain his liberty. Through crime he has forfeited all claim upon the fostering care of the state. He is an alien and an outcast, and has no pretence for expecting any thing but misery.

Surely there is something vindictive in all this—something not quite consistent with the calm and unimpassioned administration of justice. The first impressions of any man of ordinary humanity must be very much against a system which fosters and encourages such a state of things. We believe that those first impressions would be confirmed by inquiry; and it is our purpose in the present article briefly to state the reasons for our belief.

The treatment of criminals under sentence of imprisonment must now be well known to the public. Repeated discussion and innumerable writings have rendered it familiar to every body. A man is condemned to undergo, let us say, three years' incarceration in a jail. A portion of the time is to be spent in hard labour. He commences his imprisonment with no other earthly object than to get through it with the least possible amount of suffering. Employment, which might, under better circumstances, be a pleasant resource, is distasteful to him because it is compulsory, and because it is productive of no benefit to himself. The hours that are unemployed are

passed in company with others as bad as, or worse than, himself. They amuse themselves by recounting the history of their lives, their hairbreadth escapes, their successful villainies. Each profits by the experience of the whole number, and stores it in his memory for future guidance. Every good impulse is checked, and every better feeling stifled in the birth. There is no room in a jail for the growth of virtue; the atmosphere is not congenial to its development. The prisoner, however well disposed, cannot choose but listen to the debasing talk of those with whom he is compelled to associate. Should he resist the wicked influence for a while, he can hardly do so long. The poison will work. By little and little it insinuates itself into the mind, and vitiates all the springs of good. In the end, he yields to the irresistible force of continued bad example, and becomes as bad as the worst.

But let us believe, for an instant, that one prisoner has resisted the ill effects of wicked association—let us suppose him to have escaped the contamination of a jail, to have received no moral hurt from bad example, to be untainted by the corrupting atmosphere of congregated vice—in short, to return into the world at the end of his imprisonment a better man than he was at its commencement. Let us suppose all this, although the supposition, it must be confessed, is unsupported by experience, and directly in the teeth of probability. He sallies forth from his prison, full of good resolutions, and determined to win the character of an honest man. Perhaps he has a small sum of money, which helps him to reach a part of the country most distant from the scene of his disgrace. He seeks for work, and is fortunate enough to obtain it. For a short time, all goes well with him. He is industrious and sober, and gains the good-will of his employer. He is confirmed in his good intentions, and fancies that his hopes of regaining his position in society are about to be realised. Vain hopes! Rumour is busy with his name. His fellow-labourers begin to look coldly on him. The master does not long remain in ignorance. The discharged convict is taxed with his

former degradation, and made to suffer again the consequences of a crime he has well and fully expiated. His brief hour of prosperity is over. He is cast forth again upon the world, denied the means of gaining an honest livelihood, with nothing before him but starvation or a jail. What wonder should he choose the latter! Goaded by despair, or stimulated by hunger, he yields to the first temptation, and commits a crime which places him again within prison walls. It is his second conviction. He is a marked man. He were more than mortal if he escaped the deteriorating effects of repeated association with the hardened and the vicious. His future career is certain. He falls from bad to worse, and ends his life upon the scaffold.

We have imagined, for the sake of argument, a case which, in one of its features, is unfortunately of very rare occurrence. Criminals seldom, perhaps never, leave a jail with the slightest inclination to a course of honesty. Their downward progress, when they have once been exposed to the contamination of a prison life, may be calculated almost with certainty. No sooner is the term of their imprisonment expired, than they step forth into the world, eager to recommence the old career of systematic villainy. Good intentions, and the desire of doing well, are almost always strangers to their breasts. But should they, perchance, be alive to better things, and be moved by wholesome impulses, what an awful responsibility rests upon those who, by individual acts, or by a pernicious system, check and render abortive the efforts of a dawning virtue! In the case we have supposed, there is doubtless much that must be laid to the score of human nature. Men will not easily be persuaded, that he who has once made a grievous lapse from the path of honesty, will not be ever prone to repeat the offence. None but the truly charitable (an infinitesimal portion of every community) will expose themselves to the risk of employing a discharged convict. But whilst this much evil is justly attributed to the selfish cruelty of society, a much larger share of blame attaches to the system which affords too plausible a pretext for such uncharitable conduct. It is not merely because a

man has offended against the laws, and been guilty of what, in legal parlance, may be a simple misdemeanour, that he is regarded with suspicion and treated with ignominy; but much more, because he has been confined in a jail, and exposed to all the pernicious influences which are known to be rife within its walls. It is deemed a thing incredible, that a man can issue from a hot-bed of corruption, and not be himself corrupt. To have undergone a term of imprisonment, is very generally thought to be equivalent to taking a degree in infamy. On the system, therefore, rests much of the blame which would otherwise attach to the world's cold charity; to its account must be charged every subject who might have been saved, and who, through despair, is lost to the service of the state.

The evils we have described are patent and notorious; the only question, therefore, that arises is, whether they are inevitable and inherent in the nature of things, or whether they may be avoided by greater care and an improved system. Before entering upon this question, it may be well to notice briefly the various opinions that are entertained concerning the proper end and aim of criminal punishment. We take for granted, that in every community, under whatever political constitution it may exist and be associated, the sole object of criminal *law* is the peace and security of society. With regard to the means by which this object may be best attained, or, in other words, with regard to the whole system of jurisprudence, from a preventive police down to the discipline of jails and the machinery of the scaffold, a great diversity of sentiment must naturally be expected. The pure theorist and the subtle disciple of Paley, maintain that the proper, nay, the sole object of punishment should be the prevention of crime. The philanthropic enthusiast, and the man of strict religious feeling, reject all other motives save only that of reforming the criminal. The dispassionate inquirer, the practical man, and he who has learned his lessons in the school of experience, take a middle course, though inclining a little to the theory of Paley. They hold that, whilst the amount,

and to some extent the quality, of punishment should be settled and defined chiefly with a view to prevent the increase of crime by the deterring effect of fear, yet the details ought, if possible, to be so managed as in the end to bring about the reformation of the prisoner. We have no hesitation in avowing, that this last opinion is our own. There is an argument in its favour, which the most rigid disciple of the pure "prevention" theory must recognise immediately as one of his own most valued weapons. The "peace and security of society" are his watchwords. They are ours also. But whilst, in his opinion, the only way to produce the desired result is by a system of terrorism, such as will deter from the perpetration of crime, we believe that a careful solicitude concerning the moral conduct of the criminal during his imprisonment, and an anxious endeavour to instruct and improve his mind, by enforcing good habits, and taking away bad example, would be found equally powerful in their operation upon the well-being of society. For although it is a lamentable fact, that the number of our criminals is always being kept up to its full complement, by the addition of juvenile offenders, so that it would be vain to indulge a hope, without cutting off the feeding-springs, of materially diminishing our criminal population; yet it is equally true that the most desperate and dangerous offenders are they who have served their apprenticeship in jails, and there accomplished themselves in all the various devices of ingenious wickedness. It is these who give the deepest shade to the calendar of crime, and work incalculable mischief both in and out of prison, by instructing the tyros in all the most subtle varieties of villany. To reform such men may seem an arduous, perhaps an impossible task; but it is far less arduous, and certainly not impossible, to prevent their becoming the hardened ruffians which we have, without exaggeration, described them.

The truth must be told. The system of secondary punishments (as they are called, though why we know not) is radically wrong. There is something radically wrong in the discipline and regulations of our jails. The details of

imprisonment are faulty and imperfect. Surely this is proved, when it is shown that men are invariably rendered worse, instead of better, by confinement in a jail. Even though it be admitted, for the sake of argument, that the state lies under no obligation to attempt the reformation of its criminals, the admission serves no whit to support a system under which criminals are confirmed and hardened in their vicious courses. The state may refuse to succour, but it has no right to injure. This, as it seems to us, is the strong point against our present system. It does not so much punish the body as injure the mind of the criminal; and, in so doing, it eventually endangers rather than secures the peace of society.

Many remedies have been proposed, but all, with an exception that will presently be mentioned, are rather palliative than corrective. Solitary confinement, for instance, is an undoubted cure for the diseases engendered by bad example and evil communications; but it breeds a host of other diseases, peculiar to itself, and in many cases worse than those it cures. Not to speak of the indulgence which so much idleness allows for vicious thoughts and recollections, the chief objection to solitary confinement is, that, if continued for any length of time, it unfits a man wholly for subsequent intercourse with the world. He leaves his prison with a mind prostrated to imbecility, and a body reduced to utter helplessness; yet he retains, perhaps, the cunning of the idiot, and just sufficient use of his limbs to serve him for a bad purpose. On these painful considerations, however, it is unnecessary to dwell at length. Solitary confinement, without occupation and without intervals of society, was an experiment upon the human animal. It has been tried in this country and elsewhere, and has signally failed. At this moment, we believe, it has few or no supporters.

The plan which has most largely and most deservedly attracted public attention, is that of Captain Maconochie, known by the name of the "Mark System." Captain Maconochie was superintendant of the penal establishment at Norfolk Island, where he had constantly about 2000 prisoners under

his command. This office he held for eight years, and had, consequently, the most favourable opportunity of observing the practical working of the old system. Finding it to be defective, and injurious in every particular, he tried, with certain unavoidable modifications, a plan of his own, which, as he asserts, succeeded beyond his expectation. Having thus proved its practicability in Norfolk Island, and satisfied himself of its advantages, he wishes now to introduce it into England; and, with a view of obtaining a favourable hearing and efficient support, he has procured it to be referred to a committee of the "Society for Promoting the Amendment of the Law." The committee have reported in its favour; and their report, which is said to have been drawn up by the learned Recorder of Birmingham, contains so concise and clear a statement of the Captain's plan, that we take leave to extract a portion of it:—

"Captain Maconochie's plan," says Mr M. D. Hill, "had its origin in his experience of the evil tendency of sentences for a time certain, and of fixed gratuitous jail rations of food. These he practically found opposed to the reformation of the criminal. A man under a time-sentence looks exclusively to the means of beguiling that time. He is thereby led to evade labour, and to seek opportunities of personal gratification, obtained, in extreme cases, even in ways most horrible. His powers of deception are sharpened for the purpose; and even, when unable to offend in act, he seeks in fancy a gratification, by gloating over impure images. At the best, his life stagnates, no proper object of pursuit being presented to his thoughts. And the allotment of fixed gratuitous rations, irrespective of conduct or exertion, further aggravates the evil, by removing even the minor stimulus to action, furnished by the necessity of procuring food, and by thus directly fostering those habits of improvidence which, perhaps even more than determined vice, lead to crime.

"In lieu of sentences to imprisonment or transportation, measured thus by months or years, Captain Maconochie recommends sentences to an amount of labour, measured by a given number of marks, to be placed to the

debit of the convict, in books to be kept for the purpose. This debit to be from time to time increased by charges made in the same currency, for all supplies of food and clothing, and by any fines that may be imposed for misconduct. The duration of his sentence will thus be made to depend on three circumstances. *First*, The gravity of the original offence, or the estimate made by the judge of the amount of discipline which the criminal ought to undergo before he is restored to liberty. This regulates the amount of the original debit. *Second*, The zeal, industry, and effectiveness of his labour in the works allotted to him, which furnish him with the means of payment, or of adding from time to time to the credit side of his account. And, *Third*, His conduct in confinement. If well conducted, he will avoid fines; and if economical in food, and such other gratifications as he is permitted to purchase with his marks, he will keep down the amount of his debits.

“By these means, Captain Maconochie contends, that a term of imprisonment may be brought to bear a close resemblance to adversity in ordinary life, which, being deeply felt, is carefully shunned; but which, nevertheless, when encountered in a manly spirit, improves and elevates the character. All the objects of punishment will be thus attained. There will be continued destitution, unless relief is sought by exertion, and hence there will be labour and suffering; but, with exertion, there will be not only the hope, but the certainty of recovery—whence there will be improvement in good habits, and right thinking. And the motives put into operation to produce effort and economy, being also of the same character with those in ordinary life, will advantageously prepare the prisoner for their wholesome action on him after his discharge.

“The only other very distinctive feature in Captain Maconochie’s system is, his proposal that, after the prisoner has passed through a term of probation, to be measured not by lapse of time, but by his conduct as indicated by the state of his account, he shall be advanced from separate confinement into a social state. For

this purpose, he shall become a member of a small class of six or eight, these classes being capable of being separated from each other, just as individuals are separated from individuals during the earlier stage, the members of each class to have a common interest, the marks earned or lost by each to count to the gain or loss of his party, not of himself exclusively. By this means, Captain Maconochie thinks prisoners will be rescued from the simply gregarious state of existence, which is, in truth, a selfish one, now incident to imprisonment in those jails to which the separate system is not applied, and will be raised into a social existence. Captain Maconochie is convinced, by experience, that much good feeling will be elicited among them in consequence of this change. Indolence and vice, which either prevent the prisoner from earning, or compel him to forfeit his marks, will become unpopular in the community; and industry and good conduct, as enabling him to acquire and preserve them, will, on the contrary, obtain for him its approbation. On much experience, he asserts that no portion of his *modus operandi* is more effective than this, by which, even in the depraved community of Norfolk Island, he succeeded, in a wonderfully short time, in giving an upward direction to the public opinion of the class of prisoners themselves.”

This brief outline of the Mark System undoubtedly presents to view one of the boldest projects of reform that ever proceeded from a private individual. It seeks to root up and utterly annihilate the whole system of secondary punishments, and necessarily involves a radical change in the criminal law. To a plan of so sweeping a character, a thousand objections will of course be made. Some will deny the necessity of so fundamental a change. Many will be startled by the magnitude of the innovation alone, and refuse at the very outset to accept a proposition which, whatever be its intrinsic merits, presents itself to their imagination surrounded with incalculable perils. Others will shake their heads, and doubt the possibility of working out a problem, which, from the beginning of

time, has battled the ingenuity of man. A few there may be, who will regard the new system with a favourable eye, albeit on no other ground than because it offers a prospect of escape from evils which exist, and are increasing, and which can hardly be exchanged for worse. For want of better companions, we shall take our position in the last-mentioned class; confessing that there is much in Captain Maconochie's system which seems at present Utopian, and savours too strongly of an enthusiasm which can see none but its own colours, but deeply impressed, at the same time, with the plausibility of his general theory. It is vain to hope that the unaided efforts of the chaplain will ever reform the inmates of a jail. No man was ever yet preached into good habits, except by a miracle. It is vain to hope that a discipline (if such it can be called) which enforces sometimes idleness, and sometimes useless labour, providing at the same time for all the wants of the body, with an abundance never enjoyed beyond the prison walls, will ever make men industrious, or frugal, or any thing else than dissolute and idle. In short, it is vain to hope, in the present state of things, that the criminal population of these kingdoms will ever be diminished, or even checked in its steady tendency to increase. If, then, all these hopes, which are exactly such as a philanthropist may reasonably indulge, be vain and futile, no man would be open to a charge of folly, should he embrace any, even the wildest proposition that holds out the prospect of improvement.

Captain Maconochie's system may be divided into two distinct and very different parts; namely, the general principles and the details. Concerning the latter, we are unwilling to hazard an opinion, deeming them peculiarly a matter of experiment, and incapable of proof or refutation by any other test than experience. But principles are universal, and, if true, may always be supported by argument, and strengthened by discussion; those of the Mark System, we think, will bear the application of both. No one possessed of the smallest experience of the human mind, will deny that it is utterly impossible to inculcate and fix good habits by a process which is continually distasteful to the patient.

With regard to labour, which is compulsory and unproductive, the labourer, so far from becoming habituated to it, loathes it the more the longer he is obliged to continue it. Such labour, moreover, has no good effect upon the mind: it produces nothing but disgust and discontent. A similar result is produced upon the body under similar circumstances. Exercise is only beneficial when taken with a good will, and enjoyed with a zest: a man who should walk but two or three miles, grumbling all the way, would be as tired at the end as though he had walked twenty in a more contented mood. What, then, will some one say, are prisoners not to be punished at all? Is every thing to be made easy to them, and ingenuity taxed for devices to render their sentences agreeable, and to take the sting from imprisonment? The answer is ready. The law is not vindictive, and does not pretend to inflict suffering beyond what is necessary for the security of society. The thief and the homicide cannot be allowed to go at large. They must either be sent out of the country, or shut up within it. By some means or other, they must be deprived of the power of inflicting farther injury upon their fellow-creatures. But how long are they to be cut off from the world? For a time fixed and irrevocable, and irrespective of subsequent good conduct, or reformation of character, or any other consideration than only the magnitude of the original offence? Surely neither reason nor humanity can approve such a doctrine; for does it not, in fact, involve the very principle which our law repudiates, namely, the principle that its punishments are vindictive? If a man who steals a horse, and is condemned to three years' imprisonment, be compelled to undergo the whole sentence, without reference to his conduct under confinement, this surely is vengeance, and not, what it assumes to be, a punishment proportioned to the necessity of the case. It is, no doubt, proper that a criminal should be condemned to suffer some loss of liberty, more or less, according to the nature of his delinquency, and a minimum should always be fixed; but it seems equally proper, and consistent with acknowledged principles, that a power should reside somewhere

of diminishing the maximum, and where more advantageously than in the criminal himself? If the motives which govern the world at large, and operate upon men in ordinary life, to make them frugal and industrious, and to keep them honest, can be brought to bear upon the isolated community of a jail, why should they not? The object is humane; not injurious, but, on the contrary, highly beneficial to society; and not opposed to any established rule of law or general policy. We can conceive no possible argument against it, save that which we have already noticed, and, we trust, satisfactorily.

It is worthy of notice, as being calculated to satisfy the scruples of those who may be alarmed at the introduction of what they imagine a novel principle into our criminal jurisprudence, that this, the main feature of the Mark System, is not new. It is sanctioned by long usage in our penal settlements. In the Australian colonies, a man under sentence of transportation for years or for life may, by his own conduct, both shorten the duration and mitigate the severity of his punishment. By industry, by a peaceable demeanour, by the exercise of skill and ingenuity acquired in better times, he may obtain advantages which are not accorded to others. By a steady continuance in such behaviour, he may acquire the privilege of working for himself, and enjoying the produce of his labour. In the end, he may even be rewarded by a free pardon. If all these things may be done in Australia, why not also in England? Surely there is more to be said on behalf of convicts sentenced to imprisonment than for those sentenced to transportation. If our sympathy, or, to speak more correctly, our mercy, is to be inversely to the enormity of the offence, then the English prisoner is most entitled to our regard. It is possible that the transportation system may be wrong, but, at least, let us be consistent.

It is not necessary that Captain Maconochie's plan should be adopted *in extenso*, to the immediate and active subversion of the ancient system. We may feel our way. There is no reason why a single prison should not be set apart, or, if necessary, specially con-

structed, for the purpose of applying the test of practice to the new theory. A short act might be passed, empowering the judges to inflict labour instead of time-sentences—of course, within a certain limit as to number. Captain Maconochie himself might be entrusted with the superintendence of the experiment, in order to avoid the possibility of a suspicion that it had not received a fair trial. If, with every reasonable advantage, the scheme should eventually prove impracticable, then, of course, it will sink into oblivion, and be consigned to the limbo of impossible theories. The country will have sustained no loss, save the insignificant expense of the model machinery.

Considering the whole subject—its importance, its difficulty, the novelty of the proposed amendments, and their magnitude—we are disposed to agree with the learned Recorder of Birmingham, that “the plan is highly deserving of notice.” Objections, of course, might be made in abundance, over and above those we have thought proper to notice. These, however, may be all reduced to one, namely, that the scheme is impracticable. That it may prove so, we do not deny; nor could any one, with a grain of prudence, venture to deny it, seeing how many promising projects are daily failing, not through their own intrinsic defects, but through miscalculation of opposing forces. The test of the Mark System, we repeat, must be experience. All that we seek to establish in its favour is the soundness of its principles. Of these we do not hesitate to avow a perfect approval; and, in doing so, we do not fear being classed among the disciples of the new school of pseudo-philanthropy, whose academy is Exeter Hall, and whose teachers are such men as Lord Nugent and Mr Fox. It is quite possible to feel compassion for the guilty, and a solicitude for their temporal as well as eternal welfare, without elevating them into the dignity of martyrs, and fixing one's attention upon them, to the neglect of their more honest and less protected neighbours. It is no uncommon thing to hear comparisons drawn between the conditions of the prisoner and the pauper—between the abundant nou-

ishing food of the former, and the scanty meagre rations of the latter! There is no doubt that better fare is provided in a jail than in a work-house. Good reasons, perhaps, may be given for the distinction, but in appearance it is horribly unjust. No system which proposed to encourage it would ever receive our approbation. The Mark System is adverse to the pampering of criminals. It seeks to enforce temperance and frugality, both by positive rewards, and by punishing gluttony and indulgence. Its object is the improvement, not of the physical, but the moral condition of the prisoner. His mind, not his body, is

its especial care—a prudent, humane, we will even say, a pious care! Visionary it may be, though we think not—absurd it can never be, except in the eyes of those to whom the well-being of their fellow-creatures is matter of indifference, and who, too frivolous to reflect, or too shallow to penetrate the depths of things, seek to disguise their ignorance and folly under cover of ridicule. To such we make no appeal. But to the many really humane and sensible persons who are alive to the importance of the subject, we recommend a deliberate examination of the Mark System.

M.

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE THAMES.

NEVER was there such a summer on this side of the Tropics. How is it possible to exist, with the thermometer up to boiling point! London a vast caldron—the few people left in its habitable parts strongly resembling stewed fish—the aristocratic portion of the world flying in all directions, though there are three horticultural fetes to come—the attachés to all the foreign embassies sending in their resignations, rather than be roasted alive—the ambassadors all on leave, in the direction of the North Pole—the new governor of Canada congratulated, for the first time in national history, on his banishment to a land where he has nine months winter;—and a contract just entered into with the Wenham Lake Company for ten thousand tons of ice, to rescue the metropolis from a general conflagration.

—Went to dine with the new East India Director, in his Putney paradise. Sir Charles gives dinners worthy of the Mogul, and he wants nothing of the pomps and pleasures of the East but a harem. But, in the mean time, he gathers round him a sort of human menagerie; and every race of man, from the Hottentot to the Highlander, is to be found feeding in his Louis Quatorze saloons.

This certainly variegates the scene considerably, and relieves us of the

intolerable topics, of Parliament, taxes, the last attempt on Louis Philippe, the last adventure of Queen Christina, or the last good thing of the last great bore of Belgrave Square; with the other desperate expedients to avoid the inevitable yawn. We had an Esquimaux chief, who, however, dwelt too long on the luxury of porpoise steaks; a little plump Mandarin, who indulged us with the tricks of the tea trade; the sheik Ben Hassan Ben Ali, who had narrowly escaped hanging by the hands of the French; and a New Zealand chief, strongly suspected of habits inconsistent with the European *cuisine*, yet who restricted himself on this occasion to every thing at the table.

At length, in a pause of the conversation, somebody asked where somebody else was going, for the dog-days. The question engaged us all. But, on comparing notes, every Englishman of the party had been every where already—Cairo, Constantinople, Calcutta, Cape Horn. There was not a corner of the world, where they had not drunk tea, smoked cigars, and anathematised the country, the climate, and the constitution. Every thing was *usé*—every soul was *blasé*. There was no hope of novelty, except by an Artesian perforation to the centre, or a voyage to the moon.

At last a curious old personage, with a nondescript visage, and who might, from the jargon of his tongue and the mystery of his costume, have been a lineal descendant of the Wandering Jew, asked, had any one at table seen the Thames?

The question struck us all at once. It was a grand discovery; it was a flash of light; it was the birth of a new idea; it was an influx of brilliant inquiry. It was ascertained, that though we had all steamed up and down the Thames times without number, not one of us had seen the river. Some had always steamed it in their sleep; some had plunged at once into the cabin, to avoid the passengers on deck; some had escaped the vision by the clouds of a cigar; some by a French novel and an English dinner. But not one could recollect any thing more of it than it flowed through banks more or less miry; that it was, to the best of their recollection, something larger than the Regent's Canal; and some thought that they had seen occasional masts and smoke flying by them.

My mind was made up on the spot. Novelty is my original passion—the spring of all my virtues and vices—the stimulant of all my desires, disasters, and distinctions. In short, I determined to see the Thames.

Rose at daybreak—the sky blue, the wind fragrant, Putney throwing up its first faint smokes; the villa all asleep. Leaving a billet for Sir Charles, I ordered my cab, and set off for the Thames. “How little,” says Jonathan Swift, “does one-half of the world know what the other is doing.” I had left Putney the abode of silence, a solitary policeman standing here and there, like the stork which our modern painters regularly put into the corner of their landscapes to express the sublime of solitude—no slipshod housemaid peeping from her window; no sight or sound of life to be seen through the rows of the flower-pots, or the lattices of the suburb gardens.

But, once in London, what a contrast. From the foot of London bridge what a rush of life; what an incursion of cabs; what a rattle of waggons; what a surge of population; what a chaos of clamour; what volcanic volumes of everlasting smoke rolling up against the unhappy face of the Adelaide hotel; what rushing of porters, and trundling of trunks; what cries of every species, utterable by that extraordinary machine the throat of man; what solicitations to trust myself, for instant conveyance to the remotest shore of the terraqueous globe!—“For Calais, sir? Boat off in half-an-hour.”—“For Constantinople? in a quarter.”—“For Alexandria? in five minutes.”—“For the Cape? bell just going to ring.” In this confusion of tongues it was a thousand to one that I had not jumped into the boat for the Niger, and before I recovered my senses, been far on my way to Timbuctoo.

In a feeling little short of desperation, or of that perplexity in which one labours to decypher the possible purport of a maiden speech, I flung myself into the first steamer which I could reach, and, to my genuine self-congratulation, found that I was under no compulsion to be carried beyond the mouth of the Thames.

I had now leisure to look round me. The bell had not yet chimed: passengers were dropping in. Carriages were still rolling down to the landing-place, laden with mothers and daughters, lapdogs and bandboxes, innumerable. The surrounding scenery came, as the describers say, “in all its power on my eyes.”—St Magnus, built by Sir Christopher Wren, as dingy and massive as if it had been built by Roderic the Goth; St Olave's, rising from its ruins, as fresh as a fairy palace of gingerbread; the Shades, where men drink wine, as Bacchus did, from the bunghole; the Bridge of Bridges, clambered over and crowded with spectators as thick as hiving bees!

But—prose was never made for such things. I must be Pindaric.

LONDON BRIDGE.

“My native land, good-night!”

Adieu, adieu, thou huge, high bridge
A long and glad adieu!

I see above thy stony ridge
 A most ill-favour'd crew,
 The earth displays no dingier sight ;
 I bid the whole—Good-night, good-night !

There, hang between me and the sky
 She who doth oysters sell,
 The youth who parboil'd shrimps doth cry,
 The shoeless beau and belle,
 Blue-apron'd butchers, bakers white,
 Creation's lords!—Good-night, good-night !

Some climb along the slippery wall,
 Through balustrades some stare,
 One wonders what has perch'd them all
 Five hundred feet in air.
 The Thames below flows, ready quite
 To break their fall.—Good-night, good-night !

What visions fill my parting eyes !
 St Magnus, thy grim tower,
Almost as black as London skies !
 The Shades, which are no bower ;
 St Olave's, on its new-built site,
 In flaming brick.—Good-night, good-night !

The rope's thrown off, the paddles move,
 We leave the bridge behind ;
 Beat tide below, and cloud above ;—
 Asylums for the blind,
 Schools, storehouses, fly left and right ;
 Docks, locks, and blocks—Good-night, good-night !

In distance fifty steeples dance.
 St Catherine's dashes by,
 The Customhouse scarce gets a glance,
 The sounds of Bowbell die.
 With charger's speed, or arrow's flight,
 We steam along.—Good-night, good-night !

The Tower seems whirling in a waltz,
 As on we rush and roar.
 Where impious man makes Cheltenham salts,
 We shave the sullen shore ;
 Putting the wherries all in fright,
 Swamping a few.—Good-night, good-night !

We brave the perils of the Pool ;
 Pass colliers chain'd in rows ;
 See coalheavers, as black and cool
 As negroes without clothes,
 Each bouncing, like an opera sprite,
 Stript to the skin.—Good-night, good-night

And now I glance along the deck
 Our own live-stock to view—
 Some matrons, much in fear of wreck ;
 Some lovers, two by two ;
 Some sharpers, come the clowns to bite ;
 Some plump John Bulls.—Good-night, good-night !

A shoal of spinsters, book'd for France,
 (All talking of Cheapside ;)
 An old she-scribbler of romance,
 All authorship and pride ;
 A diner-out, (timeworn and trite,)
 A *gobe-mouche* group.—Good-night, good-night !

A strolling actor and his wife,
 Both going to “ make hay ; ”
 An Alderman, at fork and knife,
 The wonder of his day !
 Three Earls, without an appetite,
 Gazing, in spleen.—Good-night, good-night !

Ye dear, delicious memories !
 That to our midriffs cling
 As children to their Christmas pies,
 (So, all the New-School sing ;
 In collars loose, and waistcoats white,)
 All, all farewell !—Good-night, good-night !

The charming author of that most charming of all brochures, *Le Voyage autour de ma Chambre*, says, that the less a man has to write about, the better he writes. But this charming author was a Frenchman ; he was born in the land where three dinners can be made of one potato, and where moonshine is a substantial part of every thing. He performed his voyage, standing on a waxed floor, and making a circuit of his shelves ; the titles of his books had been his facts, and the titillations of his snuff the food of his fancy. But John Bull is of an-

other style of thinking. His appetite requires solid realities, and I give him docks, wharfs, steam-engines, and manufactures, for his powerful mastication.—But, what scents are these, rising with such potentiality upon the morning breeze ? What sounds, “ by distance made more sweet ? ” What a multitude of black, brown, bustling beings are crushing up that narrow avenue, from these open boats, like a new invasion of the pirate squadrons from the north of old. Oh, Billings-gate !—I scent thee—

—— “ As when to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
 Mozambic, far at sea the north winds blow
 Sabæan odours from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the Blest. With such delay
 Well-pleased, they slack their course, and many a league,
 Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.”

The effect was not equally rapturous in the Thames ; but on we flew, passing groups of buildings which would have overtopped all the castles on the Rhine, had they but been on fair ground ; depots of wealth, which would have purchased half the provinces beyond the girdle of the Black Forest ; and huge steamers, which would have towed a captive Armada to the Tower.

The TOWER ! what memories are called up by the name ! How frowning are those black battlements, how strong those rugged walls, how massive those iron-spike'd gates ! Every

stone is historical, and every era of its existence has been marked by the mightiest changes of men, monarchs, and times ; then I see the fortress, the palace and the prison of kings !

But, let me people those resounding arches, dim passages, and solemn subterraneans, with the past. Here, two thousand years ago, Julius Cæsar kept his military court, with Quæstors, Prefects, and Tribunes, for his secretaries of state ; Centurions for his chamberlains ; and Augurs for his bishops. On this bank of the stately river, on which no hovel had encroached, but which covered with its

unpolluted stream half the landscape, and rolled in quiet majesty to meet the ocean; often stood the man, who was destined to teach the Republican rabble of Rome that they had a master. I leave antiquarians to settle the spot trodden by his iron sandal. I disdain the minute meddling of the men of *fibula* and *frustums* of pitchers. But I can see—"in my mind's eye, Horatio"—the stately Roman casting many an eager glance eastward, and asking himself, with an involuntary grasp of his hilt, and an unconscious curl of his lip, how long he was to suffer the harangues of the populace, the pilferers of the public, the hirelings of Cinna and Sylla, and of every man who would hire them, the whole miry mass of reformers, leaguers, and cheap-bread men, to clap their wings like a flight of crows over the bleeding majesty of Rome.

Then the chance sound of a trumpet, or the tread of a cohort along the distant rampart, would make him turn back his glance, and think of the twenty thousand first-rate soldiers whom a wave of his finger would move across the Channel, send through Gaul, sacking Lutetia, darting through the defiles of the Alps, and bringing him in triumph through the Janiculum, up to the temple of the Capitoline Jove. Glorious dreams, and gloriously realised! How vexatious is it that we cannot see the past, that we cannot fly back from the bustle of this blacksmith world, from the jargon of public life, and the tameness of private toil; into those majestic ages, when the world was as magnificent as a theatre; when nations were swallowed up in the shifting of a scene; when all were fifth acts, and when every catastrophe broke down an empire!

But, what sounds are these? The steamer had shot along during my

reverie, and was now passing a long line of low-built strong vessels, moored in the centre of the river. I looked round, and here was more than a dream of the past; here was the past itself—here was man in his primitive state, as he had issued from the forest, before a profane axe had cropped its brushwood. Here I saw perhaps five hundred of my fellow-beings, no more indebted to the frippery of civilisation than the court of Caractacus.—Bold figures, daring brows, Herculean shapes, naked to the waist, and with skins of the deepest bronze. Cast in metal, and fixed in a gallery, they would have made an incomparable rank and file of gladiatorial statues.

The captain of the steamer explained the phenomenon. They were individuals, who, for want of a clear perception of the line to be drawn between *meum* and *tuum*, had been sent on this half-marine half-terrestrial service, to reinforce their morals. They were now serving their country, by digging sand and deepening the channel of the river. The scene of their patriotism was called the "hulks," and the patriots themselves were technically designated felons.

Before I could give another glance, we had shot along; and, to my surprise, I heard a chorus of their voices in the distance. I again applied to my Cicero, who told me that all other efforts having failed to rectify their moral faculties; a missionary singing-master had been sent down among them, and was reported to be making great progress in their conversion.

I listened to the sounds, as they followed on the breeze. I am not romantic; but I shall say no more. The novelty of this style of reformation struck me. I regarded it as one of the evidences of national advance.—My thoughts instinctively flowed into poetry.

SONG FOR THE MILLION.

"Mirth, admit me of thy crew."

Song, admit me of thy crew!
 Minstrels, without shirt or shoe,
 Geniuses with naked throats,
 Bare of pence, yet full of notes.
 Bards, before they've learn'd to write,
 Issuing their notes at sight;
 Notes, to tens of thousands mounting,
 Careless of the Bank's discounting.

Leaving all the world behind,
England, in thy march of Mind.

Now, the carter drives his cart,
Whistling, as he goes, Mozart.
Now, a shilling to a guinea,
Dolly cook, *sol-fas* Rossini.
While the high-soul'd housemaid, Betty,
Twirls her mop to Donizetti.
Or, the scullion scrubs her oven
To thy Runic hymns, Beethoven.
All the servants' hall combined,
England, in thy march of Mind.

Now, may maidens of all ages
Look unharm'd on pretty *pages*.
Now, may paupers "*raise the wind,*"
Now, may *score* the great undined.
Now, unblamed, may tender pairs
Give themselves the tenderest *airs*.
Now, may half-pay sons of Mars
Look in freedom through their *bars*,
Though upon a *Bench* reclined,
England, in thy march of Mind.

Soon we'll hear our "London cries"
Dulcified to harmonies ;
Mackerel sold in canzonets,
Milkmen "calling," in duets.
Postmen's bells no more shall bore us,
When their clappers ring in chorus.
Ears no more shall start at, Dust O !
When the thing is done with *gusto*.
E'en policemen grow refined,
England, in thy march of Mind.

Song shall settle Church and State,
Song shall supersede debate.
Owlet Joe no more shall screech,
We shall make him sing his speech.
Even the Iron Duke's "*sic volo*"
Shall be soften'd to a *solo*.
Discords then shall be disgrace,
Statesmen shall play *thorough base* ;
Whigs and Tories intertwined,
England, in thy march of Mind.

Sailors, under canvass stiff,
Now no more shall dread a *cliff*.
From Bombay to Coromandel,
The Faqueers shall chorus Handel.
Arab sheik, and Persian maiden,
Simpering serenades from Haydn.
Crossing then the hemisphere,
Jonathan shall chant Auber,
All his love of pelf resign'd,
England, to thy march of Mind.

—Still moving on, still passing multi- mortar, stone, and iron, rather than
tudinous agglomerations of brick, houses.—Docks crowded with masts,

thicker than they ever grew in a pine forest, and echoing with the sounds of hammers, cranes, forges and enginery, making anchors for all the ships of ocean, rails for all the roads of earth, and chain-cables for a dozen generations to come. In front of one of those enormous forges, which, with its crowd of brawny hammerers glaring in the illumination of the furnace, gave me as complete a representation of the Cyclops and their cave, as any thing that can be seen short of the bowels of *Etna*; stood a growing church, growing of iron; the walls were already half-way grown up. I saw them already pululating into windows, a half-budded pulpit stood in the centre, and a Gothic arch was already beginning to spread like the foliage of a huge tree over the aisle. It was intended for one of the colonies, ten thousand miles off.

As the steamer is not suffered in this part of the river to run down boats at the rate of more than five miles an hour; I had leisure to see the operation. While I gazed, the roof had *leaved*; and my parting glance showed me the whole on the point of flourishing among the handsomest specimens of civic architecture.

In front of another forge stood a lighthouse; it was consigned to the West Indies. Three of its stone predecessors had been engulfed by earthquakes, a fourth had been swept off by a hurricane. This was of iron, and was to defy all the chances of time and the elements, by contract, for the next thousand years. It was an elegant structure, built on the plan of the "Tower of the Winds." Every square inch of its fabric, from the threshold to the vane, was iron! "What will mankind come to," said George Canning, "in fifty years hence? The present age is impudent enough, but I foresee that the next will be all *Irony* and *Railery*."

But all here is a scene of miracle. In our perverseness we laugh at our "Lady of Loretto," and pretend to doubt her house being carried from Jerusalem on the backs of angels. But what right have I to doubt, where so many millions are ready to take their oaths to the fact? What is it

to us how many angels might be required for the operation? or how much their backs may have been galled in the carriage? The result is every thing. But here we have before our sceptical eyes the very same result. We have St Catherine's hospital, fifty times the size, transported half-a-dozen miles, and deposited in the Regent's Park. The Virgin came alone. The hospital came, with all its fellows, their matrons, and their master. The virgin-house left only a solitary excavation in a hillside. The hospital left a mighty dock, filled with a fleet that would have astonished Tyre and Sidon, buildings worthy of Babylon, and a population that would have sacked *Bersopolis*.

But, what is this strangely shaped vessel, which lies anchored stem and stern in the centre of the stream, and bearing a flag covered over with characters which as we pass look like hieroglyphics? The barge which marks the Tunnel. We are now moving above the World's Wonder! A thousand men, women, and children, have marched under that barge's keel since morning; lamps are burning fifty feet under water, human beings are breathing, where nothing but the bones of a mammoth ever lay before, and check-takers are rattling pence, where the sound of coin was never heard since the days of the original Chaos.

What a field for theory! What a subject for a fashionable Lecturer! What a topic for the gossipy of itinerant science, telling us (on its own infallible authority) how the globe has been patched up for us, the degenerated and late-born sons of Adam! How glowingly might their fancy lubricate on the history of the prior and primitive races which may now be perforating the interior strata of the globe—working by their own gas-light, manufacturing their own metals, and, from their want of the Davy-lamp, (and of an Act of Parliament, to make it burn,) producing those explosions which we call earthquakes, while our volcanoes are merely the tops of their chimneys!

I gave the Tunnel a parting aspiration—

THE TUNNEL.

Genii of the Diving-bell !
 Sing Sir Is-mb-rt Br-n-l,
 Whether ye parboil in steam,
 Whether float in lightning's beam,
 Whether in the Champs Elysés
 Dance ye, like Carlotta Grisi.
 Take your trumps, the fame to swell,
 Of Sir Is-mb-rt Br-n-l.

Phantoms of the fiery crown !
 Plunged ten thousand fathoms down
 In the deep Pacific's wave,
 In the Ocean's central cave,
 Where the infant earthquakes sleep,
 Where the young tornadoes creep.
 Chant the praise, where'er ye dwell,
 Of Sir Is-mb-rt Br-n-l.

What, if Green's Nassau balloon
 (Ere its voyage to the moon)
 'Twixt Vauxhall and Stepney plies,
 Straining London's million eyes,
 Dropping on the breezes bland,
 (Good for gazers,) bags of sand ;
 Green's a blacksmith to a belle,
 To Sir Is-mb-rt Br-n-l.

Great magician of the Tunnel !
 Earth bows down before thy funnel,
 Darting on through swamp and crag,
 Faster than a Gaul can brag ;
 All Newmarket's tip-top speed,
 To thy stud is broken-knee'd ;
 Zephyr spavin'd, lightning slow,
 To thy fiery rush below.

Ships no more shall trust to sails,
 Boats no more be swamp'd by whales,
 Sailors sink no more in barks,
 (Built by contract with the sharks,)
 Though the tempest o'er us roar ;
 Flying through thy Tunnel's bore,
 What care we for mount or main,
 What can stop the Monster-Train ?

There let Murchison and Lyell
 Of our Tunnel make the trial.
 We shall make them cross the Line,
 Fifty miles below the brine—
 Leaving blockheads to discuss
 Paving-stones with Swiss or Russ,
 Or in some Cathedral stall,
 Still to play their cup and ball.

What, if rushes the Great Western
 Rapid as a racer's pastern,
 At each paddle's thundering stroke,
 Blackening hemispheres with smoke,

Bouncing like a soda-cork ;
 Raising consols in New York,
 E'er the lie has time to cool,
 Forged in bustling Liverpool.

Yet, a river to a runnel,
 To the steamer is the Tunnel ;
 Screw and sail alike shall lag,
 To the "Rumour" in thy bag,
 While *she* puffs to make the land,
 Thou shalt have the Stock in hand,
 Smashing bill-broker and banker
 Days, before she drops her anchor.

Then, if England has a foe,
 We shall rout him from below.
 Through our Ocean tunnel's arch,
 Shall the bold battalions march,
 Piled upon our flying waggons,
 Spouting fire and smoke like dragons ;
 Sweeping on, like shooting-stars,
 Guardsmen, rifles, and hussars.

We shall *tunnelize* the Poles,
 Bringing down the cost of coals ;
 Making Yankees sell their ice
 At a Christian sort of price ;
 Making China's long-tail'd Khan
 Sell his Congo as he can,
 In our world of fire and shade,
 Carrying on earth's grand "Free Trade.

We shall bore the broad Atlantic,
 Making every grampus frantic ;
 Killing Jonathan with spite,
 As the Train shoots up to light.
 Mexico her hands shall clap,
 Tahiti throw up her cap,
 Till the globe one shout shall swell
 To Sir Is-mb-rt Br-n-l.

But this scene is memorable for more ancient recollections. It was in this spot, that once, every master of a merchant ship took off his hat in reverence to the *genius loci* ; but never dared to drop his anchor. It was named the Pool, from the multitude of wrecks which had occurred there in the most mysterious manner ; until it was ascertained that it was the chief resort of the mermen and mer-

maids, who originally haunted the depths of the sylvan Thamesis.

There annually, from ages long before the Olympiads, the youths and maidens came, to fling garlands into the stream, and inquire the time proper for matrimony. It was from one of their chants, that John Milton borrowed his pretty hymn to the presiding nymph—

" Listen, where thou art sitting,
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose trains of thy amber-dropping hair.
 Listen, for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the Silver Lake,
 Listen and save ! "

On the coast of Norway there is another Pool, entitled the Maelstrom, where ships used to disappear, no one knew why. But the manner was different; they no sooner touched the edge of the prohibited spot than they were swept with the fury of a hurricane into the centre, where they no sooner arrived than they were pulled down, shattered into a thousand fragments, and never heard of more. This was evidently the work of the mermen, who however, being of Northern breed, had, like the usual generation of that wild and winterly region, tempers of indigenous ferocity. But the tenants of the Thames, inheriting the softer temper of their clime, were gentler in their style of administering justice, which they administered effectually, notwithstanding. Every unlucky vessel which stopped upon the exclusive spot, quietly sank. The operation regularly took place in the night. By morning the only remnant of its existence was discoverable among the huts along the shore, exhibiting foreign silks, Dutch drams, French brandy, and other forbidden articles, which, somehow or other, had escaped from the bosom of the deep.

The legend goes on to say, that from those fatalities the place was cautiously avoided, until, about a hundred and fifty years ago, one fine evening in May, a large merchantman came in full sail up the river, and dropped her anchor exactly in the spot of peril. All the people of the shore were astounded at this act of presumption, and numberless boats put off to acquaint the skipper with his danger. But, as the legend tells, "he was a bold vain man, with a huge swaggering sword at his side, a purse in his girdle, and a pipe in his mouth. Upon hearing of the aforesaid tale, he scoffed greatly, saying, in most

wicked and daring language, that he had come from the East Indian possessions of the Dutch republic, where he had seen jugglers and necromancers of all kinds; but he defied them all, and cared not the lighting of his meerscham for all the mermaids under the salt seas." Upon the hearing of which desperate speech all the bystanders took to their boats, fearing that the good ship would be plucked to the bottom of the river without delay.

But at morning dawn the good ship still was there, to the surprise of all. However, the captain was to have a warning. As he was looking over the stern, and laughing at the story, the steersman saw him suddenly turn pale and fix his eyes upon the water, then running by at the rate of about five knots. The crew hurried forward, and lo and behold! there arose close to the ship a merman, a very respectable-looking person, in Sunday clothes and with his hair powdered, who desired the captain to carry his vessel from the place, because "his anchor had dropt exactly against his hall door, and prevented his family from going to church."

The whole history is well known at Deptford, Rotherhithe, and places adjacent; and it finishes, by saying, that the captain, scoffing at the request, the merman took his leave with an angry expression on his countenance, a storm came on in the night, and nothing of captain, crew, or ship, was ever heard of more.

But the spot is boundless in legendary lore. A prediction which had for centuries puzzled all the readers of Mother Shipton, was delivered by her in the small dwelling whose ruins are still visible on the Wapping shore. The prophecy was as follows:—

Eighteene hundred thirty-five,
Which of us shall be alive?
Many a king shall ende his reign;
Many a knave his ende shall gain;
Many a statesman be in trouble;
Many a scheme the worlde shall bubble;
Many a man shall selle his vote;
Many a man shall turne his coat.
Righte be wronge, and wronge be righte,
By Westminster's candle-lighte.

But, when from the top of Bow
 Shall the dragon stoop full low.
 When from church of holy Paul
 Shall come down both crosse and ball.
 When all men shall see them meete
 On the land, yet by the Fleet.
 When below the Thamis bed
 Shall be seen the furnace red ;
 When its bottom shall drop out,
 Making hundreds swim about,
 Where a fishe had never swum,
 Then shall doleful tidings come.
 Flood and famine, woe and taxe,
 Melting England's strength like waxe ;
 Till she fights both France and Spain,
 Then shall all be well again !

I shall have an infinite respect for Mother Shipton in future. All was amply verified. The repairs of St Paul's, in the year stated, required that the cross and ball should be taken down, which was done accordingly. Bow Church, whose bells are supposed to thrill the *intima praeordia* of every Londoner's memory in every part of the globe, happening to be in the same condition, the dragon on the spire was also taken down, and cross, ball, and dragon, were sent to a coppersmith's, in Ludgate Hill, beside the Fleet prison, where they were to be seen by all the wondering popula-

tion, lying together. The third feature of the wisdom of Mother Shipton was fulfilled with equal exactitude. The Thames Tunnel had been pushed to the middle of the river's bed, when, coming to a loose portion of the clay, the roof fell in ; the Thames burst through its own bottom, the Tunnel was instantly filled, and the workmen were forced to swim for their lives. The remainder of the oracle, partly present, is undeniable while we have an income tax, and the *finale* may be equally relied on, to the honour of the English Pythonness.

RECENT ROYAL MARRIAGES.

AT this dull season, the long vacation of legislators, when French deputies and English members, weary of bills and debates, motions and amendments, take their autumnal ramble, or range their well-stocked preserves, and when newspapers are at their wits' end for subjects of discussion, a topic like the Spanish marriages, intrinsically so important, in arrival so opportune, has naturally monopolised the attention of the daily press. For some time previously, the English public had paid little attention to Spanish affairs. Men were weary of watching the constant changes, the shameless corruption, the scandalous intrigues, from which that unfortunate country and its unquiet population have so long suffered; they had ceased in great measure to follow the thread of Peninsular politics. The arbitrary and unconstitutional influences employed at the last elections, and the tyranny exercised towards the press, deprived foreigners of the most important data whence to judge the real state of public feeling and opinion south of the Pyrenees. The debates of Cortes elected under circumstances of flagrant intimidation, and whose members, almost to a man, were creatures of a *Camarilla*, were no guide to the sentiments of a nation: journalists, sorely persecuted, writing in terror of bayonets, in peril of ruinous fine and arbitrary imprisonment, dared not speak the voice of truth, and feared to echo the wishes and indignation of the vast but soldier-ridden majority of their countrymen. Thus, without free papers or fair debates to guide them, foreigners could attain but an imperfect perception of the state of Spanish affairs. The view obtained was vague—the outline faint and broken—details were wanting. Hence the Spanish marriages, although so much has been written about them, have in England been but partially understood. Much indignation and censure have been expended upon those who achieved them; many conjectures have been hazarded as to their proximate and remote conse-

quences; but one very curious point has barely been glanced at. Scarcely an attempt has been made to investigate the singular state of parties, and strange concurrence of circumstances, that have enabled a few score persons to overbalance the will of a nation. How is it that a people, once so great and powerful, still so easy to rouse, and jealous of its independence, has suffered itself to be fooled by an abandoned Italian woman, and a wily and unscrupulous foreign potentate—by a corrupt *Camarilla*, and a party that is but a name? How is it that Spain has thus unresistingly beheld the consummation of an alliance so odious to her children, and against which, from Portugal to the Mediterranean, from Gibraltar's straits to Cantabria's coast, but one opinion is held, but one voice heard—a voice of reprobation and aggrieved nationality?

Yes, within the last few weeks, wondering Europe has witnessed a strange spectacle. A queen and her sister, children in years and understanding, have been wedded—the former completely against her inclinations, the latter in direct opposition to the wishes and interests of her country, and in defiance of stern remonstrance and angry protest from allied and powerful states—to most unsuitable bridegrooms. The queen, Isabella of Spain, has, it is true, a Spaniard for her husband; and him, therefore, her jealous and suspicious subjects tolerate, though they cannot approve. Feeble and undecided of character, unstable in his political opinions—if, indeed, political opinions he have other than are supplied to him, ready formed, by insidious and unworthy advisers—Don Francisco de Assis is the last man to sit on the right hand of a youthful queen, governing an unsettled country and a restless people, to inspire her with energy and assist her with wise counsels. It redounds little to the honour of the name of Bourbon, that if it was essential the Queen should marry a member of that house, her present husband was, with perhaps one excep-

tion, as eligible a candidate as could be selected. That marriage decided upon, however, it became doubly important to secure for the Infanta Luisa—the future Queen of Spain should her sister die without issue—a husband in all respects desirable; and, above all, one agreeable to the Spanish nation. Has this been done? What advantages does the husband of the girl of fourteen, of the heir-presumptive to the Spanish crown, bring to Spain, in exchange for the rich dowery of his child-bride—for the chance, not to say the probability, of being a queen's husband—and for an immense accession of influence to his dynasty in the country where that dynasty most covets it? The advantages are all of a negative kind. By that marriage, Spain, delivered over to French intrigues, exposed to the machinations and vampire-like endearments of an ancient and hereditary foe, becomes *de facto* a vassal to her puissant neighbour.

The question of the Queen of Spain's marriage was first mooted within a very few days after her birth. In the spring of 1830, Queen Christina found herself with child for the first time; and her husband, Ferdinand VII., amongst whose many bad and unkingly qualities want of foresight could not be reckoned, published the Pragmatic Sanction that secured the crown to his offspring should it prove a girl. A girl it was; and scarcely had the infant been baptised, when her father began to think of a husband for her. "She shall be married," he said, "to a son of my brother Francisco." By and by Christina bore a second daughter, and then the King said—"They shall be married to the two eldest sons of my brother Francisco."

Ferdinand died; and, as he had often predicted—comparing himself to the cork of a bottle of beer, which restrains the fermented liquor—at his death civil war broke out. Isabella was still an infant; the first thing to be done was to secure her the crown; and for the time, naturally enough, few thought about her marriage. Queen Christina was an exception. She apparently remembered and respected her husband's wishes; and in her conversations and correspondence

with her sister, Luisa Carlota, wife of the Infante Don Francisco de Paulo, she frequently referred to them, and expressed a strong desire for their fulfilment. In the month of June of the present year, a Madrid newspaper, the *Clamor Publico*, published a letter of hers, written most strongly in that sense. It bears date the 23d of January 1836, and is the reply to one from Doña Luisa Carlota, in which reference was made to conversations between the two sisters and Ferdinand, respecting the marriage of his daughters to the sons of Don Francisco. "The idea has always flattered my heart," Christina wrote, "and I would fain see its realisation near at hand; for it was the wish and will of the beloved Ferdinand, which I will ever strive to fulfil in all that depends on me. * * * Besides which, I believe that the national representation, far from opposing, will approve these marriages, as advantageous not only to our family, but to the nation itself, your sons being Spanish princes. I will not fail to propose it when the moment arrives." Notwithstanding these fair promises, and her respect for the wishes of Ferdinand the well-beloved, we find Christina, less than two years later, negotiating for her royal daughter a very different alliance. Irritated, on the one hand, against the Liberal party, to whose demands she had been compelled to yield; and alarmed, upon the other, at the progress of the Carlist armies, which were marching upon Madrid, then defended only by the national guards, she treated with Don Carlos for a marriage between the Queen and his eldest son. The Carlists were driven back to their mountain strongholds, and, the pressing danger over—although the war still continued with great fury—that project of alliance was shelved, and another, a very important one, broached. It was proposed to marry the Queen of Spain to an archduke of Austria, who should command the Spanish army, and to whom Christina expressed herself willing to give a share of the Regency, or even to yield it entirely. This was the motive of the mission of Zea Bermudez to Vienna. That envoy stipulated, as an indispensable condition of the success

of his negotiations, that they should be kept a profound secret from the King of the French. The condition was not observed. Christina herself, it is said, unable to keep any thing from her dear uncle, told him all, and Bermudez had to leave Vienna almost before the matter in hand had been entered upon. Thereupon the queen-mother reverted to the marriage with a son of Don Carlos. The Conde de Toreno, for a moment weak enough to enter into her views, endeavoured to prepare the public for their disclosure, by announcing in the Cortes, that wars like the one then devastating Spain could only be terminated by a compromise—meaning a marriage. The Cortes thought differently, and, by other means, the war was brought to a close.

The year 1840 witnessed the expulsion of Christina from Spain, and the appointment of Espartero to the Regency. During his three years' sway, that general refused to make or meddle in any way with the Queen's marriage. He said, that as she was not to marry till her majority, and as he should then no longer be Regent, his government had no occasion to busy itself with the matter. The friends of Spain have reason to wish that the Duke de la Victoria had shown himself less unassuming and reserved with respect to that most important question. Whilst it was thus temporarily lost sight of at Madrid, the queen-mother, in her retirement at Paris, took counsel with the most wily and far-sighted sovereign of Europe, and from that time must doubtless be dated the plans which Christina and Louis Philippe have at last so victoriously carried out. They had each their own interests in view—their own objects to accomplish—and it so chanced that those interests and objects were easily made to coincide. Concerning those of Christina, we shall presently speak at some length; those of the French king are now so notorious, that it is unnecessary to do more than glance at them. His first plan—a bold one, certainly—was to marry the Queen of Spain to the Duke d'Anmale. To this, Christina did not object. Her affection for her daughter—since then grievously diminished—prompted her

to approve the match. The duke was a fine young man, and very rich. To a tender mother—which she claimed to be—the temptation was great. Doubtless, also, she received from Louis Philippe, as price of her concurrence, an assurance that certain private views and arrangements of her own should not to be interfered with—certain guardianship accounts and unworthy speculations not too curiously investigated. Of this, more hereafter. The result of the intrigues and negotiations between the Tuilleries and the Hotel de Courcelles, was the diplomatic mission of M. Pageot, who was sent to London and to the principal continental courts, to announce, on the part of the King of the French, that, considering himself the chief of the Bourbon family, he felt called upon to declare that, according to the spirit of the treaty of Utrecht, the Queen of Spain could marry none but a Bourbon prince. The success of this first move, intended as a feeler to see how far he could venture to put forward a son of his own, was not such as to flatter the wishes of the French monarch. The reply of the British government was, that, according to the constitution of Spain, the Cortes must decide who was to be the Queen's husband, and that he whom the Cortes should select, would, for England, be the legitimate aspirant. Without being so liberal in tone, the answers given by the cabinets of Vienna and Berlin were not more satisfactory; and the spleen of the French king manifested itself by the mouth of M. Guizot, who, with less than his usual prudence, went so far as to menace Spain with a war, if the Queen married any but a Bourbon. This occurred in March 1843.

In the following June, Espartero, in his turn, was driven from power and from his country. Well known as it was, that French manœuvres and French gold had, by deluding the nation, and corrupting the army, powerfully contributed to the overthrow of the only conscientious and constitutional ruler with whom Spain had for a long period been blessed, it was expected that Christina and her friends would do their utmost to bring about the immediate marriage of the

Queen and the Duke d'Aumale. Then occurred the long projected and much talked of visit of Queen Victoria to the castle of En, where the question of Isabella's marriage was made the subject of a conference between the sovereigns of France and England, assisted by their ministers for foreign affairs, M. Guizot and Lord Aberdeen. It was shortly afterwards known that the King of the French had given the most satisfactory pledges, which were communicated to the principal foreign courts, that he not only would not strive to effect a marriage between the Queen of Spain and a son of his, but that he would positively refuse his consent to any such union. Further, that if a marriage should be arranged between the Duke of Montpensier and the Infanta Luisa, it should not take place till Isabella was married and had issue. As an equivalent to these concessions, the English minister for foreign affairs had to declare, that without entering into an examination of the Treaty of Utrecht, or recognising any right contrary to the complete independence of the Spanish nation, it was desirable that the Queen should wed a descendant of Philip the Fifth, provided always such marriage was brought about conformably with the rules prescribed by the constitution of Spain.

Compelled to abandon the design of marrying Isabella to a French prince, Louis Philippe, like a wary and prudent general, applied himself to improve the next best position, to which he had fallen back, and where he determined to maintain himself. Aumale could not have the Queen, but Montpensier should have the Infanta; and the aim must now be to increase the value of prize No. 2, by throwing prize No. 1 into the least worthy hands possible. In other words, the Queen must be married to the most incapable and uninfluential blockhead, who, being of Bourbon blood, could possibly be foisted upon her and the Spanish nation. To this end Count Trapani was pitched upon; and the first Narvaez ministry—including Señor Pedal and other birds of the same disreputable feather—which succeeded the one presided over by that indecent charlatan Gonzales Bravo, did all in its power

to forward the pretensions of the Neapolitan prince, and accomplish his marriage with the Queen. To this end it was absolutely necessary to dispense with the approbation of the Cortes, required by the constitution. For although those Cortes had been chosen without the concurrence of the Progresista party—whose chiefs were all in exile, in prison, or prevented by the grossest intimidation from voting at the elections—on the question of the Trapani marriage they were found indocile. The profound contempt and marked antipathy with which Spaniards view whatever comes from Naples, and the offence given to the national dignity by the evident fact, that this candidate was imposed upon the country by the French government, convinced the latter, and that of Spain, which was its instrument, that even the Cortes they themselves had picked and chosen, lacked baseness or courage to consent to the Trapani alliance. Then was resolved upon and effected the constitutional REFORM, suppressing the article that required the approbation of the Cortes, and replacing it by another, which only rendered it compulsory to announce to them the husband chosen by the Queen. But the manoeuvres of France were too clumsy and palpable. It was known that Christina had promised the hand of the Infanta to the Duke of Montpensier; Louis Philippe's object in backing Trapani was easily seen through; and so furious was the excitement of the public mind throughout Spain, so alarming the indications of popular exasperation, that the unlucky Neapolitan candidate was finally thrown overboard.

Here we must retrace our steps, and consider Queen Christina's motives in sacrificing what remained to her of prestige and popularity in her adopted country, to assist, through thick and thin, by deceit, subterfuge, and treachery, the ambitions and encroaching views of her French uncle. There was a time—it is now long past—when no name was more loved and respected by the whole Spanish nation, excluding of course the Carlist party, than that of Maria Christina de Borbon. She so frankly identified herself with the country in

which marriage fixed her lot, that in becoming a Spanish queen she had apparently become a Spanish woman; and, in spite of her Neapolitan birth, she speedily conquered the good-will of her subjects. Thousands of political exiles, restored to home and family by amnesties of her promotion, invoked blessings on her head: the great majority of the nation, anxious to see Spain governed mildly and constitutionally, not despotically and tyrannically, hailed in her the good genius who was to accord them their desires. Her real character was not yet seen through; with true Bourbon dissimulation she knew how to veil her vices. She had the credit also of being a tender and unselfish parent, ever ready to sacrifice herself to the interests of her children. Her egotism was as yet unsuspected, her avarice dormant, her sensuality unrevealed; and none then dreamed that a day would come, when, impelled by the meanest and most selfish motives, she would urge her weeping daughter into the arms of a detested and incompetent bridegroom.

By her *liaison* with Muñoz, the first blow was given to Christina's character and popularity. This scandalous amour with the son of a cigar-seller at Tarançon, a coarse and ignorant man, whose sole recommendations were physical, and who, when first noticed by the queen, occupied the humble post of a private garde-de-corps, commenced, in the belief of many, previously to the death of Ferdinand. Be that true or not, it is certain that towards the close of the king's life, when he was helpless and worn out by disease, the result of his reckless debaucheries, she sought the society of the stalwart lifeguardsman, and distinguished him by marks of favour. It was said to be through her interest that he was promoted to the rank of cadet in the body-guard, which gave him that of captain in the army. Ferdinand died, and her intrigue was speedily manifest, to the disgust and grief of her subjects. In time of peace her degrading devotion to a low-born paramour would doubtless have called forth strong marks of popular indignation; but the anxieties and horrors of a sanguinary civil war engrossed the public attention, and secured her

a partial impunity. As it was, her misconduct was sufficiently detrimental to her daughter's cause. The Carlists taunted their opponents with serving under the banner of a wanton; and the Liberals, on their part, could not but feel that their infant queen was in no good school or safe keeping.

The private fortune of Ferdinand the Seventh was well known to be prodigious. Its sources were not difficult to trace. An absolute monarch, without a civil list, when he wished for money he had but to draw upon the public revenue for any funds the treasury might contain. Of this power he made no sparing use. Then there was the immense income derived from the *Patrimonia Real*, or Royal Patrimony, vast possessions which descend from one King of Spain to another, for their use and benefit so long as they occupy the throne. The whole of the town of Aranjuez, the estates attached to the Pardo, La Granja, the Escorial, and other palaces, form only a portion of this magnificent property, yielding an enormous annual sum. Add to these sources of wealth, property obtained by inheritance, his gains in a nefariously conducted lottery, and other underhand and illicit profits, and it is easy to comprehend that Ferdinand died the richest capitalist in Europe. The amount of his savings could but be guessed at. By some they were estimated at the incredibly large sum of eight millions sterling. But no one could tell exactly, owing to the manner in which the money was invested. It was dispersed in the hands of various European bankers; also in those of certain American ones, by whose failure great loss was sustained. No trifling sum was represented by diamonds and jewels. It was hardly to be supposed that the prudent owner of all this wealth would die intestate, and there is scarcely a doubt that he left a will. To the universal astonishment, however, upon his decease, none was forthcoming, and his whole property was declared at sixty millions of francs, which, according to the Spanish law, was divided between his daughters. No one was at a loss to conjecture what became of the large

residue there unquestionably was. It was well understood, and her subsequent conduct confirmed the belief, that the lion's share of the royal spoils was appropriated by the young widow, whose grief for the loss of the beloved Ferdinand was not so violent and engrossing as to make her lose sight of the main chance. After so glorious a haul, it might have been expected that she would hold her hand, and rest contented with the pleasing consciousness, that should she ever be induced or compelled to leave Spain, she had wherewithal to live in queenly splendour and luxury. But her thirst of wealth is not of those that can be assuaged even by rivers of gold. Though the bed of the Manzanares were of the yellow metal, and she had the monopoly of its sands, the mine would be all insufficient to satiate her avarice. After appropriating her children's inheritance, she applied herself to increase her store by a systematic pillage of the Queen of Spain's revenues. As Isabella's guardian, the income derived from the *Patrimonio Real* passed through her hands, to which the gold adhered like steel-dust to a loadstone. Whilst the nation strained each nerve, and submitted to the severest sacrifices, to meet the expenses of a costly war—whilst the army was barefoot and hungered, but still stanch in defence of the throne of Isabella—Christina, with her mouth full of patriotism and love of Spain, remitted to foreign capitalists the rich fruits of her speculations, provision for the rainy day which came sooner than she anticipated, future fortunes for Muñoz's children. The natural effect of her disreputable intrigue or second marriage, whichever it at that time was to be called, was to weaken her affection for her royal daughters, especially when she found a second and numerous family springing up around her. To her anxiety for this second family, and to the influence of Muñoz, may be traced her adherence to the King of the French, and the cruel and unmotherly part she has recently acted towards the Queen of Spain.

Previously to Christina's expulsion from the Regency in the year 1840, little was seen or known of her children by Muñoz. During her three

years' residence at Paris, a similar silence and mystery was observed respecting them, and they lived retired in a country-house near Vevay, upon the Lake of Geneva, whither those born in the French capital were also dispatched. This prudent reserve is now at an end, and the grandchildren of the Tarazon tobaccoist sit around, almost on a level with, the throne of the Spanish Queen. Titles are showered upon them, cringing courtiers wait upon their nod, and the once proud and powerful grandees of Spain, descendants of the haughty warriors who drove the Saracens from Iberian soil, and stood covered in the presence of the Fifth Charles, adulterate the illegitimate progeny of a Muñoz and a Christina. Subtle have been the calculations, countless the intrigues, shameful the misdeeds that have led to this result, so much desired by the parents of the ennobled bastards, so undesirable for the honour and dignity of Spain. It is obvious that, with the immense wealth, whose acquisition has been already explained, Christina would have had no difficulty in portioning off her half-score children, and enabling them to live rich and independent in a foreign country. But this arrangement did not suit her views; still less did it accord with those of the Duke of Rianzares. He founded his objections upon a patriotic pretext. He wished his children, he said, to be Spanish citizens, not aliens—to hold property in their own country—to live respected in Spain, and not as exiles in a foreign land. It may be supposed there was no obstacle to their so doing, and that in Spain, as elsewhere, they could reckon at least upon that amount of ease and consideration which money can give. But here came the sticking-point, the grand difficulty, only to be got over by grand means and great ingenuity. Christina had been the guardian of the Queen and Infanta during their long minority: guardians, upon the expiration of their trust, are expected to render accounts, and this the mother of Isabel was wholly unprepared to do, in such a manner as would enable her to retain the plunder accumulated during the period of her guardianship. She had certainly the

option of declining to render any—of taking herself and her wealth, her husband and her children, out of Spain, and of living luxuriously elsewhere. But it has already been seen, that neither she nor Muñoz liked the prospect of such banishment, however magnificent and numerous the appliances brought by wealth to render it enduring. What, then, was to be done? It was quite positive that the husbands of the Queen and Infanta would demand accounts of their wives' fortune and of its management during their minority. How were their demands to be met—how such difficulties got over? It was hard to say. The position resembled what the Yankees call a "fix." The cruel choice lay between a compulsory disengagement of an amount of ill-gotten gold, such as no moral emetic could ever have induced Christina to render up, and the abandonment of Muñoz's darling project of making himself and his children lords of the soil in their native land. The only chance of an exit from this circle of difficulties, was to be obtained by uniting the Queen and her sister to men so weak and imbecile, or so under the dominion and influence of Christina, that they would let bygones be bygones, take what they could get and be grateful, without troubling themselves about accounts, or claiming arrears. To find two such men, who should also possess the various qualifications essential to the husbands of a Queen and Infanta of Spain, certainly appeared no easy matter—to say nothing of the odious selfishness and sin of thus sacrificing two defenceless and inexperienced children. But Christina's scruples were few; and, as to difficulties, her resolution rose as they increased. Had she not also a wise and willing counsellor in the most cunning man in Europe? Was not her dear uncle and gossip at hand to quiet her qualms of conscience, if by such she was tormented, and to demonstrate the feasibility—nay, more, the propriety of her schemes? To him she resorted in her hour of need, and with him she soon came to an understanding. He met her half-way, with a bland smile and words of promise. "Marry one of your daughters," was his sage and disinterested

advice, "to a son of mine, and be sure that my boys are too well bred to pry into your little economics. We should prefer the Queen; but, if it cannot be managed, we will take the Infanta. Isabella shall be given to some good quiet fellow, not over clever, who will respect you far too much to dream of asking for accounts. Of time we have plenty; be stanch to me, and all shall go well." What wonder if from the day this happy understanding, this real *entente cordiale*, was come to, Christina was the docile agent, the obedient tool, of her venerable confederate! No general in the jaws of a defile, with foes in front and rear, was ever more thankful to the guide who led him by stealthy paths from his pressing peril, than was the daughter of Naples to her wary adviser and potent ally. And how charming was the union of interests—how touching the unanimity of feeling—how beautifully did the one's ambition and the other's avarice dovetail and coincide! The King's gain was the Queen's profit: it was the slaughter with one pebble of two much-coveted birds, fat and savoury mouthfuls for the royal and politic fowlers.

In the secret conclave at the Tuileries, "all now went merry as a marriage bell." In the ears of niece and uncle resounded, by anticipation, the joyous chimes that should usher in the Montpensier marriage, proclaim their triumph, drown the cries of rage of the Spanish nation, and the indignant murmurs of Europe;—not that the goal was so near, the prize so certain and easy of attainment. Much yet remained to do; a false step might be ruinous—over-precipitation ensure defeat. The King of the French was not the man to make the one, or be guilty of the other. With "slow and sure" for his motto, he patiently waited his opportunity. In due season, and greatly aided by French machinations, the downfall of the impracticable and incorruptible Espartero was effected. But the government of Spain was still in the hands of the Progresistas. For it will be remembered that the immediate cause of Espartero's fall was the opposition of a section of his own party, which, united now in their adversity, unfor-

tunately knew not, in the days of their power, how to abstain from internal dissensions. The Lopez ministry held the reins of government. It was essential to oust it. As a first step, a *Camarilla* was organised, composed of the brutal and violent Narvaez, the daring and disreputable Marchioness of Santa Cruz, and a few others of the same stamp, all ultra-Moderados in politics, and fervent partisans of Christina. So successfully did they use their backstairs influence, and wield their weapons of corruption and intrigue, that, within four months, and immediately after the accelerated declaration of the Queen's majority, Lopez and his colleagues resigned. Olozaga succeeded them; but he, too, was a Progresista and an upholder of Spanish nationality; there was no hope of his giving in to the plans of Christina the Afrancesada. Moreover, he was hated by the *Camarilla*, and especially detested by the Queen-mother, whose expulsion from Paris he had demanded when ambassador there from Espartero's government. She determined on a signal vengeance. The Palace Farce, that strange episode in the history of modern Spanish courts, must be fresh in every one's memory. An accusation, as malignant as absurd, was trumped up against Olozaga, of having used force, manfully and disloyal violence, to compel Isabella to sign a decree for the dissolution of the Cortes. No one really believed the ridiculous tale, or that Salustiano de Olozaga, the high-bred gentleman, the uniformly respectful subject, could have afforded by his conduct the shadow of a ground for the base charge. Subsequently, in the Cortes, he nobly faced his foes, and, with nervous and irresistible eloquence, hurled back the calumny in their teeth. But it had already served their turn. To beat a dog any stick will do; and the only care of the *Camarilla* was to select the one that would inflict the most poignant wound. Olozaga was hunted from the ministry, and sought, in flight, safety from the assassin's dagger. Those best informed entertained no doubt that his expulsion was intimately connected with the marriage question. With him the last of the Progresistas were got rid of, and all obstacles being re-

moved, the Queen-mother returned to Madrid.

Were the last crowning proof insufficient to carry conviction, it would be easy to adduce innumerable minor ones of Christina's heartless selfishness—of her disregard to the happiness, and even to the commonest comforts, of her royal daughter. We read in history of a child of France, the widow of an English king, who, when a refugee in the capital of her ancestors, lacked fuel in a French palace, and was fain to seek in bed the warmth of which the parsimony of a griping Italian minister denied her the fitting means. It is less generally known, that only six years ago, the inheritress of the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella was despoiled of the commonest necessities of life by her own mother, a countrywoman of the miserly cardinal at whose hands Henrietta of England experienced such shameful neglect. When Christina quitted Spain in 1840, she not only carried off an enormous amount of national property, including the crown jewels, but also her daughter's own ornaments; and, at the same time, even the wardrobe of the poor child was mysteriously, but not unaccountably, abstracted: Isabella was left literally short of linen. As to jewels, it was necessary immediately to buy her a set of diamonds, in order that she might make a proper appearance at her own court. Such was the considerate and self-denying conduct of the affectionate mother, who, in the winter of 1843, resumed her place in the palace and counsels of the Queen of Spain. In her natural protector, the youthful sovereign found her worst enemy.

Persons only superficially acquainted with Spanish politics commonly fall into two errors. They are apt to believe, first, that the two great parties which, with the exception of the minor factions of Carlists and Republicans, divide Spain between them, are nearly equally balanced and national; secondly, that Moderados and Progresistas in Spain are equivalent to Conservatives and Radicals in other countries. Blunders both. Eccentric in its politics, as in most respects, Spain cannot be measured with the line and compass employed

to estimate its neighbours. It is impossible to conceal the fact, that to-day the numerous and the national party in Spain is that of the *Progresistas*. The tyranny of Narvaez, the misconduct of Christina, and, above all, the French marriage, have greatly strengthened their ranks and increased their popularity. Their principles are not subversive, nor their demands exorbitant: they aim at no monopoly of power. Three things they earnestly desire and vehemently claim: the freedom of election guaranteed by the existing constitution of Spain, but which has been so infamously trampled upon by recent Spanish rulers, liberty of the press, and the preservation of Spain from foreign influence and domination.

Let us examine the composition and conduct of the party called *Moderado*. This party, now dominant, is unquestionably the most split up and divided of any that flourish upon Spanish soil. It is not deficient in men of capacity, but upon none of the grave questions that agitate the country can these agree. When the Cortes sit, this is manifest in their debates. Although purged of *Progresistas*, the legislative chambers exhibit perpetual disagreement and wrangling. At other times, the dissensions of the *Moderados* are made evident by their organs of the press. In some of these appear articles which would not sound discordant in the mouths of *Progresistas*; in others are found doctrines and arguments worthy of the apostles of absolutism. Between Narvaez and Pacheco the interval is wider than between Pacheco and the *Progresistas*. The first, in order to govern, sought support from the Absolutists; the second could not rule without calling the Liberals to his aid. Subdivided into fractions, this party, whose nomenclature is now complicated, relies for existence less upon itself than upon extraneous circumstances, foreign support, and the equilibrium of the elements opposed to it. The anarchy to which it is a prey, has been especially manifest upon the marriage question. Whilst one of its organs shamelessly supported Trapani, others cried out for a Coburg; and, again, others insisted that a Spanish prince was the only

proper candidate—thus coinciding with the *Progresistas*. In fact, the *Moderados*, afraid, perhaps, of compromising their precarious existence, had no candidate of their own; and in their fluctuations between foreign influence and interior exigencies, between court and people, between their wish to remain in power and the difficulty of retaining it, they left, in great measure, to chance, the election in which they dared not openly meddle. This will sound strange to the many who, as we have already observed, imagine the *Moderado* party to be the Conservative one of England or France; but not to those aware of the fact, that it is a collection of unities, brought together rather by accidental circumstances than by homogeneity of principles, united for the exclusion of others, and for their own interests, not by conformity of doctrines and a sincere wish for their country's good.

Such was the party, unstable and unpatriotic, during whose ascendancy Christina and her royal confederate resolved to carry out their dishonest projects. The Queen-mother well knew that the mass of the nation would be opposed to their realisation; but she reckoned on means sufficiently powerful to render indignation impotent, and frustrate revolt. She trusted to the adherence of an army, purposely caressed, pampered, and corrupted; she felt strong in the support of a monarch, whose interest in the affair was at least equal to her own; she observed with satisfaction the indifferent attitude assumed by the British government with respect to Spanish affairs. A *Progresista* demonstration in Galicia, although shared in by seven battalions of the army—an ugly symptom—was promptly suppressed, owing to want of organisation, and to the treachery or incapacity of its leader. The scaffold and the galleys, prison and exile, disposed of a large proportion of the discontented and dangerous. Arbitrary dismissals, of which, for the most part, little was heard out of Spain, purified the army from the more honest and independent of its officers, suspected of disaffection to the existing government, or deemed capable of exerting themselves to oppose an injurious or discreditable

alliance. Time wore on; the decisive moment approached. Each day it became more evident that the Queen's marriage could not with propriety be much longer deferred. Setting aside other considerations, she had already fully attained the precocious womanhood of her country; and it was neither safe nor fitting that she should continue to inhale the corrupt atmosphere of the Madrid court without the protection of a husband. At last the hour came; the plot was ripe, and nothing remained but to secure the concurrence of the victim. One short night, a night of tears and repugnance on the one hand, of flatteries, of menaces and intimidation, on the other, decided the fate of Isabella. With her sister less trouble was requisite. It needed no great persuasive art to induce a child of fourteen to accept a husband, as willingly as she would have done a doll. It might have been thought necessary to consult the will of the Spanish nation, fairly represented in freely elected Cortes. Such, at least, was the course pointed out by the constitution of the country. It would also have been but decorous to seek the approval and concurrence of foreign and friendly states, to establish beyond dispute, that the proposed marriages were in contravention of no existing treaties; for, with respect to one of them, this doubt might fairly be raised. But all such considerations were waived; decency and courtesy alike forgotten. The double marriage was effected in the manner of a surprise; and, if creditable to the skill, it most assuredly was dishonourable to the character of its contriver. Availing himself of the moment when the legislative chambers of England, France, and Spain, had suspended their sittings; although, as regards those of the latter country, this mattered little, composed, as they are, of venal hirelings—the French King achieved his grand stroke of policy, the project on which, there can be little doubt, his eyes had for years been fixed. His load of promises and pledges, whether contracted at Eu or elsewhere, encumbered him little. They were a fragile commodity, a brittle merchandise, more for show than use, easily hurled down and broken. Striding over their

shivered fragments, the Napoleon of Peace bore his last unmarried son to the goal long marked out by the paternal ambition. The consequences of the successful race troubled him little. What cared he for offending a powerful ally and personal friend? The arch-schemer made light of the fury of Spain, of the discontent of England, of the opinion of Europe. He paused not to reflect how far his Machiavelian policy would degrade him in the eyes of the many with whom he had previously passed for wise and good, as well as shrewd and far-sighted. Paramount to these considerations was the gratification of his dynastic ambition. For that he broke his plighted word, and sacrificed the good understanding between the governments of two great countries. The monarch of the barricades, the *Roi Populaire*, the chosen sovereign of the men of July, at last plainly showed, what some had already suspected, that the aggrandisement of his family, not the welfare of France, was the object he chiefly coveted. Conviction may later come to him, perhaps it has already come, that *le jeu ne valoit pas la chandelle*, the game was not worth the wax-lights consumed in playing it, and that his present bloodless victory must sooner or later have sanguinary results. That this may not be the case, we ardently desire; that it will be, we cannot doubt. The peace of Europe may not be disturbed—pity that it should in such a quarrel; but for poor Spain we foresee in the Montpensier alliance a gloomy perspective of foreign domination and still recurring revolution.

A word or two respecting the King-consort of Spain, Don Francisco de Assis. We have already intimated that, as a Spanish Bourbon, he may pass muster. 'Tis saying very little. A more pitiful race than these same Bourbons of Spain, surely the sun never shone upon. In vain does one seek amongst them a name worthy of respect. What a list to cull from! The feeble and imbecile Charles the Fourth; Ferdinand, the cruel and treacherous, the tyrannical and profligate; Carlos, the bigot and the hypocrite; Francisco, the incapable. Nor is the rising generation an improvement upon the declining one. How should it be,

with only the Neapolitan cross to improve the breed? Certainly Don Francisco de Assis is no favourable specimen, either physically or morally, of the young Bourbon blood. For the sake of the country whose queen is his wife, we would gladly think well of him, gladly recognise in him qualities worthy the descendant of a line of kings. It is impossible to do so. The evidence is too strong the other way. If it be true, and we have reason to believe it is, that he came forward with reluctance as a candidate for Isabella's hand, chiefly through unwillingness to stand in the light of his brother Don Enrique, partly perhaps through a consciousness of his own unfitness for the elevated station of king-consort, this at least shows some good feeling and good sense. Unfortunately, it is the only indication he has given of the latter quality. His objections to a marriage with his royal cousin were overruled in a manner that says little for his strength of character. When it was found that his dislike to interfere with his brother's pretensions was the chief stumbling-block, those interested in getting over it set the priests at him. To their influence his weak and bigoted mind was peculiarly accessible. Their task was to persuade him that Don Enrique was no better than an atheist, and that his marriage with the Queen would be ruinous to the cause of religion in Spain. This was a mere fabrication. Enrique had never shown any particularly pious dispositions, but there was no ground for accusing him of irreligion, no reason to believe that, as the Queen's husband, he would be found negligent of the church's forms, or setting a bad example to the Spanish nation. The case, however, was made out to the satisfaction of the feeble Francisco, whose credulity and irresolution are only to be equalled in absurdity by the piping treble of the voice with which, as a colonel of cavalry, he endeavoured to convey orders to his squadrons. Sacrificing, as he thought, fraternal affection to the good of his country, he accepted the hand reluctantly placed in his, became a king by title, but remained, what he ever must be, in reality a zero.

It was during the intrigues put in

practice to force the Trapani alliance upon Spain, that the Spanish people turned their eyes to Don Francisco de Paulo's second son, who lived away from the court, following with much zeal his profession of a sailor. Not only the Progresistas, but that section of the Moderados whose principles were most assimilated to theirs, looked upon Don Enrique as the candidate to be preferred before all others. For this there were many reasons. As a Spaniard he was naturally more pleasing to them than a foreigner; in energy and decision of character he was far superior to his brother. Little or nothing was known of his political tendencies; but he had been brought up in a ship and not in a palace, had lived apart from *Camarillas* and their evil influences, and might be expected to govern the country constitutionally, by majorities in the Cortes, and not by the aid and according to the wishes of a pet party. The general belief was, that his marriage with Isabella would give increased popularity to the throne, destroy illegitimate influences, and rid the Queen of those interested and pernicious counsellors who so largely abused her inexperience. These very reasons, which induced the great mass of the nation to view Don Enrique with favour, drew upon him the hatred of Christina and her friends. He was banished from Spain, and became the object of vexatious persecutions. This increased his popularity; and at one time, if his name had been taken as a rallying cry, a flame might have been lighted up in the Peninsula which years would not have extinguished. The opportunity was inviting; but, to their honour be it said, those who would have benefited by embracing it, resisted the temptation. It is no secret that the means and appliances of a successful insurrection were not wanting; that money wherewith to buy the army was liberally forthcoming; that assistance of all kinds was offered them; and that their influence in Spain was great; for in the eyes of the nation they had expiated their errors, errors of judgment only, by a long and painful exile. But, nevertheless, they would not avail themselves of the favourable moment. So long as a

hope remained of obtaining their just desires by peaceable means, by the force of reason and the *puissante propagande de la parole*, they refused again to ensanguine their native soil, and to re-enter Spain on the smoking ruins of its towns, over the lifeless bodies of their mistaken countrymen.

By public prints of weight and information, it has been estimated, that during Don Enrique's brief stay at Paris, he indignantly rejected certain friendly overtures made to him by the King of the French. The nature of these overtures can, of course, only be conjectured. Perhaps, indeed, they were but a stratagem, employed by the wily monarch to detain his young cousin at Paris, that the apparent good understanding between them might damp the courage of the national party in Spain, and win the wavering to look with favour upon the French marriage. There can be little question that in the eyes of Louis Philippe, as well as of Christina, Don Francisco is a far more eligible husband for the Queen than his brother would have been, even had the latter given his adhesion to the project of the Montpensier alliance. Rumour—often, it is true, a lying jade—maintained that at Paris he firmly refused to do so. She now whispers that at Brussels he has been found more pliant, and that, within a brief delay, the happy family at Madrid will be gratified by the return of that truant and mutinous mariner, Don Enrique de Borbon, who, after he has been duly scolded and kissed, will doubtless be made Lord High Admiral, or rewarded in some equally appropriate way for his tardy docility. We vouch not for the truth of this report; but shall be noway surprised if events speedily prove it well founded. Men there are with whom the love of country is so intense, that they would rather live despised in their own land than respected in a foreign one. And when, to such flimsy Will-o'-the-wisp considerations as the esteem and love of a nation, are opposed rank, money, and decorations, a palace to live in, sumptuous fare, and a well-filled purse, and perhaps, ere long, a wealthy bride, who would hesitate? If any would, seek them not amongst the Bourbons. Loath indeed should we

be to pledge ourselves for the consistency and patriotism of a man whose uncle and grandfather betrayed their country to a foreign usurper. The fruit of a corrupt and rotten stem must ever be looked upon with suspicion. It is the more prized when perchance it proves sound and wholesome.

Of the Duke of Montpensier, previously to his marriage, little was heard, and still, little is generally known of him, except that his exterior is agreeable, and that he had been rapidly pushed through the various military grades to that of general of artillery. That any natural talents he may be endowed with, have been improved to the utmost by careful education, is sufficiently guaranteed by the fact of his being a son of Louis Philippe. We are able to supply a few further details. The Infanta's husband is a youth of good capacity, possessing a liberal share of that mixture of sense, judgment, and wit, defined in his native tongue by the one expressive word *esprit*. His manners are pleasant and affable; he is a man with whom his inferiors in rank can converse, argue, even dispute—not a stilted Spanish Bourbon, puffed up with imaginary merit, inflated with etiquette, and looking down, from the height of his splendid insignificance and inane pride, upon better men than himself. He is one, in short, who rapidly makes friends and partisans. Doubtless, during his late brief visit to Spain, he secured some; hereafter he will have opportunities of increasing their number; and the probabilities are, that in course of time he will acquire a dangerous influence in the Peninsula. The lukewarm and the vacillating, even of the Progresista party, will be not unlikely, if he shows or affects liberalism in his political opinions, to take him into favour, and give him the weight of their adherence; forgetting that by so doing they cherish an anti-national influence, and twine more securely the coils of France round the recumbent Spanish lion. On the other hand, there will always be a powerful Spanish party, comprising a vast majority of the nation, and by far the largest share of its energy and talent, distinguished by its inveterate

dislike of French interlopers, repulsing the duke and his advances by every means in their power, and branding his favourers with the odious name of *AFRANCESADOS*. To go into this subject, and enlarge upon the probable and possible results of the marriage, would lead us too far. Our object in the present article has rather been to supply *FACTS* than indulge in speculations. For the present, therefore, we shall merely remind our readers, that jealousy of foreign interference is a distinguishing political characteristic of Spaniards; and that, independently of this, the flame of hatred to France and Frenchmen still burns brightly in many a Spanish bosom. Spain has not yet forgiven, far less forgotten, the countless injuries inflicted on her by her northern neighbours: she still bears in mind the insolent aggressions of Napoleon—the barbarous cruelties of his French and Polish legions—the officious interference in '23. These and other wrongs still rankle in her memory. And if the effacing finger of Time had begun to obliterate their traces, the last bitter insult of the forced marriage has renewed these in all their pristine freshness.

We remember to have encountered, in a neglected foreign gallery, an ancient picture of a criminal in the hands of torturers. The subject was a painful one, and yet the painting provoked a smile. Some wandering brother of the brush, some mischievous and idly-industrious *TINTO*, had beguiled his leisure by transmogrifying the costumes both of victim and executioners, converting the ancient Spanish garb into the stiff and unpicturesque apparel of the present day. The vault in which the cruel scene was enacted, remains in all its gloomy severity of massive pillars, rusty shackles, and cobwebbed walls; the grim unshapely instruments of torture were there; the uncouth visages of the executioners, the agonised countenance of the sufferer, were unaltered. But, contrasting with the antique aspect and time-darkened tints of these details, were the vivid colouring and modern fashions of Parisian *paletots*, trim pantaloons, and ball-room waistcoats. We have been irresistibly reminded of this defaced picture by the recent events in Spain. They appear to us like a

page from the history of the middle ages transported into our own times. The daring and unprincipled intrigue whose *dénoûment* has just been witnessed, is surely out of place in the nineteenth century, and belongs more properly to the days of the Medicis and the Guise. A review of its circumstances affords the elements of some romantic history of three hundred years ago. At night, in a palace, we see a dissolute Italian dowager and a crafty French ambassador coercing a sovereign of sixteen into a detested alliance. The day breaks on the child's tearful consent; the ambassador, the paleness of his vigil chased from his cheek by the flush of triumph, emerges from the royal dwelling. Quick! to horse!—and a courier starts to tell the diplomat's master that the glorious victory is won. A few days—a very few—of astonishment to Europe and consternation to Spain, and a French prince, with gay and gallant retinue, stands on the Bidassoa's bank and gazes wistfully southwards. Why does he tarry; whence this delay? He waits an escort. Strange rumours are abroad of ambuscade and assassination; of vows made by fierce guerillas that the Infanta's destined husband shall never see Madrid. At last the escort comes. Enclosed in serried lines of bayonets and lances, dragoons in van, artillery in rear, the happy bridegroom prosecutes his journey. What is his welcome? Do the bright-eyed Basque maidens scatter flowers in his path, and Biscay's brave sons strain their stout arms to ring peals in his honour? Do the poor and hardy peasantry of Castile line the highway and shout *vivas* as he passes? Not so. If bells are rung and flowers strewn, it is by salaried ringers and by women hired, not to wail at a funeral, but to celebrate a marriage scarcely more auspicious. If hurrahs, few and faint, are heard, those who utter are paid for them. Sullen looks and lowering glances greet the Frenchman, as, guarded by two thousand men-at-arms, he hurries to the capital where his bride awaits him. In all haste, amidst the murmurs of a deeply offended people, the knot is tied. Not a moment must be lost, lest something should yet occur to mar

the marriage feast. And now for the rewards, shamefully showered upon the venal abettors of this unpopular union. A dukedom and grandeeship of Spain for the ambassador's infant son; titles to mercenary ministers; high and time-honoured decorations, once reserved as the premium for exalted valour and chivalrous deeds—to corrupt deputies; diamond snuff-boxes, jewels and gold, to the infamous writers of prostituted journals; Christina rejoices; her *Camarilla* are in ecstasies; Bresson rubs his hands in irrepressible exultation; in his distant capital the French monarch heaves a sigh of relief and sa-

tisfaction as his telegraph informs him of the *fait accompli*. Then come splendid bullfights and monster *pucheros*, to dazzle the eyes and stop the mouths of the multitude. *Pan y toros—panis ac circenses*—to the many-headed beast. And in all haste the prince hurries back to Paris with his bride, to receive the paternal benediction, the fraternal embrace, and the congratulations of the few score individuals, who alone, in all France, feel real pleasure and profit in his marriage. And thus, by foreign intrigue and domestic treachery, has the independence of Spain been virtually bought and sold.

ST MAGNUS', KIRK WALL.

SEE yonder, on Pomona's isle—
 Where winter storms delight to roam;
 But beaming now with summer's smile—
 The Sainted Martyr's sacred dome!

Conspicuous o'er the deep afar
 It sheds a soft and saving ray,
 A landmark sure, a leading star,
 To guide the wanderer on his way.

It tells the seaman how to steer
 Through swelling seas his labouring bark;
 It helps the mourner's heart to cheer,
 And speeds him to his heavenly mark.

With joy of old this northern sky
 Saw holy men the fabric found,
 To lift the Christian Cross on high,
 And spread the Healer's influence round.

By beauty's power they sought to raise
 Rude eyes and ruder hearts to Heaven:
 They sought to speak their Maker's praise
 With all the skill His grace had given.

And now, where passions dark and wild
 Were foster'd once at Odin's shrine,
 A people peaceful, just, and mild,
 Live happy in that light divine.

Preserved through many a stormy age,
 Let pious zeal the relic guard:
 Nor Time with slow insidious rage
 Destroy what fiercer foes have spared.

THE GAME LAWS.

FROM our youth upwards we have entertained a deep feeling of affection for the respectable fraternity of the Quakers. Our love, probably, had its date and origin from very early contemplation of a print, which represented an elderly pot-bellied individual, with a broad-brimmed hat and drab terminations, in the act of concluding a treaty with several squatting Indians, only redeemed from a state of nature by a slight garniture of scalps and wampum. Underneath was engraved a legend which our grand-aunt besought us to treasure in our memory as a sublime moral lesson. It ran thus:—THE BLOODLESS TRIUMPH, OR PENN'S TREATY WITH THE CHIEFS; and we were told that the fact thereby commemorated was one of the most honourable achievements to be found in the pages of general history. With infantine facility we believed in the words of the matron. No blood or rapine—no human carcasses or smoking wigwams, deformed the march of the Quaker conqueror. Beneath a mighty tree, in the great Indian wilderness, was the patriarchal council held; and the fee-simple of a territory, a good deal larger than an average kingdom, surrendered, with all its pendicles of lake, prairie, and hunting-ground, to the knowing philanthropist, in exchange for some bales of broad-cloth, a little cutlery, a liberal allowance of beads, and a very great quantity, indeed, of adulterated rum and tobacco. Never, we believe, since Esau sold his birth-right, was a tract of country acquired upon terms so cheap and easy. Some faint idea of this kind appears to have struck us at the time; for, in answer to some question touching the nature of the goods supposed to be contained in several bales and casks which were prominently represented in the picture, our relative hastily remarked, that she did not care for the nature of the bargain—the principle was the great consideration. And so it is. William Penn unquestionably acted both wisely and well: he brought his merchandise to a first-rate market, and left a valuable

legacy of acuteness to his children and faithful followers. Our grand-aunt—rest her soul!—died in the full belief of ultimate Pennsylvanian solvency. She could not persuade herself, that the representatives of the man who had acquired a principality at the expense of a ship-load of rubbish, would prove in any way untrue to their bonds; and by her last will and testament, whereof we are the sole executor, she promoted us to the agreeable rank of a creditor on the Pennsylvanian government. If any gentleman is desirous to be placed in a similar position, with a right to the new stock which has been recently issued in lieu of a monetary dividend, he may hear of an excellent investment by an early application to our brokers. We also are most firm believers in the fact of American credit, and we shall not change our opinion—at least until we effect the sale.

All this, however, is a deviation from our primary purpose, which was to laud and magnify the Brotherhood. We repeat that we loved them early, and also that we loved them long. It is true that some years ago a slight estrangement—the shadow of a summer cloud—disturbed the harmony which had previously existed between Maga and the Society of Friends. A gentleman of that persuasion had been lost somewhere upon the skirts of Helvellyn, and our guide and father, Christopher, in one of those sublime prose-pœans which have entranced and electrified the world, commemorated that apotheosis so touchingly, that the whole of Christendom was in tears. Unfortunately, some passing allusion to the garments of the defunct Obadiah, grated uncomfortably on the jealous ear of Darlington. An affecting picture of some ravens, digging their way through the folds of the double-milled kerseymere, was supposed to convey an occult imputation upon the cloth, and never, since then, have we stood quite clear in the eyes of the offended Conventicle. Still, that unhappy misunderstanding has by no means cooled our attachment. We

honour and revere the Friends; and it was with sincere pleasure that we saw the excellent Joseph Pease take his seat and lift up his voice within the walls of Parliament. Had Pease stood alone, we should not now, in all human probability, have been writing on the subject of the game laws.

We are, however, much afraid that a great change has taken place in the temper and disposition of the Society. Formerly a Quaker was considered most essentially a man of peace. He was reputed to abhor all strife and vain disputation—to be laconic and sparing in his speech—and to be absolutely crapulous with humanity. We would as soon have believed in the wrath of doves as in the existence of a cruel Quaker; nor would we, during the earlier portion of our life, have entrusted one of that denomination with the drowning of a superfluous kitten. Barring a little absurd punctilio in the matter of payment of their taxes—at all times, we allow, a remarkably unpleasant ceremony—the public conduct of our Friends was blameless. They seldom made their voices heard except in the honourable cause of the suffering or the oppressed; and with external politics they meddled not at all, seeing that their fundamental ideas of a social system differed radically from those entertained by the founders of the British constitution. Such, and so harmless, were the lives of our venerated Friends, until the demon of discord tempted them by a vision of the baleful hustings.

Since then we have remarked, with pain, a striking alteration in their manner. They are bold, turbulent, and disputations to an almost incredible extent. If there is any row going on in the parish, you are sure to find that a Quaker is at the bottom of it. Is there to be a reform in the Police board—some broad-brimmed apostle takes the chair. Are tithes obnoxious to a Chamber of Commerce—the spokesman of the agitators is Obadiah. Indeed, we are beginning to feel as shy of a quarrel with men of drab as we formerly were with the militant individuals in scarlet. We are not quite so confident as we used to be in their reliance upon moral force, and sometimes fear the

latent power which lurks in the physical arm.

Of these champions, by far the most remarkable is Mr John Bright, who, in the British House of Commons, represents the town of Durham. The tenets of his peaceful and affirmative creed, are, to say the least of it, in total antagonism to his character. Ever since he made his first appearance in public, he has kept himself, and every one around him, in perpetual hot-water. In the capacity of Mr Cobden's bottle-holder, he has displayed considerable pluck, for which we honour him; and he is not altogether unworthy to have been included in that famous eulogy which was passed by the late Premier—no doubt to the cordial satisfaction of his friends—upon the Apostle of cotton and free-trade. The name of John is nearly as conspicuous as that of Richard in the loyal annals of the League; and we are pleased to observe, that, like his great generalissimo, Mr Bright has preferred his claim for popular payment, and has, in fact, managed to secure a few thousands in return for the vast quantity of eloquence which he has poured into the pages of Hansard. We are not of that old-fashioned school who object to the remuneration of our reformers. On the contrary, we think that patriotism, like every other trade, should be paid for; and with such notable examples, as O'Connell in Ireland, and the Gamaliel of Sir Robert in the south, we doubt not that the principle hereafter will be acted upon in every case. The man who shall be fortunate enough to lead a successful crusade against the established churches, and to sweep away from these kingdoms all vestiges both of the mitre and the Geneva gown, will doubtless, after sufficient laudation by the then premier, of the talent and perseverance which he has exhibited throughout the contest, receive from his liberated country something of an adequate *donneur*. What precise pension is due to him who shall deliver us from the thralldom of the hereditary peerage, is a question which must be left to future political arithmetic. In the mean time, there are several minor abuses which may be swept away on more moderate sea-

venger wages; and one of these which we fully expect to hear discussed in the ensuing session of Parliament, is the existence of the Game laws.

Mr Bright, warned by former experience, has selected a grievance for himself, and started early in his expedition against it. The part of jackal may be played once, but it is not a profitable one; and we can understand the disappointed feelings of the smaller animal, when he is forced to stand by an-hungered, and behold the gluttonous lion gorging himself with the choicest morsels of the chase. It must be a sore thing for a patriot to see his brother agitator pouching his tens and hundreds of thousands; whilst he, who likewise has shouted in the cause, and bestowed as much of his sweet breath as would have served to supply a furnace, must perforce be contented with some stray pittances, doled hesitatingly out, and not altogether given without grudging. No independent and thoroughgoing citizen will consent, for a second time, to play so very subsidiary a part; therefore he is right in breaking fresh ground, and becoming the leader of a new movement. It may be that his old monopolising ally shall become too plethoric for a second contest. Like the desperate soldier who took a castle and was rewarded for it, he may be inclined to rest beneath his laurels, count his pay, and leave the future capture of fortalices to others who have less to lose. A hundred thousand pounds carry along with them a sensation of ease as well as dignity. After such a surfeit of Mammon, most men are unwilling to work. They unbutton their waistcoats, eschew agitation, eat, drink, are merry, and become fat.

Your lean Cassins, on the contrary, has all the pugnacity of a terrier. He yelps at every body and every thing, is at perpetual warfare with the whole of animated nature, and will not be quieted even by dint of much kicking. The only chance you have of relieving yourself from his everlasting yammering and impertinence, is to throw him an unpicked bone, wherewith he will retreat in double-quick time to the kennel. And of a truth the number of excellent bones which are sacrificed to the terriers of this world, is abso-

lutely amazing. Society in general will do a great deal for peace; and much money is doled out, far less for the sake of charity, than as the price of a stipulated repose.

It remains, however, to be seen whether Mr Bright, under any circumstances, will be quiet. We almost doubt it. In the course of his stentorial and senatorial career, he has more than once, to borrow a phrase from *Boriana*, had his head put into chancery; and some of his opponents, Mr Ferrand for example, have fists that smite like sledge-hammers. But Friend John is a glutton in punishment; and though with blackened eyes and battered lips, is nevertheless at his post in time. The best pugilists in England do not know what to make of him. He never will admit that he is beaten, nor does he seem to know when he has enough. It is true that at every round he goes down before some tremendous facer or cross-buttock, or haply performs the part of Antæus in consequence of the Cornish hug. No matter—up he starts, and though rather unsteady on his pins, and generally groggy in his demeanour, he squares away at his antagonist, until night terminates the battle, and the drab flag, still flaunting defiance, is visible beneath the glimpses of the maiden moon.

At present, Mr Bright's senatorial exertions appear to be directed towards the abolition of the Game laws. Early in 1845, and before the remarkable era of conversion which must ever render that year a notorious one in the history of political consistency, he moved for and obtained a select committee of the House to inquire into the operation of these laws. Mr Bright's speech upon that occasion was, in some respects, a sensible one. We have no wish to withhold from him his proper meed of praise; and we shall add, that the subject which he thus virtually undertook to expiscate, was one in every way deserving of the attention of the legislature. Of all the rights of property which are recognised by the English law, that of the proprietor or occupier of the land to the *feræ naturæ* or game upon it, is the least generally understood, and the worst defined. It is fenced by, and founded upon, sta-

tutes which, in the course of time, have undergone considerable modification and revision; and the penalties attached to the infringement of it are, in our candid opinion, unnecessarily harsh and severe. Further, there can be no doubt, that in England the vice of poaching, next to that of habitual drinking, has contributed most largely to fill the country prisons. Instances are constantly occurring of ferocious assault, and even murder, arising from the affrays between gamekeepers and poachers; nor does it appear that the statutory penalties have had the effect of deterring many of the lower orders from their violent and predatory practices. On these points, we think an inquiry, with a view to the settlement of the law on a humane and equitable footing, was highly proper and commendable; nor should we have said a single word in depreciation of the labours of Mr Bright, had he confined himself within proper limits. Such, however, is not the case.

An abridgement of, or rather extracts from, the voluminous evidence which was taken before that select committee, has been published by a certain Richard Griffiths Welford, Esq., barrister at law, and member of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. With this gentleman hitherto, it is our misfortune or our fault that we have had no practical acquaintance; and judging from the tone, humour, and temper of the text remarks which are scattered throughout the volume, and the taste of the foot-notes appended, we do not see any reason to covet exuberant intimacy for the future. The volume is prefaced by a letter from Mr John Bright to the Tenant Farmers of Great Britain, which is of so remarkable a nature that it justly challenges some comment. The following extract is the commencement of that address:—

“I am invited by my friend Mr Welford, the compiler of the abstract of the evidence given before the committee on the Game laws, to write a short address to you on the important question which is treated of in this volume. I feel that an apology is scarcely necessary for the liberty I am taking; the deep interest I have long felt in the subject of the Game

laws, my strong conviction of its great importance to you as a class, and the extensive correspondence in reference to it which I have maintained with many of your respected body in almost every county of England and Scotland, seem to entitle me to say a few words to you on this occasion.

“From the perusal of this evidence—and it is but a small portion of that which was offered to the committee—you will perceive that, as capitalists and employers of labour, *you are neither asserting your just rights, nor occupying your proper position.* By long-continued custom, which has now obtained almost the force of law, when you became tenants of a farm, you were not permitted to enjoy the advantages which pertain to it so fully as is the case with the occupiers of almost every other description of property. A farmer becomes the tenant of certain lands, which are to be the basis of his future operations, and the foundation of that degree of prosperity to which he may attain. To secure success, it is needful that capital should be invested, and industry and skill exercised; and in proportion as these are largely employed, in order to develop to the utmost extent the resources of the soil, will be the amount of prosperity that will be secured. The capital, skill, and industry, will depend upon the capacity of the farmer; but the reward for their employment will depend in no small degree upon the free and unfettered possession of the land—of its capabilities, of all that it produces, and of all that is sustained upon its surface. There is a mixture of feudalism and of commercial principles in your mode of taking and occupying land, which is in almost all cases obstructive, and in not a few utterly subversive, of improvement. You take a farm on a yearly tenantry, or on a lease, with an understanding, or a specific agreement, that the game shall be reserved to the owner; that is, you grant to the landlord the right to stock the farm—for which you are to pay him rent for permission to cultivate, and for the full possession of its produce—with pheasants, partridges, hares, and rabbits, to any extent that may suit his caprice.

There may be little game when you enter upon the farm; but in general you reserve to yourselves no power to prevent its increase, and it may and often does increase so, as to destroy the possibility of profit in the cultivation of the farm. You plough, and sow, and watch the growing crops with anxiety and hope; you rise early, and eat the bread of carefulness; rent-day comes twice a-year with its inexorable demand; and yet you are doomed too frequently to see the fertility which Providence bestows and your industry would secure, blighted and destroyed by creatures which would be deemed vermin, but for the sanction which the law and your customs give to their preservation, and which exist for no advantage to you, and for no good to the public, but solely to afford a few days' amusement in the year to the proprietors of the soil. The seed you sow is eaten by the pheasants; your young growing grain is bitten down by the hares and rabbits; and your ripening crops are trampled and injured by a live stock which yields you no return, and which you cannot kill and take to market. No other class of capitalists are subjected to these disadvantages—no other intelligent and independent class of your countrymen are burdened with such impositions."

We pity the intelligence of the reader who does not behold in these introductory paragraphs the symbol of the cloven foot. The sole object of the volume, for which Mr Bright has the assurance to stand as sponsor, is to sow the seeds of discord between the landowners and the tenants of England, by representing the former to the latter in the light of selfish monopolists, who, for the sake of some little sport or yearly battue, or, it may be, from absolute caprice, make havoc throughout the year, by proxy, of the farmers' property, and increase their stock of game whenever they have an opportunity, at his expense, and sometimes to his actual ruin. Such is the tendency of this book, which is compiled for general circulation; and which, we think, in many respects is calculated to do a deal of harm. As a real treatise or commentary upon the Game laws, it is worthless; as an attack upon the

landed gentry, it will doubtless be read in many quarters with extreme complacency. Already, we observe, a portion of the press have made it a text-book for strong political diatribes; and the influence of it will no doubt be brought to bear upon the next general election. As we ourselves happen to entertain what are called very liberal opinions upon this subject of the Game laws, and as we maintain the principle that in this, as in every other matter, the great interests and rights of the community must be consulted, without reference to class distinctions—as we wish to see the property of the rich and the liberties of the poor respected—as we consider the union and cordial co-operation between landlord and tenant the chief guarantee which this country yet possesses against revolution, and the triumph of insolent demagogues—our remarks upon the present subject may not be ill-timed, or unworthy of the regard of those who think with us, that, in spite of recent events, there yet may be something to preserve.

But, first, let us consider who this gentleman is that comes forward, unsolicited, to tender his advice, and to preach agitation to the tenantry of Great Britain. He is one of those persons who rose with the League—one of those unscrupulous and ubiquitous orators who founded and reared their reputation upon an avowed hostility to the agricultural interests of the country. Upon this point there can be no mistake. John Bright, member for Durham, is a child of the corn, or rather the potato revolution, as surely as Anacharsis Clootz was the *enfant trouvé* of the Reign of Terror. With the abstract merits of that question we have nothing to do at present. It is quite sufficient for us to note the fact, that he, in so far as his opportunities and his talents went, was amongst the most clamorous of the opponents to the protection of British agriculture; and that fact is a fair and legitimate ground for suspicion of his motives, when we find him appearing in the new part of an agricultural champion and agitator. It is not without considerable mistrust that we behold this slippery personage in the garb and

character of Triptolemus. He does not act it well. The effects of the billy-roller are still conspicuous upon his gait—he walks ill on hobnails—and is clearly more conversant with devil's-dust and remnants than with tares. Some faint suspicion of this appears at times to haunt even his own complacent imagination. He is not quite sure that the farmers—or, in the elegant phraseology of the League, the hawbucks and chawbaccs—whom he used to denounce as a race of beings immeasurably inferior in intellectual capacity to the ricketty victims of the factories, will believe all at once in the cordiality and disinterestedness of their adviser; and therefore he throws out for their edification a specious bit of pleading, which, no doubt, will be read with conflicting feelings by some of those who participated in the late conversion. "You have been taught to consider me, and those with whom I have acted, as your enemies. You will admit that we have never deceived you—that we have never TAMELY SURRENDERED that which we have taught you to rely upon as the basis of your prosperity—that we have not pledged ourselves to a policy you approved, and then abandoned it; and as you have found me persevering in the promotion of measures, which many of you deemed almost fatal to your interests, but which I thought essential to the public good, so you will find me as resolute in the defence of those rights, which your own or your country's interests alike require that you should possess."

All this profession, however, we hope, will fail to persuade the farmers that their late enemy has become their sudden friend; and they will doubtless look with some suspicion upon the apocryphal catalogue of grievances which Mr Bright has raked together, and, with the aid of his associate, promulgated in the present volume. It is not our intention at present to extract or go over the evidence at large. We have read it minutely, and weighed it well. A great part of it is utterly irrelevant, as bearing upon questions of property and contract with which the legislature of no country could interfere, and which even Mr Bright, though not over

scrupulous in his ideas of parliamentary appropriation, has disregarded in framing the conclusions of the rejected report which he proposed for the adoption of the committee. That portion, however, we shall not pass over in silence. It is but right that the country at large should see that this volume has been issued, not so much for the purpose of obtaining a revision of the law, as of sowing discord amongst the agriculturists themselves; and it is very remarkable that Mr Bright, throughout the whole of his inflammatory address, *takes no notice whatever of the Game laws*, or their prejudicial effect, or their possible remedy by legislative enactment, but confines himself to denunciation of the landlords as a class antagonistic to the tenantry, and advice to the latter to combine against the game-preserving habits of the gentry.

Now this question between landlord and tenant has nothing to do with the Game laws. The man who purchases an estate, purchases it with every thing upon it. He has, strictly speaking, as much right to every wild animal which is bred or even lodges there—if he can only catch or kill them—as he has to the trees, or the turf, or any other natural produce. The law protects him in this right, in so far, that by complying with certain statutory regulations—one of which relates to revenue, and requires from him a qualification to sport, and another prescribes a period or rotation for shooting—he may, within his own boundaries, take every animal which he meets with, and may also prevent any stranger from interfering with or encroaching upon that privilege. We do not now speak of penalties for which the intruder may be liable. That is a separate question; at present we confine ourselves to the abstract question of right.

But neither game nor natural produce constitute that thing called *RENT*, without which, since the days of forays have gone by, a landowner cannot live. Accordingly, he proposes to let a certain portion of his domains to a farmer, whose business is to cultivate the soil, and to make it profitable. He does so; and unless a distinct reservation is made to the con-

trary, the right to take the game upon the farm so let, passes to the tenant, and can be exercised by him irrespective of the wish of the landlord. If, on the contrary, the landlord refuses to part with that right which is primarily vested in his person, and which, of course, he is at full liberty either to reserve or surrender, the proposing tenant must take that circumstance into consideration in his offer of rent for the farm. The game then becomes as much a matter of calculation as the nature of the soil, the necessity of drainage, or the peculiar climate of the farm. The tenant must be guided by the principles of ordinary prudence, and make such a deduction from his offer as he considers will compensate him for the loss which his crop may sustain through the agency of the game. If he neglects to do this, he has no reasonable ground for murmuring—if he does it, he is perfectly safe. Such is the plain simple nature of the case, from which one would think it difficult to extract any clamant grievance, at least between the landlord and the tenant. No doubt the tenantry of the country individually and generally may, if they please, insist in all cases on a complete surrender of the game; and if they do, it is far more than possible that their desire will be universally complied with. But, then, they will have to pay higher rents. The landlord is no gainer in respect of game, nay, he is a direct loser; for the fact of his preservation and reserval of it reduces the amount of rent which he otherwise would receive, and, besides this, he is at much expense in preserving. Game is his hobby which he insists upon retaining: he does so, and he actually pays for it. Therefore, when a tenant states that he has lost so much in a particular year in consequence of the game upon his farm, that statement must be understood with a qualification. His crop may indeed have suffered to a certain extent; but then he has been paid for that deterioration already, the payment being the difference of rent, fixed between him and the landlord for the occupation of a game farm, less than what he would have offered for it had there been no game there, or had the right to kill it been conceded.

“O but,” says Mr Bright, or some other of the *soi-disant* friends of the farmer, “there is an immense competition for land, and the farmers will not make bargains!” And whose fault is that? We recollect certain apothegms rather popular a short while ago, about buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, and so forth, and we have always understood that the real price of an article is determined by the demand for it. If any farm is put up to auction under certain conditions, there is no hardship whatever in exacting the rent from the highest successful competitor. The reservation of the right to kill game is as competent to the proprietor as the fixing the rotation of the crops, or the conditions against scourging the soil. The landlord, when he lets a farm, does not by any means, as Mr Bright and his legal coadjutor appear to suppose, abandon it altogether to the free use of the tenant. He must of necessity make conditions, because he still retains his primary interest in the soil; and if these were not made, the land would in all probability be returned to him after the expiry of the lease, utterly unprofitable and exhausted, it being the clear interest of the tenant to take as much out of it as possible during the currency of his occupation. Now all these conditions are perfectly well known to the competing farmer, and if he is not inclined to assent to them, he need not make an offer for the land. Does Mr Bright mean to assert that the competition for land is so great, that the tenant-farmers are absolutely offering more than the subjects which they lease are worth? If so, the most gullible person on the face of this very gullible earth would not believe him. To aver that any body of men in this country, are willfully and avowedly carrying on a trade or profession at a certain loss, is to utter an absurdity so gross as to be utterly unworthy a refutation. And if Mr Bright does not mean this, we shall thank him to explain how the competition for land is a practical grievance to the farmer.

Nevertheless, we are far from maintaining that the system of strict game preservation is either wise or creditable, and we shall state our arguments

to the contrary hereafter. At present let us proceed with Mr Welford.

About one-half, or even more, of this volume, is occupied with evidence to prove that the preservation of game upon an estate is more or less detrimental to the crops. Who denies it? Pheasants, though they may feed a great deal upon wild seeds and insects, are unquestionably fond of corn—so are partridges; and hares and rabbits have too good taste to avoid a field of clover or of turnips. And shall this—says Mr Bright, having recourse to a late rhetoric—shall this be permitted in a Christian or a civilised country? Are there not thousands of poor to whom that grain, wasted upon mere vermin, would be precious? Are our aristocracy so selfish as to prefer the encouragement of brute animals to the lives of their fellow men? &c. &c.; to all of which eloquent bursts the pious Mr Welford subjoins his ditto and Amen. For our own part, we can see no reason why hares, and pheasants, and partridges, should not be fed as well as Quakers. While living they are undoubtedly more graceful creatures, when dead they are infinitely more valuable. When removed from this scene of transitory trouble, Mr Bright, except in an Owhyhean market, would fetch a less price than an ordinary rabbit. Our taste may be peculiar, but we would far rather see half-a-dozen pretty leverets at play in a pasture field of an evening, than as many hulking members of the Anti-Corn-Law League performing a ponderous saraband. Vermin indeed! Did Mr Bright ever see a Red-deer? We shrewdly suspect not; and if, peradventure, he were to fall in with the monarch of the wilderness in the rutting season, somewhere about the back of Schellallion or the skirts of the moor of Rannoch, there would be a yell loud enough to startle the cattle on a thousand hills, and a rapid disparition of the draught-coloured integuments into the bosom of a treacherous peat-bog. But a Red-deer, too, will eat corn, and often of a moonlight night his antlers may be seen waving in the crofts of the upland tenant; therefore, according to Mr Bright, he too is vermin, and must be exterminated accordingly.

And this brings us to Mr Welford's grand remedy, which is abundantly apparent from the notes and commentaries interspersed throughout the volume. This gentleman, in the plenitude of his consideration for the well-being of his country, is deliberately of opinion that game should be exterminated altogether! Here is a bloody-minded fellow for you with a vengeance!

“What! all my pretty chickens and their dam!
Did you say all?”

What! shall not a single hare, or pheasant, or partridge, or plover, or even a solitary grouse, be spared from the swoop of this destroying kite? Not one. Richard Griffiths Welford, Esquire, Barrister-at-law, has undertaken to rouse the nation from its deadly trance. Yet a few years, and no more shall the crow of the gormcock be heard on the purple heath, or the belling of the deer in the forest, or the call of the landrail in the field. No longer shall we watch at evening the roe gliding from the thicket, or the hare dancing across the lawn. They have committed a crime in a free-tradeland—battered incontinently upon corn and turnips—and, therefore, they must all die! Grain, although our ports are to be opened, has now become a sacred thing, and is henceforward to be dedicated to the use of man alone. Therefore we are not without apprehension that the sparrows must die too, and the thrushes and blackbirds—for they make sad havoc in our dear utilitarian's garden—and the larks, and the rooks, and the pigeons. Voiceless now must be our groves in the green livery of spring. There shall be no more chirping, or twittering, or philtering among the branches—no cooing or amorous dalliance, or pairing on the once happy eve of St Valentine. All the *fauna* of Britain—all the melodists of the woods—must die! In one vast pie must they be baked, covered in with a monumental crust of triumphant flour, through which their little claws may appear supplicantly peering upwards, as if to implore some mercy for the surviving stragglers of their race. But stragglers there cannot be many. Timber, according to

our patriotic Welford, is, "next to game, the farmer's chief enemy!" What miserable idiots our infatuated ancestors must have been! They thought that by planting they were conferring a boon upon their country; and in Scotland in particular they strove most anxiously to redeem the national reproach. But they were utterly wrong: Welford has said it. Timber is a nuisance—a sort of vegetable vermin, we suppose—so down must go Dodona and her oaks; and the pride of the forests be laid for ever low. Nothing in all broad England—and we fear also with us—must hereafter overtop the fields of wheat except the hedgerows! Timber is inimical to the farmer; therefore, free be the winds to blow from the German ocean to the Atlantic, without encountering the resistance of a single forest—no more tossing of the branches or swaying of the stems—or any thing save the steeples, fast falling in an age of reason into decay, the bulk of some monstrous workhouse, as dingy and cheerless as a prison, and the pert myriads of chimney-stalks of the League belching forth, in the face of heaven, their columns of smoke and of pollution! Happy England, when these things shall come to pass, and not a tree or a bush be left as a shelter for the universal vermin! No—not quite universal, for a respite will doubtless be given to the persecuted races of the badger, the hedgehog, the polecat, the weasel, and the stoat. All these are egg-eaters or game-consumers, and so long as they keep to the hedgerows and assist in the work of extermination, they will not only be spared but encouraged. Let them, however, beware. So soon as the last egg of the last English partridge is sucked, and the last of the rabbits turned over in convulsive throes, with the teeth of a fierce little devil inextricably fastened in its jugular—so soon as the rage of hunger drives the present Pariahs of the preserve to the hen-roost—human forbearance is at an end, and their fate also is sealed. The hen-harrier and the sparrowhawk, so long as they quarter the fields, pounce upon the inprudent robin, or strike down the lark while caroling upon the verge of the cloud, will be considered, in our

new state of society, as sacred animals as the Ibis. But let them, after having fulfilled their mission, deviate from the integrity of their ways, and come down upon a single ginger-pile, peeping his dirty way over the shards of a midden, towards his scraunching and be-draggled mother—and the race will be instantly proscribed. A few years more, and, according to the system of Messrs Bright and Welford, not a single wild animal—could we not also get rid of the insects?—will be found within the confines of Great Britain, except the gulls who live principally upon fish; and possibly, should there be a scarcity of herring, it may be advisable to exterminate them also.

Here is a pretty state of matters! First, there is to be no more sporting. That, of course, in the eyes of Messrs Bright and Welford, who know as much about shooting as they do of trigonometry, is a very minor consideration; but even there we take leave to dissent. Gouty and frail as we are, we have yet a strong natural appetite for the moors, and we shall wrestle to the last for our privilege with the sturdiest broadbrim in Quakerdom. Our boys shall be bred as we were, with their foot upon the heather, in the manliest and most exhilarating of all pastimes; and that because we wish to see them brought up as Christians and gentlemen, not as puzzle-pated sceptics or narrow-minded utilitarian theorists. We desire to see them attain their full development, both of mind and body—to acquire a kindly and a keen relish for nature—to love their sovereign and their country—to despise all chicanery and deceit—and to know and respect the high-minded peasantry and poor of their native land. We have no idea that they shall be confined in their exercise or their sports to the public highway. We do not look upon this earth or island as made solely to produce corn for the supply of Mr Bright and his forced population. We wish that the youth of our country should be taught that God has created other beings besides the master and the mechanic—that the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air have a value in their Maker's eye, and that man has a commission to use

them, but not to exterminate and destroy. "My opinion is," says Mr Bright, speaking with a slight disregard to grammar, of the sporting propensities of the landed gentry—"my opinion is, that there are other pursuits which it will better become them to follow, and which it will be a thousand times better for the country if they turn their attention to them." For Mr Bright's opinion, we have not the smallest shadow of respect. We can well believe that, personally, he has not the slightest inclination to participate in the sports of the field. We cannot for a moment imagine him in connexion with a hunting-field, or toiling over moor or mountain in pursuit of his game, or up to his waist in a roaring river with a twenty-pound salmon on his line, making its direct way for the cataract. In all and each of these situations we are convinced that he would be utterly misplaced. We can conceive him, and no doubt he is, much at home in the superintendence of the gloomy factory—in the centre of a hecatomb of palehuman beings, who toil on day and night in that close and stifling atmosphere, as ceaselessly and almost as mechanically as the wheels which drone and whistle and clank above and around them—in the midst of his stores of calico, and cotton, and corduroy—in the midnight councils of the grasping League, or the front of a degraded hustings. But from none of these situations whatever, has he any right to dictate to the gentlemen of Britain what they should do, or what they should leave undone. He has neither an eye for nature, nor a heart to participate in rural amusements. And a very nice place an English manor-house would be under his peculiar superintendence and the operation of the new regime! In the morning we should meet, ladies and gentlemen, in the breakfast-room, all devoutly intent upon the active demolition of the muffins. Tea and coffee there are in abundance—but not good, for the first has the flavour of the hedges, and the second reminds us villanously of Hunt's roasted corn. There are eggs, however, and on the sideboard rest a large round of beef, with a thick margin of rancid yellow fat, and a ham

which is literal hog's-lard. There are no fish. The trouting stream has been turned from its natural course to move machinery, and now rolls to the shrinking sea, not in native silver, but in alternate currents of indigo, ochre, or cochineal, according to the hue most in request for the moment at the neighbouring dye-work. In vain you look about for grouse-pie, cold partridge, snipe, or pheasant. You might as well ask for a limb of the ichthyosaurus as for a wing of these perished animals. Dence a creature is there in the room except bipeds, and they are all of the manufacturing breed. You recollect the days of old, when your entry into the breakfast-room used to be affectionately welcomed by terrier, setter, and spaniel, and you wonder what has become of these ancient inmates of the family. On inquiry you are informed, that—being non-productive animals, and mere consumers of food which ought to be reserved for the use of man alone—they have one and all of them been put to death: and your host points rather complacently to the effigy of old Ponto, who has been stuffed by way of a specimen of an extinct species, and who now glares at you with glassy eyes from beneath the shelter of the mahogany sideboard. Tired of the conversation, which is principally directed towards the working of the new tariff, the last improvement in printed calicoes, and the prices of some kind of stock which appears to fluctuate as unaccountably as the barometer, you rise from table and move towards the window in hopes of a pleasant prospect. You have it. The old park, which used to contain some of the finest trees in Britain—oaks of the Boscobel order, and elms that were the boast of the country—is now as bare as the palm of your hand, and broken up into potato allotments. The shrubbery and flower parterres, with their elegant terrace vases and light wire fences, have disappeared. There is not a bush beyond a few barberries, evidently intended for detestable jam, nor a flower, except some chamomiles, which may be infused into a medicinal beverage, and a dozen great stringy coarse looking rhubarbs, enough to give you the dyspepsia, if

you merely imagine them in a tart. At the bottom of the slope lies the stream whereof we have spoken already, not sinuous or fringed with alders as of yore; but straight as an arrow, and fashioned into the semblance of a canal. It is spanned on the part which is directly in front of the windows, by a bridge on the skew principle, the property of a railway company; and at the moment you are gazing on the landscape in a sort of admiring trance, an enormous train of coal and coke waggons comes rushing by, and a great blast of smoke and steam rolling past the house, obscures for a moment the utilitarian beauty of the scene. That dissipated, you observe on the other side of the canal several staring red brick buildings, with huge chimney-stalks stinking in the fresh, frosty morning air. These are the factories of your host, the source of his enviable wealth; and yonder dirty village which you see about half a mile to the right, with its squab Unitarian lecture-room, is the abode of his honest artisans. Nevertheless, you see nobody stirring about. How should you? The whole population is comfortably housed, for the next twelve hours at least, within brick, and assisting the machinery to do its work. Noidleness now in England. Had you, indeed, risen about five or six in the morning, when the clatter of a sullen bell roused you from your dreams of Jemima, you might have seen some scores of lanterns meandering like glow-worms along the miry road which leads from the village to the factories, until absorbed within their early jaws. That is the appointed time for the daily emigration, and until all the taskwork is done, no straggling whatever is permitted. The furthest object in view is a parallelogram Bastile on the summit of a hill, once wooded to the top, and well known to the rustics as the place where the fullest nuts and the richest May-flowers might be gathered, but now in turnips, and you are told that the edifice is the Union Workhouse.

Breakfast over, you begin to consider how you shall fill up the dreary vacuum which still yawns between you and dinner. Of course you cannot shoot, unless you are inclined to

take a day at the ducks and geese, which would be rather an expensive amusement. You covet a ride, and propose a scamper across the country. Our dear sir, it is as much as your life is worth! What with canals and viaducts, and railways and hedgerows, you could not get over a mile without either being plunged into water, or knocked down by tow-ropes, or run into by locomotives, or pitched from embankments, or impaled alive, or slain by a stroke of electricity from some telegraphic conductor! Recollect that we are not now living in the days of steeple-chasing. Then as to horses, are you not aware that our host keeps only two—and fine sleek, sturdy Flanders brutes they are—for the purpose of conveying Mrs Bobbins and her progeny to the meeting-house? There is no earthly occasion for any more expensive stud. The railway station is just a quarter of a mile from the door, and Eclipse himself could never match our new locomotives for speed. But you may have a drive if you please, and welcome. Where shall we go to? There used to be a fine waterfall at an easy distance, with rocks, and turf, and wildflowers, and all that sort of thing; and though the season is a little advanced, we might still make shift under the hazels and the hollies; could we not invite the ladies to accompany us, and extemporise a picnic? Our excellent friend! that waterfall exists no longer. It was a mere useless waste; has been blown up with gun-cotton; and the glen below it turned into a reservoir for the supply of a manufacturing town. The hazels are all down, and the hollies pounded into birdlime. And that fine old baronial residence, where there were such exquisite Claudes and Ruysdaels? Oh! that estate was bought by Mr Smalt the eminent dyer, from the trustees of the late Lord—the old mansion has been pulled down, a cottage *ornée* built in its place, and the pictures were long ago transferred to the National Gallery. And is there nothing at all worth seeing in the county? Oh yes! There is Tweel's new process for making silk out of sow's ears, and Bot-tomson's clothing mills, where you see raw wool put into one end of the machinery, and issue from the other

in the shape of ready-made breeches. Then a Socialist lecture on the sin and consequences of matrimony will be delivered in the market-town at two o'clock precisely, by Miss Lewdlaw—quite a lady, I assure you—whom you will afterwards meet at dinner. Or you may, if you please, attend the meeting of the Society for the Propagation of a Natural Religion, at which the Rev. Mr Scampson will preside; or you may go down to the factories, or any where else you please, except the village, for there is a great deal of typhus fever in it, and we are a little apprehensive for the children! You decline these tempting offers, and resolve to spend the morning in the house. Is there a billiard room? How can you possibly suppose it? Time, sir, is money; and money is not to be made by knocking about ivory balls. But there is the library if you should like to study, and plenty material within it. Delighted at the prospect of passing some congenial though solitary hours, you enter the apartment, and, disregarding the models upon the table, which are intended to elucidate the silk and sow's-ear process, you ransack the book-shelves for some of your ancient favourites. But in vain you will search either for Shakspeare or Scott, Milton or Fielding, Jeremy Taylor or Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine; all these are proscribed antiquities. Instead of these you will find Essays by Hampden, junior, and Ethics by Thistlewood, senior, Paine's Age of Reason, Jeremy Bentham's Treatises, Infanticide Vindicated, by Herod Virginius Cackell, Esq., Member of the Literary Institute of Owens-town, Cobden's Speeches, Wheal's Exposition of the Billy-roller, Grubb's Practical Deist, Welford's Influences of the Game Laws, and much more such profitable reading. What would you not give for a volume by Willison Glass! Disgusted with this literary miscellany, you chuck the Practical Deist into the fire, and walk up-stairs to rejoin the ladies. You find them in the drawing-room hard at work upon cross-stitch and pincushions for the great Bazar which is shortly to be opened under the auspices of the Anti-Christian League, and you feel for a moment like an intruder. But

Emily Bobbins, a nice girl, who will have thirty thousand pounds when her venerated sire is conveyed to the Mausoleum of the Bobbinses, and who has at this present moment a very pretty face, trips up and asks you for a contribution to her yearly album. Yearly?—the phrase is an odd one, and you crave explanation. The blooming virgin informs you that she edits an annual volume, popular in certain circles, for the Society for the Abolition of all Criminal Punishment, she being a corresponding Member; and she presents you with last year's compilation. You open the work, and find some literary *bi-jouterie* by the disciples of the earnest school, poems on the go-a-head principle, and tales under such captivating titles as the Virtuons Poacher, Theresa, or the Heroine of the Work-house, and Walter Truck, an Easy Way with the Mechanic. There are also sundry political fragments by the deep-thinkers of the age, from which you discover that Regicide is the simplest cure for "Flunkeyism, Baseness, and Unveracity," and that the soundest philosophers of the world are two gentlemen, rejoicing in the exotic names of Sanerteig and Tefelsdröckh. You, being a believer in the Book of Common Prayer, decline to add your contribution to the Miscellany, and make the best of your way from the house for a stroll upon the public highway. For some hours you meander through the mud between rows of stiff hedges; not a stage-coach, nor even a buggy is to be seen. You sigh for the old green lanes and shady places which have now disappeared for ever, and you begin to doubt whether, after all, regenerated England is the happiest country of the universe. It appears an absolute desert. At a turn of a road you come in sight of a solitary venerable crow—the sole surviving specimen of his race still extant in the county—whose life is rendered bitter by a system of unceasing persecution. He mistakes you for Mr Richard Griffiths Welford, and, with a caw of terror, takes flight across a Zahara of Swedish turnips. On your way home you meet with three miserable children who are picking the few unwithered leaves from the

hedges. You cross-question them, and ascertain that they receive a salary of twopence a-day from the owner of the truck-shop at the factory, in return for their botanical collections. You think of China, with a strong conviction of the propriety of becoming a Mandarin.

At dinner you are seated betwixt Miss Lewdlaw and the Rev. Mr Scampson. The appearance of the lady convinces you that she has excellent reasons for her deep-rooted hatred of matrimony—for what serpent (in his senses) would have tempted that dropsical Eve? The gentleman is a bold, sensual-lipped, pimply individual, attired in a rusty suit of black, the very picture of a brutal Boanerges. He snorts during his repast, clutches with his huge red fingers, whereof the nails are absolute ebony, at every dish within his reach, and is constantly shouting for a dram. The dinner is a plentiful one, but ill-cooked and worse served; and the wines are simply execrable. Very drearily lags the time until the ladies rise to retire, a movement which is greeted by Mr Scampson with a coarse joke and a vulgar chuckle. Then begin the sweets of the evening. Old Bobbins draws your especial attention to his curious old free-trade port, at eighteen shillings the dozen; and very curious, upon practical examination, you will find it. After three glasses, you begin to suspect that you have swallowed a live crab unawares, and you gladly second Mr Scampson in his motion for something hot. The conversation then becomes political, and, to a certain extent, religious. Bobbins, who has a brother in Parliament, is vehement in his support of the Twenty Hours' Labour Bill, and insists upon the necessity of a measure for effectually coercing apprentices. Bugsley, his opposite neighbour, can talk of nothing but stock and yarn. But Scampson, in right of his calling, takes the lion's share of the conversation. He denounces the Church, not yet dis-established—hopes to see the day when every Bishop upon the Bench shall be brought to the block—and stigmatises the Universities as the nests of bigotry and intolerance. With many oaths, he declares his conviction that Robes-

pierre was a sensible fellow—and as he waxes more furious over each successive tumbler, you wisely think that there may be some danger in contradicting so virulent a champion, and steal from the room at the first convenient opportunity. In the drawing-room you find Miss Lewdlaw descanting upon her favourite theories. She is expounding to Emily Bobbins her rights as a socialist and a woman, and illustrating her lecture by some quotations from the works of Aurora Dudevant. The sweet girl, evidently under the magnetic influence of her preceptress, regards you with a humid eye and flushed cheek as you enter; but having no fancy to approach the charmed circle of the Lewdlaw, you keep at the other end of the room, and amuse yourself with an illustrated copy of Jack Sheppard. In a short time, Bobbins, Bugsley, and Scampson, the last partially inebriated, make their appearance; and an animated erotic dialogue ensues between the gentleman in dubious orders, and the disciple of Mary Wolstonecraft. You begin to feel uncomfortable, and as Bugsley is now snoring, and Bobbins attempting to convince his helpmate of the propriety of more brandy and water, you desert the drawing-room, bolt up-stairs, pack your portmanteau, and go to bed with a firm resolution to start next morning by the earliest train; and as soon as possible to ascertain whether Jemima will consent to accompany you to Canada or Australia, or some other uncivilised part of the world where trees grow, waters run, and animals exist as nature has decreed, and where the creed of the socialist and jargon of the factory are fortunately detested or unknown.

Such, gentle reader, is the England which the patriots of the Bright school are desirous to behold; and such it may become if we meekly and basely yield to revolutionary innovations, and conciliate every demagogue by adopting his favourite nostrum. We have certainly been digressing a good deal further than is our wont; but we trust you will not altogether disapprove of our expedition to the new Utopia. We hope that your present, and a great many future Christmasses may be spent more pleasantly; and

that, in your day at least, peace may never be effected at the expense of a virtual solitude. Let us now consider what alterations may properly and humanely be made upon the present existing Game laws.

On the whole, we are inclined to agree with the resolutions adopted by the committee. These appear to recognise the principle of a qualified right of property in game, and that this property is now vested in the *occupier* of the soil. By this rule, which may if necessary be declared by enactment, the tenant has at all times the power to secure the game to himself, unless he chooses to part with that right by special bargain. It is of course inconsistent with this qualified right of property, that any person should kill game upon lands which he is not privileged to enter; and the committee are therefore of opinion, that the violation of that right should still continue to be visited with legal penalties. But they think—and in this we most cordially agree with them—that considerable alteration should be made in the present penal code, and that, in particular, cumulative penalties for poaching should be abolished. It is monstrous that such penalties, to which the poorer classes in this country are most peculiarly liable, should be any longer allowed to exist, while the offence which these are intended to punish is in every proper sense a single one. We are inclined to get rid of every difficulty on this head by an immediate discontinuance of the certificates. The amount of revenue drawn from these is really insignificant, and in many cases it must stand in the way of a fair exercise of his privilege by the humbler occupant of the soil. If a poor upland crofter, who rents an acre or two from a humane laudlord, and who has laid out part of it in a garden, should chance to see, of a clear frosty night, a hare insinuate herself through the fence, and demolish his winter greens—it is absolute tyranny to maintain, that he may not reach down the old rusty fowling-piece from the chimney, take a steady vizzy at puss, and tumble her over in the very act of her delinquency, without having previously paid over for the use of her gracious

Majesty some four pounds odds; or otherwise to be liable in a penalty of twenty pounds, with the pleasant alternative of six months' imprisonment! In such a case as this the man is not sporting; he is merely protecting his own, is fairly entitled to convert his enemy into wholesome soup, and should be allowed to do so with a conscience void of offence towards God or man. We must have no state restrictions or qualifications to a right of property which may be enjoyed by the smallest cotter, and no protective laws to debar him from the exercise of his principle. And therefore it is that we advocate the immediate abolition of the certificate.

What the remaining penalty should be is matter for serious consideration. It appears evident that the common law of redress is not sufficient. Game is at best but a qualified property; for your interest in it ceases the moment that it leaves your land; but still you *have* an interest, may be a considerable pecuniary loser by its infringement, and therefore you are entitled to demand an adequate protection. But then it is hardly possible, when we consider what human nature with all its powerful instincts is, to look upon poaching in precisely the same light with theft. By no process of mental ratiocination can you make a sheep out of a hare. You did not buy the creature, it is doubtful whether you bred it, and in five minutes more it may be your neighbour's property, and that of its own accord. You cannot even reclaim it, though born in your private hutch. Now this is obviously a very slippery kind of property; and the poor man—who knows these facts quite as well as the rich, and who is moreover cursed with a craving stomach, a large family, and a strong appetite for roast—is by no means to be considered, morally or equitably, in the same light with the ruffian who commits a burglary for the sake of your money, or carries away your sheep from the fold. It ought to be, if it is not, a principle in British law, that the temptation should be considered before adjudging upon the particular offence. The schoolboy—whose natural propensity for fruit has been roused by the sight of some far too tempting

pippins, and who, in consequence, has undertaken the hazard of a midnight foray—is, if detected in the act, subjected to no further penalty than a pecuniary mulct or a thrashing, especially if his parents belong to the more respectable classes of society. And yet this is a theft as decided and more inexcusable, than if the nameless progeny of a vagrant should, hunger-urged, filch a turnip or two from a field, and be punned upon by some heartless farmer, who considers that he is discharging every heavenly and earthly duty if he pays his rent and taxes with unscrupulous punctuality. It is a crying injustice that any trifling piccadillo on the part of the poor or their children, should be treated with greater severity than is used in the case of the rich. This is neither an equitable nor a Christian rule. We have no right to subject the lowest of the human family to a contamination from which we would shrink to expose the highest; and the true sense of justice and of charity, which, after all, we believe to be deeply implanted in the British heart, will, we trust, before long, spare us the continual repetition of class Pariahs of infant years brought forward in small courts of justice for no other apparent reason than to prove, that our laws care more leniently for the rich than they do for the offspring of the poor.

While, therefore, we consider it just that game should be protected otherwise than by the law of trespass, we would not have the penalty made, in isolated cases, a harsh one. A trespass in pursuit of game should, we think, be punished in the first instance by a fine, not so high as to leave the labourer no other alternative than the jail, or so low as to make the payment of it a matter of no importance. Let Giles, who has intromitted with a pheasant, be mulcted in a week's wages, and let him, at the same time, distinctly understand the nature and the end of the career in which he has made the incipient step. Show him that an offence, however venial, becomes materially aggravated by repetition; for it then assumes the character of a daring and wilful defiance of the laws of the realm. For the second offence mulct him still, but higher, and let the warning be more solemnly

repeated. These penalties might be inflicted by a single justice of the peace. But if Giles offends a third time, his case becomes far more serious, and he should be remitted to a higher tribunal. It is now almost clear that he has become a confirmed poacher, and determined breaker of the laws—it is more than likely that money is his object. Leniency has been tried without success, and it is now necessary to show him that the law will not be braved with impunity. Three months' imprisonment, with hard labour, should be inflicted for the purpose of reclaiming him; and if, after emerging from prison, he should again offend, let him forthwith be removed from the country.

Some squeamish people may object to our last proposal as severe. We do not think it so. The original nature of the offence has become entirely changed; for it must be allowed on all hands, that habitual breach of the laws is a very different thing from a casual effraction. It would be cruelty to transport an urchin for the first handkerchief he has stolen; but after his fourth offence, that punishment becomes an actual mercy. Nor should the moral effect produced by the residence of a determined poacher in any neighbourhood be overlooked. A poacher can rarely carry on his illicit trade without assistance: he entices boys by offering them a share in his gains, introduces them to the beer and the gin shop, and thus they are corrupted for life. It is sheer nonsense to say that poaching does not lead to other crimes. It leads in the first instance to idleness, which we know to be the parent of all crime; and it rapidly wears away all finer sense of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. From poacher the transition to smuggler is rapid and easy, and your smuggler is usually a desperado. With all deference to Mr Welford, his conclusion, that poaching should be prevented by the entire extermination of game, is a most pitiable instance of calm imperturbable imbecility. He might just as well say that the only means of preventing theft is the total destruction of property, and the true remedy for murder the annihilation of the human race.

We agree also with the committee,

that some distinction must be made between cases of simple poaching, and those which are perpetrated by armed and daring gangs. To these banditti almost every instance of assault and murder connected with poaching is traceable, and the sooner such fellows are shipped off to hunt kangaroos in Australia the better. But we think that such penalties as we have indicated above, would in most cases act as a practical detention from this offence, and would certainly remove all ground for complaint against the unnecessary severity of the law.

With regard to the destruction of crops by game, especially when caused by the preserves of a neighbouring proprietor, the committee seems to have been rather at a loss to deal. And there is certainly a good deal of difficulty in the matter. For on the one hand, the game, while committing the depredation, is clearly not the property of the preserver, and may of course be killed by the party to whose ground it passes: on the other hand, it usually returns to the preserve after all the damage has been done. This seems to be one of the few instances in which the law can afford no remedy. The neighbouring farmer may indeed either shoot in person, or let the right of shooting to another; and in most cases he has the power to do so—for if his own landlord is also a preserver, it is not likely that the damage will be aggravated—and he has taken his farm in the full knowledge of the consequences of game preservation. Still there must always remain an evil, however partial, and this leads us to address a few words to the general body of the game-preservers.

Gentlemen, some of you are not altogether without fault in this matter. You have given a handle to accusations, which your enemies—and they are the enemies also of the true interests of the country—have been eager and zealous in using. You have pushed your privileges too far, and, if you do not take care, you will raise a storm which it may be very difficult to allay. What, in the name of common sense, is the use of this excessive preserving? You are not blamed, nor are you blamable, for

reserving the right of sporting in your own properties to yourselves; but why make your game such utterly sacred animals? Why encourage their over-increase to such a degree as must naturally injure yourselves by curtailing your rent; and which, undoubtedly, whatever be his bargain, must irritate the farmer, and lessen that harmony and good-will which ought to exist between you both? Is it for sport you do these things? If so, your definition of sport must be naturally different from ours. The natural instinct of the hunter, which is implanted in the heart of man, is in some respects a noble one. He does not, even in a savage state, pursue his game, like a wild beast of prey, merely for the sake of his appetite—he has a joy in the strong excitement and varied incidents of the chase. The wild Indian and the Norman disciple of St Hubert, alike considered it a science; and so it is even now to us who follow our pastime upon the mountains, and who must learn to be as wary and alert as the creatures which we seek to kill. The mere skill of the marksman has little to do with the real enjoyment of sport. That may be as well exhibited upon a target as upon a living object, and surely there is no pleasure at all in the mere wanton destruction of life. The true sportsman takes delight in the sagacity and steadiness of his dogs—in seeking for the different wild animals each in its peculiar haunt—and his relish is all the keener for the difficulty and uncertainty of his pursuit. Such at least is our idea of sport, and we should know something about it, having carried a gun almost as long as we can remember. But it is possible we may be getting antiquated in our notions. Two months ago we took occasion to make some remarks upon the modern murders on the moors, and we are glad to observe that our humane doctrine has been received with almost general acquiescence. We must now look to the doings at the Manor House, at which, Heaven be praised, we never have assisted; but the bruit thereof has gone abroad, and we believe the tidings to be true.

We have heard of game preserved over many thousands of acres, not waste, but yellow corn-land, with

many an intervening belt of noble wood and copse, until the ground seems actually alive with the number of its animal occupants. The large, squat, sleek hares lie couched in every furrow; each thistle-tuft has its lurking rabbit; and ceaseless at evening is the crow of the purple-necked pheasant from the gorse. The crops ripen, and are gathered in, not so plentifully as the richness of the land would warrant, but still strong and heavy. The partridges are now seen running in the stubble-fields, or sunning themselves on some pleasant bank, so secure that they hardly will take the trouble to fly away as you approach, but generally slip through a hedge, and lie down upon the other side. And no wonder; for not only has no gun been fired over the whole extensive domain, though the autumn is now well advanced; but a cordon of gamekeepers extends along the whole skirts of the estate, and neither lurcher nor poacher can manage to effect an entrance. Within ten minutes after they had set foot within the guarded territory, the first would be sprawling upon his back in the agonies of death, and the second on his way to the nearest justice of peace, with two pairs of knuckles uncomfortably lodged within the innermost folds of his neckcloth. The proprietor, a middle-aged gentleman of sedentary habits, does not, in all probability, care much about sporting. If he does, he rents a moor in Scotland, where he amuses himself until well on in October, and then feels less disposed for a tamer and a heavier sport. But in November he expects, after his ancient hospitable fashion, to have a select party at the manor-house, and he is desirous of affording them amusement. They arrive, to the number, perhaps, of a dozen males, some of them persons of an elevated rank, or of high political connexion. There is considerable commotion on the estate. The staff of upper and under keepers assemble with a large train of beaters before the baronial gateway. They bring with them neither pointers nor setters—these old companions of the sportsman are useless in a battue; but there are some retrievers in the leash, and a few well-broken spaniels. It is quite a scene for Landseer—that

antique portico, with the group before it, and the gay and sloping uplands illuminated by a clear winter's sun. The guests sally forth, all mirth and spirits, and the whole party proceed to an appointed cover. Then begins the massacre. There is a shouting and rustling of beaters: at every step the gorgeous pheasant whirs from the bush, or the partridge glances slopingly through the trees, or the woodcock wings his way on scared and noiseless pinion. Rabbits by the hundred are scudding distractedly from one pile of brushwood to another. Loud cries of "Mark!" are heard on every side, and at each shout there is the explosion of a fowling-piece. No time now to stop and load. The keeper behind you is always ready with a spare gun. How he manages to cram in the powder and shot so quickly is an absolute matter of marvel; for you let fly at every thing, and have lost all regard to the ordinary calculations of distance. You had better take care of yourself, however, for you are getting into a thicket, and neither Sir Robert, who is on your right, nor the Marquis, who is your left-hand neighbour, are remarkable for extra caution, and the Baronet, in particular, is short-sighted. We don't quite like the appearance of that hare which is doubling back. You had better try to stop her before she reaches that vista in the wood. Bang!—you miss, and, at the same moment, a charge of number five, from the weapon of the Vavasour, takes effect upon the corduroys of your thigh, and, though the wound is but skin-deep, makes you dance an extempore fandango.

And so you go on from cover to cover, for five successive hours, through this rural poultry-yard, slaying, and, what is worse, wounding without slaying, beyond all ordinary calculation. You have had a good day's amusement, have you? Our dear sir, in the estimation of any sensible man or thorough sportsman, you might as well have been amusing yourself with a rifle in the heart of Falkirk Tryst, or assisting at one of those German Jagds, where the deer are driven into inclosures, and shot down to the music of lute, harp, cymbal, dulcimer, sackbut, and psal-

tery. In fact, between ourselves, it is not a thing to boast of, and the amusement is, to say the least of it, an expensive one. For the sake of giving you, and the Marquis, and Sir Robert, and a few more, two or three days' sport, your host has sacrificed a great part of the legitimate rental of his estate—has maintained, from one end of the year to the other, all those personages in fustian and moleskin—and has, moreover, made his tenantry sulky. Do you think the price paid is in any way compensated by the value received? Of course not. You are a man of sense, and therefore, for the future, we trust that you will set your face decidedly against the battue system: shoot yourself, as a gentleman ought to do—or, if you do not care about it, give permission to your own tenantry to do so. Rely upon it, they will not abuse the privilege.

The fact is, there never should be more than two coveys in one field, or half-a-dozen hares in each moderate slip of plantation. That, believe us, with the accession you will derive from your neighbours, is quite sufficient to keep you in exercise during the season, and to supply your table with game. No tenant whatever will object to find food for such a stock. If you want more exciting sport, come north next August, and we shall take you to a moor which is preserved by a single shepherd's herd, where you may kill your twenty brace a-day for a month, and have a chance of a red-deer into the bargain. But, if you will not leave the south, do not, we beseech you, turn yourself into a hen-wife, and become ridiculous as a hatcher of pheasants' eggs. The thing, we are told, has been done by gentlemen of small property, for the purpose of getting up an appearance of game: it would be quite as sane a proceeding to improve the beauty of a prospect by erecting cast-iron trees. Above all things, whatever you do, remember that you are the denizen of a free country, where individual rights, however sacred in themselves, must not be extended to the injury of those around you.

To say the truth, we have observed with great pain, that a far too exclusive spirit has of late manifested itself

in certain high places, and among persons whom we regard too much to be wholly indifferent to their conduct. This very summer the public press has been indignant in its denunciation of the Dukes of Atholl and Leeds—the one having, as it is alleged, attempted to shut up a servitude road through Glen Tilt, and the other established a cordon for many miles around the skirts of Ben-na-Mac-Dhui, our highest Scottish mountain. We are not fully acquainted with the particulars; but from what we have heard, it would appear that this wholesale exclusion from a vast tract of territory is intended to secure the solitude of two deer-forests. Now, we are not going to argue the matter upon legal grounds—although, knowing something of law, we have a shrewd suspicion that both noble lords are in utter misconception of their rights, and are usurping a sovereignty which is not to be found in their charters, and which was never claimed or exercised even by the Scottish Kings. But the churlishness of the step is undeniable, and we cannot but hope that it has proceeded far more from thoughtlessness than from intention. The day has been, when any clansman, or even any stranger, might have taken a deer from the forest, a tree from the hill, or a salmon from the river, without leave asked or obtained: and though that state of society has long since passed away, we never till now have heard that the free air of the mountains, and their heather ranges, are not open to him who seeks them. Is it indeed come to this, that in bonny Scotland, the tourist, the botanist, or the painter, are to be debarred from visiting the loveliest spots which nature ever planted in the heart of a wilderness, on pretence that they disturb the deer? In a few years we suppose Ben Lomond will be preserved, and the summit of Ben Nevis remain as unvisited by the foot of the traveller as the icy peak of the Jungfrau. Not so, assuredly, would have acted the race of Tullibardine of yore. Royal were their hunting gatherings, and magnificent the driving of the Tinchel; but over all their large territory of Atholl, the stranger might have wandered unquestioned, except to

know if he required hospitality. It is not now the gate which is shut, but the moor; and that not against the depredator, but against the peaceful wayfaring man. Nor can we as sportsmen admit even the relevancy of the reasons which have been assigned for this wholesale exclusion. We are convinced, that in each season not above thirty or forty tourists essay the ascent of Ben-na-Mac-Dhui, and of that number, in all probability, not one has either met or startled a red deer. Very few men would venture to strike out a devious path for themselves over the mountains near Loch Aven, which, in fact, constitute the wildest district of the island. The Quaker tragedy of Helvellyn might easily be re-enacted amidst the dreary solitudes of Cairn Gorm, and months elapse before your friends are put in possession of some questionable bones. Nothing but enthusiasm will carry a man though the intricacies of Glen Lui, the property of Lord Fife, to whom it was granted at no very distant period of time out of the forfeited Mar estates, and which is presently rented by the Duke of Leeds; and nothing more absurd can be supposed, than that the entry of a single wanderer into that immense domain, can have the effect of scaring the deer from the limits of so large a range. This is an absurd and an empty excuse, as every deer-stalker must know. A stag is not so easily frightened, nor will he fly the country from terror at the apparition of the Cockney. Depend upon it, the latter will be a good deal the more startled of the two. With open mouth and large gooseberry eyes, he will stand gazing upon the vision of the Antlered Monarch; the sketch-book and pencil-case drop from his tremulous hands, and he stands aghast in apprehension of a charge of horning, against which he

has no defence save a cane camp-stool, folded up into the semblance of a yellow walking-stick. Not so the Red-deer. For a few moments he will regard the Doudney-clad wanderer of the wilds, not in fear but in surprise; and then, snuffing the air which conveys to his nostrils an unaccustomed flavour of bergamot and lavender, he will trot away over the shoulder of the hill, move further up the nearest corrie, and in a quarter of an hour will be lying down amidst his hinds in the thick brackens that border the course of the lonely burn.

We could say a great deal more upon this subject; but we hope that expansion is unnecessary. Throughout all Europe the right of passage over waste and uncultivated land, where there never were and never can be inclosures, appears to be universally conceded. What would his Grace of Leeds say, if he were told that the Bernese Alps were shut up, and the liberty of crossing them denied, because some Swiss seigneur had taken it into his head to establish a chamois preserve? The idea of preserving deer in the way now attempted is completely modern, and we hope will be immediately abandoned. It must not, for the sake of our country, be said, that in Scotland, not only the inclosures, but the wilds and the mountains are shut out from the foot of man; and that, where no highway exists, he is debarred from the privilege of the heather. Whatever may be the abstract legal rights of the aristocracy, we protest against the policy and propriety of a system which would leave Ben Cruachan to the eagles, and render Loch Ericht and Loch Aven as inaccessible as those mighty lakes which are said to exist in Central Africa, somewhere about the sources of the Niger.

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